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THE  
EARTHEN VESSEL,

AND

Christian Record,

FOR

1872.

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VOLUME XXVIII.

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# THE EARTHEN VESSEL,

AND

## CHRISTIAN RECORD.



“THE VOICE THAT CRIETH UNTO THE CITY.”

TO THE READERS OF “THE EARTHEN VESSEL.”

HONOURED FATHERS, BRETHERN, AND FRIENDS,—  
“*The Unknown Year*” has commenced ; and we have been spared to behold its dawn—the first of January, One thousand eight hundred and seventy-two. We are now where two seas just touch each other, and then part for ever ; the old dead sea of seventy-one is rolling into oblivion ; and the young new sea of seventy-two here begins to flow around us. None of the storms of the past have been permitted to overwhelm or sink us : whether we shall be favoured to sail smoothly over this new sea, even to its distant shore ; or, whether some physical or circumstantial squall shall summon us hence, is to us unknown. Some may go soon ; all *must* go before many more years have run their changing circles. Let us, one and all, dear readers, unite together, at the threshold of this new piece of time, in surrendering ourselves, by grace divine, into his kind hand, who said to us a long time since, “Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye SHALL FIND REST UNTO YOUR SOULS.” Let us fall at His holy and honoured feet, exclaiming,

“ To Thee, thou BLEEDING LAMB,  
I all things owe ;  
All that I have and am ;  
And all I know.  
All that I have is now no longer mine,  
And I am not mine own—LORD ! I am Thine.  
I pray Thee, SAVIOUR, keep  
Me,—in thy love,  
Until death’s quiet sleep  
Shall me remove,  
To that fair realm, where, sin and sorrow o’er,  
THOU—and Thine own, are one for evermore.”

Some things very imperatively call upon us, to be faithful to all those parts of the Divine Will, which the Lord hath been pleased to reveal in us.

The first thing which solemnly presses itself upon us, demanding a continual faithfulness to THE TRUTH, is, the original commission given to us; even that recorded in Psalm cii. 18, "This shall be written for the generation to come, and the people which shall be created, shall praise the Lord." WHAT was to be written? That "prayer of the afflicted, who, when overwhelmed, poured out his complaint before the Lord." "Out of the belly of hell cried I; and thou heardest my voice," said Jonah; and, like that run-away prophet, did we sink; yet, looked again; and at length proved that "SALVATION IS OF THE LORD:" it comes out of the Father's electing love; it was procured by the mediatorial work of the Holy Christ of God: it is revealed by the Eternal Spirit in the hearts of the redeemed; and they are to be known and read of men, by walking in, and abiding by, the ordinances and commandments of the Lord their God. Not one particle of Heaven's Holy Gospel, have we been left to deny. We have neither added to, nor taken from it; and, God helping and keeping, we never shall.

The second thing demanding faithfulness to God's eternal truth, is the LENGTH OF SERVICE, the Lord God Almighty has been pleased to give us in His vineyard. Full forty years out of our life, have been given, through mercy, in witnessing for Christ and His Gospel. Watts's paraphrase tells all the tale:

"He raised me from a horrid pit,  
Where mourning long I lay;  
And from my bonds released my feet,  
Deep bonds of miry clay.

I'll spread His works of grace abroad,  
The saints with joy shall hear,  
And sinners learn to make my God,  
Their only hope and fear."

Floods of fanatical fancies, and black rivers of heretical delusions, may overthrow the faith of some; and all the professing world may go wondering after "the beast," but, "in the name of our God" we shall still lift up the banners of a free, full, finished, and secured salvation, flowing out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, carrying millions home to glory, and to bliss for ever.

The third thing demanding our faithful allegiance is the multitude of our readers. *The Earthen Vessel* is read by many thousands of persons every month in all parts of the civilized world. We have now coming in daily, letters from all quarters of the British Isles, from Canada, from Australia, from America, and from the islands of the seas, all declaring unto us the blessing the Lord doth often give unto His children by means of this, and our other little monthly.

Last of all, Gratitude to the GREAT FOUNTAIN, the GLORIOUS AUTHOR and GIVER of all good, constrains us increasingly to contend for that faith which was once delivered unto the saints. Ministers, Editors, Churches, and Individual Professing Christians, have persevered in their efforts to destroy us. Bereaving and distressing dispensations have,

"Gathered thick, and thundered loud;"

Nevertheless—with feelings the most sacred—with a faith pure and

genuine—we have realized that singularly excellent verse in the twelfth Psalm: “For the oppression of the poor; for the sighing of the needy; now will I arise saith the Lord; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him.” Many are now in their graves, not a few who once stood haughty and high against us, are fallen. They puffed hard; we lay in the dust while men rode over us. Jesus Christ was our refuge and strength; and, in the honest spirit of Paul, we do exclaim, “God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.”

Christian fathers, fellow-labourers, men and brethren everywhere—We are more than ever determined “to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified”—He only, is our Master. We have no earthly ruler—no secular partner—no ministerial or commercial influence to hinder or help us. Our eyes are up-unto the Lord, and in his strength we shall (so long as he holds and spares us) advocate with all our given might, the essential doctrines of grace; and the plainly revealed discipline of the New Testament Order:—Life in the soul; the confession of faith before the church; baptism by immersion; and Communion at the table of the Lord, with those only who have put on the Lord Jesus, as the first pattern disciples did, whose character, creed and conduct are given us in Acts ii. 41—47. With that blessed man, Joseph Tanner, and thousands besides, we thankfully quote the words of our favourite poet,

“ Amidst temptations sharp and long,  
My soul to this dear Refuge flies:  
Hope is my anchor firm and strong  
While tempests blow and billows rise.”

Now, for a few moments, set your hearts upon the words at the head of this address. For weeks an anxious looking to the Lord for some special direction as to how, and with what words, to open this volume had exercised our mind. Early in the morning of Saturday, December 16, 1871, the word of the Lord by Micah fastened fruitfully on our soul—“The Lord’s voice crieth unto the city.”

With these words, in silent meditation, we were carried to things *political*: to events peculiarly *natural*: and to significant circumstances, strictly *denominational*. Free from all superstition, presumption, and unholy speculation, let us listen to the “voice which crieth unto the city;” let us “hear the rod; and (consider) who hath appointed it.” Let us not “easily suppose that dreams, voices, impressions, visions, or revelations come from God.” They *may* be from Him. They may be from nature. They may be from the Devil. Therefore, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they be of God. Try this testimony by the Spirit of God. If it have not the unction and power of the Holy One with it, then heed it not. But, if in many things now passing before us the Lord’s voice is recognized as “crying to the city;” then, let us “*Hear the Rod*, and who hath appointed it.”

Micah’s word hath three distinct lines in it. First, the Proclamation, “The Lord’s voice crieth unto the city.” Secondly, the highly favoured person, “The man of wisdom shall see thy name;” as Job did in his darkest season—“Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him:” as Jonah did, “Yet will I look again toward thine Holy Temple:” as

Jesus did, when the storms of death and wrath broke in upon his soul, He cried "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" As every true believer, when apparently sinking, shall find grace to exclaim,

" Though rocks and quicksands deep,  
Through all my passage lie ;  
Yet CHRIST will safely keep  
And guide me with His eye.  
My anchor—hope—shall firm abide,  
And I each boisterous storm out-ride."

Micah's third line contains a wise and solemn precept, "Hear ye the Rod, and who hath appointed it."

Before you set out on your journey from January 1, 1872, look around and listen to the voice now calling you to consider, as from the throne of God itself, first,

*Politically*: it may surely be said, the Lord's voice is crying unto every city on the Continent. Look at Rome and Russia! Consider France and China! The famines of Persia; the flames of Chicago; the blood-shedding of France and Germany; with other frightful scenes which have rendered the Continent a very hell upon earth. All those real Christians who have witnessed but the smallest fraction of recent Continental miseries, have returned to the land of their nativity, and considering the peace and privileges of England, have exclaimed with the highest joy, "Happy is the people that is such a case; yea happy is that people, whose God is the Lord." British Christians, instead of dividing your churches, and injuring those who fear God, let each and every one of you be on his watch-tower, prayerfully striving together for the defence of that Gospel which has been the power of God unto your own salvation—even that Gospel which has been the glory of our land and nation for the last three hundred years; and for the proclamation of which our noble puritans sacrificed life, and all things dear to them in this poor dying world.

*Nationally*: in our sinful, yet, long preserved England has not "the Lord's voice been crying to the city?" From the Queen, who has been sorrowfully watching over the almost departing spirit of her eldest son, Prince Albert Edward, the heir apparent to the British throne: from the highest personages in the land down to the lowest peasantry, sicknesses, deaths, crushing losses, and popular disturbances, and awful malpractices—criminal and commercial—have been shaking the country to its very base. Is there not a voice in all these calamities? Is it not the Lord's voice crying, (to every city, county, town and family,) "Hear ye the Rod, and who hath appointed it?" Coming closer home, even to our own

*Denomination*: Will any man who has his brains at home, who has his conscience tender, his soul quickened, his mind enlightened, his eyes open, and his heart set toward the Governors of Israel, can any such honest, godly man contemplate the condition of our own denomination without coming to the conclusion that the Lord's voice has been loudly and painfully crying to this section of Zion's city? and still the voice is waxing louder and louder, "HEAR YE THE ROD, and who hath appointed it." Albeit, the churches sleep on, almost heedless and without apparent deep concern. We may be counted idiotic, insane, hyper-nervous, or anxious to be sensational. For all that we shall not stay our pen, nor



our voice, (although we all but stand alone)—in attempting to do spiritually what Mr. Silverton proposes to do physically—that is to help the deaf to hear the sacred sounds of warning which come down from the highest throne in the heavens.

One sentence which has been uttered in our hearing; the severity, and terrible truthfulness of which has startled us, is this, "All the BRIGHT LIGHTS of heaven will I make DARK over thee; and set darkness upon thy land, saith the Lord God." The PRACTICAL, the MANIFESTED, the FULFILLED EXPOSITION of this "voice" appears so clear to us that we could write its details without hesitation: but this month we have not space for a chapter so long; it shall come, providence permitting, without any withholding.

We have counted in *The London and Suburban Baptist Directory*, as furnished in *The Baptist Almanack*, for 1872, that there are about 232 Baptist Churches in London and its surroundings. Over thirty of them are without pastors; and of the two hundred Baptist pastors who are now settled over churches in this three-millioned-people city we ask, WHAT ARE THEY DOING? We are canvassing every one of them: the results will appear in due time; proving beyond the shadow of a doubt, that although Mr. Robert Banks assures us in his *Baptist Almanack* for 1872, that we have in our metropolis about *four hundred* Baptist pastors and preachers, all good men, and true, it may be; nevertheless, we most reluctantly declare that for a long time, in town and in country, in Great Britain, and all over Christendom, there has long been sounding that voice from the Lord which the ancient herdsman was authorized to utter, (Amos viii. 2,) "Behold the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine upon the land, not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of *hearing the words of the Lord.*" This voice does not say a famine of hearing *men*; nor of hearing intellectual homilies; but of hearing the WORDS of the LORD."

In our editorial researches and wanderings, we have been able to measure the state of things to some extent. Some of the boldest spirits in America, and in other parts, have spoken to us. We will let them speak more presently. Meanwhile, we ask our readers not to be offended with us, if we ask them to listen to

MR. SPURGEON'S ALARMING VOICE ON THE STATE OF THE CHURCHES.

In his preface to his volume of *Sword and Trowel* for 1871, he says,

Casting our eyes around upon the churches, we confess to feeling some alarm and much distress. On all hands there appears to be a breaking up, a craving for novelty, a weariness of the once honoured truth. The church seems to be coquetting with Infidelity, while, at the same time, she is coying with Ritualism. Of the two lovers between whom apostate churches are wavering, we know not which to abhor the most; they are both arrant knaves and seducers, and those whose hearts are true to the Lord Jesus will utterly detest them. Yet ALL THE RELIGIOUS WORLD SEEMS TO HAVE GONE AFTER THEM in some way or another, and those who are not overcome by their enchantments, are accounted unenlightened, bigoted, and out of date. Our flag bears no doubtful motto; we depart not from the things which of old were surely believed among us; for our conviction is that there is nothing new in theology but that which is false, and even that is not new, for a lie is very old—old as the serpent himself. Our sword will never rust for lack of enemies to smite; they multiply like the race which sprang of the dragon's teeth; this

is their hour and the power of darkness. A recoil will come assuredly as men live; the fickle fashion of men's thoughts will take another form, and then we shall be as much pestered with hypocrites as now we are with heresies. Meanwhile, the foundation of God standeth sure; the Lord knoweth them that are His.

We are not so certain about a speedy "recoil;" but that we leave. Considering many things, we read with grief that Mr. Spurgeon has felt bound to get away to the South of France in the hope of recruiting strength for his work at home. But, so it is, in one way or other, the Gospel Ministry is weakened: God's Truth comes not forth with that POWER which once attended it: the sheep are bleating, and the Spirit of Christ is silently crying, "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, WHERE THOU feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at Noon?"

No Christian man will, for one moment, think that we write these lines *reflectingly* upon our own denomination. The Lord forbid. The fact is, for a long time these things have been a grief to us. We love God's truth. We have seen that its most valiant defenders have been removed, or afflicted. We have heard on every hand the sneers and censures of popular professors against the truth. We have witnessed the swelling waves of religious errors, and the jealous movements of all who are antagonistic to us and our Master's Holy Gospel; and in many ways we have heard, "the Lord's voice crying to the City," but for the present, we painfully await another opportunity of endeavouring to awaken our churches, beseeching them to believe we are most sincerely their obedient servant,

THE EDITOR.

## THE BELIEVER'S FRIEND IN HEAVEN AND SATISFACTION ON EARTH.

A SERMON, PREACHED IN THE OLD BAPTIST CHAPEL, WATER-SIDE,  
WANDSWORTH, ON THE ANNIVERSARY, MONDAY AFTERNOON,  
MAY 29, 1871, BY

MR. J. S. ANDERSON,

*Of Deptford.*

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee." Psalm lxxiii. 25.

**T**HERE is an old proverb which says, "Out of sight, out of mind," and sadly is this the case with too many of us in respect to earthly friends. And are we much less at fault with respect to Him, the Friend of all friends — our Friend in heaven, the Lord Jesus Christ? Alas! we too often forget what a friend we have above. But though we forget Him, He does not forget us, and amongst other proofs that He remembers us, He sends us sometimes trials, afflictions, and various troubles; permitting also Satan to vex and buffet us, till we are brought to feel our need of Him, and to seek Him. Then it is we come to Him, and, like the Psalmist, pour out our hearts before Him in the language of the text — "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee." It was so with good Asaph. What

does he say in this Psalm? "But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped. For I was envious of the foolish, &c., until I went into the sanctuary of God, then understood I their end." He then saw the perishable nature of those things in which they boasted themselves.

We shall notice 1st, That *Christ is the believer's Friend in heaven*, and 2nd, that *He is the believer's Satisfaction on earth*.

I. THE BELIEVER'S FRIEND IN HEAVEN. "Whom have I in heaven but Thee?" Here we see that Christ is a personal friend. Religion is a personal thing; godliness is a personal thing; salvation is a personal thing. The people of God are called by His grace, *personally*—not in the mass—and want a personal Saviour. And thus the Psalmist laid claim to Christ as his *own*—"Whom have I in heaven but Thee?" Having Him, he might well say, "I possess all things." Asaph was no Papist nor Deist; he did not address his prayers to Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, or any of the Saints; he was taught by the Holy Ghost to look to the great Head of the Church, and through *Him* to make his requests known unto God.

Then Christ is not only our friend in heaven, he is also our friend on earth. He was the friend of Asaph in heaven, when by faith he saw Him, and wrote this psalm. Since then, He has come to earth and taken our nature upon Him,—*"Emmanuel, God with us."* "We beheld," says John, his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." (John i. 14.) Having finished, according to covenant engagement, the great work His Father gave Him to do; having accomplished the glorious redemption of His people, He ascended up to heaven as the *same* person. But He took up to heaven what he did not bring down—a human body. He became "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh;" and now, on the throne, reigns as the Man, Christ Jesus. And while we must defend his Godhead, and co-equality with the Father, we must not lose sight of his **MANHOOD**.

Abstract Deity, we *dare* not, we *cannot* come near; but seeing God and Man united in the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ, (by precious faith) we may approach, nay, we may come near, even "*boldly*," as the apostle speaks, "to the throne of grace that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in the time of need." He has taken up that body in which he obeyed the law; that body in which he suffered during his life of humiliation; that body in which he suffered and died on the cross; a body like ours, sin only excepted; a body of sinless, perfect humanity. We would sing with the poet,—

"O, for a sight, a pleasing sight  
Of our Almighty Father's throne!  
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,  
Cloth'd in a body like our own.  
Adoring saints around Him stand,  
And thrones and powers before Him fall;  
The God shines gracious through the Man,  
And sheds sweet glories on them all."

They see God's eternal mercy, love, and truth; his eternal perfections all shining through the glorified humanity of Jesus Christ. I want you, my dear friends, to think of this; that this same Jesus that was mocked, and spat upon by an ungodly crowd, and that suffered the cruel death

of the cross, is now crowned with immortal glory. But though so exalted, he does not forget his brethren on earth.

When men get on in the world, and attain to station and influence, they are apt to forget their poor relations, who are looked upon, sometimes, by them, as those who disturb their peace; and if asked to use their influence on their behalf, will say to themselves, (if not openly,) "Bother these people, they are always pestering one." O, how different with our heavenly friend! who, though so highly exalted, and possessing "a name above every name," does not forget the poorest of His brethren, but the poorer they are, the more He sympathizes with them.

" When He lived on earth abased  
Friend of sinners was His name;  
Now above all glory raised,  
He rejoices in the same:  
Still he calls them brethren, friends,  
And to all their wants attends."

He is "touched with the feeling of their infirmities." They are as dear to Him as the apple of His eye.

We do not sufficiently remember that we have a *present* friend, one possessing all the sympathy, all the tenderness: (and Oh how much more!) of the nearest and dearest of earthly relationships; "a brother born for adversity." Asaph felt this when he said, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee."

Let us observe, secondly, that in Jesus, we have an *official* friend. "The government is upon His shoulder;" "and on His head are many crowns." He is a brother in office. Ah! what a thing it is to have a brother in office; in such a position as to be able to serve you, and promote your welfare. Suppose, for instance, Gladstone, the prime minister, was my brother, would you think it unnatural that he should wish to place me in a more exalted and lucrative position than I occupy at present? Cannot you almost imagine him saying to me, "I have it in my power to promote your interest, and raise your position. Can't I get a better place for you than that of a Baptist Minister?" Though I should tell him I was perfectly satisfied with the position I held in the Master's service, and considered it the most honourable of all positions, yet I say it would be no more than natural that he should wish to better my condition.

I remember some years ago there was a great outcry against the late Bishop of Durham, because, soon after his appointment, he put his son-in-law, (a Mr. Cheese I think,) into a very snug, comfortable, and valuable living. But I did not blame him, I should have done precisely the same had I been placed in a similar position. It was very natural that he should think first of those nearly related to him; for you know that "charity begins at home," though it need not end there. I did not blame *him*, though I did *the system* by which he was enabled to do it. If we have a brother next the throne, we may expect, if he loves us, he will not see us want. Now, in Jesus, we have a friend next the throne in heaven, and we may be sure he will not let us want anything that is really good for us.

He is also our Mediator. Man must find a Mediator; but a mere man would not do. It must be the God-man Mediator; in whom the

Divine and human natures are united. And Jesus Christ is this Mediator, the "Daysman betwixt God and us, that can lay his hand upon both." He is Mediator between the offending sinner and the offended God. He can say, "Father, I have loved those thou hast given me; I have loved them freely; I have obeyed and fulfilled the law they have broken; I have suffered the curse due to them; and borne Thy vindictive wrath on the cross." Besides which He presents His own precious blood on the throne; that blood "which speaketh better things than the blood of Abel." Abel's cried for vengeance; Christ's obtains pardon, peace, and reconciliation. I remember reading of a great king before whom a criminal was brought for some political crime. This offender had a brother who was a favourite with the king, and had lost a hand in fighting for him. The king promised that if ever he got into difficulty, or wanted his help in any way, he was to let him know. This person managed to find his way into Court, and held up his handless arm. The king at once recognized him, and pardoned his brother. And so Jesus, our elder Brother appears in the presence of God for us, and holds up His pierced hands, and God the Father loves Him, and pardons His brethren, for His sake, and through His blessed atonement.

Then he is our Advocate also; and we need an advocate to plead our cause. We need an advocate, for the devil, who is called the accuser of the brethren, "accuses us before God day and night." We should remember he is not only busy in causing God's people to sin, but in accusing them before God. Macgowan, in his *Dialogue of Devils*, tells how busy the Devil and his emissaries are, especially in the house of God: one of them declares he has been more busy in the house of God, in keeping the people from hearing what the preacher said, than all the others put together who had been elsewhere. We read in the book of Job, (first chapter, sixth verse,) "There was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them. And the Lord said unto Satan, Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it. And the Lord said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil? Then Satan answered the Lord and said, Doth Job fear God for naught? Hast not thou made an hedge about him, and about his house and about all that he hath on every side? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands and his substance is increased in the land. But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath and he will curse thee to thy face. And the Lord said, Behold, all that he hath is in thy power: only upon himself put not forth thine hand."—You may try him, and tempt him, but don't touch his person. What a blessing, that when the Christian is in the Devil's hand, the Devil is in God's hand. He can do nothing without God's permission. Well, he tempts you and I, as he did Jesus, but we are not like Him, *proof* against his temptations. He will trip us up first, and then cause the world to say, "There's your religion!" "There's one of your saints," &c., &c. When Joshua, the High Priest, stood before the angel of the Lord, there stood Satan at his right hand to resist him. But what said the Lord unto Satan? "The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan, even the

Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem, rebuke thee: is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" Look at Satan now! then the filthy garments in which Joshua stood before the angel of the Lord are taken away, and he is clothed with change of raiment, and a fair mitre is set upon his head." &c. (Zech. iii. 2, 4.) We have indeed, as says the beloved disciple, "An Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous: and He is the propitiation for our sins," &c. An advocate that pleads the cause of his people against the railing accusations of Satan; a blessed advocate who can show cause why that punishment should not fall on the sinner, which has fallen upon Him. Thus have the children of God — the heirs of promise — strong consolation. It may be asked, But who are the heirs of promise? They are described as having fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before them. They have fled from every "refuge of lies;" from self, sin, and all their own works, good or bad: they are those who have fled to Christ by prayer: and say, —

" Nothing in my hand I bring;  
Simply to thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!"

They are those who have "fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us: which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast, and which entereth into that within the veil! whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made an High Priest for ever, after the order of Melchisedec." The Forerunner was a very important personage. His office was to clear the way for the approach of the Sovereign, &c. John the Baptist was the forerunner of Jesus: — "The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." And Jesus has become the Forerunner of His people, and "passed into the heavens." He, like the forerunner, proclaims who is coming; even those "whose names are written in heaven."

We read that when the seventy disciples returned again with joy, saying, "Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through Thy name," He said unto them, "In this rejoice not that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven." There was, I think, a little bit of pride here in the disciples, and our Lord's remarks would almost imply as much. — as if He had said to them, (and I may add, to us ministers, too, who faithfully preach His Gospel.) There is no honour due to you, it is not by any power of yours that such results follow your commission, — "Rejoice not in this, that the spirits are subject unto you, but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven."

Then Jesus, as the Forerunner, prepares for the coming of His people to heaven. He says, "I go to prepare a place for you, . . . that where I am, there ye may be also." Again, as the Forerunner, He is constantly announcing the arrival home of His blood-bought property. — "Part have crossed the flood, and part are crossing now."

Is it not abundantly manifest from what has been already said, that Jesus is the believer's heavenly Friend? May God enable us to think upon it.

II. Lastly, JESUS IS THE BELIEVER'S SATISFACTION ON EARTH.—“There is none upon earth I desire beside Thee.” Indifference to the blessings of God in temporal matters is not at all implied here. There are many things on earth we may lawfully desire; the good things of God in nature and providence, as well as those higher and better things in grace. I understand the Psalmist to mean that there is no person on earth, however dear, that can be put side by side with Christ; there is no companionship, no relationship, however close, however dear, that can be put in comparison with Christ. His love is the most precious; His sympathy is the most precious; His gifts are the most precious. He is supreme in every respect. Although I love and esteem others, yet Jesus is “the chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely.” He is my All in All. The Psalmist did not want, like many at the present day, some new thing. He was not like these, or the Athenians of old, that “spent their time in nothing else but to tell or hear some new thing.” I mourn that there is so much of this spirit abroad, and that there is so great a desire manifested for novelty and sensationalism. Asaph wanted none of these things. He did not want a new religion, a new salvation, or a new Gospel. He wanted “Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.” This is his language — “Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.” Can you say this from the heart, my friends? We may take the text as a touchstone; for religion, as I have said before, is a personal thing, and salvation is a personal and experimental thing: wrought in the soul by the Holy Ghost; and if you have felt this, you would sooner part with all and everything, than you would part with Christ. Now, if you can say this you are born of the Spirit, for no carnal person, no merely “natural man” can. The apostle tells us that “the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.” Therefore, if you can from the heart endorse the language of the text and plead it before God, you are born of the Spirit, taught of the Spirit and sanctified of the Spirit. And though you will see your sinfulness more and more, as you grow in grace, you will nevertheless, and in the same proportion, see the preciousness of Christ, and value the precious promises of God, which are all “yea, and in Him, Amen.”

The text, I have said is a touchstone; let me hope it will also prove a whetstone, to sharpen your love into practice, for there is to be a collection this afternoon. I feel it will only be necessary to add, that if, like Asaph, you can say — and feel it when you say it — “Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee,” you will contribute to His cause in this place; for our internal feelings are manifested by our external acts. You will give all you can spare; and I pray He will bless these few remarks to your profit, and His glory. AMEN.

[Taken down by William Arthur Adams.]

“*The Friendly Visitor*,” published by S. W. Partridge and Co., is a book of superior mould and make, reflecting the highest credit upon the artists, authors, printers, and binders. The tales all have a tendency to attract the eye, engage the heart, and instruct the mind, and to carry the affections up to the higher and holier regions of thought.

## THE LATE MR. CHARLES DRAWBRIDGE.

“ Most eloquent was he in Scripture might!  
To preach Christ's Gospel was his chief delight.  
His voice on earth, we never shall hear more;  
He's safely landed on the eternal shore!”

“The silver cord was loosed; the golden bowl is broken; the dust is returned to the earth; the spirit unto God who gave it.”

ONE of the most extraordinary ministers of this century has gone to unite with the justified spirits above in celebrating the praises of the Lamb in the higher and holier mansions of the Father's house. Mr. Charles Drawbridge was no ordinary man — no common minister: should his life be fairly and faithfully written, it would form a volume of immense variety — of unequalled interest — and would furnish lessons useful in every way to the generations yet to come. But we only here give a brief outline: — his daughter's letter to Mr. Edward Butt, and a few lines by Mr. Magerum; both of which will, we trust, be profitable unto thousands of our fellow-men.

TO MR. EDWARD BUTT, OF THE SURREY TABERNACLE.

Market Street, Wellingboro'.

December 1, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR,—I write in my mother's name, and my own, to thank you for your kind expressions of sympathy with us in our bereavement. We do indeed feel that it is a blessed relief for our beloved one, but nature feels the loss, which came somewhat suddenly upon us. My dear Father had been suffering for some time from a severe cold, but we did not apprehend it was anything more, until his appetite began to fail, and he seemed very weak and poorly. On Friday (Nov. 24) we called the doctor; he came to see him again on Saturday morning, when he said he thought my father very ill, from bronchitis, and we could not tell in his case how soon it might terminate. Still, we did not think the end was so near. He was sitting up in his chair most of Saturday, and soon after he was got to bed at night, was asleep. There appeared to be a change about two o'clock in the morning, when his cough ceased; but he spoke distinctly, and sensibly, several times in the night; and about twenty minutes before he died he drank a little brandy and water, taking the glass in his own hand. About half-past six on Lord's-day morning, he died; with one struggle, his spirit took its flight from the poor, wasted clay tabernacle; and what a blessed, glorious exchange! We had another doctor in on Saturday night, and both agreed that the cause of my Father's death was a severe attack of bronchitis. He had altered and changed very much during his long mental affliction, but his bodily health seemed usually pretty good, and I do not think he suffered so much in his mind during the latter part of his affliction as at first: he seemed quieter, and often expressed a longing for his discharge from this world. Now the discharge he longed for has come; and we cannot but feel thankfulness on his account, and also for the Lord's mercy in taking him away without a long bodily illness confining him to his bed, and in so gently permitting him to fall asleep. He had been afflicted rather more than four years.—Four years last fourth of November, I believe he preached his last sermon, at the Monday night service at Wellingboro', but I think his malady had been coming on for some time before then. We did hope that his reason might be fully restored before he died, but such was not the Lord's will. Some little time back, he had a sweet vision or manifestation, from the Lord, of which he spoke to us; he said he felt as though he could ask God to open his mouth and speak to him, and also that he felt as though he would be willing to be lost himself, so that he might lift others up to the enjoyment of God, or to that effect. He said there was such a bright-



ness around him, and he was sure it was no dream, but that he was quite awake.

But I must be coming to a close. My father's interment took place yesterday, Nov. 30th, in Wellingboro' Cemetery. Mr. Leach, of Swavesey, Cambridgeshire, (who knew my father well, and had visited us several times during his illness,) spoke over him, and a great many of his former congregation and friends were present. On Sunday, Mr. Leach will (D.V.) preach at Rushden, and notice the solemn event. We are sorry to hear that Mr. Wells is still laid aside; but hope it may be the Lord's will fully to restore him, and bring him forth to labour in the Gospel vineyard again. My mother and my husband join with me in kind regards to you, and thanks for your sympathy with us.—I am, dear sir, Yours faithfully,

DORA MARY MATHER.

P.S. My father's age was sixty-six last birthday—June 15.

#### CONDENSED MEMOIR.

Mr. Charles Drawbridge left earth, with all its woes and cares, for heaven, with all its incomprehensible glories, on Sunday morning, Nov. 26, 1871, aged sixty-six years. In his youthful days he evinced considerable ability, and through the influence of a friend of his father's family, was introduced to Queen Anne's Foundation School; where, it appears, by virtue of masterly intellect, he soon took the lead in the classes, and distanced the most advanced of the scholars: thus without collegiate matriculation he became one of the most advanced scholars in our denomination; and even towered far above numbers who have had all the privileges of our most famous universities. It pleased the Lord to bless the ministrations of Mr. Church to his conversion, after which he became impressed with the importance of the Christian ministry; and realizing his call thereto, commenced preaching Christ crucified in various parts of the metropolis; whence he found his way to Rushden, Northamptonshire, in (I believe) the year 1826, where he continued to labour for more than forty years, without being absent a single Sunday through ill-health. The manner of his sustenance during his first days at Rushden is worthy of remark. Stated salary they could not pay him; but one found him lodgings, another bread, and another meat, &c. Thus, he had no lack; Yea, had all things and abounded. The Lord appears to have blessed him in his ministry, and through his instrumentality, many sons and daughters were brought to Zion. He was gifted with a powerful, active brain, a robust constitution, almost endless variety, a devoted spirit, dauntless independence, pleasing manners, and sometimes a little eccentricity. He was fervent in prayer, energetic in delivery, clear in logic, unflinchingly sound in doctrinal truth, most just and upright in his dealings with the world, a determined foe to error of whatsoever class, and consequently was despised by Workmongers, Fullerites, Ritualists, Papists, and all such. He was an author and poet of no mean order, as will testify the *Precious Jewels*, and his widely published poetry in various magazines. He lived in the hearts and prayers of his church, and by them is deeply deplored, though they mourn not as those without hope. After over forty years work of faith and labour of love, it pleased the Lord to lay his hand upon him. It seemed as though he had not lived his appointed time, but had performed his appointed task, therefore the Lord *clouded* his mind, for I do not believe our brother Drawbridge was *insano* as we understand insanity. He was never a mad man, nothing of the sort, body and mind failed together. The robust constitution broke up rapidly at first, and through that the mind was beclouded: his disease, a disease of the liver, affected his head; and thus he sat in Wellingboro' for four years, both in body and mind, a mere remnant of his former self; his corpulence gone, his strength faded, and his vast mind which required considerable physical strength to support it, succumbed, and was mystified. It used to be a saying of his when in health, as though prophetic, "I came in at the South gate and shall probably go out at the North gate." During his affliction his hearing was very quick, and if at

any time he heard friends discoursing upon Scripture, he would at once tell them where the passage would be found. Some short time before he died he said he had had a manifestation; he had prayed for one, and the Lord had answered his prayer; and the vision, he said, was truly glorious.

As he lived so he died. He lived a life of faith upon the Son of God; he calmly fell asleep in Jesus. No great change was noticed. Diarrhœa and cough completed the work of demolition; he knew a quarter of an hour before that the end was near, for to his attendant he said, laying his hand upon his chest, "It is all over now, I shall soon be gone;" and in peace he entered into rest,—another trophy of redeeming love, another victory through the blood of the Lamb. His mortal remains were buried in the Wellingborough cemetery, on Thursday, Nov. 30, by Mr. Leach, of Swavesey; who remained and preached at Rushden Chapel on Lord's-day Dec. 3; in the morning from Psalm cxv. 3; in the afternoon from Rev. vii. 9. I spoke in the evening from 1 John iii. 33. The chapel was well filled the whole of the day; but in the afternoon the place was thoroughly full: during, and after, the services the choir performed appropriate anthems and hymns. Mr. Drawbride has left a widow and one daughter to mourn his loss. The Lord support the bereaved and succour the church.

A. J. MARGERUM.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE MR. CHARLES DRAWBRIDGE.

BY HIS DAUGHTER.

Yes, he has gone! the soul has left the clay;  
One dying struggle and it upward soared,  
Upon the morning of God's holy day,  
To spend an endless Sabbath with the Lord.

His life on earth is done, that once was  
spent  
In work for God amidst his vineyard band;  
The life in which of late he underwent  
Severe affliction from his Father's hand.

His Father's hand, all wise, all loving too,  
For some good end prepared the bitter cup,  
And surely He, the long affliction through,  
Sustained His child until he drank it up.

We know not all that passed within his  
breast.—  
Not long ago a season sweet was given,  
When he, with peace and happiness possessed,  
Seemed lifted almost to the gates of heaven.

And oh, how oft our loved one longed to go!  
The hour is come, he's freed from sin and  
pain:

Though o'er his clay the tears of nature flow,  
Our loss, we feel, is his eternal gain.

Sudden the blow! yet mercy doth appear;  
Reason we have for thankfulness most deep,  
That he was spared long days of sickness  
here—  
That he so gently, sweetly fell asleep.

Oh, what a blessed, glorious change! to leave  
This wearisome existence here below,  
Th' eternal weight of glory to receive,  
At God's right hand, where perfect pleasures  
flow.

In that bright home, his mind, so clouded  
here,  
Undimmed, unfettered, doth with rapture  
rove  
Through all the glories of the heavenly  
sphere,  
Through all the heights and depths of  
Jesu's love.

The jewel's gone—the casket we must lay  
Down in the earth, to mingle with the dust,  
But it shall glorious rise, at that great day,  
When Jesus comes again to raise the just.

O, Lord, be Father to the fatherless;  
A tender Husband to the widow too:  
Deign to be with us to protect and bless,  
And be our Guide life's toilsome journey  
through.

To Thee, O gracious Lord, our prayer we  
raise,  
That Thou would'st fit us with Thyself to  
dwell;

To join our loved one in his song of praise  
To Thy great name, who hast come all things  
well.  
Wellingborough. D. M. M.

"*The Good Man's Pilgrimage.*" This volume containing the Life, Letters, Sermons, &c., of the late Mr. James Newborn, is issued just in time to be used as a New Year's Gift among our own people. For about thirty two stamps it will be sent post free to any address by Mr. Robert Banks, 30, Ludgate hill. We think James Newborn himself would be pleased with this unique Christian production. Bound in scarlet cloth and gilt lettered: good paper, large type, full of truthful and experimental reading; it will be found a useful record of a good man, and a pleasant ornament on the parlour table.

## ONE SUNDAY MORNING AT SANDRINGHAM.

“ If we know that He hears us,  
 Whatsoever we ask,  
 We know that we have the petitions,  
 That we desired of Him.” (1 John v. 15.)

ONE of “ Our Own Correspondents ” very sweetly describes the service in Sandringham Church, on Sunday morning, Dec. 17, 1871 ; and the scene to me appeared so sacred, so inspiring, so expressive of the flying to God in the time of danger, that I felt it ought to be spread abroad.

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND walking almost alone, into a little country church ; and there bowing before the throne of ALMIGHTY GOD, was to me an event for which the whole nation, I thought should be thankful. And I cannot but bless the Lord, in my own soul, for that sanctifying grace which has manifestly attended this sad sickness of the Prince of Wales. All the leading journals of our metropolis have written in a most devout spirit respecting the necessity, and blessed results of *prayer*. The *Divine Sovereignty* of the *Eternal God* has also been acknowledged in a pure and holy manner. When the Prince appeared beyond all hope, when death seemed to have taken entire possession of him, our national writers confessed there was no hope but in the LORD, and unto His Divine good pleasure the Prince's life or death must be surrendered. I have read such homilies in our papers on the Omnipotent Power and Sovereign Good Pleasure of Almighty Lord God, as have made my heart soft, made my tears to flow, and my secret prayers to ascend unto my Lord ; and I have said to myself, Who can tell the immense amount of good which may flow from all this acknowledgement of wisdom, mercy and power of our Heavenly Father : who, through Jesus, the Great High Priest, doth hear and answer prayer ? Anything that tends to magnify my Saviour's name ; anything that calls men's hearts to heaven, to think upon God, is very blessed to my own soul. I know much that is done is in form and in the flesh, but I believe, also, it will leave a blessing behind it, which the Great Day alone can reveal.

For one moment, now, think of the Sunday morning at Sandringham, when all the nation was glad for that the Lord had began to turn the Prince's captivity ; and when the Physicians said, and when faith said, “ The Prince of Wales will recover ! ” On that Sunday morning the Queen and Princess of Wales went to Sandringham Church. “ Our own Correspondent ” says :

Exactly at eleven the clergyman, whose clear and impressive intonation brought out all the many beauties of our service, commenced the morning prayers, waiting not one minute for even the Majesty of England, which was no less right than manly. The Queen, who is known to be punctuality itself on all ordinary occasions, was not much late, however. The children's sweet voices had not half finished with the Confession when the tall form of General Knollys appeared inside the eastern door which we knew was being held open for her Majesty, who remained a little without, lest the congregation should be disturbed in the middle of a prayer. At the beginning of the Absolution the Royal party entered, knelt, and took their seats.

## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH AND HIS FAITH.

The writer records one little incident which I received into my soul with much comfort, because I believe there is that special blessing which James calls, "*The Prayer of Faith.*" Three or four times in my life have I most unmistakeably proved James's words to be true, where he says, "*The Prayer of faith shall save the sick* ; and the Lord shall raise him up : " when neither physic nor physicians can do it : when neither nurses, nor all the things in the world can accomplish it ; then, to some favoured soul or souls, there shall be given that mysterious and gracious power, *faith in God* ; that faith shall bring forth mighty prayer : that prayer God will honour and answer, and "*the Lord shall raise him up* ; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him."

Now, in all truthful simplicity, let me here write down one thing. When H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was very bad, but before he was so near death as he was afterwards considered to be, when he was seized with that dreadful fever, I was walking in Cheapside, and, in a moment, my heart was moved with a mysterious love to the Lord, and with a secret strong faith in his power ; and in the deepest feelings of my soul, I said, " O Lord, have mercy on the Prince ! Sanctify this heavy affliction ! Let it lead him savingly to Thyself ! Spare him ! Raise him ! Make him a good Protestant Christian king, and a great blessing to the nation ! " I did feel my secret prayer went up unto the Lord ; and that the Prince could not die. Judge you then with what feelings of sympathy I read the following fact. " Our Own Correspondent " says :

When the prayers of the congregation were specially asked for on behalf of the Prince, we were all seated, but one graceful form instantly fell forward into a kneeling posture, and half of us felt the warm tears trickling to witness the manifest agitation of that slender frame, as, with face buried in hands, the Princess of Wales implored God's mercy for her husband. Try as I would, I could not at this moment forget a bit of village gossip about a Boanerges sort of Village Blacksmith, in Dersingham. The man is an earnest and God-fearing Methodist, and almost alone among his neighbours it appears, has from the first, declared it was simply impossible the Prince could die. When pressed to give his reason for that belief he is in the habit of naively admitting that it is because he (blacksmith) prayed for the Prince's recovery with all his might, and God has never yet left a prayer of his ungranted. I came back to the service with the reflection that, so long as England has such blacksmiths and Princesses she need only keep her powder dry to be able to " look the whole world in the face."

Part of the service of the day happened to be very appropriate, as notably the following verses in the Psalms:—

" O ! turn Thee then unto me, and have mercy upon me : Give Thy strength unto Thy servant and help the son of thine handmaid. Shew some token upon me for good, that they who hate me may see it and be ashamed ; because thou, O Lord, hast holpen me and comforted me. I am counted as one of them that go down into the pit ; and I have been even as a man that hath no strength."

I cannot help here recording that I first had this prayer of faith over forty years ago, when my beloved brother John was said to be dying ; I knelt by his bedside, and cried to God ; and He spared him. He is alive now ; and a sweet loving brother he is unto me. I had the same spirit of faith in prayer at the bedside of Charles Haddon Spurgeon, when he was ill ; and from that moment unto now, I have a love in my heart toward him ; and when some sound round heads sneer at, and condemn me, I feel I cannot turn out of my heart what God has put

in. For Brother Butterfield I had the same instantaneous and holy power; the voice came, (when his poor wife told me he was dying), "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God:" that is many years since; but still, he lives and preaches Christ, and the Lord is leading him through fires and floods: "We are passing through very deep waters," he says, "cast down, but not destroyed."

Of this prayer of faith, I must ever speak. I had a little of it for Mr. James Wells: when he was so ill, everybody said he would never preach again: when I was bold enough to declare my faith concerning him, I was ridiculed by not a few: but I know this, men may have faith in the doctrines, and yet have not THAT faith which WORKETH by LOVE:" which "*purifieth the heart*:" which "*overcometh the world*:" neither know they the mystery and mercy of that "PRAYER OF FAITH," which, instrumentally, "saveth the sick."

When GOD THAT faith doth GIVE,  
The dying then shall live,—  
And glorify His Name.

I have no motive in referring to these things: but I believe the Name of the Lord is glorified thereby. In a circumstantial sense, I have no interest in the men I have referred to. Whether Mr. Spurgeon lives or dies: whether Mr. James Wells lives or dies, is of no importance to me. I seek not the favour of either of them; but, in a Gospel point of view, I have an interest in them; and for the Churches' sake, I trust they may both come forth as gold; and shine forth in the grace of the Spirit, and in the glory of the Gospel. Amen.

With one other look into Sandringham Church, I close this spontaneous and hastily written scrawl. The writer, speaking of our Queen in Sandringham church, says,

Up each side of the church are ten plain, open, wooden pews, each capable of holding four, and in the chancel two Royal seats, one on either side, the right hand one, where the Queen sat. Every one of us present can see the widowed mother of a suffering son. We feel as if in the solitude of night she has most probably wrung her hands, and, after one of Shakespeare's heroines, cried aloud:—

"Oh Lord! my boy, my Albert, my fair son,  
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,  
My widow comfort and my sorrow's cure."

Like others, I have near and dear relations, and remember, alas! how I have felt at losing some, and having others saved to me; know, also, how a woman looks when in spite of all her vows and agonizing supplications the face of her dear one gradually becomes ashified, and then quite still. Therefore I feel that I can, in all devoutness and sincerity, join my prayers to those of that kneeling lady, rejoice with her, and feel for her and her family, in their great anxiety, to the inmost depths of my soul.

"Our Own Correspondent" finishes with a line I must not omit.

Altogether I have never attended a service in which, from first to last, there was so much to impress and draw one to the most solemn thoughts. It was almost impossible to help feeling that if we were "groping blindly in the darkness," we could "touch God's right hand in that darkness, and be lifted up and strengthened." May the Prince be spared to learn of the full solemnity of this day, and in learning, be led to lay it to heart and do his duty.

"Amen!" to that prayer. I feel every Christian in the world will add his hearty Amen. It expresses the very feelings of his heart, of his faith, and of his prayer, who presumes here to subscribe himself the willing servant of all who love the Lord and His Truth,

56, Queen's road, Notting Hill.

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Dec. 19, 1871.

# CHRIST'S GOOD WATCHMEN :

A DESCRIPTION OF THEIR COMMISSION AND CALLING.

BY EDWIN LANGFORD,

(Late of Newton Abbott ; now of Dalston.)

"I have set Watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night." Isaiah liiii. 6.

AS the Spirit of Jehovah shall enable, we will notice three things in the text. First, *Jehovah's Appointment*, "I have set Watchmen;" secondly, *the Position of these Watchmen*, "Upon thy walls, O Jerusalem;" and thirdly, *their unceasing cry*, "Which shall never hold their peace, day nor night."

I. We purpose to consider first, JEHOVAH'S APPOINTMENT, "I have set Watchmen." All things are of God, and there is nothing superfluous about the Divine arrangement: there is a positive necessity for God's provision. Watchmen are required; the Church needs them; God provides them. He calls to the work; qualifies the man for the work; keeps him to the work, until His purpose is accomplished, when he is removed according to the will of God. That some men place themselves professedly on the walls as watchmen, and that others are placed there by human authority are facts that cannot be controverted; but none shall profit God's people, none will stand in times of danger, none will remain at their post in seasons of distress; but those appointed by Divine authority; these shall stand when others flee; their voices shall be heard when the others are silent; not all the powers of earth and hell combined shall move from thy walls, O Jerusalem, those watchmen God has set there.

The *qualification* requisite for a watchman, appears to us to consist of six things. By referring to the fifty-sixth chapter of Isaiah; 10th and 11th verses, we find the Lord declaring of Israel's watchmen, "They are blind; they are ignorant; they are all dumb dogs they cannot bark, sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber, greedy dogs that cannot have enough," &c. Now, those who are watchmen by divine appointment are the opposite of this: they are (1) men of understanding; (2) men of perception; (3) men of utterance; (4) men of activity; (5) men of cleanliness; (6) men not greedy of gain; not taking the oversight for pecuniary advantage. The first thing we stated as being a requisite was *understanding*. The watchman must know the law, he must also understand the Gospel; in other words, he must be a lawgiver, he must be a gospeller. It is not requisite that he should know the law of the land by which justice is administered, or ecclesiastical law for Church polity; but he must know something of the law of God, which is spiritual in its nature. By the law is the knowledge of sin, therefore, if the man is unacquainted with God's law, he is ignorant of his own state and condition as a sinner: the law acts as pioneer to the Gospel, always precedes the Gospel. Paul, the watchman, declares, "I was alive once without the law, but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died." This life in Saul made itself manifest by tenaciously adhering to the traditions received from his father; also by a determined oppo-

sition to the things of God, and by an amazing amount of zeal for proselyting. Sin lay dormant in the apostle all this while : when the law of God was brought home to his conscience, it acted as a stimulant ; sin revived, put forth its strength, slew the apostle, and immediately put an end to the life of Saul of Tarsus. Paul's case is not an exceptional one, it is the experience of one and all of those who are watchmen by God's appointment : the tribunal is set up in the court of conscience : the law accuses ; sin is charged home ; and the soul brought to the place of the stopping of mouths ; can plead nothing as a reason why judgement should be deferred, the penalty mitigated ; but there is a fearful looking for, of judgment and fiery indignation.

After he has been sufficiently chastened and taught of the law, Jehovah, the Spirit, who is the Divine preceptor, gives him some knowledge of the Gospel : Gospel provision, promises, privileges. The law demands a righteousness, but provides none : the Gospel meets the law's demand by bringing in the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. The Gospel discovers to him the fact, that he is exempt from all law charges, for Christ, having placed himself under responsibility, at the appointed time, went forth under that responsibility, paying in obedience and blood what ere his people owed.

But, the watchman knows something of the after experience of the Jerusalemite. The soul thus brought into the liberty of the Gospel is exceedingly happy ; how happy his frames, and how comfortable his feelings : he has come to the conclusion that his foes are vanquished, and vanquished for ever, for ever they have quitted the field ; that they have left him to enjoy the victory ; they will molest him no more, but allow him to rest on his laurels : what blissful ignorance ! The Christian is soon to be undeceived ; the Canaanites bestir themselves ; the world, the flesh, and the devil combine their forces ; they assault him ; he is sadly put to ; he did not expect the attack, was not prepared for it : the consequence is, he is cast down from his excellency, his joy is changed for sorrow, his singing for sighing ; his day is turned into night ; there is an end to his happy frames and feelings ; it is no longer the voice of the turtle, but the lion's roar instead ; for the sun having gone down, the beasts of prey prow forth. But all this is by the permissive will of God ; who, when he has taught the Christian the evils of his heart ; broken up the depths of iniquity ; created within him a spirit of loathing and abhorrence ; mortified his pride ; taught him his helplessness ; made him know that he has the sentence of death in himself ; that he should trust in nothing short of the living God ; drawn forth from his soul the cry, " O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me." I say, when he has been brought there, then God's salvation shall set him up on high ; shall put him out of the reach of him that puffeth at him. This kind of experience is repeated, and the watchmen, having some acquaintance with these things, are enabled, instrumentally, to comfort the Lord's people with the comfort wherewith they themselves are comforted of God.

The watchmen and the keepers of the walls spoken of in Canticles, v. 7, were void of understanding : they failed to recognize the married wife in the disconsolate female, who, having missed her beloved, went forth into the streets in search of him ; these watchmen did not understand her case ; they smote her, and took from her, her Radid, or marriage

vail : in fact they treated her as if she had been some impudent strumpet, and not the spouse of Christ. We fear this is often the case now ; the saints are chided instead of comforted : the Lord's own servants need be cautious in this matter. Eli, though ignorantly, yet sorely smote dear Hannah : " Put away thy wine from thee ; how long wilt thou be drunken ? " Hannah replies, " Ah, my lord, I am a woman of a sorrowful spirit." The direction given to one of the watchmen was, " Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God ; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, her iniquity is pardoned, for she hath received of the Lord's hand, double for all her sins."

2nd. The watchman must be a man of perception, not a blind man ; he must be enabled to discover the difference between the covenant of works and the covenant of grace ; or, the national conditional covenant made with Israel according to the flesh, and the covenant made with Christ for the Election of grace : he must distinguish between the conditional promises belonging to the old covenant, and the unconditional promises belonging to the new covenant : they are not to be confounded the one with the other, or jumbled up together, as is the practice of the majority of those who profess to be watchmen ; until it is almost impossible to discover which is law and which is Gospel.

Moses was commanded to place the curses upon Mount Ebal ; the blessings were to be put on Mount Gerizim ; if Israel fulfilled the conditions of the covenant, the blessings of Gerizim were theirs ; failing to fulfil those conditions, not only did they forfeit the blessings of Gerizim, but drew down upon them the curses of Ebal. Now, the promises of the new covenant run on this wise : " I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." Heb. xiii. 5 : here is an unconditional promise, a promise that cannot be affected by time or circumstances. El Shaddai, the great promiser, will be with us as the Moderator : he will moderate our prosperity, lest we should lose sight of the giver in the gifts : He will moderate our adversity, lest we sink into despair ; he will be with us to manage, so that all things shall work together for our good.

The watchman must separate between the precious and the vile : there are precious doctrines and there are pernicious doctrines ; Adam was the first latitudinarian ; he would judge for himself, and act himself ; he would no longer be circumscribed by the command of God, so he struck out a course for himself, quite at variance with the revealed mind and will of God. His posterity imbibed his spirit ; hence it is that in our day we have so many creeds ; so many beliefs ; so many conflicting statements as to what is truth. There is little or no respect paid to the Word of God, notwithstanding Christ addressing his Father—in the 17th of John—saith, " Thy word is truth." All that is in the word of doctrine, is truth ; all in the word of experience is truth ; all in the word of precept and practice is truth. Arianism, Socinianism, Romanism, Ritualism, and Arminianism cannot be found in the Word of God ; has no place in the Word of God. There are also precious characters and pernicious individuals ; the former are the wheat, the latter the chaff ; and the watchman requires perception to draw a line of distinction between the two. Many of the professed watchmen of this day are very near sighted ; they can see far enough to apprehend that their craft is in danger ; that there is some danger that they may



lose that which they have procured by Simony : but they cannot see that the waters of the Sanctuary are fouled with the spawn of hell. The watchman on the walls must be quick to detect error however specious, and regard no man's sincerity, if that man is sincerely erroneous ; the truth of God is the Standard, and not man's sincerity.

The Watchman must be quick to perceive evidences of a work of grace in those committed to his charge ; it is his business to watch for souls. The gardener watches for the bursting of the bud ; the farmer looks for the springing of the seed : to the gardener it is an assurance that the tree is not dead ; to the farmer it is an evidence that the seed sown was good seed, and that it is germinated : the former does all he can to encourage the bud, he rids the tree of insects ; the latter, in like manner, attends to the weak, sickly, blade : the gardener rejoices in prospect of an abundance of fruit as the result of his care, the farmer in a glorious harvest as the reward of his toil. In like manner, the watchman should be on the look out for the buddings of grace ; encouraging the soul to faith, hope, and prayer : saying,

“ These feeble desires, these wishes so weak ;  
'Tis Jesus inspires, and bids you still seek.”

3rd. The watchman must be a man of utterance. I am inclined to believe that the man who *must* read his sermon was never sent of God to preach. It is true Aaron was spokesman for Moses, but there appears to have been some altercation between Moses and the Lord, relative to his (Moses's) going down to Egypt to deliver Israel. Moses persisted in declaring his disqualification, saying, “ I am slow of speech ; the Lord replied, “ I will be with thy mouth, and will teach thee what to say : Who hath made man's mouth, have not I, the Lord ? ” So that if Moses had gone at the bidding of the Lord, without further objection, the Lord would have honoured him by granting him utterance : but Moses still persisted he was not qualified. O, the forbearance of our God ; God replies to his obstinate servant, by saying, “ Is not Aaron, the Levite, thy brother ? I know that he can speak well.” The prophet Jeremiah when called by God to the work of a watchman said, “ Ah Lord, behold I cannot speak, for I am a child.” But the Lord said unto him, “ Say not, I am a child, for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee, thou shalt speak.” The Lord put forth his hand, and touched his mouth, saying, “ Behold I have put my words in thy mouth.” And we declare, that when the Lord puts his words in the mouth of any man, that man has no difficulty to bring forth the same in an intelligible manner, so that the people shall perfectly understand that which the speaker desires to convey ; for he shall utter words of truth and soberness ; and his phraseology will be like his divine Master's, simple ; so will the common people hear him gladly.

4th. The watchman must be an active man ; instant in season and out of season ; not studying carnal ease and fleshly comfort, to the neglect of his duties as a watchman ; active in studying the Word of God, which contains everything requisite for the support, comfort, edification and government of the city of which he is constituted a watchman. The Bible may be called the statute book of Jerusalem, and the watchmen should meditate in it continually. He is also to be active in

looking after those Jerusalemites who, being decoyed by the devil, have gone down to Jericho; those who have wandered away, would come back again, but are ashamed to. The watchman is to do all he can to restore the fallen; establish the wavering; strengthen the weak; and comfort the feeble minded. "Give full proof of thy calling," was the charge Paul gave to Timothy.

5th. The watchman must be a clean man. The Lord complained of Israel's watchmen that they were dogs; unclean creatures; unclean in their taste; fleshly. The watchman tastes not only for himself, but for the people; hence, like priest, like people; some professed watchmen have a great taste, or liking for, candles and crucifixes, and confessionals, and a lot of other fleshly trumpery; and the people considering these men men of taste, are wonderfully taken with this popish nonsense. The Lord's servants are to feed on clean provender, winnowed grain, the pure Word of God; and bring forth, and give to the people that they have reserved after they are sufficed, (Ruth ii. 18.) They must also have clean hands, or how shall they handle the things of God? There must be no taking of bribes; having no hand in an affair that will not bear investigation, disreputable in its nature, (Micah vii. 3, 4.) Under the Mosaic dispensation an unclean man was not fit for the priest's office; Eli's sons were removed because of their unclean actions. "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord." (Isaiah lii. 11.)

6th. The watchman must not be greedy of gain; their interest in the work must arise from something more than pecuniary advantage: and the people would do well to bear in mind that "the Ox that treadeth out the corn must not be muzzelled;" "The labourer is worthy of his hire."

The watchman must be equipped as well as qualified; he must have a light; the enemies of Christ hate the light—are terribly affrighted when any of the watchmen bring the light of Gospel truth to bear upon their subject, all is confusion in their camp immediately, as in the case of the hosts of Midian: they got on well while they were in the dark; but as soon as Gideon's soldiers broke their pitchers and the light shone forth, the enemies of God's Israel were blinded to a man; it was so sudden and overwhelming; face it they could not; and the consequence was, death and destruction was dealt out unsparingly; very little occasion for Gideon's band to use the sword, the enemy did the work themselves.

Some little time ago it was proposed in the Commons House of Parliament, that a little light should be thrown upon the Conventual and Monastic system; the popish Owls and Bats were much afraid; they mustered their forces; spoke great swelling words; frightened the legislature, and so managed to keep out the light. But the time will come, the time must come, the time shall come, when the hidden things of darkness shall be revealed; the prison doors thrown open, and liberty proclaimed to the captives.

The watchman has a sword also; not the sword of Peter, with which he cut off the ear of the servant of the High Priest: the Romanists boast of possessing that; but the sword Paul refers to in his epistle to the Hebrews ix. 12; it pierces to the dividing asunder of the soul and spirit. With this sword the watchman acts, sometimes on the defensive, at others on the offensive. His divine Master used it in the wilderness

of Judea, and he used it against the false professors; with it he put to flight the armies of the aliens. May the Lord enable his watchmen to use it skilfully, and manfully; we say with David, "There is none like it."

The watchman is also possessed of a trumpet, (Joel i. 1, 2, 3); with it he is to raise an alarm; the watchman must be an alarmist; sinners are dead in sin, lawful means must be resorted to to acquaint them with their state and condition, to this end the law trumpet must be blown; if so be God the Spirit would cause them to hear, and enable them to flee to Christ, and thus escape the wrath to come. Raise an alarm in my holy mountain is the command given to Zion's watchmen. May the Lord help us to declare unto his people their sin. "How shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach except they are sent?" (Romans x. 14, 15.)

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## WHAT WAS IN THAT CUP?

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Can aught beneath a power Divine,  
The stubborn will subdue?  
'Tis thine, Eternal Spirit, thine,  
To form the heart anew.  
To chase the shades of death away,  
And bid the sinner live;  
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,  
'Tis THINE ALONE to give."

I DO not think Henry Madden, of whom I have often spoken, was a hypocrite; he was deceived: nor was old Master Fairfield a guilty, wilful hypocrite; he was dead in a mere form of religion. The history of these West Nortonites I may give in full when my lecture is given; meanwhile, I must pursue my task; and in doing so, let me say, that so far from these chapters being closed, we have but yet furnished one section out of seven. Perhaps, I shall never complete the review of this metaphor; but, I cannot leave it while I live, and can write. I know there is much in it I have never touched yet; but, I am led on silently, believing we shall presently grasp the substance; if not in writing, in solemn realization.

There is one figure of speech the Lord useth descriptive of his people, which has been instructive to me. He calleth them, "the remnant of Jacob." His little church of Christ is but a remnant as yet, in a three-fold point of view.

I. Consider the millions gone home to glory: (1.) Enoch and his true friends, in the antediluvian ages; long, long since have they been in heaven. (2.) Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; Joseph, and all their true companions in the faith, who lived in the patriarchal ages; at home in glory they have long since been. (3.) Moses and Aaron; Joshua, and their fellows in the faith, in the Levitical dispensation. (4.) Gideon, Barak, Deborah, Manoah, and others, in the times of the Judges. (5.) David and Hezekiah, Jehoshaphat, and all the blessed saints in those days. (6.) The prophets, and their saved companions. (7.) The apostles, martyrs, and all who have died in the faith during these last eighteen centuries: all gone:

“ Once they were mourners here below,  
And wet their couch with tears ;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.”

Only a remnant left : are we among that remnant ? Then, again :—

II. Compared with the millions who know not the Lord, how comparatively small is the visible church of Christ, even in these palmy days, when some kind of profession is made ; we are but a remnant. And,

III. If we could separate the precious from the vile, how small a remnant, we fear, would be found. One mark of this remnant, is : “ The remnant of Jacob shall be in the midst of many people, as a dew from the Lord ; as showers upon the grass, which tarrieth not for man, nor waiteth for the sons of men.” The dew of the Spirit comes according to Divine purpose. It waits not for man’s coming to the Lord ; it comes first to them : it is the bedewing grace of the SPIRIT which first enters the sinner’s soul, and quickens it ; softens his heart, and purifies it ; awakens his conscience, and gives a tender fear of God unto it : then, the soul begins to seek after the Lord, and after salvation by him. If you have this dew from the Lord inwardly, you will often bedew the souls of others, and they shall know you are of God ; and eternal blessedness must be yours. You cannot *make* this dew ; you cannot *resist* it ; you cannot *describe* it. It is the mysterious power of the SPIRIT of God in the soul.

Those not of this remnant are called the wicked : “ Upon the wicked the Lord will rain snares, fire and brimstone, and a horrible tempest ; this shall be THE PORTION OF THEIR CUP.”

My next course, then, is to clear the way, by giving a chapter or two on “ THE HYPOCRITES IN ZION : THEIR CHARACTER DISSECTED, DETECTED, AND DESCRIBED ; AND THE ONLY REMEDY FAITHFULLY PRESCRIBED.” Of that remedy may we be partakers, prays

C. W. B.

*The Baptist Almanack and Congregational Hand-Book for 1872.* London : Robert Banks, 30, Ludgate hill. As far as we can judge the 21st issue excels all its predecessors. The printing, the paper, the matter, the arrangement—all thoroughly good. “ The London and Suburban Baptist Directory ” may be relied upon as correct ; and is, of itself, indispensable to the denomination. The list of “ Ministers Without Churches, and Occasional Preachers ” can be found in no other publication in existence ; as a register for reference, it will be serviceable all the year through. Baptist Societies, Baptist Colleges, Deceased Baptist Ministers, and little chapters of Ancient Baptist History, with much general information, render this “ HAND-BOOK ” so complete, and so cheap, that any true Baptist must feel a pleasure in herein learning how fast our denomination is increasing in every way.

*Cheering Words*, vol xxi, for 1871. London : Robert Banks, 30, Ludgate hill. After having nursed this little child for twenty-one years, we cannot help feeling proud to find it has “ come of age,” and puts in such a respectable appearance. Like its father, it has had very bad nursing, has never grown much, and has been often near to death : still it lives. A multitude of sturdy fellows have rushed into the literary garden, and have so filled every part, that people say they cannot find *Cheering Words*, although it has regularly found its way into this cold wide world for twenty-one long years : and here it is now, with a scarlet coat, black sash, and a golden line, saying, “ *Cheering Words for 1871*,” as modest, and as decided as ever. Once, when it was about four or five years old, every one thought it must die ; so a Scotch doctor took the little thing under his care, and himself and his lady thought soon to make a respectable affair of it ; but, its weakness increased so rapidly, that death was inevitable. We took the child back, and we now hope it will become a strong and healthy man.

# OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

## A LETTER FROM CANADA :

BY MR. FREDERICK HODDER.

[We have read with strong feelings of sympathy the following epistle. Hope our brother will continue his correspondence. Glad to hear brother Knifton is at work. Hope Mr. Hodder will find good fields of gospel labour on the Canadian shores.—  
Ed.]

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN BROTHER, — I think, just prior to my leaving old England, I promised you I would write and tell you somewhat of my experience in this far off land; so, now that it is the Lord's-day evening, and I cannot find any to meet with who I believe love the Lord and walk in his ways and ordinances in this village, I feel I can open my mind freely to you, and through your instrumentality, by means of the *Vessel*, to others to whom I am known, and amongst whom I have laboured in word and doctrine in the old country. And, dear brother, it is a blessed thing that distance nor absence can sever the ties of kindred hearts—hearts knit together by love, and by a common interest in things pertaining to our eternal well-being. I feel and rejoice too, that though more than 3000 miles away from the land of my nativity, yet I can communicate my thoughts on paper, and feel sure that those thoughts and feelings will be fully reciprocated by those with whom I have held sweet and hallowed fellowship in England; and, not only so; but that we can approach the same gracious Father—perchance, at the same time, and with, at times, that filial confidence only known and understood by brethren in the Lord and children of our God. The Lord setteth the solitary in families is a fact; and sometimes we, dear brother, feel solitary and alone; and, like Elijah, say, "I alone am left: no exercises, no circumstances like mine;" and a sad feeling it sometimes is. Yet, at other times, solitude is a blessed thing: how often has it proved the very gate of heaven to a believer. "Alone, yet not alone." To feel one's loneliness without God, is death in life, even a living death; but, to be alone with God has been sometimes sweet indeed; and it was so this afternoon, when I talked with him as with a familiar friend, and was thinking of those sweet words, "Whom having not seen we love." Surely, thought I, we do see Jesus—we see his precious face almost visibly. We see him, sometimes, by faith, sojourning here below as the man of sorrow, poor and despised, forlorn and dejected, and we follow him from the manger to the cross and see nothing but weariness, travail, and suffering all the way through; yet, a sweet, benignant placidity rests on his careworn face.

We try to watch him as he moves about ministering to the sad and disconsolate, and we sometimes catch a word full of grace and truth as it falls from his guileless lips. How endearing then, how softening to the heart; and how unlike the cruel world. Not a word of reproach for his own, not a word of self-pity for himself. Is he not touched too with the feelings of our infirmities, and does he not speak words of sympathy and relief, even when all around seems to frown upon us, aye, and circumstances too? but one short season of communion with our loving and lovely Lord will make amends for all the toils, disappointments, and perplexities of the way. But, this is not telling you what I intended of my experience out here.

I left England then, by way of Euston square station (N.W. rail) August 16 last, embarked from Liverpool the following day, and arrived at Quebec about the 28th; from thence I came to Toronto by Grand Trunk railway. I left wife and two dear children behind in London, while I came to view the land, and make a home, if the Lord's will, for myself and them. I would not here attempt to harrow the feelings of those, who, like myself, are possessed of painfully fine feelings; sufficient to say, I determined to say good-bye, in spite of myself, with as much despatch and apparent indifference as I could well assume. Some would be here ready to say, Why then leave them? Well, non-success in business, and the difficulty of obtaining a situation after having been in business, were the chief causes why I left old England; though I had frequently said, sometime prior to my leaving, that nothing would induce me to leave her shores, and especially her gospel privileges; but, circumstances alter cases. We appoint, and God disappoints; alters our purposes, frustrates our plans, and sometimes so hedges up our way that we cannot look upward; cannot look around us at all.

I came to some good friends of my brother, the publisher, of Paternoster row (with whom he was staying when on a bunniness tour this last summer); though I knew them not myself, this was a great advantage to me, as they introduced me to one and the other; but, although I rested upon this succeeding for me, I obtained a situation quite apart from that or any other interest whatever.

I must here say that almost directly my friends at Toronto knew what views I held of truth, one of the sisters of the family said she would introduce me to a person who held similar views; so I was not long, you may depend upon it, before I wished to find such an one out; albeit, no sooner did we see each other than I believe a mutual love sprang up between us, which God grant

may continue as long as life shall last. He, I found, was deacon of a small Strict Baptist cause, and not only Strict (as most of the Baptists are Strict in Canada, as far as the ordinance goes), but holding and maintaining the grand old truths of the gospel, as held by yourself and myself. A good brother, by the name of Knifton, I found to be the minister, labouring all the week with his hands, and with his heart and voice on Lord's-days, without money and without price. I preached for him two Lord's-days prior to my leaving Toronto. But, I must conclude this, my first epistle, lest I weary you; and in doing so, I would appeal to my own friends in particular, and to the friends of truth generally, to lend a helping hand to this cause of gospel truth (and it is, with the exception of one other, the only cause, to the best of my belief) in this vast dominion, as they are striving to raise an edifice more in the heart of the city; they have already secured the ground, and, I believe, paid for it. They stand, however, urgently in need of money to proceed with the building. I, therefore, submit the matter, agreeably with brother Knifton's request, to those who desire the extension of Christ's kingdom, and who have means of helping on the same, with a view to the good of souls and our covenant God's glory. Perhaps, dear brother, you would kindly receive any contributions for this end, and they will be gratefully acknowledged by brother Knifton, Emigration office, Toronto.

I will give particulars of the people, habits, climate, &c., in my next, as it may be useful to some, and especially to those intending to come this way. I will, however, just say, in conclusion, there are far greater facilities for getting along out here than in the old country; and people are sure to get on ultimately, if they don't mind work.

I am, my dear brother, yours in Christian bonds,

FREDERICK HODDER.

Staynew, Canada, Ontario.

November 7, 1871.

N.B. The situation I obtained is at a small village nearly 100 miles from Toronto, with some Plymouth brethren, whose views I cannot entirely endorse: though they don't kick at the doctrines of grace, as some do, yet they are like a sort of mixture we sell at our store, called Linsey-woolsey, half cotton and half wool; and while they profess to be unsectarian they are split up into as many sects as the Wesleyans themselves. I would just add that I shall be delighted to hear from any old friend, addressed to me as above, and I will endeavour to reply to same.

WOOLWICH.—The Lord is with us at Carmel, and with his servant, our pastor, Mr. Hanks, who is in good health, and blessed with seals to his ministry. May our Lord spare him long to be with us.

## DOWNHAM ROAD BAPTIST CHAPEL.

Anniversary services were held on Lord's-day, December 10, and following Tuesday. We were favoured with a good attendance at all the services, and the Lord's presence was enjoyed. The sermons, morning and evening, were preached by the pastor, Mr. Edwin Langford, from Psalm xviii. 46, and 2 Cor. iv. 7. In the afternoon it was our privilege to hear the gospel from the mouth of Mr. Huxham, from the words, "And worshipped leaning on the top of his staff." There was life, power, and unction with the word.

On Tuesday, services were held in Providence chapel, Islington. Mr. Myerson gave us a sermon in the afternoon: we heard him with pleasure and profit. After services, 150 persons took tea. Public meeting commenced at seven, with singing and reading; brother Myerson engaged, in prayer.

C. W. Banks was requested to give the first address, as he had to leave for another meeting. He commenced a brief address by saying, "I ask this evening to be heard in the spirit of charity. I was walking down Wood lane this morning, when, very specially Paul's words entered my mind, 'Lay hands suddenly on no man.' I am constrained to refer to them, not in a spirit of caution, as fearful of Mr. Langford, but in the spirit of advice to all who have any interest in ministers or members of churches. As regards Mr. Langford, I believe the four H's belong to him. I believe he is, in the first place, an HONEST man: honest to the Bible, to his God, to his conscience, and to all who may come to him on soul matters: he will not deceive you, he will not belie his own conscience; he will not be unfaithful to his Master; he will not wilfully make the Bible to say what the Lord never intended it should say. Then, secondly, I believe Mr. L. is an HONOURABLE man: he has been upright, and I feel he will be upright towards men so far as it lays in his power. A great thinker in America has written down this sentence, 'A real Christian is none the worse for having made a few mistakes.' If he is duly sensible of having been mistaken, the fact that he has been wrong will, under God, nerve him to battle more vigorously with those things which would lead him wrong; besides, mistakes tend to humble a man, and to give him much sympathy with the lame, the halt, the bruised, and the bound. I do not know that Mr. Langford has made any mistakes: I know I have made some, and I can feel for a poor, godly, tried man, as perhaps some cannot. Thirdly, Mr. Langford is, I believe, a HOLY man: holy in Jesus; devout, pure-minded, and of full weight. A holy man, in the gospel sense, is a man who has the Holy Spirit of God in his new-born soul; consequently, he believes in his heart in the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and is thereby justified from all things: he believes in the atoning blood of the Lamb, and there he has

the forgiveness of all sins; he believes in the immutability of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and he is kept, and will be kept, by the power of God, through faith unto eternal glory. Lastly, he is a HAPPY man: that is, he is happy when he can sweetly meditate upon the person and work of Jesus; happy when the Lord the Spirit giveth him light and liberty, enabling him rightly to divide the Word of Truth. Now, Paul's words imply: (1) The work of the ministry is a solemn work. (2) That many men assume that office who are not anointed into it. Therefore, you must prove that they are called of God, qualified by God, sent, and honoured of him; then, having laid your hands upon such, do not be easily turned from them."

Mr. Banks was succeeded by Mr. Moore, who was as a bottle ready to burst, having been entrusted with a secret he wanted to divulge, which he did in a very able and humorous manner: in the name of the church and congregation he presented to the pastor, Mr. Langford, a beautiful illustrated pulpit Bible, accompanied with a purse containing ten sovereigns, which were received and acknowledged, Mr. Langford making some appropriate remarks.

Brethren Huxham and Turner followed with sound, solid, and suitable addresses; deacon Johnstone bringing up the rear with some cheering words, which concluded with some very good rhyme, composed on the rise and progress of the church now worshipping at Downham road.

Singing, and a vote of thanks to the deacons of Providence for the loan of the chapel, also to the ladies for their excellent tea, and closing prayer by the pastor, brought this very happy meeting to an end. The Lord continue peace, and send prosperity.

GIDEON.

MANCHESTER.—Our brother Frederick Green says, "Were I in the colonies I could scarcely be more isolated. Surrounded by a million of people, and thousands of professors, I have not found a brother in Christ to spend ten minutes converse with in heavenly matters. As regards the ministry, I see no signs of a door opening. Still, all at present, is marked by a kind and gracious hand towards me; and, if my Master willeth not that I should be engaged here, the Lord give resignation. I think of brother Wells and poor Drawbridge, and see the mercy that I am not laid aside by reason of a tedious and painful illness, nor by a deprivation of my reasoning powers. I have the mercy of hearing my brother Taylor, at Rochdale road; and Mr. Smith, at Higher Temple street, a man sound in faith and Gospel ordinances. But, amidst this vast multitude of people I cannot find any other place, people, or minister, where I can sit down. *The Earthen Vessel* I find more valuable than ever: at a distance of 200 miles from brethren in the ministry, separated from many dear christian friends and churches that I have long served and been

associated with, in this my distant solitude, not a Christian friend to converse with, I run my eye down the pages of the *Vessel*, and see largely the travail of the churches in their changes, together with the sore travail of the different pastorates. Brother Banks, heaven speed the day when the 'Gospel Standard' and *Earthen Vessel* with the leading men shall see eye to eye. Heaven grant it. Amen. Soon, very soon, with dear Philpot, Kershaw, and Warburton, brethren Wells, Wyard, Taylor, Hazlerigg, Hazleton, and others, will be silent here for ever. Brother Banks, may the Lord God of Israel send peace, unity, love, prosperity, &c., to his Zion. Yours for Jesus' sake, with Christian love to all in Christ,

FREDERICK GREEN."

OXFORD.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS, —Having been in the order of providence brought into the neighbourhood of Oxford, the question arose, Where shall I find a place to worship God? This might appear to some a needless question in this city of churches and colleges; but to me it was important, not being satisfied with anything less than a full and free salvation for a chosen people. Having seen a notice in the *Vessel* some time since of Mr. Scott, I found him out; and believing it will be interesting to some of your readers I here send a short account of his work. He began it in 1864, his object being especially to look after the poorest and most destitute in Oxford, who form the chief of his congregation, though not exclusively. I need hardly say that Mr. Scott has worked gratuitously, the most of his hearers needing rather than able to help. The rent of the Hall, and occasional helps to sick, form the entire expences, which amount to from £15 to £20 a year, inclusive of a free tea at Christmas, for which he depends entirely upon the gratuitous offerings of those that know him, and admire his work. But, in this city of free-will and Ritualism, he meets with but little sympathy, his chief support being from his patients, whom he has benefited, scattered over the country. Mr. Scott is a man of truth, as all who may have read his sermon on "The Great Salvation" will testify with me, and having heard him for the year that is past, I can say that the general tenor of his preaching is a full and free salvation to all those that are ready to perish; but, for those that are rich in themselves, he has no word of comfort, remembering his Master came to seek and to save that which was lost. This is his manner of preaching, and he looks for his reward to him who has said that his word shall not return unto him void. Will any of the readers of the *Vessel* help him in this good work? There is, I understand, a deficiency of several pounds in this year's account, which, in default of any other source, will have to be met out of his own pocket. Any contributions will be thankfully received by Mr. Scott, Market street, Oxford. Yours &c.,

A READER OF THE "VESSEL."

**KENTISH TOWN.**—Mr. George Webb's ministry in the Lecture Hall has been sustained: and rendered useful in increasing the church committed to his care. Mr. George Ludlow, the secretary, says, "On Wednesday, November 1, we baptized seven believers. They were added to our community the following Lord's-day, with one from another place. Others are coming forward. Bless the Lord, O, our souls, and all that is within us, bless his holy name!" Mr. Ludlow also forwards us a report, which says, "Our church and congregation held their tea and public meeting on Wednesday, November 25. Mr. Hazleton preached at 3: many of the 'old Zionites' found it good. Tea after sermon, and public meeting: Mr. George Webb, the pastor, presided. Mr. Silvester implored the Lord's blessing. Mr. George Webb spoke of the goodness of God towards us as a church and people. Mr. Flack congratulated the friends on the success, and kindness of the Lord, in sending others in their midst to strengthen their hands. Very able speeches were then given by Mr. Thomas Davies, of Poplar; Mr. Samuel Milner, Mr. Griffiths, and Mr. Waterer." These gospel expositions are too long for this month; we are over-filled; but they are too good to be buried: therefore, we will give them, if it is only one each month. They will loose nothing by a little delay.

Mr. G. Webb's Lecture hall is called Camden hall, Camden Town.

#### THE TRIAL AT GOWER STREET.

The more we reflect upon the different communications sent us, the darker the mystery appears. Two directly opposite conclusions are arrived at by different parties. We shall (D.V.) investigate until THE TRUTH is reached. One correspondent says:—

I have read *Vessel* for many years, and am sorry you take the part of Mr. A. therein. Surely, after preaching the same great doctrines of faith held by Huntington, Warburton, Gadsby, &c., you cannot, by an enlightened conscience, justify the man who uttered the following awful words respecting the good men referred to above. He is represented as saying (page 311), "Their general religious experience, which they prize so highly, had nothing in it varying from that of men dead in trespasses and sin; and, that dying in that state, they could not escape the damnation of hell." Now, most certainly these awful denunciations against some of the best, most spiritual-minded, and Christ-exalted ministers that England has ever seen, from the lips of Mr. A., are enough to cause every enlightened servant of God to oppose the Satanic enmity of heart displayed by this "son of the bond-woman:" and, if Satan did not reign in his heart, instead of being "at his elbow," as one expresses it, I think we have a right to say he never did reign in the heart of Judas, Balaam, or any other false teacher. I think

the bitter fruit brought forth by this "son of the bond woman" proves he is not quite so holy as he wishes people to think he is. The command is, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour;" but, when he condemns Huntington, Gadsby, Warburton and Vinnall, surely, it is bearing false witness of the foulest kind.

Mr. Huntington was one of the greatest teachers, and the most spiritual expositors of the scriptures, this world has ever seen, since the days of the apostles. Mr. Gadsby was one of the best and boldest defenders of the faith I ever heard. Mr. Warburton was highly favoured of God to comfort the Lord's tried family. And the very name of Mr. Vinnall, both father and son, in Kent and Sussex, where they have been best known, is like "ointment poured forth." They all lived as monuments of grace, and fell asleep in Jesus; and the God of glory declares, as well as God's people, that their memory is blessed: yet, now some of the Gower street people can bid "God speed" to a man, who seems to hate their names with a perfect hatred. But, I fearlessly assert, that the spirit possessed by this teacher of Israel, is the very same as was possessed by the old Pharisees; who, under a specious pretence to holiness, condemned and crucified the Saviour, persecuted the apostles, and would have killed every child of God in the land, if their God had permitted it.

Let Mr. A. go to his own camp: he'll find plenty of self-righteous, duty-faith, creature-holiness professors, who will jump at him. I remember a few lines I wrote forty years since: they would apply to these men now, as they did to some of the same class then:—

They are in bondage to the law,  
And hate our glorious freedom:  
They bring the people barley-chaff,  
And starve, instead of feed 'em.

And now, Mr. Editor, I have no personal ill-feeling to Mr. A. as a man, as I never heard or saw him; and, also, though I have been trying to preach Christ's gospel between forty and fifty years, I never was among the privileged few, to have my name on the covers of the "Gospel Standard:" but, what I have written is in vindication of the good men whom I hope to meet in heaven.

#### A CRY FROM THE WALLS.

[We equally, with our correspondent, should condemn all such denunciations of the best men Zion has had in this century: but, we neither heard nor read such censures in the way our correspondent has received them. Let us wait until a *faithful* and impartial review can be given?—ED.]

**CHATHAM.**—**ENON CHAPEL.**—A public tea meeting of the Sabbath school and Bible class, was held on Tuesday, November 28; several addresses were delivered. Mr. Belsey spoke of the necessity existing at the present time for religious instruction: Sabbath school teachers would need to prove themselves equal to the demand made upon their zeal and knowledge. Mr. Edgerton



addressed the friends upon the attractive power of the gospel; and urged them to seek to be soul winners. Speaking of himself, he said, I can well remember when the love of Jesus was revealed, how it subdued and melted the soul; apart from this, law and terrors did but harden. He urged the teachers to act upon this principle, and seek by love to be the means of doing good. Mr. Cassy spoke some acceptable things respecting the blessedness of the righteous in the Jerusalem above. Several pieces were admirably sung by the school children during the evening; Miss Vantreson presided at the harmonium. About 170 persons sat down to tea.

On the following evening a lecture was delivered by Mr. Belsey, illustrated by dissolving views. Subject: Natural Wonders. Views were given of some of the most wonderful and grandest scenes of nature, interspersed with remarks leading the mind to contemplate the wonders of grace. A large concourse of people witnessed the same. At the conclusion of the proceedings, Mr. Edgerton, minister of the place, referred to the happy and prosperous gatherings of both evenings. A vote of thanks was given to the lecturer, and the whole ended with praise and prayer.

The earnest prayer of all hearts is that God may bless us in this department of Christian labour. The work is a noble one, the responsibilities are great; but, great is the power of him who has promised success to his faithful servants. You know this, dear brother, by experience; so does also

HOPEFUL TIMOTHY.

GLEMSFORD.—Old Baptist chapel.—Sunday, November 26, Mr. R. G. Edwards, of London, preached three good gospel sermons here. The speaker evidently had the presence of the Master with him; the Word was heard with pleasure and profit. On following Tuesday, services of an animated character were held. Mr. Edwards preached in afternoon; 120 friends then took tea. General satisfaction prevailed. In evening, a public meeting was held; W. Beach, Esq., presided; brother R. Page, of Cavendish, engaged in solemn prayer. Brethren Debnam, Murling, Kemp, Wilson, and Edwards addressed the meeting:

It is a grievous pity that this cause should be without a pastor. For many years that faithful man of God, Mr. Robert Barnes, laboured here; his labours were blessed; but he has long gone to the "Upper country," to sing of that love, blood, and righteousness which was the theme he greatly delighted in when here. Since then the cause has fluctuated a great deal; caused, doubtless, to a great extent, by the vacillation of men. Who will take the field now? It is a rare field for labour! Glemsford is a village of over two thousand inhabitants; the major part of whom are almost in a state of heathenism. It is also surrounded with villages that need the gospel: to the north are Boxted and Harsted, neither of which

have any place of truth; a little more to the east is Stanstead—no dissenting cause there; then to the south there is Foxheath, enwrapped in Puseyism; to the west is Cavendish,—here live a few of the Zionites, lovers of the gospel, belonging, some to Clare, others to Glemsford causes. *These*, have a place where they unitedly meet to worship in on Lord's-day evening; and on Thursday evenings: here often the word of God is as the refreshing dew. Again, we say, who will take the field? A young, strong, godly, zealous, active, energetic, persevering man is needed. One who will pay no heed to the smiles and flatteries of friends, or fear the frowns of hypocrites, the world, or formal professors. A very Boanerges against the sins, carnality, and boasted hypocrisy of the day. A very Barnabas to the mourning and tried family of the Lord Jesus Christ. The enemy appears to prevail; truth falls in the street. "O, Lord, arise; plead thine own cause." Appear for thy people in Glemsford again. "Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty. And in thy majesty ride prosperously because of truth and meekness and righteousness." Amen, so let it be.

GREAT BERKHAMPTSTEAD.—To C. W. Banks.—Kindly insert the death of Mr. James Norris, of Berkhamstead, who entered into that rest which remaineth for the people of God on November 16, 1871, in his fifty-fourth year. He was a faithful preacher of the truth as it is in Jesus. For fifteen years he preached at a little Baptist cause at North church; and, having left them some few years ago, has since then been engaged among our Strict Baptist churches round about these parts. For a long time he supplied two Lord's-days every month at Salem chapel, Two Waters; and, once a month, at Watford; he has frequently supplied at Chesham, Dunstable, and other places:

But, he's gone; and he will be missed,

From the churches where oft he supplied:  
May God in his mercy still send

To those pulpits men brought from on high.

Our departed friend was, in every sense of the word, a sincere Christian; he often visited me in my chamber of affliction; we shall miss him much, and we truly grieve for his dear widow who is left to mourn his loss. Poor thing! for the last nine years she has been afflicted with paralysis; quite unable to help herself, and her speech has gone. How mysterious are the ways of our God; but he has done as it has pleased him. Oh, that he may bless and comfort the poor bereaved one! her mind is greatly supported under the trial. When any one visits, and talks to her of Jesus, she points upwards, and seems filled with joy: her mind seems stayed on Jesus.

My dear husband unites in Christian love with yours in Christian bonds,

A. SHIPTON.

## WINDSOR.

Because we presumed to express an opinion that the Strict Baptists, who hold the truth in doctrine, experience, and practice, should be one church, one body, and worship together in one place, we have been much censured. The fact is, in the borough of Windsor, there are three small congregations of the Strict Baptist persuasion: and we appeal to all true Christians in the land, and we ask, does it not appear wrong in practice for three little sections to be meeting in three separate places? If a loving, praying, and Christ-like spirit animated the different members of these three sections, they certainly might be one church, one assembly, and meet together in one place, under any truly useful pastor, whom the Lord might send to, and settle over them. Instead of that, each of these three sections must now cause good men to be travelling on Sunday, in order that in each meeting-place, a minister may stand amongst them for the day, speaking in the name of the Lord. How far this course can be justified by the Word of God, we leave for the present, and only explain the position of that section who now meet in the new Baptist chapel in Grove road.

The late Mr. Lillycrop bequeathed £100 for the erection of a Strict Baptist chapel in Windsor. Such chapel has been erected. Its entire cost was £370: towards that sum friends have given £120; Mr. Lillycrop bequeathed £100, less £10, legacy duty; they have borrowed about £80; so that the chapel is erected, and all is paid, except about £80; and to liquidate this balance, the Grove road friends appeal to Christians and churches to enable them to secure to the town of Windsor a Strict Baptist chapel, free of all debt, in which believers may worship, and the gospel be preached, for generations and ages to come. Mr. Thomas Drake has taken an active part in this great movement. He has made sacrifices in connection therewith; and he sends us the following letters, that all may read and understand the case thoroughly:—

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I want you to put in the *Vessel* the letter sent to me from Mrs. Lillycrop for me and the deacons to go and take £100, towards building a Strict Baptist chapel, which I did with the deacons: the executors put £90 into my hands towards building a Strict Baptist chapel. I thought the best thing would be to put the money into Staines bank in the name of myself and in the name of the deacons, until we could get ground for that purpose; as soon as the two deacons and myself got ground, beautifully situated, in Grove road, Windsor, we entered into an agreement to build a house for God, feeling quite sure the blessed God would find the money in his own time; he has already found us friends who have given willingly £120. We have drawn out the £90 from Staines bank, making of our own money £210, and a kind friend lent us £50 in order to keep our payments with the builder. According to our agreement

we have to pay about £80 to complete the whole. London and country friends have helped us on, and we believe they and others will help us to complete the payments by January 18, 1872. We have every reason to believe the Lord is with us.

THOMAS DRAKE.

Ashford, near Staines.

The following is a copy of the note sent by Mrs. Lillycrop to Mr. Drake: It reads as follows:—

TO THE PASTOR AND DEACONS OF WILLIAM STREET CHAPEL,—I am desired by the executors of my late dear husband's will, to request you to call at his late residence on Wednesday next at half-past 7 o'clock, to receive the sum of £100 towards the building of a Strict Baptist chapel in Windsor. One of the executors will attend, and bring a certain receipt, which will have to be signed by the pastor and deacons before the money can be received.

Yours, &c.,

MARY LILLYCROP, Executrix.

Windsor, June 8, 1867.

[We have heard several complaints made by the William-street people against the course which has been taken; but, to us it appears plain enough that the William street church should have gone in unison with the Grove road movement; but, of this, and other circumstances, presently.—Ed.]

## THE GOSPEL AT ISLINGTON.

Providencé chapel. 21st anniversary was Lord's-day, November 12. Three sermons were preached: morning and evening by Mr. Glaskin, of Brighton; afternoon, by Mr. Langford. The truths brought out were suitable to our present position as a church. Mr. Langford is a very Samuel in the truth: he shunned not to declare the utter ruin of man by nature: the Providence people do love the truth as it is in Jesus, and nothing short of the whole truth will do for them. The congregations were good; in evening full. Our numbers have increased of late.

Mr. Anderson preached on Tuesday, on the words, "It pleased the Father that in him should all fullness dwell." A good company took tea. Mr. Glaskin presided at evening meeting: Mr. Griffin engaged in prayer. The chairman spoke in his usual warm-hearted manner, expressing his sympathy with us: after which, Mr. Langford made an excellent speech upon the words, "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass." Mr. Waterer followed, speaking from, "Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound. Mr. George Webb gave out a hymn. Mr. W. J. Styles then expressed his sympathy with our cause: his father and grandfather had lived in Islington all their lives; so had he: he would like to see the Strict Baptist cause more fully represented in that parish; all other denominations seemed to flourish; but the poor Strict Baptists were up a court, and

not so prosperous as he should like to see: he hoped God would send us a pastor with a large and loving heart. We are very thankful some young men are rising up like Mr. Styles, who is well grounded in the truth, and speaks it in love, and intelligently. He said once at the prayer meeting, he rejoiced in that scripture, "THE TRUMPET SHALL BE BLOWN." Some asked, "What will become of the church and the truth, when Mr. Wells, and Mr. Foreman, and others were gone? These young men were all very well in their way; but, there were none to take the place of these great men." Nevertheless, the gospel trumpet shall be blown, and the Lord will raise up his servants to blow it: he does thrust them out; they are known to be his servants by the power attending the Word. Mr. Squirrel gave a hymn, and Mr. Hall delivered a warm hearted speech. Mr. Anderson also spoke kindly, and asked the sympathy of the friends for the deacons in their present position. A vote of thanks to the chairman, singing, and prayer, brought the meeting to a close.

We were very thankful to Mr. Glaskin for sympathy: he has a noble body to fill a chair; he has also a noble mind, and a large heart: we have always esteemed him very highly. We hope soon to have a pastor after God's own heart, that we shall esteem as highly for his works' sake as we did the first pastor of Providence for fourteen years, and do now, notwithstanding he is labouring in another sphere. To God be all the praise.

STOKE NEWINGTON.—Our Sunday school anniversary December 12, 1871, was a pleasant season. Our pastor, Mr. Hunt, presided, and was happy in conducting the evening meeting. Brethren Weight, Howard, C. W. Banks, and others, encouraged us in our work; but, we require more zealous teachers; then, we should have more children, and greater support. If the Lord will continue to bless brother Hunt's ministry as he has done, all branches of our cause, we believe, will revive.

BRAINTREE.—A correspondent asks, "Cannot you send a valiant man of Israel to Braintree, in Essex? There is a little cause where not more than a dozen people meet. Surely, there are more than a dozen people in that large town, who believe in salvation all of grace! If there was but a man they could hear to profit! It is indeed a barren land to several—that are at times compelled to visit that town. Oh, how they envy us in London on the Sabbath. Excuse the liberty I take, but, seeing by the *Vessel* that so many ministers are disengaged, I thought perhaps you could persuade one to go and feed the starving poor."

[The ministers who are disengaged are starving themselves. Ministers of Christ, with the knowledge of the truth, and the power of the Holy Ghost in them, are difficult to find.—Ed.]

#### MR. FRANK GRIFFIN'S FAREWELL.

On Lord's-day evening, November 19, 1871, Mr. Griffin preached his farewell sermon before a large and deeply affected congregation, at Jerch chapel, East road, City road, from the words, "Wherefore I take you to record this day that I am pure from the blood of all men, for I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." After a few prefatory remarks upon the general import of the chapter, the text was considered in the following order:

1. The responsibility of the minister in relation to his people. 2. What is intended by all the counsel of God. 3. Call upon all present to witness that he was pure from the blood of all men, because he had not shunned to declare all the counsel of God.

After an eloquent discourse, the preacher concluded by taking a concise view of his past four years' labours amongst us; in a very earnest and affectionate manner he urged upon the youthful members of the church (especially) the importance and value of a strict adherence to the great principles of our holy religion, remarking to them that if they were suffered once to depart in any form whatever from the truth and ordinances of God as once delivered unto the saints, God only knew where they would drift to. The confession of faith which he (Mr. G.) gave four years ago in the table pew, before a large congregation and nearly twenty ministers, he called upon those present to witness that he had never in the least degree deviated from; in fact, the more he knew of those truths the more he prized them, and the more anxious was he to preach those truths unto the people; and, that, by God's help, wherever he should go to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation in the providence of God, those truths, and those only, should form the theme of his ministry.

["One Who Was There" has sent us a report of this thrilling and affecting address to the church and people; but, we have been requested simply to give this brief notice, and to that request we bow. No doubt, the Lord has a more enlarged sphere for Mr. Griffin to labour in.—Ed.]

HIGH WYCOMBE, Nov. 1, 1871. On my way home, to the Lord would I look: He has preserved me up to this moment. I was enabled to finish the month of October by two services yesterday at Zion Chapel, Prestwood Common. I cannot tell how far the Lord's blessing may rest upon the past month's work: this I know, for travelling, and thinking, and speaking it has been a busy month; and I ask for a heart to bless the Lord's name for all his goodness unto one of the poorest of his worms. I had long promised the dear little cause at Woodburn Green one Sunday; so early on the Sunday morning, Oct. 29, I left home—travelled on to the Green; and there we had three services; another on Monday evening; on Tuesday morning I left the comfortable villa of our

esteemed brother Frances; and through the good hand of God upon me, climbed up to Prestwood Common; there we had two services: thus another month of my life is past. I find I have travelled several hundred miles, and have spoke over thirty times, at thirteen different places during the month. I hope I may conclude it has been devoted to his cause; although the results of all this work is not in any way seen by me,

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain:  
God is his own Interpreter,  
And he will make it plain."

I feel pleasure in learning that Thomas Rowley's ministry is very useful at Woburn Green: Mr. Price, of Wycombe, and Mr. Buchanan, of Lee Common, both serve the church at Prestwood Common; and the chapel there is filled by crowds of anxious souls: they have a debt on this chapel; I wish we could relieve them: they are a godly people, and His name is honoured there. Mr. Tooke is settled at Chesham: and in Chesham Town Hall, Mr. Free preaches to some hundreds: it is expected that Mr. Free's friends will soon build for him a new chapel.

**PIMLICO.**—Rehoboth chapel Building Fund. At the public meeting held October 26 (reported in our last), the total amount subscribed reached the sum of £135 7s 7d. It is intended that a chapel shall be built to cost about £800, and as it has been deemed unexpedient to lay the foundation stone until at least half the amount required has been obtained, early assistance is the more anxiously needed. The committee are also very desirous that the chapel shall be opened free, that the pastor may labour among his people in the gospel unburdened by a chapel debt. The committee most earnestly solicit your sympathy and help, that this much needed house of God may be built, and that the church of Christ may have secured to it in trust a place of worship unencumbered. Subscriptions will be thankfully received by the secretary, EBENEZER CARR, Conrad Villa, Windsor road, Denmark hill, S.E.

**BERMONDSEY NEW ROAD.**—MY DEAR BROTHER,—Will you kindly allow me to say, that, in inserting, last month, my appeal for help for our Building Fund, unfortunately, my address was omitted; so that whereas I might by this time have been deluged in threepences, sixpences, shillings, &c., in postage stamps, I have only to own receipt of one shilling, kindly sent by E. C., who appears to have known my address. By preaching at brother Myerson's on the afternoon of the 10th instant, I reaped the nice little harvest of £1 13s 8d; and you have kindly promised your pulpit at the end of January. We have recently had three cheques: for ten guineas, five pounds, and three guineas, respectively. For all these things we feel thankful, and from them we take courage. Yours very sincerely, in the best of bonds,

R. A. LAWRENCE,  
2, Marlborough road, Old Kent road.

**BETHNAL GREEN.**—Hope chapel, Green street. Tuesday, December 5, services in connection with opening of new schools were held. At tea meeting a large number were present. At public meeting the pastor, J Griffith, presided: prayer by brother Meeres. Mr. Griffiths thanked the friends for their kind sympathy and liberal help. They had long felt the need of a school: they had waited patiently, now they possessed a convenient apartment to teach the children in, he trusted the blessing of God would rest upon it. The report shewed about £60 were required to clear the whole outlay. Brethren Box, Anderson, Waterer, Webb, Osmond, and Elvin gave wise directions and encouragements. Mr. Temple; and Mr. Caldwell, of the Sunday School Union, delivered addresses on Sunday school matters. During the evening £18 were gathered. The meeting closed with prayer and praise.

**SURREY TABERNACLE.**—We are increasingly and joyfully anticipating the return of Mr. James Wells, and thousands of prayers are ascending to our heavenly Father's throne, that brother Wells may, ere long, come forth as a giant refreshed, with fuller and richer discoveries of New Covenant truths than ever. We certainly are, all of us, looking to see this long night of affliction turned into a morning of spiritual joy. No people on earth should be more thankful to the Lord than ourselves for his great mercy in supplying us with many of the very best of men, who have come willingly, and have been received cheerfully, while, one and all, have preached unto us the gospel of the grace of God. Oh, what variety! yet, how true the harmony! During the last month, we have had our strong old friend, Thomas Stringer; R. A. Lawrence, Mr. Hatton, Mr. Harbour, Mr. Crowther, and Mr. Willis. Of these excellent divines we have large and singular thoughts. Whether these thoughts will ripen into flowers to stand in the *Vessel* we cannot say now.

**SCOTLAND.**—We have seen a long letter from brother T. J. Messer. He is walking and working in some of the wildest parts of the Northern country. No man on earth, we think, works harder than does good Thomas James Messer.

### Deaths.

DIED at Ardmore, Tavinnl Island, Fiji, Esther, the beloved wife of Mr. James McConnell, and third daughter of John Bunyan McCure, August 25, aged 26. Particulars next month.

DEATH.—We deeply sympathise, with Mr. John Gadsby, in the recent bereavement he has sustained by the sudden death of his only daughter, Mrs. Gee, of Wigan. Mrs. Gee had come to London, to spend some time with her father; was taken suddenly ill, and expired at Mr. Gadsby's residence on the 14th December, her husband arriving only just in time to her end.

# “THIS IS REAL CHRISTIANITY.”

COPY OF AN ORIGINAL UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF THE LATE

SAMUEL EYLES PIERCE.

*(In the possession of WILLIAM ARTHUR ADAMS.)*

VERY DEAR SIR,—I am very greatly indebted to you, and Mrs. R., for very many favours received from time to time. May the Lord himself remember them, and place them to your account. May they bring down a sevenfold blessing on you. Not that you yourselves expect it. Yet the Lord hath promised it. Well, when I say, I most heartily thank you, I have done. I am going to say no more. Only, should it be so, that the green glasses are ever returned, it is not any fruit of ingratitude. But as I am now drawing towards the close of life, and think I shall find a pair prepared for me at Chard, so I do not like to keep what is needless. Yours are valuable. I don't wish them to fall into the hands of such as I may die amongst. Therefore so soon as I have a convenient opportunity, I shall most certainly return them.

I hope you are fully persuaded your whole salvation depends on the will, council, covenant, word, and oath, of the Eternal Three. So far as you really see and know this, it will be your soul's delight to search the Holy Scriptures in which the covenant of the Essential Three in the One Incomprehensible Jehovah is recorded. As when persons have houses, lands, and inheritances, belonging unto them, their titles to which depends on wills, writings, and deeds of gift, they are very sedulous to know the express form of words, by which such instruments, hold forth and make clear and manifest their right to such and such goods, estates, portions, and inheritances. So much more does it become us who style ourselves believers in Christ Jesus, to search the Scriptures and see how by them, Christ is given unto us, made over unto us, and becomes ours, by the Magna Charta of free grace. There is no knowledge of Christ to be compared to a Bible knowledge of Him. No sight of Christ to be compared with a sight of Him in the Holy Scriptures. No faith to be compared with that which springs from believing in Him from the word and testimony of the divine Father, and his record concerning Him. I would have you study Christ in the Scriptures. I wish you to converse with Christ in them. And to receive Christ by them into your mind, and heart. And then live over Christ in your thoughts as He is therein revealed. Then you will get on to heaven with a high hand. Then you will surmount every difficulty. Then you will triumph over every enemy. Then you will live on Christ. Then you will feed on Him the Bread of Life. Then you will feast on Him as the sacrifice for sin. Then Jesus Christ will be your All in All. Then you will fear death no more than if you were in heaven. Then the everlasting love of the Father, will afford you a present heaven. Then the constant testimony of the Holy Ghost, which he bears of and for Christ in the written word, will afford you continual delight and joy. Then you will

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have increasing communion with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and thus your joy will be full.

Blessed be the Lord, these truths which I now write unto you, are important realities. I have had evidence of it in my own soul by the infallible testimony of the Holy Ghost. And I long for you, and your dear spouse, to have an increasing light into them; increasing knowledge of them; increasing communion with Father, Son, and Holy Ghost by them. O that the Lord the Spirit may carry off your mind and affections, from all other objects and subjects, and fix your mind and affections, on the Lord Jesus Christ! He only is worthy of the whole of your heart. He only is able to fill it with delight. He only is able to satisfy all your desires. In our Lord Jesus Christ all the blessings of earth and heaven are contained. For, having Him for our portion, it is enough. And in Him we have all, and abound. Therefore it can make no great odds to us how things go, or what may befall us in a time state, because all things work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to his purpose. And as we brought nothing into the world, neither can we carry anything out; so we can lose no one thing while we are in it, which is of any real consequence to us. It is, indeed, great teaching from the Spirit, for us to see, and believe the truth of this. Yet so it is, whether we ever see it or not. The Lord Jesus only, can bless our bread, and our water, and all the good things which we enjoy. The Lord Jesus only can take away from us all sickness. He can sanctify death unto us. He can turn it into an angel of life. He can carry us through the valley of the shadow of death. He can fill our minds with joy, even such as is unspeakable and full of glory. I have again and again, since I saw you, been very near, in my own apprehensions, and in that of others, very near an eternal world, and just ready to enter on an eternal state. Yet I am brought back, and have some partial recoveries. It does not last long. Yet I believe this is not the time when I shall drop. Yet I am fully persuaded I shall never be able to do as I have done. The whole nervous frame has sustained a violent shock. This I must expect to feel the effects of. Yet my vitals, at present, remain untouched. Blessed be the Lord, he most graciously sustained me. He kept up my faith in him. I had not the least fear nor shrinking. Thanks to His Majesty, I had full proof and evidence given me, that the knowledge of Christ is a complete antidote against the fears of death. Now I know what it is, once more, to be as near dying, and not die, as possible, and that Jesus is indeed the resurrection and the life, and that he who liveth and believeth in Him, shall never die. No. The evil in death is removed. It is a real friend to believers in Jesus. It is the consecrated passage to the kingdom of glory. The Lord be praised for it! I am sure, and can assure you when I really thought myself in the valley of the shadow of death, yet I had no sense of the least shadow, nor did I find it. Well, blessed be the Lord, all is well; and all will be well to eternity. May the Lord the Spirit lead you into a growing acquaintance with the Lord Jesus Christ. May you be continually going out of yourself to Him. May you be casting your every care upon Him. May you be growing into Him so as to be established in Him, and not be moved off from the hope of the gospel.

The Lord Jesus is a wonderful person. His love is altogether wonderful. The more you know Him, the more you will esteem Him. O

to receive Him into your mind ! to make Him your companion ; to converse freely with Him ; to pour out your heart before Him ; to trust wholly in Him. There is real blessedness in this. Indeed this is real Christianity. The Lord help you to be more free and familiar with the precious Lord Jesus than ever. It will be a means of gilding life. It will remove from you all fears of death. It will be health and cure to your mind. It will be life and salvation to your heart. It will sanctify unto you the comforts and enjoyments of life. It will perfume your words so that they will distil the sweets of Christ's name and word to others. No words can express the real blessedness of living in the lively exercise of the mind on the Lord Jesus. My dear Sir, I do allow myself to be under very many obligations to you. I have no other way in which I can express myself, and gratitude to you. Therefore take this, wholly kindly, and let your mind think more immediately, expressly, and particularly on the Lord Jesus than ever. Don't be content with past things, and attainments. Soar high. Soar very high, even into the element of free grace. Take a peep within the veil. Renounce everything in you. Cast it all away. Deal with none but Christ. Be sure you deal immediately with Him. HE is your salvation : not your faith in Him ; not your hope in Him ; not your love to Him. No. Christ without you—not Christ within you, is your hope of glory. It is the sacrifice of Christ's person is your discharge, before the Lord, from all your sins. It is CHRIST'S life that is your perfect righteousness in the sight of God. You will never be anything but what you are this moment, in yourself, so long as you are in this world. It is by looking to the Lord Jesus Christ you will be carried off yourself, and from yourself. Look to Jesus, that is grace indeed. The whole life of faith consists in it. You will find everlasting life in the object and subject of faith ; not in the act of it, nor in the comforts flowing from it. Learn to distinguish between Christ the object of faith, and the act of the mind on Christ. Always give the whole glory of salvation to Christ alone. Ever remember it consists in taking away sin, in bringing in everlasting righteousness, in conquering Satan, death, and hell. Never forget herein consists the whole salvation of God. And there is but one way whereby you can receive this salvation, and enjoy this salvation ; and that is by faith, you know well there is but one way whereby you can receive light from the sun, that is, by the eye. So there is but one way whereby you receive Christ, his righteousness and atonement, the pardon of your sins, and the knowledge of your free, full, and complete justification, and that is by faith. So saith the Apostle Paul. " And by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses." The Lord help you to consider over this in your mind. You can never be too clear and particular in the article of justification. It is a doctrine almost lost amongst all sorts of professors. I say it again, the doctrine of justification before God, by the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and received into the heart by faith, is almost universally lost. Some receive it as a doctrine, who do not believe in it, nor find it the power of God unto their eternal salvation. The Lord be with you. My best respects to Mrs. R. Your's in the Lord,

SAMUEL EYLES PIERCE.

Reading, July 12, 1811.

## PROVIDENCE AND GRACE,

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

## CHAPTER XI.

IN my daily records, the following memorandums are registered :—  
 “December 31, 1852. I have walked this year through the deep valley of unnatural persecution, without a glimpse of pity, kindness, or affection. The fire has been unusually hot, the floods overwhelming, and the tempter strong. The unmentionable trials crushed my physical system and laid me helpless in the dust. Is this the school I must be trained and instructed in ? Dear Jesus, thou hast said, “In the world ye shall have tribulation ; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.” (John xvi. 33.) We must through much tribulation enter the kingdom of God. (Acts xiv. 22.) While all earthly comforts are from me torn in the world, my soul has often been with Jesus in the mount of transfiguration, and plunged into the overshadowing cloud, cried out, “Master, it is good to be here.” I have often cried out in bitter anguish of mind, Who but the *God-chosen*, the *God-taught*, the *God-sustained*, would be a minister, with no prospect of money, no prospect of worldly promotion, no prospect of social sympathy, and subject to great vexations in the church from unprincipled, self-opinionated, hypocritical professors. I have had the most acute family trials, much opposition to my ministry by *Mrs. Legality’s children* ; but God has made me “bold as a lion,” so that I have not built with untempered mortar. In privately reading the Bible, and in prayer, and in the public worship of God my soul has dwelt in Jesus. I have conducted this year upwards of 400 services ; preached above 300 times, many times the text given at the needful moment ; made more than four hundred family and sick visits ; received seventeen into the church. My consolation is, I have sought to preach Christ crucified for sin ; Christ the resurrection and life, and the work of the Holy Ghost, calling the chosen of God—quickening, regenerating, sanctifying, and saving them. I find it impossible to please all men. Many faults found with me ; some of them may be true. One says, He is too loud ; another, He is too enthusiastic ; another, Too plain ; another, Too high in doctrine, etc. This is ministerial life and suffering. I knew one of these fault-finders cured by a church asking him to preach. He readily accepted ; he took his text ; paused awhile ; sat down ; said nothing.”

“January 31, 1852. I had the painful and pleasurable duty, the 1st inst to preach the funeral sermon of Miss Ellyett. Painful, as she was a true transcript of Dorcas of old. To me she was a great benefactress, a devoted friend, and to the poor of God’s household. It was a pleasurable work, because she lived and died in the faith of Jesus, and is now with him. Her house was a refuge and a comfort to me. I have met with much opposition in maintaining the decorum of morality at home ; and as to religion, it seems only formality. It never will be spiritual until the Holy Ghost plants the seed. I am like the mourners around the dead Lazarus : I weep, and mourn, and pray, but it does not bring life. When he who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life comes, the dead shall hear the call, —‘Lazarus come forth !’—and shall live.



"February 27th. I am often thought unkind and severe, because the latitude of my moral influence in my family is so circumscribed. Like all human nature, it does not like the fetters of subjection, and the cry is often heard, We are denied the enjoyments and amusements of others. Eli was not charged with sin actually himself, but he did not restrain the sin of his sons. 1 Sam. iii. 13. Eli calmly told them it was not a good report he had of them. 1 Sam. ii. 22—24. It is not enough to say, 'Why do ye these things?' There must be restraint, and that restraint will be offensive to human nature and contrary to human reason.

"March 31. Many trials this month. Surely I must be the wickedest sinner in the world to need all this chastisement. Have just discovered that the expenditure of my house has greatly exceeded my income, and am obliged to insist upon retrenchment. A Mr. Rider has bitterly persecuted me because my preaching does not suit his palate. My family almost think me cruel in curtailing household expences; but I am determined to act according to God's Word, 'Owe no man anything.' No Christian ought to contract a debt without the means *certain* to pay, and, even then, it will be better not to do so. It is a sad mistake to suppose we may borrow money or get our neighbour's goods on speculation; spend it; become insolvent; pay a poundage, and consider all paid when it is not.

"April 30. I have suffered severely this month from influenza. Have frequently entered the pulpit thinking it impossible I could get through the service, but the Lord has not failed to give physical and mental strength, and so refreshing have the spiritual manifestations been, I have returned with 'Bless the Lord, O my soul.' Have visited some of the very dark and destitute villages in this neighbourhood. In Cheriton, four miles hence, I found two families as destitute of spiritual understanding as the horse or muel that hath no understanding. One woman, fourteen years a cripple, and during that time no spiritual instructor; also, an old man eighty-six years old. Neither could read. The man was so ignorant, he said, 'If there is a heaven, I shall go there because I go to church, although I do not know what is said there.' The clergyman with his great living is a sportsman: he warns the poor parishoners not to receive a dissenter, nor listen to them, but keep to church. The prophet Isaiah, in chapter lvi. 10—12, says, 'His watchmen are blind: they are all ignorant; they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark: sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber,' etc.

"May 31. The men who have troubled this church for years made an attack on me some time ago because I objected to sprinkle infants, saying, I was turning the Independent into a Baptist church. Mr. G. said, I was too fast: Mr. R., I was a drunkard: Mr. N., a hypocrite. I have been a teetotaler ten years. These men withheld their subscriptions, but kept to the chapel to annoy the people, and they have their reward. One has had a whole row of houses burnt down: another dies with fever, and the third is paralyzed. Although God does not send the souls of his disobedient children to hell, he removes them out of the way: 'God judgeth the righteous.' This determines me never to fight with my own weapons my accusers; but use the Sword of the Spirit, and trust in him who saith, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.' Attended the May-meetings. Heard the coloured man Ward, from America with pleasure. Have an offer of a Chaplaincy on board

a ship to Australia, and a church when there. Am wishful to go, but my wife and family object. O Lord, make them willing if thy will. Have now three village stations: in each good congregations, and they seem to be awaked out of sleep. I have a missionary spirit, and a pastoral delight. The Lord whips me out from home, and fills my heart with love and peace in *His work*."

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## OUR TWENTY SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY.

" Most surely in a world like this,  
So rife with woe, so scant of bliss,  
Where fondest hopes are oftenest crost,  
And fondest hopes are severest most:  
'Tis something that we kneel and pray  
With loved ones, near, and far away;  
One God, one faith, one hope, one care,  
One fellowship in heart and prayer."

THE letters which have reached us from, we may say, most parts of England, from Ireland, from America, from the Colonies, and from the centre and suburbs of this immensely populated London, convince us that thousands of our readers feel strong sympathies with us; and are anxious to learn the results of the twenty-seventh Anniversary of the commencement of *The Earthen Vessel, and Christian Record*, which was held in Johnson Street Chapel, near Notting Hill Gate, on Monday, January 15th, 1872: a day we ought never to forget; seeing it was connected with so much of the fulfilment of the promise; with so many manifestations of a particular providence; and with such overwhelming expressions of the kindness of Christian friends, that, were we to be silent, and not endeavour to glorify the Lord, and to encourage his people, we should be guilty of ingratitude in the highest degree: whereas, our desire is to express our warmest thanks to every friend who came, and helped us: and with David to exclaim, "O, magnify the Lord with me: and let us exalt his name together." We promise ourselves the pleasure of recording some things which did precede the day on which the meetings were held. We also intend (D.V.) to publish the letters sent us; and, then, a good digest of the whole day's proceedings, closing with a list of the many kind donors, and the subscriptions they forwarded. Altogether, this will shew that the Lord has been pleased to make the *Earthen Vessel* such a blessing as to procure for it a multitude of decided friends, whose zeal for our success, neither the jealousies of some, nor the pharisaical contempt of others, can easily destroy. We must not, however, lay aside the reports from other churches to make room for the review of our own anniversary. We contemplate issuing that in a separate supplementary number; of which due notice will be given. In the meantime, we here present to all our readers—to all the ministers and friends who attended the anniversary services—and to every one who sent donations, most sincere and hearty thanks: and that *The Earthen Vessel* may yet be more and more useful, and a real blessing to all who may condescend to read it, is the prayer of THE EDITOR.

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Samson was but the shadow of that strong man—a man filled with strength to overcome all our enemies, and to lift hell gates off their hinges.—*Dr. Goodwin's Marrow*.

## AFFLICTIONS AND PERSECUTIONS.

LETTERS FROM MR. JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

**T**O MY FRIENDS IN CHRIST.—DEAR BRETHREN,—The Lord has, in His righteous sovereignty, bereaved me of another of my daughters (Esther), who with her husband resided on one of the Fiji Islands; but she now resides on those shores where the surges cease to roll. Some years ago, in consequence of a fall, she was injured in her spine, which caused her much weakness of body and depression of spirit, with little or no disposition to bear her afflictions with patience as doing the will of God; but, on the contrary, she was exceedingly rebellious, in consequence of not being able to take her position in the world; saying, "What a cruel affliction for one so young!"

In due time the Lord, who *doeth all things well*, in love to her soul, delivered her from darkness into light: in which light she now saw her state as a sinner before God, and her need of salvation by Jesus Christ. The means by which the Holy Ghost quickened her soul was this:—One Thursday evening I was preaching in Sydney, from Psalm xviii.: "As for God, his way is perfect; the word of the Lord is tried: he is a buckler to all those who trust in him." That was the night of the Lord's power to her soul. She both heard the Word with her outward ear, and with the Holy Ghost convincing her of sin. She assured me that was the first sermon she had ever heard in her life, although she had been present for many years, and might have heard hundreds of sermons with her outward ears; but, no! she was determined that she *would not*; for directly the sermon commenced, she, instead of listening, directly commenced a wholesale criticism of the people present, their dress and personal appearance, which she always persevered in during the service, with a determination that she would not listen to one word preached; and then, when among her young friends, she would greatly delight them by talking freely, not of the sermon, but sarcastically of the people, to their very great amusement.

On the occasion referred to she came to chapel not by her will, but mine, as usual determined not to hear one word of the sermon, when all in a moment her attention was arrested, and God the Holy Ghost applied the Word: her heart was broken by a sense of sin. For some time she was the subject of great and sore trouble of soul, and was now a "mourner in Zion" on account of her sins, and after forgiveness through his blood that cleanseth from all sin.

For some time we knew nothing of this good work begun:—but the change in her outer life;—her patience in affliction, her attention under the Word, reading the Bible, and her respect for the people of God, was now unmistakable. We could see the grace of God in its fruits and effects, and were glad. The Gospel now was her meat and drink, the people of God her best friends, and Jesus Christ all her desire. She now desired to be baptized that she might do the will of Jesus, and declare her love to him, and her decision for his Person and kingdom. Having given satisfaction to the church of the work of grace in her soul, I baptized her, December 29, 1863, with ten others (one her dear sister, Jemima, who is in great affliction and sorrow, God having taken from her her dear husband).

September 8th, 1868, she married, and with her husband settled on the island of Tavina, Fiji, where they prospered exceedingly. Her first confinement was almost her death. The child died. The mother, after great suffering, was saved to a life of yet greater sufferings, till she was able to visit Sydney for medical advice—a distance of over 1,800 miles. After a few months she was able to return to her husband much better, with every hope that she would now entirely recover. Subsequently she visited an old friend some distance on the island, and while returning in an open boat it rained. She took cold; diarrhoea and sickness set in. It was evident that her time had come to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better, and which she greatly desired. The day before she died she dreamed that I gave out that beautiful hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood;" and, while in her sleep, she sang aloud:

"Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Be saved to sin no more."

The next day she died in the faith—in the faith of a salvation from sorrow and from sin; for ever to be with the Lord, through the precious blood of Jesus. It was August 25th, 1871, aged twenty-six years, leaving a loving, faithful husband to sorrow in the wilderness for a while. But

"Himself hath done it! Although severe  
May seem the stroke, and bitter the cup,  
'Tis his own hand that holds it, and I know  
He'll give me grace to drink it meekly up."

The Lord grant, even our own God, that when the time shall come that we may, dying, clasp him in our arms, the Antidote of death: is the most earnest prayer of yours for Christ's sake,

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

[An outline of a Sermon preached by Brother Allen, in the Baptist Chapel, Sydney, in reference to the Death of my dear Child has been sent me. I am very thankful for this proof of his sympathy with the bereaved. May the Lord bless it to his poor tried ones, for Christ's sake.—The Sermon next month.]

#### POOR SEGOVIA.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The following is an awful proof of Popery being always the same. As it was in the days of Smithfield, so it is now. May the Lord stir up our spirits to withstand the encroachments of Popery in this Protestant land, is the prayer of

Yours,

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

POPISH PERSECUTION OF PROTESTANTS IN MEXICO.—Some Pauline Missionaries lately visited the town of Tizayuca, and from the pulpit incited the fanatical portion of the populace there to deeds of violence, saying that "he who killed a Protestant would go to heaven direct after death;" and, to show their hatred of the Holy Bible, it was publicly torn up in the pulpit and spat upon. Last December Brother Segovia, who took the lead in the Protestant services, was in his house with his family, just preparing for bed, when an armed mob of about fifty persons, headed by some of the authorities, attacked his house, person, and family: stabbing him in several places, shooting him through with pistol-bullets, and then dragged him into and through

the streets as one would a log of wood. To make their cruelty somewhat more refined, they tore away his little boy from his mother, and placed him in front of his father whilst they were torturing him. The wife and rest of the family fled, with their clothes nearly torn from their backs, and others quite naked. Several women were cut about their heads with swords, and one who was nursing so much so that her child was literally drinking its mother's blood with her milk. Fire was then put to the houses of Segovia and other Protestants, and very soon these poor families were left homeless and without means of providing for themselves. Whilst on the road, fleeing from their persecutors and looking back on their homes in flames, Segovia's wife, believing him to be dead, said: "*I forgive them. He has died for Jesus, and could not have died in a better cause.*" The State Government sent a detachment of troops and apprehended fifteen of the offenders, who are now in Pachuca awaiting their trial.

[These instances of Popish cruelty ought to arouse the lukewarm Protestants of England. But, having used our utmost endeavours for over a quarter of a century; having suffered and sacrificed largely in seeking to awaken the slumbering Laodiceans of Great Britain; and having been nearly cast to the dogs, and denounced as a fool and a rogue for our pains, we have thought a voice has said, "Let both grow together until the harvest." A bitter harvest has already commenced with some who poured contempt upon our efforts. We cry daily unto the Lord to keep us patient, humble, faithful, and resigned. While the enemy cometh in like a flood, while our attempts to lift up a standard against him seem in vain, professors and profane sleep on together. "How long, O Lord?" is the cry of  
C. W. B.

### THE SAD AND SOLEMN STATE OF SOME CHURCHES.

**D**EAR MR. EDITOR,—It has been with me for a considerable time a matter of serious consideration as to what is the utility of having "printed rules of practice" in our churches. There are some churches that do not; they say (and I think rightly,) the Scriptures are plain enough for the right discipline of a Gospel church; while those who do have them say it is essential for the church's peace and well-being. Every church, I suppose, has the liberty to act as they think well in the matter; but it is very evident that where they do have them, it is quite essential that they be consistent with the New Testament, and then having Scripture for the basis of each rule, it is highly important that such rules be carried out as far as practicable. But is such the case? Alas! no. Do we not hear the cry coming from many of our churches, saying, "Would to God such were the case!" But what is the reason? Is it not that many, very many, who hold office in the churches are careless and indifferent about Zion's real prosperity? It is a fact, deeply to be lamented, that great numbers of professors are living so much conformed to the world, that their souls appear to be shrivelled, and but a few leaves remain to be seen, while fruit is out of the question altogether. And we fear that multitudes in our British Sardis only have a name to live while they really are dead, such individuals being strangers to the gracious sanctifying influences of Divine grace. They talk and act according to the dictates of carnal

reason, and will use all the influence they possibly can to prevent the carrying out of those rules by which such churches profess to be governed. Their motives being carnal, they are sure to move as far as possible from the standard of Divine truth. But what saith the Scriptures? "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, *it is* because *there is* no light in them."

I have on my table, at the time I write, the "printed rules" of different churches, and if I notice two or three cases that have come under my own special observation, it may not perhaps be out of place. I would first notice the case of two young persons who were overtaken in what some people term a fault. I need not say what; but be it remembered, the minister emphatically declared *he did not believe there was any sin in the act in the sight of God*. The case was brought before the church; messengers were appointed. The persons were visited; and at the following church meeting, the report of the messengers was heard, which was to the effect that, "They found the persons extremely sorry and deeply penitent; that their faces were bathed with tears of contrition, and they (the messengers) had no doubt but that the persons were truly genuine characters." It was moved that these persons should be debarred from the privileges of church fellowship for three months. The question was put by one of the members, "What rule are you acting upon?" The rule was referred to, which is, "That all gross and presumptive deviations from the preceptive order of the Gospel shall meet with rebuke and admonition, and if not regarded, the church shall deem it her duty to withdraw from such persons." The said member answered that the rule did not apply to the case, nor the case to the rule, and considered it wrong to act upon it in that case; but, notwithstanding, the majority were in favour of the motion, that they be suspended for three months, and so it was carried. The consequence was, that one of the two has never been able to join them again, although a consistent character, and, I have no doubt, a real subject of Divine grace.

Let us come to another church, where one of the rules is, "That absenting themselves from the Lord's table three successive ordinance days, shall be visited by appointed messengers to ascertain the cause of their absence. If not justifiable and still persist in it, shall be excluded from the church." Here the cases are very numerous indeed; some more prominent than others. For instance, two individuals absented themselves not three *months* only, but more than three *years*. They were visited. They laid the cause to a certain individual. Strange to say they had absented themselves for two years or over before this individual was even known to them or even in the county. They still persisted in their unrighteous conduct, and yet there were those who tried to justify them, and endeavoured to keep their names in the church book as being *honourable* members (?), at the same time their general actions were contrary to the precepts of the Gospel, seeing they could walk, talk, and act as the world does. And at this present time, there are numbers who have absented themselves for years from the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, from prayer meetings, and the rest, and yet they are allowed to go on without any notice taken of them whatever; and when the minister has endeavoured to investigate the thing, he has been stigmatized as bad as if he was the Pope of Rome.

Let us notice another rule, which is, "That every member shall contribute towards the support of the ministry in that place as far as God may enable them." How far is this acted upon? There are certain individuals who will try, yea, use their utmost endeavours, to get a minister to go amongst them; they express their great approbation of him for a time, until there are signs of his being settled amongst them, during which time they will appear wonderfully friendly, and try and put on the "golden muzzle" or a "silver ring" in his nose in order that they may lead him withersoever their blind carnal reason wills; but finding they fail in their endeavours, and that the man is determined not to bring in another Gospel which would please their carnality; that he is determined to be faithful to his charge, studying to shew himself approved of his God. These worldly-minded professors will say, "I shall not give anything toward the support of a fellow like him." And they shut up their pockets, and say, If we don't give anything, he will be soon glad to go. Thus they act, notwithstanding the Word being blessed to the souls of the Lord's hungry family. Not only do private members do this, but such as hold the office of a deacon; yea, and sometimes *profess* to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Well may it be said of God's servants, "They are counted as sheep for the slaughter." How, I ask, can any church expect to prosper as long as such things are countenanced by its leading men? How can they expect the dew to rest upon their branches? How can they expect any man to go to minister the Word of Life among them (i.e. to settle)? For a man to take the pastorate of such a church, he need to have a good pecuniary income from another quarter, and as a minister he need have the boldness and courage of a lion; the harmlessness of the dove; to be as wise as serpents, and as patient as Job; and, above all, the superabounding of the rich and gracious anointings of the Holy Ghost in his own soul. Oh, that there was more rallying around the standard of Divine truth; more brotherly love manifested; more spirit for united prayer; more earnest striving for the peace and welfare of Zion; for it is written, "They shall prosper that love thee."

Yet it is not to be thought this picture is too darkly drawn, for it is not; and my earnest desire and prayer to God is, that this may meet the eye of any who are so acting, and that it may be the means of bringing them to see their folly, and act as becometh the professors of the religion of Jesus Christ.

#### A LOVER OF JUSTICE.

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### THY WILL BE DONE!

BY WILLIAM STOKES, OF MANCHESTER.

WHEN bereft of every joy,  
When dark cares my thoughts employ,  
When fierce enemies annoy,  
Thy will be done.

When the heart is filled with fear,  
When the eye pours sorrow's tear,  
When foreboding ills are near,  
Thy will be done.

When each pleasing scene has fled,  
When fond hope itself is dead,  
When all skies are overspread,  
Thy will be done.

When the tempter's power is nigh,  
When the tempest rages high,  
When loud thunders shake the sky,  
Thy will be done.

When the last great foe shall bring,  
Mortal terror in his sting,  
Then I'll lift my voice and sing,  
Thy will be done.

When around this earthly ball,  
Death shall cast the fun'ral pall,  
Then in nobler words—by all,  
Thy will be done.

CHRIST'S GOOD WATCHMEN :  
A DESCRIPTION OF THEIR COMMISSION AND CALLING.

BY EDWIN LANGFORD,  
(Late of Newton Abbott : now of Dalston.)

CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.

"I have set Watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night."—Isaiah lxii. 6.

HAVING noticed, *God's appointment*, "I have set Watchmen," let us notice :

II. Secondly, THEIR POSITION, "On thy walls, O Jerusalem."

Jerusalem ever has been considered a type of the Church of Christ : Jerusalem signifies "The vision, or possession of peace." There was peace in the City, for God was there in the shecinah of glory which shone above the mercy-seat between the cherubims on the Ark of the covenant. He was there by the atonement which was made once a year for the expiation of sin ; also by the intercession of the High Priest. I think the aforesaid constituted "the commonwealth of Israel ;" it belonged to the people in common, to the Priest and the Laity, to the Prince and the people it was common-property.

So God is in the Church by Christ the Ark of the covenant, by the atonement and intercession of Christ, consequently the Church is in the possession of peace : "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem ; they shall prosper that love thee." Of what the walls of literal Jerusalem was composed, is a matter of no consequence to us ; one thing we know they have been cast down to the ground ; but I think we should be concerned to know of what the walls of the city of which we are members, are composed ; for walls are for a defence, Isaiah xxvi. vi. "We have a strong city, salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks ;" and again the same Prophet saith "Thy walls shall be called salvation, and thy gates praise:" from which we conclude that every assault made upon these walls will prove abortive ; to undermine them is impossible ; they are as deep as the mind of the eternal God : they cannot be scaled : they are too high for the ladder of the enemy : these walls are for separation. We have heard it said, If there must be walls of separation, let them be low enough to shake hands over ; if by the walls they mean ordinances, (the ordinance of believer's baptism, for instance,) well, let the wall be sufficiently low for Christians to shake hands over ; but allow us to say that we believe that we are the right side ; and you are the wrong ; and we should be very pleased to see you over with us ; but if by the walls they would have lowered, they mean the doctrines of grace, we at once reply impossible.

Election, eternal, sovereign, personal, gratuitous, irrevocable, is of God the Father ; particular redemption is of God the Son ; effectual calling and grace to persevere to the end is of God the Holy Ghost : these are the walls that separate the Church from the world, professing and profane, only inside these walls can safety be realized.

Here then on these walls, or doctrines, the Watchman stands ; the foe has used every artifice to remove him, but he cannot ; he is proof against all the assaults of Satan : if the Devil knocks him down, he cannot knock him off ; the Watchman cries, "*Rejoice not over me, O mine enemy, though I fall, I shall rise again :*" he is immortal until his work is done. Some of the prophets, and the apostles, and watch-



men who have been on the walls since them, have had some severe falls, but though cast down, they were not destroyed.

The Watchman is on the walls to *answer enquiries*. The soul convinced of sin, afraid of sin, afraid of God because of sin, afraid of hell as the consequence of sin, comes up to the Watchman, enquiring, "What must I do to be saved?" That question was never asked in Heaven: they sing of salvation there: the question was never asked in hell: they are beyond the reach of salvation there; it was never sincerely, seriously, asked by an unregenerate man: he has never felt his need of salvation. Who then asks this question? the man who is alive from the dead:

"It is a sign of life within,  
To groan beneath the load of sin."

Now the Watchman must not put into the hands of such a one, "The Whole Duty of Man." The momentous question must have a decided answer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved;" believe in his person, the complexity thereof; for a Unitarian Christ can never save a perishing sinner; believe in his perfections; his active and passive obedience. He is the end of the law, (preceptively and penalty) for righteousness to every one that believeth.

The watchman is also to give "the signs of the times." "Watchman! what of the night? what of the night? The watchman said, the morning cometh, and also the night; if ye will enquire, enquire ye, return come." Brethren, pray for us, we need your prayers: we claim your sympathies.

III. Thirdly, I notice the UNCEASING CRY OF THESE WATCHMEN, "They shall never hold their peace day nor night." The Church has had her nights, seasons of distress, affliction, and tribulation. She had a long dark night in Egypt, a long night of weeping in Babylon; long dark nights under Rome pagan and Rome papal, but did her Watchmen hold their peace? No! Did Isaiah, Jeremiah, Micaiah, Ezekiel, Elijah, and a host of others, including the apostles, the early reformers, and our martyred forefathers, hold their peace? No. The trying times in which they lived made them cry the louder, but blessed be God if the Church has had her nights of adversity, she has also had her days of prosperity; her sighing has been turned into singing, her mourning into rejoicing. When the Lord turned again her captivity, her mouth was filled with laughter: then said she, "the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

The Watchman, as Christ's Ambassador, is put in possession of peace, the gospel of peace, so that when it is the night of sore trouble on account of sin, the watchman does not hold his peace, refuse to speak words which, accompanied by the Lord's blessing, may bring to the soul in trouble, that which is so desirable, "peace." Christ is able to save to the very uttermost all that come unto God by *him*.

In the night of circumstantial difficulty, or relative trial, the watchman takes up the language of his adorable Master, who said, "If God so clothe the grass of the field which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Then why dismayed, ye drooping saint? no longer hang thy harp upon the willows: take it down; bid every string awake; the day spring is at

hand: the fair sweet morn awakes. What, though deep waters have crossed life's pathway, and sharp has been the hedge of thorns; remember these all lie behind thee, it is better on before. Gird up the loins of your mind, and let your motto be "onward, upward, Excelsior!" until you arrive in Immanuel's land, where the Rose of Sharon unfolds its heartsome bloom, the perfume of which shall ravish thy heart, and cause thee to sing

"My Jesus hath done all things well."

## WHAT ARE WE DOING?

### CHAPTER II.

ONE remark made by Mr. Edward Butt, when presiding at the anniversary of the *Earthen Vessel*, much impressed the minds of many: he made special reference to the decline of Gospel truth in the county of Suffolk. This decline has gradually been weakening the churches there for the last twenty-five or thirty years. We will not analyze that subject now. Wiltshire is nearly or quite as bad: London is very little better: in fact, let our modern and rising men flatter themselves much as they may—thinking, God-fearing, and watchful laymen, ask the question, not cunningly, but sorrowfully,—as a denomination, "WHAT ARE WE DOING?" Is not the Lord's voice crying unto the city? And is it not time to call once more upon our ancient, devoted, spiritual, faithful, and God-fearing men to assemble themselves together, and in earnest, united, continued cries to God, to wrestle with him as David did, saying, "Save us, O God of our salvation, and gather us together; deliver us from (all bitterness, strife, legal bonds, semi-pharisaic pride, secret wickedness, hypocritical presumption, and from) the heathen (of every class) that we may give thanks unto thy holy name, and glory in thy praise?"

"WHAT ARE WE DOING?" In some departments, we dare not attempt to answer. One thing is certain, we have lost, and are losing those ministers and men, to whom the churches of truth have been looking as the Ambassadors of Christ for the last thirty or forty years, at the least. But, we are not quite prepared to go into this serious matter this month. The following note is one of many which briefly touches the grievous condition into which we appear to be sinking.

MR. JOHN FOREMAN AND MR. JAMES WELLS.

To the Editor of *The Earthen Vessel*.

"MY VERY DEAR SIR,—Perhaps you would spare space enough in your valuable columns for a few thoughts respecting our two once leading preachers. I refer to the Ven. John Foreman and Mr. James Wells. I do think our denomination is in a very precarious position; and if, as a body, we believe our church order is the one instituted by our blessed Lord and His Apostles, then it is high time to awaken, and straightway plead at the altar that God of His infinite goodness would send men into our midst who can rightly divide unto us the Word of Truth. You are aware, dear Sir, the denomination have looked to yourself and Messrs. Foreman and Wells as the leaders, or as the fathers, in Christ. But the cry has already gone up—'The fathers, where are they?' Mr. Wells has not preached for more than one year, while Mr. Foreman has nearly finished his work. On Sunday morning, Jan. 14th, I attended divine service at Mount Zion Chapel, Hill street, Dorset

square, and I found the congregation very sparse. I do not know who the gentleman was who occupied the pulpit, but, from his prayer, one would imagine the venerable pastor was not comfortable at the thought of throwing off the harness. For instance, the preacher prayed that their pastor might be submissive under the dispensations of Providence; that he might be childlike; and that he had been up and down many times, but the last time would come. The preacher also prayed that a successor might be appointed by God Himself; and, finally, he did not believe that *Ichabod* would ever be written upon the walls of Mount Zion. Such remarks from one who is evidently connected with the place led me to imagine that the church at Hill street do not expect the permanent services of their pastor again.

"I went to Mount Zion with the hope of again hearing and seeing Mr. John Foreman, but was disappointed: so, dear Sir, you are almost the only leading man we have left. If some encouragement is not given to young men of talent to enter the ministry, where are the successors of the fathers to come from? You have been nearly the only one who has encouraged young men to devote themselves to the sacred calling of the ministry. Thus the denomination is under a lasting obligation to you; and if they do not attend more to your admonitions, they will find out that they have got into the very difficulty you strove to guard them against. Praying that the Lord may arise and plead His own cause,

"I am, very dear Sir, with much respect, yours,

"OMEGA."

[We have allowed "Omega" to speak his mind: he is kind to us; but, has he forgotten father Dickerson, father Box, father Wyard, and other venerable ministers, who are now travelling like bishops in the several dioceses, confirming the souls of the disciples? And does not "Omega" feel thankful that many faithful ministers, in the very prime of life, are now honourably and usefully serving the Churches? We are making a thorough canvass of all the good men and their merits.—ED.]

## FREDERICK WHEELER IN NEWGATE.

### CHAPTER III.

AS I was going from the prison, after my second visit to Newgate, my soul was drawn out to the dear Lord on behalf of the poor prisoner, that he would graciously grant him the desire of his soul. About this time a horror of a great darkness fell on my soul, and made me very peevish and doubtful, and threw me into the real experience of an earthquake; I reeled to and fro like a drunken man, I wondered where the scene would end, and was almost ready to give up my hope, for Satan tempted me to commit suicide, and know the worst. This feeling was brought about by some person speaking to me about the Millennium, the reign of Christ on earth, called by these people the Second Coming! Satan suggested if religion was from heaven, there would not be so many opinions upon it. I then looked at the 20th chapter of Revelation, wherein the thousand years is mentioned; but this only doubly confused and sorely vexed me. After some time of deep exercise and sore trial in soul, mind and body, for some days and nights wrestling at the throne, asking myself whether mine was prayer, whether I really desired to be instructed; or, was I like a child, asking first, and then determined to have my own way; but presently the dear Lord came and answered Satan, commanding him to be still, and then sweetly opening my ear to discipline, even the discipline of the Word, and my

understanding to understand the Scriptures ; and dear Jesus' mouth I found most sweet. The Scriptures expounded were, "One day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day ;" dear Jesus led me to the little word WITH, on which he opened my heart ; all time is with him ; sowing time, and reaping time, planting time and gathering time : and the sacrificial day, when the one sacrifice for sin was offered for his people, his elect, his beloved, his spouse ; that one day with the Lord, swallowed up all the sins of the one thousand years of the Church's sojourn on earth, and thus made them accepted in the Beloved, or as it is in the original, grafted them in the Beloved, Eph. i. 6. This at once gave me rest from all my labours, and I was graced with the presence of the Lord Jesus, and privileged to sit at his feet. This at once decided me that the Millennium was of man, and not of God : this established my soul in the great truth, (John vi. 40 ; x. 36 ; xviii. 36) Jesus answered, "*My kingdom is not of this world.*" I then felt and saw that the Kingdom of my Beloved is spiritual, eternal, and enduring, and not variable and fleshly ; that the kingdom is within his own people. This gave place, and established my heart in the faith, that all the kingdoms of this world, shall become the kingdoms of our God, and of his Christ.

#### MY THIRD VISIT TO NEWGATE.

At this third visit there was a great degree of solemnity came over my spirit on account of my feeling convinced that his stay on earth was getting shorter and shorter ; and, as I was going, how I did plead for him in the name of Jesus, for the sake of Jesus, that God would show him mercy ; and I felt I could throw no stones at him ; and I did pray to God, the glorious Three-One, to speak forgiveness to his never-dying soul. When I got to the prison the Chaplain met me and said, "I do not know what to make of him. He tells me he is forgiven : he is pardoned."

*F. Wheeler* : Sir, I am glad to hear it ; it is what I have been praying for. Pray, sir, do you not believe the Lord hears and answers prayer ?

Yes, said the Chaplain, but I always thought such a great sinner must first make his peace with God.

*F. Wheeler* : That, sir, is impossible for any sinner to accomplish either by prayer, for no sinner gets anything for praying ; or by almsgiving, for you or any person else can never gain the favour of God though you may give away all your goods and your body to be burnt. If God has not made peace for you, and God the Holy Ghost put peace in you, you can never know that peace which passeth all understanding.

I then went into the poor prisoner, and found that a wonderful change had come over him ; for, taking me by the hand, he said, "I have found him whom my soul loveth : he has spoken forgiveness into my heart, and I am free—free from sin. My guilt is removed—my pardon sealed."

*F. Wheeler* : Will you now kindly relate how it came about ?

*Prisoner* : Yes ! I was brooding over my sins, grieving over my crimes, when a bright light shone into my cell, and I heard a Voice : "Thy sins, which are many, are all, are all *forgiven* ;" and with the Voice such a load was removed from my heart I was ready to depart ; and I could rejoice in Christ Jesus, and had no confidence in the flesh.

O yes, my dear friend, I feel I have more than one hundred thousand worlds. My cell has become a palace, and I am very happy in the expectation of being with Jesus for ever and ever. Amen."

*P. Wheeler.*—We can now rejoice together in a sin-pardoning God, and can sing together of the preciousness of the blood. Yes, the blood of the covenant; the blood that cleanseth from all sin; the blood of the Lamb. I suppose now our time will be spent in singing. Let us try.

*Prisoner.*—Yes, brother, yes.

We then sang all through :

"There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains,"

And we did sing too; the Chaplain giving out the words; and the prisoners heard us. Oh! it was delightful to see and hear him; his countenance evinced the peace he enjoyed within; and we could triumph in a sin-pardoning God. After I had given thanks to God and our Father on his behalf, I left him, at 3 a.m.; and was soon home; for my heart being light, I could go along quickly, for Jesus was with me all the way home; and O! how I did bless and praise the dear Lord's name for making use of me, and for speaking peace and pardon into the heart of the poor prisoner. Then I did rejoice in Christ, and glory in the fulness, power, and preciousness of his finished salvation.

The next paper will be, my visit to him on the morning of his execution, and on the fatal drop.

## ENGLAND'S DAY OF THANKSGIVING.

OUR leading national journal threw an unhappy slur upon the Archbishop's form of thanksgiving, calling it "*cumbrous* and *involved*." We were grieved to see this: at the same time, it must produce gratifying feelings in all true Christians to find that the most widely-circulating papers reviewed the event in a thoroughly evangelical spirit—anticipating the Nation's Day of Thanksgiving as perfectly in accordance with the precedents furnished in the Bible. The Word of God is so exceedingly precious to us, that when our daily journals write happy and truthful references to it, we rejoice with hope: and increasingly trust that the recent dangerous illness of the Prince of Wales will be followed by such blessings to himself, to his Royal mother, to his family, and to the nation at large, as shall prove to generations yet to come that it has indeed been "GOOD for the Heir Apparent to our Throne that he has been afflicted."

Thirty-thousand copies of the Archbishop's form of Thanksgiving were sent into all parts of the United Kingdom: it was publicly read in the hearing of hundreds of thousands on Lord's-day, January 21, 1872. Who can tell the use the Lord might make of some expressions in that prayer? Some of the sentences are truly Scriptural: and are suited to the necessities of millions of our fellow-men. Consider one or two of them. 1, "Almighty and ever-living God, who dost correct those whom thou dost love; and in the midst of judgment dost remem-

ber mercy." Should this affliction prove to be the chastening of a Covenant-God, laid upon one beloved in Christ, it will be a blessing beyond all we can describe. 2, The prayer acknowledges our God as hearing and answering prayer: but, (3,) the sentence so vital and so essential is this, "LET HIS SOUL BE WASHED FROM ALL SPOT OF SIN IN THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST; and give him more and more of thy HOLY SPIRIT." The three glorious Persons in the adorable Trinity are all acknowledged. The efficacy of the atoning blood of the Lamb is applied unto, as that which alone can cleanse—not the "spot" of sin merely, but the whole soul; and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit is sought for, as that power which alone can sanctify, preserve—and lead savingly into all truth.

That the Lord, our God, may answer this prayer in the future experience of the Prince of Wales, and in the experience of thousands who heard it, is our devout and silent, but believing prayer before the throne of the Lord God Almighty.

There is to be a day of public thanksgiving toward the latter end of the month of February. Will it not present a sacred season for our own churches to meet together for meetings for prayer and supplication for the out-pouring of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, upon our ministers and people? Let not our Strict Baptist Churches slight such an opportunity. We expect it will be a general closing day for all secular business. If so, let us all be found in praise and prayer; and may our great High-Priest his richest mercies give, for his exalted name's sake. Amen.

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## WHY SO MANY FEARS?

BY E. PAGE.

(Minister of Earl Street Chapel, London Road.)

[The following short epistle, I should like to see in the *Vessel*, it may prove a blessing to some of Zion's doubting and fearing ones. The Lord bless it to this end for his mercy's sake, ROBERT PAGE. Cavendish, Suffolk.

**D**EAR BROTHER,—The Lord in mercy has spared me another year; bless his precious name, I can say, with the sons of Jacob concerning their father, I am in good health, even to this day; and the greatest blessing of all is, in health of soul also; and am enabled by faith to rejoice in hope of the glory of God. O, how great the mercy! may it melt us more at his sacred feet; for who is able to tell out the rich, free, and boundless love of a precious and covenant God! It riseth high over all the mountains of sin and guilt; for he hath said, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love;" and, bless his precious name, "Underneath are the everlasting arms." O, my brother, what a strong foundation hath God laid in Zion! He is himself the chief corner stone. And not only so, but the Head, or Key-stone, of mercy's fabric; in whom all the building is fitly framed and sweetly cemented together; as it is written, "Ye, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house:" and here, saith the dear Lord, will I dwell, for I have a delight in thee. And he himself is the Builder; he has also chosen the materials, as he saith by the apostle Peter, "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood; a holy nation; a peccular people; to offer up spiritual

sacrifices, acceptable to GOD by JESUS CHRIST:” and let me remind you that every living desire, and every groan uttered from the heart, after a knowledge of Christ and salvation, is acceptable to God, and in his own time will answer all your hard questions, and bring you forth to the light, and you shall behold his righteousness. I would, therefore, ask my brother, Why so many doubts and fears? The Lord has been very gracious to you: he hath opened the eyes of your understanding, and he assured he will never leave you, nor forsake you; for his ear is not heavy that he cannot hear; nor is his arm shortened that he cannot save: and he hath said, “Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.” Again, “Trust in the Lord at all times, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength, and eternal salvation.” Therefore, take courage; all is well; Christ has magnified the law; satisfied Divine justice, pleased the Father; well cleansed his Church from all iniquity; hath destroyed death, and him that had the power of death, that is the Devil; and, mark the sweet and precious words which flow from his sacred lips to every son and daughter of Zion, “Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee!” May the dear Lord enable you to realize your interest in his love, and to say with the apostle, “The Lord loved me and gave himself for me.”

Yours in a precious Christ,  
E. PAGE.

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### THREE HUNDRED YEAR'S AGO NEXT AUGUST.

**A** VENERABLE Christian Brother—a zealous, honest, and decided Protestant (one among a thousand, in these days), calls our special attention to the fact that the 24th of August, 1872, will be THE TRI-CENTENARY OF BLACK BARTHOLOMEW, when thousand of GOD'S WITNESSES TO HIS TRUTH were barbarously massacred by blood-thirsty Papists because they stedfastly confessed their faith in the LORD JESUS CHRIST. “This,” says our correspondent, “is only a prelude to what they will do, if they have the power. *World-wide Protestants! AWAKE!! before it is too late.*”

John Lockman's “History of the Romish Persecutions in France,”—and in other countries—is now before us; and we feel constrained to express our conviction that it is binding most especially upon the Strict Baptist Churches to hold meetings everywhere and everywhen, to lay before our young people, and before the world, the three following branches of historic and prophetic truth.

First—A faithful detail of the awful slaughtering of Protestants by Papists in the ages behind us.

Secondly—The Advances of the Papacy upon the people of England at the present time; and,

Thirdly—The yet unfulfilled Prophecies of sufferings through which the true Church has to pass.

Were we silent on these matters, we should be guilty of a wicked conspiracy. “Sound men” may laugh at us, as they have for years. Like Micaiah of old, we must be resigned to contempt and derision; but, if opportunity is given us, we will bear our testimony to the things we believe in, and before God Almighty, we do believe, that the generality of Ministers and men, are now crying, (1 Thess. v. 3.)

“*Peace and Safety!*” Whereas, the inspired Apostle says, “*Sudden Destruction COMETH upon them, as travail upon a woman with child, AND THEY SHALL NOT ESCAPE!*”

We give this as a notice of the awful Tri-Centenary of Black Bartholomew, which occurs the 24th of next August. We shall, if spared and permitted, give some papers on this subject in *The Earthen Vessel*. We ask all our friends who see with us, to co-operate. Let us hold meetings for special Prayer: for addressing the people on the subjects before referred to. Let us read Daniel’s chapters vii, viii, and ix: God help us to do as Daniel did: see his chap. ix. 3; and chap. x. 2., and onward: and may God help, bless, and preserve us, and our nation. So prays  
THE EDITOR.

[The following has been written, since the foregoing lines were penned. The urgency of the position must be our plea for any repetition—Ed.]

In the night between the 23rd and 24th of August, 1572, (black, bloody “Bartholomew’s Day,”) all the houses of the Protestants in France were forced open, and they were barbarously murdered: all the friends of Admiral Goligni were assassinated throughout Paris: men, women, and children were promiscuously slaughtered: every street was strewn with expiring bodies. Priests stood among them holding a crucifix in one hand, and a dagger in the other: and urged on the Chiefs in the massacre to spare neither relations nor friends. The details of this horrid slaughter of innocent and decided Protestants are too dreadful and too full to record here; but we are requested to call the attention of the English Protestants to the coming Tri-centenary of the Bartholomew Massacre: suggesting that August 23 and 24, in this year of grace, 1872, should be observed by them, as a seasonable opportunity for calling special attention to the awful corruptions and cruelties of the Great Anti-Christ, and for united prayer to the Great Head of the Church, to the Lord God Almighty, to preserve our Throne, our Queen, our Princes, our governors, our Churches, and our Nation, from being overcome, deceived, and trodden down by those twin-sisters, the papistical and puseyitical institutions.

This preparatory note we hope to follow by stronger appeals to the Protestant faith and feeling of Great Britain.

#### THE LATE BETHERSDEN PASTOR.

NOT many miles from the pretty town of Ashford, in the county of Kent, stands the quiet village of Bethersden, wherein, for many years, there has been a Baptist church, holding fast by the revealed truth of God’s holy covenant. We remember spending one Lord’s-day there, when the late Mr. Shilling was pastor. What became of him? What his last end we know not. During the late quarter of a century, the late Mr. James Pearson has been the honoured and useful pastor of the Bethersden church. Mr. Robert Banks, minister of the Baptist church at Edgerton Forstall, gives us the following note. He says:

“With regard to our friend James Pearson, of Bethersden, I can only say, he came

out of the old Baptist church of Smarden, during the pastorate of the late Mr. Coppin; and about the same time as Mr. E. Sedgewick, of Grafty green; Mr. James Weller; and Mr. Jones, of Wadhurst left the same place to preach the gospel of the grace of God. Mr. Pearson has, I believe, supplied the Bethersden church somewhere about 25 years; but the last five months’ illness has prevented him from taking the pulpit, which has been supplied monthly by Mr. Brigland, of Sheerness; and Mr. B. Baker, of Barham. His remains were interred in the burial ground adjoining the old chapel, Smarden, where Mr. Mann now preaches, on December 19, 1871. His work is done, his race run, and the great battle of life fought.”



## THE PULPIT IN THE PRESS.

THERE is an unusual issue of printed Sermons now every week. American and English theologians are reported and published in London at a cheap rate, and opportunities are given us of ascertaining the sentiments, doctrines, and expositions of ministers in every section of the Church. Had we room we could furnish our readers with a few edifying extracts, proving that much general truth is advanced by men who are never seen in *our* denomination, and who are considered by many of us to be erroneous advocates of the Gospel. "The doctrine of Election," which Elisha Coles describes as "a most excellent subject," is not openly avowed by the popular preachers of the day; neither are the experiences of the saints of God spiritually delineated. Nevertheless, there are most delightful exhibitions of the fruits of grace and testimonies to the fundamental principles of the Gospel to be met with in the ministrations of those learned men who stand high in the national and non-conforming churches of this and of other lands. We are persuaded our readers would peruse some portions with real pleasure. It is certain that in London alone over one hundred thousand sermons by gifted ministers are published every week. We think we can prove that nearly two hundred thousand sermons are sent out from Paternoster row every week all through the year, and yet not one regular issue of any discourse by one considered sound in the faith has any existence. We suppose that when such excellent men as the brethren John Foreman, Samuel Milner, George Moyle, George Wyard, John Bloomfield, John Hazelton, and many more, are called home, there will be some memorials of them issued; otherwise future generations would never know that the present large body of devout and faithful ministers ever had an existence. If all the blessed sermons preached by our present truthful ministers are destined to be both born and buried in the different chapels in which they are preached, it is a pity. Why not have a *Weekly Baptist Pulpit*, in which might be inserted good discourses from all the spiritual and faithful ministers in all our churches? At any rate, by such a course we should be casting our net into the deep sea of the world, thereby giving the present and future generations a permanent testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus. Whether our ministers and churches are not guilty of slothfulness and indifference is a serious question with us. We have

once and again made the effort to publish the discourses of honest and useful strict Baptist ministers, but we met with neither sympathy nor support. Yea, we could go farther, but we shall for the present in patience possess our grief.

*The Baptist Hand-Book for 1872.* London: Yates and Alexander, Symond's inn, Chancery lane.—This volume, of nearly three hundred pages, furnishes a well-arranged current history of the Baptist denomination in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, the Colonies, &c. Robert Hall's statue forms a noble and handsome frontispiece, and the contents are of indispensable value to the ministers, deacons, and members of all our churches. We have 2,602 churches; 243,395 members (having increased the last year, 9,720); ministers, 2,108, of whom 418 are without any settled charge. We have our 3,000 chapels, and above 315,000 Sunday school children. We have carefully examined the statistics. They show general correctness—the result of immense labour and diligent watchfulness on the part of the Editor, Mr. Millard, of Huntingdon.

*Satisfaction*—We have carefully read Mr. Crowther's published Sermon on that never-to-be-exhausted text: "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied." We were pleasingly and comfortably surprised to find the Redeemer's work so logically developed, so consistently and sacredly explained. Mr. Crowther has a style of sermonizing peculiar to himself: his tone is so high, yet so clear and simple, that the babe in grace may understand him. There is one point in this excellent discourse which we will refer to when we are favoured to review other sermons by Mr. Crowther, now in the press.

*Baby-Baptism.* Reply to Rev. J. Kennedy. By Thomas Dunn, Lynton villa, Buckhurst hill, Essex.—This is the strongest man-of-war that ever we saw or heard firing upon the coast of "baby-baptism." Were we guilty of officiating in such a ceremony, this heavy cannon would shatter us all to pieces. Mr. Dunn is a powerful, intelligent, and determined antagonist. Mr. Kennedy having challenged him, Mr. Dunn has mustered all his ammunition, and has poured in such a volley of conclusive arguments as must have blown up the castle of infant-sprinkling, was it not so strongly fortified by parliamentary, monetary, and customary usage, that, humanly speaking, nothing on earth can shake it. The late Dr. Collier told the late Mr. Howard that "the Baptists had all the New Testament

on their side," but Mr. Kennedy tells Mr. Dunn that "baby-baptism is Bible-baptism." When Mr. Dunn asks Mr. Kennedy where, in all the Bible, "baby-baptism" is to be found, Mr. Kennedy turns away, gathers his gown around him, puts on an air of *haut-ton*, and walks off the course; treats Mr. Dunn with silent contempt, and perseveres in that profession so pleasant, because so profitable to himself. Mr. Dunn is not to be *done* like that; hence he issues this twenty-four pounder, and no small noise has been making during the last few years. We must let our readers know more of this another day.

*The True Catholic* (a penny monthly issued by the Religious Tract Society)—If you wish for a faithful report of What Rome has been, What the Papacy has done, What she is now doing, What her end must be, you will read this *True Catholic*, a paper edited with excellent taste and produced in the most respectable style. One note in it strikes us as worthy of the widest circulation. A clergyman was induced to leave the Church of England for the communion of the Church of Rome. He soon discovered his mistake, but he would not return until he had thoroughly proved its real character. This done, he left it. In his volume, "Difficulties of the Day, and how to Meet Them," he describes apostate Rome in the following terms:—"This wondrous system, as it exists in our day, is a colossal lie, a gigantic fraud, a superhuman imposture! the most artistically contrived take-in for general credence, for lasting hold, for specious appearances, ever palmed upon mankind!" This is the deliberate, the dearly-bought decision of a courageous and intellectual investigator, who, in order to reach the truth, made sacrifices of the deepest nature. We wish his voice could be effectually heard in every centre and corner of our apostatizing England.

*Music and Melody*—We have read C. H. Spurgeon's "Joy of the Lord," and have thought upon "Whisper's" Question: "What would Heman have said to one part when he penned the 88th Psalm?" We leave that, and ask, "What will some singing choirs say to the following:—Mr. Spurgeon says: "We have put away harps, and trumpets, and organs; let us mind that we really rise above the need of them. I think we do well to dispense with these helps of the typical dispensation: they are all inferior to the human voice. There is assuredly no melody or harmony like

those created by living tongues. . . . It is a wretched thing to hear the praises of God rendered professionally, as if the mere music were everything. It is horrible to have a dozen people in the table-pew singing for you, as if they were proxies for the whole assembly. It is shocking for me to be present in places of worship where not a tenth of the people ever sing at all. Out upon such mumbling and murdering of the praises of God!" All this is bad enough; but when the so-called singing is confined to two or three, and they are nearly up in the ceiling, and either singing so high or with such tunes as nobody can join with them, this, indeed, is ten times worse. A good precentor who can pour holy streams of melody into the souls of the people, and instrumentally draw out their hearts and lift up their voices in rendering harmonious praises to God,—*such* a precentor is as great a blessing in the praise department as the best of preachers can be in telling them the good news of the Gospel. Pity on the places where screeching passes for singing, groaning for preaching, and empty pews instead of sinners seeking to know the Lord.

*Grace and Truth*. A monthly, edited by Charles Campbell; published in Philadelphia, U.S.—Full of thought; with some choice efforts to set the Lord Jesus up above all Sataical, mental, and Pharisical powers. We must dissect it when we can catch the time.

*The Year of Grace, 1872*, is the first article in the *Sword and Trowel* for January.—It reveals work in the hearts of Mr. Spurgeon's elders and people that is unparalleled in these times, we fearfully believe. As we have read the paper referred to we were intensely awed; for exactly such emotions, such wrestlings, such entire consecration, such flocking of believers to confess faith and to obey Christ, we never realized or witnessed. Over one hundred joined the church January 8, 1872. If this is God's great work, we are ashamed, confounded, and distressed, because we see nothing like it." God forbid that we should think lightly of His work in any degree.

*The Christian Family*. Hodder and Stoughton, publishers, 27, Paternoster row—Many articles by writers of ability.

*Christian Spirit; A London Minister on District Visiting*, must appear before our readers shortly, with a hope of giving them a wholesome lesson,

## OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

### MR. DANIEL SMART AT GOWER STREET.

Mr. Daniel Smart has been preaching here two Sabbaths. For some years he has been the stated minister at the "Old" chapel, Cranbrook, where the late Mr. Isaac Beeman preached with so much success. To say this cause stands pre-eminent among the chapels of Kent, where the great distinguishing doctrines of truth are persistently held and taught, is to say no more than will be readily inferred, seeing Mr. Smart is the minister. It is not a Baptist cause. For many years Mr. Smart was one of the periodical supplies at Gower street; but, since his settlement at Cranbrook, his advancing age and consequent infirmities, he now seldom goes from home. As he stood in the pulpit, venerable with age, and eyes nearly dim, we could but contemplate the aged saint with interest. He may be said to be one of the few remaining, "good old school," he is indeed a link in the chain that connects the past with the present. He is one of the representatives of old and sacred associations, the friend of and co-worker with, many now in glory.

On our visit to Gower street to hear him, the chapel was crowded in every part. Surely, some great preacher was present! No, Mr. Smart is not a great preacher; but the people flocked to hear him, while abler men declaimed to empty benches. Where, then, is the secret? Ah, where! Mr. Smart enters into the depravity of human nature, the hatefulness of sin; and exhibits all the worst features of mankind with a vengeance. He spares not himself; according to his drawing of his own portrait, he is a very bad man; he has a wicked heart, even above many. But, who dares say this? who will say it, but himself? Let us tell the rest: he firmly believes himself to be a saved sinner; that he will ultimately arrive safely in heaven through the long-suffering and saving grace of his covenant God. This is what Mr. Smart tells the people; they crowd in to hear him, and we hope he will not be offended with us for telling our readers.

But we come now briefly to notice his sermon. The singing and prayers are over; we have no reading, his eyesight is too dim for that; hence, the text is quoted from memory, "The Lord passed by him, and proclaimed the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth. Keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty." Exodus xxxiv. This, the preacher said, was God's proclamation,

through Jesus Christ, in whose sight heaven is not pure, and who charges angels with folly. What then could be the condition of abominable, filthy man, who drinketh down iniquity like water? Immediately that rebellion was conceived in the minds of angels, it was at once detected by the omniscient eye of God, and he hurled down the rebel crew to destruction, in the twinkling of an eye. Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God was present, and beheld, as lightning, Satan fall from heaven. As God could in no wise clear the guilty, in came the Mediator to stay the hand of divine vengeance. He passed by the nature of angels, in order that he might redeem fallen man: he passed by the devil and his hosts, and left them to the eternal vengeance of God, who, out of Christ, was a consuming fire. This was the God with whom we have to do.

Mr. Smart spoke at great length on the "long-suffering" of God, and how he forgave "iniquity, transgression, and sin," concluding by declaring if God should leave us to ourselves, the world, and the devil, we should live hard enough, and die hard enough too.

### WELCOME MEETING TO MR. BLAKE AT BECCLES.

Recognition services were held at Beccles on Tuesday, October 24, to welcome to the pastorate Mr. J. Blake, late of Downham road, Dalston.

In the afternoon a sermon was preached by Mr. W. Alderson, of London, full of thought, and listened to with marked interest by a good congregation: after which, a very large gathering of friends took tea in the assembly rooms. After tea a public meeting was held: Mr. Alderson presided.

Mr. Read, senior deacon of the church, related in detail the steps in providence which led to their inviting Mr. Blake to become their pastor, and, with much heartiness, expressed his thankfulness to the Lord for sending their new minister amongst them, stating that under his ministry the church had revived. The chapel which had been been for some time but thinly attended, had become filled with hearers, and what was better than all, many had been constrained to give themselves to the Lord, and to his church.

Mr. Blake then gave a clear and satisfactory statement of his call to the ministry of the Word, and the reasons that led him to accept the pastorate of the Beccles church. He said, it was very painful for him to leave his London friends, with whom, during his seven years of ministry there, he had en-

joyed much fellowship in the things that pertain to the kingdom of Christ. He had hesitated for some weeks before accepting their pastorate, but at length was led to feel that as a great work was going on in their midst, it was his duty as a servant of God to accept their call. The church was at peace; he had baptized every month during the few months he had been their minister; others were waiting to join them, and the first quarter of his becoming their minister they had let over forty fresh sittings.

Mr. Alderson then spoke a few kindly words to both pastor and people, remarking that he had known and loved Mr. Blake before either he or himself became London ministers, when they were both pastors of Cambridgeshire churches: then, and ever since, he had appreciated his brother Blake as an earnest and able minister of the gospel.

Mr. Sears, of Laxfield, gave an able address, in which he said, that ever since he had known Beccles church, and its late venerable pastor, Mr. G. Wright, he had felt great interest in the cause; but, now, witnessing, as he did, such a revival and blessing, and having heard the speech he had from Mr. Blake, he should henceforth feel a double interest in the Beccles church. He did wish that every minister in their county association had heard Mr. Blake's remarks upon preaching the gospel, he was sure it would have done them all good.

Mr. Staley, Independent minister of the town, and Mr. Jackson, of Halesworth, also gave short, warm-hearted speeches; and then closed one of the most happy and successful meetings we have ever had—a meeting in which life, zeal, and unity had been manifest, and the presence of the great Head of the churches had been enjoyed.

**CLAPHAM.—COURLAND GROVE.** January 9, 1872, our annual tea and public meeting was held. The object, to make some addition to our fund for the relief of the poor members, by a collection. The evening meeting commenced by our beloved pastor's selection of that sweet and suitable hymn, "Come, thou fount of every blessing."

After singing, Mr. Batson engaged in prayer. Mr. Ponsford then addressed the friends in his own free, friendly, and affectionate manner, explaining the object of the meeting in a way which gave peculiar satisfaction: he was quite at home when pleading the cause of the poor of his loving flock, and the Lord's poor generally, to whom he himself is a liberal contributor—none are overlooked or forgotten. Mr. Anderson gave an address full of precious gospel matter, adducing several very appropriate scriptural illustrations, most instructive and engaging, to the faith, patience, and dependence of the Lord's people in times of trial. Mr. Hall concluded by a friendly address. The meeting was profitable; the hearts of those present were freely disposed to use the privilege and honour of lending to the Lord by giving to the poor. The collection was £7 5s.

#### A SPECIAL NOTE ON MR. AIKMAN AT GOWER STREET.

DEAR SIR,—In common justice to the above minister, please allow me space to reply to the charge made against him in the *January Vessel*. The words quoted from my letter in October number in no way referred to Messrs. Huntington, Warburton, Gadsby or Vinall. It is a most unfair reading of what I wrote to attribute any such meaning to it. Mr. A. was preaching his defence to certain charges made against him in his capacity as a witness for God and his truth. This defence was being made in the hearing of some friends and many bitter enemies; these latter he termed his "Antinomian friends," and to these the words quoted by your correspondent apply. From the bottom of my heart I bless the Lord that he ever raised up such men as Warburton, Vinall, &c., and for what he did in and by them; and continues to do by means of the faithfully-preached gospel. In the hands of the Holy Ghost may this same gospel be made the power of God unto the salvation of many precious souls for whom Christ died, and through rich sovereign grace may the living children walk in love, bear and forbear with each other, respect and love those who are over them in the Lord, follow them as they follow Christ, take him as their example in all things, and with one heart cleave steadfastly unto the Lord.

Elsewhere it had been stated that Mr. A. was a mongrel Calvinist and a Pharisee; but in assuming the judgment seat (God's prerogative) your correspondent out-tops all. Mr. A. is "a son of the bondwoman" of the company of Judas and Balaam. Is the gospel likely to make way when the professed herald of it thus denounces his brother? Did Paul thus serve Peter when he withstood him to the face because he was to be blamed? How very far have we fallen from primitive Christianity!

The Lord bless your efforts, as Editor of the *Vessel*, to faithfully contend for the whole truth in doctrine, precept, and practice. So prays yours for truth's sake,

PETER.

January 12, 1872.

**CITY ROAD.**—Jireh chapel, East road. Many ministers and friends ask, "How are you getting on at Jireh?" We began the new year by spending one hour in solemn prayer; six brethren implored the Lord's blessing; attendance very good. First Lord's-day in this new year, our brother Dickerson preached from the words, "The Lord bless you and keep you." We attended Sabbath school in afternoon; in evening Mr. Dickerson preached, broke bread to the church, and received a brother and sister into church fellowship; then, a special prayer meeting closed the services. We have that beautiful promise fulfilled in our Jireh: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Thanking all friends,

A DEACON.

### DACRE PARK SUNDAY SCHOOL.—

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Though you seldom advert to the Sabbath School in your columns, I presume it is not from lack of sympathy with the institution, nor unattended with your prayers for those who are engaged in instructing the young,—“as of the ability which God giveth.” Speaking for myself, I have reason to be thankful that such an instrumentality is in operation; for, in past years, I derived benefit in attending as a scholar; and now, engaged in the preaching department, I find it profitable in many ways. I am truly interested in Sabbath school work; nor is my interest confined to the School with which I am particularly connected, but extends to all schools where I have reason to believe the teachers themselves are taught of God; and “go forth weeping, bearing precious seed,” endeavouring to instil into the minds of their young charge, the great principles of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus: Hearing that a children’s anniversary was to be held at Dacre Park Chapel, on the thirteenth of this month, and that the teachers and scholars were to rehearse “*The Sunday Scholars Service of Sacred Song illustrative of the Pilgrim’s Progress*,” I resolved, if possible, to be present; and privileged to be so write to give you some account of the evening’s doings. As usual at such gatherings, a tea was provided; upwards of 200 scholars and friends partaking of the grateful repast. The pastor, Mr. B. B. Wale, presided, and opened the meeting by giving out that well known, and inspiring hymn, by Watts,—

“Come let us join our cheerful songs.”

The Chairman remarked, he was glad to see so good a gathering; and had no doubt a happy evening would be spent. Mr. T. Jones then offered prayer, imploring the Divine blessing on those things which should be attended to; seeking the manifest presence of “the Master of Assemblies.” Mr. Wheeler, the Secretary to the School, read a most encouraging report of its progress during the past year, and its present position; from which I gathered that their average attendance of scholars is, morning 78, afternoon 97. They have a circulating library of 338 volumes,—many the gifts of kind friends. Mr. Webber, the treasurer, followed with the financial statement, which told of liberal contributing and sound economy. Mr. Jones gave a short address expressing his pleasure at the matter of the reports, and his hearty approval of all means in operation for the spreading of the word of the truth of the Gospel, the Sabbath School being a means of communicating truth which had his hearty sympathy, well-wishes, and prayers. After a little girl had recited a short piece, Mr. Whittaker, the Superintendent, read the introduction to the *Service of Song*, and the choir, consisting of some sixty or seventy scholars and teachers commenced their vocal exercises. A short extract from the *Pilgrim’s Progress* was again and again read by Mr. Whittaker, the choir singing the sacred song appended,—a song consonant with the truths contained in the various readings from the immortal drama. Several of the

pieces were most sweetly sung, and deserved the eulogium of “well done,”—passed on the vocalists by Mr. Jones, in a short address at the termination of the singing, in which he reminded his young friends that those voices whose harmony had given us such a treat that evening, were gifts from God; adding he was glad they were so far engaged in his service, and hoped they would be brought to make melody in their hearts to the Lord. A little boy nicely rendered a recitation, entitled, “The Bundle of Sticks,” which incites to Christian unity; and a due regard to the Apostolic injunction, “Little children, love one another.” Mr. Jones invoked the blessing of the Lord, and pronouncing the benediction, the meeting terminated. Conversing with a gentleman who, a short time ago, was entertaining our Scholars with a lecture on *Pilgrim’s Progress*, accompanied by a number of magic lantern illustrations, he said, I am a great advocate for Sabbath School tuition; and from long observation, knowing the good results, both of a moral and spiritual character, think it very desirable to bring the young mind acquainted with the Truth, and so to impart a knowledge of the same that they may discern between truth and error. Being of the same mind, I heartily commend such as the one I have given you a brief summary of, as a simple, entertaining, and effective mode of conveying instruction in the very vitals of true religion, and undefiled before God and the Father.

“Be my employ t’admonish youth  
Nor own a silent tongue;  
But lovingly to speak the truth,  
Sincerely to the young.  
And while I tell the simple tale  
Of Jesus and his love,  
May they the vital breath inhale—  
The Spirit from above.  
Oh, may the gracious Saviour own,  
And owning, deign to bless  
The precious seed with weeping sown,  
And grant a large success.”

Yours sincerely, S. GRAY.  
46, Stanley Road, N.

SPALDING.—We are thankful for the following note from Mr. William Joiner, of 26, Redman’s row, Mile End, E. He says: “DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I am pleased to find you are devoting all your energies, under God, to the strengthening of the cause at Love lane, Spalding. I wish I knew how to help you, for I am sincerely disposed to do so, even at a personal sacrifice.” [According to all appearance, if the Lord had not given us faith and zeal for that ancient, commodious, and long-honoured chapel, in Love land, Spalding, it must have gone to ruin. Now, it has been substantially repaired. Mr. Thomas Piekworth, of London, and Mr. John Vincent, of Newcastle, are announced to re-open this ancient house of God on the first and second Sundays in the month of February. We pray the Lord to stir up the hearts of many to help the little church at Spalding; and, also, to raise us up a mighty man of valour to go and preach the gospel in that large town.—ED.]

CHATHAM.—ENON CHAPEL. The Psalmist said, "It is good to draw nigh unto God:" how often do we find the same blessedness in his presence, both in private communion and in public service! We felt this in our annual gathering on January 9, 1872, when we heard of the power, love, and mercy of our covenant God. We had good tea; our meeting was then opened with praise and prayer. Mr. G. W. Shepherd, of Gravesend, then spoke from Psalm lxxv: he was enabled clearly to unfold the sovereignty and freedom of divine grace. Mr. Willett, of Strood, addressed us upon the work of Christ, in the salvation of his people. Mr. Terry, a deacon of Enon, was excused on account of indisposition; we had hoped to hear him. Mr. Stokes referred us to the barren fig tree; and mentioned a case well known where a man had stood as a member of the church, and as a deacon also, for between twenty and thirty years; but one Sabbath morning he entered the vestry, and declared that he had only just savingly heard the gospel, confessing before them that he had lived a stranger to divine truth: our brother led us to cry, "Search me, O God, and know my heart." The whole was concluded with a few remarks from the chairman, and meeting ended. It is now one year since I commenced my labours at Chatham; we have seen some proofs of divine goodness and mercy. I commenced (after a nine months' supply) a further term of twelve months, upon the first Lord's-day in October, 1871; the future is in the hands of God: as a humble believer in the glorious doctrine of eternal predestination, I rest assured God's servants are appointed to their work; however mysterious their removals from one sphere to another may appear to be, it remains a fact that they are sent to their work and taken from it, when it is accomplished. I watch the manifestation of God's power in awakening, confirming, and comforting the souls of those who hear the word, and look up for help from on high, that in the Lord's time a copious shower of blessings may fall. We have means in use, in the school, Bible class, and public ministrations; and we watch for the desired end, i.e., the salvation of those given from all eternity to Jesus, redeemed by his precious blood, and converted by his Spirit: such as can say, "By grace are we saved, through faith, and that not of ourselves it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast."

W. F. EDGERTON.

5, Morden street, Maidstone road, Rochester.

WHITECHAPEL.—Zoar chapel, Alie street. A correspondent writes to reprove our "enmity against Zoar ministers." Indeed, our correspondent misjudges us. There is no place we esteem more deeply than good old Zoar; as to its present race of ministers, we do not know them; but, we fear the godly fathers who once filled the pulpit, and crowded the place, have left no successors like themselves: still, we hope the Lord has sent new ones: none are now running with tidings.

## THE LATE

### MR. CHARLES DRAWBRIDGE.

The *carte* of the above deceased minister is now before us. In his time, he was evidently a fine English gentleman, with a head as full of brains as it could well hold; eyes of keen penetration, and a well proportioned face, radiant with a mixture of the cheerful, the critical, the compassionate, the censorious, and the largely comprehensive. We have laid the photo-likeness of Mr. C. Drawbridge by the side of that of C. L. Carson, Esq., of Coleraine, the author of a good work on phrenology. How vast the difference between the heads and the faces of those two literary men! Dr. Carson looks the polite, the neat, the well-disciplined, largely-developed scholar and gentleman. Mr. Drawbridge's likeness bespeaks a man and a mind of immense labour and toil: one who has run his hardest at thinking, writing, public speaking, and incessant talking for many years—until, some of the tenderest mental powers have given way; and hence, most singular conflicts and contradictions have resulted. We are anxious to study this photographic representation of the late Rusden pastor, in the light of Dr. Carson's "Phrenology:" some useful lessons may be drawn therefrom.

We have been favoured with a packet of Mr. Drawbridge's earliest productions for the press. They are evidently the result of close, hard, and yet delightful study of the whole mystery of the gospel. Not one unhappy sentence can we see in any of them. We anticipate some sweet seasons in giving our readers reviews of them.

Next month, we shall give (D.V.) a brief review of Mr. Drawbridge's ministry, by a dear and faithful friend.

ENGLAND'S FUTURE KING.—Should the Prince of Wales be fully restored to health (as we trust he will, and to a deeply sanctified acknowledgement of Almighty God in sparing him to his royal mother, his honourable and affectionate wife, and to his country), we understand that a day for national thanksgiving will be set apart; and that our beloved Queen will, on that occasion, go in state, with all her court, to St. Paul's Cathedral, to unite her thanksgivings with those of her pious subjects, and to implore heaven's richer blessings on her beloved son, that he may be spared to rule in righteousness; and that England may more than ever prove itself a Protestant nation, influenced by the fear of God and the pure faith of the gospel. "A day set apart for thanksgiving," will, we believe, be a sacred and solemn season, and will present an opportunity for doing much good. May it be the beginning of better days, in a religious sense, for this most highly favoured country.

**COTTENHAM.** — Mr. Pung says: — Some of my friends think that in my communication to *Vessel* of November, that I undertook to defend Mr. Aikman with reference to the Gower-street question. This is a mistake. I do not know him: I have never seen him: therefore, I could in no sense defend him: neither do I entertain the slightest sympathy with him in the disparaging references which he is said to have made to such holy men as Huntington, Gadsby, &c. From the earliest period of my Christian life, I have held such men in the greatest veneration; have read the works of Huntington and Philpot, of blessed memory, with much profit. No, it was not Mr. Aikman, but the circumstances, that lent occasion to my remarks; and they arose from no spirit of vindictiveness or vituperation: no; but because I fear that that, as well as in other instances and places, there is not that full and unqualified proclamation given to the gospel of the resurrection that ought to be to the outer court hearers. I do not believe in offered mercy, or whatever men may designate it; neither have I the slightest favour for the free-will system; I firmly believe in a limited atonement as set forth in God's word; yet, do I most tenaciously believe that the gospel, without limit or condition, should be preached to all men; and that it should be left to the Holy Ghost to discriminate between those who are, and those who are not his people. Not that I think the ministry should be without discrimination: oh, no; but that no man should have the law preached to him in full, without the gospel being preached to him just as fully, knowing that God will find his own elect.

**KENT.** — "A Londoner was here some time ago, and doted out much poison against you." Thus writes a kind brother. We have thought these *secret*-jealous, and ungodly poisoners must be a most patient and persevering race: in some sense we are like Paul, "A viper once fastened on our hand;" and the barbarians have long been watching, expecting to see us fall dead: secretly they have been saying—"No doubt this man is a murderer!" Howbeit, when the barbarians, in Paul's time, saw no harm come to him, they changed their minds. Not so, our modern barbarians—they work and wait for our destruction: but still the blessed Lord holds and keeps us: we have much work in the vineyard: the stream of poison rolls on; but "the mercy of the Lord endureth for ever:" therefore we desire grace to enable us to pray for our enemies, and to do them all the good we can, for yet a little while, and from this globe of earth we shall be called away. We see from "*Sword and Trowel*"—that a public journal has been printing that which C. H. Spurgeon calls "an unmitigated lie" against him and his deacons." "My God," said Nehemiah, "think thou upon them who would put us in fear." Blessings for ever on the Lord who holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved.

**DEPTFORD.**—Mr. Anderson's anniversary. Services commemorative of Mr. Anderson's pastorate at Zion Chapel, New Cross road, were held Dec. 31 and Jan 2. Sermons were preached on the Sunday to large congregations by Mr. Anderson. On the Tuesday, after special prayer, tea was served; and public meeting holden. The pastor, Mr. J. S. Anderson, occupied the chair; and delivered the opening speech, which, for style, it would be well if it were more generally copied: he gave no statistics; yet it was not hard to discern that the church at New Cross is in a flourishing condition; the pastor is very comfortable in his work. He said, If they were disposed to look at things outside, they might look at the bad things until they were sad; let them look at the other side. He desired to "thank God, and take courage." He thanked God for the steady attendance of the congregation during the past year; for the increase of the church, and for the spirit of unity which existed in their midst. So far as he knew, there was nothing calculated to cause disruption. They still adhered to the principles on which the church was founded. They had never been altered in one iota: there was no desire to alter them. It was not likely they saw eye to eye upon everything: where persons professed to do so it must be evident there could be no thinking whatever. Still upon the great truths of the Gospel there was unanimity of feeling. The Chairman resumed his seat amidst applause. The venerable Samuel Ponsford; Mr. Meeres; Mr. W. Flack; Mr. Griffith; Mr. Briscoe; Mr. Collins; Mr. Myerson, and others having taken their part, the happy meeting closed with the benediction.

**NOTTING HILL.**—The last Sunday in the year 1871, was a holy day with us at Johnson street. Mr. Hall, of Clapham, preached out of a happy soul in the morning, and we know the blessed Lord was with him. In afternoon, C. W. Banks gave our young folks an address on the words, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up:" we looked and listened with great attention. At regular evening service we had excellent company, and our pastor, C. W. Banks, preached on three thoughts,—“All goodness comes from God.” “The Lord proves his people by trying paths.” “It is sure to be well with the righteous in their latter end.” After that, we had a solemn meeting for prayer. Our deacons, Burd, James, and Rushmer, did draw tears: we felt it was praying to God in faith. Then a good number had tea; and we commenced our closing services for the year. Mr. P. W. Williamson read some blessed psalms, and prayed for us: and he was unusually sacred in his address on the words, “the years draw nigh:” we were glad to hear his voice. C. W. Banks gave us some experimental tests of true saintship. A few minutes before twelve, we were all silent in secret prayer. Oh, that was a deep-feeling time. With our usual hymn and prayer we closed.

**SOUTHWARK.**—Trinity Baptist Chapel Trinity street, Borough. The thirty-sixth anniversary was held, Lord's-day, December 10: three sermons were preached; morning and afternoon, by Mr. Cornwall: in the evening by Mr. F. Wheeler, the minister. Following Tuesday, December 12, at 3, Mr. McCure preached. At public meeting in evening, Mr. Crowther, of Gomersal, took the chair: the Chairman opened the meeting with an elaborate speech on the truths of the Bible; clearly distinguishing between truth and error. Mr. T. Jones gave us a pleasing speech on the truth spoken by the Chairman; so did Mr. Masterson. Our Deacon and Secretary gave us an account of progress; five members received in, four members had returned, and many hearers added to our congregation since Mr. Wheeler's ministry, after which Mr. Wheeler spoke on vital godliness: the Chairman concluded this happy meeting by prayer. This cause needs a little help from those who possess this world's goods, and who love a free grace gospel. Subscriptions will be thankfully received by the deacons, J. Hudson, 115, Stamford street, Blackfriars; Mr. T. Pardoe, 18, Lawrence lane, Cheapside, E.C. Subscriptions will be acknowledged in the *Earthen Vessel*.

**OLD BRENTFORD.**—The usual New Year's services were held Monday, January 1, 1872. Mr. J. S. Anderson preached in afternoon, from "Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." Tea was provided; large number sat down. At evening service suitable address was given by Mr. Parsons, the pastor: Mr. Bennett, of Pimlico, (who had attended instead of Mr. Crumpton, who was ill,) addressed the friends on "The Best Dwelling." Mr. Reynolds, of Stepney, spoke on "The Best Clothing," (Isa. lxi. 10); and Mr. J. S. Anderson, on "The Best Provision." The Lord's presence was enjoyed. A more solemn and comfortable season was never experienced by your CORRESPONDENT.

**WITHINGTON.** — **WHITESTONE SCHOOL.**—Annual examination of our children took place at Whitestone, December 26, in the presence of a number of friends and others interested in the institution. The examination was conducted by pastor M. Plaice; and the way in which the children acquitted themselves afforded proof conclusive that theirs was no mere surface knowledge. Scripture, history, geography, arithmetic—nothing came amiss; the answers came readily, and with unerring accuracy. A number of recitations were given, the rendering of which afforded another evidence of the personal zeal of the teachers. Tea was served; presents were distributed; and pleased they appeared to be with their prizes. The proceedings throughout were highly interesting, and Mr. Plaice and his assistants are certainly to be congratulated on the success which has so obviously attended their zealous and their loving labours.

**CLAPHAM.** — **REHOBOTH CHAPEL, BEDFORD ROAD.**—The annual services of the above were held on Tuesday, December 26, 1871: in the morning, Mr. Page gave us an excellent discourse; in the afternoon, Mr. Cornwell favoured us with a very instructive sermon. The meeting at tea was both numerous and pleasant. The public meeting in the evening was presided over by the pastor, who, after calling upon his long esteemed ministering brother Ponsford to supplicate the divine blessing, addressed the friends with much fervour, acknowledging, with deep feelings of gratitude, the goodness of the Lord to us, as a few of those who are everywhere spoken against, in adding to our number lately nine persons; seven he baptized, several of whom were seals to his ministry, among whom it may be interesting to notice, was the son (with his wife and daughter) of the former pastor of the church, Mr. Rowland, and two dismissed from other churches: after which, he introduced, with much earnestness, the subject respecting which he is so anxious; viz., the obtaining of funds for the necessary repairs of the house of God in which we worship. Brethren Sylvester, Ponsford, Nugent, and Taylor, gave us some spiritual and affectionate addresses; so, that with the unavoidable, yet very necessary exception of pleading for funds, we had a very encouraging day, thanks to the Lord for his goodness, and to neighbouring friends for their presence and support. The collections were good, and the donations promised reached to £30; collecting cards are issued for obtaining further subscriptions.

**BOSTON.**—A lecture was delivered by Mr. F. E. Lill (of London) on Monday, January 8, in the Town Hall, Boston, on behalf of Bethel Baptist Chapel, to a large and appreciative audience. The lecture traced the rise and progress of poetry and prose in England from the reformation, marking its various stages by lucid and powerful descriptions of the various literary celebrities who have contributed to the renown of English literature. The general character of the lecture was that of lofty and vigorous thought, with powerful and yet poetical expression. The lecturer was warmly received. On account of the success of this lecture, Mr. F. E. Lill consented to deliver it in Bethel Chapel, Trinity Street: a numerous audience elicited a repetition of the admiration and praise which was accorded its first delivery. Mr. D. Wilson occupied the chair on both occasions.

**GOWER STREET.**—One of the late Henry Fowler's friends, says Mr. Hemington, has accepted the pastorate, and expects to begin his stated ministry at Gower street in March next. Many hope his labours here may be long continued, and eventually prosperous; but, the "old Gower street friends" are nearly all gone home.



LINCOLNSHIRE.—BROTHER BANKS, A few words about Spalding church. I passed through Spalding to Lynn a few weeks since. I asked a gentleman about Love Lane, as we were riding in the train: I was told we were near it; and I felt my heart going up to the dear Lord for the welfare of that place, as I understand the Lord's people have met there 120 years. I went from Lynn on Lord's-day morning to the place of my birth, Brick Field Chapel, where my soul has been blest many years ago: and although the friends did not know of my being that way till a few days before, still a good number assembled to welcome me; and I was much blest in speaking in the dear old place. The old house I was born in seemed to talk to me, and the barn and lofts where I used to hold sweet communion with my dear Lord thirty years ago, all made my heart soft with love. At night I spoke in another place—brother John Barns's house, a dear young man of God, may the Lord go on to bless him; and Mrs. Richards and her husband; brothers Smith, Copping, and many more; grace, mercy, and peace rest upon them. I go two or three times a year through Boston, Spalding, Lynn, and Wishbeach, as business calls me; but I do not wish to lead people to think my preaching is worth a groat. I am a poor hand amongst lazy parsons: if I had my way, every man should work for his breakfast before he eat it. It is nothing but a bread and cheese question with a good many ministers in these days,—not the glory of God, and the good of souls. How is brother J. Wells? I think of him with pleasure, and John Foreman too; should much like to see both those dear men of God: we shall all soon be landed in paradise above: and then have time to talk of all God's mercies; and crown the Lord Jesus, Lord of all.

JOHN VINCENT.

[We have urged on the restoration of Love Lane Chapel, Spalding, in faith—believing it to be our duty to save that fine old piece of freehold property—(with "God's Acre" belonging to it)—from going to ruin and loss. We hope all such men as brother Vincent will help Love Lane. And may our Lord Jesus send them a blessed minister to raise them up—so prays the Editor.]

LONDON.—At the afternoon meeting of the *Earthen Vessel* anniversary, January 15, 1872, brother F. J. Hudson (a deacon of the church at Trinity, Borough, and for many years an acceptable preacher of the gospel), asked the chairman to be allowed to read a short note: he then read the following, and gave it for insertion: We cannot be sufficiently thankful for such a pure, unsought for, and truthful testimony. Mr. Hudson said, From the time of his first coming to settle in London, I have had some knowledge of the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*. Last Friday evening I was conversing with a Christian man in consumption, who stated that when he was fifteen years of age he heard C. W. Banks at Canterbury, and the word had such an effect upon his mind, that notwithstanding

he had been accustomed to attend the means of grace from his childhood, he then seemed like another person, and in a new world. In looking over a box of old books the other day, I found five years, in numbers, of the *Vessel* carefully tied up in a bundle by my eldest daughter, who went to heaven eleven years ago; they were published in 1851 to 1855 inclusive. My thoughts recurred to the words of Paul, "We have this treasure in earthen vessels." I thought I would consult the previous subjects treated of in the apostle's letter, to see what in particular he designates, "this treasure," and finding the gospel to be his whole theme, which he calls "the ministration of life, of the Spirit, and of righteousness," and "our gospel," also "the glorious gospel" of Christ shining into the heart by divine command and power; this reflection rose in my mind, "what a vast amount of this heavenly treasure, Christ for us, Christ to us, and Christ in us the hope of glory, the all in all in salvation, has been put into *The Earthen Vessel* during the twenty-seven years of its life; and what a large number of the earthen vessels, or whom the apostle writes, have received some of its precious treasures, while the laborious and persevering editor (without any egotism in his ministerial work), may join Paul in the fifth verse, "We preach not ourselves but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus sake." May the editor long be spared to pursue his joint-work of voice and pen, and should the archers cease not to shoot sorely at him and wound him, may "his bow abide in strength for many years to come, and the arms of his hands be made strong by the mighty God of Jacob," so prays a sincere well-wisher and a reader of *The Earthen Vessel* for more than twenty years,

F. J. HUDSON.

WHITTLESEA.—On January 16, interesting valedictory services were held at Whittlesea, to take farewell of Mr. D. Ashby, who has recently resigned his charge of Baptist church meeting at Zion chapel, Whittlesea, after having occupied the pastorate for eighteen years. A public tea meeting was held in afternoon (largely attended). After tea, the public meeting: Mr. Dan, of Zion chapel, Chatteris, in the chair; Mr. Johnson, of Peterborough, offered prayer. After suitable remarks upon the long term of Mr. Ashby's pastorate, the chairman in the name of the church and congregation, presented Mr. Ashby with a handsome marble time piece, with suitable inscription beautifully engraved on silver plate; also a purse containing fifteen guineas, and in the name of the teachers and scholars of the Sunday school with a chaste and elegant silver cruet-stand. Mr. Ashby was almost overcome with emotion, and gratefully recapitulated some of the evident tokens of divine prosperity with which his efforts had been crowned: giving as his reason for leaving, the firm conviction of his mind, that after eighteen years a change might prove

beneficial to all parties, and be glorifying to God. Addresses, congratulating Mr. Ashby and the church upon their past success, and upon the friendly feelings mutually manifested at parting, and wishing them both prosperity in the future, were then given by the following brethren: Mr. W. R. Dexter, of Meopham; W. Telfer, of Whittlesea; Cattell, of Ramsey; F. Elderkin, of Whittlesea; and F. Ashby, of Ellington. The late pastor concluded with prayer, earnestly imploring future prosperity for Zion.

**GREENWICH.**—Devonshire Road Baptist Chapel. **DEAR MR. BANKS.**—Kindly notice the Lord has restored our pastor, Mr. Francis Collins, to his wonted health and strength, after his severe affliction, when almost all his friends and the church thought it was hoping against hope: how mysterious are the ways of our gracious covenant God! On Monday, January 22, 1872, we had two public thanksgiving services to praise the Lord for restoring our pastor to us again, and bringing him amongst us once more. At three, we met for prayer and thanksgiving: Mr. Anderson presided, and spoke sweetly of the loving-kindness of the Lord, as manifested to our pastor in his restoration. The brethren were sweetly led out at the throne of grace. Our pastor spoke on the goodness of God to him in his affliction, and of his blessed seasons, showing how the Lord had manifested himself to his soul, telling him all was in love. The presence of the Lord was with us. After the afternoon service the ladies kindly provided a good tea, when we sang that good old hymn, "Thus far my God hath led me on." The evening service commenced by our brother Vinall reading Psalm ciii., he was enabled, under the power and bedewings of God the Holy Ghost, to preach a blessed discourse from Isaiah, "The living, the living, he shall praise thee as I do this day." This was one of the best meetings we have had. Lord's-day, January 23, 1872, we have a church meeting: several are coming forward to testify what God has done for their souls. Esteemed brother, Mr. Henry Hanks, is expected to preach for us in afternoon of Sunday, February 18, 1872. The Lord bless you, prays the lover of a free grace gospel,  
**JONAH CRUTCHER.**

**CAMBRIDGE HEATH.**—Ebenezer. New Year's services were held December 31, and Jan. 3. The pastor, A. W. Kaye, and H. Huxham, preached on Sunday; E. Langford and C. W. Banks delivered short discourses on Wednesday. A pleasant party took tea; at evening meeting, kind and useful words were spoken by H. Huxham, Z. Turner, J. Jull, F. Wheeler, A. W. Kaye, W. Joiner, and other brethren. We were grieved to find the venerable father Cooper absent: he has nearly served his day and generation; and must soon be gathered unto his fathers: a man of faith and of the ancient "Enoch" race; good and faithful, (through grace,) and a real friend to Zion.

## SURREY TABERNACLE.

The last Sabbath in the year now numbered with the things of the past, John Bunyan M'Cure was our preacher. Need it be said he was welcomed as an "old friend" in our midst? It being New Year's eve, the Temperance friends held a watch-night service in their neat little hall, at ten that night, and they secured Mr. M'Cure for a sermon there. The day previous saw Mr. Wells back to London, hoping "the air he had lived in since he was thirteen years of age" might prove more beneficial than the country had. He has not yet been able to come up to the "house of prayer;" but we still hope to see him there, if in accordance with the Master's will.

We began the new year with Samuel Willis, of Stowmarket: a clear expounder of the truth; a man of fair ability, with a good voice, and some original ideas. The discourse on the Lord appearing to Solomon on the completion of the temple, showed Mr. Willis to be a Bible student. The text was from 1 Kings ix. 8; we had some account of the temple, and its building; but upon the words, "and Mine eyes and Mine heart shall be there perpetually," we had a nice flow of Christian thought, desire, and privilege. We have had two ministers to see us by this name; both men of truth.

The second Sunday we had a Mr. Bradford (of Chesterfield). I do not know whether he is a settled pastor, but I do not see his name in the Baptist list; and I must say, he is not very parsonic in appearance. Like Mr. Crowther, he repudiates, or at least does not patronize, the almost universal ministerial white neck-tie; and besides he has a very unbecoming way of thrusting his hands into his pockets while he is speaking. He must excuse me saying so, but it is correct. When he came up in the morning, without taking his seat, he found his chapter, and there he stood while we sang the first hymn; then he read; not a word of comment; he prayed, but it was short (some are too long;) I thought he was nervous; we sang again; and on looking at the clock, I found that this part of the service had been brought into the compass of half-an-hour; so I concluded we should be done no doubt in another half. The text was announced: Job xlii. 2: "I know that thou canst do everything, and that no thought can be withholden from thee." The subject was Job: not Job's proverbial patience, for in that the preacher did not believe.

I confess, sir, I was deceived about the preacher; for I assure you he is a bold, outspoken man of God. Referring to his call to the work of the ministry, he said, "I do not care a straw for commissions from man to preach; I must have it from God;" adding a remark of a friend of his who had since gone home to glory, who said to Mr. Bradford "When you stand up to preach God's truth, may you never be seen, and when you speak may you never be heard. Let only the Master be seen and heard." There is a great plainness of speech about the preacher, what he him-

self calls Anglo-Saxon, yet he steers clear of being vulgar. Speaking of Job in his sore trial, he remarked, "Ah, Job was in Queer street now." I believe I am correct in saying, that when a youth Mr. Bradford fully purposed "going on the stage;" and would have carried out that intention, but,

"Grace led his roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road;"

and away went the play and the playhouse. Mr. Bradford possesses considerable natural elocution, combined with fluency, animation, and appropriate expression; his language is forcible and pointed, and there is evident emotion and earnestness in his manner which carries the words home to the hearer, as coming from a man who has been made inwardly and powerfully to know the truth of what he utters. In endeavouring to impress a thought, he will suddenly stop, and holding out his hand, and pointing his finger, as if at some one particular, he exclaims, "See, now," and then follow with some pointed and pithy remark. Speaking of our Lord first showing himself to a sinner, he says, "See now: God comes with the ploughshare of conviction, and cuts the man's heart right open; and you can take a peep at it; and it will prostrate you in the dust." "I know," are the two first words of the text, "See now," here is the difference between a flippant professor and a child of God; here is the Christian's confidence, "I know that thou canst do everything." "I tell you what it is honestly and plainly, I want a Saviour that will pick me up, and carry me on from day to day till he brings me to glory." Paul said, "That I may know him:" "no conceit there." Speaking of Job's friends, he sarcastically designates them "some of his nice, amiable and religious friends," coming to comfort him, and show him a more excellent way. "Miserable comforters," says patient Job. Then Eliphaz comes "with the peculiar pertinence of the free-will tribe," and says, "poor wretch, acquaint thyself with God, and be at peace." But none of their teaching would do for Job. True teaching is God's own dealing with the soul. After an exordium of about half-an-hour the preacher came to notice the text; but I must not say more now than, we did not get out before our time; we had a glorious gospel sermon; and the people heard the word right gladly. Mr. Bradford preached again in the evening from the words, "Then went king David in before the Lord," (2 Sam. vii. 18-29) and some observations on David, his life and labours, were worthy of note, but I must not say more about this preacher till his next visit.

At the end of December, Mr. Crowther, of Gomersal, came and preached for us, on the occasion of our annual Poor Collection. I am glad to tell you the sum gathered was £87 10s. being about £7 over any previous collection. Mr. Crowther delivered two masterly discourses: in the morning the subject was, "Christ's Triumph and Satisfac-

tion;" in the evening—a Threelfold Deliverance, "my soul from death; mine eyes from tears; my feet from falling." Mr. Crowther was well received, and listened to with very deep attention: there is thought in almost every sentence, delivered in a calm, decided and orderly manner. I hear these sermons are published: your readers will do well to get copies of them, they will bear reading and thinking over. R.

#### OUR VACANT PASTORATES.

MIDDLE-AGED PASTOR says, "Our churches in London do require a new supply of gifted, gracious and richly anointed ministers." The church at Mount Zion, Hill Street, must soon have a successor to their present venerated pastor. Brother John Foreman has worked long and well. The time has come for him to rest; although because when "rest" means to retire from a much-loved employ, it is not rest, therefore we heartily and sincerely pray that Mr. John Foreman may be mercifully favoured to bow down at the feet of his holy Master, and there gratefully to adore him for having so many years, and to so many souls, made his ministry a rich means of grace. Then, as regard the Surrey Tabernacle, the people there are united, decided, and faithful, that the long absence of their esteemed pastor has made no difference to their condition. The deacons have proved themselves fully adequate to meet all the exigencies of their critical and trying position. They have kept the pulpit supplied with the best men they could find, and they have found many more valiant, useful men than they at the time thought England could produce. There is a general expectation that Mr. James Wells will presently come forth, and minister again unto his flock. In such a happy issue out of all his afflictions, we shall sympathise with them.

"Jireh:" Father John Andrew Jones's last pulpit is open to a good minister of Jesus Christ. We regret the recent separation; but it is done. Why, we do not understand.

Then there is Providence, on Islington Green; the Avenue chapel, in Camden Town; Bethel, Old Ford; Speldhurst Road, South Hackney; Lever Street, City Road, and others. While these churches are waiting for new pastors, it is cheering to know they are well supplied with acceptable brethren; but our correspondent's test, "Pastors in Full Harness," we reserve for another month.

WOOLWICH.—ENOX CHAPEL: With deep gratitude to the Lord for his abounding grace we record his goodness to us here. The last Sunday in November, 1871, four disciples of our Lord Jesus were baptized. The first Sunday in December, fifteen were received into the church; and on January 1, 1872, eight more. Others are waiting, who will follow soon. Our God is with us to build up, to deliver, and to call by his grace. We earnestly pray that new covenant blessings may increase in all churches more and more. A MINISTER.

**COLNBROOK, BUCKS.**—Fifty-third anniversary of Sabbath school in connection with this ancient Baptist cause of truth, was held on Christmas Day, 1872, in Town Hall. The church and congregation meet there for divine worship during the erection of their new place of worship. Mr. R. Bardens, of Hayes Tabernacle, preached the two anniversary sermons last Christmas day. The discourses were preached out of a full heart, setting forth Christ and him crucified as the only way of salvation. We believe many rejoiced; indeed we trust it will prove like bread cast upon the waters, found after many days. The school children sang sweetly. The Lord grant that this ancient cause of truth that has been maintained by God himself more than 100 years, may still be preserved, even to the end of time. That a good under shepherd, a true minister of Jesus Christ may be sent unto them, is the heart-prayer of many, and that "the glory of the latter house may be greater than that of the former," is the hope of

A NEIGHBOUR.

**BOSTON.—BAPTISING THE HOUSEHOLD.**—Bethel Baptist Chapel. With prayerful hearts and unflinching faith in the sure promises of our covenant God, we have been watching for his appearance in our midst, and with divine faithfulness to his word, we have been blessed with a gracious and most encouraging increase. The last Lord's-day in the old year, our much-beloved pastor, Mr. D. Wilson, baptised four in the name of the blessed Trinity, at the same time preaching one of the most powerful and most argumentative sermons on baptism I have ever listened to. The most pleasing and singular feature of this solemn occasion was—that the four new members of our church were of one family, husband, wife, son and daughter. On the first Lord's-day in the new year they were received into church fellowship, and our dear pastor invested the occasion with a solemnity and affecting earnestness, never to be forgotten by all who engaged in that blessed service.

F. LILL.

**HACKNEY ROAD.**—Mr. John Osborn's annual was January 1, 1872. He preached in afternoon: C. W. Banks presided over evening meeting. Nathaniel Starkey, Esq., delivered a spiritual and scriptural address on "the Lord is at hand;" it was both experimental and expository. Mr. Russell, Dr. Bell's successor, gave a neat address. Mr. Jabez Whitteridge spoke on true faith. Brother Carey, and others, helped to render the meeting useful. All expressed strong sympathy with our venerable friend, brother Osborn.

**HADLEIGH-HEATH.**—Our chapel is enlarged—but I fear our pulpit is not so devoted to pure Gospel truth, as when Mr. John Pigg, and his predecessors stood there. Homeless and empty, we often seem to be.

**NEWTON ABBOT.**—Annual meeting was held January 1, 1872, at Baptist chapel, presided over by our esteemed and beloved pastor, Mr. Ward. Many friends assembled, and we are thankful to record we never experienced a more pleasant and profitable meeting than this was. Brother Lee, of Kingskerswell, gave us soul-cheering and edifying words. Our beloved pastor gave us much encouragement: stimulating, and calculated to be of great service, by the blessing of the Lord, in the experimental path which the people of God have to traverse. We pray our New Year's meeting may be an omen for good; that we may be favoured with times of refreshing during the year on which we have been permitted to enter.

J. MERSON.

**CLAPHAM.**—To those who pray for Zion's prosperity, it will be cheering to hear that one branch has had reason to rejoice in the Lord's goodness. At Ebenezer, Wintemberg street, on the last Sabbath of the year, our brother C. W. Banks preached in the morning; brother M'Cure in afternoon; brother Kevan in evening. At ten o'clock p.m. the place was nearly filled to close the year with prayer and praise. On following Tuesday, Mr. Stringer preached in afternoon; then the friends had tea together very happily; and we had a public meeting. Brother Thomas Carr ably occupied the chair; his opening remarks were sober and Christian-like; expressing his wish that the meeting might not be of a light and frivolous character: this was fully realized. Brother Caunt gave a truly spiritual address. Our worthy chairman and friends reduced the debt on the chapel to £49. Thus did we close the old, and thus commenced the new year:

C. H. F.

**CAVE ADULLAM, STEPNEY.**—Special services on behalf of the aged and needy members of the church and congregation were held. Lord's-day December 31. Mr. J. S. Anderson preached; and on Tuesday, Jan. 2, C. W. Banks preached a sweet experimental discourse from Jer. xxxi. 23, "The Lord bless thee, O habitation of justice, and mountain of holiness." The word on each occasion was with power, and the friends nobly responded to the appeal on behalf of the poor.

A FRIEND TO THE CAVE.

**DEATHS.**—Sudden death has again thrown sorrow into a happy family. Mrs. John Briscoe, wife of the pastor of the Baptist church in Meards court, Soho. Almost instantaneously was this lady taken from her husband and children, leaving a babe but a few days old. Solemn voices these! December 20, Sarah, the beloved wife of Arthur Dallison, and only child of C. L. Kemp, of Poplar, was called home; she is "for ever with the Lord. Her voice on earth is no longer heard; but she unites with those gone before in praising the glorious Lamb that was slain for her salvation.

# The Late Mr. John Foreman.

HIS TIMES, HIS CONTEMPORARIES, HIS CHARACTER, FUNERAL, &C.

“ The pains of death are past ;  
Labour and sorrow cease :  
And LIFE'S LONG WARFARE closed at last.  
His soul is found in peace.  
Soldier of Christ—well done !  
Praise be thy new employ !  
And while eternal ages run—  
REST in thy SAVIOUR'S JOY ! ”

**L**ORD'S-DAY, February 11, 1872, was a solemn day at Mount Zion Chapel, Hill Street, Dorset Square. It was the first Sunday that church had ever assembled together without a pastor ; and long as the decease of MR. JOHN FOREMAN had been expected, when the fact was announced, it touched many a heart ; tears and sorrows mingled with the sacred services ; and a kind of holy solemnity pervaded the whole congregation.

At least thirty Baptist ministers died in England in 1871 ; before we have gone far in this year, others are fast falling around us. The generally acknowledged leader of the Strict Baptist Churches in the metropolis and provinces of the country has, at length, retired into the mansions of the Father in heaven itself ; where, with millions, we believe, he unites in ascribing honour and glory unto the Lord, the Lamb, for ever and ever. Amen.

## MR. JOHN FOREMAN'S TIMES, HIS MINISTERIAL CHARACTER, AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

That long portion of time during which Mr. John Foreman exercised his ministry must be considered a period peculiarly favourable to the causes of truth in this kingdom ; and in no small degree was he instrumental in raising churches ; in settling pastors ; in establishing thousands of souls in the true faith of the Gospel, and in the faithful observance of those ordinances which our Lord Jesus Christ himself did institute, sanction, and command. It must be acknowledged that the venerable John Foreman was a minister and maintainer of **THE WHOLE** of **CHRIST'S GOSPEL**. Although he could most powerfully and persistently renounce all those ministers against whom he entertained unfavourable prejudices ; yet, he never renounced any one of Christ's ordinances ; he never failed to preach any of the doctrines of Christ's Gospel ; he insisted upon the maintaining *practical* godliness ; and although, by some, he was not considered an experimental preacher, still, we believe, that every *essential* work of the Holy Ghost in the souls of God's sanctified people, had a prominent place in the ministrations of the minister of Mount Zion Chapel, Hill Street, Dorset Square.

When John Foreman came upon the walls of Zion, he found there a host of godly men, a number of ministers who, like himself, were all *originals*—fresh from the hands of Him who made them ; and who clothed each one of them with such a measure of ministerial power as peculiarly fitted them for their work. In spirit and in manner, not any two of them were alike ; while in all the grand original fountains of eternal life—in all the great pillars of the Gospel-House—in all the

foundation-elements of our common salvation there was the most perfect harmony ; and each man, in his own sphere, was honoured of God, as the chosen instrument to bring the ark of the covenant up out of a low place, and for the *preservation* of the glorious gospel of a Triune-Jehovah, which Gospel, the floods of Arminius, and the liberal Communionism of the times, have done their uttermost to sweep away.

As we stand over the grave of this valiant old warrior for Gospel truth, let us think, for one moment, of the noble army of ministers with whom he was co-temporary ; and, if our hearts are influenced by a true sense of the Lord's goodness, we shall, for the moment, forget all their singular eccentricities ; we shall bless the Lord that he raised them up ; that he kept them faithful ; and that, to some extent, as fast as he removed them to the higher chambers of his glory, he has continued unto his Church—his afflicted Church on the earth—a few of the true apostolic order ; albeit, we say not, how much we all appear to lack, not only Elijah's mantle, but, also, that DOUBLE PORTION of His Spirit, without which no man can prosper in the Gospel.

In taking a hasty glance at the ministering brethren who stood side by side with Mr. John Foreman during a part of his ministerial career, we catch a glimpse of some fine specimens of physical and of mental calibre.

When John Foreman was in his prime, he was a man of considerable personal attractions in the pulpit : his noble front—his full-toned and well-regulated voice—his originality of thought—his homely earnestness—above all, his development of the deep things of God ; all these rendered his expositions and prayers, his discourses and sermons, exceedingly acceptable to multitudes of people in all parts of the land. He was not superior to Joseph Irons for strong-sinewed Biblical argument on the one hand ; nor, to William Gadsby for the unctious unfoldings of the glories of Christ, and of the sorrows of his saints, on the other hand. Irons and Gadsby were superior men to John Foreman in some things ; but they made a beautiful trio for three gospel sermons any day, and any where, when favoured to meet together : and the Churches over whom these ministers severally presided, were blessed to no small degree : the gospel, as preached by them, prospered wonderfully ; and much good was done. What are those Churches now, when these three men are all gone ? St. George's Road, Manchester, holds on in a respectable way. Mr. Taylor has been quietly reaping the fruits proceeding from dear Gadsby's ministry, now for many years. But, is it true, that since Mr. Gadsby left it, the Church has progressed but little ? That it has never been the means of planting other Churches in all those overflowing populations of Manchester, Salford, Stockport, and their surroundings, is astonishing. A rich and easy ministry may stand very high : may command considerable influence : may be useful to feed a few poor aged sheep ; but when the Church, under such a ministry, never arises to shake herself from the dust ; never puts on her beautiful garments of evangelical charity ; never breaks forth, either on the right hand or on the left, we look with sorrow upon such communities : and, if we dared, would quietly ask, "Is THIS thy kindness to thy Friend ?" For years we have mourned over Man-

chester, with its myriads of immortal souls. It has wealth; it has wisdom; it has elegant sanctuaries; and services suited to all the tastes of the cotton-lord fraternity. But, O, my Gracious Master, are there not many of Thine own blood-bought family there, who, in a gospel way, have neither friendship, fellowship, nor food? Since dear Gadsby's death, we fear the cause of truth has never grown much.

Then, as regards the Grove, in Camberwell. We have been in that honoured house of God, on an anniversary morning, when Joseph Irons was in his pulpit; and have seen it then and there crowded in every corner on a week-day morning. We were there on the morning when Thomas, of Tunbridge, preached the anniversary. "Alas!" said some, "the glory is departed! We shall never go there again!" This has been the feeling of many.

The Church Mr. Foreman has left behind was proud of her pastor. He had given full proof of his ministry; he had fought a good fight; he had finished his course; he had kept the faith; he is gone to his rest. And, now, that the Church bereaved be not as a ship at sea, without one to guide her, we pray the Lord to send them a mighty man of valour: but where a second John Foreman is to come from, we see not as yet. In further reviewing the companions of Mr. John Foreman's earlier days, we notice the late George Combe, John Stevens, Bowes, of Blandford street, and George Murrell: all of them mentally equal to Mr. Foreman; but they carried not that large amount of the popular element which he did: "the common people" almost always "heard Mr. Foreman gladly." George Combe was a wise master-builder; sedate, solid, and solemn. Justification by faith in the person and work of the precious Redeemer, was his theme: the church at Soho did well under his ministry. God, the Holy Ghost, made and sent George Combe into the work: his death was a painful loss. Mr. Wyard, Mr. Pells, Mr. Wilkins, and others, have done their best at Soho; but she grows not so well as her real friends desire. A more industrious and devoted pastor than Joseph Wilkins, of Soho, no Church ever could have. But how often do those words sound in our souls, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

John Stevens was a refined logician; he had the force and flight of the eagle; he penetrated into the higher secrets of the Covenant-Head: perhaps "he saw more than he could clearly say." The glories of the Ancient of Days, was his theme: and for many years he fed the Church of Christ at Salem, and then went home. J. E. Bloomfield held a high position as successor to John Stevens for some years; but more enlarged fields opened up before him; and he entered into them; in every external department he seems to prosper, whithersoever he goeth. How different and how difficult, is the pathway of some whose labours have been ten-fold. Poor Salem, in Meard's Court, Soho, is quite an aristocratic community; her pastor is gifted "beyond mediocrity:" "the highest morality, the purest piety, and the most unbounded charity," are her clothing; but, in these times, no minister, no cause can largely prosper, when bound up in such an enclosure. The *good* people now go out of London on Sundays; hence, our chapels are frequently found in a low condition.

With few exceptions, Mr. John Foreman outlived all whom he found in the fields of truth when he was brought to Loudon, and even many who sprang into existence after he had been settled; his settlement at Mount Zion about 1827, gives him a London pastorate of nearly forty-five years, with nearly five hundred members, a long and successful day's-work, during which he has witnessed and wept over the departure of many. Among them were John Warburton, of Trowbridge; Thomas Gunner, of the Borough; John Kershaw, of Rochdale; Charles Drawbridge, of Wellingborough; and others of a very stalwart cast: men of might, in their way, and of blessed memory in the hearts of many of the weary sons and daughters in Zion.

Look at any of the Churches whose pastors we name, and enquire—Are the Churches doing as well now as when their pastors were with them? Trowbridge, Rochdale, Rushden, Abingdon—where W. Tipstaff was; Stamford—where J. C. Philpot worked hard; Jireh—where J. A. Jones was—many more we might name who are gone: and the weeping willow has been bending over the bereaved Churches ever since. This view of the case renders the loss of faithful men a source of grief: nevertheless, they served their generation according to the ability given to them; and the same Almighty Spirit is still working in accordance with the unerring counsels of a never-failing covenant. The mountains may depart: the hills may be removed; ministers must die; Churches may be scattered; truth, for a time, may fall under a cloud; “but the Lord shall endure for ever: he hath prepared his throne for judgment: He shall judge the world in righteousness. The Lord also will be a refuge in times of trouble; and they that know thy name will put their trust in thee; for thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee.”

## LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE MR. J. FOREMAN.

*Whose long and honourable Pastorate will never be forgotten by those who knew him.* By WILLIAM STOKES, Manchester.

“Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets do they live for ever?”—ZECHARIAH i. 5.

The noblest oak must fall at last,  
Though spared by many a wintry blast;  
The longest day must have its close,  
In the sweet eve of calm repose.  
So the ripe saint, matured by grace,  
Must close his day and end his race;  
But, rising with his Lord to dwell,  
His song will be, “all well—all well.”\*  
In this dark world no more to roam,  
He'll hail with joy his “Home, Sweet  
Home;”†  
And as the shadows round him spread,  
On Jesu's breast he'll lay his head.  
The vale of death to him is bright,  
With rays divine of heavenly light;  
And oft he'll long to soar away,  
And mingle with eternal day.  
Such was great Foreman, such his end,  
Grace taught him how his life to spend;  
And when his hallowed work was done,  
His end was as the setting sun.

The last words of Mr. Foreman were “Well, Well.” † “Home!—Home!” “The Truths I have preached to others, are what I am now resting on.”

To truth divine he gave his life,  
Through years of sorrow, pain and strife;  
And as those years roll'd swiftly by,  
Resolved with Christ to live and die.  
With giant strength he fought the fight,  
And served his Saviour with his might;  
Nor feeble power did Foreman wield,  
Whene'er he stoop'd to clear the field.  
When “Duty-Faith” usurped the place,  
That none may claim but “Sovereign Grace,”  
And gave to fallen man the power  
To save himself at any hour;—  
Then he came forth and brav'd the host,  
With all their vain and empty boast;  
With sword divine he terror spread,  
And all their wordy champions fled.\*  
Adieu, thou man of truth, adieu!  
Too few are left of such as you;  
And years will pass, with grief and pain,  
Ere we behold thy like again.

\* Mr. Foreman's masterly work, *Duty Faith*, has never yet been really answered. One or two opponents came and looked up at the citadel, but they quietly walked away again, and they have never since repeated the survey. The plea was too strong for them. W. S.



## MR. JOHN FOREMAN'S FIFTY YEARS' MINISTRY.

When a man is found standing as pastor over one Church for nearly half a century, and, in addition to that, travels all the kingdom over, preaching in almost all the counties continuously for more than fifty years, it clearly indicates there must be something in that man's ministry which renders it, under God, savingly useful to multitudes, or it would never thus be sought for and welcomed. What, then, was there in the ministry of the late Mr. Foreman?

When John Bloomfield celebrated the first anniversary of his pastorate at Meard's Court, Mr. Foreman delivered a profound discourse on the "Design and Importance of the Christian Ministry." We have that discourse in full, and would give it, but our space will not this month allow. In that address he said, "God's ministers are a sort of kingdom-of-heaven men, to be useful in gathering the objects of God's love. A minister is a tidings-bearer to the family. Our Heavenly Father will say, 'John Bloomfield, take a little of this, and a little of the other; give this to one, and that to another.' Hence, often, the child of God goes home of a Sunday evening quite a different being to what it was in the morning. Of a Sunday morning I have sometimes gone out with the determination to keep my hands behind me, and neither to speak or shake hands with anyone; but a word from the pulpit has turned me inside out, and I have lost myself; and then it is that I have really been found. At such times I have been like good brother Paul—not knowing whether I was in the body or out of it."

Ah! it was in that splendid oration upon the ministry that John Foreman said to John Bloomfield—"If a brother offend, SYMPATHISE WITH HIM; and thank God you are not permitted to offend that brother." Amen! say we. Yet to preach well is one thing; to practice all we preach is quite another.

In the year 1853, Mr. Foreman preached three sermons in one, in the evening of the day when Joseph Chislett was publicly recognised as pastor over East Lane Church. That is nearly twenty years ago; and Mr. Foreman said, that evening, "I think it is twenty-eight years ago that I came into this chapel and heard a Mr. Davis; and what I then heard led me to think there was a people in this place who loved a free-grace gospel." Mr. Foreman had known East Lane Church full fifty years. One illustration which he gave that evening is worthy of being read and considered every day. He said, "The Christian life, or the life of God in His people, is something like the hands on the dial of a clock. If the works, or inside machinery, be out of order, the hands will tell falsely; so, if the Christian be not moved by the internal power of vital godliness, there is not much to be said of him: he will either be too fast, or too slow. If truth does not regulate him within, truth will not be exhibited by him on the outside. Why are some men shifting and shuffling about like a ship at sea—like the needle jumping about, having no settlement in its attractions? Because they are anything that comes first; one thing to-day, and another thing to-morrow."

Those who heard John Foreman that evening will never forget him, when, standing as upright as the tall cedar, he delivered, with thrilling eloquence, and with a strong emphasis, the following sentences:—

"Good John Stevens used to say 'Purpose, Purchase, and Power will

people heaven in spite of the devil.' When the soul is first brought to where mine was (continued Mr. F.) forty years ago, when light Divine was shed therein, I saw myself *an outcast, destitute, a traitor to my God*. I had no idea but that hell would be my portion; and when peace appeared to come to my poor soul, I said, How can man be justified with God? Why, Christ was made a ransom by paying the demands of the law of that righteous God whom I had insulted; and Christ opened up the way by which I, a sinner, might be saved; the despair began to flee like darkness before the beams of the morning sun; and joy took the place of sorrow. Hope is the preserver of the mind: a holy principle. The stronger the hope, the greater the joy," &c., &c.

We must defer further notes here; but a review of the fifty years during which Mr. Foreman laboured among our Churches would be a history of immense interest to the present and rising generation of the Lord's living family. If our loving God and Father will give us the opportunity and ability to furnish the history in the pages of *The Earthen Vessel*, we trust it will tend to revive that sterling affection for the old Gospel that once did burn so brightly.

"WELL! WELL! WELL!" Such were the *last* conscious words of Mr. John Foreman, forty-four years minister of Mount Zion, Hill street, Dorset square, and fifty-six years a preacher of the gospel. What an end! What a life! And as the closing scene drew near, he tells a brother minister, "The truths I have preached to others, are those I now rest upon!"

A short review of Mr. Foreman's life may afford instruction to some; and, first,

#### HIS EARLY DAYS.

John Foreman was born on the 2nd of April, 1791, at Laxfield, Suffolk. Unblest with the softening influence of maternal care, he grew up a careless and ignorant lad. At the early age of eleven years, he was employed in agricultural pursuits, being placed out with a farmer by the parish. Who among his numerous friends has not heard him speak of the kind-hearted farmer with whom he was placed thus early? With the members of that family, Mr. Foreman kept up friendly intercourse down to the end of his earthly career. Indeed, we believe a grandson of this farmer is, or was, a member of the Church at Hill street. What a school to graduate in for the ministry! To be sent out in the fields, probably as a "scarecrow," was a most unlikely training for the future pastor of Mount Zion Church. We remember hearing him say, as a boy he could read but indifferently, and as to writing, at that period he never tried to learn. Such was John Foreman in his boyhood; and such he remained to the period of manhood. Consider, secondly,

#### HIS CALL BY GRACE, AND TO THE MINISTRY.

At the age of twenty-two the Lord met with him. It appears about this time he was induced to hear Mr. Wright, at Laxfield, whose ministry was so blessed to his soul, that the subject of this sketch presently united with the Church, and continued at Laxfield a member some time. He attended the prayer-meetings, and was induced to speak among his brethren, and exercise his gift in prayer. After a few attempts, he broke down, and felt he could say no more. In the year

1816, Mr. Wright left Laxfield, and after some persuasion, Mr. Foreman spoke to the people; but for about nine months he dared not enter the pulpit; he felt that was assuming too much. However, by degrees, his confidence increased; the people gave him a call for three months, which he accepted, and the first text, in that position, which he preached from was, "By the grace of God, I am what I am."

Thus, Mr. Foreman was fairly embarked on his ministerial career. He preached, he travelled, he begged; travelling through thirty-two counties, collecting between two and three hundred pounds for chapel building. In 1821, he removed to Cambridge; there he raised between five and six hundred pounds towards building a chapel which cost eight hundred pounds. He came to the metropolis in the year 1827, and many friends have heard him narrate his struggles at Mount Zion for the first fifteen years. He commenced his pastorate with thirty-six members; he leaves, probably, now, over five hundred members in the Church at Hill street. We believe over £4,000 has been raised for building purposes during Mr. Foreman's pastorate. In the year 1848, the Church and congregation gave their minister a splendid testimonial in the form of one hundred guineas. It was fifty-six years last September since Mr. Foreman first attempted to speak from the desk, and fifty-six years next March since he first ascended the pulpit. We are aware these facts are not new to some of our readers, but many will read them with interest. Few men have travelled so much, or preached more. He was a minister generally respected among the Baptist churches, having been a stern and consistent advocate of the New Testament Gospel. What he preached he believed. In life he stuck to the doctrines and to a feeling religion; and in death the same doctrines and the same feeling religion stuck by him. He was a firm friend; but he was, also, what has been termed "a good hater." Mr. Foreman would grasp in his iron grasp the hand of a friend; and he could as firmly, and doubtless, he believed consistently, frown on those whom he believed were not sound in the faith. But as he lived, so he died, never wavering, ever steadfast in the truth. Let us then, now touch gently

#### THE CLOSING SCENE

In his work. He was literally worn out; in his soul he was frequently longing for "Home," believing he had an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled.

"If this fail,

The pillared firmament is rottenness,  
And earth's base built on stubble."

The last time our deceased friend occupied the pulpit was the first Sabbath in January, when he preached morning and evening, and broke bread to his people in the afternoon. Being greatly fatigued with his day's work, the doctor recommended that he should have a month's rest. A few days after, he was visited by a friend, when he appeared very prostrate, both in mind and body. To this friend he expressed himself that he believed his work was done; and he was anxiously looking forward to that "Home! home!" towards which he was hastening. But, to the dear old saint, it was no easy work. His sufferings, at times, were very great. On the Sunday previous to his death, one of the deacons visited him, and reminded him that that "was the Lord's day, a day of rest to the Christian; a foretaste of the everlasting day of

rest;" reminding his prostrate pastor how honoured he had been as the means in the hands of his heavenly Father in comforting many souls on that day. He looked up and replied, "He had had many tokens on that day." On the Wednesday following, being the day previous to his departure, the same brother visited him, but was told the end was near, that his pastor lay unconscious. However, the brother entered the sick chamber, and, gazing on the helpless form before him, exclaimed "What a happy countenance! it bespeaks the soul is already in heaven, enjoying fellowship with the Lord Jesus, where the soul has long wished to be." Presently Mr. Foreman looked up and exclaimed, "Blessed! blessed! to all eternity!" The powers of the body and the mind seemed to sink again, and all that was mortal lay prostrate until two o'clock on Thursday morning, when he was heard to say, "Well! well! well!" and at six o'clock the soul winged its way to the regions of everlasting bliss. So died Mr. John Foreman, forty-four years the faithful minister of Mount Zion Chapel. We cannot follow his released spirit, let us in all due solemnity follow his remains to the tomb.

#### THE FUNERAL

Took place on Wednesday, the 13th of February, at Kensal Green Cemetery. Shortly after eleven o'clock, the friends assembled at the chapel, where coaches and cabs were provided for those who were desirous of joining in the mournful *cortège*. Many availed themselves of this opportunity; and about twelve o'clock, the procession was on its way to the late residence of the deceased, 12, Westbourne Villas, Harrow road. Here were the chief mourners, ministers, and friends assembled, and many persons to witness the funeral train move off on its solemn journey. And what a train it was! Something over twenty mourning coaches, the majority being drawn by four horses; besides private vehicles, and several cabs. Such a scene is rarely witnessed, even with the great historic notables of the earth. At the grave, and far off around, stood, some say, two thousand people. But let us put them at from one thousand to fifteen-hundred souls. There were the aged, who had struggled to the ground; men of business, who for once left their counters; some from far distant places, met around the hallowed spot to pay the last token of respect to JOHN FOREMAN. Well might the stranger pause, and ask, "What great man's funeral is this?" It was an imposing spectacle. The sun shone forth in all his spring-like glory, as if the very heavens were smiling approvingly on this, the closing scene of one who had laboured long, and laboured well.

Let us note some of the assembly before we come to particulars. Among many others we saw, of brethren:—

Ministers: William Crowther, Thomas Jones, S. Milner, S. Collins, P. Dickerson, J. B. McCure, R. Bardens, T. Stringer, P. W. Williamson, W. Flack, W. Bracher, J. Jull, J. T. Briscoe, J. Munns, J. Bennett, J. S. Anderson, W. Alderson, J. L. Meeres, H. Hall, S. Ponsford, J. Hazelton, S. Kevan, E. Page, Lambourne (of Warboys), Whittle, W. Lodge, Shepherd (of Gravesend), Seeres, J. Curtis, LeRiche, Glaskin (of Brighton), Thurston (of Croydon), Green, Wise, Crumpton, Griffith, G. Moyle, A. W. Kaye, J. Butterfield, Carpenter, J. H. Dearsley, and doubtless many more. Among the laymen we noticed: Messrs. Butt, Boulden, and Beach, deacons of the Surrey Tabernacle; Messrs. R. Minton, James, Odlin, Backett, Mitsou, Jeffs, T. Howard, with whom was Lady Thwaites; and representatives from most of the London and many country churches.

It had been understood that, for the convenience of the friends, the entire service (weather permitting) would be conducted at the grave. This, however, was not the order observed, as the corpse was taken to the chapel, a small building, wholly inadequate for such a special occasion.

#### MR. SAMUEL MILNER'S ADDRESS IN THE CEMETERY CHAPEL.

It is just after one o'clock, and the head of the procession is at the gates of the Cemetery. The hearse approaches the chapel, followed immediately by the chief mourners, the members of the family. Then the officiating ministers; next the deacons, Messrs. Boockoke, Wilson, Harris, Robbins, Beazley, and Tinson; followed by the other ministers and friends, a host indeed. The massive, polished oak coffin, weighing, it is said, twelve hundred weight, was at once borne inside the chapel to its temporary resting place. The desk is occupied by brother Dickerson, the pulpit by brother Milner. Brethren Collins, Crowther, Wilkins, and Higham stood around the bier, and we also noticed the venerable Moyle, feeble with age and infirmities, seated among the friends in the chapel.

Brother Milner, who seems comparatively young again, then in a firm voice, read a portion of 2 Corinthians v., and followed by an address worthy of the occasion. He said:—

“My dear friends,—I should rejoice if this building was large enough to admit all anxious to hear, but we must take things as we find them. I feel very unfitted for the duty assigned me on the present occasion. Some of you will readily discover the reason when you remember our deceased brother and I have been very old and closely united friends. When we find a friend we should take care of him, as we don't meet with a firm friend every day, and when we do, the longer we know such an one the more we love him, and the bitterness at parting is the greater. It is on this score I feel myself quite unfitted for the duty of this morning. However, there are two or three points I wish to touch upon. We are here to pay our respect to departed worth. In God's word it is said, “There is a time to be born, and a time to die.” The one is appointed as well as the other. Some, no sooner than they enter in life, are carried out of it. We may marvel at God's purposes, because we don't sufficiently understand his council, some parts of which will be explained by and by. The lives of others are prolonged to seventy, or eighty, ninety, or even one hundred years. When our days are thus prolonged in usefulness, we seem as if we understood a little about the reason why. But this is not always the case; sometimes our days are prolonged when they are a misery to ourselves and a burden to others. This was not the case with our beloved brother; he turned his fourscore years; he was no burden, but occupied his place as a minister of the Lord Jesus till within a few weeks of his departure. This was not long to be laid on the shelf from his beloved employment. Then he says, “there is a time to be born.” So, in God's purpose, is there a time for the new birth. The time of the new birth took place with our departed friend just as he was budding into manhood. A powerful young man, ripe for anything, when God in his mercy raised him, and brought him to a sense of his condition, and humbled his heart before God. His life was now turned from its course into a new channel. This did not die out of his memory, it was a stimu-

lus to him, to give that life, that spiritual life God had given him, to spiritual purposes, for the advancement of the kingdom of God. This was the spiritual birth. Then came his call to the ministry, when, as a child of grace, he was only three years old. He was exercised about the ministry greatly, but the Lord helped him on. He was an illiterate young man, but he soon had a thirst for knowledge, and he became the settled pastor, for three or four years, in the village where he was born. He afterwards went to Cambridge, and subsequently to London, where he has preached for some forty-five years, making him, if he had lived till next April, eighty-one years of age. The time came to die after fourscore years. Even so lengthened a career does not appear much to look back upon; but to look forward, it looks like peering into eternity. Well, then, we say there is a time to die, and a time to be born. But there is a space between—a medium, a work to be done; and after comes the reward. Death! there is something about death which is appalling. I don't know how it is with others, but to me there is in death something appalling. Through the mercy of God, I believe the sting is taken away to every believer, and among believers I class myself; though I believe the sting is gone, there is something in death humiliating, something from which nature naturally shrinks. Then what a happy thing, through the Divine mercy, to have a firm persuasion of our interest in heaven, and to be able firmly to "launch our bark away." Death is the leveller; he knows no distinction among men. When Louis XIV., of France, died, and his remains were brought into the cathedral, amid all the pomp and splendour becoming the funeral of the great head of the state, in the presence of the ministers and others assembled, which, no doubt, was an imposing sight, Massillon, the great French preacher, broke silence, and said, 'There is none great but God.' There is, indeed, an end to all earthly greatness. In this respect, death levels all distinctions, whether it be the greatness of an apostle, of ministers, or of people, or the greatness of any private member of the Church. Rich or poor, learned or illiterate, death comes and levels all distinctions. The passage between life and death is impressive. We go and see a brother on his sick bed; he tells us his complaints, his pains, and so on: in the course of conversation, it may be his spirit is lighted up, as it were, with a flash from heaven. In a moment, death seals his lips; the spirit is gone; there is the tenement, but there is nobody at home. You may knock, but there is no one to answer. In a few days, however lovely the object may have been during life, we are ready to say with Abraham, 'Let me bury my dead out of sight.' As to-day we come to the tomb, to this cemetery adorned as it is with marble monuments, and laid out for vegetation, we come to render unto our brother's bones their due, that they mingle with their mother dust. We may embalm the body, we may make Egyptian mummies of the dead, but the fiat is gone forth, 'Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.' But then comes the grand question, 'If a man die, shall he live again?' This question was asked by Job: Who can answer it? The man of God can answer it. Where does he get his answer from but the Book of God? Does he believe it? Ah! many believe it. But the man of God has the earnest of it in his own heart: to him the grave is lighted up with the torch of Divine truth. We know when we commit the body of the believer to the ground it is in sure and certain hope of a

glorious resurrection at the last day. The Apostle compared the committing of the body to the ground to sowing seed. Now seed is a little thing; occupies but a small space. If we look at yonder oak, it was once contained in the acorn; or the chesnut tree in the chesnut. The seed is sown; it vegetates, and strikes its roots downwards, and sends its branches upwards, that the birds of the air may lodge therein. Paul further says, if the seed dies, it shall bear grain, and goes on to describe that which 'is sown a natural body is raised a spiritual body.' Sown in 'weakness, raised in strength.' Sown in 'corruption, raised in incorruption, according to the mighty working whereby God is able to subdue all things to himself.' Now God looks into the prison-house, the grave; He lights it with His own power. While the mouth of the grave is ever open to receive, it has also a door of exit, and our Lord by his own power speaks the bodies of his saints again into existence. The tenant shall find out its tenement. The spirit shall re-enter its re-constituted body. It is now a spiritual body, and shall be caught up to be for ever in heaven with the Lord. Here on earth, my friends, we see the effects of sin, and the praying man feels it. The body wants a deal of looking after. It is often like an old cottage, continually requiring patching up, till it is not worth the landlord's trouble. At last, down it comes, as being utterly untenantable. This is the effect of sin. But now our brother shall know sin no more, no more groans, no more aches. At the resurrection the body shall be built up a spiritual house, worthy of the great architect, and shall reflect everlasting honour on the great builder who is God. 'We groan in this tabernacle, being burdened.' The apostle found it so; he found war in his members, and he cried out 'Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' I believe many people when they hear a minister preach about sin, the plague and workings of sin, feel that they are really bad characters. But a man may feel himself to be a bad character, and yet sin is not a plague to him, he can live in it and enjoy it, in a diversity of forms. But a man who really feels the plague of sin, understanding its enormity and bitterness, must be made a partaker of the spirit of God, and be instructed in the truths of the gospel. Such a character looks forward to the time when he shall be emancipated from it, when he shall vanquish all earthly foes and arrive home, in the mansion prepared for him. Hear what Paul says: 'I have fought a good fight; not going forth to slaughter his fellows, making mothers childless, wives widows, and men spectacles of suffering and sorrow. Paul's battle was a battle against sin, flesh, and the devil. He could look back with joy and say, 'I have fought the good fight, and finished my course.' He did not give out till he had run the race. It was not all a smooth course nor down hill with Paul, still, notwithstanding all opposition, he kept the faith. Some seem to think it is dishonourable to have a faith, they believe anything they hear, and more too, yet really believe nothing. Were I going a long journey, I should like to see the map of the way. Heaven is a long journey; we have need of some preparation, and not have it said to us as the fool said to the king, 'take back thy staff,' being unprepared for the way. Paul won the race; and now he says, 'there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.' Ah, but heaven is not for preachers only, nor for prophets nor apostles only, but for all the ransomed family of God. It is very painful to me to have to give

this address; but it is consoling when we feel we can speak with confidence as we can at the funeral of my brother. He is one with whom I have walked and talked; I have talked with him on all the topics of the Gospel of our God. I have rejoiced with him, and wept with him. We have seen each other in a diversity of trials, and I always received from him a cheerful word. Now, when we come to the time of parting with them we love, it is a time of bitterness. But we know when our brother is gone, the tenant shall come back to his body, that body shall be alive again; when it is raised an incorruptible tenant, and when the spirit again comes into the body, I believe we shall know each other when we meet together in heaven. You, my friends of the family, to you I shall use great plainness of speech. You have lost one of the kindest of fathers, you know he is safe, but you will not now have his counsel nor his prayers. May you who are left behind, you and your children, and generations yet to come, love the same Lord, and follow the same road. You must go in the same pathway as your father; there is no royal road to heaven, as some seem to imply. Some would go by their almsgiving, but heaven is not attained by giving alms. Give alms where you think you can do good; you can do that while you are in the way. But remember there is only *one* way, and Christ hath said, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life.' My dear brethren—you the deacons, and the members of the Church—you have lost your pastor. You are now come into a position you never occupied before. You never have had to choose a pastor, now you are brought into circumstances which are new, you need wisdom. Ask for all of God; ask heaven's direction, that you may have a pastor given you after God's own heart. For this purpose you should have special prayer, that the Lord may strengthen your hands and encourage your hearts in all that lies before you. Amen."

Mr. Dickerson then, in a solemn manner, engaged in prayer.

### MEMENTO.

"And thou shalt go to thy fathers in peace."—GEN. xv. 15.

Brother Foreman is gone to the land of perfection;  
The hard-working herald from toil is set free:  
He joins in full chorus the song of salvation,  
With angels, and saints, the great HOLY  
THREE.

His work here below is now finished for ever;  
His church and his people their loss will  
deplore;  
Conducted in safety and peace through the  
river,  
His glorified spirit is now on the shore.  
Throughout a wide circuit the trumpet he  
sounded;  
He blew the sweet notes of the Gospel of God:  
His soul, in the mysteries of Grace, was well  
grounded;—  
His motto—"the Saviour's obedience and  
blood."

The Lord kept him faithful: he never  
retreated;  
In matters eternal he was of one mind:  
JOHN FOREMAN by hundreds and thousands  
was greeted;  
Love, kindness, and firmness, were in him  
combined;

How heavy the loss now, when such men are  
taken,  
Such unflinching preachers are few to be  
found.  
Still Zion shall not of her God be forsaken,  
He'll qualify others the trumpet to sound.

Farewell, brother Foreman; but, O, not for  
ever!  
Through grace we shall meet in the regions  
above,  
To part no more never, no never, no never!  
But live in a kingdom of glory and love.

Our brother's gone to worlds above;  
On wings of everlasting love  
His joyful spirit fled,  
He trusted in his Saviour's blood;  
He lives before the throne of God;  
Though numbered with the dead.

Like him, in Christ, we hope to die:—  
The solemn moment may be nigh—  
Worlds to exchange for good;  
Where saints with one immortal voice,  
Shall round the throne of God rejoice,  
And shout redeeming blood.

THOMAS STRINGER.



## MR. SAMUEL COLLINS' ORATION AT THE GRAVE.

The coffin was now borne from the chapel to its last resting-place, to share the same grave where, a few years previously, the remains of Mrs. Foreman were laid. The numerous friends on the grounds pressed around the grave; after some difficulty space was cleared for those who officiated; the coffin was at once lowered. At the head of the grave was erected a platform, on which stood Messrs. Collins and Milner. Mr. Collins proceeded to address the assembly; it was an effort of no ordinary character to make all hear. Mr. Collins said—

“My dear Christian friends,—I will try and make myself heard, if possible; I know you are all anxious to hear what is said over the grave of our departed brother Foreman. A great man has fallen; one who has laboured successfully, not only in this great metropolis, but throughout many parts of the country. This I take to be an extremely interesting occasion. Although the removal of our brother has cast a gloom over us, we know his work was done. We have lost a brother and a friend. The family feel their loss; the Church feel it exceedingly; the deacons and ministers feel it without exception; they feel that, in the departure of John Foreman they have one and all lost a faithful friend, and able advocate of the everlasting gospel. I personally say that I have lost one of my most sincere and faithful friends. Not a man on earth can say they valued the friendship of brother Foreman more than I did. I, however, must not detain you long; only to say a few things relating to the career of our brother, which I think ought to be published to-day. He was born in the village of Laxfield, Suffolk; brought to a knowledge of the Lord in 1812. He was a rough, wild, wicked young man previous to his conversion to God. Indeed his conversion may be thought almost as miraculous as the conversion of the great Apostle. It was not by hearing the Word, not by the publication of the gospel, not by a funeral sermon, not by the ordinary means which are frequently blest to accomplish such ends. Our Lord does his work in his own way; ‘our God, who is in the heavens, does what he pleases,’ and under what circumstances he thinks fit. The Holy Ghost wrought in our departed brother this miraculous change in his heart; and from that period this mighty change was observed by all the neighbours. The change was indeed apparent; he was now as much loved as he had before been hated and dreaded. Here was a mighty change; he now turned from the world, and followed the Lord Jesus even to the end. A pilgrim for nearly sixty years, a long period, but he followed Christ with an unblemished reputation. His character stood high, both morally and commercially, as an honest man of God: he stood prominently out among his fellows. Then as to his qualifications for his great work; as a minister he was an extraordinary example of a man taught of God. It is true he was not an educated man; he was not trained at College; his school was a very different one; he was what is termed a self-made man. He did not boast of this; but would often speak of the great advantages of education. He made himself, but it was by hard study, constant reading, and prayerfulness. It was by these means God trained him for the long series of labours he was called to go through. His heart was in his work. I confess, before this assembly, and in the presence of a great many ministers, that I don’t know another John Foreman. I don’t know his equal. He was so abundant

in his labours. He had physically an unusually strong constitution. I have often said to him, that I would not have him for a foe on any account. He dreaded no enemy whoever he might be, who came up against him; like David, who slew the lion and the bear, he feared no man. He was capable of defending his position, and did defend it. He was mentally strong; but then you all know this, that in the discharge of his varied duties, both to God and man, he was faithful. Fidelity ran through the whole of his career, after God called him to a knowledge of his truth. He had strong convictions of his state as a sinner; and when God forgave him he devoted his life and talents to his Master's service. He kept this in view—his indebtedness to his Lord—to the last. His fidelity to his convictions is written in the hearts of thousands, in all our churches, and is known to most of our brother ministers. He laboured faithfully; fifty-five years is a long time to labour. And to my personal knowledge he was received on all hands, with the kindest sympathy; wherever he went, even amongst the people where he first laboured, they cherished to the last towards him the best feeling, for the Lord had greatly blessed him. He travelled through most of our counties, particularly good old Suffolk, which gave him birth. I thank God that he sent such a man to London; and in the country they blessed God when he sent such a man from London to preach to them the glorious Gospel. I have known him preach ten sermons in a week. I have travelled much with him, and taken part in the services. In his preaching there was a freshness; he loved the Christ he preached; the Christ he preached was his meat and drink, his only ground for salvation. He knew the ground of his hope, the prospect which he cherished for a future world; and his works shall follow him. The life of a saint should be like a piece of beautiful music, harmony running through the whole. Wherever our brother went he was known as 'HONEST JOHN FOREMAN.' Then he always preached the same Christ; he told the same tale, out of a loving heart and a large soul, and with an ability peculiar to himself. Well, he is gone from all below, to receive his reward. We this day look into his grave. He looked into the same once; and I stood by him, and said, 'Brother Foreman, you are looking into your own grave.' He is gone, and he did not regret going. He could view death with calmness. Death! the power of death had lost its sting. The power of sin was destroyed by our great MASTER, who died for us. He hath wiped the last tear from our brother's eyes, and taken the last pain from his heart; and we now commit his remains to the solemn grave. Just look around this ground before us, from whence thousands will rise from the dust in glorious harmony when all is complete. Our brother will be among that host. I don't know, but Jesus Christ, in his love to his saints, when they die may summon thousands who have gone before to meet their spirits at the gate of heaven. You will say that is only a surmise; well let it be so. My brother is gone; saved through the blood and righteousness of Christ; and I don't know but there may have been hundreds of thousands of spirits at the portals to give him a reception to the regions of bliss. However, we are in the hands of our Lord, who carries the keys of life and death at his girdle; and none can die till he signs the summons. Our brother lived to a good old age; he was fruitful to the last; his labours had been abundantly blessed. Our brother departed ripe for

glory ; he had no rancorous feeling against any brother. His end was peace. His was a noble heart, a honest heart. His was a large heart ; the humblest lamb of the fold was received by him and encouraged. But he was consistent ; he was an avowed enemy to those who erred from the truth. He would set his foot down in the face of those who did not prove themselves consistent men of God. Then there was great uniformity in his knowledge ; in his knowledge of God's character he was supreme. He had a great work assigned to his hands ; you all know he laboured abundantly—not to make money, for he took no more than just to save his expenses. To the poor churches he was all things ; he did not go for money, but to do the people good. He loved his work, his reward was in doing it. He is gone to receive his great reward—the perfection of rest ; the perfection of fellowship ; the perfection of knowledge ; not material, but heavenly and delightful. My dear friends, the members of the family, you have already been addressed by my brother Milner. You have lost a loving and kind-hearted father. He loved his children ; not anything but what he would do for your good. I believe God has answered his prayers in some degree. I do hope you will all meet him again ; but none of us can enter only through the medium of Christ's atonement, which is the only means of salvation to guilty sinners. You must now take your final farewell as far as this world is concerned, but I hope you will have another meeting, when you will part no more. To the deacons of this christian church I would say, you have rallied round my dear brother, your late pastor, like men of God. To the last you were prayerful and faithful, trying to meet all his wants and soothe his heart. You will not repent this ; many people do repent when they reflect on their past deeds. I honour you, my brethren ; may God bless you, and give you wisdom in this your hour of need. Now, what a host of people we have gathered here. John Foreman is gone, but this is an evidence you loved him. May the power of his religion be upon you. God grant his creed, the creed of the Bible, may be your creed ; and that the death and funeral of my brother Foreman may be the means of awakening unto life many souls."

The Rev. H. C. Davis, the appointed ministerial officer to the Cemetery, then, as an old friend of the deceased, offered a few words, bearing his testimony to departed worth, and then solemnly committed his brother's remains formally to the grave, with — "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust ; in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The 988th hymn was then sung :

" Sons of God, by blest adoption,  
View the dead with steady eyes :  
What is sown, thus in corruption,  
Will in incorruption rise."

This was sung by the vast concourse, but not in the most harmonious strains, in consequence of the large area over which the people were spread. Mr. Collins closed with prayer.

And now the people filed past, many with eyes bedewed with tears, and took the last look into the grave of their old friend and pastor, and moved away, some to their respective dwellings, others to Mount Zion, where tea was prepared.

It appears almost the last person who conversed with Mr. Foreman

was the senior deacon, Mr. Boockoke, and who was favoured to hear his last utterances. We would also take this opportunity of thanking this gentleman, with others, for the courtesy and kindness manifested in readily furnishing us with any information required, whereby our report is more complete than it could otherwise have been.

The coffin bore the following simple inscription:—

JOHN FOREMAN.

DIED 8TH OF FEBRUARY, 1872,

Aged 80 Years.

#### THE EVENING MEETING.

The friends, to the number of about 300, took tea together; and at half-past six the public meeting commenced. The chapel was well filled. Mr. Collins presided, and was surrounded by many of the brethren whose names have already been given. The proceedings commenced by singing,

“ Let me, thou Sovereign Lord of all,  
Low at Thy footstool humbly fall;  
And while I feel affliction's rod,  
Be still, and know that Thou art God.”

A portion of Scripture was read, and Mr. MEERES asked the Divine blessing on the business of the evening.

Mr. COLLINS, then, in a lengthened address, repeated much that he had said at the grave, but in a tone so low that few could really follow the speaker's remarks. His brother Foreman had been made a great blessing. Indeed, a full and faithful ministry of the Gospel was of inestimable value. He felt the deceased was an extraordinary man, and if any fresh testimonials were wanted, he would refer to the scene in yonder graveyard. There were congregated, a few hours since, ministers from various quarters, and representatives from many churches, to pay the last token of respect to the memory of one who had devoted his life to doing good among his brethren. We shall hear his voice no more. But his was a life well spent; he went down to the grave full of years, full of fruits, for God had blessed him to the very end. They were not met to mourn; their brother was in heaven. There was such a thing as doing the work God gives us to do, and at the end to look back with confidence. Thus it was with the departed. So it was with the apostle John, who “heard a voice from heaven, saying unto him, Write,” don't let it be a matter of memory, but write, what? “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.” They shall rest from their labours. What else? “Their works do follow them.” Brother Foreman was at rest, and his memory was written on the hearts of many saints. Indeed, he was more loved than he could possibly be aware of. As a self-made man he had been eminently successful, but his success was all owing to the power and grace of God. An old publican, at Laxfield, used to say, “There must be something in that religion which could change a young

man such as John Foreman was." This change was by the power of God, but it was apparent to man. Mr. Collins was proceeding to narrate some of the leading events of Mr. Foreman's life, but there being some manifestations of impatience he resumed his seat; calling on the venerable

MR. MOYLE, who said, "I am happy to be able to offer a few words on this occasion, and perhaps this may be the last. It is forty years since I first came to this chapel. It is upwards of forty years ago since brother Foreman was instrumental in sending me forth in the ministry. He was one of the first to take me by the hand when I was almost alone in the world. I brought him an honourable testimony from my pastor, Mr. Francis, in the Borough. Brother Foreman at once took me by the hand, and acknowledged me as a minister of Jesus Christ. This was in 1830. And from that day to the day of his death, we lived in harmony and warm friendship. He preached one of the anniversary sermons at my chapel, last August, and I well remember him saying that he should like to preach as long as he lived, and live as long as he could preach. I feel much impressed with the solemnity of this occasion, but I do not view it with gloomy solemnity. Yet the death of any man, however obscure, is a solemn event; and in proportion to a man's station, and the usefulness of that man in the station he fills, so in proportion is the solemnity of his removal. We have lost a brother, a friend, and a fast friend. We have lost a great man; a prince in Israel has fallen, with the sword in his hand, on the battle-field. He hath 'finished his course,' he kept 'the faith,' and he now possesses a crown of glory that 'fadeth not away.' Some men we have known and loved who are great in some things, but I consider our brother Foreman was a great man in many things. We have not now his equal. He was as a tender nurse to the new-born babe. John Foreman was ready if there was a cry to run and give nourishment and advice to the humblest babe in grace. He was also one of the boldest of heroes in the defence of the everlasting Gospel of the blessed God. He feared no man, and we may say of him, with truth,

' Was there a lamb in all the fold  
That he disdained to feed?  
Was there a foe before whose face  
He feared God's cause to plead?'

Let us bear in mind, then, what he was he was by the grace of God. He was not a man-made minister, but a minister made by the grace of God. He owed all to the grace of a Covenant God. I have no disposition to speak against human eloquence, but our brother had not many opportunities of acquiring polish by education. But he had a rich experience of the Gospel given to him by the ever-blessed Eternal Spirit. There was a deep well in his soul; the Spirit qualified him to bring out the same blessed truths he had tasted, handled, and felt of the Word of Life. He loved a free salvation through the grace of God, and he bore an uniform testimony to the great saving eternal truths; he had one object in view, the glory of God in the salvation of the whole election of grace. I have heard him say, more than once, "When I think how deeply I am indebted to God for his grace to me, what obligation I am under, I feel I cannot do half enough." He was not sparing of his labour; he lost no opportunity to be useful. But don't let us

forget our brother was a God-made minister, and therefore this church must look to God for another. The same God who made our departed brother can make hundreds and thousands more. It is especially for this church and people, who are so deeply interested, who are placed in circumstances new to you, to seek the Lord's direction in the choice of another pastor. It is for you to ask God to send you a pastor after his own heart. But then he says, he will be inquired of by the house of Israel to do these things for you. There are sacred and devout recollections connected with the removal of such a man, at least, with each of us who were associated with him. When in the future we think of him, we think of heaven; when we think of him, what he was by the grace of God, the thought is calculated to stimulate us in our work and make us press forward. His life also must influence his family, some of whom are following their father's God and their mother's God. May each of you be partakers of the same grace, and live in the prospect of the same glorious eternity. But without being washed in the same fountain, and clothed in the same robes, you cannot inherit the same inheritance. There is but one way, Christ is the way. Then, in conclusion, I would say to my old friends of this church, look out for a man to preach the same truths. But don't be too particular as to manner; every man has his own peculiarities as to manner, unless he be a mere mimic; and such a man is despicable. I hope God will send you a man to labour as long and be as useful among you, for your sake and for his own glory.

After singing "May He by whose kind care we meet,"

Mr. CROWTHER addressed the meeting:—"Christian Friends,—This is a day when there are unmistakeable attacks on truth, and when the praise of man is sought more than the praise of God. When, therefore, a man who was as a pillar to us is taken away, we cannot but feel that it is a loss which we are bound to mourn. But then our minds are subdued by the remembrance that our God is in heaven, and doeth whatsoever He will. Then blessed be our Lord, our rock; let the "God of our salvation be exalted." Brother Foreman has finished his work; he is gone home; and it may be difficult for this church to find a successor; but God can find you another. I hope this church will never seek one from any other source. Ask of God, and then wait till He gives you one. This is a day of great degeneracy, and every one who loves the truth should stand prominently forward in its defence. Our brother served his day and generation, and it was the will of God that he should fall asleep. There are many things to discourage us on every hand; but, nevertheless, there are many things to encourage us. We know time, with all its trials, will soon be past; like a tale that is told do our lives vanish; earth is but a shadow. While in heaven there is a grandeur, an eternity of immutable blessedness, which will never fade. Here we are, for a little time, amid trouble and turmoil; but we are happily reminded there 'remaineth a rest for the people of God.' When we look at this world, the way in which our Lord is pleased to move and act, we sometimes think there must be a great deal of confusion; but this is because we cannot understand the secret workings of God. There is order in all things, in things which appear to us to be all confusion. Each of us have places to fill; our brother had an important place, and he had important gifts given him to fill that

place. Let none of us suppose that he, or she, have no places to fill. Let none say, 'I am of no use to any one.' It does not matter however humble your position, there is a value connected with your life, and there will be an interest connected with your death when it comes. We have a work to do. It is not for us to doubt the means God employs. It is not for the common soldier nor the sailor to question the plans of his general or captain. It is for us to render unto God willing service. He hath formed a people for himself. The Church shall manifest His praise, not only collectively, but individually. This is not done merely by outward acts, but in the fire and in the waters of tribulation. We can never tell what the intentions of God are; it is his prerogative to lead the blind by a way they know not. He leads us in unknown paths—in paths that are strange to us—that we may be entirely depending on his Fatherly guidance. Nature does not prompt us thus to depend on God, but grace teaches us to be watchful under all circumstances. Whether our position be ever so humble, or in any degree exalted, we have each our work assigned us, and we should endeavour to do that work with a will and a purpose. In the present condition of this church you, the members, need especial watchfulness. We all have our natural feelings. There is much in human nature which admires natural gifts. There is so much in us calculated to lead us from the spiritual to the temporal. I hope the members of this church will keep together, and you will each seek the guidance of the Lord in all your steps. That none will seek in the choice of a minister, nor in other matters, to thrust yourselves forward beyond your proper responsibility. I pray that you may obtain another pastor, that this cause may flourish, that you may have happy deacons, a happy church, and a happy congregation. That you may keep together, pray together, walk together, and may you be blessed together. Never seek a man with mere gifts of education; it has its charms, I know; but seek a man, however humble, in whose heart God hath put this truth, and whose language is not the inspiration of man, but rather from the inspiration of God."

Mr. MILNER was next asked to address the meeting; but he said he having already spoken at the ground, he felt more disposed to give way to others who had not spoken. He, however, gave a few words of advice to the church and people, and then resumed his seat.

A verse was then sung, and Mr. ANDERSON, proceeding to offer a few remarks, said:—"It has been an exceedingly exciting day to me, and an exceedingly solemn day. I don't wish to cast a gloom over this assembly, but, after all the circumstances which call us together, they have a gloomy bearing. It is no trifle to this church to lose a minister who hath been over them such a number of years. It hath been said, and said truly, that brother Foreman's work is done. I had the pleasure of spending a little time with him the day after he preached his last sermon. I was under the impression he would never preach again. I asked him if there was anything in his creed, now in the evening of his days, that he had any wish to alter. He replied, simply but emphatically, 'No.' He could die, and he did die, in the faith which he had so constantly illustrated, expounded, and defended for so many years. We are absolutely certain that he has entered the pearly gates, and that he is at present with the Lord. His work is done; this is a solemn

fact to the churches generally. We all know, notwithstanding his great influence, which would have lifted up some men, and produced a stiffness in their bearing; yet, notwithstanding this influence, we had not a kinder brother in the ministry. We all found in him an affectionate and faithful adviser. When we went to him to consult him respecting our positions, or any movement, he would listen honestly and friendly to what we had to say, and he was never the man to betray any confidence placed in him. I will venture to say no one will charge brother Foreman with betraying any secrets. I have known him about twenty years. I remember the first sermon, and the text, that I heard him preach. I bless God for one remark that fell from his lips when he was preaching for me. He was speaking of certain indefiniteness of some persons' preaching. He said, 'I have never preached, and, by the help of God, I never will preach, any other gospel than that which has saved my own soul.' I confess I am much indebted to my brother Foreman, and I am much indebted to him for that observation. He is now gone into his rest. He has left behind him an influence, and I have a melancholy pleasure in being present. I felt I must be here to express my sympathy towards the memory of this great and good man. But, however, he owed all to the grace of God. He, like me, was the black sheep of the family, but we were saved by the same grace." In conclusion, Mr. Anderson also offered a few observations on the choice of a pastor, and impressed on the church the necessity of placing implicit confidence in the judgment of their deacons.

Mr. DICKERSON, in a few observations, offered in pleasing testimony as the oldest and most mutual friend of the deceased, said, no one knew him so long, nor loved him so well; but, as he was to preach his funeral sermon, he should defer his remarks, and,

After singing, Mr. WISE concluded with prayer.

It might be stated that the speakers were chosen as being the oldest and most intimate friends of the deceased.

[Owing to our desire to give a full report of the services on the day of the funeral, we are compelled to defer the Funeral Sermon till next month.—ED.]

#### ITEMS FROM THE PUBLIC PRESS.

Several of the papers gave special notice of Mr. Foreman's funeral. We here give a few of their remarks.

FUNERAL OF A RENOWNED ROADSIDE PREACHER.—The mortal remains of one of the heads of the Strict Baptist Denomination were carried to the grave at Kensal-green Cemetery, surrounded by weeping relatives and friends, and followed by a great concourse of admirers, whose demeanour manifested profound respect for the character of the deceased. This was Mr. John Foreman, until his death, the pastor of Mount Zion Baptist Chapel, Hill-street, Regent's park. W. The body, contained in an oak coffin with brass nails and gilt ornaments, was deposited in the first instance within the chapel devoted to the unconsecrated portion of the burial ground; and beside the immediate family mourners there stood, near to it, Mr. Crowther, Gomersall, Leeds; Mr. Palmer, Hornerton; Messrs. Hasleton and Carpenter, London; Mr. Seers, Laxfield, Suffolk; Drs. Lyle and Lane, the medical attendants of the deceased, and the deacons of his own chapel, Messrs. Robins, Buckle, Wilson, Beazley, Harris, Tinson, and Baker. The service for the dead was celebrated by Mr. S. Milner, of Keppel-street chapel, Mr. F. Dickerson, of little Alie-street, Whitechapel, and Mr. S. Collins, of Grundisburgh, Suffolk. The former



gentleman, who, with Mr. Dickerson, occupied the pulpit or reading desk, recited a few appropriate passages from Scripture, and then proceeded to give a forcible, though simple, discourse upon death, quoting Bossuet's exclamation at the French king's magnificent funeral, "None is great but God," and dwelling at some length upon the Divine mercy which had robbed death of its sting for him who was spiritually born again. Referring to the deceased, he said he was budding into manhood, and had become a young athlete before he entered that state; and when he was spiritually only three years old, he was elected pastor of his native village. He afterwards removed to a chapel at Cambridge, where he remained six years, and then came to his London pastorate near to Hanover-gate, Regent's-Park, where his ministration extended over a period of 45 years; and had he lived till April next, he would have been 81 years of age. The coffin was conveyed to the grave, within which lay Mary Ann, the wife of the deceased, who died January 19, 1868. An immense crowd had assembled on the spot, and the coffin having been lowered, Mr. S. Collins, mounted on a tomb at the head of the grave, delivered a parting oration, going over the history of the deceased, whom he had known from childhood, and furnishing a striking account of what he called his miraculous conversion in 1812. Previous to that he was the terror of his native village; but afterwards became its idol, and a welcome roadside preacher in nearly every part of no fewer than twenty-five English counties. Repeatedly he had preached as many as ten sermons a week, always displaying novelty and freshness, and down to the hour of his death his life was "commercially, morally, and religiously without blemish." A hymn sung by the multitude concluded the funeral service.—*The Daily News*.

A weekly journal said—

"There are probably few parts of the country possessing Baptist chapels of the "High Calvinistic" order, where the name of Mr. John Foreman is unknown. Five-and-twenty years ago few of the fraternity outshone Mr. John Foreman. His services were in constant request, and multitudes were edified by his homely and pungent sermons. Mr. Foreman departed this life at the patriarchal age of eighty years. He was born in April, 1790, at Laxfield, Suffolk, of humble parents, and during his boyhood obtained such education as the village school afforded. His first religious impressions, which led to a public avowal of the Christian faith, occurred in the year 1811, and determined his future career, for he soon became a preacher of the Gospel. Having ministered with acceptance in his native village, he was naturally wanted in other places, and in the course of time became settled in Cambridge over a church formed, we believe, by his own influence. It was in the year 1828 that Mr. Foreman was induced to remove to London, to co-operate with a few zealous men and women in the Paddington district in the formation of a church of the faith and order to which they were in common attached. Thus began the fellowship at Mount Zion Chapel, Dorset-square, and Mr. Foreman continued to be the pastor for the rest of his life—a period of forty-four years. It may be said that his heart was always in his work; and having a fine presence and musical voice his message, lacked none of those adjuncts which help so largely to produce sympathetic congregations. We can well believe the report that multitudes of persons ascribed their conversion to his means. The late Sir John Thwaites, Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, was one of his devoted friends. Mr. Foreman was twice married, first in 1818 to Miss Chambers, by whom he had three sons and four daughters, and next, in 1844, to Miss Mary Ann Vorley, daughter of a wealthy Leicester woolstapler, and another daughter was added to the family. He has left no widow, but one son and three daughters survive to cherish the memory of their distinguished father."

We have endeavoured to meet the wishes of thousands of our readers, by giving them the fullest particulars connected with the Life, Death,

and Ministry of Mr. Foreman. We ask our friends to use their influence in their own connections; to obtain for our report in this number a large and extensive reading; because Mr. Foreman certainly was a representative man in our section of the Christian Church. He was an extraordinary man; and one that fully preached the Gospel of Christ: therefore, we present the whole of the professing churches this month, with the life and labours of one who was, as far as can be, a genuine successor of the Apostles, a true disciple of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The scurrilous and contemptible notice of the life and work of this good man in a contemporary shows clearly the cruel enmity of proud professors against the essential principles of the Gospel, especially in that unholy reference to a very painful controversy. The unhallowed spirit of such notices is the almost universal spirit which now worketh in all the churches, and (under cover) in nearly all the periodicals. Our own pulpits are nearly all filled with those who sneer at the original work of the Lord in making whom he will as ministers for his churches. We stand almost entirely alone. Polite "Creedsmen" on the one hand; and "Extreme Experience-men" on the other, leave us single-handed in our contention for that faith which leadeth to fellowship, and that fellowship which produceth fruit in accordance with the ministry of all the prophets and apostles, and of Christ himself. Our Correspondents who find their papers omitted must not be angry. All in due time.

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### SONNET ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN FOREMAN.

"How are the mighty fallen!"—2 SAM. 1—19.

A CHAMPION in God's sacramental Host has fallen,  
 And where's the warrior, faithful to the King of Kings,  
 His well-worn armour now will take, to keep it bright,  
 And wield his burnished sword against the powers of hell?  
 For sure the Prince of darkness—"power of the air"—  
 Since first he raised his rebel hand against Heaven's throne  
 Has ne'er, as now, led mightier chieftains to the fight.  
 The guise which they assume, and shibboleth they speak,  
 Would, were it possible, deceive e'en the Elect.  
 O thou, who hast the hearts of all men in thy grasp!  
 Give to thy Church successors to the valiant men\*  
 Of late removed from labour here, to rest in heaven.  
 Yea, give thy mourning, struggling saints once more to know  
 That, verily, a God still reigneth in the earth.

Totteridge, Feb. 19, 1872.

ROBERTUS.

\* Reference is here made to those honoured men, the Rev. W. Parks, B.A., Rev. J. C. Philpot, M.A., and Mr. Kershaw; whose memories will long linger over the churches of truth in this land.

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### PRODUCTIONS OF THE PRESS.

*A Brief Memoir of the Late Mr. George Murrell, &c.*—By W. Palmer, Homerton. London: Houlston & Sons. Exceedingly fond as we are of ministerial biography, this little pamphlet has been very quickly perused; and mingled feelings of pleasure and of pain were excited thereby. The late pastor of St. Neot's was one of those good men, whose personal acquaintance we were never favoured to enjoy. We met, and preached with him once; and only once we believe. That once was sufficient to produce a sacred love in our heart towards him, as a tender and faithful preacher for our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ: and during the last five-and-twenty or thirty years, we never thought of him but with reverent and affectionate esteem. When the unhappy division of his church occurred in his last days, it caused us anxiety and silent grief; knowing, as we did,

that all through his ministerial life, he had a thorn or two ; while as a pastor, no man ever worked, perhaps, in a much pleasanter field of labour. Mr. Palmer has very justly termed this, "A BRIEF Memoir : " and when we tell our readers that good George Murrell's long life of nearly eighty-eight years is all compressed in the space of about eighty small pages ; and that very many of those eighty pages are occupied with eloquent flowers of fancy on the one hand, and with severe criticisms on the other, they will be satisfied that the "Memoir" itself is BRIEF enough. We wish the Wyard disruption had been recorded in fewer words, and in a different spirit ; but some men are never more in their element than when they are fighting and fencing with their fellows. We cannot but feel disappointed when we find a life running over fourscore years pressed into so small a compass. We are not in the secret ; but the *brevery* of the book would seem to say, there was no material with which to extend the work ; or, that there was no one who had heart and head enough to give the churches, in a respectable volume, a memorial fairly illustrating what might be termed a successful, honourable, and unusually protracted ministerial career. But, we beg pardon, we are all getting *old* now. The Huntingdonshire patriarch has gone home ; his biographer is not a young man : the assailed Borough Green ex-pastor is gently retiring : every day somebody says, "James Wells will never preach again !" As to John Foreman, he has been frequently reported as dead ; this is now a solemn fact. The Suffolk Archbishop, Wright, of Beccles, like Simeon, is quite ready to depart : those valuable twin-brothers Cooper and Collins, are getting into the autumn of life : an immense army of blessed men have quitted the field : and not a few of us who are permitted to see the beginning of this 1872, might with propriety sing,

"We are to the margin come,  
And soon expect to die."

Hence, as so many of us are coming into what is generally termed our second childhood, we hope the more blythe and stalwart men who are waiting for our shoes will have a little patience with us, for, ere the glorious Gospel days on earth do come, of which many have written and spoken, we shall be gone. To have left behind us, therefore, a really good-tempered and handsome "Life of Murrell," would have done a little to remove the stigma that we Strict Baptists are so bitter and so bad. But Mr. Palmer's manner of dealing with his venerable

brother Wyard will not much help to destroy this unhappy impression.

*The Causes of the Decay of the Power of Divine Truth, &c.*—London : G. J. Stevenson. The writer of this tract seems to be a clever historian ; a careful critic ; and a correct expositor of certain weaknesses and deficiencies he has discovered in that connection with which he identifies himself. "One of Themselves" has entered upon a work awfully solemn ; and has touched some things we have mourned over, and suffered from, during the past thirty years : but "One of Themselves" has not yet laid open all the *causes* : nor do we expect he ever will. Three things have, we believe, united to weaken the churches referred to. First, twenty years ago, or more, the great leader preached at the opening of a new chapel in a large country district. Crowds of professing Christians were gathered together ; and the great preacher gave the Arminians such a thrashing as they never had before ! So says the gentleman who built the chapel. We can tell "One of Themselves" that this "thrashing" of other people has been one thing which has brought shame, reproach, and weakness upon our churches. Secondly. Is it not true that men of the weakest intellect, united to the most daring presumption, have been sent through the country for years as MINISTERS of CHRIST'S GOSPEL ? Then, thirdly ; read Psalm 1. 19, 20, 21, and we ask, has not the ETERNAL SPIRIT therein described the mischief, the malady, the murderous spirit ? And has not the threatened judgment been fulfilling now a long time ? We can, but now we shall not give the details in full.

*The Eternity of Future Punishment.*

—By B. H. Key. (Comr. R. N.) London : W. Hunt & Co. When learned men, and men who profess to fear God, can dare to deny solemn Scripture truths, and to becloud heaven's holy revelations, we cannot believe that they have ever received life or light from the Holy Spirit of God. He is the Spirit of TRUTH : He leadeth the quickened elect of God into all Truth ; and delivereth them from the delusions of a deceived heart, and from the temptations of the great adversary. One sentence in this book speaketh volumes to us : our author correctly says, "The right minded Christian does not attempt to fathom inscrutable decrees : he sees (eternal punishment) so plainly (declared) in Scripture, he dares not deny it." Indeed, a true Christian cannot deny any one thing which the Almighty Lord God hath revealed ; his reason may fail to understand all that

is revealed; but a true faith believeth; boweth down in sacred silence, and waiteth until the brighter day shall give the clearer vision: wherein the Righteousness, Justice, Wisdom, Mercy, and Power of Jehovah shall, in harmony appear. Real Christians will thank Commander B. H. Key for this faithful witness. The title-page bears the following expressive lines:

"Eternity! Eternity!!  
How long art Thou eternity?  
As long as God is God—so long  
Endure the pains of sin and wrong:  
So long the joys of heaven remain!  
Oh, lasting joy! Oh lasting pain!  
Ponder, O man, Eternity!"

*Four Sermons by Mr. William Crowther.* London: E. Paul. Four truthful Discourses, in an original, varied, edifying and intelligent style. We are cruel critics of sermons and of sermonizers. Nearly all we see or hear are like our second-hand clothes shops; and second-hand rubbish we thoroughly dislike. Nearly every preacher now-a-days has a few stereotypes, stale and unsavoury. Not so Mr. Crowther's sermons. Here is Christ in his soul-travail: here is the Christian's manifold Deliverance: here are Mysteries made Plain, and Secret things Discovered; and all so pure and good, that none but crabs can be displeased. We never knew before these sermons appeared that we had a sound Gospel preacher so choice in idea, so correct in the Covenant. We hope many thousands of these sermons will be circulated.

*The Life Boat.*—There is an awful grandeur in the sight when a big ship is out at sea in a dangerous hurricane, and the life-boat is ploughing the deep to reach and render her aid. The ship in danger makes one think of the sinner in the dreadful Jordan of Death, and a true minister of Christ seeking to rescue the dying man, by holding up the Cross, the Person, the Grace, and the Promise of Jesus Christ. Scenes most dreadful are these! And the life-boat, as well as the poor minister of Christ, often fails. The picture of "The Life Boat in Tow" is given in *Our Own Fireside*, a monthly of excellent varieties; edited by the Rev. Charles Bullock: published by Nisbet and Co.

*New York Examiner and Chronicle*—has a boldness and beauty about it, which makes us feel ashamed. It is the largest Baptist newspaper in America. The Baptists there have courage and talent, if they have not THE TRUTH. We do not know much of them. "Clever, hard, and sarcastic;" are the features of many who are well-paid professors of a Gospel not

always in harmony with the *letter* of the Word, much less the *Spirit*. We should closely examine ourselves, and get, if possible, the witness of God's Spirit, the testimony of Christ's own word, and the answer of a good conscience, all confirming us in the fact, that we are the Ambassadors of Christ, and that we shall not be ashamed in the great day.

*The Lord's Prisoner.*—London: published by Protestant Evangelical Mission, 14, Tavistock street, Covent Garden. That a servant of Christ could, in these days, be imprisoned for publicly defending Protestantism, is a dark fact we could not believe if this book did not, most dreadfully, put the matter beyond all dispute. Surely, the Lord will speedily deliver poor Mr. Mackey; while shame and sorrow shall confound his cruel persecutors. Mr. Mackey's pamphlet will arouse this nation to a sense of its danger, if it be not too far gone.

*Eighteenth Annual Report of the Rescue Society.* Offices, 85, Queen St., Cheapside. Mothers and daughters whose hearts and homes have been preserved in purity! unite to aid this society, whose aim is to remove one of the blackest blots which disgrace this nation. Send to Mr. Daniel Cooper for this Report, and pity, pray for, and help to rescue thousands of poor helpless victims from a dreadful end.

*Our Souls can Never Die.*—The terrible truth that, as regards man's soul,

"There's immortality within;  
'Tis writ on all men's mental pages:  
And, though the lamp is dimmed by sin,  
It burns to everlasting ages."

This deep fact is argued, unfolded, and defended by "One of the Old School" in a little work entitled *Man's Dignity and Destiny*; published by Nisbet and Shaw. Every doubter of the Doctrine of Eternal Punishment should, with prayer and patience, read this wise, calm, and most conclusive treatise, and its witnesses.

*A Christian Woman.*—Elliot Stock. A simple poetic pattern of one that hath faith in the Son of God, and whose whole life illustrateth the fruits of faith. Such Christian women are jewels of rare worth, whether as maidens or mothers as widows or wives.

*The Prophetic News,*—with which is now united *The Hebrew Christian Witness.* London: G. J. Stevenson. All students of the future will gladly welcome this neat and learned monthly.

*The City Diary for 1872,*—published by Messrs. Collingridge, is greatly improved in every department. As a desk-book for the citizens of London it is impossible to speak of it too highly.

## OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

### HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, COLNBROOK, BUCKS.

The Church at Colnbrook was formed April 14, 1708; and consisted of 13 persons, (9 male and 4 female), who entered into an agreement in the following terms:

"We, whose names are underwritten, having been baptised in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, upon the profession of our faith; and being convinced that it is moreover our duty to obey the rest of the institutions of our Saviour, and particularly those that relate to church order and discipline, do solemnly agree to join together in a Society or Church state, to carry on the worship of God together, and submit to all those ordinances that belong to such a Christian Society, according to the knowledge and those opportunities that God shall give us: being desirous to glorify God in a church relation, as well as to enjoy the privileges of that state. And we do hereby declare that we own our blessed Redeemer, Jesus Christ for our only Lord and Law-giver, and his sacred Word for our only rule of faith, worship, and life. And we solemnly agree to behave ourselves in a church relation in the management of all the affairs of the house of God, according to the best of our understanding, conformably to the Holy Scriptures, in which our Saviour has fully declared his will to us." In addition to the signatures of the members, it is stated that it was agreed to, and signed, in the presence of the following ministers, who appended their names as witnesses:—Josh. Stennett, John Pigott, Nathaniel Hodges, Benjamin Stinton, (an assistant to, and successor to the celebrated Benjamin Keach, who suffered much persecution for the cause of Truth), Thomas Aldridge, Anthony Burgess, and John Battall. The 26th of May, in the same year, was a day set apart for humiliation and prayer, to beg a blessing of God upon the church, and direction in their weighty affairs. At a church-meeting held on that day, it was resolved, "That, now having had large experience of the ability of our beloved brother John Bidell, with respect to the work of the ministry, do now solemnly call him forth to that great work in public, and to be our minister, being the great design and business of this day." Thus the first minister was chosen. About the same time are recorded their articles of faith, which are full and comprehensive, embracing a belief in a Trinity of Persons in the Godhead; the total ruin of man by the fall; God's love and choice of his people, and the provision for their salvation in the Covenant of Grace: with clearly expressed views concerning the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

No further record of the proceedings of the church occurs for ten years.

In April, 1718, two brethren were chosen deacons, and it was agreed that a meeting should be held, to beg of God to pour down a suitable measure of his Spirit and grace into their souls, whereby they might be enabled faithfully to discharge the great work he had called them to; and as soon as they could have a convenient opportunity, they should be ordained according to the order of the Gospel.

From this date to May, 1754, (thirty-six years), only two meetings of the church are recorded, and it is not known in what building they met for worship from the formation of the church to that time.

July, 1754. It is stated that the church meeting at Colnbrook, not having a place of their own to worship God, agreed to have a place by building, at their own expense, a place convenient for the same; a piece of ground being promised them to build on. The land was given, as promised, by Mr. Thomas Rayner: and the meeting-house was built, and opened on the 2nd of April, 1755. Mr. Anderson and Mr. Wallin, (London ministers), preached on the occasion. The 28th of May, in the same year, was appointed a day for fasting and prayer, to beg a blessing on the church: that the Lord would open the womb of conversion; bless the ministry; and pour down his gifts and graces upon each member; and that their choice might be directed by his good Spirit to one who should be called by them to the pastoral office; to watch over them in the Lord, and to increase their love to each other.

October 8, 1755, Mr. Thomas Chesterton was ordained to the pastoral office, the before-mentioned ministers taking part in the services. October 15, two deacons were ordained, and a charge given to them. December 6, Mr. Walker was ordained pastor of the church. Among the ministers who engaged in the service may be noted, Mr. Booth and Mr. Gill. Mr. Walker died July 13, 1792, having been in the ministry upwards of 56 years.

Mr. Lloyd accepted the pastorate November, 1794, and was ordained January, 1795.

On Lord's-day morning, May 24, 1801, while engaged in prayer, Mr. Lloyd was visited with a stroke, which rendered him helpless, and speechless: he died on the 30th of the same month. Mr. Lloyd was a man of some literary ability; his principal work was a reply to Dr. Tomlin, then Bishop of Lincoln, in defence of Calvinism. July 27, 1803, Mr. Rowles was called to the pastorate. January 24, 1820, Mr. Rowles fell down stairs and received such injuries, that he died four days after. His last words were, "Rest, rest! a hope full of immortality and eternal life: I shall be in glory to-morrow." Mr.

Rowles was upwards of fifty-four years in the ministry, the last eighteen at Colbrook. April 28, 1824, Mr. William Coleman was ordained pastor. Mr. Shenston, of White-chapel, Mr. Chin, of Walworth, Mr. Upton, of Blackfriars, engaged on the occasion. Mr. Coleman sustained the pastorate until August, 1845, when he removed to Bexley Heath; where he died October, 1848. He was interred in the ground adjoining the chapel at Colbrook. April 10, 1849, Mr. Lingley, now of Maidstone, was recognized pastor, and continued with the church until September, 1852, when he resigned. Sep. 12, 1858, Mr. Brunt, now of Norwich, accepted the invitation of the church to become pastor, and was ordained July 28, 1859: Messrs. P. Dickerson, C. Box, J. Bloomfield, G. Wyard, taking part in the services. Mr. Brunt concluded his pastorate, December 20, 1863. Mr. S. Kevan, now of Wandsworth, became pastor of the church December, 1865, concluding his pastorate, February, 1870.

During the ministry of Mr. Kevan, the Jubilee of the Sabbath School was celebrated, and a movement commenced for the erection of a School Room, and the thorough repair of the Chapel, both of which was greatly needed. It was determined by the church and congregation to commence a fund for the above objects, as a memorial of the Sabbath School Jubilee. But upon further consideration, after an examination of the Chapel had been made, it was deemed undesirable to expend money on repairs: it was therefore decided to make an effort for the erection of a new chapel and school-room. This movement so far advanced, that in August of last year, the old chapel was taken down and a new one commenced. On Thursday, September 14, the memorial stone was laid by Mr. John Rayner, the great grand-son of Mr. T. Rayner, who originally gave the land for the chapel and burial ground, to whom we are now indebted for an additional piece of land, required by the erection of school-room. We were favoured on that occasion with the presence and help of several ministers, and many friends from other churches. The fathers in Israel, Foreman and Dickerson gave words of wise and weighty counsel; and the brethren, Kevan, Meeres, Bardens, and Styles spoke truthfully and encouragingly. The kind words and loving spirit manifested by the venerable John Foreman made a deep impression, and now that we shall see his face, and hear his voice no more, will be treasured in affectionate remembrance. The Chapel is far advanced towards completion, and we expect to hold our opening services in the month of April. While we thankfully acknowledge the good hand of our God in prospering us thus far in a work which we trust was begun in his fear and with a desire for his glory, we are conscious that much yet remains to be done. Our pecuniary liabilities are somewhat heavy. The total cost of the building, with the necessary fittings, etc., will not be less than £800; but of this sum we have realized nearly £500, and we are now looking forward to our opening day, with the

hope that many friends will visit us, and that those whom the Lord has blessed with the means will be disposed to assist the church and congregation, so that, if possible, our new sanctuary may be free from debt.

Having given a sketch of the history of this ancient church, with a statement of the work in which we are now engaged, it may not be out of place, in this day of change, to recall some of the words of our revered friend, John Foreman. When addressing us he said, The Church at Colbrook remains the same, what it was in faith and practice at its commencement 164 years since, it is now. This is an encouragement to us who are feebly attempting to carry on the cause of God in succession to the fathers who have gone to their heavenly home. Our desire and prayer is, that what the church was and is, it may yet remain: ever contending earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints.

**BILLINGHAY.**—Singular proof of par-souic zeal has been witnessed in this Lincolnshire village: a minister will travel several miles to come here to preach sometimes to half-a-dozen people; and this he has done for a considerable time. If all our ministers were as self-sacrificing, what might we not hope for? But, if all "Village Preachers" were as unsuccessful in winning souls, I, for one, should faint, I fear. Billingham is not without the Gospel. Near thirty years ago the Lord put it into the heart of our Christian brother, Mr. Stubbley, (now of Liquepond street, Boston: then a farmer in Billingham), to erect a substantial Strict Baptist Chapel, in the said village of Billingham. Accordingly, friend Stubbley went to work: two others helped him: they obtained land; travelled and begged all the money, (save the good sized sums they began the subscription list with themselves.) Mr. Philpot opened the place about 27 years since: when crowds of people flocked to hear the Gospel; and Mr. Skipworth has been the honoured pastor of the Church the whole time. The Baptist Hand-Book says Mr. Skipworth was settled in 1868: that must be an error; as Mr. Skipworth is one of those honourable, beloved and useful pastors, who continue in the same faith: in the same fold: and in the same fellowship, for more than a quarter of a century; a pattern of patient perseverance in feeding the flock of slaughter—and in adorning the doctrines of the gospel he has preached. Mr. Hazlerigg, and Mr. Tryon occasionally preach for Mr. Skipworth; and the Church, though not very numerous, have long enjoyed Christian fellowship, and true peace.

**GLASGOW.**—Our excellent brother, J. T. Messer, has been tripped up (like ourselves) with bad cold, &c. The Lord has raised him again; and he is travelling and lecturing in those cold corners, the far-off parts of Scotland. Many, many years has he laboured to lift up frail mortals from the depths of misery. God's great day alone will fairly tell the amount of good that one devoted man has done.

## A VOICE FROM AMERICA TO OUR CHURCHES IN ENGLAND.

To the Editor of *The Earthen Vessel*.

I wish I could be with you January 15, 1872. I well remember the meeting in Tooley street, some eleven years ago. I have been at a great many meetings, but never was I at such a meeting as that in my life. I well remember the shake-hand that Mr. James Wells gave your brother John; Dr. Hugh Allen was standing by me at the time, and said, "Amen,"—as though it was him that was a party to the action between his brother Churchman, your brother, and James Wells. I think Mr. Bennett had just arrived in England from America at the time, and spoke also. Altogether, it was a glorious day for you at that time.

Many days have passed since then; you are still preserved; still captain of the little *Vessel*. You and it have weathered many a storm on the sea and on the land: enemies, and professed friends, as one man against you; but, still you hold on your way, because you have stood boldly up for Gospel truth all over dear old England. May you still stand in the strength of him that leadeth all his sent servants to their desired haven at last. May you and all the ministers and friends of truth that meet at Johnson street on January 15, have, what they call in this country, "a good time." May all value their being able to meet to help the Editor of *The Earthen Vessel* through this vale of tears, to lighten his load in the strength of the Lord. I, for one, should like to see *The Earthen Vessel* published every week, with a sermon from some minister of truth; and all the news of the churches in England, and in other lands. Friends, in London, you can do this, if you will. Do not fall out about little things, by the way.

Mr. C. W. Banks has been for many years in the Lord's hands, taking away the stones that lay between party spirits; he has tried to bring the one family together to partake of the water from the one Rock, Jesus Christ. Try and help him more and more in his undertaking to do his work with more ease: he cannot know much comfort, traveling as he does thousands of miles every year for the good of the church of Christ, all over the world. We, in America, feel the want of such men sent by God to preach the everlasting Gospel. We cannot have our meetings, such as you expect to have at Notting Hill. We have no true Gospel minister that requires our sympathy as Charles Waters Banks does. May all feel an interest in these things more and more. Stand fast by the one eternal truth, preached by such men as C. W. Banks, J. Foreman, James Wells, and many others. This is the wish and desire of yours in the one faith,

ROBERT LEE.

61, Main street, Brooklyn, New York.

January 2, 1872.

[We warmly thank brother Lee for his true sympathy. Our meeting on January

15, was a blessed season, as our report will show when issued. We made an effort at our meeting to bring some of the brethren together, who stand off in their party distinctions; but our kindness was met by cruelty: the fact is, there are many who profess to hold Gospel truth, but they are hostile. Nevertheless, hitherto our Lord has been abundant in mercy: our *Vessel* goes forth increasingly; we would have a penny weekly supplementary *Vessel*, and report all the proceedings of all our churches. A most useful Baptist weekly might be issued.—E.D.]

STEPNEY.—"Gideon's conquest of the Midianites" was the subject Mr. Thomas Stringer selected for the ministers to speak upon at his anniversary, January 30, 1872, when a crowded audience listened attentively to the words spoken by the chairman, Charles Spencer, Esq.; by the pastor, Mr. Thomas Stringer; by the good deacon, Mr. G. Baldwin, and by the ministering brethren R. Eearle, Thomas Steed, G. Reynolds, R. A. Lawrence, W. H. Lee, C. W. Banks, and others. We were thankful to see brother Stringer surrounded by such a numerous army. He is now, for boldness, decision, and stirring faith, almost the only man left to go in the front. We have a few men, really good men, who can preach the gospel; but, whether we review this section or that section of the Strict Baptist churches, our men of original thought, of unction, and of spiritual power, appear few and far between. Some are witnessing in sackcloth, some stand shivering on the brink, and some are just rising up. However, whether by us or by others, whether by many or by few, the Saviour's great word is true: "Other sheep I have; them also I must bring." Let every good man work well while it is called to-day—the night soon cometh, wherein no man can work.

CHELTENHAM.—Another of the "Standard" veterans, Mr. Gorton, has been near his end; we believe he is raised again. We hope in the few days or years he may yet have to live, he will speak more mercifully of some of his brethren than some have done. Mr. Joseph Flory is favoured to preach in liberty at the ancient Bethel. It is a mercy to be really useful in Christ's vineyard in these days.

CLERKENWELL.—We believe Mr. R. Luckin still lays in affliction; what it is, we know not. Like our brother, Mr. James Wells, Mr. Luckin is long holden in the deep waters. How mysterious to us. We cannot tell why these things are. Woodbridge chapel thirty-ninth anniversary was holden in February. Our curate, Mr. Davis, received a handsome present for his kind services in January. We are thankful, seeing our beloved pastor cannot come to us, that the Lord doth so bless the curate in his ministry.

CLARE, SUFFOLK.—It hath pleased the Lord to remove by death Mr. John Bard, one of the members of the church of Christ worshipping at Clare. For thirty years he has, through grace, maintained an honourable standing; his loss to the church is deeply regretted. He had for some time past been under medical treatment, yet nothing serious was apprehended. On Sunday, November 26, 1871, at the close of the morning's worship, I received the following note from him:—"My dear brother in Jesus; may grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you, and your dear pastor, in that precious, dear, and almighty name of Jesus; and all the dear saints with you, now and for ever. Amen. I want you to come up and see me directly after you have dined, as I have had a special notice from the King. Yours in Christ Jesus, J. Bard." Accordingly, I went, not for one moment thinking this would be the last time I should ever again see him in this vale of tears. On entering his room I found him sitting on his couch, his countenance beaming with pleasing anticipations, and in a happy state of mind. After I was seated, he addressed me somewhat as follows: "My dear brother, I am glad to see you. I have not sent for you to pray for me; I feel I do not need your prayers now, nor ever shall again, as I shall soon be at home; but, I have sent for you to praise God on my behalf. I have had a special visit from heaven. The Lord appeared to me last night, and filled my soul with glory; so much so, that I could not long have borne up under the pressure. I have now got what I have been praying for thirty years. I shall not be here long, I live by the minute; and am waiting and looking for his appearing to take me home. The ninetieth Psalm has been sweet and precious to me, I have realized the blessedness of it in my soul, and can confidently say the Lord has been my dwelling place in all generations." I thought, dear saint of God, how favoured you are to enjoy so much nearness and communion with your divine Lord as you draw near your journey's end. Nevertheless, something within me seemed to say you may need our prayers again, as you have not yet passed the Jordan of death. I left him under emotions better felt than described. He remained in this happy state several days, when infinite wisdom saw fit to change the scene: how distressingly painful the rest of his journey! painful as it was, I know it was right, because he sent it, and sure I am that,

"Every dark and bending line  
Meets in the centre of his love."

On the following Sabbath day, when I arrived at chapel, I found, on enquiring, he was sunk into a state of insensibility. Another week passed over: I found him much worse. I felt distressed, and begged earnestly of the Lord, if it was his will, he would restore him, if only for a short time; but this boon was not granted. Thus, after seven weeks of great mental suffering, he

died without a struggle, on Saturday evening, January 27, 1872. His mortal remains were interred in the Baptist chapel cemetery, on Tuesday, February 3, 1872, there to rest till the resurrection morning; then, without doubt, he will rise in the likeness of his adorable Lord, when soul and body will be re-united, to triumph forever in that great salvation which he delighted in while here below.

ROBERT PAGE.

SPALDING.—LOVE LANE CHAPEL.—This ancient, but now modernized, sanctuary was re-opened for the worship of Israel's Triune God on Lord's-day, February 4, by Mr. Pickworth, of London, who preached sermons to a respectable and attentive audience, and conducted prayer meeting in afternoon. On Monday afternoon Mr. C. W. Banks was expected to preach, but was ill, and unable to attend in time. Mr. W. Wilson, of Billingbro', preached. At 5 a large number of friends sat down to tea in the chapel. In evening, a public meeting was held. Mr. C. W. Banks (who, though still unwell, came down by the 5 train) was unanimously called to the chair. After the meeting had been opened by singing and prayer, Mr. Banks made some pertinent remarks; addresses were delivered by Messrs. Preston, Wilson, Margerum, Porter, and Banks. The meeting was interesting, and the speeches were listened to with marked attention. On Lord's-day, the 11th, Mr. J. Vincent, of Newcastle, preached morning and evening, and conducted prayer meeting in afternoon: the congregations throughout have been good, and collections liberal. With regard to the chapel everybody seemed astonished at the change. The old chapel was a double-roofed, rickety, tottering, uncomfortable old place, with uneven floor, high-backed, old fashioned, domitory looking, tumble down, family pews; the windows in danger of being blown out. The restored chapel is really a trim looking, smart, substantial place, with comfortable seats, new floor, new pulpit, strong single pretty, neat windows—indeed, altogether another thing: to effect this alteration some £200 have been expended; a considerable balance is still needed; the people are few, and not rich in this world's goods, therefore, the assistance of a benevolent and Christian public is sorely needed and earnestly solicited. The Lord bless the services both to ministers and hearers; may there be a revival, a real infusion of spiritual life given to the people; may their members be increased, and their unity, peace, and prosperity established.

J. A. MARGERUM.

LEICESTER.—This large and prosperous central town, is well supplied with faithful Gospel ministers, (so writes a friend.) For the help of Christian travellers will some one give us correct information of the good men who preach Christ's Gospel there; and in what parts of Leicester they are to be found?



## BOSTON BAPTIST CHURCHES.

After the opening services at Love Lane, Spalding, Monday, February 5, 1872, I laid me down to rest in Rose cottage, on Mr. Wilkinson's Nursery Grounds. I was as ill with tearing cough as ever I was in my life; but in the night, the following words rolled freely over my soul, "That in the ages to come He might shew the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us through Christ Jesus." Next morning, went to Boston; and on the station I was met by four of the most devoted sons of Zion as shall be found anywhere—Deacons Lill, and Stubble: Pastor David Wilson; and a deeply-tryed but blessedly-instructed brother in Christ—whose heart-tales, if well told, might prove an healing balm to many a contrite spirit. I heard Brother Lill pour forth such a prayer before the throne of our God as made me to feel certain he was a heir of heaven; and a man building on the foundation the Lord Himself has laid in Zion. We had blessed meetings—but a report of them I expect from a friend to the Church there. I wrote the following note in rail-car, as the steamer hurried me home.

BOSTON, Feb. 8, 1872.—At 5, I left Boston once more; beloved David Wilson and James Wortley accompanying me to the station. Kind and faithful Christian men and women stand by our brother Wilson; and the Church with him appear to be favoured with Christian unity and spiritual fervour; and an increase of humble and happy souls. I had a fair view of the different professing Churches in this town. I cannot think that any true Church stands in a more healthy condition than does our Boston Baptist Church, in Trinity street, near the railway station, under the pastorate of good David Wilson. William Felton's "Ebenezer," and John Stevens's "Salem," like two twins, are close enough to each other; but of their prosperity or condition, I cannot write this month. The General Baptists are a highly respectable community; but their faith and mine are so different, that I dare not bid them God-speed. But let me say, without the slightest hesitation, that Antinomianism in its worst forms; Fullerism, in its lowest degree; Unitarianism, in its softest raiment, and in its most attracting charitable garments; these, and other unhappy powers, have so crippled the pure Gospel of Christ, that it is truly miraculous it existeth at all. But Jesus lives: some of his saved ones dwell at Boston; therefore that "clean vessel," David Wilson, must needs go there. Ten thousand blessings attend his preaching—his person—and his people. So prays,  
C. W. B.

BOSTON.—Special services were held at Bethel chapel, Trinity street, Boston (the scene of brother D. Wilson's labour) on the 6th and 7th of February. On Tuesday, the 6th, Mr. C. W. Banks arrived by the noon train from Spalding (where he had been at work the previous day, and where we hope that the dear Lord will revive his work, and crown the labours of his servants with abun-

dant success), and preached in the afternoon; after which, an excellent tea, provided in the chapel, was partaken of by the many friends who favoured us with their company. In the evening a meeting was held, when addresses were delivered by Messrs. Burgess, Wilson, and Banks—brother Banks dwelling at great length upon the dark mystery and the four angels. On Wednesday, the 7th, brother Banks preached in the evening to a good congregation, and I verily believe the Lord was with us, thus fulfilling his own gracious promise. The sum of £9 12s. was raised by the tea and collections, which calls for our thanks to the friends, but especially to him who owns the earth and the treasures thereof. We do not find the sea of time to be always calm and bright; the cause of truth has here suffered much in times past from *professed* friends; and our prayer is that the Lord may bless the labours of his servant, and himself redress the wrongs inflicted.  
Your's very truly,  
JOSEPH WORTLEY.

SWINESHEAD.—Mr. William Hawkins, Author of the Sunday-school Hymn Book, has left Norwich, and is now the minister of the Baptist Chapel, at Swineshead, near Boston, Lincolnshire. Mr. Hawkins has had a large and varied experience in the work of the ministry; and he appears to be just commencing a hopeful and happy pastorate at Swineshead. Many ministers have had *short* pastorates here; and the Swineshead Church has been represented as difficult to please; but, when men assume the pastoral office without any commission or qualification from the High Court of Heaven, they only burden and distress the Churches: they cannot bless them. Let the Swineshead Church have a man of God—a man full of the Holy Ghost—full of truth and the Spirit and wisdom of Christ, and the Church here will be truly thankful; so believes,  
THE ANCIENT W—.

DEATH OF MR. THOMAS WARREN.  
OF BRAINTREE, ESSEX.

Miss Warren writes us, her beloved father died February 5, 1872. Just before his death, he said, "I shall for ever be like my dear Lord: I have walked, preached, and lived Christ, and I can die upon what I have preached over fifty years."

[Of the life, faith, and work of this good minister, we hope particulars will be furnished. We always esteemed him; although, of late years, we heard but little of him.—ED.]

CHELTHENHAM.—We are bound to rejoice in the hope that our brother Joseph Flory's indefatigable labours at Bethel, Cheltenham, are followed by cheering prospects. Oh, that our God would give us all a Christ exalting pentecostal shower! Brother Flory holds a short afternoon service, which are often useful to those who cannot get out morning or evening.

THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY  
OF THE  
STRICT BAPTIST CHURCH AT  
WINDSOR.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I wish you to publish the way in which the Lord led me to Windsor. I had been preaching at Ripley and Hounslow for a long time, till the beginning of the year, when I had one Lord's-day at liberty. I made up my mind to go to London, to hear brother Bloomfield in the morning, and brother Wells in the evening; but, to my surprise, brother Smith, of Windsor, came to my house at Staines, and asked me where I was going on the next Lord's-day. I told him to London: he said, "You must not go: there are a few come out of Victoria street chapel, and we wish you to come and preach to us." I told him if they had come out on the principles of free-grace and strict communion I would preach to them: which I did. After this they were formed into a church on free grace principles, and chose me unanimately to be their pastor. The Lord so blessed my labours that we were forced to take a larger place, and fit it up for the worship of the blessed God, which cost us £20 19s., which was paid in one year.

In that place Mr. Lillycrop began to feel at home with free-grace preaching, and always sat under my ministry when he was at Windsor. The Lord blessed my labours, both in building up his dear people, and gathering into his church. He made me the means of bringing two dear souls to love his blessed name, who before hated the doctrines of sovereign grace, and they were manifested to be the children of God; and after a short illness the Lord took away a beloved son to himself, and I was honoured to bury him, with a good hope of meeting him in glory. After this I had great trials.

On June 8, 1867, as I entered the passage leading up to the rooms in William street, something seemed to say, "This door will be shut against you:" then, in a moment, the Lord said to me, "I set before you an open door, and no man shall shut it." So powerful was the voice, that I could not help telling the people that morning that I felt assured if that door was shut, the Lord would open another. After the morning service, a lady put into my hands a letter, and said it came from Mrs. Lillycrop; which I put into my pocket, thinking it was to go to her house to tea. I went that Lord's-day to brother Lloyd's to dinner; and while there, I took the letter out of my pocket to read it; and, to my surprise, found I had, with the deacons, to go to Mrs. Lillycrop to receive £100 towards the building of a Strict Baptist chapel. After this, I was tried with hot fiery trials; but, blessed be a Covenant God, he kept me by his mighty power. In this hour of trial some of the people at William street wished me to have a month's rest, as they called it, till I had got out of trouble. At this time, the sister of the brother before mentioned, with some others,

went to the railway station with me, wishing me to let them know if I came any where near to preach.

After this, I received a letter from William street, to ask me to come to preach a farewell sermon, as they thought the Lord had done with me at Windsor; which I never have done yet. After this, I received a letter from a friend, in which he said, his dear sister was dead, would I come and bury her? Blessed be God, she died singing. I believe God gave me these as seals to my ministry; I believe they are in heaven.

The cause got down in William street, and I undertook to go down to the prayer meetings on week evenings, and we began to feel at home together. Our God began to fulfil his promise, given me June 8, 1867, to open a door for me. After trying for several plots of ground, the two deacons, with other friends, and myself, purchased a plot of ground, beautifully situated in the Grove road, to build a house for God upon. We, therefore, entered upon the work at once; and we rejoice to say the building is completed; £338 is already paid since June, 1871.

Have I not, dear brothers and sisters in covenant grace, every reason to believe the Lord is with us at Grove road, Windsor? The Lord told me, that they that build the house shall live in it, "and they that plant the vineyard, shall eat the fruit thereof." I am happy to say myself, and my dear friends at Grove road do: for on January 14, the most Holy, the High, the Glorious, and the Blessed Redeemer, Lord God Almighty, was made manifest to our souls, at Grove road chapel. Yes, the Lord is with us, and we fear not what man can say.

Yours in covenant love,

THOMAS DRAKE.

[This testimony we dare not withhold. If this is not the Lord's work, we are deceived; and if the Lord has helped his few people to build a house for his name, we dare not think lightly of it; although, friends write to warn us. We hope the Lord will bring all his people together.—ED.]

NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. Silverton and his friends are expecting soon to build a large chapel in the Mansfield road. "One of the Baptists" says, Mr. Silverton has done a great work in the three last years, and is still preaching to large audiences in one of the public halls. We have nothing of this rapid prosperity in any of the London churches, who are recognized as sound in the faith, and standing in the living experience of the truth. If Mr. Silverton's ministry is God's instrument for gathering to Christ, "at the rate of one hundred souls per annum," he must be considered a very highly favoured man of God in these times. We are looking at much that is done now. An "Aged Servant" says, "It is the axe and hammer work," preparing materials for the spiritual temple.

## THE LATE MR. J. SOUTHAN.

[The widow of this useful servant of Christ in the gospel sends us the following.—ED.]

DEAR SIR,—With deep regret I write to confirm the sad tidings that reached you of the death of my dear husband. He was preaching at Kingston, December 3, 1871, and was concluding his sermon with the last verse of the hymn, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," when he sat down: he described the sensation that came over him as though he had received a violent blow on the head: he rallied towards evening; I got him home; but the doctor gave me no hope of him; he said, he was worn out; a strange thing to say of a man in his fifty-seventh year, but it was quite true. He died on the 8th, after five days illness: his end was peaceful. He called in our eldest son, a lad of fifteen, and gave him some parting advice, and told him to obey his mother in all things: at two in the morning he took his last farewell of our daughter; but, he said it was not forever: indeed, he was talking to one or the other all night; and very blessed it was to be with him, though his sufferings were very great. His last words were, "Mother, is this the end?" I said, "No, it is the beginning of days to you." He answered, "Amen! Amen!" Then he laid himself down, and life gently ebbed away.

He was born at Loddiswell, in Devonshire: was apprenticed to a miller at Loddiswell Mill, where he remained till he was twenty-one; he was called by grace when he was about seventeen. I have often heard him talk about some of the godly women that used to meet for prayer at the little chapel at Loddiswell; and he never lost the savour of their prayers for him when he was coming to London, which he did at the age of twenty-two. Soon after he came to London he went to Founder Hall, and sat under the ministry of Mr. Thomas Palmer. Afterwards, he went to hear Mr. Newborn, in John street; he baptized him. The church thought he had ministerial gifts, and he had to exercise them before the church; they were satisfied, and he was sent out: he was then about twenty-nine or thirty. In 1848, he was called to take the pastorate of the church at West Ham; he remained there till 1854, when he resigned, and from that time he has been fully employed in supplying churches, in the country mostly; sometimes at Artillery lane on a Monday evening; but he was always engaged. He baptized many; some at West Ham, Waltham Abbey, Rehoboth, Leatherhead, Kingston, Ilford, Artillery lane, and many other places. I believe the Lord made him very useful, and he had great enjoyment in his work. He had been much at Kingston lately, and I shall ever bear in mind their Christian love and sympathy in this sore trial: but, I must refrain.

Yours in Christian love,

ANNIE SOUTHAN.

54, Mansell street.

The following letter was sent to the bereaved widow:—

MY DEAR SISTER IN JESUS,—At our monthly meeting on the 2nd inst., in Little Ailie street chapel, the name of your departed husband was mentioned with sincere respect, he having been a useful member with us for many years, and a willing and acceptable minister among our churches, both in town and country proclaiming the discriminating truths of the gospel with solemnity and fidelity; having served his generation honourably, the Lord has called him to his eternal rest. The churches have lost a useful preacher, you have lost a good husband, and your children a good father. The brethren unite in sincere sympathy, and earnest prayer on behalf of you and yours. The Lord support and comfort you from day to day, and may you prove him to be "a father of the fatherless, and the judge of the widow." Your's, on behalf of the Association,  
THOMAS AUSTIN, Hon. Sec.

London Baptist Ministers' Itinerant Association, Frampton House, 77, Well street, South Hackney.

## SURREY TABERNACLE BENEFIT SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this Society was held in the vestry of the Surrey Tabernacle, Wansey street, Walworth road, on the 30th of January. Mr. Butt presided; and there was a good attendance of Members. The report for the year 1871, with the balance sheets was unanimously adopted by the meeting. The income for 1871, was £1625; the expenditure £1232: thus showing a clear profit of £393 on the year. The several gentlemen who retired from the management by rotation were unanimously re-elected; as were also the two auditors, who bore testimony to the excellent manner in which the Society's accounts were kept. The Chairman made some appropriate remarks on the great usefulness of the Society for many years past, and expressed a strong hope that it was yet destined to accomplish a greater work still. Messrs. Boulden, Mead, Davey, Hill, and others expressed their confidence in the institution, and their willingness to serve it. Mr. Robert Banks, the Secretary, spoke of the pleasure he felt in witnessing such a cordial and happy feeling among the Members, and his desire to see the Society increasingly useful. A cordial vote of thanks proposed by Mr. Knott, seconded by Mr. Jesse Wood, was presented to the Chairman, which was feelingly acknowledged. The Members then all rose, and very heartily sung the whole of the well known hymn—"A day's march nearer home;" the doxology was pronounced by the Chairman, which brought to a close one of the best meetings the Society has ever held.

HAVERHILL.—Mr. Owen Hunt was a real friend to the gospel of Christ. Dear David Wilson baptized him, and now weeps over his loss. The late beloved John Dilston and Owen Hunt were much united in the truth. They are gone home; many more are going. Reader, art thou a living branch in Christ, the TRUE VINE?

## MR. JAMES WELLS.

A brother minister says, (in a note), "I have been to see Mr. Wells: he is very ill; he may live for some time; but, I fear he will never preach again."

This is painful to us. With Mr. Crowther, in his sermon on the Threefold Deliverance, we have realized the keenest sympathy—where he says, "I would to God that your minister (Mr. Wells), who is now passing through those especially trying personal afflictions, which, with excruciating pain, from time to time, pull down his spirit, and fill it with sadness, may thus gain a further and more intimate knowledge of God, and the things of God: that out of all this sorrow there may yet come forth a joy and gladness; and out of all this grief and trouble there may yet come forth a knowledge which, if GOD PLEASE, he may YET SPARE HIM TO DECLARE UNTO OTHERS." [Amen.] "May he grant that in the enduring of affliction with patience, and in the bearing of the will of God, and the glorifying him in the fire, there may be a testimony which shall silence every slanderer; a testimony which shall show that as God has honoured his servant in the declaration of the truth faithfully for so many years, so he honours him in his trying circumstances, making him to feel that the things that are seen are temporal, whilst the things that are un-seen are eternal." Before our God, we can add a most hearty Amen to every word of this excellent desire. "Slanderers" have been severe; but, some are called to the higher tribunal. For years there has been a spirit of secret persecution against many of God's poor servants; "and shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, *though HE BEAR LONG WITH THEM?* I tell you that he will avenge them speedily." Until our God arise, and have mercy upon his Zion, may we all walk in much godly fear; all wait and wrestle much in earnest believing prayer, and all be faithful in our testimony for the truth. The days we live in are, in every sense, for experimental believers increasingly solemn.—Ed.

**SURREY TABERNACLE.**—Dear Sir, our hope of Mr. Wells's improvement is not sustained. He is not progressing favourable, but I fear, the reverse. The pain he is enduring is most distressing. We are in sorrow on his behalf. Will you ask your readers to plead earnestly with the Lord that he would either send his servant a little relief; or to support and sustain him in the furnace, that he may be enabled, by grace, to say, "Father, thy will be done."

During February, brethren Struger, Lam-bourne, Hatton, and Vinnal have preached in our midst, and we are grateful to them for their labours. R.

## MINISTERS FALLING ASLEEP.

How sorrowful is the fact that the blessed ministers of Christ's gospel must die. And,

yet, when the good old servant, like Mr John Foreman, is well worn up, it is delightful to see them "willing to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better."

Dr. John Gill was sitting in his study when death arrested him. One hundred years on the fourteenth of last October, that intellectual and ministerial giant terminated his mortal career. October 14, 1771, in Camberwell, aged seventy-three years, ten months, and ten days. The last words he was heard to speak were, "Oh, my Father, my Father."

"Clear was his prospect of the promised land;

Where, in full view, he saw his Saviour stand.

He, on his everlasting love relied,  
Sunk in his arms, and in full glory died."

We feel it is not too much to say (considering the many huge volumes he has left behind) that for learning, for usefulness, for unceasing devotion, for integrity, and honour, Dr. John Gill was one of the greatest, if not the greatest man the Baptist denomination ever had. By God's grace, he began well; during a long course of years, he worked on well; and, to the glory of the Lord let it be written, he ended well.

The same can be said of the departed Mr. Foreman. In the ministry of the gospel, through sovereign mercy, he began well, he went on well, and he has ended well; except, that thousands wish he had gone and prayed with his afflicted brother James Wells: and, if at the mercy-seat they had met together, reconciled and united in Jesus, it would have proved a source of real joy to all the churches of truth in every part of the world. But, that was not to be.

Forty-two years after the death of Dr. Gill, the renowned and beloved William Huntington died at Tunbridge Wells, blessing the Lord, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. July 1, 1813, saw the earthly climax of a great man in Israel.

Since then, many lesser stars have ceased to shine, and others fast are fading.

## Deaths.

In memory of Jane, the beloved wife of David Ashby (late Pastor of Zion Chapel,) who died on Tuesday, February 13, and was this day interred in the Whittlesley Cemetery. "So He bringeth them unto their desired haven." Zion Cottage, Whittlesley, February 19, 1872.

Jan. 25, at 16, Morley street, Plymouth, Mr. Charles Flack Bowtell, aged 47, eldest son of the late Mr. Thomas Bowtell, of Great Yeldham, Essex.

In affectionate remembrance of Mary Ann, the beloved wife of William Beach, of Willow walk, Bermondsey, who departed this life 29th of Jan. 1872, in her 26th year.

"From adverse blasts, and low'ring storms,  
Her favoured soul he bore;  
And with yon bright angelic forms,  
She lives to die no more."

**MARRIAGE**—On the 30th of January, John Bunyan McCure, late of Sydney, to Miss Frances Buxton.

# The Founder and Minister of the New Surrey Tabernacle,

THE LATE MR. JAMES WELLS.

“KNOWEST THOU THAT THE LORD WILL TAKE AWAY THY MASTER FROM THY HEAD TO-DAY? AND HE SAID, YEA, I KNOW IT: HOLD YE YOUR PEACE.”  
—1 KINGS II. 3, 5.

SUNDAY, March 10, 1872, will long be remembered as the day when two mighty spirits fled from their attenuated earthly tabernacles to range and luxuriate in spheres and “extended plains” more congenial to their growing love of freedom than the limited and crowded, the burdened and blighted circumstances of this lower little planet ever could be (which astronomers tell us is the third from the sun). When we name Joseph Mazzini and James Wells together, we do not wish to imply that they were *kindred* spirits in the New Covenant or salvation sense of the term. What that great champion of Italy’s freedom was in the sight of our holy God and Father, we know not; but as the pure-minded, self-sacrificing advocate of Italy’s liberation from foreign rule and tyranny, Mazzini was ever struggling; his keen, restless mind; his undaunted will; his fiery spirit; his fear-nothing soul dashed on, until his poor exhausted frame became too weak for further work or suffering; hence, early on Sunday morning, March 10, 1872, in his sixty-fourth year, his spirit left its earthly clod; we would fain hope, washed, saved, and accepted, in the adorable person of Him who made himself of no reputation—took upon him the form of a servant—was made in the likeness of men, and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Whether Mazzini was a regenerated believer in Christ, or not, we dare not decide; this much we know, a wise man said,—“I can with freedom testify that Mazzini is a man of genius and virtue; a man of sturdy veracity, humanity, and nobleness of mind.”

The same paper which announced the death of Mazzini, gave the following paragraph:—

“Another distinguished minister of the Strict Baptist community, the Rev. James Wells, minister of Surrey Tabernacle, has just died, very shortly after the Rev. John Foreman, whose public funeral at Kensal-green was reported in these columns. Mr. Wells had been forty-two years in the Baptist ministry, and his congregation was the largest belonging to that body of religionists.”

On Sunday afternoon, March 10, 1872, two of the deacons of the Surrey Tabernacle, the brethren Edward Butt and Boulden, might

have been seen in Loughborough Park, on their way to their pastor's residence, to enquire after his health. They saw him very low, but no apparent alteration. They left; but before they could proceed far on their return home, they were suddenly summoned to his bedside. Death was now finishing his work; their pastor's lips were quivering; in a moment the spirit had fled; they saw HIS END WAS PEACE! They closed his eyes in death, and, speedily as could be, went to meet an overflowing congregation of, perhaps, 2,000, or more, with the painful announcement, "Our beloved and revered pastor, Mr. James Wells, is gone to see his Lord and Master, in the home where many mansions are!" The whole church and congregation spontaneously manifested Dr. Sayer Rudd's Elogy, when, over the mortal remains of John Noble, he sang, —

"Now — Zion! bid thy lucid fountains flow:  
Stream ye our tears — let loose our woe.  
No common sorrows suit a widow'd state;  
Great as our loss is — should our grief be great.  
Fallen — is, a Prince in Israel, to-day:  
James Wells, alas! resolved to native clay.  
James Wells! as heavenly messenger, no more!  
Strain every nerve, and weep at every pore!"

Never, we fear, will the Church of Christ find a genuine life-like successor. Mr. James Wells was a living verification of those words, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." The Lord Jesus Christ made him free at the first; ever after that he flew on in freedom; in prayer, there was generally such a freedom of soul as is rarely met with in any man. His one text all through his ministerial life appeared to be this, — "Freely ye have received, freely give." If he had a salvation for his soul, it must be one FREE from all carnal and creature conditions: if he had a Gospel commission, it must be free from all the trammels and prejudices of men: if he had a pastorate over a church, he must have the church FREE in all its spiritual and evangelical privileges, and himself FREE in all the mercies and blessings of a new and everlasting covenant. If he had a Tabernacle to preach in, he must feel that in that Tabernacle he was perfectly FREE from all the fear and folly of men; and he must have that Tabernacle FREE from all monetary and financial burdens. God Almighty indulged him with the favour of seeing a beautiful Tabernacle built and paid for; allowed him a few years enjoyment of it, and then he called him home.

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### MR. JAMES WELLS'S PUBLIC MINISTRY.

"Each opening leaf — and every stroke,  
Fulfills some deep design."

"**H**E that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord!" God forbid that man; except so far as the Divine purpose, the sovereign power, and the sacred presence, can be evidentially illustrated in that man's life and labour. It is of the grace of God that was *in* the man; and of the power of God that went forth with the man; yea, it is only of Christ Jesus, in his Gospel chariot, that we would speak: hence, if we might be permitted to suggest one Scripture as suitable for a funeral discourse on this solemn occasion; if we might be allowed to declare

the deep heart-thoughts of our departed friend's best moments when coming near the brink of the river; if we may say for him, what he, by the Spirit of God, would have said for himself, then no words more meet to the point can be found, than were those of Paul, when to the Corinthians he said, —

“ AND HIS GRACE, WHICH WAS BESTOWED UPON ME, WAS NOT IN VAIN ;

*But I laboured more abundantly than they all ;*

YET NOT I,

BUT THE GRACE OF GOD WHICH WAS WITH ME.”

Look at the man's origin: a country boy that could neither read nor write; no educational advantages whatever; no domestic training; no associations at all calculated to improve either his mind or his position. Nevertheless, as God “formed Jeremiah in the belly” — as the Almighty sanctified and ordained that man to be a prophet; equally so, we believe, did the holy and eternal Creator and Governor of all, “form,” “sanctify,” and “ordain” our departed brother to be a minister of the Gospel, and an unflinching witness to the Truth of that New and Everlasting Covenant which was so clearly revealed unto his soul, when deliverance from sin, death, and misery, was wrought for him, when about twenty-one years of age. And, no sooner did the Spirit and Truth of God take possession of James Wells's new and inner man, than off he went: —

“ To tell to sinners all around  
What a dear Saviour he had found.”

And this he did not in a careless, half-hearted way and manner, but with intense and burning zeal, he laboured almost night and day, for over forty years; and we shall say that in that forty years he did the work of seventy years; and his age might be more correctly computed at ninety, than at sixty-nine.

From early dawn, till dark midnight,  
He did his work pursue;  
With all God's given power and might,  
For years he stronger grew.  
But, — lest his Master's glory should  
By him eclipsed be, —  
A gentle cloud — did him enshroud: —  
But — NOW, — from *that* he's FREE!  
*Free* — in the blissful realms above;  
*Free* — in the fullness of God's love,  
He, *rest*, and *PEACE* has found.

“ It touched him to the very quick ” said Dr. Norman Macleod, when on preaching Dr. Macleod-Campbell's funeral sermon, he referred to his expulsion from the ministry of the Scotch Establishment. “ That event,” said Dr. Macleod, “ Dr. Campbell felt most profoundly and deeply. *It touched him to the very quick!* ” Ah! and we dare to say, that when a host of those who had for years been most lovingly served by our departed brother, entered a public “ Protest ” against some, perhaps, unintelligible sentences of a published sermon, that protest “ touched him to the very quick.” WE KNOW IT DID! We heard him speak of sleepless hours! We *saw* him weep like a child! — and if we had been one with those Protestors, we should look into the grave of our departed fellow-soldier, and confess that we fired one shot into his poor heart,

which ultimately proved his death-wound. We have the deepest confidence that in the essential features of his ministry, our departed brother's meaning was correct, although his expressions were not always clearly understood. Some who opposed him have expressed their grief over those circumstances which separated them from one they had long loved, and on whose behalf our departed brother had often laboured with affection and zeal. In fact, we heard Mr. Crowther affirm that even Mr. John Foreman said, "I love my brother Wells with true affection: I deeply feel for him in his affliction, and I pray for him every day." We also know that Mr. C. H. Spurgeon wrote a letter of condolence, of sympathy, and of earnest prayer for the welfare of the Church at the Surrey Tabernacle to Mr. Edward Butt, worthy alike of the head and of the heart of the pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle; and when we saw Dr. Allen, C. H. Spurgeon, and a host of Godly ministers all surrounding the coffin on the day of the funeral, we were solemnly persuaded that more unity of spirit, more real love in the heart, and more genuine faith in the grand old doctrines of the cross, live among many of our ministers than we are always prepared to acknowledge.

In reviewing the last six years of Mr. James Wells's ministerial life, we behold three great features. First, in the erection of the New Surrey Tabernacle he achieved a noble victory. When he began that movement, he was over sixty years of age; he had preached there nearly forty years; and men were telling us that our churches, and doctrines, and ordinances were fast dying out: even a few of Mr. Wells's chief friends thought he was taking a wrong course; but James Wells had faith in the enterprise; his heart was set upon it; instrumentally he built it, paid for it, and a more handsome monument to his memory never can be erected. It stands to declare to generations yet to come that THE GOSPEL as given by God to James Wells to proclaim was a power most triumphant—a power constraining thousands to devote themselves and their substance to the glory of God. Secondly, in the progress of this great finishing-stroke of his life-work he suffered severely. Thirdly, God's great promise was realized in his experience: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee."

#### HIS FIRST PULPIT.

"Now be my heart inspired to sing  
The glories of my Saviour King:  
JESUS! the LORD!! how heavenly fair  
His form! How bright his beauties are!"

SOME refined folks do not choose to say anything about their origin; but, to them that "follow after righteousness," the Lord says,—"Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged." And Paul makes no hesitation in saying of himself,—"Who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious; but I obtained mercy," &c. To be preserved from our youth up, in all that is morally pure, is a great privilege; but when the Redeemer said, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," it seems to sound with hope of mercy for such debased worms as many of us feel ourselves to be.

We are not aware that any black moral spot ever fastened itself upon



the fair character of our recently departed brother. Three phases in his life, we think, comprise the whole. First, he was a poor, unlettered, but hard-working rustic. Secondly, a deeply-convinced, but richly enlightened, and truly saved sinner. Thirdly, a devoted, and earnestly faithful minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

We have given in another page, the original experience of his soul when called, by the Spirit and power of God, into the kingdom of Grace. Of his natural life, we purpose to give a chapter distinct in itself. We come now to the time when James Wells was a labouring man in Chelsea; a member of the Baptist Church under Mr. Upton, near Brompton; and when he was only about three-and-twenty years of age; perhaps not quite so much.

In the course of our ministrations in the districts of Camberwell, Brixton, and Walworth, we have occasionally been introduced to the company of a very godly saint, who is now about eighty-six years of age; and who, with her husband, was among the first Christian friends and hearers Mr. Wells ever had. She is called Mrs. Tennant; and is now living in Clarendon street, in the Camberwell New Road. We sat down the other day with this choice mother in Israel, and heard her relate the following little narrative.

“When the first Surrey Tabernacle was about to be erected for the ministry of John Church, I ran about to collect all I could to obtain help towards the building. My husband and I were both members there. When trouble overtook our pastor, and one Mr. Corn took the pulpit of the original Surrey Tabernacle, we found so very little *corn*, and such quantities of chaff, that we left it; and my husband having obtained some work out Chelsea way, he went there to lodge for a time; but my washing kept me near to the Borough. My husband generally coming home on Saturdays, and returning again on Monday mornings. Once when he came home he said to me, the man in whose house I am lodging is a good Christian man. I saw him one day reading his Bible; and I asked him if he would come up and converse and pray with me in my room. So, he did come; and some sweet times we have had.

“One evening, my landlord told me (said Mr. Tennant to his wife) that in the floor-cloth factory where he worked there was a young fellow, who had recently professed faith in Christ; and my landlord said, ‘I really think there is some good thing in him.’ ‘Ask him,’ said Mr. Tennant, ‘to come and spend an evening with me. I will see, if I can, what he is made of.’ So young James Wells, and his fellow-labourer, came to see Mr. Tennant; and Tennant clearly discovered that there was the grace of God in James Wells’s heart; that there were good natural parts about him for preaching; and that his soul really was all on fire to preach to others those Gospel Truths which had been made so dear unto his own soul. The church where he was a member wanted him to go to college, but this could not be. So, Master Tennant said to James, ‘If you will go out into the Broadway next Sunday morning, and preach in the street, I will go and stand with you.’ This was agreed to; and the next Sunday morning, Master Tennant, James Wells, and another or so, went into Westminster Broadway; and there, by the side of a cat’s-meat shop, James Wells preached his first public sermon. Like Lydia of old, the proprietor of the shop invited our friend James into his house; offered him a room; and there, from time to time, the

young preacher continued his ministry: there a Christian church was formed of six members; and from hence our friend travelled on. A school-room was then taken in Westminster (says Mrs. Tennant), and my husband said to me, 'If you go over some Sunday evening, and hear the young man, I will take care of one child, and you can take care of the other,' for we had two little ones then. Accordingly, on a certain Sunday evening, off we marched. When I sat me down in the school-room (says Mrs. Tennant), I thought it was such a singular place for a chapel; there were broken boards in the floor; there were dirty marks on the walls; and there were three boards nailed together for a pulpit; and a piece of wood laid across for the preacher to lay his Bible on. I thought, a curious sight altogether. When Mr. Wells stood up to preach, he said, 'I cannot tell you what chapter or verse the text is in, I think my wife said it was so and so; but you who have Bibles, and can read them, must search until you find it. On he went preaching; there was extraordinary originality and power with the ministry. The place became crowded; and at length they removed to a little chapel in another part; this became filled to overflowing, so that fainting and falling down were common enough.

"Where could we get a larger place? No one could tell. One day, says the widow, Mr. Barnes, Mr. Butcher, Mr. Wells, and myself, went out chapel-hunting; and we hunted in vain. All returned to my house, tired and discouraged. But as they sat at dinner, it came into my heart so powerfully, 'James Wells must have the Surrey Tabernacle!' I told them my thought; they laughed at me, and said that was not likely. I said, You go and seek for it. This was in September. After much talking, Barnes and Butcher went to seek for it; in a few days, they came and told me, they had agreed to take it; and Mr. Wells could enter into it at Christmas. This he did; and from hence began his career of prosperity in that place."

We heard much more from this sainted lady; but "The History of the Three Surrey Tabernacles," has yet to be written; and must be deferred this month, to make room for the funeral services. Surely, the hand of the Lord was mighty in all this! "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound!"

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### MR. WELLS'S LAST SERMON.

**M**Y DEAR MR. BANKS,—I was privileged to hear the last sermon Mr. Wells preached; this was on Friday evening, November 11, 1870. I was agreeably surprised to see him enter the pulpit; for I did not expect to see him there as he was so poorly on the Wednesday previous at the Tabernacle, that I thought he would certainly rest until the Sabbath. His prayer was short, yet comprehensive, and savoury. After the second hymn, he arose, and gave out for his text, the last clause of the 11th chapter of Isaiah. "Like as it was to Israel in the day that he came up out of the land of Egypt." Though I little thought that it would be the last time I should hear him from the pulpit, yet he treated the subject in that luminous, masterly manner that it is fresh in my memory to this day. From the preceding verses he showed the work of the Holy Spirit in bringing poor sinners from dark-

ness to light ; from slavery to liberty ; from enmity to love. He then set forth the various *analogies* between the deliverance of Israel from Egyptian bondage and the souls being brought out of Satan's kingdom into the light and liberty of the Gospel of God. He seemed to be particularly happy in his work that evening, and spoke with much cheerfulness, and with his usual rapidity. He concluded the service with a few words in prayer, in which he was wont, with marvellous facility to summarize the subject of his discourse. He had scarcely reached the vestry before that hæmorrhage set in which was the commencement of his long and fatal illness. It was not till Sunday morning, on entering the vestry of the Tabernacle, that I heard of this ; for I fully expected to see him in the pulpit on that day, finding him, to all appearance, so much better on the Friday. But I then learnt that the great loss of blood had utterly prostrated him, and that it was with great difficulty he reached his home on Friday.

Thus ended the ministerial career of James Wells, whose memory will be cherished by thousands for the good received under his ministry.

I may remark, as one of the many witnesses that still remain of the great power that attended the word spoken by him, that I was favoured to hear him constantly for nearly a quarter of a century, and yet there was to the very last a freshness and a power in his preaching which time, so far from diminishing, did but increase its attractive force. The first time I heard him was on a Friday evening at Red Cross street ; when that chapel was pulled down, we went to Jewin Crescent ; from thence to Bartlett's passage, Bartlett's Buildings, where we met for nearly fifteen years. I heard the first sermon he preached there, and during the whole fifteen years I was favoured, with few exceptions, with the opportunity of attending. It has been remarked by many, that the Friday evening lectures have been made especially useful, the preacher being mostly favoured with great liberty, and usually led into those paths of experience which find out the tried and tempted of the family of God. We have had many instances come before us at our church meetings of the power of the word upon the hearers, and many have borne testimony of the good they have received at these weekly lectures.

I cannot yet fully realize the fact that I shall see his face no more—that face which oftentimes beamed with delight when expatiating upon one or other of the doctrines of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. His eloquence was the eloquence of affection ; Jesus Christ in the perfection of his atonement and the eternal dignity of his priesthood ; Jehovah the Father, in the sovereignty and immutability of his counsels in favour of his elect ; the Holy Spirit in the absolute freedom and invincibility of his operations in quickening, enlightening, comforting, and establishing ; this is the Triune Covenant God his soul adored, and under the power of whose love, shed abroad in his heart, he was oftentimes constrained to exclaim when preaching, " Bless His dear Name ! " His heart was so often inditing a good matter in private reading and meditation that when he came into the pulpit his tongue was as the pen of a ready writer, and it was evident to those who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, that he lived upon the Gospel provision he set before the people. I have often heard him say that, if a man does not get his subject by secret prayer to, and fellowship with, the Lord, there will be no power attending that man's ministry ; but if the Lord be pleased to

open up his word in secret it is a sure sign that he will be with the minister in the delivery of the message.

I cannot refrain from expressing my earnest desire that the Lord of the harvest will be pleased to raise up others of a similar spirit to our late dear pastor; men who, deeply feeling the plague of their hearts, and the utter ruin they are under by the fall, and by the same Divine Teacher led into the mysteries of redeeming love, may be gifted to preach the same to others. The Lord makes his own ministers, and those whom he makes, he qualifies for the work whereunto he appoints them; he gives them an ardent desire to understand the mysteries of the kingdom, and fulfils that desire, here a little, and there a little. This keeps them seeking his face and his counsel. This is the only safe position both for minister and hearer. I hope that we, as a church and people, may have grace to watch his hand, and wait upon him for wisdom to direct. Yours sincerely,

J. MEAD.

9, Boyson Road, S.E. March 16, 1872.

### LINES

Written on hearing, for the first time, of the  
Death of Mr. James Wells.

BY WILLIAM STOKES, MANCHESTER.

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"—2 Sam. iv. 38.

WHY that mourning? why that sadness

In yon home of love and praise?

Why no more the voice of gladness,

As in former, happy days?

Know ye not, then, that a princely-

Royal "watchman on the walls"

At last has fallen in his armour,

As each heavenly warrior falls?

Great in might, he braved all danger,

Facing every vaunting foe;

To coward fear he lived a stranger,

And, for truth, dared all below.

Bold in speech, his words were darted

Through and through each foeman's shield;

Before him fell the ranks, fainthearted,

Or, with trembling, fled the field.

Great he was, yet, never weary

Of the work his Master gave;

But, through days, all dark and dreary,

Stood forth, *bravest of the brave*.

Raised by grace from lowly station,

Taught in Heaven's own school alone;

He received an education

To halls, and colleges, unknown.

More he knew of Christ, and glory,

Than "the Classics" e'er could boast,

And, in sweet Redemption's story,

Was, himself, a mighty host.

"The common people heard him gladly,"

As they heard ONE greater still,\*

Whom proud priests, enraged, drove madly,

With the foul intent to kill.†

WELLS! thy "Surrey" mourns with weep-  
ing;

But this truth sweet comfort gives,

While, in death, thy dust is sleeping,

CHRIST, THE SAVIOUR, EVER LIVES!

\* Mark xii. 37.

† Luke iv. 28, 29.

### In Memory of Mr. James Wells.

"Howl, fir-tree, for the cedar is fallen."—  
Zech. xi. 2.

DEAR brother Wells has reach'd his home,  
His Saviour call'd, and bid him come  
To join the ransom'd throng on high,  
And live with him, no more to die.

He was a valiant man of God,

He spread his Saviour's fame abroad;

His mortal tongue and Gospel voice

Of made a thousand hearts rejoice.

But lo! an hand, the hand of death,

Has stopp'd his Christ-exalting breath;

His long affliction, groans, and cries,

Are changed to songs beyond the skies.

Truth to his heart was dear and sweet,

Nor did he from it once retreat;

Christ was his high and noble theme,

Who did from hell his Church redeem.

An iron pillar, firm and strong;

A brilliant star, with fluent tongue;

A ready scribe in holy things;

A servant to the King of Kings.

In Gospel armour well array'd,

No finite power made him afraid;

He firmly stood on Gospel ground,

Melodious free-grace notes to sound.

But now his voice is heard no more;

He's landed on the blissful shore;

There, on his Saviour's face to gaze,

And join to swell his lofty praise.

His church and people left behind,

May God for them a pastor find;

Elijah's mantle on him fall,

And be a blessing to them all.

His widow, may the Lord sustain,

His children teach to know his name;

Give all submission to his will,

And hear him say, "'Tis I, be still."

Farewell, dear brother, till we meet

To cast our crowns at Jesu's feet;

To part no more, but reign with him,

In deathless regions, free from sin.

THOMAS STRINGER.

## SURREY TABERNACLE—THE SCENE WHEN THE PASTOR'S DEATH WAS ANNOUNCED.

**D**EAR SIR,—My short note in March number was intended to convey, as gently as I could, the impression that Mr. Wells was decidedly worse.

On Sunday, March 10, Mr. Huntley, of Bath, preached for us. At the close of the morning service, Mr. Butt came on the platform, and informed the friends that their Pastor was then lying in “a very critical state.” During the week, the deacons had been in constant attendance on him; and they felt his work was done. Mr. Butt then spoke of a special season of holy pleasure he had spent with Mr. Wells on the previous Thursday evening. “Such a season I never spent before; and such a one I never expect to spend again on earth,” were the words of the speaker. Lying on what eventually proved to be his dying bed, surrounded by his family, and some few friends, their dear minister was enabled to bear a blessed testimony to the loving-kindness and faithfulness of the Lord, and to the power of that Gospel he had been privileged for so long a period to proclaim. After being enabled with much decision, to bear a glorious testimony to the truths he had held, he was led with much happy liberty—with a sweet flow of Gospel language, and with much of his wonted energy and power—to plead earnestly at the throne of grace for his church, for the congregation, for the ministers of the Gospel, and for his family. Having continued thus fervently praying, with much holy savour for about ten minutes, Mr. Butt—fearing he would exhaust himself—asked him to allow him to conclude. Placing his hand gently on his pastor's shoulder, Mr. Butt continued, and concluded the prayer. It was a heavenly, but overwhelming, season. It proved to be the pastor's dying testimony; and a glorious testimony it was. At its close, Mr. Wells lay gently down, apparently to await the messenger that should bear his blood-redeemed soul into his Redeemer's presence. After relating this deeply affecting scene, Mr. Butt promised, should any further change take place, to let the friends know at the close of the evening service.

At night, Mr. Huntley again preached; but in his prayer, no mention was made of the Pastor. This was the more observable as he pleaded so earnestly in the morning on his behalf. The large chapel was full; there appeared a quiet solemnity about the service; anxiety in every countenance to learn what tidings Mr. Butt had for us. The service was short. Mr. Huntley concluding his sermon at 25 minutes to 8. Very slowly, Mr. Butt came down to the platform. His manner was solemn; he appeared like one who had passed through a heavy trial, and had a task to perform that taxed his every energy. A solemn silence reigned throughout the place. There stood Mr. Butt; as yet, not a word had escaped his lips, but his very silence was a painful indication. “Friends, this is a solemn day with us,” were his first words; and then he again stopped; stood silent. After a time, he informed us, that brother Boulden and himself went to their pastor's sick chamber

in the afternoon. They found him in a quiet, calm, frame. Mr. Butt quoted a text or two, and repeated the verse : —

“ Jesus, the vision of Thy face  
Hath overpowering charms ;  
Scarce shall I feel Death's cold embrace  
If Christ be in my arms.”

The texts and verse quoted seemed to revive Mr. Wells's spirit, and put new life in his soul. But it was apparent what was coming on ; still it was not thought to be so near. After wishing their pastor good-bye, the two brethren left ; their brother Mitson (who had been with Mr. Wells since three o'clock the preceding morning) remaining. The brethren Butt and Boulden had not left the house long, before a messenger was despatched after them. They quickly returned, and re-entered the chamber ; in a minute or two death came ; and calmly, quietly, the Pastor passed away from the Church below to the Church triumphant. This was on Sunday afternoon, March 10, 1872, at 4.10. The conflict was over ; the race was run ; the work was accomplished ; and a great and good work it had been. Mr. Butt then reverted to the blessed experience of the previous Thursday, and closed a solemn address by reminding the church of their widowed position : as a church, it was an untrodden path for them, they having had only one pastor.

There are in most persons' lives certain events and circumstances that stand out prominently and distinct, which are so indelibly written on the memory, that they are ever fresh and vividly before the mind's eye. How well do I remember seeing my beloved mother passing away from this world of sorrow. That scene appears as fresh now to me as the gloomy day it occurred. I shall never forget that sight while memory retains her seat. And the scene at the Surrey Tabernacle, that I have just so feebly attempted to describe, is written as indelibly on my mind. A great congregation met on a Sabbath evening, all anxious to hear of their pastor's state ; a pastor who for forty-two years had fed and led them along in the green pastures of Gospel truth — and the tidings they received were, that a very few hours since he had passed to his Father's home. The mass of people mourned aloud ; strong men wept as little children ; and truly, the Tabernacle, for a time, was a house of weeping.

R.

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### THE FUNERAL SERMON.

THE funeral sermon was delivered on Sunday, March 24th, by Mr. Thomas Stringer. The text chosen was from Psalm xxxvii. 37 : “ Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.” It is needless to say the large edifice was densely crowded, and many hundreds were unable to gain admittance. The sermon occupied one hour and three quarters in delivery, and, during the whole time, the most marked attention was paid, although hundreds of persons were standing in the aisles, packed together as closely as possible. The sermon, with the addresses at the funeral, will be published shortly in a separate pamphlet.

## THE FUNERAL OF MR. JAMES WELLS.

WELL might our pen be tinged with melancholy, seeing last month it was our solemn duty to chronicle the close of the lengthened career of MR. JOHN FOREMAN, and now we are performing, shall we say, the more solemn task of giving to our readers an account of the funeral of MR. JAMES WELLS, "whose sun," as a preacher, "went down while it was yet day." When he was laid aside, now sixteen months ago, few thought his public career was closed; but he has passed the barriers of the invisible world to appear with his Lord in glory. How sanguine have been the expectations, how earnest the prayers, that he might have been spared a little longer to his dear people! But, alas! these delightful visions are fled; and what do we behold in their room? The funeral pall; a chapel in mourning; a people in tears; the shadow of death settled over us like a cloud. For forty long years and upwards did he follow his noble pursuit; and taught *the way* of salvation to others with a success above most of his fellows. Were it lawful to indulge in such a thought, we might ask what would be the fitting obsequies of a lost soul? Where should we find tears fit to weep at such a spectacle? What tokens of commiseration would be equal to such an occasion? Would it suffice to cover the house with mourning and the heavens with sackcloth? Would it be possible to utter a groan too deep, or a cry too piercing to express the magnitude of such a catastrophe? This, happily, is not our task to-day. We have to attend the obsequies of one of heaven's favourites; to follow to the tomb one who has been instrumental in leading many souls heavenward. Let us, then, come first to

### THE FUNERAL SERVICE IN THE SURREY TABERNACLE.

We invite our readers to rest in their imagination for a short time at the late residence of Mr. Wells, Loughborough Park, Brixton. Here are assembled the chief mourners, friends, and ministers. The names of some will be found below. The mourning coaches, with private vehicles are in waiting. The hearse draws up, and is ready to receive the mortal remains of Mr. James Wells. All being ready, the funeral train moves slowly off, we had almost said with solemn pomp, towards the Surrey Tabernacle, soon after noon. At Wansey street, a vast crowd had assembled, but there is no admittance to the Tabernacle except by ticket. We hasten to take our seats inside, and await the arrival of the procession to this, the house of mourning. This imposing edifice, the splendid monument of so much energy and success, now bears truly a solemn aspect. This otherwise cheerful building is now subdued by its black drapery, the becoming emblems of sorrow and mourning. The mind almost involuntarily recalls scenes long past, and gone for ever: we imagine afresh the tall stately form of Mr. J. Wells leaning forward over the pulpit, and with all the earnestness of his large heart relates his message of love to dying men. But the tongue is silent in death.

It is now twenty minutes to two o'clock, and, after anxious waiting, there is a sudden stillness which is almost painful, with its solemnity.

We turn our heads, and behold the bearers are at the doors, and press onward, with their burden of death, to the place prepared for it. The building is densely crowded; we believe the doors were thrown open at one o'clock, but many had taken their seats shortly after twelve. It is a solemn moment—the sight of the coffin appeared to touch most hearts present. As a spectacle, it was one that is rarely witnessed in all its sacred usefulness. All present, or nearly so, were robed in mourning, and unmistakable were the indications of grief. The beautiful polished oak coffin, with its massive gilt handles and nails, was borne to the platform immediately in front of the pulpit. Mr. Butt, the sen. deacon, walked in front, and conducted the widow of his late pastor to the seats arranged for her, and the bereaved family.

The platform was filled with Ministers: among them, we noticed, Dr. Hugh Allen, C. H. Spurgeon, P. W. Williamson, Henry Hanks, Edwin Langford, R. C. Bardens, H. Hall, Thomas Steed, W. Flack, J. Jull, — Hatton, John Brett, J. Clinch, S. Ponsford, Henry Myerson, F. Collins, W. Leach, J. Crampin, G. Hearson, R. A. Huxham, — Harcourt, W. House, J. Parsons, J. Butterfield, J. Lewis, J. Lambourn, J. Fothergill, W. Crowther, Thomas Stringer, Thomas Jones, C. W. Banks, J. B. McCure, R. A. Lawrence, W. H. Lee, and many others in all parts of the Tabernacle, whose names our reporter failed to take. Messrs. James Chambers, from Plymouth; A. Martin, from Reading; R. Minton, and hundreds from the Churches in the Provinces; indeed, there were ministers from almost all parts of the country, whose names we could not learn.

The solemn service commenced by Mr. Butt (under suppressed emotion) giving out the following lines:—

“ Why do we mourn departed friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms.”

Mr. J. Bunyan McCure then read the 90th Psalm and part of the 15th chapter of 1 Corinthians, commencing at the 35th verse.

Mr. C. W. Banks supplicated the Divine blessing, in terms of affectionate remembrance of the departed, and of tender solicitude towards the bereaved widow, family, Church, and people.

The following hymn was then sung:—

“ How sweet to see the Christian die,  
And some may ask the reason why?  
Because, through Christ, he overcame,  
And thus he proved, to die is gain.”

Mr. Thomas Jones then addressed the assembly. He said he had to propound a question, and then he would furnish an answer. The question was to be found in the book of Job, 14th chapter, 10th verse: “But man dieth, he wasteth away. Yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?” He proposed to answer this question according to the integrity of God's word. “Man dieth and wasteth away.” We all know our good brother wasted away. Deep had been his afflictions. Disease pulled him down; he who was once a fine strong man, through disease, was worn down, and became weak and feeble, and “wasted away.” Then it is said, “Man giveth up the ghost.” Yes, we have



before us the coffin, and in it some would say there is James Wells. But, no, there is only a little earth; only the remains, after many months of painful, wasting disease. The soul is gone; the important, the immortal part is fled. Then, where is he?—not the body, that, as the good old patriarch said, we bury out of our sight. Where is the soul? To that important question we feel that we can give a satisfactory answer by asking **WHAT WAS HE?** We must refer here to what God did for him. We need not go back to his Adam state; he knew, in his own heart and conscience, that he was born in sin, and shapen in iniquity. We need not dwell on his early life; many of us have heard him relate some of his childhood scenes; he had a retentive memory, and a vivid recollection of his early existence. Our present business is with our departed friend after he became a Christian, after he was created anew in Christ. Here we have a blessed and satisfactory account given of himself, and which has been amply confirmed by the testimony which he bore as a witness of the truth before men. He was in dense darkness when God first took him in hand. Cast out, helpless and polluted, with no eye to pity, nor no hand to help. Such was, in common, with mankind, the early history of our departed friend; and such he was made to feel himself when the dear Lord took him up, as it were, from death and hell; and when the Lord did this for him, he soon associated himself with God's people, and having tasted the love of the Redeemer, he delighted to tell poor sinners of that salvation of which he had been made a happy partaker. He had tasted of free grace himself; he was brought to know Him whom to know is life eternal. From that time he walked in the ways of God, and in obedience to his Gospel ordinances. He became a truthful man, and a faithful man, and continued in the way God revealed to him. But he must just look a little into the circumstances, and see what free grace did for this man. It is a common idea that if grace did a little for a man, that man must do a great deal for himself. But this was not the teaching of James Wells; he was brought to know salvation is not of man but of God, who showeth mercy. He learnt this lesson, and he went on, never deviating from the great essential truths of the Gospel. He had good natural parts, and when God took him in hand, he became a striking instance of the power of free grace. He was a hard-working man; he did not spare himself; he did not believe he should be inspired as to what he should say at the moment when he came before the people. He believed in preparation for the pulpit by earnest study, by prayer and reading. He rose commonly at four or five o'clock, for reading and studying the Bible. He felt to be useful to others, he must study and prepare himself. It was a pleasure to hear him exhort young ministers to be earnest and zealous in their studies, and never give room for reproach on the ground of ignorance. Then he had seen some painful instances of men in high places being brought down by the lust for strong drinks. He said, "James Wells is only a man, and not proof, more than others, against temptation." He therefore pledged himself to total abstinence, and gave no room for scandal or reproach on that ground, never taking strong drinks at all. As a preacher, he had been very useful to reading, thinking young men; young men with laudable ambition found his ministry very instructive. In all parts of the country, as well as in London, his

ministry had been greatly blessed, not only in the work of converting, but in delivering souls from bondage. In this he had been particularly blessed in being instrumental in setting the captives free. As a proof of what free grace can do, let them point to the Surrey Tabernacle; here the friends contributed, annually, £500, at least, for charitable purposes; and expended in the erection of that splendid building, with adjoining houses, £14,000. This was all done simply by the power and love for a free grace Gospel. But our brother is gone into the presence of his Lord and Master; he is absent from the body to be present with the Lord.

Mr. Jones, in conclusion, addressed a few kind remarks to the bereaved friends, and to the Church and people, expressing a hope that the Lord would raise them up another pastor after his own heart. They then sung—

“ Jesus, the vision of Thy face  
Hath overpowering charms;  
Scarce shall I fear death's cold embrace,  
If Christ be in my arms.”

The corpse was now borne away. The forming of the procession was, indeed, a heavy task. Let our readers imagine the Tabernacle with 3,000 and upward inside, and, perhaps, twice as many outside who could not gain admission. Such a funeral procession, we venture to say, has not been seen before in our age. Ninety mourning coaches, twelve drawn by four horses, the rest by pairs; and between thirty and forty other carriages. As we walked from the Tabernacle to Nunhead Cemetery, the road, on both sides, for the first mile, was lined with spectators. At the ground, there were certainly not less than 5,000 persons; in fact, we believe it impossible to estimate the numbers. On every hand the crowd was immense; but excellent order was observed. By the assistance of a staff of policemen, and the courteous direction of the Superintendent of Nunhead Cemetery, Mr. E. Martin, everything was done to render the service solemn and effective. Mr. Edward Butt; his brethren in office, Messrs. Lawrence, Beach, Boulden, Mead, Mitson, and others; with Mr. Wood, the undertaker, and staff, directed and superintended the whole of the movements with admirable devotion and skill. A large space was preserved in front of the grave; the hearse was drawn up; the coffin borne to its earthly resting-place. The chief mourners immediately follow; then the officiating ministers, Messrs. Crowther, C. W. Banks, Henry Hanks, T. Stringer, — Hatton, J. B. McCure, take their stand at the head of the substantial brick grave. Surely the worn-out human frame could desire no better resting-place than the friends had provided for the remains of our dearly beloved in Christ, Mr. James Wells.

Mr. Crowther, after calmly viewing the large assembly, proceeded to deliver an address. He referred to the lowly origin of Mr. James Wells, and observed that his father did not care for him, and his mother was not kind. At an early age he became the inmate of a workhouse; whether this was in order that the parents might be rid of him, or that he might escape their cruelty, was not quite clear. However, his ambition was to earn his own livelihood, and, for a time, he worked in the fields. By and by he obtained a situation with a carrier to and from London; and feeling the disadvantages of not

being able to read the directions, he at once set about to acquire this knowledge. This was a pursuit after knowledge under difficulties. He persevered, and subsequently he obtained another situation in London. He married very early, and in the year 1824, he was visited with a severe illness. About this time, during his illness, he was convinced of his state as a sinner, and in his own judgment he was a child of hell and of death. He sought relief; but, for some time, all in vain. About this time, he discovered what he called two systems of faith. One he called the low doctrine system, the other he called the high doctrine system. His anxiety was now to know which was true. He read certain books, and at last he turned his attention to the Bible. He prayed earnestly to God; it was, to his mind, a matter of life and death. [We have in our pages this month given this part of his experience from his own testimony, to which we refer our readers. We can, with pleasurable confidence, affirm that Mr. Crowther's address at the grave was a complete biography of Mr. Wells's life, and was delivered with clearness, ability, and edifying to all who could appreciate a testimony in every sense remarkable, and magnifying to the grace and glory of the Lord our God.] Mr. Crowther said Dr. Andrews was a kind friend to Mr. Wells in his early career, greatly assisting him in his studies. James Wells has been a successful and laborious preacher for more than forty years. At length, the Lord laid him aside. For sixteen months he passed through the furnace of affliction. This was a trying furnace; but he was graciously upheld and blessedly delivered. At last, in reviewing his trial, he could bless God that the truths he had preached supported and comforted him when passing away to his God and his home.

Mr. Crowther alluded to two points more particularly. One in reference to the doctrines preached by Mr. Wells; the other in reference to his character. Mr. Wells belonged to what is called the "Hyper-Calvinists." Some predicted their days were numbered; Mr. Crowther believed they existed ever since the beginning of the world, and would exist down to the end of it. They could boast of some of the greatest names the Church ever had, such as Charnock, Owen, Godwin, Calvin, Gull, Huntington, Gadsby, Philpot, Foreman, &c. Our departed brother preached the five great cardinal truths; he never attempted to cheat anybody in matters of salvation. He told all, salvation was through the free-grace of God.

In conclusion, Mr. Crowther said though his brother Wells was dead, his memory would long remain. They now consigned his body to the tomb. All that was mortal, all his weaknesses, all his feebleness, they consigned to the tomb, with "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Earthly cavern, to thy keeping,  
We commit our brother's dust,  
Keep it safely, softly sleeping,  
Till our Lord demand the trust.

Mr. Hatton concluded with prayer. The people passed round to take the *last* look into the tomb of their deeply-respected friend and pastor. Among them was the sorrowing widow, Mrs. Wells; her sister, Mrs. Veunemoor; Mr. Well's eldest son, daughters, grandchildren, &c.

The coffin bore the simple inscription—

JAMES WELLS,  
DIED, 10TH OF MARCH, 1872,  
Aged 69 Years.

Thus ended a service not easily forgotten by the thousands who were present. It being now just six o'clock, and the shades of evening drawing on, the friends hastened homewards. The weather was favourable; a keen biting wind, but no rain.

We were thankful to find the Surrey Tabernacle Benefit Society, through its Committee, determined to evince its high regard for their late President, by being represented at his funeral by two four-horse mourning coaches, which followed the remains from the deceased's residence in Loughborough Park, immediately after the coaches which contained the deacons. The Surrey Tabernacle Benefit Society's carriages contained Messrs. Wood and Wilkins, Trustees; Mr. Robert Banks, Secretary; Messrs. Beckett, Davey, King, Randell, Syms, and Stevens, of the Committee. It was strikingly manifest that every effort was made to render the last token of sorrowing affection over the loss of a beloved and useful man.

#### MR. THOMAS STRINGER'S TESTIMONY.

**D**EAR BROTHER BANKS,—I have known our departed brother, Mr. James Wells, thirty-five years, and for thirty years have been intimately acquainted with him in the glorious realities of the everlasting Gospel. We have walked and talked, prayed and preached together many, many times in the fellowship and faith of the Gospel. I have received from him brotherly kindness, advice, and encouragement, and have always proved him to be a man of decision for sterling truth, integrity, and uprightness; with that moral rectitude that would bear the closest inspection of heaven, earth, and hell. I was favoured to visit him in his affliction the first Lord's Day in February, 1872, and found him in a very low, weak, and prostrate state of body. He conversed with me about his protracted illness and sharp agonies with calmness and composure of mind. "Well, brother," I said, "amidst it all the Lord has sustained thee." He replied, "Yes, yes, he has." "How," said I, "are mind matters?" He replied, "Right and comfortable, bless the Lord." After a little talk about the friends continuing kind to him, and still to assemble as usual at the Surrey Tabernacle, he felt fatigued, and we bid each other good-bye, not knowing it would be the final farewell. But he is gone to his happy, his heavenly home and inheritance; his emancipated, ransomed, blood-washed, grace-saved soul is glorified, and for ever with the Lord. May we that are left behind a little longer hear a voice, saying, "Be ye also ready." The Lord be gracious to his bereaved widow and children, and mercifully be "Jehovah Jireh" for the church and congregation at the Surrey Tabernacle for their mutual good in spiritual and eternal things, and for his own honour, praise, and glory. So prays one of His Majesty's feeble standard-bearers,

T. STRINGER.

THE ORIGINAL EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE  
MR. JAMES WELLS.

"I long to share the happiness of that triumphant throng,  
Who swim in seas of boundless bliss eternity along.  
I long to join the saints above, who, crown'd with glorious rays,  
Thro' radiant files of angels move, and rival them in praise."

SUCH were the desires of our departed friend, for a long time before his death, when faith in Jesus was in exercise; when the Spirit of the living God enabled him to take the shield; to stand against the wiles of the devil, and to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one.

As James Wells was brought into the Gospel-kingdom, even so, in a similar manner, was he taken from the Gospel-kingdom into the Glory-kingdom. This is a statement none will deny who, with spiritual discernment, can carefully read what we may term the Lord's *first*, and the Lord's *final*, work of grace upon his soul.

We desire to prove the perfect correctness of this statement, for three reasons: first, to show what a true work of grace upon a sinner's heart really is. Secondly, to show how that true work of grace is severely tried. Thirdly, to confirm that great truth—

"Grace will complete what grace begins,  
To save from sorrows and from sins;  
The work that wisdom undertakes,  
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes."

"The knowledge of the glory of God," as it shines in and through "the face of Jesus Christ," is called "a treasure." "This treasure," saith Paul, "we have in earthen vessels: that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." It is of one of these "earthen vessels," wherein many found much gospel treasure, we have a detailed history to give.

Leaving, for the present, all reference to his unconverted state, we come to that testimony which Mr. James Wells gave us out of his own heart, nearly forty years since; wherein he clearly traces out every part of

HIS SOUL-TRAVAIL UNDER THE LAW,

and then of his soul's triumph in the light and power of the gospel; and we ask all who are honestly concerned to know their state as before God, first, to read that great new-birth text which Elihu gave in Job xxxiii. 14—30; then, secondly, read Mr. Wells's honest testimony; and, thirdly, if possible, let them read their own hearts; and if Elihu's text, James Wells's testimony, and our soul's experience are all in harmony, we shall find our house is built upon a rock; and, although, as in our brother's case, "the rain descended, the floods came, the winds blew, and beat hard upon his spiritual house; yet it fell not, because it was **FOUNDED UPON A ROCK, AND THAT ROCK WAS CHRIST.**"

For nearly fifty years, God's first work upon his soul remained ever fresh and new, and often, like Jeremiah, did he say, "Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall, my soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled in me." Let us, then, read his own words. He says:—

"In the month of December, 1824, the Lord was pleased to lay me on a bed of affliction, which affliction continued three months. After being ill about seven weeks, I was brought, to all human appearance, to the gates of death, when the innumerable multitude of my sins set themselves in array against me, and the terrors of the Almighty made me afraid. The weakness of my body, the anguish of my mind, the fear of death, the dread of condemnation, and the seeming assurance of endless woe; these things sunk me into a pit of such ghastly apprehensions, that I exclaimed, 'I am lost; I am lost;' which horrible pit the psalmist knew something of when he said, 'Let not the pit shut her mouth upon me.' I well remember that one evening the terrors of my mind were so great, that my tormented imagination almost persuaded me that the old fiend of the bottomless pit was then in the room waiting to receive my soul into the vengeance of eternal fire, and that an angel would come directly and summon me to the judgment-seat of God, and that God with his almighty arm and intolerable frown would send me down to the lowest hell, whilst I was convinced that if there was one place more awful than another, I deserved that place. I wanted to go to sleep, that I might forget my misery, yet I was afraid lest he should suddenly cut me off. However, I did sleep a little, but I was tormented in my sleep with such dreadful apprehensions that, of the two, it was worse to be asleep than it was to abide awake. Job appears in this path when he speaks thus: 'When I say my bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint, then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions.' When the morning light appeared, and I found that I was still spared, the terror of my mind seemed a little abated; in a word, the Lord let me alone a few hours, and suffered me to take a little comfort. I then begged of my wife to teach me the Lord's prayer, which I had been taught when a child, but had now forgotten; but this I soon found was quite useless, for I felt that my guilt was too weighty, my sins too mighty, the law too holy, justice too inflexible, and the devil too daring for anything to be done by my repeating a form of words. I felt that I was indeed tied and bound with the chain of my sins, that the powers which held me in fearful suspense were not mere *nominal* powers, but *real* powers. 'What,' said I to myself, 'can I do? Not one evil that I have done can I undo. Here are my sins present with me; I am possessing fresh in my memory sins which I had forgotten, which I had looked at as trifles, but which are now like burning mountains around me, and ready to roll in upon me and seal my awful doom.' Ten thousand worlds could I have given if I had never sinned against the Lord, or if I could have seen anything like hope of mercy; but all was dark, even darkness that might be felt. I was at this time totally ignorant of the great atonement of Christ, not having been among Christians, either nominal or real. I had learnt nothing about religion, even in the letter of it. While I continued to get worse in body, and death seemed drawing near, what my feelings were I cannot fully describe. The holiness, majesty, and power of God were dreadful to think of. 'Yes,' said I, 'my soul is immortal, and must live to all eternity; the Lord will never forgive me, for I have done nothing but sin. I possess nothing but sin, and I deserve nothing but curses and condemnation for sin. How little, how trivial, what toys, what vanities the treasures, and pleasures, and honours of this world appeared! but how great, how important, how solemn, how weighty appeared the things of eternity! I felt as though I had done with this world, and had there been given to me by the Lord a hope of mercy, I believe I should have been perfectly willing to depart; for such was my state of mind, that it was *not* for the sake of continuing in this world that I had any desire to recover, but I desired to recover that I might live a good life, get my past sins forgiven, and in this way get to heaven at last; so ignorant was I, as said one of old, 'so foolish was I and ignorant; I was as a beast before thee.'

#### THE YOUNG WESLEYAN PREACHER,

"While in this state, a young man (a Wesleyan) came and talked to me. He told me that Jesus Christ died for every one of the sons and daughters of Adam, that God was merciful, and that if I would believe in Jesus Christ, and do my part, the mercy of God was so great that he would save me. My part, he said, was to repent and believe. He also knelt down by the side of my bed, and made a very great noise, which extorted from me a great many tears. However, his preaching and his praying, like my own prayer-saying, left me where they found me, or if there was any difference, sunk me lower, for I soon learnt that faith and repentance were out of my reach. Believe that Jesus Christ died for sinners, and that God was merciful, I really did; but the question with me was, whether he

would be merciful to *me*; this was what I could not believe. Repent I could, if repentance consisted in being sorry that I was such a great sinner, for the apprehension of everlasting destruction made me heartily sorry for the things I had done. I seemed to believe with a devil's faith, for I believed and trembled. My repentance seemed to be the repentance of Judas; but my mind was not yet, even in the most distant manner, made acquainted with the great plan of salvation. I still thought that the matter lay, in a great measure, with myself, yet I felt that I could not help myself. But, thought I, if I should be restored to health I shall be able to do many things. I can then read and pray, keep the Sabbath, tell no lies, say no bad words, and shall be better able to drive evil thoughts away; in a word, that I shall be all religion, inside and out, week days and Sundays, at home and abroad, among friends and foes, in adversity and prosperity. But then the thought would come that I should not be restored to health; I shall behold man no more with the inhabitants of the world; I shall go to the gates of the grave. Wearisome nights were indeed appointed me, and I was full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day. My life, in my apprehension, hung in doubt. I feared night and day, and had no assurance of my life.

#### MR. WELLS IN THE HOSPITAL.

"I go on to observe, that a few days after the young man's visit, I was put into a hackney coach, and taken to St. George's Hospital, Knightsbridge, where my health began to improve, so that I was soon able to go to the chapel there, and very glad I was to go, hoping that as the Lord had not cut me off, he would yet show mercy; that is, if I did my part. I cannot expect it without, said I to myself. When I came to the chapel, the service consisting in Church of England formalities, I seemed full of confusion. I knew not when to sit down nor when to stand up; so I was guided by the people in this little piece of Popish business. I well remember when the following words were made use of, 'Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners,' my heart really went with the language, for I deeply felt my misery and need of mercy. The text was, 'Make your calling and election sure,' which text came to my heart like a messenger of death, and struck quite dead what little comfort I seemed to have; for what making my calling and election sure could mean, I could not make out; and if the minister gave the meaning, it was in a way that put it out of my reach; but that was not doing much, seeing that I was so confused and distracted that I hardly knew where I was. However, the text continued to follow me, and increasingly alarmed and terrified me, for I thought it contained a secret I knew nothing about; and so it certainly did. In the first place, what the term *election* meant I knew not; and in the next place, how this election, whatever it was, could be made sure, I could not find out; and as I saw no one inclined to be serious in the ward where I was, except those who were really dying, I could not prevail on myself to ask any one, thinking I should get no other answer than a laugh at my ignorance; and if I had, it would have been one fool laughing at another.

#### HIS FIRST THOUGHTS OF RELIGION.

"When I came out of the hospital, I went as soon as possible to a place of worship, comforting myself with the thought that I was yet out of hell; and as I went on regularly attending a place of formal worship, I soon began to conclude, that to make my calling and election sure, was to keep the ten commandments, believe in Jesus Christ, love God, and deal honestly with my fellow creatures; and that, by being thus faithful, I was going on to do my part. There I was, labouring to be accepted in my own filthy rags, trying to enter the kingdom by the law of the bond children, working hard to make my old Adam nature holy enough for heaven, and all this time thought that I was certainly going the right way to work; yet, somehow or another, I could not succeed. I used in the evening to try to reckon up how many bad thoughts I had had through the day, but I thought I had so many bad ones, that I began to question whether I had one good one. I felt that I was not half nor a quarter so religious as I ought to be, and as I must be if I ever went to heaven. I could not think how it was, hard as I tried, that I could not be as good as I wished, and worked hard to be. I was more and more dissatisfied with myself, and sometimes a Scripture would come, and make me tremble, especially the following, 'Every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.' These words, day after day, pierced me through and through. I felt, and saw, of all tribunals, there

was none so dreadful as the bar of God. Said I to myself, 'What shall I do? Where shall I appear? How shall I lift up my head having not one thing in my favour? O that I could be good; that I could get rid of all evil thoughts and feelings; that I could love God with all my mind; that I could be holy even as he is holy.'

#### MR. WELLS JOINS A WESLEYAN SOCIETY.

"While in this state, I joined the Arminian camp, and as I heard a great noise, I thought it was the noise of war with the world, the flesh, and the devil; but in the course of a very few months, I found that this noise was the voice of free-will, boasting of the golden calf of creature sovereignty; for when Moses came with his fiery law, and burnt the calf, ground it to powder, and cast it into my cup, and made me drink it, I was very much dissatisfied with my situation. Bitter experience taught me the nothingness, helplessness, and vileness of the creature.

"I went to a Sunday morning prayer meeting, and the people who came to this meeting seemed very happy, very holy, very zealous, and very noisy. They very kindly asked me what I had done for the Lord, and said, they hoped I was not a stranger to these things. I told them that I really was, and feared I always should be. They then asked me what I had experienced. So I began, in my feeble way, to relate some of the soul-troubles, trials, hopes, and fears with which I had been exercised, and that my nature was so wicked, that I seemed nothing but sin. They then told me that there needed a deeper work of grace to be done in me; which, said they, you may have if you will but believe and pray: yea, they told me also, that the Lord would so sanctify me, and make me so holy, that I should not have one evil thought, or have occasion to say with Paul, 'O wretched man that I am!' for he said this when he was first under conviction; he went on to perfection, (perfection in himself they meant.) So I received these lies, and knew not but they were God's truth. I one day told one of the perfect ones that I thought I was getting more heavenly. 'Aye,' said he, 'that's right, you will be perfect if you go on.' Aye, said I to myself, that I will. But this conceit lasted only a few hours, for the following reflections soon stripped me of my flattering notions. I bethought myself thus: What am I to do with my past sins? are they forgiven? I have no reason to believe they are forgiven, and tremble with fear that they never will be. Again: Hath the Lord given me true repentance? Am I really born again? Have I ever been one moment free from sin? Do I not feel the workings of pride, ingratitude, hypocrisy, worldly-mindedness, peevishness, yea, evils of all sorts? Have I not promised that I would drive all those enemies out? and have I driven one out? Do I not seem more, instead of less, under their power? Do not these evils hinder me from setting my affections on things above? Do I not feel as vile as sin can make me? and, What one good thing have I done? Not one. And what have I towards being righteous before God? Not one thread. And where shall I look for comeliness? am I not deformity itself? Can there be a more helpless worm under the sun? Am I not beset, morning, noon, and night, with thoughts and feelings which I should be ashamed to utter! And, 'He that offendeth in one point, is guilty of the whole.' Where is that perfection, or any signs of that perfection, of which I was just now dreaming? Thus, in me, sin revived, and thus far killed my false hope.

#### "THE UNPARDONABLE SIN."

"One of the most pious and most perfect, one day, told me, that those who had committed the unpardonable sin *could not repent*. This made me tremble, for I thought this was just my state; and, although I did not know in what the unpardonable sin consisted, yet I felt such hardness of heart, darkness, deadness, vileness, evil workings, and confusion, that, 'surely,' said I, 'I have committed this sin.' Yet, strange to say, at times I seemed careless, light, trifling, vain, and worldly-minded; but still there was an uneasiness at the bottom, and I felt that these things were of the flesh, and tended to betray me into inconsistency of conduct. From this, however, I was, upon the whole, mercifully preserved; but the ten thousand abominations working within made me truly miserable. 'Yes,' said I, 'if inability to repent be an evidence that I have committed the unpardonable sin, then I certainly am lost, for I cannot repent, nor love God, nor cleanse my heart; and what is to be done?'

"While under this state of mind, I became so peevish, that I could hardly give anyone a civil word. I hated my own existence, and thought that the Lord made me see and feel my wretchedness that I might have a hell here as well as hereafter.



Yet, now and then, a little secret hope would spring up ; and then, again, I thought it was nothing but delusion for me to indulge in anything like hope ; for, thought I, What have I to recommend me to God, to give me any hope that he will receive me? Nothing at all ; and it is wonderful that he has spared me as he has, for I do nothing but break my promises which *I make to God*. I have promised to guard against bad thoughts, to be humble, not to think about this world, not to speak one idle word, not to forget God. 'Now,' said conscience, 'you have broken these vows again and again, therefore you are a downright hypocrite. You appear serious before men, while in your heart you are full of rottenness, and everything which is abominable in the sight of God. You are a very monster.' 'Well,' said I, 'this is certainly all true, and my best way will be to forget heaven, to forget hell, to forget God and my own soul, and everything pertaining to religion, for there is no hope.' But the more I tried to carry this resolution into effect, the further I was from it. The words, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' came rolling in upon my mind like a mighty tempest, driving all before it ; so that I could not trifle with the name, the ways, or the word of the living God. I *felt* that I was a sinner ; I *felt* that there was a God ; I *felt* that he was holy, that he was a consuming fire, that he was a sin-avenging God.

#### JAMES WELLS AND THE LOVE-FEAST.

"There was once given to me a ticket to be admitted to a love-feast, on which ticket were written these words, 'James Wells, admitted *on trial*.' The last two words were quite enough for me. On trial! on trial! thought I ; on trial! they certainly begin to see that I am just such a poor creature as I feel myself to be. Well then, of what use will this love-feast be to me? I have no love, nor life, nor light, nor anything else that accompanies salvation. In this way I reasoned myself out of the love-feast, so that I did not go. Yet I began to be convinced that there was something somewhere that I knew nothing about.

#### BEGINS TO RUN ABOUT, AND TO READ THE BIBLE.

"I now began to run about to different chapels to see if I could hear a Bible-experience described, and also to find if the doctrine of election were really a doctrine of the Bible ; for I began to have some inclination to think that absolute election was a doctrine of the Bible, although I could not as yet receive it. I ran about on Sundays and week evenings from chapel to church, and from church to chapel. I found one preaching up human duties ; another, charitable societies ; another, universal offers and invitations ; another saying election was a doctrine of the Bible, but we had little or nothing to do with it ; but as to entering into and opening up eternal election, divine predestination, the infinitely glorious atonement of Christ, the acceptance of the church in Christ, her oneness with him, her certain salvation by him, her coming through grace to him, her willingness to suffer for him, her resting upon him, her longing after him, the saving operations of the Holy Spirit, real soul trouble, distressing temptations, long and deep searching of heart ; these rising billows, these storms, these earthquakes, this rending of the veil from top to bottom, leaving the sinner no shelter ; these things, together with manifestative mercy, are things with which the ministers I at that time heard were evidently unacquainted. Yet their sermons are often so feasible that, being themselves deceived, they would, if it were possible, deceive the very elect ; but the Lord's elect are taught of God, and who teacheth like him?

"As I now had, from reading the Bible, some faint and distant views of the doctrines, I became (in addition to my concern and longing for mercy) anxious to know whether the high doctrines or the low doctrines were the doctrines of the Bible. I had tried the low doctrines, and no poor creature could be more earnest than I had been and still was. I had found that, if the low doctrines were true, for me there was no hope ; for I was, in my misery, beyond the reach of Wesleyanism, and low Calvinism. I was, in my apprehensions, beyond the reach of mercy. Yet, as I went on reading the Bible, and hearing dead letter-men, I became increasingly inclined to believe that election was a doctrine of the Bible.

#### HIS FIRST VIEW OF THE "NEW COVENANT."

"While thus staggering between high and low doctrines, a Wesleyan told me that the eighteenth of Ezekiel completely overturned all the high doctrines, for there it is written, 'When a man turneth from his wickedness, and doeth that

which is lawful and right, he shall save his *soul alive* ; ' But when a man turneth away from his righteousness, and committeth iniquity, his righteousness shall not be mentioned.' Now, said the Wesleyan, can you get over this? Well, I said, I certainly could not, but that, perhaps, there was a meaning in it that neither of us could see. I was at this time grown very cautious. This eighteenth of Ezekiel tormented me considerably, until I came to these words, which began to open up the secret and make the matter clear ; ' Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel ; *not* according to the covenant I made with them when I took them by the *hand* and brought them out of Egypt ; but this is the covenant that I will make with them in those days, saith the Lord ; I will put my laws in their hearts, and write them on their minds, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.' Well, said I, this new covenant is high doctrine all through. The laws of truth are to be written in the hearts of the people, their sins are to be forgiven and remembered no more for ever ; the laws of truth are to be thus written and the sins of the people forgiven by the Lord himself, and that according to the council of his own will, for there is no if, but the promises are yea and amen. Moses set before the people life and death, good and evil, and they were to choose which they would, but Christ hath destroyed death. While Moses, in old covenant language, tells the people to choose which they will, Paul, in new covenant language, tells the saints that they were blest with all spiritual blessings in Christ, according as they were chosen in him before the foundation of the world. The old covenant came with, ' *If* thou obey the voice of the Lord thy God, thou shalt be blest in the city and in the field, in thy basket and in thy store.' The new covenant comes with, ' I will put my fear into their hearts, and they shall not depart from me ; I will be their God and they shall be my people.' The old covenant comes with, ' This people do err in their hearts, for they have not *known* my ways.' But the new covenant comes with, ' And they shall all *know* me from the least to the greatest.' The old covenant priesthood was after the law of a *carnal* commandment ; the new covenant priesthood is after the *power* of an *endless* life. The deliverance from Egypt was after the order of the old covenant, and was temporal ; but the salvation of the new covenant is eternal. The Lord took the old covenant people by the *hand* ; he takes the new covenant people by the *heart*. The food, the raiment, and the victories of the old covenant people were after the flesh, and temporary ; but the food, the raiment, the victories of the new covenant people of God are after the Spirit, and are eternal. The genealogy of the old covenant people was after the flesh ; they were reckoned after the flesh ; but the new covenant people are reckoned according to the Lamb's book of life ; all their sins were laid on him ; they are reckoned not as children of *men*, but as children of *God* ; ' Heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ ; ' Reckoned not after the image of the earthy, but after the image of the heavenly : in which relation, likeness, and position, they are spotless, unblameable, without fault, and eternally safe. The throne of the old covenant is at an end ; but of the throne of Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, it is written, ' Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever.' The kingdom of David is no more ; but of the kingdom of Christ there is no end. The royalty of the old covenant was tarnished ; the royalty of the new covenant remains in perfection of beauty. The vineyard mentioned in the fifth of Isaiah was after the order of the old covenant, therefore destructible ; the vineyard mentioned in the twenty-seventh of Isaiah is after the order of the new covenant, and therefore *indestructible*. The parable of the prodigal son, as far as it concerns the prodigal, is the language of the new covenant ; therefore the prodigal, notwithstanding the enormity of his sins, was joyfully received, abundantly forgiven and supplied, entertained and made welcome to all that a father's heart could devise or his hand provide ; but the parable of the talents is after the order of the old covenant, and therefore the approbation of the Lord depended *not* upon the obedience of one for them. They could not be approved in another, but must each perform the conditions, in order to enjoy the reward. Mere creature obedience can receive, as a reward, nothing more than creature things ; but the obedience of Christ is called the righteousness of God. Therefore it is that those who are chosen in Christ are made partakers of the Spirit of God, are brought to live in the life of God, are upheld by the power of God, are guided by the counsel of God, are made acquainted with the mind of God, rest upon the immutability of God, glory in the salvation of God, are supplied from the fulness of God, and for ever shall they dwell in the presence of God.

## THE LIGHT OF TRUTH DAWNING ON HIS MIND.

"I used to sit up frequently until two o'clock in the morning searching the Scriptures. 'Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress' was the only book, besides the Bible, that I had in the house, and that being allegorical, I could not understand much of it, and felt very little interest in it. My whole interest was in the Bible, which I searched with great eagerness. Sometimes the thought would come that there was no mercy for me, and what mattered it to me who were right or who were wrong. But then, again, a little encouragement would come. I was favoured with a little help, by which means I continued for several weeks to sit up every night, after a hard day's work, searching the Scriptures, in order to find out whether the high doctrines or the low doctrines were the right, for I knew, from bitter experience, that if the low doctrines were true, I must lie down in eternal despair, but at the same time there were a thought and feeling sprung up in my mind, that if the high doctrines were true it was possible there was mercy for me. When I began to have only distant views of the high doctrines, I saw they set forth richer grace, greater mercy, a better Saviour, more abundant pardon, and more suitable promises than did the low doctrines. 'The high doctrines,' said I, 'if true, set open a door of hope just suited to such a lost, ruined, vile, and helpless creature as I daily feel myself to be.'

## THE DAY OF SPIRITUAL POWER.

We have often solemnly declared that we could no more help receiving and believing what professing men call "*high doctrines*" than we could help believing we were ruined sinners in the fall. Mr. James Wells, we think, very clearly shows the total impossibility of any broken-hearted and spirit-anointed sinner believing in any other way of salvation than through the purpose, purchase, and power of a Triune God. Hence, he says:—

"Who in his senses can, under these circumstances, blame me for becoming high in doctrine? Spiritual sickness, spiritual poverty, misery, guilt, vileness, fear, distress, and dread of eternity drove me to seek that which the world could not produce, which no creature could bestow, which no human works could bring, and which low doctrines could not furnish. What then was I to do? Rest I could not; be put off with the mere form of godliness I could not, for I found every means fail, and the low doctrines of no use. I was too deeply sunk in the miry clay of soul-trouble for moderation systems to reach me. I felt that I was not a moderate sinner, therefore I needed something more than a moderate salvation. I needed an atonement, having in it *infinite* power to redeem, to cleanse, to pardon, to swallow up death, and to overcome all adverse powers. Such is the great atonement of our incarnate God; an atonement which has met, does meet, and shall meet and defy sin, death, hell, and the grave; an atonement which overcomes the enmity of the carnal mind, together with all the darkness, bondage, temptations, falls, fears, tribulations, and enemies of the children of God; an atonement by which God, the Father, appears in the sweet harmony of all the perfections of his nature, honouring the great atonement of his dear Son, by sending those for whom this atonement was made out of the pit wherein is no water, drawing them to the Saviour, manifesting forgiving mercy and endearing love, lifting upon them the light of his countenance, thus showing that he is *well* pleased with *us in Christ*, and in this, his good pleasure, there is no variability, neither *shadow* of turning. He thus, by the atonement of Christ, shows to the *heirs of promise* the immutability of his counsel, and that, in his love, mercy, and grace there is no scarcity, no littleness, no weakness, no mutation, no hesitation, no termination. Christ went to the end of the law, but there is no getting to the end of the gospel. To sin, tribulation, death, and the grave, there will be an end: but salvation is everlasting, consolation is everlasting, life is everlasting, glory is everlasting, God our Father's mercy is from everlasting to everlasting. This *mercy comes by*, and is *according to*, the atonement of Christ; it is sovereign, free, full, and eternal. Of this great mercy, by this great atonement, I was brought to feel my need. I knew that the possession of a thousand worlds, without this great atonement, would leave me miserably poor; for what could it profit me to gain all these, and lose my own soul? and no remedy within my reach had I left untried, while refuge continued to fail me. There I was, after all my doings, still sick and in

prison; still hungry and thirsty, and a stranger to God. I saw him afar off; I beheld him in his great acts of mercy towards his people; I saw that God was good unto Israel, to such as are of a clean heart; but, as for me, I knew not what a clean heart meant, for all the day long had I been plagued, and chastened every morning; therefore, moderation systems were to me worse than nothing. These systems became vinegar to my teeth, smoke to my eyes, gall to my taste, a mockery to my ears, thorns to my hands, and a miry clay to my feet. I knew sin was not a moderate evil; I knew not only my need of the obedient life, atoning death, and suretyship responsibility of Christ, together with the ancient provisions and settlements of mercy; but I knew also my need of a *divine* application of these things; for a human application I had found to be of no avail. Professors said it was my own fault, that I might have these things if I applied for them, that I ought to pray more, that I ought to give the Lord no rest, that I ought not to allow mine eyes to sleep until I was satisfied that matters were right between God and my own soul. All this *seemed* very true in *theory*, but the *practical* department was quite another thing. The practical part substantiated this one truth, that I was shut up, and *could not* come forth. So true it is, that when he shutteth up none can open, and when he hideth his face, who then can behold him? This experience stripped me of my fondness for low doctrines, moderate systems, and rounds of dead works. To me, moderate power, moderate mercy, and a moderate gospel were of no use. It mattered not what unhumbléd, talkative, prating, and formal professors said, for I felt they could not persuade me that I had experienced what I knew I had not experienced, nor could I be kept under the delusion that prayer was at my command. I learned, from feeling, that prayer, real spiritual prayer, is as much the gift of God as is salvation itself; and, if it were not, why is the Holy Spirit called the Spirit of grace and supplication? . . . . Of this Almighty Testifier of Jesus I felt my need. I felt that the flesh profitted nothing, and that in my flesh dwelt no good thing. To will was indeed present with me, but how to perform that which was good, I found not. I knew the Holy Spirit would do nothing without Christ; I knew Christ came into the world to save sinners; I knew I needed the Lord Jesus to be my everything, my all in all; for I possessed nothing, could do nothing, and could deserve nothing but cursing, bitterness, and woe. . . . Previously to my deliverance I was miserable to the last degree. But the day of salvation was not far off. I had before been told by men that 'now is the day of salvation.' 'Yes,' said I, 'it is, no doubt, the day of salvation *with some*; it was the day of salvation *with those* to whom the apostle said, '*Now is the day of salvation*;' but with *me* it was the day, not of salvation, but of condemnation. It is true that conviction of sin and living desire after God are evidences that the good work is begun, but there must be the experience of forgiving mercy before any real resting in the Lord can be enjoyed. Under a feeling sense of my need of these things I continued until the day of salvation arrived, which was but a comparatively little while, for it was not more than twelve months from the time I began to be abidingly concerned about eternal things.'

#### THE GLORIOUS DELIVERANCE OF HIS SOUL.

The following account of God's mercy and Christ's pardon, as applied to him by the Holy Ghost, is most decisive. He says:—

"On returning home from my work one evening, much cast down, melancholy, and miserable, weary in body, and worn out in mind with soul-trouble, I went and laid down on the bed, and thought of the awful state I was in, as being without hope and without God in the world, and that my portion at last would be in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone; that I was reserved in the chain of my sins unto the judgment of the last day; that I should then sink to endless woe, to rise no more. After reflecting a while in these gloomy regions of almost black despair, I rose from the bed, and went to the Bible, with no more thought of finding mercy than of being king of England. However, I opened it, and began to read the fifty-fourth chapter of Isaiah, until I came to the eighth verse, which reads thus,—'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.' These words, as I read them, came with such power, that they filled me with astonishment, overwhelmed me with wonder, and caused me to exclaim, 'What meaneth this?' I found my guilt depart, darkness passed away, fears were removed, my heart enlarged, my mind released, my feelings changed, my soul delivered, and all my powers absorbed in the treasures of the text. I sat, and wept, and wondered, and said there was mercy for me after all; that Jesus was certainly my Redeemer; that he shed his blood for me; that he wrought out and brought in everlasting righteousness for me. I read the text again and again, and still it remained mighty to my soul, put the

enemy under my feet, put my trouble far away, and with its precious contents filled my soul with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Again I looked, and wept, and wondered, and could hardly believe such a treasure could be mine; and then again the text would come, 'With everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer.' This again would make me say, 'It certainly is mine, even mine.' 'Then,' said I to myself, 'I shall never leave off rejoicing; no, never; now I am happy for ever.' I was thus brought into a new world; old things were passed away, and all things were become new. The truths which I had seen afar off were now brought nigh, and made unto me spirit and life. The God at whose name I had trembled was now all my delight, all my salvation, and all my desire; he was now near and dear to me. I now felt that he was on my side, and I loved him sincerely in all the settlements and purposes of his love. I looked at election, and could rejoice that my name was written in heaven. I looked at predestination, and could give thanks unto the Lord that he had not appointed me unto wrath, but to obtain salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ. I looked at my sins, and saw that they were all laid upon his dear Son. I looked at the law, and saw it fulfilled, its curse removed, and my soul delivered from going down to the pit. I could look at the great work of Christ, and see that I was complete in him, and for ever perfected thereby. I knew the Holy Spirit had begun the good work, and that he would carry it on. I knew that this God was my God for ever and ever; that he would be my Guide, even unto death."

We joyfully sympathize with our departed brother in this rich portion of his experience. In our measure, we realized the same on that bright, holy, happy, pure, and glorious Lord's-day morning, when the beloved Christ of God filled our soul with such ineffable and soul-transporting light and love, that, as Peter wrote, "We rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory." There was no room for one thought of sin, nor for one unbelieving fear:

"The wings of faith and arms of love  
Did lift our soul on high."

How we do wish the stiff, uncircumcised, and the bitter bondsmen, who have for years secretly reviled both us and our departed brother, might be favoured with such a baptism of love divine: then, and not till then, will they cease to do as Ishmael did. When Isaac was weaned, Abraham made a great feast; then poor Sarah saw Ishmael mocking. That Ishmaelish mocking, and Saul's awful enmity against David, are the most deadly external foes we have. But such things our Jesus said would sure to follow. Would to God we had ever sought more sincerely to set the crown upon our great Redeemer's head. But, now, let us read our departed brother's account of

#### THE TRIAL OF HIS FAITH AFTER HIS DELIVERANCE.

Referring to the day of his spiritual freedom, he says:—

"The next morning, as I went to my work, everything appeared new; the heavens and the earth, the trees, the winds, all seemed to remind me of the voice of that salvation which I now so abundantly enjoyed. I now went to my daily labour with joy, and ate my bread with gladness and singleness of heart. In this enjoyment of pardoning mercy, in this liberty wherewith Christ had made me free, in this fellowship with the father and with his Son, Jesus Christ, in this large and wealthy place, in this mount of transfiguration, in this assurance of interest in God, in this dominion over enemies internal and external, I walked for several weeks; and although my sins, discouragements, eastings down, doubts, fears, and perplexities, have since been numerous, yet I have never been sunk into such a state as I was in previous to this deliverance:—this mount Hermon, this hill Mizar, this coming into the banquetting house, I hope never to forget. I say, I hope never to forget; but alas! when the Lord hideth his face, and the enemy comes in like a flood, my old nature siding with the enemy, the Bible a sealed book, no power in prayer, the earth under me as iron, the heavens over my head as brass, and seemingly destitute of thought or feeling, or even inclination to anything spiritual, full of self, the devil, and the world; when thus dead and stupid, when thus shut up, when thus carnally minded, I seem as though I knew nothing of the Lord, and as though I never did know anything. There seems to be no going out after God, no communication from God, no reproof from the precept, no transforming power from the promise, no pleasure in the service of the Lord; yet I cannot give up the truth, cannot be at home in the world, cannot approve of, nor receive doctrines that oppose the free-grace honours of the dear Lamb of God. My harp is hung upon the willows, and

I sit down by the rivers of Babylon,—the rivers of confusion, the confusing and confused system of false doctrines. I sit down by the side of these rivers; they roll along, carrying their thousands, and I should go with them too, but mercy follows, and holds me. Nor can I mingle my songs with theirs, for if I cannot sing of free grace, and free grace alone, I must remain in silence. Thus, though the feelings of my mind change, yet the *sentiments* of my heart remain the same; for I am no more willing to give up the truth when I am dark and dead in my feelings, than I am when I am on the mount of enjoyment. I thus walk by faith; but when darkness of mind prevails, there is unbelief in exercise, and a very great many doubts, fears, and reasonings opposing faith; and herein is the conflict, which can be settled to my satisfaction only by the presence of the Lord. 'I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice.' Not all the duties, all the prayers, nor all the sermons in the world can enable me to call the Lord mine. Nothing can do this but his presence, the light of his countenance, the anointing of his Holy Spirit, the diffusing through the soul the savouriness of Jesus' name, the shedding abroad a Father's love. Without this authority I feel no right to call the Redeemer mine. Nothing like having for our conclusions good authority; for if I conclude that I am a real Christian, then the question is, who or what has brought me to this conclusion? One poor lunatic concludes that he is a great scholar, and another that he is a mighty warrior, and another that he is a celebrated emperor; but when it is the lot of these poor things to come to their senses, they soon find that their conclusions were wrong; and are not unregenerate men as much deceived in matters pertaining to eternity? Thousands of thousands are concluding that they are Christians, while they have not one iota of divine authority so to conclude. A man who lives and dies ignorant of, and an enemy to, the great truths of the Gospel, dying in all the enmity which is nursed and fostered by free will and low Calvinism, dying in a state of aversion to the rightful sovereignty of the Most High, dying in the delusive charm of so-called Christian charity, dying without having been *experimentally* humbled, stripped, and emptied; what must be the portion of such an one? It is one thing to say in the light of the letter of the word that Christ is the only Saviour, and only hope, and another thing to have been cut down and raised up, wounded and healed, and torn to pieces and put together by the Spirit of the living God. Dying in any state short of this regenerating work of God, is to die in our sins.

"All I have felt, experienced, passed through, and seen in the profane and in the professing world, among Christians, nominal and real, in prosperity or adversity; all I have felt, seen, and known since I have tasted that the Lord is gracious, confirms me in the truth that salvation is entirely of grace. God the Father is called the God of all grace, and grace and truth came by the Lord Jesus, and the Holy Spirit is the Spirit of grace; thus is the Lord a God of grace for his people, to his people, in his people, and with his people. Such has been, and such is my experience of my own nothingness, vileness, helplessness, and loathsomeness, that were not election to eternal life an election of *grace*; were not predestination according to the riches of his grace; were not justification freely by his grace; were not redemption and forgiveness of sin entirely of grace; did not the Holy Spirit carry on his work as a Spirit of grace; were not salvation thus, from first to last, all of grace, I know by experience, and from the Word of God, that I should have no more hope than those who are now in perdition.

"True faith purifies the heart from enmity against the truth, overcomes the world, and endears the Saviour, and the love of Christ constraineth us to every good word and work. The precepts are followers of the promises, and not the promises followers of the precepts. The Jewish Sabbath followed the six days of the week, but our Sabbath goes first, and the six days follow after. Now our rest, our repose, our Sabbath speaketh on this wise, 'God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.' The promise goes first; to supply and enable; and the precept comes after, to direct, to correct, rebuke, and reprove. But the period is fast coming when that as faith and hope will be lost in sight, so the precept will be lost in the glory of the promise; for we shall be *unrebukable, un-reprovable, and unblameable in his sight*. This arises from completeness in Christ, and conformity to Christ. He always was and always will be unrebukable, unprovable, and unblameable; and 'We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.'"

Thus we have given, from Mr. James Wells's own heart, his clear testimony concerning the manner in which the Lord first killed him to himself, to all hope from himself; to all the false systems of men; and then revealed in his soul, by the Spirit, and the Word, the fulness, the freeness, the certainty, and the completeness of salvation *in, through, by,* and *with* the Lord Jehovah Jesus, our Righteousness and our Redeemer!

We ask our readers to consider that, from this time, that is from the year 1825, to the day of his death, March 10, 1872, a period of nearly forty-seven years, James Wells *continued*, by grace divine, a most unwavering defender of, and witness to, the truth as it is in Jesus. From

an unlettered country labourer he became one of the most talented, devoted, earnest, and useful ministers of this century; how far the Lord honoured his testimony will never be known until the day when the Lord shall make up his jewels: then, before our God, we believe this blessed soul will realize Daniel's words, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

## A NOTE TO MR. SAMUEL FOSTER

RESPECTING A VISIT TO MR. J. WELLS THE NIGHT PREVIOUS TO HIS DEATH.

**B**ELOVED, BUT AFFLICTED FRIEND IN THE HOPE OF THE GOSPEL, —This is Monday morning, March 11, 1872, and I have just received the following note from my dear son Robert:—

461, Old Kent Road, S.E.  
Sunday evening, March 10, 1872.

MY DEAR FATHER,—

This afternoon, at ten minutes past four, the Lord was pleased to relieve our dear minister, Mr. James Wells, from his long and painful suffering, by gently taking him home to his heavenly rest. The scene at the Tabernacle, this evening, you may better imagine than I can describe.

Your affectionate son,  
ROBERT.

I was in bed when this note reached me; for, although I preached with much feeling, enjoyment, and with deep solemnity of mind, twice yesterday, still I am not well; and, although I had been with Mr. Wells on the previous evening, I was not prepared for the account of his departure. However, I will simply relate to you the nature and result of my visit.

During the whole sixteen months Mr. Wells has been ill, I never saw him; I always understood he was not able to see any one; and, being very diffident, fearful of intruding where my presence might be any burden, I did not feel I could dare to call on him. However, our brother, Mr. Edward Butt, kindly invited me to accompany him to see Mr. Wells on last Saturday evening; and I agreed so to do. But, after this arrangement was made, I heard such distressing accounts of his suffering, that I expected it would be impossible for me to see him. On Saturday morning, however, I received the following note from Mr. Butt:—

March 8, 1872.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—

We tea at five on Saturday, when we expect you. I was with brother Wells till nine last evening; the Lord is very gracious to him. We had a wonderful meeting.

In haste, yours truly,  
E. BUTT.

Consequently, I went to Mr. Butt's house at five, and from him I learned how marvellously and how certainly the Lord had turned the captivity of our brother Wells's soul; so wonderfully, graciously, scripturally, and satisfactorily, that Mr. Butt said to me in his garden,

"I never saw such a scene before, and never expect to see such another, as I witnessed in our brother, James Wells, last evening." Then he described the whole of what took place, which I shall give from him if permitted. We had a pleasant cup of tea; and then set off for Mr. Wells's house. On entering it, one of the friends in waiting came down, and from her statement of his affliction, I felt certain I should not be permitted to see him. After a little, Mr. Butt took me by the hand, and led me up into the chamber where the good man lay as near to death as could be.

As soon as we approached his bed-side, I believe some one told him we had come, whereupon he lifted up both his arms, and clapped his hands together in most jubilant and joyful feeling; he then flung his arm around Mr. Butt, and embraced him; after which, with his left hand he grasped my hand, and with his right hand he stroked my forehead, patting my head, and smoothly passing his hand over my forehead in the most affectionate manner, calling me "one of his blessed little brothers." After many precious things had been said by him, I told him that all the day those words had been with me, "We went through fire and through water, but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place." I said to him, "You have gone through fire and through water, soon the Lord will bring you into the wealthy place." And I felt most certainly persuaded that the Lord would soon receive him unto himself. He said he had enjoyed blessed communion with the Lord that day; and, in the midst of much he said, this sentence came very distinct, "Tell all the men of God what he has done for my soul." I told him the first text I heard him preach from with power was this, "Who holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved." And, I said, "How true, in the experience of both of us have those words been." "Yes, dear me," he said.

He was then perfectly himself; and spoke for some time upon "*the precious truths* of the gospel." Then, with my hand clasped in his, he sunk into an exhausted state; and in that state he lay for some time. I felt his cold clammy hand, and the throbbing and catching of his arm, as though the season of dissolution was very near. After watching and waiting for some time, Mr. Butt spoke a few words in prayer, and we bid him "good-bye," never to meet in this world any more; for, in a few hours after that, in quietness, his lips quivered, his spirit fled; and the lifeless corpse was all that was left of that most vigilant, valiant, labourious, and long-honoured servant of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

And, now, I ask,

"Shall we meet beyond the river?"

Shall we there, around the throne, adore the glorious GOD-MAN-MEDIATOR and Great High Priest of our profession? Of HIM, the exalted LAMB in the midst of the throne, we have both delighted to speak and write, and of him adoringly to sing. Surely, then (although we have each had our weaknesses and sorrows; and, although by a large number of the laity and ministerial classes we have both been much reproached, yet, surely, as penitent and praying believers in JESUS, THE SON OF GOD), we shall in perfection prove that they



are "blessed whose iniquities are forgiven, whose sins are covered, and to whom the Lord will not impute sin."

Beloved brother Foster, I pray these few lines will be a comfort to you as in your chamber you are confined; and that when you are favoured to draw near to God you will remember your old friend,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

### In Memoriam.

"A GREAT MAN IS FALLEN IN THE CAMP TO-DAY!"

E'EN while amidst the transient things that  
gladden,  
That flit across the breast and die away,  
Lo! suddenly we hear of sounds that sadden—  
A great man's fallen in the camp to-day!

A marshalled warrior from the field retires,  
Draped with the victor's laurels lately given,  
Worn by fatigue he peacefully expires,  
And gains the sublime vestibule of heaven.

Our brother's undergone the grand transi-  
tion,  
And safely moored in that ethereal goal,  
Where myriad spirits reap the full fruition  
Of bliss ineffable with his wrapt soul!

In you dull chamber where the fond one  
weepeth,  
There the pale ashes of a Christian lies,  
All fears be hushed, "he is not dead, but  
sleepeth;"  
Rejoice, ye saints, the Christian never dies!

We hear some plaintive voices softly crying,  
"How are the mighty fallen," in the way?  
Ye winds awake, and send the echo flying,  
Another jewel's gathered home to-day.

Rest, frail mortality! the enraptured spirit,  
Long bound by ties of earth, a prisoner here,  
Now rises, disencumbered, to inherit  
Supernal bliss, and breathe celestial air.

Beyond the bounds of fond imaginations,  
Through the bright vista of immeasured  
space;  
We fain would trace him to his destined sta-  
tion,  
And hear the welcome of the King of Grace.

Waltham Abbey.

There anguish is unknown, for there the  
weary,  
Rest from their pains; O, may that rest be  
mine:  
No night, no sorrow, yea, and nought that's  
dreary,  
Can intercept the visual ray divine.

O, that his hallowed mantle, white and holy,  
Wert on some less successful prophet cast:  
That child-like spirit, honest, grave, and  
lowly,  
That so adorned the life which now is past.

No regal dignity, no gilded story  
Of ancient lineage, prompted him to boast.  
He rested in the antepasts of glory,  
A pensiveur upon the Lord of Hosts.

His voice was music, face and spirit comely,  
Lit with those radiant truths he loved so  
well;  
His manner plain, his style and language  
homely,  
That drew the heart as with a mystic spell.

Those eyes, now sealed in death, oft gleamed  
with pleasure,  
As his full heart impelled his joyous tongue  
To speak of Christ his hope, his only treasure,  
The sum of all he ever wrote or sung.

Adieu, awhile, fair soul, death cannot sever,  
The love we bear thee's like to that above;  
O, boundless ocean, roll along for ever,  
Till all the saints are swallowed up of love.

'Midst friends and foes now silent, cold and  
earthy,  
We leave the relics of this aged sire;  
And parting, say—*Requiesco in Pace*,  
Weep not, beloved, what more could you  
desire?

W. WINTERS.

### THOUGHTS OVER THE GRAVE OF MR. FOREMAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

"DEVOUT men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him." Devout men carried John Foreman to his burial; but there was no great lamentation made over him. Why not? Because he had finished his course; he had done his work; he had been carefully laid down to die. He was not sufficient for further

service here; therefore, the same merciful God who called him by his grace at first; the same wise God who revealed in him the truth as it is in Jesus; the same powerful God who held him in safety, in usefulness, and honour for the long period of sixty years; the same compassionate God made all his bed in his sickness; laid underneath him his everlasting arms; and enabled him to testify with his dying breath that all was "well;" well every way. "Well," because he was COMPLETE IN CHRIST; "well," because he had endured unto the end in the "One Lord, one faith, one baptism;" and "well" in the prospect of the soon-to-be-realized promise—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life." There was no real cause, then, why any great lamentation should be made over the grave of the deceased pastor of Mount Zion Church, in Hill Street, Dorset Square.

But in the case of Stephen—the cruel persecution to which he was subjected, and which took from the infant church a young and useful man of God—*there* was much cause for lamentation and sorrow. So, where a young man like John Pells is early taken out of a field of usefulness; or, where a powerful minister like our brother James Wells is laid down in pain and lengthened affliction, there is cause for lamentation, and for deep humiliation too. God's manner of dealing with the choicest of his servants is so varied, so sovereign, often so far beyond our comprehension, that it becometh us, like Aaron, to hold our peace, or like Eli, to exclaim, "It is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him good."

Every man's life, especially every minister's life, is a great study. Some men, like David, wade through seas of sorrows, hunted by persecution, and harrassed by temptation all their life long. Like Heman, and Asaph, many often fear that in their case the promise of the Lord will fail for ever more! While other men seem to have all the promises of God, as a body-guard, preserving them; the presence of God cheering them; the providences of God prospering them, all their days, (as was John Foreman's happy lot,) so that when we come to stand around his grave, the Holy Spirit speaks, as it were, most distinctly, and says, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." The same will, no doubt, be true of the three venerable men who officiated at the funeral of this great man—Messrs. Philip Dickerson, Samuel Milner, and Samuel Collins: these are, all of them, of that *perfect* and *upright* class and character, as to render them the most qualified for the services they had to perform of any men on the face of the earth. And, if all ministers were as permanently perfect and as upright as the Foremans, the Dickersons, the Milners, and the Collineses, that ugly thing called Antinomianism would soon cease to be heard of; but, alas, it is not so.

Nevertheless, if our churches have lost the great originals, of whom, during the last half-century, the Lord has given so many to his Church; if they are gone, numbers have been raised up, who, for devotion to the truth, and for integrity of character and purpose, are equal to any of those whose loss the Church lamenteth; let us be thankful we had them, and remember it is the Lord who putteth down, and raiseth up whom he will. A second William Huntington never has, and never will be found: a second William Gadsby, another Joseph Irons, never may be seen in our time. The New Surrey Tabernacle, the Mount Zion Pulpit, may never expect such another pair as James, the afflicted, or John,

the departed, have been. But has not the same Lord given his churches the Andersons, the Aldersons, the Wilkinsons, the Hazeltons, the Flacks, the Vinalls, the Hankses, the Griffithses, the Myersons, and hosts of men both good, and great, and true in service? Certainly, he has. From the silent graves where our fathers rest we turn with tears of affection; and, as we look at, and listen to, the sons who succeed them, we take our harps from the willows, and sing—

“ Praise God from whom all blessings flow.”

[We were happily led to take advantage of Mr. Foreman's death to notice that crowning promise Eliphaz gave to Job—“ Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season.” “ The full age,” and “ the shock of corn,” are sweet metaphors fully realized in some cases; but not manifestly so in all.]

## THE LATE JOHN FOREMAN'S ACCOUNT OF HIS REGENERATION.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, MARCH 10TH, 1826.

“ **W**HEN going on in an openly profane course, the Lord suddenly stopped me with deep conviction of the wickedness of my practice, and the woefulness of my condition as a sinner before God my Maker, in the afternoon of a Lord's-day, in the close of July, 1812, at the age of little upwards of twenty-one years. I had attended but little at any place of worship for five years, and at no place for some time. I had no religious relation, and had no connection with professors, and therefore I knew nothing about the various sentiments of religion there were in the world. Under my conviction, with bitter reflection, dread of the Almighty, alarm of death, and horror-struck with expectation that I should perish in hell, I was almost driven to madness for some days and nights. I went to hear an evening sermon. What the man preached I now know not, for the text itself took up all my time—‘ The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.’—Luke iv. 18, 19.

“ Here I saw something of mercy; but I neither knew how or yet for whom; but it gave me so much encouragement that I ventured to pray for mercy that night, which I dared not to do before. I found a little relief, but was greatly confused between hope and dread; but for what I know, my soul was in constant prayer for this mercy night and day for two or three days; that I went after my work like one who had lost his senses; I hardly knew what I went after.

“ My soul was now increasingly comforted, till a thought struck me,—‘ This may be false comfort.’ This distressing thought increased my sorrow till I sunk in grief lest I should not come to heaven at last; and for two or three days I almost left off prayer, as not acceptable to God from my lips; till Thursday, the 14th day of August (the same year), when my distress of mind was to that degree that I neither knew where to go, nor what to do with myself, I got up in a hay-loft,

and there, with groans and tears of grief, I prayed to know whether I was loved with that love, and redeemed by that blood that I read of in the Scriptures, or not; and while I was thus begging, I had such a discovery of God's love to my soul, of my complete redemption, and the pardon of all my sins, that I was entirely overcome, both in body and soul, with the sense of it. I got up off my knees, and walked about the loft as though I must have called out aloud for the joy I felt. And three years and eight months after this, I began publicly to preach what was thus manifested, and my soul thus blest to enjoy; as, according with the word of God, and having obtained help of God, I continue to preach the same things to this day, and by the help of God will, as long as I can preach at all." — *A Reply to Three Letters published by John Coulson, Blacksmith, Swavesey, Cambridgeshire.* By John Foreman, Minister, at Eden Chapel, Cambridge. 12mo, pp. 20. St. Neots: Printed by J. Stanford, 1826.

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### MR. FOREMAN'S FAREWELL.

MR. EDITOR,—On Wednesday, August 4, 1869, I had the pleasure and profit of hearing Mr. John Foreman preach his farewell sermon at Hanover chapel, from Rom. v. 11. It was a sweet, sound, experimental testimony. He took a solemn and sober farewell of all at the close of his sermon; remarking that, at his advanced age, he could not pledge himself to preach for them again, although he had for many years past officiated as one of their supplies for the anniversary. He preached as one upon the confines of eternity, even as a dying man to dying men. His former manner of (to me) being at times rather trifling in the pulpit, upon this occasion entirely disappeared; he grasped his subject in a masterly, yet plain and simple way, and spoke as one who was dealing in matters of eternal moment. For myself, I can say, while hearing him, Christ was precious, self was abased; I went into the vestry and shook hands with him, remarking at the same time, that if we could not, as formerly (on my part), meet at the fountain of water (baptism), yet we could meet and rejoice together at the fountain of blood. (Zech. xiii. 1.) To this he very smilingly and in a very friendly way assented, "Yes, sir, blood, even the precious blood of Christ, is the basis of all Christian communion, (not water), hence it is written, "The blood shall be to you for a token, and when I see the blood, I will pass over you." (Exodus xii. 5—13.) Well might Paul write to the Hebrews (chap. x. 14, 15), "For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified, whereof the Holy Ghost is a witness to us." While the Beloved John saith, "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself."

*Salem, Tunbridge Wells.*

T. EDWARDS.

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### MR. JOHN FOREMAN AS AN AUTHOR.

IF the letters, essays, and other writings which proceeded from the pen of Mr. John Foreman could be gathered into one volume, with a comprehensive memoir, the churches would have a collection of spiritual and practical reading more valuable than we can describe. Mr. Fore-

man's published works were not numerous ; but his private letters to friends were very many. One small volume on *Believer's Baptism and Communion, &c.*, amply proves Mr. Foreman's neat and respectable gift for controversial writing, and for defending, in a Christian and manly spirit, those doctrines and ordinances which he believed to be revealed in God's Word, and to be believed and practised by all the Lord's people. When we have given our readers the particulars descriptive of the last days and the last offices connected with the going home of this good minister of Jesus Christ, we may then find room for some pithy extracts from his writings. But it is high time that we cease to make any promises as regards the future ; having been confined to our bed-room by positive medical injunction, and having painfully realized how soon we may be levelled to the dust, our greatest anxiety is to have grace honestly and confidently to declare, with one of the best of men, " I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless, I live ; yet, not I, but Christ liveth in me ; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

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### THIRTY-FIVE YEARS REVIEW OF MR. WELLS'S MINISTRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

**M**Y DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—On receiving your letter this morning, I was startled by its contents. It was the first intimation that I had received of the departure of my long-known and greatly-esteemed minister and intimate friend, Mr. James Wells. The information produced a remarkable effect upon my mind, and it was some time before I could fully realize the fact. On reflection, however, I was enabled to bless the Lord that He had so graciously taken His servant to Himself ; that He had delivered him from the shackles of mortality ; from the pains and sorrows of this present world ; from the sufferings of which he has been sorely the subject during the last sixteen months of his life. Living as I do, nearly 300 miles from the metropolis, business or inclination calls me there occasionally. It has been my practice for some years on these occasions to visit the Surrey Tabernacle. It was so that I was there on the 9th of November, 1870, and heard Mr. Wells preach on the Wednesday evening, the last sermon he ever did preach in the Surrey Tabernacle. I had a very pleasant interview with him in the vestry after the service. He told me of his weakness. I reminded him, however, that the Lord had already granted him a good long lease of life, strength, and usefulness, in which he acquiesced. I did not think at that time that I should never see him again in the flesh.

He is gone ! A holy solemnity pervades my soul whilst I meditate on his departure from a world of wickedness and woe ; from scenes of sorrow and of sin to the regions of ineffable gladness and delight ; to the realms of happiness and peace. He has fought a good fight ; he has

finished his course; he has kept the faith, and is gone to receive the laid-up crown of righteousness. He has entered into the heaven he so often told us of; enjoys the salvation he proclaimed so many times with pathos, propriety, and power. Without a veil, between does he behold the Saviour now; that blessed Saviour whose glorious person and whose finished work it was his constant habit to exalt. If ever mortal man was commended to my conscience as a man of God, and as a messenger of mercy, it was emphatically James Wells. It is more than thirty-five years ago when, deeply concerned about my state as a sinner in the sight of God, but entirely ignorant of Gospel truth and the way of salvation, I entered the old Surrey Tabernacle (No. 1), and heard from the lips of our departed friend the gospel of Jesus for the first time in my life. I had doubtless heard it before with the outward ear, but never until then with a circumcised ear, nor received it into a circumcised heart. God Almighty clothed the Word with His own omnipotence; it came "not in word only, but in the demonstration of the Spirit, and with power." If he be not a minister to any soul under heaven besides, he was a minister of righteousness to me. At this moment, I have no more doubt about the sovereign operations of the Holy Spirit in bringing the ears of my soul into living relation to the mouth of his ministry than I have of the Spirit's working with the inquiring African worshipper to bring him to the reception of the testimony of Jesus from the mouth of Philip the evangelist and servant of the Lord. From the first until now, by the instrumentality of the departed, has mine ear been nailed to the door-post of gospel truth and ordinances as with a nail in a sure place. Although, like others, have I been exposed to much temptation to depart from the truth, yet "grace has kept me to this day, and will not let me go." A tempting devil, a corrupt heart, and an alluring world would have been a little trinity of foes too mighty for a weakling such as I; but, by the love of God shed abroad in the heart, the fear of God in the soul, and the faith of the Gospel in exercise, I have been mercifully preserved even until now. No man can know the blessedness of a Christian life but him that possesseth the life of Christ in his soul, and is favoured at times with holy communion at the throne of grace. How has my soul been enraptured by the scriptural eloquence of the Lord's now called-home servant! Transfixed with a holy fascination have I hung upon his lips, whilst in heavenly strains he has been discoursing on the great and soul-ennobling doctrines of God's Word. Whilst on the one hand he descanted melodiously on the unity of the Divine essence, how grandly did he expatiate on the scriptural and unanswerable doctrine of the glorious Trinity!

One of his favourite themes was the complexity of the person of Christ—the God-man Mediator—the one who can lay hands upon both the offended and the offender: "the Child born," "the Son given," "the Ancient of days," and yet "the Infant of days." The departed servant of God was great and decided upon "Sonship." Here I confess I was not able to follow him. He contended that Sonship was founded in complexity. I could never see it; therefore went no further in believing even what my dear friend taught than I could conscientiously receive. I think he ever was the Son of God, and ever must have been, even had there been no complexity; in other words, He was the Son of God prior to His incarnation, with this exception, I was

favoured to embrace all that he preached, and received from his lips the truth in the love of it.

What a sweet theme for him and his hearers, too, was the doctrine and experience of the atonement: the harmony of the Divine perfections of Jehovah made known through this: how God can be just and can yet justify the sinner; how sin is for ever put away by the shed blood of the slain Lamb;—in a word, the whole range of gospel truth was the field in which he loved to roam.

The departed was a great man. He was great in memory, and this enabled him to make the subjects of his varied readings his own. The Scriptures, from Genesis to Revelation, were, so to speak, at his fingers' ends; whether for exhortation or for illustration, the right passages at the right time were at hand. He was thus enabled to expound one scripture apparently dark by another self-evident and plain.\* His correct memory enabled him to avoid doing violence to the Word by incorrect quotation, and to reproduce the sacred text in its integrity. He was great in intellect: he had a capacious intellect, capable of grasping a subject comprehensively in all its details, and mentally arranging the whole matter of a long discourse without written notes of any kind. He was great in power of expression. His conception of ideas was rapid, their birth immediate, and clothed at once in a vigorous Saxon dress, in language clear and unmistakable, free from all ambiguity. He was a clear thinker, therefore a clear speaker. Friends to the subjects of his discourses, as well as those who might perchance differ from him in opinion, were equally able to understand his meaning, and few indeed was the number of his many hearers who could sit listlessly beneath the sound of his manly utterances. His tongue was as the pen of a ready writer. Gospel matter from his fertile mind flowed like sparkling water from a living fountain, cheering and refreshing to thousands of living souls. He was great in originality: in this he had few equals. He never travelled the beaten path of commonplace remarks. His method and his manner were peculiarly his own. His discourses were full of points and edges, and salient withal, reflecting the vivid lights struck out as it were of passages ordinarily considered obscure.

Often during a discourse there would be an almost constant succession of lightning flashes constituting a kind of steady flame by which the benighted pilgrim's pathway became illuminated, his whereabouts revealed, his faith encouraged, and his hope increased. He was great in consistency of character. As a preacher he was consistent with the Word of God and with his own conscience. He did not preach free-will and human power at one time, and free grace and God's power at another. He always placed the sinner ministerially where the Scriptures place him testimonially, and always exalted "Jesus only as the sinner's friend." In the pulpit as well as in the parlour, in private as well as in public, his walk and conversation were exemplary. He was not like the finger-post by the road side which points out the way to the traveller but moves not a step in the way itself. He walked in the way he preached. He was truly a leader of the people; he went before them in the way as did the Eastern shepherds before their flocks. His ministry was a voice, saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." Happy thousands can testify of their joy and pleasure in having been by his

instrumentality brought into that new and living way. He was consistent as was manifest in his unswerving adherence to the truth, which, like its author, is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. He was bold and unflinching in opposition to wrong, denouncing error and superstition in all their multifarious forms, whether in doctrine, experience, or practice. It is no disparagement to say that he was naturally possessed of wit and humour in an unusually high degree. In his private associations he oftentimes used these powers for the amusement and edification of the company of believers amongst whom he found himself. He never stooped, however, to anything low, to anything beneath the dignity of a Christian and a minister, and when he did indulge in sallies of humorous observation, there was always an intelligent application to some facts by which instruction was imparted to those around him. He was the subject of many innocent eccentricities; but these were blended with more numerous amiable excellencies, which rendered him a valued friend and much-coveted companion. He was great in gifts. He was not unconscious of the gifts that God had bestowed on him for the benefit of the church; but, by an industrious stirring of them up by exercise and prayer, he made a faithful use of them, so that he became a workman that needed not to be ashamed, because he could do his work well. He had the gift of penetration into hidden mysteries, not content to be a gatherer of straws which float upon the surface; like the diver for precious pearls, he went into the depths to bring up treasures that lie beyond the ken of the casual observer. The gift of acquiring languages was his. By persevering industry and close study, he succeeded in acquiring a fair knowledge of the sciences; but all these, to him minor acquirements, he subordinated to the one great absorbing object of his existence—the preaching of the everlasting gospel of the blessed God. He was a great man, made so by grace and gifts, by natural talent and acquired wisdom. He would have excelled in any secular calling had his lot been so cast. He would have been great in any position; for great men are great anywhere and everywhere, whilst little men must small remain wherever their lot is cast; for,—

“Pigmies are pigmies still, though placed on alps,  
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.”

But our brother has done his work, and is gone to his rest—that rest that remaineth for the people of God. Let us not sorrow on his account; but rather rejoice in the prospects of meeting him again in heaven, to sing with him the never-ending song of salvation to God and the Lamb. How soon did he follow our esteemed friend Foreman, and other gracious men that went before. It seems to me that the church can ill spare them; but,

“When one Elijah dies,  
True prophet of the Lord,  
May some Elisha rise,  
To spread the truth abroad.”

So prays yours,

I. C. JOHNSON.

Newcastle-on-Tyne. March 14, 1872.



## NUNHEAD CEMETERY ON THE TWENTIETH OF MARCH.

[BY OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.]

"Brother, thou art gone before us, and thy saintly soul has flown,  
Where tears are wip'd away from ev'ry eye, and sorrow is unknown;  
From the burden of the flesh, and from care and fear releas'd,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

The toilsome thou'st travell'd o'er, and borne the heavy load,  
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet to reach his blest abode;  
Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus, upon his father's breast,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us, whom thou hast left behind,  
May we, made clean by blood divine, as sure a welcome find;  
May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a glorious guest,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

WEDNESDAY, March 20th, was a dark, dank, cold day. Now and then the sun made attempts to shine, but a sweeping cloud soon hid him from sight. Despite the threatening clouds, by twelve o'clock some few persons were at Nunhead Cemetery, there looking at the newly-made vault built to contain the remains of the late Mr. James Wells, who were courteously shown the same by our friend Mr. Preston, the monumental sculptor, of Peckham. By that vault, at twelve o'clock, stood an old gentleman talking to two or three friends upon the essential benefits he had received from the ministry of the great man, who in a few short hours, was to be laid in his last resting place. As the old gentleman discourses others come up, and as they take a look down that vault, a sad expression of countenance is visible. One man, who has been in the cemetery since it was opened, was asked the depth of the grave. "Ten feet from the earth, eleven feet from the top." "How long has Nunhead Cemetery been opened?" was a second question asked the same individual. The answer was, "Well, the first person buried in this cemetery died on the 19th of October, 1840."

The new vault, built for the late respected minister of the Surrey Tabernacle, is situate nearly opposite the chapel. On the left is the grave of Dr. Collyer; just behind is good George Francis and Elijah Packer; to the right is the grave of the late Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, Sir John Thwaites, and nearly opposite is the vault of the late Mr. Cannon, the friend of Aged Pilgrims. On the summit of the hill is the grave of the "dear little grandson" of James Wells, and there, about sixteen months ago, stood the strong man "unarmed." There the valiant defender of the Truth, James Wells, shed tears. He said, "I cannot help it;" and it was there that James Wells chose the spot where he should himself lie. On the Sunday evening before this little "grandson" was buried, he said from the pulpit he had chosen the spot where he should lie whenever it should please the Lord to take him. The death of that child was the means of Mr. Wells preaching the masterly sermon on "Infant Salvation," which was nearly the last he ever delivered. Though his remains are interred near the chapel, many valiant men lie on that summit. James Blake, kindly but grave; Richard Channing, simple and sincere; John Carr, who could laugh at impossibilities when faith said a New Tabernacle was to be erected; dear George Waters Banks, worn out by hard literary work; "the *Silent Preacher*," and many others, lie waiting for the sound of the archangel's blast, when soul and body shall be reunited; no longer mortal, but immortal; no longer corruptible, but incorruptible.

“ Grave! the guardian of our dust—  
 Grave! the treasury of the skies—  
 Every atom of thy trust  
 Rests in hope again to rise.

Hark! the judgment trumpet sounds ;  
 Soul, rebuild thy house of clay,  
 Immortality thy walls,  
 And eternity thy day.”

*One o'clock.*—From one to two o'clock, persons came in slowly, but regularly. There, walking up the path, is Benjamin Davies, of Greenwich, once a Strict Baptist, but now not quite so Strict ; nevertheless, he always pays the greatest respect to the ministers of the body to which he once belonged. Close behind is Joseph Warren, of Plumstead. Returning to the chapel, we find it impossible to get near the open grave ; it is surrounded ; and looking toward the entrance, people are coming in faster and thicker than ever. In the midst of the groups, we observe Mr. Meeres, of Bermondsey, Mr. Samuel Jones, Mr. Cartwright, Mr. Steed, Mr. Ballard, Mr. Kaye, Mr. Green, Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Skinner, Mr. Michael Murphy, and Mr. John Foreman (son of the late venerable pastor of Mount Zion).

By *three o'clock*, one begins to wonder where all the people come from. “Sir,” said one gentleman to the *Vessel* Commissioner, “I have come 70 miles to see the good man buried. I hope I shall hear as well as see.” Persons came from all parts. Vehicles of almost every description brought persons to the Cemetery. There were carriages, omnibuses, cabs, &c. The London, Chatham, and Dover Railway put on extra carriages, believing that when the services were over at the Surrey Tabernacle, persons would avail themselves of the rail to get quickly to Nunhead. In this they acted wisely. So that by *four o'clock*, people came in one continuous stream. Many, who had been waiting hours, and who saw no chance of getting very near the grave, looked out for the best places they could find ; monuments were climbed ; and the steps leading to the entrance of the chapel were taken as permanent standing places. Soon after four, a detachment of police made the necessary arrangements for clearing the way, and the people were looking with a kind of solemn anxiety for the mournful *cortège*. Look where you would, there was nothing but a mass of people, most in sable attire. As many of the friends from the Tabernacle walked along the main path, they stood pensively at the grave of Sir John Thwaites. No doubt, busy meddling memory brought to their minds many past scenes and many happy hours spent at the old Surrey Tabernacle when Sir John was deacon. Let this be as it may, thousands, on that Wednesday, March the 20th, lingered to read the inscription on the tomb of Sir John Thwaites, Knight.

Shortly before five, a strange feeling passed through the immense mass of mourners. As the hearse, drawn by four splendid horses, turned into the cemetery, the Church bell tolled. Slowly, very slowly, came the procession. Police cleared the way ; on they came. Twelve or fourteen four-horse mourning coaches, and nearly one hundred two-horse coaches. There seemed no end to black coaches, and horses. At about five o'clock, the massive coffin was lowered into the grave, “in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life.” On a raised platform stood the ministers ; and while the coaches were setting down the mourners, the people were silently talking over “other days.” “Oh, there is Mr. Banks, dear good man ; worked hard for everybody.” “Thomas Stringer, bold champion for the truth.” These and other remarks were quietly made. Then came the address of Mr. Crowther. When Mr. Wells was referred to, either in the way of a good man, or some quotation from his last sayings were made, some of the people seemed as though they could not help giving vent to their feelings. The address finished, a hymn was sung—really sung, too. And it is a question if ever, since Nunhead Cemetery was opened in 1840, so many gathered round the grave of a good and great man, when his lifeless remains were laid to rest.

# OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

## MR. ANDERSON'S BENEVOLENT AND TRACT SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Benevolent and Tract Society connected with Zion Chapel, New Cross road, was held on Monday evening, March 4.

Tea was served in the school-room. At half-past six a public meeting was convened in the chapel. The pastor, Mr. J. S. Anderson, occupied the chair, and was supported by Messrs. Briscoe, Alderson, Camp, Freeman (secretary), and others.

A hymn having been sung, prayer was offered by Mr. William Alderson.

The chairman, in his opening address, spoke of the great usefulness of the society, the interests of which they were met to plead that evening. This was but a practical part of that Christianity which they professed. This society had been of great use amongst the poor. The dispensary letter, in particular, had been a great boon to the suffering. The more a church did in this way, the better off she was for it. There was much truth in Bunyan's words:

"I knew a man,

Though some did think him mad,

The more he gave away,

The more he had."

If this was not true, what would become of ministers of the gospel? In seeking to water others they were refreshed themselves. And, of course, this would apply to the Church of God. He would, however, ask the secretary to read the report.

Mr. Freeman obeyed the chair. The following are the points of public interest:— Since the last annual meeting, forty-two ordinary and special cases have been considered and relieved. This is an increase of nine as compared with last year, ten in 1870-71, and sixteen in 1868-69. This number does not include those cases which, in the course of visitation by tract distribution, receive temporary relief by gifts of packets of tea, sugar, &c., as needy circumstances may require. It was reported at the last annual meeting that a dispensary letter had been obtained, and that it had been made very useful. Since then, many applications having been made to pastor Anderson, the committee authorised him to subscribe for a second letter. The number of applicants, however, still increasing, entailing the necessity of refusal, in consequence of these two letters being fully in use, and the large amount of good which, if judiciously granted, they are calculated to exert amongst the deserving poor, will induce the committee to take into early consideration the desirability of obtaining an additional letter, which will place three at

the disposal of the Society. A long and severe winter being expected in November last, the committee considered the propriety of extending the influence of the Society, and voted a sufficient sum from the funds towards the purchase of clothing, &c. A ladies' sub-committee was appointed to carry out the resolution of the committee. Articles of calico and flannel were given in sixteen cases, and the use of blankets (to be returned in May next) was granted in several cases. It is hoped that in future this department will be greatly enlarged. Cash account: balance brought forward, £11 13s. 4d.; subscriptions and donations in chapel box, £32 3s.; total, £43 16s. 4d.; distributions in relief, clothing, blankets, printing, &c., £33 6s. 7d.; balance, £10 9s. 9d.

Mr. Briscoe moved the adoption of the report, which he did with much pleasure, as he saw its principle was that which was the great principle in nature as well as grace—progress. Perhaps some who were at work in connection with this excellent society were not satisfied with the results. But, it would be well to remember, there was no such thing as loss. Nothing was lost in nature, and the principle held good in connection with the work in which they were engaged. Let them still work on, and leave what they were pleased to call results, in the hands of God.

Mr. Alderson seconded the adoption of the report, and, in so doing, took a general survey of the good accomplished by such Christian work, especially in such a locality as East lane; of course, they were more respectable at New Cross. But he could assure them that behind his chapel there was a colony of thieves. Talk of heathens! These people were living without the slightest knowledge of God. And he maintained that it was useless to go into such dreadful neighbourhoods taking tracts, unless they carried the practical part as well. He would give them a case that had lately come under his own observation. He knew it was a fact, as it had been communicated by one of his own people. There was a poor widow, a very poor widow, who had been left with seven children, and the whole of them were stricken with a fever: they were in a most deplorable condition. Well, there was a certain doctor, a leading man in a dissenting church, who went to see the children of the poor widow, and he prescribed his salts and senna, and he gave directions what was to be done. But what could the poor widow do? She was worn out with sitting up night and day with her children; besides which, she had no means to get the necessaries that were ordered, so

that the directions of the great man of the dissenting church could not be complied with. The neighbours, of course, heard of all this distress; and one of them went to the poor widow, and said to her, "Why don't you send down to such a church?" The advice was followed. What was the result? A lady, an educated lady, made her way through the dismal place, and found out the fever-stricken family, and she stayed two nights, and provided every thing that was necessary. Then she sent down a nurse; and, by the blessing of God, the means were successful, and the children revived. What was the consequence? Well, the lady came again, and asked the poor woman to go to the church. It may be said it was done for that purpose. Well, for his part, he (Mr. Alderson) felt he should do the same. If they believed in their principles, and such a case came under their notice, what would they do? Feeling their principles were right, they would, of course, say, "Well, at our chapel we have a good man who preaches Jesus Christ, will you not come and hear him? Of course they would. Well, after this poor woman had attended this church for some time, some one said to her, "Do you go there, where they have all that man-millinery, and other Popish things?" She did not know much about theology, and she said so. "I don't know much about it. CALL IT WHAT YOU LIKE, IT IS VERY MUCH LIKE CHRISTIANITY." So it was. And it is because your society aims at not only giving instruction, but also in helping those who need it, that I cordially second the adoption of your excellent report.

The report was adopted.

The chairman gave two or three most interesting incidents connected with the London City Mission. Mr. Anderson's experience, connected with his telling style of delivery, would form a most interesting lecture.

After a most useful address from Mr. Camp, in which was narrated in forcible terms the death bed of Julian the Apostate, the grand hymn,

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," was sung to the tune *Eventide*, and the benediction, pronounced by the pastor, closed the proceedings.

**SOUTH AFRICA.—DURBAN, PORT NATAL.** January 18, 1872. Dear Mr. Banks,—I was very pleased to receive the *Vessel* by the mail. You will be very pleased to hear that our little church is prospering and growing in grace, and that our numbers are slowly increasing. I say slowly, as regards members, although our congregation has very much increased, and I believe that the word of the Lord is taking deep root in the hearts of the hearers, and that very many have been abundantly blessed by the faithful preaching of the gospel by our esteemed brother, Mr. Isaac Cowley, who toils hard all the week to minister to his family's daily wants, and harder,

if possible, on the Sabbath, to minister heavenly food to the people of God. We are indeed blessed in having such a servant of God,—one who has not only tested, but drank deep of the word of life, and the mysteries of divine love. Oh, that we had more such men in our churches in these days of scepticism and infidelity! true ministers of Christ, with the knowledge and love of God in their hearts, and not merely a mental knowledge, like unto many who occupy the position for a mess of pottage. The members of the church presented Mr. and Mrs. Cowley with a handsome ten and coffee service, as a New Year's gift, and as a small token of gratitude for the valuable services rendered in the cause of Christ for nearly eight years. We have not yet commenced our new chapel, but hope to do so before long, funds permitting. Yours in Christian fellowship,  
E. PICKEKING.

**SOUTH HACKNEY.**—The mortal remains of Mr. John Reed were laid in the grave, Abney Park, March 9, 1872; he died March 4. The late Mr. John Reed we had known for some few years. He has told us what a blessing Mr. James Wells's ministry had been to his soul some many years since; but in the performance of his duties as rate collector, his faith in the gospel was fiercely opposed. The Arminian Pharisees of the district esteemed him as a good and honourable man; but their enmity against him for the truth was very bitter. He occasionally preached Christ's gospel; and had a most extensive and valuable library: for sterling works of truth we believe he had the best collection in Hackney. But he has left books, ministry, wife, church membership, and all his foes and fears behind; and, as a true believer in Jesus, he is gone to the higher gardens in glory. Mr. Masterson preached his funeral sermon in Speldhurst road chapel.

**NOTTING HILL.**—We had two solemn services here on March 17; the texts were suggested by the departure of our brother, Mr. Wells: morning, "We saw him no more;" a short text, containing three long chapters: 1, Elijah, the ancient typical prophet of the Lord God; 2, Elisha, the type of the gospel ministry; 3, the separation, or parting, "He saw him no more." Evening text, "Is passed from death unto life" (John v. 24); this one sentence defines the nature of the new birth; it is also expressive of the Christian's progress through the valley; and it is a prophetic proclamation of the going home of the ransomed. We may confidently say, brother Wells lay long in the pains of death; but he is now passed from death unto life, unto that perpetual fruit-bearing and glory-revealing kingdom, where the Tree of Life yields its fruit for ever and ever. Elijah taken up, and the glory all the redeemed are taken up into, are Bible truths, which much revives the spirit of yours as ever,  
C. W. B.

### MR. HENRY MYERSON AND HIS TWELFTH ANNIVERSARY.

They said, in olden times, that travellers who went to sea merely for sport, as soon as a black cloud or a storm arises, they desire to flee into harbour, and escape all further danger at sea: they do not go to sea to be weather-beaten, or to hazard themselves amongst the boisterous billows, but only for pleasure; but the merchant who is bound for a voyage, whose calling and business it is, is not daunted at every wave and wind, but drives through all with resolution. He that only pretends towards religion, if a storm meet him in the way, he leaves it, and takes shelter in the earth: as a snail, he puts out his head to see what weather is abroad, and if the heavens be lowering, he shrinks into his shell, esteeming that his only safety. But when God's grace calleth a man to make religion his business, he follows it; although he meets with many, many trials, he is steadfast in his purpose, and whether the ways be fair or foul, from strength to strength he goes, until before his God he appears, with the crown of everlasting life upon his head, and a new song of gladness in his heart.

As we sat on the platform of Shalom Chapel, Oval, Hackney road, Monday, February 26, 1872, we had living proof of the endurance of grace, in beholding our brother, H. Myerson, who for twelve long years has been held up in his pastoral labours at Shalom; and by whose ministry multitudes have been comforted, or called, corrected, and turned unto the Lord. Henry Myerson has worked hard for the bread that perisheth; he has studied industriously to show himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. The Lord gave him a devoted and untiring help-meet in his wife; and they have for their family and for the church toiled on together: God has crowned their labours with success; and all they desire now is, to see sinners brought to Jesus' feet; and saints in Him made glad: they long to see the courts of God's house crowded; and all the glory they will give to the Lord, the Lamb, for ever. At this twelfth Shalom anniversary, CHARLES SPENCER, Esq. presided; and in a spirit of sympathy with, and decision for, Gospel truth, he conducted the very pleasant meeting. "Kindred in Christ" was sung with such joyous fullness of soul, and led off by one of such voice and musical talent as we seldom hear in our circles: it was delightful. William Osmond, of Hoxton, pleaded at the Throne for a blessing; and the Chairman called Thomas Stringer to enter the Gospel field, and gather a few sheaves, which he did in a masterly and commanding style, but in a spirit of the warmest attachment to Jesus, to his truth, and to all who believe in and proclaim it.

#### "THE MINISTERS OF GOD"

was the theme of brother Stringer's address. He affirmed that all true ministers were God's ministers; they were born of God; qualified and employed by God; their work—the results and the reward of their labours—were matters opened with cleanness, cheerfulness, and

confirming evidence. Brother Thomas did his work well; and while his co-workers could bless God for such a testimony, the people heard it gladly. Mr. John Bunyan McCure related with Christian and grateful feeling his conversion to God, and some scenes connected with his commencement in the ministry, which followed suitably the address by the previous Speaker. C. W. Banks said he had noticed it was Mr. Myerson's "twelfth" anniversary. He congratulated him upon having stood faithful and fruitful in the ministry in one place for twelve years: and he thought this an eventful and important year, the figure twelve being the most significant of all the figures in the Bible: seven stands for perfection; ten for strength; but twelve for sufficiency. Now, apply these to the figures used in Scripture. Only consider how wonderfully God shows the sufficiency of every department of salvation by the number twelve. Jacob had twelve sons, that number expressed a sufficiency of fruitfulness. Our spiritual, or anti-typical Jacob had a sufficiency of children given unto him; and the great promise was, that "he should see of the travail of his soul, and he should be satisfied." As the babe was carried in the mother's womb; as she bare, carried, and travelled in pain to bring it forth; as the mother rejoiced when a man-child was brought into the world; even so, the whole Elect Church was in the heart of the Eternal Son of God; and her life was hid with Christ in God; her whole existence was bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord for ever. Christ loved the Church as he loved himself, and gave himself for her; he bare, and carried, and travailed in pain for her; for her the sweat of agony was on his brow; for her the tear of sympathy was in his eye; for her the blood—the redeeming blood—flowed from his heart; he travailed in agony and pain for her; and the promise is, "He shall see his seed; he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hands: yea, he shall see of the travail of his soul, and he shall be satisfied." Not one hoof shall be left behind; all that the Father hath given him shall come; and in him they shall be blessed for ever. The twelve bullocks which comprised the burnt offering unto the God of Israel, showed the perfection, the strength, and the sufficiency of the atonement made by the glorious God-Man in the sacrifice of himself. The twelve oxen bearing up the molten sea, declared the sufficiency of the Gospel ministry. Pastors to his people God will give; although many of our churches are now crying to him for such men as can feed them with knowledge and understanding. The twelve tribes of Israel show us that the Church of Christ is scattered abroad here in the various sections of the visible body; but that mighty text will ultimately be true, "That he might gather together in one all things in Christ; whether in heaven or on the earth, even in him." Now the family is scattered; but it will be united. Twelve gates in the temple tell you that while there is but One True and Living Way, even Christ the Lord, yet through him there is a Sufficiency of Access,—

"None that attend his gates shall find  
A God unfaithful or unkind."

Twelve manner of fruits flowing from the Tree of Life express the sufficiency of bliss, the endless variety of blessedness which all the redeemed in glory shall find for ever and ever.

Brother Myerson showed some souls had been added to the church: while brethren Langford and R. A. Lawrence discoursed upon Gospel themes; and the deacons found the proceeds of collection to be abundantly sufficient. The Lord bless Shalom, its pastor, and people more than ever. Amen.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES—MR. BANKS, Seeing some mention made of our little cause at Henley, I determined to drop a line to you. I am the more desirous of doing so, because you knew the most about it some twenty or thirty years ago, when it was different to what it is now. At that time it was what some call the "Standard Party," but since then they have divided, and the Staudards worship in another part of the town. I lost sight of this cause for many years, as I went to live in Lincolnshire, and was a member of Mr. Wilson's church at Billingsborough; but three years ago, I returned to Henley; and now I belong to the cause here. I am glad we seem to revive a little. I can bear witness, there is not a church anywhere which has more of the simplicity and marrow of the Gospel than we have at Henley. I am always glad to see Mr. E. P. Brown, we esteem him highly: he bids fair, by God's grace, to tread in the steps of some of the older veterans who are now passing away. We are not confined to one minister: our chief supply is Mr. W. Perrett; for whom we are very grateful, for he is often God's instrument to give us a lift by the way. We have also his brother, Mr. J. Perrett, a good, sound, and earnest preacher. Also, Mr. Burgess, of Reading, comes to help us; and we have very happy Sabbaths; nothing to please the fancy merely, but good, substantial, spiritual food, such as the soul can feed and thrive upon, when God, the Holy Spirit, is pleased to apply his Word to our souls, and that is not seldom. We are happy and united, feeling we are all "One in Christ." I believe there are many young ministers coming forward who will, the Lord being their helper, be well able to supply the pulpits of their fathers. We are too apt to look too much to the dust of the earth, instead of looking upward to Him who overruleth all things. I pray you may live to see the churches of Christ flourish in the land. MARIE.

GLEMSFORD.—"A Little One" writes short notes on "A Lover of Justice" which make one's heart ache. We hope it is not true that "A Lover of Justice" would "keep all good ministers out of Glemsford pulpit." When we think of good Robert Barnes, and the blessed seasons Glemsford then enjoyed, we feel afflicted at the thought that since his day there has been no permanent prosperity. WHY IS THIS?

## A MEMORIAL

OF

## MARTHA,

The Beloved Wife of the Rev. J. BUTTERFIELD, pastor of Bethlehem Chapel, Rotherhithe; who departed this life, March 1, 1872. Daughter of the late Rev. J. Stenson.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

The dear departed one was the eldest child of the late revered pastor of Carmel, Pimlico. From a child she was brought to love the Lord; and was baptized by her dear father, December 29, 1839. She maintained her profession for thirty-three years in an honourable manner. The deceased became the wife of the Rev. J. Butterfield twenty-three years ago, and being a minister's daughter she was well trained and fitted to be a minister's wife. Her bereaved husband bears this humble and hearty tribute to her memory, that his departed one as nearly approached to the description Solomon gives of a virtuous wife as it is possible to attain. Her children do arise up and call her "Blessed," and "her husband could not but praise her in the gates."

For fourteen months our dear one was a great sufferer from the worst symptoms of consumption. From the first no hope was held out. For many months she kept her bed, suffering much the whole time, to the last hour. Still, there was at least four of the most blessed features of our religion prominently manifested in her long and painful illness. 1. *Her extraordinary patience.* 2. *Her unwavering faith.* 3. *Her uninterrupted happiness.* 4. *Her calm, collected consciousness to the last moment.*

Her hour we often expected; but on Feb. 29, there was evidently a change. Those peculiarly solemn death sighs, dying away as at a distance; the hiccups; and the hard breathing, told plainly that the end was near. It was a night ever to be remembered, when a weeping father took his six dear children into the death chamber, to bid a good, pious, loving mother, a *last farewell!* The dear one, strengthening herself for the emergency, spoke to the three elder children words ever to be remembered. To her first-born she said, "Stand fast." To her dear daughter Martha, "Cleave to Jesus and follow close in his footsteps. . . and do all you can for poor dear father." To Willie: "Give your heart to Jesus," with many precious sayings to others, and to her weeping husband. Some two or three to her husband we here record to show how collected and happy she was: "What can I say to you my— I am so happy." He replied, "But you do not seem to have much joy." Said the dying one,— "You are quite mistaken, dear, I could not be happier. I am only waiting—patiently waiting. I am always thinking about those in heaven—talking to them, and telling them all about it. . . Our parting won't be for long; you will soon come after. I am quite resigned—willing to give up all into the hand of the Lord." On another occasion,

on departing for chapel, the dear one said, "Ah! I shall soon sing better than you all;" and then repeated the hymn, commencing,—

"When langour and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay;  
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,  
And long to fly away."

On another occasion, the poor dear wept with me on my saying I felt it still hard to part; when she said, "Yes, it is still hard parting; but you know, dear, it won't be for long. I do so long to be gone; but I do not want to be impatient." After a very trying paroxysm of coughing, the dear sufferer recited the words,

"'Tis painful at present,  
'Twill cease before long;  
And then, O how pleasant,  
The conqueror's song."

Repeating the last two lines with dying emphasis. On a never-to-be-forgotten day, Feb. 20, the dying one said, "I am afraid you will not be able, but I should like you to preach my funeral sermon." On going to Chapel on the 26th, I said I felt very unfit for my labours—very depressed. When she promptly added,—

"He that hath helped you hitherto  
Will help you all your journey through,  
And give you grateful cause to raise  
New Ebenezers to his praise."

The last words she uttered, in the last hour, were, "COME—LORD JESUS!" And shortly, she breathed her last, and went to glory.

The remains of the dear departed was followed by a large number of sympathizing friends, in coaches, to the chapel, where the Rev. W. Alderson, W. Munns, and P. Jones, kindly officiated in the funeral rites, brother Alderson giving a very solemn and suitable oration, he having known the family for many years. Our brother A. also committed the remains to the silent tomb, by the side of her dear father and mother, in Brompton Cemetery; there to remain till Jesus shall come to take his church to himself; so shall we meet again, to be for ever with the Lord, and one another.

The memorial sermon was preached by her bereaved husband, on Sunday evening, March 10, 1872, to a crowded congregation of sympathizing friends, assisted by our good brother Jeffries.

"Beyond the smiling and the weeping  
A dear one is gone!  
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,  
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,—  
A dear mother's gone!  
Love, rest, and home—sweet home!  
We will be with thee soon.  
Beyond the blooming and the fading  
A good wife is gone!  
Beyond the shining and the shading,  
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,—  
A dear sister's gone!  
Love, rest, and home—sweet home!  
All (but one) is gone.  
Beyond the rising and the setting,  
A loved friend is gone!  
Beyond the calming and the fretting,  
Beyond remembering and forgetting,—  
A Christian is gone!  
Love, rest, and home—sweet home!  
We all shall go soon.

Beyond the parting and the meeting  
A dear teacher's gone!  
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,—  
A sufferer is gone!  
Love, rest, and home—sweet home!  
I will be with thee soon!"

Amen.

HAYES, MIDDLESEX—DEAR BROTHER BARKS,—In accordance with your wishes, I supplied the pulpit at Hayes Tabernacle, in the absence of Mr. Bardens, the regular minister. I was informed by your esteemed friend, Mr. Wild, that they had recently taken a room near the chapel, for the purpose of establishing a Sunday School, and I was requested to address the children in the afternoon. You will judge of my surprise on arriving at the room to find it crowded to excess, some of the dear children being actually outside the door. There were one hundred and four children, and sixteen teachers, in a place which really would not hold half that number comfortably; the window and doors were thrown open; still, the heat was so intense that some of the female teachers had to leave. I was informed, strenuous efforts were being made to build a school-room at the back of the chapel; and if there are any of your numerous readers whom God has blessed with the means, feel desirous of doing a good action, they cannot do better than forward a little help to Mr. Bardens, Baptist minister, Hayes, Middlesex; or to Mr. Wild, deacon, same address; in order to hasten the erection of the new room which is so much needed. Yours &c.,

H. STANLEY.

57, Bloomfield road, Bow, E. Feb. 26, 1872.  
[We know this cause well. In a large country district, Mr. Bardens is successfully labouring in the Gospel; he is raising a good school; conducting a Bible class; and doing the united work of evangelist and pastor together. His hands are held up instrumentally by the self-denying co-operation of his deacon, Mr. John Wild, his family, and other hearty friends. But this Home-Mission field is worthy of the support of wealthy sympathizers; and we ask them at once to respond to a call for help from Hayes, where a good and great work in the truth is commenced.—Ed.]

HAYES TABERNACLE—Public services were held here on Thanksgiving day, Feb. 27. Mr. Bardens preached in the afternoon; special prayer meeting in the evening. The pastor and people here are gathering up the poor children in the neighbourhood, and the number is so great, they must build a new school-room. Our brother Bardens, the minister, has many friends; and Sunday Schools have now multitudes of true sympathizers. We ask, in faith, that every friend will send Pastor Robert Bardens, at Hayes, a trifle to help on his good work.

BLACKHEATH—At Belmont Hall, we have heard Mr. Henry Stauley preach the Gospel with sacred pleasure. Many will be thankful to have his sermons of February 4, in pages of *Vessel*. [We expect to be able to give them.—Ed.]

## NEWS FROM AUSTRALIA.

MY DEAR BROTHER in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ,—I little thought, when last writing to you, that my next communication would be concerning the departure of a dear brother beloved in the Lord; but, so it is. The following is a short outline of his spiritual history, which, if encircled about with a few of the dew droppings from the ever blessed spirit, may not altogether prove unacceptable to the readers of *The Earthen Vessel*.

I am, my dear brother, faithfully yours in Christ Jesus,

J. F. MATTHEWS.

45, Swanston street, Melbourne, Australia.  
January, 1872.

“THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED.”

Died, December 10, 1871, of paralysis, at his residence, Napier street, Fitzroy, Melbourne, in the 71st year of his age, Mr. John Juniper, for many years a consistent heart and soul lover of a yea and Amen gospel, as it is in Christ Jesus; and, for a short time previous to his departure, an elder in George street Baptist church, in which capacity few, if any, were more esteemed. The church has lost a true friend; a chasm has been made in our midst not to be readily filled up again; but,

“He gives and He takes, and makes no mistakes.”

It would appear that he was called by God the Holy Ghost to a saving knowledge of the truth about the year 1827, under the ministry of Mr. Sedgwick, at Brighton, in whose church he continued an useful and honourable member until the year 1849, when he came out to this colony, and, with others, associated himself with Mr. John Turner; subsequently, in the year 1851, he was united with the people over whom Mr. Daniel Allen ministered in holy things, and it was during this period (in 1853) that the writer of this short memoir became acquainted and united with him in church fellowship and management; many, yea, very many have been the lights and shades we have passed through in our nineteen years' association with each other, and with the church of Christ here; but it is light, pure light, with him now, without any shadow of darkness whatever:

“Light, more light, unceasing light!”

About two and a half years' since we were again drawn together in church fellowship under the ministry of Mr. William Bryant, in George street, Fitzroy; here his soul was fed with the finest of the wheat and honey, pure honey, out of the Rock. Often has the dear saint come to my office brim full of delight and comfort; at such seasons, he would frequently let out, as it were, the deep affections of his heart, and give utterance to his feelings in broken accents and tremblings of joy, and with flowing tears of love, as he cried out the raptures of his soul, while thus

rejoicing in the precious bedewings of God the Holy Ghost, under the Christ exalting, God glorifying, and Holy Ghost extolling ministry of our dear pastor.

On Friday evening, December 8, he conducted the usual prayer meeting with sweet solemnity and liberty (for he was often overcome at such seasons in the love of his heart for the truth), and, when over, we walked up the street together with other friends, and while conversing, my daughter Ruth said, “Mr. Juniper, you are ill.” Another brother, Mr. W. Stephen, said, “I will go home with you.” I turned towards him, and, in so doing, felt him give a convulsive shake. I immediately seized his right arm, and another brother, Mr. S. Hand, his left, and so we supported him to his son's house, near at hand, laid him on the couch, and used other means to help him, although from the first he was evidently struck down. His voice rapidly became inarticulate: this I saw, and asked him whether he knew me? He said, “Yes.” I then said, “Can you hear what I say?” His reply was, “Yes.” I then said, “Is it well with you, my brother?” And he said, “Well.” These were the last words he uttered audibly, although some standing by thought they could make out something else, such as, “Nothing to fear. . . . The Lord will strangle all our foes. . . . I see him, Christ.” After this he fell into an unconscious state, and so remained until three p.m. on Lord's-day following, when his guardian angels received the disembodied spirit, and then, with holy boundings of joy, they carried him above, aloft, and stayed not in their upward and homeward flight of love, until they had presented their precious charge before the presence of his All Glorious Lord: “For ever with the Lord. Amen, so let it be.”

The dear departed one was a man of sound judgment, but of few words. Always firm and unwavering in his love and adherence to the truth, a true descendant of Isaac of old—aye, he loved savoury meat right well; and the dear Lord was pleased to give him in his latter days, many a precious morsel, with renewed love-tokens, and the sweet endearing kisses of near and ever dear relationship.

But my dear friend and brother is in the immediate presence of his Lord in eternal glory, associated with the spirits of the just made perfect, has joined in the pure love and blood song before the throne, and in holy adoration and praise is shouting, “Worthy is the Lamb.”

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE—New Bridge Street Baptist Chapel still has the Gospel preached in it. Our excellent brethren, J. C. Johnson, and John Vincent, with other Christian friends, conduct the services. Lovers of Truth who travel everywhere will be glad to find themselves at home in New Bridge Street Chapel, on a Sunday, or a Wednesday evening.



C. H. SPURGEON'S TRANSLATION  
OF THE  
HYPER-CALVINIST'S PRAYER :

MR. PUNG'S COMMENT, CHALLENGE, &c.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—I was extremely pained the other day on reading part of a sermon by C. H. Spurgeon in the *Baptist Messenger*, for February, on page 34; lines 15 to 23: Mr. Spurgeon says:—"I think I have heard prayers which, if translated into plain English, would run something like this: 'Lord, we thank thee that we are elected. We bless thee that we are in the Covenant. We bless thee that thou art sending sinners down to hell; cutting them off, and destroying them; but we are saved!' I have sometimes thought I have caught in such prayers, an air of complacency in the damnation of sinners; and even a little more than that, I have fancied I have seen in certain hyper-Calvinists, a sort of Red Indian scalping knife propensity; an ogre-like feeling with respect to reprobation; a smacking of lips over the ruin and destruction of mankind; as to all of which I can only say, that it seems to me to be, 'Earthly, sensual, devilish.'"

Now, Sir, these are the exact words of Mr. Spurgeon, as given in the *Messenger*, for February, 1872. And can any language smack more of Billingsgate? Was ever language more scurrilous, unjust, untrue? Was ever language more defamatory expressed against the hyper section of the Christian Church? I have no hesitation in saying that it is a mistake with no good intent. It put me in mind of the hardware man, who said, "the wares sold in the opposite shop were cracked;" at the same time having the effrontery to impress on the minds of bystanders that his own were quite sound. I do not believe that Mr. Spurgeon ever heard a sane man in our denomination pray in the manner, and after the spirit that it has pleased him to attribute to us in the *Messenger*. And if he has a spark of the gentleman in him, he will apologize for such an unmanly misrepresentation of us as a body; for it affects us all. We are as anxious for the well-being and salvation of poor sinners as himself; and if we have not brought so many into the pool as he has, our work has been as great: we have been the means of building many up in those holy doctrines, which oftentimes he mangles and muddles. This is a stab in the dark, brethren, from one who has professed to be our brother; may the Lord deliver us from such unholy antagonism! Mr. C. H. Spurgeon has a perfect right to differ from us, as we from him. But I do not believe that a single hyper-Calvinist minister would have dishonoured himself in trying to defame Mr. S., or his clique, as he has attempted to defame us. Who is Mr. Spurgeon, that he should thus take out a licence to bedaub a people who had no opportunity, at the time, to defend themselves? Did this charming digression please his audience? If I had been there I should have

preferred more wholesome and godlike matter. Some men get on the pinnacle, and become dizzy with pride and self-conceit; they have, they think, reached the acme of all truth; whereas they only handle the spoon, and give milk to babes; while on the other hand, the men who, in their estimation, are nothing worth, often are their superiors in judgment, in depth of thought, in clearness of sentiment and truth; in fact, many of the fathers in our denomination (through mercy) have had that which rather merited his respect, than his insult. Mr. Spurgeon is a good and useful man, no doubt, and called to do a work for God; but his Master never called him to misrepresent the servants of Christ. Let him fairly represent us before the public, or else leave us alone. Our precious truths have borne the blast of heavier artillery than his, and yet they stand unshaken and unmoved; and we have confidence that, in a fair and open field, his war-engines will have to be both improved and strengthened before he will be able to give the *coup-de-grace* to our Citadel.

GEORGE PUNG.

Cottenham.

[We reserve notes upon this until next month.—ED.]

LIMEHOUSE—Another old Christian, my father, Mr. Thomas Hall, of 3, John street, Roadswell road, Limehouse, London, has gone to rest; he died on Wednesday, December 6, 1871; aged 68. He had been a believer in Christ near fifty years: was called by God's grace, under the ministry of W. Wales Horne, when in his nineteenth year; he suffered much persecution from his fellow apprentices; but was enabled to stand the test, and pass through the fire unhurt. My father was baptized in Brighton, by Mr. Joseph Sedgwick, in 1833; removed by providence to London; had his dismissal to Mr. Milner's, Shadwell, where he had been a member ever since. He composed several pieces, some of which you published in the *Earthen Vessel*. He has left a widow, seven sons, and four daughters. God in Christ Jesus was his stay; on that Rock he stood firm; being fully persuaded that God was faithful and unchanging. These lines were much blessed to his soul,—

"Soon the joyful news will come,—

Child! your Father calls; come home,"

Among his papers the following lines set forth his faith: "For nearly fifty years, my faith, and hope, and trust is composed in the following lines,—

"Chosen by God the Father long ere time begun;

Redeemed in time, by Jesus, God's beloved Son;

Born of the Holy Ghost, and raised to life divine.

Thus saved by Sovereign grace, I shall in glory shue."

Limehouse.

THOMAS HALL.

MR. EDITOR,—I hope you will put this in *Vessel*. Father had many friends both at home and in Australia, who will like to see it. "The memory of the just is blessed."

JOSEPH HALL.

Bennett street, Greenwich.

## OUR CHURCHES IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

*King's Cross, Monday morning, Feb. 5, 1872*—"As thy days, so shall thy strength be" is a promise for winter time; for spiritual warfare, and especially for weary and nearly worn out workmen. One hour in bed, coughing, groaning, saying, "I am engaged to preach to-day at Spalding, nearly 150 miles from home, but I cannot go." Almost the next hour I am in a G. N. R. train carriage, on my journey, sighing to the Lord to hold and help me. "Look on me," said Gideon, "and do as I do," was my last word last week: and if ever a poor fellow felt ill for five days, I did. Coughing until back and body appeared to be breaking; but yesterday morning my compassionate Great High Priest permitted me to go up to our sanctuary; and although I was weak, hoarse, and sore; yet, I read, prayed, preached twice, and broke bread to our beloved friends; the brethren Eli Burd and Thomas James helping me through the service. Then I retired home, believing I must give up all preaching, at least, for a time; but here I am swinging through winter fogs, in a damp, hazy, atmosphere, running down into the Lincolnshire fens. What the end will be I cannot tell. Conscience would not let me stay at home; so, blessed Lord, I will try and fling myself at thy feet; imploring thy mercy, for thy name's sake.

LOVE LANE ANCIENT BAPTIST CHAPEL,  
SPALDING.

This venerable Tabernacle having been repaired, and rendered safe, sound, commodious, and comfortable, for all who may be led to worship the Lord in it, Mr. Thomas Pickworth yesterday, Sunday, February 4, 1872, preached two sermons as re-opening discourses. And now, at the public meeting this evening, I desire that a resolution be adopted, expressing the following sentiments: viz., "That from this meeting there shall be sent forth to all our sister churches, an appeal for help to be given to the church at Love Lane, Spalding, in order to enable them to pay off the debt they have been compelled to incur; for, if they had not repaired it, this ancient freehold chapel, burying ground, and all belonging to it, must have been lost, at least, to our denomination. This appeal is not to be considered as at all reflecting upon the other churches in Spalding. This meeting prayeth that the other ministers in the town will sign and sanction the appeal; and give it some little support to begin with; because we do not wish it to be inferred that we think the Gospel is nowhere preached in Spalding; but this appeal is founded upon the fact, that the church in Love Lane could not be contented to see the property go from them; they could not repair the building themselves, therefore, they now pray the Lord to send unto them a godly, faithful minister of Christ; and they furthermore pray that all the churches will aid them; a trifle from each will hurt no one, but the many trifles will enable them to pay their debt, and to go on seeking to extend the knowledge of the Lord." The foregoing ap-

peal was read to the crowded meeting in Love Lane Chapel, Spalding, on Mouday evening, February 5, 1872, by the chairman, C. W. Banks. Mr. Preston, minister of the Congregational church proposed its adoption. Mr. William Wilson and Mr. Margerum supported: it was unanimously carried. The deacons, brethren Wright and Coles; or Mr. Wilkinson, the florist, Rose Cottage, St. Thomas's road, Spalding, will receive and acknowledge donations; they will also furnish in *Earthen Vessel* a full report of all costs and incomes.

EAST LONDON—We have received long reports of the opening of what is termed "The East London Tabernacle," but we cannot give them. We were seeking for a minister the other day, when we found ourselves in the Burdett road; and there saw that building called Mr. Brown's Tabernacle. Close by its side stands Mr. Harrison's Emmanuel Church. We paused; we thought; to ourselves we said: "Only the other day, a smiling lad, by the name of Harrison, came to preach in Grosvenor Street Chapel; hundreds ran to hear him; he built Stepney Green Tabernacle: but soon left it. Now he occupies Emmanuel Church; while his successor, Mr. Archibald G. Brown, over-crowded Stepney Green, and has erected this immense place of worship; where with some thousands, they say, he reads, and prays, and sings, and speaks! How wonderfully time and circumstances alters all things here! What do all these things mean? Micah's words in his fourth chapter, verses one to seven, came to my mind, and I asked, in this sense, are these THE LAST DAYS? One report says, C. H. Spurgeon preached the opening sermon, from the words, "The right hand of the Lord is exalted; the right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly." Blessed truth; all the redeemed of the Lord shall see his glory in those mansions where no one will look with contempt upon another.

MANCHESTER—The many friends of our long-esteemed brother, Frederick Green, will be pleased to know the Lord is opening ministerial doors for him in the north. We can honestly recommend him as a safe, honourable, and useful brother in the Lord. His address is, 17, Runceorn street, Cornbrook road, Chester road, Manchester.

COGGESHALL, ESSEX—The Church of Christ in this town has passed through fire and water. Under Mr. Huckle, who preaches three Lord's-days in each month, the Gospel is preserved in this place; the souls of the tried saints are strengthened, although afflictions still attend them. The Lord revive and increase them. Amen.

STEPNEY—On Thanksgiving day, a friend says, brother Thomas Stringer called his flock together, and delivered unto them a most loyal and truthful discourse: we wish the whole of it could be sent to us.

**MR. ALLEN'S AND MR. AIKMAN'S  
SERIOUS POSITION.**

[The more we watch the current of events, the more we are solemnized: not willing to wound the feeblest lamb; nor touch the strougest foe. In all our Strict Baptist churches there have been many spirits at work ever since dear William Gadsby was taken away; and even before he died. For thirty years we have witnessed against these false spirits: they have united to cast us down. Many times, to us, it has appeared as if heaven, and earth, and hell, were all against us. We have staggered, and struggled, until we have been "ready to perish;" but the Lord has been our Hope, our Heaven, our All. Like Heman, we often exclaimed in the secrets of our soul, "O Lord God of my salvation, I have cried day and night before thee," &c. Most wonderfully have we been upheld: hence, our sympathies run strongly toward a man of God when mighty men try to crush him, because in some things he appears wrong. Nevertheless, we court a fair, unprejudiced investigation. We shall see presently who they are that are on the Lord's side; and who are fighting against him. We now give the following from Mr. Allen. He says:—]

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Allow me space to express my opinion on what is known as "The Aikman controversy:" I can acquiesce with the Editor, that a most wicked spirit has been raging against some of the Lord's ministers: and I believe Mr. Aikman has done nothing worthy of such names as have been applied to him: for whosoever repudiates the doctrine of practical holiness must be an Antinomian in every sense of the word. But I am not saying this with any favour to Mr. Aikman. I believe he made an assertion which he cannot substantiate. When he was preaching at Gower Street, he said, "Messrs. Huntington, Warburton, Vinal, and Gadsby were one-sided in their views upon the doctrine of holiness;" which implied that these servants of the Lord did not preach the doctrine of practical holiness. Can Mr. Aikman prove that assertion? I believe he cannot. And it amounts to nothing till he can substantiate that assertion. The apostle, when he gave Timothy his charge, said, "Against an elder receive not an accusation but before two or three witnesses." I am sure those servants of Christ which Mr. Aikman calls one-sided in their views were fathers in Israel; therefore we want proof of Mr. Aikman before we believe his assertion. It is said by your correspondent, "Mr. Aikman spoke under circumstances of unusual provocation." Does that, or has that justified Mr. Aikman in saying that Mr. Huntington, and the rest of the Lord's servants of whom he spoke, were one-sided in their views? No; it does not: it only goes to show that Mr. Aikman's passions overcame his judgment. I hope Mr. Aikman will substantiate his assertion, or admit he is wrong. I am a lover of Truth and Proof,

T. ALLEN.

[Mr. Allen is justified in asking for proof:

but we would ask him if he ever read the Puritan, George Swinnoek, on the Christian Man's Calling? We can read William Huntington and George Swinnoek too, and thank the Lord for both of them: because while William Huntington shows "the King's daughter is all glorious within," George Swinnoek contends for her being brought "unto the King in raiment of needework." When men can believe both these parts of holy truth, they will leave off quarrelling.—ED.]

STEPNEY — Services of a very special character were held in Cave Adullam Chapel, near Stepney Old Church, on February 25 and 27. Mr. Joseph Cartwright, Mr. Edwin Langford, and Mr. J. S. Anderson preached the sermons; and over the public meeting, the pastor, Mr. G. Reynolds, presided with increasing zeal and decision for all that is good, and honourable, and of a Gospel character. He stated there was a debt on the chapel, it must be paid, or the place must be lost to them. Mr. Reynolds, and his people have done to their utmost, in substantially repairing, re-seating, and renewing the blessed sanctuary. It was almost as good as freehold; and would be placed in trust immediately they could redeem it. Mr. J. S. Anderson opened the business with a practical address. C. W. Banks urged an immediate giving donations: he commenced this course of action; it was nobly followed by Mr. G. Webb, of Camden Town, Mr. Thomas Stringer, and a number of the friends present; so that with a handsome £20 from Mr. Arnold, the evening's meeting realized over £40. C. W. Banks suggested the propriety of publishing a history of "The Cave," and its present position: he believed thousands in our churches would soon give a trifle each, and fully clear the debt. Meanwhile, it becometh the Strict Baptists, one and all, to forward their donations to Mr. George Reynolds, 8, Barnes street, Stepney, London; to save the loss of the Cave. The speech of the evening was from Mr. Thomas Stringer, on the words, "That he might fill all things." We will try and give an outline; it was truly grand, yet awfully solemn. Brethren William Webb, R. Searle, W. Osmond, G. Baldwin, and others supported the resolution of the evening, viz., that the Cave Adullam shall, by God's help, be speedily placed in an honourable position.

GREAT YELDHAM, ESSEX — Mr. J. D. Bowtell has issued the second part of Poems by Elizabeth Goodey. Prayer and praise in simple poetie lines from her afflicted heart did flow. Elizabeth Goodey, like thousands of the Lord's saints, began the worship of heaven, even while confined in her home of sorrow on earth. It was pleasant to her chaste and spiritual mind to meditate upon the Lord; and as she could not publicly preach of him, she employed her pen to write out both the desires and the delights of her soul, that others might, with her unite, in sighs and songs subline.

FROME.—Of the late Mrs. Joseph Sawyer her bereaved husband says, "It is, I believe, twenty-four years ago, this last summer, when the late dear John Kershaw was preaching in Devizes and neighbourhood, that he was the means (in the Lord's hands) of her conversion, in preaching from John's gospel, iii. 7, "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." It was, I believe, on a Wednesday evening; and, on returning home, she retired to her bed-room, and spent nearly the whole night in prayer: having found peace and pardon, she in ecstasies walked to Studley the next day, a distance of seven miles, to hear him preach again; and he was again made a blessing to her soul. She often referred with pleasure to the Christian conversation she enjoyed between the late Mr. J. F. Rudman, and the venerable Mr. John Foreman, at the house of the former at Plymouth, while on a visit there. My wife became Mr. Rudman's sister-in-law by marrying Mrs. Rudman's brother. She often referred with pleasure to the profit and comfort she derived from his spiritual conversation. The late Mr. Mortimer, of Chippenham, spent some happy hours with her: she enjoyed his conversations and prayers; but it was not till this last summer that she thought it to be her duty and privilege to be baptized. Mr. Littleton, her pastor, baptized her with four others, in the presence of a vast concourse of people. She must have been ill then, for just eight weeks after her baptism she died of rapid consumption. As her weakness increased, she became very deaf, and talking became painful to her; but she would sometimes break out in such heavenly strains, and her countenance would beam with delight as she quoted many hymns in Denham's Selection, such as,

"Oh for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame;  
A light to shine upon the road,  
That leads me to the Lamb."

Also,—

"Weary of earth, myself, and sin,  
Dear Jesus set me free:  
And to thy glory take me in,  
For there I long to be."

"To Jesus, the crown of my hope,  
My soul is in haste to be gone;  
Oh, bear me, ye cherubims up,  
And waft me away to his throne."

In her illness she did not let one word of repining escape her lips; the only words she uttered in reference to her illness was on the evening before she died: "you little know what I have suffered." Hers was the only death I ever witnessed; it was more like going to sleep, than dying: so gentle I could scarcely tell her last breath. She left seven children; and a nearly broken-hearted husband to mourn their loss; it is her eternal gain: and in reading the account of her death in *Vessel*, it opened up afresh the fountain of tears. She was very fond of poetry, and it seems her pastor has sent you a piece on prayer, which I found in her writing after her death, which you promise shall appear.—Yours in affliction,

JOSEPH SAWYER.

[Mrs. Sawyer's poem shall appear.]

CHELTHENHAM.—Mr. Gorton, the Baptist minister, buried his valuable wife in February. How universally doth death wage war with all of us! The rich and the poor to the grave must come; until the period arrives Paul describeth, "The Lord himself shall descend . . . Then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." Oh! blessed time! Glorious consummation of all time! Shall we then behold Him and be like Him? That will be mercy and glory beyond our present comprehension. The little church at Cheltenham has lost a friend. Mr. Makepeace and Mr. Jackson, two Baptist ministers, are leaving Cheltenham. Since James Smith and William Lewis fell asleep the causes do not much prosper.

RETIRING MINISTERS.—Dr. Broek, of London, and Mr. Birrell, of Liverpool, are resigning their pastorates. It is wisdom in an aged minister to retire and rest, rather than hold on until the people pity him, and secretly pray that the chariot may descend, and take him home. The best of ministers may live and labour on until they become a burden, instead of a blessing to their people; but, when a servant of Christ stands in freshness of spiritual vigour, and in fruitfulness in his ministry until the Master calls him home, it is a much richer and nobler finale than retiring from a work so blessed, while as yet mental and physical powers are all in good trim.

SPALDING.—Towards the Restoration Fund for Love Lane Chapel, the friends are busy preparing for a Bazaar. Mrs. Wilkinson, of Rose Cottage, Spalding, will gratefully receive articles or donations. Brother W. Sack has been preaching there, and a blessing has attended the word.

### Deaths.

DEAR MR. BANKS.—The Lord was pleased to take my beloved father home to Heaven, Feb. 4, 1872, in his 82nd year. It is now over thirty years since Mr. Allen baptized him for Mr. Fenton. The week previous to his death he was very happy in his mind: the fear of death was gone; Christ had taken the sting away for ever. I can truly say it was Heaven on earth to be with him.

"Angels beckoned him away,  
And Jesus bid him come."

MARTHA WINFIELD.

42, Gainsford street, S.E.

[The deceased, Mr. Winfield, was a patient, humble, and faithful disciple of the Lord Jesus. We loved him in the Lord for years.—Ed.]

Birmingham.—Mr. W. Murphy, the Protestant Lecturer, died March 12, 1872. He was a great sufferer, but truly happy in the Lord. We shall (D.V.) give some particulars if possible.

Death.—Hannah, the beloved wife of Mr. John Doncaster, of Kensington, Feb. 25, 1872, in her 56th year. Particulars in early number.

Died at Lowell, Massachusetts, U.S.A., Feb. 25, 1872, Hannah, the wife of George Lane, and youngest daughter of Mr. G. Stimson, Camberwell.

## THAT MOST GLORIOUS ANTHEM YET TO BE SUNG.

“THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH.”

**T**HIS is the grand chorus of all the songs the Church ever did sing, or ever will sing on the earth, or in the heavens above: “The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!” This is the highest climax of praise into which either saints or angels can ever ascend; they can strike no higher note; they can reach no higher theme; there is no greater fact; no expression can be more full of the majesty, and glory, and honour of our REDEEMER-KING than this:—“The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.”

Mr. James Wells, in his *Lectures on the Revelations*, calls this *The Anthem of Victory*, and places it in the Gospel dispensation, and says it is a song the saints have ever sung. In *faith* they have; and in their experiences of his salvation, and in their realizations of his providential mercies toward them, they have rejoiced in this all-comprehensive truth, “The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth:” but, while IMMANUEL’S victories over Satan, sin, death, the grave, and the world have been most triumphant and complete; his victories over the anti-Christian false churches, his victories over those tremendous forms of error which now everywhere abound, have not yet been visibly and perfectly completed: “We see not yet all things put under him.” But there is a period known to God, and that period hasteneth on, when “another angel will come down from heaven, having great power, when the earth shall be brightened with his glory, and when, with a strong voice, he shall cry mightily, ‘Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen; and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird.’” Then there will be weeping, and wailing, and mourning, and woe, the like of which has never yet been seen. Then shall the happy saints of God sound aloud the *ascriptive* Alleluia, “Salvation, and glory, and honour, and power unto the Lord our God;” then shall the *triumphant* Alleluia be heard, as the smoke of Babylon’s ruins ascendeth up from the pit into which she is fallen; and then shall the *worshipping* Alleluia proceed from the elders and the living creatures, who will devoutly bow before the throne of Him that sitteth on the throne, tracing all their salvation, and all their deliverance from the delusions and destructions of the adversary up to this one GREAT CAUSE, “The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.” In the believing anticipation of this final issue, the honoured saints may well sing:—

“Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We are marching thro’ Immanuel’s ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.”

Let us read the description John gives of the *singers*—the choristers, of their harmony and unity. Then, let us ask the *meaning* of this chorus, “The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.” The choristers, the singers, are variously described by John in this vision. He says, “I heard a great voice of *much people* in heaven, saying, Alleluia.” Then,

he calleth them *elohs*; and when the voice came out of the throne, saying, "PRAISE OUR GOD," it was directed to two classes of persons; first, "All ye his servants:" they are the ministers and officers in the Church Militant. Secondly, "Ye that fear him, both small and great:" these are the seeking souls who fear and serve the Lord. But the three Alleluias, which express a three-fold going forth of soul towards the Lord, are more safely to be relied upon, as indicating true character in God's sight, than any office or name you can find given to the people. The vital indwelling of grace in the heart leads to that silent, steady, steadfast *knowledge* of God, that realized *relationship* to God, and that holy *fellowship* with God, which most conduces to seal home salvation upon all them who are led into those spiritual and sacred chambers—

" Where Christ unveils His lovely face,  
And sheds His love abroad."

True grace in the heart leadeth the soul forth in adoring views, and in Alleluias of praise to the Lord! Oh! what blessed visions of God, in the Trinity of Persons, does faith give the living soul to behold! Faith, the faith of God's elect, carries the soul up into the unspeakable glories of a Triune Jehovah—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! And as the soul is led into "the acknowledgement of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ," it goeth out in adoring Alleluias; it exerciseth itself in silent praises of the Almighty Father, for all the revealed perfections of his character; for his covenant of grace; for the setting up, and sending forth, of his dear Son. The soul, also, by the power of this faith, and in the light of the Eternal Spirit, doth apprehend much of the glory of Christ in all the offices he sustains for his Church's well-being. Yes, indeed, my soul has been favoured to have faint views of our Jesus, as he *was* in glory; as he *was* in our world; as he *is* now that he patiently carries on his work as the great High Priest of our profession; and as he *will be* when he shall come the second time to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe. I have no words to describe all this; but I have thought Watts had had previous views of the glory of the Lord Jehovah, or he could never have written—

" Had I a glance of Thee, my God,  
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;  
Vanish as though I saw them not,  
As a dim candle dies at noon."

There are also indescribable thoughts of the glorious Comforter: but, as Jesus said, "He shall not speak of *himself*;" so, I may add, he does not reveal himself; but he does take of the things of Christ, and doth show them unto living souls. Then, the adoring Alleluia goeth forth; then doth the soul "give unto the Lord the glory *DUE* unto his name;" and that is, at least, one part of that "secret of the Lord which is with them that fear him."

The second Alleluia is expressive of the holy triumphs of grace in our own experience. Has the enemy come in like a flood, sweeping away everything that could save, sanctify, or comfort my soul? Indeed, sirs, he has in the years long since rolled away. Has darkness covered the mind, so that not one ray of light did shine? With agony of soul I know it has. Have sin and Satan bound, burdened, and blighted all

the hopes and joys of the heart? Alas! it has been so. Was not the melancholy poet too strong,—

“ Buried in sorrows and in sins,  
At hell's dark door I lay? ”

No; not an atom too strong. Let a man deeply feel he is in Satan's hands, filling up his measure; ready to be consigned to perdition eternal; then, in a time of heart-melting love, let the mighty Saviour become a good Samaritan; let him come down and bind up all the wounds with which some indescribable temptations have pierced the soul. Let Jesus himself pour into his desponding heart such a flood of heavenly light as shall sweep away the black mists of unbelief, and the thick clouds of accumulated guilt; let him lay his right hand upon the poor downcast; let him shine upon, and speak unto, the heart, mind, and conscience; let him draw the grieving soul in and under the shadow of his own wings, and there cleanse, confirm, and comfort it; *then*, from such an one, there will ascend the most intense feelings of praise and adoring love; the silent Alleluia of holy triumph will go forth, as in the case of Hannah, when she said, “ My heart rejoiceth in the Lord; mine horn is exalted in the Lord; my mouth is enlarged, because I rejoice in thy salvation.” Now it is that we enter, with the deepest sympathy, into the meaning of those supernatural lines,—

“ The holy triumphs of my soul  
Shall death itself out-brave;  
Leave dull mortality behind,  
And fly beyond the grave.”

C. W. B.

(To be Continued.)

## THE LATE MR. JAMES WELLS.

TESTIMONIALS TO HIS FAITHFULNESS, USEFULNESS, &c. &c., WITH SOME  
CANDID REVIEWS OF HIS MINISTRY AND WORK.

[We have much interesting information respecting the life and labours of our departed brother in the Gospel. We trust this year's volume of *The Earthen Vessel* will contain a LITERARY MONUMENT TO HIS MEMORY, which may be handed down to future generations; thereby our brother Wells's words and works will speak to many thousands of hearts of that sovereign, rich, distinguishing, and abundant grace, whereby he was called, preserved, and honoured of his God for so many years. Unlike our contemporaries, we have no apologies to offer for fully recording all we can of his life, his experience, and his ministry. We have no hesitation in stating our conviction that, since the days of William Huntington, there has not existed a man more extensively useful to the churches of the New Testament order than was Mr. James Wells. Those blessed men, William Gadsby, John Stevens, John Warburton, John Kershaw, George Murrell, J. C. Philpot, George Abrahams, John Foreman, W. Tiptaft, and others of the same family, were extraordinary men in some departments of the Gospel; but the only man (*deep*, fervent, faithful, and COMPREHENSIVE IN ALL BRANCHES OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST) who could, for forty-two years, hold together from one to two thousand people, was James Wells. And he (humanly speaking) sorrowed, laboured, and exerted himself so unceasingly, that he fell a martyr in the field, when we all hoped he would have preached at least ten years longer. We differed from him in some things; but we so sacredly loved him in the Gospel, that we feel bound to give to present and future ages, the most perfect memorial we possibly can. The following is one item.]

*Outlines of a Sermon preached at Sunningdale by R. Howard, on Lord's-day evening, March 31st, 1872. Being a tribute of respect to the memory of the late Mr. James Wells.*

“ Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel ? ”  
2 Samucl iii. 3.

**P**ERHAPS you have had enough of funeral sermons of late ; but I feel it would ill become me to let an occasion like the present pass without making some reference to one whom the Lord has taken home to glory ; and more particularly when I consider that I am the more closely connected as a member of the church meeting at the Surrey Tabernacle. You are aware Joab was one of three brothers, the sons of Zeruiah, she being the sister of David ; hence, David was uncle to Joab, and while Joab was one of David's mighty men, at the same time, with Saul, were mighty men also. Abner appeared, up to a certain time, to be faithful with Saul, and a mighty man ; he had some time previously smitten Asahel, Joab's brother, that he died ; he had then come to make terms with David, as to the bringing over the children of Israel, and was returning, when Joab pursued, overtook, and slew him ; and hence the language of David in the words of our text. But as we must come at once to the subject, we will leave the literal and apply it to the remarks we have to make, and ask :—1st, In what respects Mr. James Wells was a great man ? 2nd, In what respects he has fallen ?

I. He was a great man in the same way as Abraham was ; the Lord called him alone, blessed him, and said, “ I will make of thee a great nation.” The Lord called our departed brother, blessed him, and of him, I may say, by his testimony being recorded upon the fleshy tables of the heart, and by his instrumentality, God has caused to spring forth a great nation. I suppose that if all that have gone home to glory, if all that are in foreign lands, if all that are in this highly favoured country, called by grace through his instrumentality, were gathered together, they would form a great nation.

I must now digress somewhat, to refer to some years back. Keenly exercised in mind—seeing some persons putting on a profession of religion and as soon putting it off—I found my way, one Lord's-day morning, to the Old Surrey Tabernacle, and in the prayer were these remarks, “ Every plant that my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up.” I said at once, this man enters into my case ; he is one that will deal honestly with me. At this time I still thought that heaven was to be had by some efforts of the creature ; neither could I abandon this idea. I went to hear Mr. Wells at an anniversary when he uttered the words, “ Cursed is he that continueth not in ALL things written in the book of the law to do them ; ” explaining, “ He that offendeth in one point is guilty of the whole.” I left the place, cut up, burdened, a convicted sinner ; the arrow of conviction had entered, and there was no withdrawing it. I wandered now in a solitary way, and found no city to dwell in ; but still abiding, hoping the Lord would turn my captivity.

At a place what was then known as the Surrey Music Hall I went as usual to hear our now departed brother. He explained how Christ had taken away sin ; how he had become our peace ; how he had broken down the middle wall of partition between us and God ; the Spirit



sealed home the word. I felt sin gone! guilt gone! the curse gone! and everything against me gone, and left with Jesus only. I felt then as complete as Christ himself, and saw how a sinner could be accepted in the beloved. I rejoiced, and blessed, and praised a covenant God in Christ for such abounding, wondrous mercy.

2. He was a great man, as Moses was. The Lord says, "Moses was a great man in the land of Egypt." As a leader and commander, Mr. James Wells was great, and I may also add, Mr. John Foreman as well. We have lost two great men who have been leaders and commanders of the people, in accordance with the truth of God and Gospel ordinances.

3. He was a great man, as the Lord gave him gifts and abilities. He knew well what he spake about, and the Gospel he preached was the same as by which he himself was saved. He was an able minister of the New Testament; and it pleased the Lord to grant unto him gifts of no mean order, that he could enter into the tried experiences of the living family of God. While he could, and did, descend into the depths, he could, and did soar aloft in the glorious realities of eternal truth and of a covenant ordered in all things, and sure. I have oftentimes gone dead, cold, formal, carnal, like an icicle, and my heart like flint; but the proclamation of the glorious Gospel and the precious blood of Christ has made me melt in tears and joy.

4. He was a great man, because he was rich. We look at the estates in this locality, and look upon the owners as great men because they are rich. But what are their riches in comparison to his? Their's will soon pass away; but, I was going to say, he has only just entered on the threshold of those riches which endure to everlasting life. He was rich in Biblical lore, never at a loss to interpret the word, he was rich in knowledge, in experience, in the precious things of the lasting hills, and the chief things of the ancient mountains, and now he is rich as he sees His Master's face in glory, without a veil between.

5. He was a great man, as a forgiving man. Some years since we had some misunderstanding whether he was right and I was wrong, or whether we were both wrong, I will not attempt to say; be that as it may, I left the Church meeting there, and from attending upon his ministry, and while I look back in a great measure with deep regret, at the same time, it seemed to be a means of cementing our union the stronger. I returned, (having previously written him). Never shall I forget pouring out my soul to the Lord at that prayer meeting. I saw him after in his vestry; he showed himself a great man, for he had a great spirit of forgiveness, looked over the past, and we rejoiced once more together. Not only did he forgive to seven times seven, but till seventy times, yea, I was about saying, seven hundred times seven: but I hasten to the second part.

II. He has fallen. Not as some fall; not as Peter fell; and the Lord knows, if left to ourselves, and not upheld by his supporting grace, we should be like him or even worse. But it pleased the Lord to uphold him as a pattern and an example in this respect, namely, outwardly. From that which is good and upright he has not fallen; and let us bless the Lord for his supporting grace. As regards the truth and gospel ordinances in this respect, he has not fallen, but abode by them faithful to the last. He has fallen as David expresses it, in the 1st chapter of the 2nd Book of Samuel, "How are the mighty fallen in the

midst of the battle." He has succumbed by reason of death; but while his remains are in the silent tomb, his spirit has ascended to be for ever with the Lord. Let us use the other words of David; thus John Foreman and James Wells "were lovely and pleasant in their lives," and while some may say, but they fell out by the way, I reply, "in their death they were not divided." They enquired after each other, and sympathized with each other in their afflictions, and now they are not divided; both sing the same song; both are in the same glory; they now see the same God, and Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Ye daughters of Israel, weep over them, they have clothed you in scarlet. Often have they (for I prefer, for brevity, coupling both together) so proclaimed the scarlet and crimson blood of Immanuel, and of that glorious robe in which you are to be presented, that you have felt the King's daughter is all glorious within, that she shall be brought before the King in raiment of needlework. But they are gone, they (let us use the plural again) have fought a good fight, they have kept the faith, and they are now in possession of that crown which has been reserved for them. While it is our loss (we could not expect them here much longer—one fourscore years, and the other nearly threescore years and ten, the allotted time of man upon earth), it is their eternal gain. The Lord grant that a double portion of Elijah's spirit may fall upon some Elisha that shall be as faithful, fervent, zealous, and persevering as they were, and if it is His will, we may one and all meet with them above.

"Apostles, prophets, martyrs, there  
Around my Saviour stand,  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—The Lord grant that our late brother's testimony may have a wide spread and a thick spread! Although I am not a Baptist, and there is no probability of my ever being one, I know how to appreciate God's unchanging and eternal truth as set forth by our late brother. You will see by the *Witness* for May what I think of James Wells. It makes no difference to me whether a man be a Baptist, churchman, or nothing, so as he preaches the "Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven:" and, unless he do this, no matter what he may call himself, he will find no sympathy in my heart. Wishing you every blessing, believe me, as ever, very faithfully,

Hull.

A. WILCOCKSON.

## JESUS SPEAKING TO THE FEARFUL.

"IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID."

BY MR. ROBERT C. BARDENS,

*(Minister of Hayes Tabernacle.)*

**T**HESSE are the words of JESUS, our best, and only true Friend: it is Him that hath loved us, and shed His precious blood to put away our sins, and to make us clean by the washing of the Holy Spirit, so that we shall reign with Him for ever and ever; yea, when time shall be no more. How sweet then are the words of Jesus, our Lord, to the souls of his own poor and needy children! The language is

full of interest to the child of God, for it shows forth the sympathy and affection of our God unto his dear people. The words were spoken in a time when the disciples felt as if they must go down into the mighty waters to rise no more. How suitable the words to them: "*It is I, be not afraid!*" How sweet; because when the Lord speaks unto his children, the words are full of love and salvation; the word is full of love and power; then consolation flows into the soul. How precious to the heaven-bound soul on the waters of this life to know that his God is not far away from him; but that he is a God nigh at hand; nigh to watch over him, and to say unto him, in the language of the prophet, "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. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." How precious to the souls of his tried children! There are the waters of affliction and sorrow; but the Lord has said, "When thou passest, I will be with thee." Oh! that we could live by faith upon his heavenly promise, for Jesus says, "It is I, be not afraid." How sweet to my soul are these words, "*It is I!*" How sweet and consoling to reflect on the many seasons, and the many storms of deep distress, when Jesus has spoken, and delivered our souls, and peace has come in like a river.

I remember well, in a time of very great trial and deep trouble, when travelling on to see my dear people on a Sunday morning, my soul was bowed down with sorrow; truly my soul was overwhelmed within me; billows appeared to rise mountains high, as if they would crush me down, for ever and ever. About one mile from the little chapel, walking alone; tears running down my face; my soul crying to God to appear for me; oh, how well do I remember the spot where the Holy Spirit, by the faith that he had given to me, took me by the hand, and led my soul to Jesus as God, as revealed in the 46th Psalm: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble," &c. Truly the Lord did appear to my soul, and lifted me up, and said, "It is I, be not afraid." I shall never forget it, for it was clearly revealed to me, that the Lord was our help in trouble; blessings on his dear and holy name. "*It is I,*" in trouble; not *out* of trouble, but it is *in* trouble he manifests his love, and says kindly to the soul, "My grace is sufficient for thee." It is in the time of affliction revealed that the eternal God is thy (mark this, poor tempest-tossed soul) refuge; and underneath thee are his everlasting arms. Oh, my dear brother, it is thy God that is eternal; and he that is thy God bears thee up, and shall carry thee in his precious bosom, where thou shalt say again and again unto him, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." So that you will see, my dear cast-down sister, that it is thy God that says, "It is I, be not afraid." The fire of persecution shall not kill thee, nor sever thee from the power of his strength; for his strength is omnipotent. Well may the soul sing at times, "Halleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." Our precious Jesus comes into the soul and says, "It is I, be not afraid." Well might it be said, that it is through much tribulation that ye must enter the kingdom of heaven, but our comfort is that our God will not leave us in the midst of the trouble; He will make the power of his strength known in the deliverance of

the soul, as the Lord hath declared in the Psalm,—“Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will hear thee, and deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.” That is to be the issue of all; God is to be glorified by the poor, tried, and cast-down soul; for Jesus says, “It is I, be not afraid.” “O ye of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?” That is where his disciples were very often in what Bunyan calls “Doubting Castle.” Phillip could not understand, and therefore he says, “Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us.” Jesus said, “Have I been so long time with thee, and yet hast thou not known me, Phillip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father, and how sayest thou, shew us the Father? believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me; or else believe me for the very work’s sake.” So he that said, “It is I, be not afraid,” is God, and as God, he knows all about the needs of his children and their distresses; and he will lead us in a right way, and at last bring us to our desired haven,

“Where we shall see his face,  
And never, never sin,  
But from the rivers of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.”

My dear friends, how blessed: he that has said, “It is I,” has said, “Fear not, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.” Has not the Lord been faithful to thee? Reflect, my soul, for a moment: has He ever forgotten to be gracious to thee? My soul says, “No! never forgotten me for a moment; and never will.” It is true sometimes we think he has; and we cry out, “O, wretched man that I am;” or, like dear old Jacob, when he said, “All these things are against me;” and like many others have said in times of darkness and trial of faith; but whatever nature says, is wrong. Still our God is faithful; He that has promised, faltereth never; the love of thy God endureth for ever; for in all it is made manifest—“It is I, be not afraid.” How blessed that soul that has Jesus for his friend! One said of old, not one thing hath failed of all that the Lord hath promised; blessings on his dear and holy name! and faith says that it never will fail; for he that hath delivered, doth deliver, and it is by him that all our deliverances must come. “It is I,” that speaks peace to the soul, and then shows his wounded side, his hands, and feet, and gives the faith by which the mountains of unbelief are subdued, and the poor soul cries out in ecstasy of joy, “My Lord and my God.” Oh, what a heaven! what a time of love it was to dear Thomas! has it not been so with you? for he that hath said, “It is I” to his disciples is the same now; it is Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Amen. It is said when he made himself known to them, they willingly received him into the ship; so you will see how beautifully he made way for himself: he does the same now; he comes with the promise, and sweetly applies it to the soul; he comes with salvation, and delivers; he comes and he brings the provisions, and says, “Eat, O friends;” he comes and says, “Drink abundantly, O beloved;” he comes and says, “It is I, be not afraid, all is well.” Then the soul can say, “More often let thy visits be, or let them longer last, I can do nothing without thee. Make haste, my God, make haste.” Sometimes my soul says crown him, crown him, Lord of all, and so it is the desire of every living soul who has tasted that the Lord is gracious, to praise him for ever and ever.

Hayes, Middlesex.

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH AND VICTORY OF FAITH,  
AS EXEMPLIFIED BY THE LIFE, AND IN THE DEATH, OF THE  
LATE MR. THOMAS WARREN.

ON the 5th of February, 1872, the beloved Thomas Warren, Baptist minister, Braintree, Essex, fell asleep in Jesus, aged 73. And as he was a holy man of God, richly imbued with the Spirit of Christ, and possessed of no ordinary mind in the sacred range of ministerial attainments, the penman deems him worthy of a name and place among the treasured memorials of the Church of God.

Thomas Warren was "born of a woman," at Earl Stonham, Suffolk, in the year 1799, and very early became impressed with a sense of, and sorrow for, sin; so that he had not lived many years before "the time" had come for him to be "born again," of God; and then began, also, his "time to die" unto sin; and from this hour it was unto him a living and a dying all the rest of his days.

Of his early history the writer knows nothing, save that his first membership was with the Baptist Church at Colchester, under the pastoral care of Mr. Francis; from whence he removed to attend the ministry of that more eminent servant of God, then also at Colchester, Mr. Henry Dowling, lately deceased at Tasmania, and whose excellent letter to his brother Warren, on the subject of Mr. Warren's peculiar and exercised position in the ministry, is inserted in *The Earthen Vessel* for December, 1871.

At the age of twenty-two he was called to the work himself, and preached at Colchester and Harwich. His master (for he laboured with his hands at a trade) replying to a question as to his character, "If going out to preach would make his men like Thomas Warren, he wished they were all preachers." But he was principally employed by God in planting and watering the then infant church at Witham; and, about twenty-five years ago, became the settled pastor of the particular Baptist Church of God, at Braintree, in Essex.

Here he proclaimed the Word with much acceptance in the ordinary way and manner of what is called experimental preaching; and, so long as he thus walked side by side with the people, he was heart to heart with them also; an agreeable mode of living at ease in Zion, leaving but little room for strife and debate; but, nevertheless, not one of much progression and growth in the grace and *peace of Christ!* The superstructure of such a church being for the most part built upon second causes, rather than based upon those foundation principles, the Person and Work of Christ. And thus the fine gold of Divine life was becoming dimmed by the degenerating influence of that Corinthian folly, the measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves; and lest they should fall into the Galatian error of beginning in the spirit, and, however knowingly, seeking a perfection in the flesh, the God of glory deemed it necessary to stir up the nest; that, like as the eagle teacheth her young to fly *by spreading abroad her wings*, so there might here be a ministerial expansion of mind, to the enlargement and growth of the spiritual among the church

and congregation. To this end the Lord let down a flood of heavenly light into the pastor's immortal soul, and gave him such a view of the risen glories of Christ that, like the Eastern shepherd that goes *before* his flock, he became qualified to *lead* the sheep of the Braintree fold into the green pastures of God's mercy and love. It was thus that He made this spiritual husbandman a more abundant first-partaker of the living Vine's fruit. And then as the old things passed away and all became new; as truth in sentiment gave place to a reception of the Word of God with power, and there was a passing from the "letter to the Spirit," and our brother drew nearer to God in judgment,—his mind became enlarged, his faith increased; and there was such a growing up unto Christ in the spiritual ministry of the Word, that his fellowship-knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, through the anointings of the Holy Ghost, went before nearly all his hearers; and, indeed, outstepped even his own powers of utterance. Thus, for want of language to express what he felt, and ability to explain what he meant, his very enlargement was construed into error, and his establishment into a falling away. So that with those—the unstable—who "*make a man an offender for a word,*" and "*lay a snare for him that reproveth in the gate;*" and upon whose shoulders (as the dear departed said) "*the crops did not lay easy,*" such went their way offended, and spread an evil report; saying, among other things, that Mr. Warren "*denied the resurrection, and believed in annihilation after death,*" &c.\*

Thus these poor frightened sheep, who thought they saw a *lion in the way*, fled when none pursued. Nevertheless, the Lord did not take the Word of Truth out of the preacher's mouth, nor leave himself without a witness; for one in their midst even wrote to the unworthy penman thus: "I am happy to say that our esteemed pastor, Mr. Warren, has been the means, through the blessed Spirit, of turning me from darkness to light, and from the power of sin and Satan unto God: so that I have found him a spiritual father unto me in Christ, and I esteem him very highly for his work's sake." That for the most part our brother had to build up the walls of Jerusalem "*with a sword girded by his side;*" there being with an open door, many surrounding adversaries." Nevertheless, there were a faithful few left in this reproaching Sardis, whom the Lord carried upward and onward in the truth with their heavenly-minded pastor; so that they ran with this spiritual "footman," and were not weary; but, like the limited, yet God-appointed number in Gideon's reduced army, they "lapped" the water of life with the hand of faith, standing upright in heart before God: whilst the rest, who resembled the larger part of the prophet's unvalliant ones, they "*drank upon their knees,*" and who will say it was the bend of real humility and prayer?

\* Upon these points the man of God wrote to the penman—1st. "On the subject of the Resurrection, which has laid the foundation for so much contention, I wish to drop a thought—*I could as soon deny the being of a God as deny the resurrection of the dead.* Hope in the final resurrection has been to me the source of great consolation, *and so it is now.* But the subject is far beyond me as to its full glories; the disembodied alone can disclose the infinite felicity connected with the glorious resurrection and exaltation of Christ," &c. 2nd. "As to the final damnation of the wicked I wish to be silent; it is a subject far too deep and solemn for me; but this I do know, that the righteous are so delivered from the evil to come that they have *no curse in their bitterness, since their sins are buried in the depths of Christ's death.*"

The doubtful disputations having now given place to virulent contention, there was much division among those who preferred an evil report rather than to "esteeming the reproach of Christ." But our brother, thus wounded in the house of his friends, wrote me at this time that the Lord had given these words to his soul,—“I will cry unto God most high, unto God who performeth all things for me.” Also, he said, “A faithful Jehovah is the only hope of my soul for time and eternity.” O, the rich and savoury communications I received from him at this time: they are *gems of spiritual correspondence* indeed. My soul has been much edified and comforted by his weighty and powerful letters. Nor must I omit to mention the grace and goodness of God that kept me steadfast in my love and attachment towards him to the end. Therefore, dear reader, “if *thou* also seest the oppression of the poor and the violent, perverting of judgment and justice in a province, marvel not at the matter, for He that is higher than the highest regardeth it, and there be higher than they.”

But though “for the divisions of Reuben there were great searchings of heart,” and by far the largest share of these excercises fell to the pastor’s lot, unto whom it was indeed “the *burden* of the word of the Lord, yet the work of God went on, for the God of all grace strengthened him for the conflict, and assured him of the victory: so that he said he was rejoicing in this consoling fact, “God judgeth righteously, and will reward accordingly.” Thus, though he “received the Word in much affliction,” it was “with joy in the Holy Ghost,” and this sustained him in the fire of persecution, and supported him amid the flood of evil speaking.” Yea, he drew supplies of refreshment from his very reproaches, because they were for Christ’s sake and the Gospel’s. But, though reviled, he reviled not again, and never rendered evil for evil: indeed, his whole life was a shining example and bright reflection of Him whose steps he trod and whose path he followed. Would that there were more of such heavenly-minded men among us, who, by their holy life, and consistent walk, adorned the Gospel of God, their Saviour, in all things: though, perhaps, like our dear brother Warren, their work would not be rightly estimated, or their virtues properly appreciated: and this may be one reason why the Lord is so rapidly bereaving Zion of her best and choicest ministers. And I here give it as my humble conviction, that if the disquieted among the members of the Braintree church and congregation had had a little patience, forbearance, and brotherly kindness, and betaken themselves to sympathy, charity, and prayer, instead of division, discord, and reproach, the God of Israel would have heard their cry and granted their request, by making the crooked things straight and the rough places plain. Oh, what a prevalent fault it is in our day for man to assume the judgment seat, and arraign the ways of God at reason’s unreasonable bar. Divisions upon the small pretext of some supposed superiority either in knowledge, experience, or attainments, do but weaken Zion and strengthen her enemies. If iniquity is found in the midst, cast it out! If *evil* abounds, overcome it with *good*! Truth will shine all the brighter by being tested with the Word of God, which is amply able to confront and expose error. But nothing of that which corrupts the Church of God was to be seen in our brother Warren; nor could any find occasion of fault in him except as against the law of his God. His

whole soul was in love with the Christ of God, and his time and talents at the service of the Church of God. He was loving, faithful, and true in all the things of God, and who dare say he did not honour his profession by being upright in heart, consistent in walk, godly in conversation, and was of such a meek and quiet spirit, that he adored the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things. Oh, Braintree! thou hast lost a treasure in the removal of this holy man of God. It was God in the riches of his grace that made him what he was; therefore, to Him the praise is due: but I do feel that you have rejected the counsel of God against yourselves, not being baptized into his Spirit. May God in his mercy put his hand a second time to the work, and turn your captivity *at the voice of your prayers.*

And it may be asked, if such was the *life* of Mr. Thomas Warren, how did he *die*? Well, he died as he lived; as in living he "lived unto the Lord," so, in dying, "he died unto the Lord;" indeed, his own words were, "*I have lived Christ, preached Christ, and walked Christ for fifty years, and now I feel I can die upon what I have so lived and preached.*"

It appears, his last sermon, from Zeph. iii. 15, and which was most solemn and weighty, was preached on Sunday evening, January 14, 1872; indeed, the whole chapter—which had such a striking bearing upon his trying circumstances and position—seemed chosen for him by God to close his testimony on earth. Well he delivered his final message on faithfulness and love; and on the following Monday morning was taken ill; but, though much exercised at first by reason of the sudden mysterious providence, and being sorely tried on account of his severe bodily afflictions, yet was he calm and resigned in the presence of God. His greatest and only real grief (writes his faithful deacon, Mr. Goss,) was the *lack of vitality* (as he thought) attending the ministry of the Word; and which he laid much to the want of his people's prayers. His last word to the members of his church was a message (through brother Elliston) exhorting them to "hold fast to the word and truth of God," adding "May God bless you, and keep you, and preserve you stedfast unto the end." To his daughter he said, "Farewell faith, farewell creatures, farewell *Thomas Warren.*"

It was the writer's privilege to pay this dying saint a visit on Sunday, January 28; and immediately upon his entering the room he, pointing with his finger up to heaven, said, "It's all right, *I find my God here*;" and again he said, "I both see and feel more blessed in Him than ever."

Upon my asking whether I should go to the chapel, and pray for him, he said, "Ah, do, that is what I want—the *sympathy of prayer among the people of God*;" adding, "*My life is their life, my soul is their soul, my affliction is their affliction, and my glory is their glory.*" Oh, with what a solemn weight these words, though spoken only in a whisper, fell upon my ear. And, then, before I left, he said (rejoicing in a sanctified submission to the will of God), "The ways of the Lord are right, and *the just shall walk in them*; but the transgressors shall fall therein." (Hosea xiv. 9.) Let the reader, in the prospect of death, well ponder these important words.

Thus was the Lord guiding him with his counsel preparatory to receiving him into glory. And now the Lord of the harvest looked at



the ripened corn, and, seeing its readiness for the Master's use, gave the Angel of Death his commission to put in the sickle and gather his bending grain into his heavenly garner. And thus, after only three weeks illness, his happy spirit took its upward flight "without a sigh or a groan.

JOSIAH.

Chelmsford.

P.S. To be continued next month (D.V.) with some of his spiritual correspondence in confirmation of what is written herein.

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## THE LATE MR. THOMAS HUGHES, OF HACKNEY.

"Thou shalt worship the LORD thy GOD :  
And HIM only shalt thou serve."

**D**R. RICHARD GILPIN'S "*Nature of Idolatry*" (as the deep device of Satan to corrupt and to pervert the true and the pure worship of God), is a chapter which all Christians might read, and not be injured thereby. In contemplating the state of things as they have existed now for many years in Trinity chapel, Hackney, Dr. Gilpin's work on idolatry has much exercised my thoughts; but I cannot now enter upon that subject.

When I originally heard of the late Mr. Thomas Hughes (the now lamented pastor of the church in Trinity chapel), I thought pastor and people were not only hyper-Calvinistic, but that they must be supremely hyper-spiritualistic; that is, more permanently separated from the profane and professing world, and more deeply sanctified by the indwelling of God's Spirit in their souls than any other Christian people in the whole world; and when I knew (1) that Mr. Hughes, in preaching his last sermon in his pulpit, said, before a congregation of about a thousand people, that they would diminish from hundreds to tens; and (2) when I knew he said, "the Spirit of the Lord had departed from him," and that he could not go into the pulpit again,—when I consider (3) how powerfully (for him, I thought) that scripture came to my heart, "If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday,"—when I remember (4) how urgently I went to his house to beg of him to receive the Word of the Lord, and the denial I met with,—when I ponder over his secluded state now for twenty years or more, and of the low state of the cause there, I am filled with hallowed feelings of fear, grief, and wonder, and could shed tears of sorrow over such a wreck of greatness—over such witherings-up of wonderful talents, such scatterings of a mighty people, and such an exclusion of the Gospel ministry, except on those rare occasions when the beloved pastor could step out of his solitary chamber, and stand a little while speaking to the people burning and loving words of truth. I repeat, a silent reflection upon all these gloomy scenes and circumstances make me fearful to approach a history so full of mystery, so unlike what we desire to find where a house is built for, and a people are truly devoted unto, the honour and service of the God of salvation. That the Spirit of the Lord had NOT left Mr. Hughes was apparently evident to some

Christian people who *occasionally* worshipped in Trinity, and who sometimes saw and heard Mr. Hughes speaking as though the power of the Lord was deeply teaching him most holy mysteries. He has been seen speaking with the water rolling from his forehead and face as though under the influence of great excitement. Even up to near the end of his life, he came out now and then, and broke bread to his people. We shall never know here what he suffered during the last twenty years of his life; nor have we any testimony of the state of his mind as he drew near his end. We have some letters; but we shall only use such notes as may be useful to the Church of Christ generally. How remarkable the contrast between this good man's silent suffering and the public progress and increasing usefulness of others of his contemporaries almost to the closing scenes of their lives! Has there not been a cause? What has been the mind of the Lord? Who can answer? I wait for clearer light on years so mysteriously passed away. The following on THE FUNERAL OF MR. HUGHES is by a special correspondent:—

“What means yon blaze on high?  
 The empyrean sky  
 Like the rich veil of some proud fane is rending.  
 I see the star-pav'd land,  
 Where all the angels stand,  
 Even to the highest height in burning vows ascending.  
 Some with wings dispread,  
 And bow'd the stately head,  
 As on some mission of God's love departing,  
 Like flames from midnight conflagration starting;  
 Behold! the appointed messengers are they,  
 And nearest earth they wait to waft our souls away.”

It was a gloomy November day when poor Edward Irving closed his eyes to the scenes of this cold world. He had been a great man; by his instrumentality one of the finest Gothic churches ever erected in England was built; but, like many other good men who have allowed prophecy to engross their whole attention, Irving made many mistakes, and numbers of persons multiplied these mistakes, till, ah! till Irving sunk a martyr to lying life and mistaken notions.

Thomas Hughes bore a faint resemblance to the herculean Scotch preacher. Nearly half a century ago, Trinity chapel was erected for his ministrations. At that time it must have been considered a splendid place, and there, canonically attired in gown and bands, did Thomas Hughes preach to crowded audiences. But he began with a mistake; he never associated with any other minister, and, if correctly informed, no minister ever occupied his pulpit. Now this was a grand and fatal mistake. The history of Thomas Hughes is but a short one: all at once stricken with some mysterious affliction, the once popular preacher withdrew from the pulpit. He occasionally presents himself; but it is only to utter a few thoughts from the communion rails, and then back to his hermitage; and, for twenty years, the pulpit has been deserted. Only fancy a man, under deep depression, and that depression constantly fed, living a hermit's life at the back of his chapel, no friendly hand of a brother minister to grasp the hand of the depressed soul, but there, brooding dark dreams, a great man wept his life away.

“The weary wheels of life at last stood still.”

And they must have been weary. But we are not commissioned to write his life, but to record the details of his interment.

Saturday, March 23rd, the snow came down continually all day. Hackney, with its many chapels, was covered with one white pall, and this was the day appointed to take to the sepulchre all that was mortal of Thomas Hughes, who for over forty years had been pastor of Trinity chapel, Hackney. The coffin was placed in front of the pulpit, and the mournful service commenced by singing,—

“Blest be the everlasting God.”

Mr. Childs, deacon, then delivered a short funeral address. They had come to bury their deceased pastor, who had been a faithful minister of Christ. He (Mr. Hughes) had long laboured in their midst, and many in the upper sanctuary, and many present, were seals to his ministry. He had been no false prophet, preaching a yea and nay Gospel, and he had gone to his reward. They had nothing to say to the *world* of the deceased, and the members of that Christian community required no further memorial of his fidelity than that which they carried in their own consciences, written by the finger of God. Mr. Childs then read the 116th Psalm, and selections from the second epistle to the Corinthians.

Two prayers having been offered, this part of the ceremony closed by singing,—

“Oh, for a sight, a pleasing sight,  
Of our Almighty Father’s throne.”

Now came the climax. Although there was no word for the world, yet human feeling cannot (thank God for it) be stamped out. There was a sad and awful silence as that coffin was removed from Trinity chapel and placed in the hearse. To those few persons who esteemed Mr. Hughes, there was now a positive blank. Although for years he had been almost silent, yet he *lived*; yes, lived in the vestry; but now *gone*. Taking our stand outside the chapel, how fine and holy looked the flakes of snow as they fell and covered all around. And now we start (nearly forty coaches, private Broughams, and cabs) away to Abney Park, where Isaac Watts wrote nearly all his hymns and ballads, and there having arrived, Mr. Childs offered up prayer, and thus the great man passed away.

Sunday evening, March 24, I again bent my steps toward Trinity Chapel, fully expecting something would be said respecting the life and death of the good man who had just gone hence. I arrived at six, and entered the sanctuary. What a solemn stillness. I looked at the pulpit—thought of other days—when the pew-opener informed me the service would commence at half past six. I thanked him, and ventured to ask, “Who would preach the funeral sermon?” “There will be no preaching, sir,” was the response. “Oh! But will not anything be said about the late Mr. Hughes?” “Nothing, except in prayer.” Feeling surprised and grieved, I sat down in an empty chapel, which is spotlessly clean and awfully cold. By-and-by, a few persons came in—attired in black. By the hour “for service to commence,” there might have been 300 persons present. Then we “commenced.” The hymn-book used is Dr. Watts’s. The whole of the persons engaged in the service used a constrained voice. The good man who read the hymns

read them as though he was suffering acute pain. A portion of the 20th of St. John and 1 Peter were read. Scarcely half the few present could have heard. Then we sang,

“Come hither, all ye weary souls,”

which was followed by a prayer occupying nearly half an hour. Ever and anon were short sentences about the deceased pastor, such as “What a loss we have sustained!” “Watch over us!” “Cheer our poor souls!” “We want to know Thy will!” Between these sentences, was what seemed a terrible pause. There was an empty gallery, which appeared ghostly. The chapel dimly lighted, the pulpit vacant and hung in black—the voices of those who prayed seemed scarcely to be earthly—all gave such a spell, that it was a relief to get outside again. Nothing more can be said than that it was a prayer-meeting. Here in a crowded locality is a commodious edifice erected for the worship of Almighty God, but desolation marks its very portals. No particulars could be gathered of the good man who had just fallen asleep. But why write more? Thomas Hughes passed much of his life in solitude; from thence he was carried into his once beloved Trinity, and from there, in pelting snow, was he conveyed to Abney Park Cemetery: there to await a blissful immortality.

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## MR. JOHN BUNYAN McCURE ON THE LAST DAYS OF MR. JAMES WELLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—A great man is fallen in Israel, and we are left to weep in the valley of tears. Mr. James Wells was a great man; made so by the great and Almighty God the Holy Ghost, by whom he was delivered out of the kingdom of Satan, and by grace divine, he was made meet for the Church of God, and to minister to poor and needy sinners, preaching the gospel of the grace of God, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. He was great in the ministry of the gospel in that extraordinary and continued success that attended his labours until the last sermon that he preached.

There are persons in all parts of the world, and I have, in my journeyings, seen many who have declared to me that he had been a minister of life and salvation to their souls. His preaching was greatly owned and blessed of God; it was of that experimental and searching nature. He did not gloss over the great truths of the gospel, thereby keeping men in carnal security in order to please their prejudices, but preached as one who *would* declare the whole counsel of God. He was great in decision, as immortal Bunyan once said, “The Almighty being my help and shield, I will suffer until even the moss shall grow upon my *eye-brows* if frail life continue so long, rather than violate my faith and principles.” Our brother’s preaching was also of that bold uncompromising testimony of truth, fearless both of men and devils when he stood up in his Master’s name. He was great in humility, for the Lord cared for his servant, and gave him ballast enough, so that he

was never lifted up by pride, although he had very much to make him proud.

I was present on the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of the formation of the Church, and felt that that anniversary would be the last. After that he preached that great sermon on "Infant Salvation," and then his last sermon at Bartlett's Buildings on Friday night, where he was taken ill, and went home, never to return to his loved work again. From that time, I felt persuaded that he would never preach again, and that his work was finished. The great chapel was finished and paid for, the houses were finished and paid for, the "Lectures on the Revelations" were finished and ready for the people. The sermon on "Infant Salvation" was also finished. There appeared to me to be such a perfect finishing-up of all the great works that he had begun, that the house of God was set in order, and now the Lord seemed to say, Thou shalt die, and not live.

A fearful cruel cancer was now commissioned to do its work, to pull down the tabernacle into the dust of death. The awful agony that he endured at times cannot be described, and the influence of that dreadful cancer upon his mind, his nerve, and brain, was quite sufficient to produce permanent insanity, which at times I feared would be the case; but, through the goodness of our ever gracious God, his poor afflicted servant, was saved from that distressing calamity. I know that it was reported in different parts of the country that such was the case; but blessed be God, *it was not true*.

I was preaching in Wiltshire, in the month of March of last year. The next morning, a lady called where I was staying, and spoke to me of the sermon that had been blessed to her soul. She attended the Church of England when she could hear those men who preached *free-grace truths*. When such could not be heard, she then attended the Baptist Chapel. On her way to see me, she called upon one of the deacons of the Baptist chapel at ———, expressing her regret and surprise at his not being present at the service on the past evening, when he replied, "Oh, I was not going to hear such a man as John Bunyan McCure." "Why?" said the lady; "he is a Baptist minister, and a man who preaches the truth." "Oh," said the deacon, "he is a *Vessel* man." She, not understanding what he meant, (knowing nothing of the *Earthen Vessel*) said, "Well, he cannot help that; how could he have gone to Australia, and return to England, if there were no vessels?" He said, "I don't mean that." Said the lady, "Do you mean what Paul said, 'we have this treasure in earthen vessels, and'?"—"No," he replied, "I don't mean that." "Well," said the lady, "what do you mean?" "I mean this: he belongs to Wells's party." (The lady not having heard of Mr. Wells.) "Oh," said the lady, "that is the party I like to belong to, for it is said with joy, shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation"—"I don't mean that either." "Well, tell me what it is you do mean." "I mean this," said the deacon, "that a person of the name of Wells preaches in London very extravagant doctrines. The judgments of God have been upon him. He has been afflicted in a most dreadful manner, and has died a most awful death, quite out of his mind; and that's the party Mr. McCure belongs to, therefore I could not hear him, or any one else, who belongs to that party!"

I replied, "I am sorry, very sorry, that such a spirit can be found in a deacon of a church of truth; but, I am thankful to God that what he has told you is *not true*, for the Lord's afflicted servant is not dead; he is somewhat better; has been in great darkness of soul; but when I left London, yesterday, the Lord was graciously shining upon his servant.

Our dear departed brother Wells, during the sixteen months of sore affliction and suffering was, at times, the subject of great mental depression of mind, and the cowardly enemy was often permitted to take an advantage of the weak and prostrate condition of his nervous system. Sometimes he was down in the lowest depths, like Jonah, who said, "For Thou had'st cast me into the deep, in the midst of the seas, and the floods compassed me about; all thy billows and thy waves passed over me; and I cried out of mine affliction unto the Lord, and he heard me; out of the belly of hell cried I."

I once had charge of a Christian friend, who was suddenly afflicted with a mental depression, who for one night, yea for sixteen hours while I was with him, declared that he was in hell. He described to me the horrors of hell, and the torments of the damned, in a way I shall never forget; his friends gave up all hope of his ever coming out of that dreadful state. But God delivered him, and brought him up out of the horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set his feet upon the rock, and established his goings; and put a new song into his mouth, even praise unto our God.

While brother Wells was thus afflicted, there were many who said that it was the judgment of God upon him, and that he would die out of his mind! "Thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee; and thou shalt tread upon their high places," is the Word of God, which the Lord has most graciously fulfilled in the experience of his servant; having sustained him, and brought him out of all his conflicts, *through the fearful fire, and preserved his reason till the last!*

PRAYSE YE THE LORD. ALLELULIA.

I saw him not long before he took to his death-bed. I found him in great suffering, moaning from the pain he was enduring. He was very pleased to see me, and spoke to me upon several important matters. After a while he spoke under the influence of the wasting cancer. He said, "Everything is a terror to me; a knock at the door is a terror to me; anyone calling to see me is a terror; I cannot take comfort in anything; this room is a terror to me; everything is a terror to me — but DEATH, and JESUS CHRIST; *death is no terror to me; I long to die.*" I informed him that brother Foreman had crossed the river. He said, "I envy him, for I long to depart. *Jesus is no terror to me.* I desire to 'depart and be with Christ, which is far better.'"

I was at the house a week before he died. The enemy again tried to cast him down; he was permitted for a season to thrust again at the worn soldier as he laid upon his bed, but only that his defeat might be the more signal. And so it was; the next day the enemy was cast out, and he came off more than conqueror; and, with great joy, he could say, "Thou hast thrust sore at me that I might fall; but the Lord sustained me, therefore will I look unto the Lord; I will wait for the God of my salvation; my God will hear me. Rejoice not against me, O

mine enemy ; when I fall I shall arise ; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me." To his dear wife he said, " There is a crown for me ;" for he could now say with Paul, " 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 to all those also that love his appearing." He then said, in the fullest confidence of faith,

" There I shall see his face,  
And never, never, sin ;  
There, from the river of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasure in."

Which verse he often repeated, and said that it was *so precious*. On Thursday, the final victory came, and he now triumphed over all that had been a terror to him ; and the servant of the Lord rejoiced with the greatest joy ; for about ten minutes he prayed with a power that was really wonderful ; and seemed as if he would pray himself away to everlasting bliss. Two days before he died, he repeated that hymn,—

" What welcome news to sinner's lost  
Is this melodious sound ;  
Though sin-distressed, and tempest-tossed,  
Their sins cannot be found.  
Their sins—more numerous than the stars—  
In Jesu's blood were drowned ;  
And Zion's God, in love, declares,  
Their sins cannot be found."

On Lord's-day, March 10, the good man died, in the full assurance of faith. During the day, he repeated that verse,—

" Jesus, the vision of thy face,  
Hath overpowering charms ;  
Scarce shall I feel Death's cold embrace,  
If Christ be in my arms."

And just before he died, repeating the last line several times,

" *If Christ be in my arms.*"

And thus the servant of the Lord, despite the predictions of some, lived and died a monument of Divine faithfulness. He was cast down, but not *destroyed*. He was chastened sore, but was not given over unto death. God's sovereignty tried his servant in a very mysterious way, but not beyond his promised grace and strength.

He was great in the Gospel ; he was also great in the sufferings of this mortal life ; and was also great in the victories and triumphs over sin, death, and hell. He said, while in the river, " Heaven will now triumph over hell." And now he is great with all the redeemed in heaven, in the loud and high Alleluias of praise, " Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood ; and hath made us kings and priests unto God, his Father ; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

The sustaining grace, establishing Divine faithfulness, during *forty-two years* of unparalleled success in the Gospel in the Surrey Tabernacle ; the enduring grace of God during the dark night of temptation, sorrow, and affliction ; the triumphant and victorious departure of our brother to his heavenly home, *we have cause to be proud of*, and thank-

ful to God, who bestowed such grace; and that grace which was given unto him was not in vain; it was sufficient, and he was more than a conqueror through Him that loved him. The Lord in great mercy sustain the poor bereaved wife; who will now experience an isolation she has never before known; the ever-loving Husband of his poor widows and fatherless ones will never, no never forsake her in the day of trouble. Weep not; the hand of the Lord hath done this, and the holy one of Israel hath created it.

“Himself hath done it, yes, although severe  
 May seem the stroke, and bitter be the cup,  
 'Tis his own hand that holds it, and I know  
 He'll give me grace to drink it meckly up.”

The wilderness life with our loved ones, who are not lost, but gone before, is now for ever past; they have come out of great tribulation, and have entered into their rest,

“Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
 And the weary are at rest.”

Blessed be God, it will not be long, when with us also, the thorns, the mountains, the fires, and trials of this mortal life will be over.

“Then in full sail my port I'll find,  
 And leave the world and sin behind.”

The Lord grant unto the dear widow very much of the consolations of his precious love and presence; his own word applied to the sorrowful heart by the power of God the Holy Ghost, ministering the balm of Christ's love and sympathy, binding up the broken in heart, and healing the wounds that *his own hand hath made*.

Thy ever-living and loving husband, Jesus, now speaks to thee: “Let not your heart be troubled, I have taken your earthly husband to the *mansions here above*. I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, ye may be also. When will he come? It may not be long, but it will be at the time *appointed*.

“Not now, my child—a little more rough tossing,  
 A little longer on the billow's foam,  
 A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,  
 And then the sunshine of thy Father's home.”

And while I am quite sure that the Lord will not forsake the bereaved and now sorrowful one, I cannot for one moment think that the hundreds who have been blessed through the instrumentality of the departed husband, will now forget the wife of his joys and sorrows, but will comfort her in her widowed condition, the little while she may remain in the wilderness, praying that great grace from the God of all grace may be given unto us, who are yet in the battle-field, so that we may fight the good fight of faith, and overcome at last, shouting, “*O death where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.*”

70, Penrose street, Walworth.  
 April 13th, 1872.

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

WE are never able to lament the loss of the poor soul that loseth Jesus Christ; all losses are wrapt up in that one loss.



To the Memory of

MR. JAMES WELLS,

Late Pastor of the Surrey Tabernacle.

SOLDIER! rest, the battle's ended;  
 Mariner! the storm is hush'd;  
 Pilgrim! to thy home ascended;  
 Warrior! all thy foes are crush'd.  
     Happy brother!  
     Safely landed  
 On the long sought Canaan's shore.

Traveller! now no longer weary!  
 Watchman! night has flown away:  
 No more deserts dark and dreary;  
 Glorious sunshine—endless day!  
     Happy brother!  
     Now in glory  
 With the ransom'd and thy Lord.

Steward of the heavenly treasure,  
 Faithful to the sacred trust,  
 Till at length the Master's pleasure,  
 Laid thee prostrate in the dust.  
     Happy brother!  
     Highly honour'd  
 In thy course from first to last.

Pastor, from the flock now taken,  
 Their great loss, but thy great gain:  
 Still the promise stands unshaken,  
 "Christ shall with his Church remain."  
     Happy brother!  
     From thy labours  
 Thou hast enter'd into rest.

Now those lips are closed for ever,  
 As a mortal, to proclaim  
 God's unchanging love, which never  
 Had from thee a sullied name.  
     Happy brother!  
     How resplendant  
 Must the full fruition be!

Farewell grief, distress, and sighing;  
 Prayer itself is turned to praise:  
 Joys seraphic—bliss undying,  
 Round the throne for ever blaze.  
     Happy brother!  
     This thy portion  
 And thy home for evermore.

Gone a little while before us,  
 Where we soon shall meet again,  
 There to join in Heaven's grand chorus,  
 "Glory to the Lord once slain!"  
     With our brother;  
     Happy union!  
 All one family above.

J. LINGLEY.

Lambeth. April, 1872.

Productions of the Press.

*The Funeral Services, Sermons, &c. of the late Mr. James Wells.* London: R. Banks, Publisher, Raquet Court, Fleet-street.—This little book will be useful to the thousands who truly loved Mr. Wells for his work's sake: to the end of their days they will look upon this memorial of the last solemn services with sorrow for his loss, but with gratitude for the use the Lord was pleased to make of him to their own souls. We cannot even now realize the stern fact that the dear man is gone from the earth for ever; but a stern fact it is; there is a blank in our hearts which none can ever fill up. To the many thousands of Christians who never knew Mr. Wells personally, this memorial of the funeral services will give a correct and comprehensive view of his origin, his ministry, and his character generally. Mr. Thomas Jones's address, and Mr. Crowther's oration, form a neat and almost perfect biography of Mr. Wells's life and usefulness. Beside these two addresses, the book contains the funeral sermon by Mr. Thomas Stringer, and another discourse by C. W. Banks. We believe multitudes of godly people in this and in other countries will read this solemn memorial not only with spiritual profit, but with the powerful conviction that the grace of God in Mr. Wells's experience was a great power, and that the Gospel, as preached by him, was, indeed, the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

*James Wells.* A Sermon in Memoriam. By J. A. Griffin, successor to the late Thomas Attwood. Published by R. Banks, Raquet Court, Fleet-street.—In spirit, kind and truthful—in ideas, original and seasonable—in language, chaste and intelligible. Not one dead fly in this fragrant vessel can we find.

*Sailing over that Great Sea of Divinity, The Fifty-third of Isaiah.*—Those seven words, as our author says, are full of holy comfort when the spiritual hand of faith can appropriate them, "AND WITH HIS STRIPES WE ARE HEALED." Here, indeed, "deep calleth unto deep." Could the Holy Spirit's own comment on Isaiah liii. be written; could we read it, under Divine anointing, and go down into the very depths of it, we should not be the light, the unholy, the un sanctified things we now are. We have read of one who perused this fifty-third of Isaiah every day. Its bottomless depths, its mountainous heights, cannot be reached by reading ever so often or careful.

*Thirteen Bible Witnesses for Gospel Order, &c.*—These will be found in the new book called *Joseph and Thomas*, which is Joseph Taylor's defence of Strict Communion against the theories of Thomas Edwards, and others. Joseph Taylor was a zealous Wesleyan preacher. The Lord led him to know the TRUTH. Joseph Taylor was a sprinkler. The Lord showed him the true baptism. Neither Thomas Edwards, nor any other man, can overthrow the arguments of Joseph Taylor. If our ministers have a grain of zeal left, they will take good care this book shall be well read to the ends of the earth. For 4 stamps, R. Banks will send a copy anywhere.

*The Building or the Scaffolding.* By Two Naval Officers. London: Hunt and Co. The distinction between a religion of ceremonies and that real Godliness which flows from a vital union to Immanuel, "God with us," is discovered in this volume, by narratives and experiences, to which we must refer when space will justify. We must add one weighty word: the whole of this volume illustrates in a striking manner that Scripture, "With lies ye have made the heart of the righteous sad, whom I have not made sad."

MR. AIKMAN has written and published a book, a meditation on *The Severity of Divine Discipline, &c.* We have not fully read it yet; but it discovers a mind most comprehensive and clear in the deep things of God. More fearful than ever to us seems their position who have rejected him. To us, now in the sick chamber, Mr. Aikman's meditation comes exceedingly choice and good. We shall, we trust, be spared to review this production from Mr. Aikman's heart and pen.

*The Prince of Wales*—just coming out of his chamber of affliction, into the nursery where all his dear children, and his beloved Princess surrounded him, is most strikingly represented in a large picture in *Old Jonathan*, for February. That picture presents a touching scene: and furnishes a thousand themes for thought and devotion. *Old Jonathan* is a clever and useful friend.

MR. C. CORNWELL'S sermon on *The Christian Faith*, as delivered in the Surrey Tabernacle, April 7, has been published by R. Banks. It contains a new rendering of Job xiii. 15. We read it with eager anxiety.

*Gospel Truths; or, Old Paths.* J. C. Pembrey, Oxford: Houlston, etc.—A new, neat, and excellent monthly. A kind of companion to an old friend of ours.

*Cutting a Tunnel through the Hill Difficulty.*—This is just what every fellow has to do whose way has to be made in this world: and a few good hints as to how this is to be done, are furnished by Mr. Elliott Stock, in a book published by him, entitled, *Starting in Life*. All boys whose heads and hearts are right set should read this volume.

*The Almost Christian Awakened.*—This is a tract with poems, by the late Elizabeth Goodey; and can be had of J. D. Bowtell, of Great Yeldham, Essex. Elizabeth Goodey was in the furnace many years. She was a sweetly simple little poet of the heart.

*Sermons.*—By John Turner, Pastor of Particular Baptist Church, Londsale Street, Melbourne. From the pulpit and the press, Mr. Turner is working hard. We wish him, and his friends in the truth, all the success their hearts can desire. Mr. Turner's discourses we hope to examine closely, and notice fully.

*The Friendly Visitor.* Volume for 1871.—Pictures of Life: printing first-class; binding handsome and substantial; narratives richly delineating nature, providence, and grace. A book thoroughly pretty and pleasing. Published by Messrs. Partridge and Co.

*The Little Gleaner.* Volume xviii. Bound prettily; illustrated cheerfully: a book we could safely place in the hands of a beloved daughter, as a birthday gift, and have pleasure in recommending others to do the same.

*The Day of Days*, conducted by the Editor of *Our Own Fireside*, &c., is a twopenny monthly of Practical and Biblical Christianity; and with Evangelical families is certain to be a favourite.

*The Church Member's Manual.*—By John T. Briscoe. We have run through these pages as requested; but a critical dissection of the many elements would require more time and space than we can give.

*The Anti-Papal League Magazine.* Edinburgh: 16, Princes Street.—This is a faithful and bold witness. We wish all Protestants would read the articles, and consider the danger we are in before it is too late.

*Tyndale and the Bible*,—is a fine paper, with others equally good in *The Sword and Trowel*, for February, 1872. Immense sums of money flow into Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle.

*Gardening in the City.*—With many superior articles, and illustrative floral engravings, render Shirley Hibberd's *Gardener's Magazine* a choice companion. We know it is highly prized.

## OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

### OUR TWO QUESTIONS.

*How are we to build our new Chapels?*

*And, How are we to fill the Pulpits and the Pews of our old Chapels?*

THINK us not wilfully wicked when we refer with sacred astonishment to that singular translation which the margin gives to the thirty-fifth verse of the thirty-seventh Psalm, which reads thus, "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green tree, *that groweth in his own soil*, yet he passed away, and lo, he was not; yea, I sought him, but he could not be found."

That green tree, *growing in his own soil* representeth any proud, prosperous man, who fears not God, who is not devoted to the pure worship of God, who lives not, aims not to honour God's Son in the Gospel, by the grace and power of the Spirit of God, let his name or profession be what it may. *Think of this.*

A friend from CAMDEN TOWN says:—"We are meeting, thinking, and talking of building a chapel, wherein our pastor, George Webb, and his church and congregation may meet for worship, and for preaching the Gospel." By a zealous, united, and persevering course of action, surely this desirable enterprise may be achieved. New chapels are now wanted for Mr. D. Crumpton, at Notting Hill; for Mr. Lawrence, at Bermondsey; for the church at Enfield Highway; for Mr. Langford, at Dalston; for Mr. Z. Turner, at Poplar; and for others we name not now. Should not all the Strict Baptist churches in London and throughout the whole of Christendom, unite together, and by ONE charitable effort, raise a fund to help our brethren who are doing their utmost to prevent the *Strict Baptist Churches* from falling into decay?

Let us all remember that while we are dividing into what some people term *Vessel men*, *Standard men*, &c., while we are speaking evil, and acting ill one towards another, our rivals and opponents are uniting and working with all their might to cast us into the shade—to drive us away altogether. The public papers are falsely maligning us: the open-communication leaders are sneering at us; the hosts of young aspirants who advocate the modern systems look and speak of us as an antiquated remnant of a race which they consider, as did Saul of Tarsus, they shall be doing God service by extinguishing as soon as possible. Brethren, the truly spiritual Particular Baptists, who continue steadfast in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, are the genuine successors of our Saviour's first disciples; and because we do KNOW the truth, and by that truth are made free, we believe we are the people to whom the

exhortation belongeth, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

We are to remember that the fifty-fourth of Isaiah's Prophecy belongeth most specially to this dispensation: to us, Christ there speaketh with strong emphasis, "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitation; spare not; lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes." These prophecies belong to us; they have been fulfilled, in measure, in us. All who read our Church history carefully know that the churches of the New Testament pattern have been increased by honest Particular Baptists. Now, however, all other denominations unite to advance themselves, and to occupy the ground, and so to gather up the people, as to reduce us to the same state as in the days of Gideon when "Israel was greatly impoverished because of the Midianites." May the God of all grace give us his Spirit, that we may do as they did, for then "the children of Israel cried unto the Lord."

There are some things we feel constrained to declare ought to be done. First of all, let every church in the kingdom set apart special times for special prayer: and at those meetings let those brethren cry unto God who have faith in the Saviour's promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Secondly, let there be public meetings in all our chapels everywhere for the express purpose of seeking for unity in the faith, union of heart, and a oneness of co-operation for the lifting up of our churches, and for the increase of them, by the blessing of the Lord. Thirdly, let every true Baptist in the world contribute his mite towards a fund to erect new chapels for such brethren as are manifestly called of the Lord into spheres of usefulness in his truth. And, lastly, let us hold meetings for the encouragement and assistance of all good brethren who are qualified to preach the Gospel, but who require mental and ministerial aids, the better to fit them to meet the educated people of our own times. We leave these few words in the hands of the good and great Master. If HE has inspired them, they will not fall to the ground.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—A correspondent says that Mr. William Webb, late of Staines, has become the settled pastor of "*Hanover*," in the Wells. Mr. Webb graduated, we believe, at Cave Adullam College, under the late bishop Allen: but when Mr. Webb's public Recognition occurs, we may give his rise in the Gospel ministry, fully.

**SOUTH HACKNEY.**—Cheerful and useful services were held in Speldhurst-road Baptist Chapel, near South Hackney Church, on the 14th and 16th of April, 1872. Sermons were preached by C. W. Banks and E. Langford; and a tea and public meeting closed the services. T. M. Whittaker, Esq., presided over the meeting, and after the report had been read by Mr. Thiselton, the Chairman opened the business in a practical address, urging that a strong effort should be made that evening to lessen the building debt by at least £100. The chairman himself made a noble and generous offer; this was followed up by promises from Mr. Thomas Jones and others; so that before the meeting closed, Mr. Whittaker joyfully announced that "with the collections on Sunday, the collections that evening, and the promises given, more than £100 would be realized." The chapel was well filled by Christian friends from several parts of London, and the meeting was a thorough pleasant success. Around the chairman we saw ministers and deacons from many churches; and addresses by brethren Crowhurst, Margetum, Squirrel, Z. Turner, and others appeared to be appreciated. Mr. Thomas Jones grew warm in his loving contention for the truth of the Gospel, lifting up his darling theme,—“By grace are ye saved,” &c. Mr. Squirrel was earnest and free in exhibiting a fourfold message, “Let brotherly love continue,” “Have faith in God,” “Continue instant in prayer,” “Looking unto Jesus.” Zachariah Turner was happy on Paul’s admonition, “Grieve not the Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.” C. W. Banks was thankful to see Mr. Whittaker in the chair, for that gentleman had a heart full of love for the Gospel, and ever ready to help a good cause when the case deserved Christian support. Charity was the crowning grace; that delightful gift dwelt largely in their chairman’s heart; and there was little fear of the case falling through now. It was a common remark that the Strict Baptist Churches were going into decay. Let us see (continued the speaker) where we stand, and let us review our surroundings. Speldhurst Road chapel is in the centre of a new, large, and most respectable neighbourhood; it has sprung up during the last few years, and he thought Messrs. Austin, Thiselton, Crowhurst, Stauton, Fowler, Charles Longley, John Mumford, and other friends were aiming at a good work in endeavouring to establish a Strict Baptist church in South Hackney; for such a church had no existence in Hackney until this new cause was established. Here we have a good, new chapel, industrious and decided men in office, a good prospect, if the Lord would send them a minister of the Gospel of the grace of God, and bless his labours, there might then be planted a large and happy church. When he (the speaker) came into the eastern parts of the metropolis, their churches were nothing like so prosperous as they now appear to be. Take a glance at the neighbouring churches. On their right was Mr. Myerson, doing well at

Shalom; Mr. Griffith, with a growing church and crowded congregation at Hope chapel; Mr. Carpenter was gathering a people at Squirries-street; Mr. Styles, and other good men, were helping on the cause at Bethel, where brethren W. Symonds, T. Cakebread, E. Hall, Ames, and others, were enduring hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Mr. W. H. Lee, of Bow, was preaching and patiently waiting the hand of God in opening for them a plot of land on which to build a new chapel. Thomas Stringer, in Wellesly-street, and George Reynolds, at the Cave, both blew the certain sound; and they were doing good. So much for the churches on their right hand. Then, in the front, was William Palmer, of Homerton, as stern and as sound as possible. On their left, were Mr. Dearsley and Mr. Langford; and at their back, was Mr. Hunt, at Stoke Newington, under whose ministry the cause was rising. Thus, close around them there were from ten to fifteen Strict Baptist Churches, all of them striving hard to develop the mystery of grace, and to maintain the ordinances of the New Testament. South Hackney Baptist Church in Speldhurst-road, is a great desideratum. Let us help it now: pray for its freedom, and the Lord send it prosperity. The whole congregation sang, “Praise God,” Mr. Whittaker acknowledged vote of thanks, offered prayer, and thus closed a very happy and victorious convocation.

**RUSHDEN.**—We intend having a marble tablet put up at Succoth Chapel, Rushden, in memory of Mr. Charles Drawbridge, who died 26th day of November, 1871, aged 66; being born on 15th June, 1805. As he was known to numbers of friends at a distance, we presume to ask for voluntary subscriptions. Donations may be sent to the following persons: John Packwood, Rushden, near Higham Ferrars; Wm. Gibson, Doddington, Wellingborough; Charles Lucas, Irchester, Wellingborough; and by so doing they will much oblige the deacons, and help to perpetuate the memory of a good man. Our God abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself; he is taking his servants from this earth, fulfilling his precious promises. Who shall be next? All health to you in Christ Jesus.

To Mr. C. W. Banks. Wm. GIBSON.

**NEW YORK CITY, U.S.**—A friend sends us photo. of Mr. Charles Graham, the pastor of one Strict Baptist Church, at 814, 2nd Avenue: it is called “Zion Baptist Church.” Mr. Graham contends scripturally for the security of the Church in the councils of eternity, when the Ancient of Days did sit; also for all the distinguishing doctrines of grace; and is a defender of a down-trodden race in every religious, social, civil and commercial equality, as between man and man. Friends to the Gospel settling in New York, will be glad to hear Mr. Charles Graham. From our correspondence we may give notes, but we shall be glad to receive spiritual and Gospel communications from Mr. Graham himself.

### THE FIRE AT SALEM CHAPEL, WILTON SQUARE.

"By terrible things in righteousness wilt Thou answer us, O God of our salvation."

NEVER perhaps were words more literally fulfilled than were the above, in the burning of Salem Chapel. Never will the night of Friday, January 5th, 1872, be forgotten. Seldom have I spent a more quiet evening. Most of my family were out, spending a few hours with friends. My good wife, myself, and one or two of the family sat by our quiet domestic hearth. For hours I sat reading the good old Book. I read Exodus, first and twelfth chapters; they were unusually sweet. Indeed the Word had been very sweet all the week. The new year's morning portion commenced with a "blessing." I commenced the Bible anew for daily reading, and read with peculiar pleasure the blessing pronounced on Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and now, in Exodus, on their seed. Thus I have often found my God to prepare the way for some great trouble. It was so on the evening referred to. As I read, and as a peculiar calm possessed my mind, I said, in my calm cogitations, "Something is surely going to take place!" "My God is coming in some special way for some special object." Again and again the thought arose, "Surely God is coming; for good or for evil, God is coming in some special way, and for some special end." We had just finished an early supper, when at about twenty minutes past nine, there came a knock at the door. I listened, and thought I heard something about fire. "O," I exclaimed, "Salem is on fire." "Nonsense," replied my wife, "don't be foolish." "I know it is," I said, "Salem is on fire." In another second I was on the stairs, exclaiming, "It is too true, my own dear Salem is on fire." How I got my boots on, how I got off, I don't know; but I ran off. The streets seemed unusually quiet, as I passed down the New North-road, and persons were walking quietly along, I thought it can't be true. Just as I was about so to conclude, I saw the plugs up, and water streaming down the road. In a few seconds more I was at the corner of Wilton-street, saw the engines, heard the bump, bump, bump, bump,—never to be forgotten. Just as I reached the door, the firemen were raising their axes to break open the doors. O, what a scene of desolation! I entered the gate, gave some directions about entering; walked round the square. The rain was pouring in torrents; the wind howled pitilessly. The whole building seemed in a blaze: one huge furnace. Smash, smash went the windows in all directions. I was literally helpless. "O my idol, my idol," as I wrung my hands I exclaimed, "God is burning my idol." The firemen having broken open the doors, and put ladders up to the windows, threw in through windows and doors, tons of water by six or seven powerful engines, and thus the flames were soon subdued. And in a short time the firemen on hands and knees entered the building. I attempted to follow, but in vain; the heat was unbearable. As

soon as possible I entered, and O, what a scene! My much loved pulpit, in which I had stood to preach the glorious Gospel for fifteen years, with the platform, table, and all the surrounding pews were destroyed. The fire had originated in the basement, and had burnt through flooring of chapel, making a literal wreck of the whole interior. What escaped total destruction was so charred and blackened, that that which was but a few hours before one of the most beautiful little chapels in London, was now a large black hole.

On leaving the chapel at near midnight, the first thing to be thought of was a place to meet in on the following Lord's-day. This was a matter of great importance with me. Since I have been a pastor, some six or seven years in the country, and sixteen in London, my people have never known a single Lord's-day on which the regular sanctuary services have not been attended to. I do not understand closing a place of worship for weeks together for any purpose, without providing a temporary place for the people to worship their God in during such a season. I was, then, very desirous to obtain a place for the coming Lord's-day. And as there was but one day to do it in, I was most anxious. My first business, therefore, was to dispatch a messenger to one of my deacons, requesting him to be with me early in the morning. A sleepless night was drearily passed through. Early in the morning, my good deacon was with me, and we sallied forth in search of a hall. First we went to Myddleton hall, where we once worshipped for a month while Salem was under repair. That was already let. Next we applied for the Wellington hall; that was also in use. Next we turned off to the Barnsbury hall; that was engaged. Then to the Town hall, and from thence to the Memorial hall; but all in vain. The only place to be had was a large room in the Agricultural hall, and that only for morning and evening on the Lord's-day; no afternoon, nor week evening services; no prayer meetings; but for the two services on Lord's-day they asked four guineas, and that simply on the ground that we were "a few poor people." The Secretary said he had heard of our calamity, and on that ground would favour us, otherwise the charge would be, at least, £7 per day. In our pursuit of a place, it had been suggested that there were some large and convenient school rooms in connection with St. Philip's, Arlington-square. Why not apply to the Vicar? Why not? It seemed a bold errand to go on; and as my good brother was compelled to be at business at ten o'clock, I ventured to call on the worthy Vicar alone.

I preferred my request by saying, "Necessity makes men bold beggars." "Well, sir," he said, "What is it?" I replied, "Salem Chapel has been burnt, and we have no place to meet in to-morrow; could you oblige us with the loan of a school-room?" In a moment, without the slightest hesitation, he replied in a most cordial way and manner that will ever be remembered with gratitude,

"Most certainly I will; most readily, with the greatest pleasure imaginable." And, in another moment he sprang to his feet, saying, "Come and see which you would like best. We have three rooms; you shall have your choice." And, taking me across his garden to the back entrance of the schools, he shewed me all these rooms, and gave me my choice of the three. Taking me into the most commodious of the three, he said, "This is the room we mostly use for large meetings, and this one I should recommend to you. There is a platform which shall be put up for your use, and I will have a desk placed on it. There is a harmonium, which you can use if you please: the room shall be thoroughly cleaned, fires lighted, and made all ready for your reception; so that you will have nothing to do but to walk in." Of course, I did not know how to thank the good Vicar sufficiently. To him thanks were out of the question. "Thanks, thanks," he exclaimed, "I want no thanks at all; only too pleased to be able to do it."

The next business was to get bills printed; and in a few hours the neighbourhood was placarded with the sad announcement that Salem chapel was partially destroyed by fire, and that, by the kind permission of the worthy vicar, we should meet the next day in the Infant School room of St. Philip's, Arlington-square.

In the afternoon, I met two or three deacons and friends in the ruined chapel. My good brother who accompanied me in the morning, and myself, again went forth in search of a place in which to meet more permanently till our chapel should be restored; but all in vain. After a most distressing day, worn out in body and mind, at about seven o'clock in the evening, being alone, I sat down to gather a few crumbs for my dear people on the morrow. But, alas! I began to realise the stern facts of the case; burying my face in my hands, I wept bitterly. But I tried to pray as well as weep, and presently there dropped into my mind, softly and sweetly, the words spoken by our Saviour, "The cup which my Father hath given me to drink, shall I not drink it?" And I tried to look, firstly, at the cup; secondly, at the hand that presented it; thirdly, at the holy submission expressed. Then I tried to look at them as they applied to the Saviour, to Christians in common, and to my friends and myself in our trying circumstances. With these words, and in this order I stood before my people in the strange place next morning; and I tried to be submissive. The school-room not being more than three minutes walk from Salem, our congregation was about as usual.

As we were leaving, one of my oldest hearers came up to me and said, "This will end well, Mr. Flack: directly I heard of the Vicar's kindness, I said, this augurs well." Another came up and said, "The glory of the latter house shall be greater than that of the former." These words lodged in my mind, and formed the basis for one of my sermons in connection with the re-opening services.

By the Editor's kind permission, I will give a further account of how we were exercised and tried, and how the Lord has appeared to bring us through to the present time.

WILLIAM FLACK.

71, Rotherfield-street,  
Essex-road.

BIRCHINGTON (GOOD FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1872.—Yesterday (Good Friday, March 29) was the 52nd anniversary of my grandfather's death; he died at Cranbrook, in the Weald of Kent. I well remember his death and funeral. I lost a true friend then. Well, he is gone; and all his generation has passed away; for fifty-two years since he left have I been tossing about upon the waters of this world, oft cast down—but yet preserved. Being fourteen when my grandfather died, makes me sixty-six now,—as willing to work for the Lord as ever; so yesterday morning at an early hour I left my home; steered away for Victoria station, and took my ticket for Broadstairs. With rain pouring down, midst mud and murky weather, I landed on Broadstairs platform. I had arranged that day to preach and lecture for brother Kiddle; but as I set my foot in Broadstairs, a big man took hold of me, and told me there was another meeting to be held close by, so he could not come to hear me. All right. It was not the first time that such opposition has occurred, and is scarcely worth a moment's notice. Our meetings at Broadstairs were favoured seasons; my soul was in holy liberty. In the evening the place was filled with an attentive audience. I desire to thank the Lord. Truth was proclaimed; some real friends were glad, although the Wilderness parson had published a libel, namely, that I had robbed some poor widow; and the big man had said, "that was WHY he could never hear me." To this I say, a more cruel, wicked, or basely false accusation was never issued, and this I will confirm to any one who has heart or honesty enough to come to me. But, in the interests of my public position and that of my family, I am bound to caution such defamers. Broadstairs Baptist Chapel stands in the road leading from the station into the town; and there brother Kiddle preaches the Gospel, and much affliction he has seen; yet a Divine Providence supports him. Master Crofts is still bishop of St. Peter's, where the venerable Cramp stood for years. Mr. Sharp, in Zion, Ramsgate; Mr. Woodrow, in Love-lane, Margate; and a few little causes stand on the Kentish coast; but neither brotherly love, nor Gospel growth very largely abound. Since last Sunday morning, I have been to Windsor, Hayes, Broadstairs, and Notting Hill, three services; now, if God permit, I go home to prepare for other works. Praise our Lord for ever.

BURGH AND MONKSTHORP—Churches are enjoying the sober and ripe ministrations of Mr. Newbold, who has succeeded to the pastorate vacated under painful circumstances.

LONDON, April 1, 1872.—DEAR BROTHER JOHN KINGSFORD, and all Australian friends,—Gladly would I write to you—long letters, if I had the heart, mind, grace, and time enough, to write *good* ones; but as it is not the case with me, I must crave your forgiveness. Glad am I to hear of your well-being and well-doing in the Gospel; therefore, write me when you can. I am, through God's patient mercy towards me, spared, and kept in full work. In a grateful moment I will shew you some of the work of the last eight days, and then you may judge how much time I have for writing many long letters. March 24th, preached twice at Johnson-street; next day, went to business in city; then went to Windsor, and preached in new chapel in the afternoon; returned home in evening, and worked at reviewing till late. Tuesday, went to Hayes, where I gave an address on Sunday School Work: pleasant meeting. Returned home on Wednesday, and preached at Johnson-street from those precious words in sixteenth Psalm; do look close at them; they are Christ's words when, as I think, he was going from Gethsemane to the Judgment Hall; after having cried out, "Preserve me, O God, for in Thee do I put my trust," &c., then his confidence in his Father increased, and he looked at Calvary and said,

*"Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell;"*  
Travelling on, in thought, to the grave,

*"Neither wilt Thou suffer Thine  
Holy One to see corruption."*

Anticipating his Resurrection and Ascension, he cheerfully to his Father said,—

*"Thou wilt shew me the path of life:"*  
And, looking to the home of his heart, and knowing the certainty of his reward, he inly cried,

*"In thy presence is fulness of joy ;  
At Thy right hand there are pleasures  
for evermore."*

Sacred season to my soul did these words afford; and some tender hearts seemed to feel them. After this, I went down to Broadstairs, in Kent; spoke twice there for Mr. Kiddle; spent a little time in converse with that devout pair, dear Austin and his spouse at Birchington; and then on Saturday evening reached home. Had not been in study long before this sentence flew into my heart,

*"Thy dead men shall live ;  
Together with my dead body shall they  
arise."*

On Sunday, March 31, preached once at home in Johnson-street, and twice in brother Thomas Stringer's pulpit,—making ten public services in the eight days, besides travelling and home work. "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift," and for all his daily mercies. In his sweet service I am sometimes your happy and obedient.

C. W. B.

SPALDING.—Special services were held in Love-lane, commencing on Sunday,

April 7, 1872. Alderman J. C. Johnson, of Gateshead, delivered three precious and decided Gospel sermons, which the truthful children enjoyed, and were thankful for. They hope the excellent Alderman and his curate, John Vincent, will both visit Love-lane again. On Monday, April 8, John B. McCure came down, preached in afternoon, and lectured in the evening; and on the Tuesday, a public meeting was convened in Love-lane Chapel. The report of the building committee was brought up by C. W. Banks, which showed that the old building had been completely turned into better than many new ones, inasmuch as it stands upon a very strong foundation, and, instead of the old, low, dark, tumble-down chapel, they have now a new building, new pulpit, new seats, new vestries, convenience for tea meetings, &c., altogether a freehold property, worth at least £500; and by economical, but sound work, £271 would pay all the cost, towards which, as yet, not more than £30 have been collected. C. W. Banks said he had urged forward this movement because he clearly saw the property must be lost, the cause must sink, and that the door in Love-lane must be shut against the Gospel if something was not done. That something had been done. Mr. Wilkinson, the celebrated florist, and all the builders had done their work with conscientious zeal; and now if the Strict Baptist Churches would subscribe a trifle, the place would be free, a good minister would be settled; and he believed the town of Spalding would be benefitted, while the cause of truth would revive and flourish. After the business part of the meeting was over, Mr. J. B. McCure spoke for one hour and a half, much to the edification of the meeting. Mr. Joseph Wortley offered prayer.

#### NORTH BRIXTON TABERNACLE.

—At the recognition service, in connection with the settlement of Mr. C. Cornwell as pastor, Mr. Wilkins gave a satisfactory account of the Lord's dealings in bringing Mr. Cornwell amongst them; and the power and savour accompanying the word preached. Mr. Cornwell then gave his reasons for accepting the pastorate: one was that he always felt the presence of the Lord with him when preaching to them; also in the study of the Word. Many immortal souls had been blessed; sixteen had been added to the church since he had been there; and the congregation had increased nearly fourfold. He then stated his full belief in the distinguishing doctrines of grace. He told us his negative belief, which all the brethren highly approved of. Mr. Jones gave a brief, but very comprehensive description of the nature and character of a Gospel church. Mr. Anderson gave sound and wholesome advice to the pastor. To give some practical proof of the esteem we have for Mr. C. (for the truth's sake) we presented him with ten pounds, which was briefly acknowledged. Thus closed one of the most pleasant and happy meetings held at the Tabernacle.

ISLINGTON.—Providence Chapel, near Islington Green, was the scene of special meetings, in April, 1872, when from the addresses delivered, hopes were entertained of better days to come. That such a chapel, with good business men in office, should be without a pastor, is painful. The position is most eligible for gathering crowds of people. Where may we look for godly men, for gifted ministers, for powerful, spiritual expounders of the Word—preachers of the Gospel and “winners of souls?” Echo tauntingly answers, **WHERE?** Some of the modern scholastic talkers cast their silent contempt upon such men as William Allen, Thomas Lord, James Wells, and others gone home; but if our **LORD JESUS CHRIST** would in mercy give our churches a score of such genuine and mighty men as brother James was, thousands of believing souls would leap for joy. Just before he was taken from them Jesus spake three words unto his disciples: 1, “Wait for the promise of the Father which ye have heard of Me;” 2, “Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence;” 3, “Ye shall receive **POWER**, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.” They had the Promise; they had the Baptism; they had the Power: that was “the early rain.” It seems that the early rain has passed over, and the latter rain has not yet come upon our ministers, nor on our churches; consequently many of them are powerless, pastorless, and almost prayerless; and some who have pastors, find great difficulty in maintaining them. Mr. Child, the chief elder in the late Mr. Thomas Hughes’s church, says, “The Spirit from the Ministry is departed; there is nothing left but the letter.” We have long felt this is too true. Poor preachers now-a-days for the most part—standing more in the power of the human mind, the schools, &c. than in the rushing and gushing power of the Holy Ghost. But the time of the latter rain will come: “The set time to favour Zion will appear;” then, “the glorious things” spoken of the city of God will be realized more fully than ever. “I, the Lord, will hasten it in his time.” Till then churches and pastors have need of patience.

**CAMBERWELL—GROVE CHAPEL.** We beg to assure our correspondents we made no allusion to Mr. Jay’s ministry at all. We believe he has had to endure much hardness; he has been called to pass through deep, heavy, multitudinous afflictions; but he has been maintained, by grace divine; he has stood firm and faithful to the truth; his ministry has been attended with savour and power; the Holy Spirit, the Revealer, the Testifier of Christ, hath honoured him in rendering his preaching of Christ useful to believers under all circumstances. We know Mr. Jay’s going forth from Hackney; his mission at Birmingham; his pastorate at the Grove; and in every movement he has been honourable and useful. Of his ministry; of the Grove cause, and of our remarks, we have a little history to give; but this month we cannot find room for it.

## PAUPERISM.

To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly permit me to beg the prayers and help of your readers in the following cases of distress.

The present Ministry is deceiving the public by asserting that pauperism is decreasing. The President of the Local Government Board said some time ago that the “number of outdoor paupers in England and Wales in receipt of relief had diminished by 30,000 during the year.” Alas, dear sir, I fear this is too true, and that many a poor widow’s broken heart and emaciated body would but attest its truthfulness. As you are aware, my church is composed of very poor persons, with some few exceptions; and many of them are very aged. I have one poor widow with four little ones, who formerly received a small pittance from the parish, now reduced to almost starvation in consequence of her relief having been stopped. I have also three poor old widows thrown into complete destitution by having their small allowance stopped. They do not like to go into the workhouse, because they would be unable to attend the services of God’s house, to which they are attached; and neither should I like to see three respectable old ladies, who have each seen better days, thrown among a set of godless persons, such as our workhouses are filled with.

Now what is to be done? We are poor, and have many other distressing cases to meet. Will not the readers of the *VESSEL* help me to raise the sum of £30 or £40? so that we may be enabled to give them a small sum weekly. I know they will. If any dear friend would like to give either of these poor sufferers a small sum weekly, I shall be most happy to give the names and addresses. Subscriptions will be most thankfully received by myself, or Mr. Robert Bridges, 16, King John-street, Stepney, the treasurer, and shall be acknowledged in the *VESSEL*.

8, Barnes-street. G. REYNOLDS.

**HOXTON.**—Mr. Flack’s Salem, in New North-road, having been much mutilated by a fire, has been considerably improved, renovated, and in some departments, rendered more commodious, modern, and even beautiful. “All things do work together for good” to such men as William Flack, the esteemed pastor of the Baptist Church, in Wilton-square, New Noad-road, who was settled there, *The Baptist Hand-Book* says in 1866; but we know that William Flack was pastor there several years before that. He must have been a London pastor nearly twenty years; during which time he has gone through seasons of mental, physical, domestic, and other trials; yet has always been sustained. His re-opening services last Easter, were attended by numerous ministers and large gatherings of people. He has commenced a new lease, as it were, and we hope in his better sanctuary, he will be more than ever happy, and successful in feeding and increasing the flock of Christ.



STOKE NEWINGTON — Mount Zion, St. Matthias road. Special services on March 10 and 12 were useful seasons. Brethren D. Gander and James Hunt preached gospel sermons. The pastor, James Hunt, presided over the public meeting. The report was read by Mr. Weight, which showed an increase every way, which was cheering. J. Rayment went in prayer to the throne of grace. E. Langford gave an exposition; he opens up the word of God, and abides by his subject. Mr. Dearsley wished pastor Hunt might enjoy the blessing of Asher—acceptable unto his brethren, dipping his feet in oil, and be favoured with a large spiritual family. Mr. Crowhurst was lively; but over the grave of our departed brother, James Wells, he said, let us drop one tear; not of sorrow, but of joy, that from all his suffering he is for ever free. To us, his long affliction was a grievous mystery; we deeply hoped he would rise again, and, better than ever, unfold the Word of God; but he lived to erect a noble monument, and then retired. C. W. Banks spoke on Ebenezer, our helper, God. D. Gander stood firm on the Rock of Ages. R. Howard improves in speaking, shewing the Lord doeth all things well. Friend Battson testified to the preciousness of the Gospel: and the chairman closed the meeting, after his friend, Mr. Herring, had delivered a neat address on "bearing one another's burdens."

HALLING, KENT. — On Good Friday last, the church and congregation held interesting services in a commodious barn, fitted up for the occasion. A goodly number of friends gathered together, and many came from a distance, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather; thus expressing sympathy and rendering help. This little church assemble in the house of Mr. Rayner, who, with Mrs. Rayner, do much for the Kingdom of Christ here. The afternoon service commenced at two. After singing, the Holy Scriptures were read by Mr. Canton, of Maidstone, who also offered prayer. Mr. Warren, of Plumstead, preached a Gospel sermon of full weight, and of full length too. Deep attention was paid. Refreshments were served at half-past four. At six the evening meeting commenced. Mr. Rayner was unanimously voted to the chair. Messrs. Warren, Marten, Canton, and Austin gave suitable addresses. We closed by singing, "All hail! the power of Jesu's name." The present want of this church is a chapel, as the present place is overcrowded. It is hoped that the Lord will appear for them, and enable them to erect a suitable chapel and send them a kind-hearted Gospel minister. At present this cause is supplied by members of the London Itinerant Baptist Ministers' Association, of which Mr. Philip Dickerson is the worthy president. It is a full day's labour to travel to and from Halling, and conduct the services, but the Lord giveth strength equal to the day.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

## "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

Original Tunes.

BY THOMAS STRINGER, MINISTER OF  
BETHEL CHAPEL, STEPNEY.

"THE EARTHEN VESSEL" is a book  
For which, from month to month, we look;  
Varieties therein we find,  
To feed the soul, and cheer the mind.  
Launch'd twenty-seven years ago,  
This *Vessel* was, as many know;  
Her steady course she still pursues,  
And brings to thousands joyful news.  
Though *Earthen* is the *Vessel's* name,  
She heavenly treasure does proclaim:  
The saints surve, nor merchandise,  
And all the cargo highly prize.  
Rough winds assail her as she goes,  
She's shot at by professing foes:  
On gospel waters still she floats,  
Nor fears the threats of little boats.  
She's freighted with eternal truth,  
Adapted to old age and youth:  
God's people, ransomed from the fall—  
She bears good tidings to them all.  
She carries information free,  
To saints on shore, and saints on sea;  
Intelligence of every kind  
Within the *Vessel* you may find.  
She now and then has had a shock;  
But never founded on a rock.  
No! like an iron-clad, she smiles  
At men's designs, and Satan's wiles.  
In foreign climes she coasts about,  
Pure Bible wares she carries out;  
And living souls are pleas'd to view,  
The *Vessel* safe arrive, when due.  
The pirates treat her with disdain;  
Attempt to stop her, but in vain;  
Majestic still, she onward goes,  
Nor fears a broadside from her foes.  
For duty-faith she has no place,  
Nor free-will rags, nor offered grace:  
In looking through her stores you'll find  
She leaves this twaddle all behind.  
The purpose and decrees of God,  
The covenant sign'd and seal'd with blood,  
Christ's conquest over sin and hell,  
Are stores that fill the *Vessel* well.  
Sail, *Earthen Vessel*, far and wide!  
God speed thy way 'gainst wind and tide!  
Though angry waves against thee roar,  
Bear thou God's truth from shore to shore.  
Divine success attend thee still;  
The Editor with gladness fill:  
His labour shall not be in vain  
To glorify his Master's name.  
O, may she sail the globe around,  
Nor e'er be wrecked, nor get aground,  
Steer safe from rocks and quicksands too,  
Well stored with things both old and new.  
Blest Spirit! blow a heavenly gale;  
And let the breeze fill every sail:  
Still let *The Earthen Vessel* run  
To glorify the Great Three-One.

**NOTTING HILL.—SILVER STREET CHAPEL.** On Lord's-day, April 14th, and the following Tuesday, interesting services were held in the above place of worship, it being the sixth anniversary of the formation of the church, under the pastoral care of Mr. D. Crumpton, assembling there. The sermons on the Lord's-day were preached; in the morning, by the Pastor; and in the afternoon and evening, by Mr. C. Box. Mr. J. Hazelton preached at three o'clock on the following Tuesday afternoon, from Psalm xix. 12, "Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults." It was marrow and fatness; a soul-encouraging and Christ honouring discourse. At its close, the usual tea meeting was held in the school-room; and at half-past six, a public meeting was convened in the chapel. Mr. J. Short, Hon. Sec. and Treasurer to the Young Men's Christian Association, Notting Hill, presided. Prayer was offered by Mr. Box. The chairman expressed the pleasure it gave him to meet the friends there, because he knew them to be decided and firm in their adherence to Divine truth, and in the maintenance of right principles and practices; and his conviction of the importance of this was deepening daily, there being painful evidence on every hand that we were living in an age of laxity and religious declension. Mr. Meeres, then spoke upon Christ as the Desire of all Believers; Mr. Bennett, on He shall not Fail; Mr. Flack, on the Value of the Bible, and the Importance of Stability in the Christian Profession; Mr. Briscoe, on the Things likely under God to Better the Aspect of Things in the Churches—such as a spirit of earnest and believing prayer, increased activity in the service of Christ, more faith in the promises, and more respect for future glory. Mr. Hazelton then spoke on the Conduct of Christ before Pilate, especially as recorded in Matt. xxvi. 58. The Pastor and chairman then made some closing remarks, and the very profitable services were concluded by singing and prayer. May they redound to the glory of God.

**BRENTFORD.**—Mr. Parsons's chapel on Easter Monday looked well. The sermons by Messrs. Bennett, Anderson, and McCure were considered sound discourses on Gospel themes. "A Disciple with the heart-ache" thought of the blessed men who always appeared at Brentford anniversary, and desired to be thankful that the pulpit can still be supplied with truthful ministers; and adds, "We are not all of us as yet on that happy shore, where

'Not a wave of trouble rolls,  
Across the peaceful breast.'"

North-road Chapel, Brentford, dates back as far as 1819. Its membership stands recorded at 72. A church standing over 50 years, in the midst of an increasing population, with membership of only 72, does not bespeak much prosperity of Baptist principles. Mr. Blake's church is 100 years old: he only reckons 64 members. What are these good Brentford people about?

**HOMERTON.**—Mr. WILLIAM PALMER'S JUBILEE.—The Strict and Particular Baptist Churches in London and throughout the country, are respectfully and affectionately informed that this is the Jubilee year of the ministerial labours of Mr. William Palmer, now and for nearly twenty years Pastor of the church at Homerton-row, Homerton, London. Mr. Palmer is well-known among the churches, not only as a faithful preacher, but also as a writer in defence of the doctrines of distinguishing grace, having published several valuable works which, for clearness and faithfulness, are at the present day equalled by few and excelled by none. These works, useful as they have been, and will doubtless yet be to the churches, have been sent forth often to a considerable loss. During the last few years our Pastor has suffered much from declining health, which has occasionally laid him completely prostrate. These facts have induced us, the people of his charge, to make an effort this Jubilee year of his ministerial labours, to present him with a testimonial of esteem as our Pastor, of appreciation of his ability and labours as an author, and of sympathy with him in his affliction. This matter has been taken up cordially by the church and congregation, so that something substantial, it is expected, will be realized. It has been thought by some that were this intention made known, there are many friends scattered here and there among the churches throughout the land who would feel it a privilege to take a share in the testimonial of esteem, appreciation, and sympathy. Our Pastor, especially by the production of his pen, may be considered public property; those who thus regard him may, by joining us, help to comfort and cheer one of the faithful servants of the Lord, who has laboured long and well in the pulpit and by the pen to set forth in all its fullness, freeness, and suitability, the glorious Gospel of a gracious Triune Jehovah. Pastors, deacons, members of churches, and all lovers of truth are, therefore, affectionately invited to join us in this Jubilee Testimonial. Contributions will be thankfully received by Mr. John Fowler, 1, Homerton-row, Homerton, London, to whom cheques and post office orders are respectfully requested to be made payable, and which shall be faithfully acknowledged. For the committee, JOHN FOWLER, Sec.

[We shall be much gratified to be able, some day, to announce that the churches have rewarded Mr. Palmer nobly.—E. D. E. V.]

**DERBYSHIRE.**—Mr. H. Beddow has intimated to the Church at Belper, Derbyshire, his intention of resigning his pastorate on the first Lord's-day in May. This information has been received with regret by the friends. The church here, by the blessing of God, owes its existence to his labours. He leaves with the best wishes of the people for his future prosperity. He will be happy to receive communications for other Particular Baptist Churches, or from friends desirous of raising one.

**BAYSWATER.**—We remember well when "William Lewis, of Chatham," as he was called, was considered one of the most faithful ministers of Christ in the county of Kent. Conscientiously, we believe, he turned round to what is considered the more respectable, the more charitable, and the more useful line of ministry; and, in Cheltenham, for many years, the late "William Lewis" maintained a much-esteemed pastorate, finishing his course in peace. The school of *Modern Thought*, against which Mr. Spurgeon has recently uttered his disapprobation, has been very insidiously making its way into our colleges, studies, churches, pulpits, and pews now, for many years. Yet it is so mixed up with a profession of faith in the Gospel, that it is not discovered until most of the people are so beguiled with it, that they know not *where* they are, nor *what* they hear. Where the disciples of *MODERN THOUGHT* are not in these days, it is *painfully* difficult to decide. Our most dreaded fear is that our Lord has almost declined to do that which is recorded in Acts xxvi. 16, leaving men to make ministers of every shade and degree. We pause and tremble over this tear. Passing all that, we thought some of our readers might like to know that a son of the late Mr. William Lewis has been for over twenty-five years pastor of a church at the West End; and recently his friends presented him with a purse, containing £300, and a beautiful Memorial Address. As soon as we can review Mr. Lewis's volume of sermons we may furnish an idea of his ministry.

**GREENWICH.**—On Easter Monday, at Devonshire-road Baptist Chapel (the late Mr. Jesse Gwinnell's) there was an unusual gathering of Devonshire Divines. Mr. F. Collins, the pastor, is from Plymouth. He was honoured to have Mr. Whittaker, of Blackheath, in the chair, who always throws a cheering ray over the meeting. Among the speakers were the Ven. S. Ponsford, who once came from near Exeter; Z. Turner, also from Exeter; J. Vaughan, from Devonport, quite unexpectedly favoured the meeting with a speech; as also did Mr. Robert Bardens, of Hayes; Mr. Langford, of Dalston, both of whom came from Devon. The church here is thankful for the ministry of Mr. Collins.

**MR. GEORGE WYARD, SEN.**— Tidings reach us of a sudden stroke having fallen upon this honourable servant of Christ. He has been quite laid down; but as he is only in his seventieth year, and has always appeared to enjoy good health, possessing a sound constitution, we hope he may be raised again,—and in the mellow ripeness of his approaching to his Father's home, be the instrument of confirming the many churches to which the Lord may send him as an occasional messenger to carry to them the lovely and merciful tales of Divine truth. The venerable Mr. Box, late of Woolwich, is gladly received by all to whom he is here and there speaking some of his last words on earth.

**SURREY TABERNACLE.**—A minister says:—"When I was at Stepney, our brother Wells stated it was the intention of himself and colleagues (when the Tabernacle was paid for) to build in connection therewith, a large hall; also to establish schools, with classes for good men in the ministry, whose education had been neglected, to enable them to acquire a more complete knowledge of all things useful. Of course, the Church at the Surrey Tabernacle has never relinquished the idea, but have only been waiting the proper time, which seems to be at present. The churches of the denomination have long felt the need of such an institution; and, as the church in question marches in the van of our ranks, we look to it in all such matters to take the lead. It would be doing a great and necessary work, which would, under the Divine blessing, consolidate its existence as a church (for nothing binds together like united effort, coupled with unity of principle); and it would thus raise a graceful monument to the memory of a good and justly honoured servant of God." [We believe the Church at the Surrey Tabernacle will gladly finish their late pastor's design as hinted by our brother; but they are now praying and waiting for a suitable successor to the pastorate; when that want is supplied, we shall be thankful to see them erecting, opening, and establishing the "James Wells's Hall and Schools."—ED.]

**CAVE ADULLAM FUND.**—DEAR SIR, Will you kindly permit me to acknowledge the following sums received toward defraying the debt on the above-named chapel, and to beg the good help of your readers. I have to pay the sum of £200 in a few days, and have only £50 toward that sum. A kind friend has promised to lend me £100. Will your readers help us in making up the £50 required? I have spent my little all upon the place, and our people have done their utmost. I feel, under these circumstances, that the Strict Baptists will not see an old established cause broken up, and the chapel lost to the denomination for the small sum of £150. I am, dear sir, yours truly,  
8, Barnes-st., Stepney. G. REYNOLDS.

The Rev. H. Whitehead, Vicar of Limehouse, £1 ls.; the Rev. J. O. Harris, Vicar of St. Matthew's, £1 ls.; Mr. G. Stone, £5; Friends at Eden chapel, Cambridge, £9 4s. 6d.; Mr. Whatmore, Broseley, 10s.

**BATTERSEA.**—The formation of the church meeting in the Mission hall, Speke-road, took place recently. Mr. Anderson took the chair. Mr. Bennett read the Holy Scriptures and offered prayer. The chairman stated the nature of a Gospel church, and asked one of the brethren to state how it was that they came to assemble together. Mr. Clark read the articles of faith, and rules upon which the church was to be founded; upon which the chairman gave the right hand of fellowship, and broke bread. Mr. Ballard and Mr. Bennett gave suitable addresses to the church.  
H. GOODEY.

M I D - W E S T . — " Our pastor has left ; and our Church is now ready to hold out its hand to any minister of Christ's Gospel who is neither an imitating copyist, a man-made stereotypist, nor a semi-Fullerite. The plain fact, Mr. *Earthen Vessel*, is here : our cause at the river, has been so tampered with the cold homœopathic globules of we know not what, that we are brought very low ; and if the Lord does not raise up a man in whom the Spirit of God is, a man who deeply feels the love of God, the grace of Christ, the power of the Spirit, and the desire to be glorious to the souls of his fellow men ; and if the glorious Head of the Church give us not one of his own dearly-beloved undershepherds, we shall have to live upon the skim-milk of the modern-schools, until we perish out of date altogether. Oh ! England, Ireland, Scotland ! have none of ye a good man, one full of the Holy Ghost, a man strong in faith, mighty in prayer, knowing for himself THE TRUTH as it is in Jesus ? to such an one we would earnestly cry, ' Come over and help us.' "

ANOTHER AGED MINISTER GONE HOME. — Mr. J. Baldwin, Baptist Minister, Old Buckenham, departed this life, March 25, in the 70th year of his age. It was his wish in his illness that he might die so that he should be buried on the Saturday, that distant friends might stay on the Sunday, when he wished his death to be improved by Mr. Sparkam, from the following words, " I have fought a good fight ; I have finished my course," &c. For the encouragement of mothers, it was stated that when a child, his mother used to repeat those words which caused the tears to roll down his little cheeks,

" When I can read my title clear

To mansions in the skies,

I bid farewell to every fear," &c.

I had the pleasure of visiting him every day : his mind was triumphantly borne above earth. He was a great sufferer with asthma and dropsy. He has left an afflicted widow to mourn his loss, almost helpless with rheumatism, and nearly blind.

WILLIAM PALMER.

RAMSGATE, MARGATE, &c. — Mr. Worger, one of the elders of the Strict Baptists in Ramsgate, who worship in the Rooms, was suddenly taken home in the end of March. We were sorry to hear of this painful dispensation : he was a useful man, and very decided ; and the little Church laments his loss. Mount Zion, with pastor Sharp, is steadfast to the truth, but not extensive in growth ; in fact, nowhere in this island is there any powerful aggression made upon the territories of the Prince of Darkness. *The Baptist Hand-Book* for 1872 tells us that Samuel Foster is pastor of the Church at Sturry. We have known good brother Samuel for more than 30 years ; but we thought Mr. Charles Hancock was pastor : we do know that the Sturry Baptist church was instrumentally planted by us ; and for nearly 40 years the Lord has blessed His people there.

BOROUGH — Special meeting was holden April 19, 1872, on behalf of Mr. Thomas Stringer's Friday evening lecture in Trinity chapel. For two years our brother Stringer has preached there every Friday evening ; and if the Lord spare him he will continue so to do. Chas. Spencer, Esq., presided on the 19th, and opened and closed the meeting in a Christian spirit. Mr. Stringer gave a prefatory address to the subject of the evening, which was " Completeness in Christ." On this theme, brethren Thomas Jones, Thomas Steed, Geo. Baldwin, R. A. Lawrence, and Hudson discoursed ; they found it a deep sea ! C. W. Banks expressed pleasure in meeting his brother Stringer, who, for near forty years had faithfully walked in, and worked to defend and declare the truth : if some wealthy Christian would give his brother Stringer £1000, it would please many friends.

SHOREDITCH. — Providence Chapel, Cumberland-street, in Curtain-road, was well filled at the last annual meeting. Mr. Warren, of Plumstead, preached the sermon : Pastor Lodge presided ; and several ministers and friends spoke on the best things. The singing was happy and full of heart and harmony. Brother Lodge requires a new chapel, one in a better position. He is pastor of one of the oldest Baptist Churches in London ; the sister churches should give this faithful labourer a place where saints and sinners might assemble for Divine worship with some convenience and comfort.

BROOKE, NEAR NORWICH. — Mr. John Osborn has been called to take the pastorate of Baptist Church in Brooke, and has left Claremont, in Hackney-road, after many years of trial and labour there. We hope he will find Brooke a happy and successful home.

SPALDING. — A few Christian ladies in Loudon are hoping to send some articles for Love Lane Chapel Bazaar in June. Mrs. C. W. Banks will gladly receive, forward, and acknowledge any articles entrusted to her care. A more needy chapel case cannot be found.

MARCH, ISLE OF ELY. — We are sorrowful here. Our beloved pastor, Mr. Forman, has been ill : and his father in the Gospel, David Wilson, of Boston, was engaged to come and preach to us, but he is laid aside, and we are disappointed.

CARLTON, BEDS. — Friend says, " Our Baptist cause here goes on comfortably ; the Lord blesses Mr. James Brittain's ministry. He is faithfully preaching, the Church is increasing, the ordinance of baptism is seen. We are favoured." "

" AN ENGLISHWOMAN " has issued a pure and plain-spoken work, bearing this title : — " *The Gates Ajar Criticised and Corrected.* " It is published by G. J. Stevenson, 54, Paternoster Row. 107 pages. Post free for ten stamps. We hope to analyse it next month.

## FREDERICK WHEELER'S VISIT TO THE CONVICT IN NEWGATE.

[For some months the following has been delayed through the death records of departed brethren; but, after all, no death can be more useful to contemplate than the one Mr. Wheeler here reveals.—ED.]

**I** AROSE on this eventful morning, looking to and leaning on Jesus only, at 3 a.m. I wept like a child. Before I left my room, I knelt down, and poured out my soul before the Lord for support, for a love visit to my soul, and for the presence of Jesus to go with me. When I got into the street, I met an Irishman, whose name was O'Hara. He accosted me thus: "Arrah, fait, and ware are you goin' so arly this morning?"

*F. Wheeler.* "I am going to visit a poor fellow-sinner in Newgate, who is about to be hung."

*O'Hara.* "Fait, and I am away there to see the spalpeen dance in the air," said the Irishman.

*F. Wheeler.* "Why, man, as you are a Roman Catholic, you are hung up by the neck over the pit, and when death cuts the rope, you will drop into that place where hope never cometh, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

*O'Hara.* "Fait, and I shall niver go there; for I go to confession, and get absolution, and all my past sins are wiped away."

*F. Wheeler.* "But, if you should be taken ill, and soon after deprived of your senses, what would you do with your past sins then?"

*O'Hara.* "And I niver gave that a thought; I should be lost and sure enough, and nothing could save me; that's one to you."

*F. Wheeler.* "Confession to man is a farce and a delusion; absolution by man is an abomination in the sight of God. No one man can absolve another from sins."

*O'Hara.* "What do you say? My religion is a cheat of the devil? Now, mind; don't be too harsh."

*F. Wheeler.* "Have you a soul? Can your priest find out your soul? Can your priest tell your thoughts?"

*O'Hara.* "Fait, now, you run along like a race-horse, and take my breath away. Tell me what you belave about extreme unction, the mass, purgatory, penance, pictures, the altar, beads for prayers, and vespers?"

*F. Wheeler.* "Extreme unction is extreme nonsense, for God's Book says, 'The flesh profiteth nothing.' The mass is a mass of corruption; for the Book says, 'The smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever. They have no rest day nor night who worship the beast and his image, and whosoever receiveth the mark of his name.' Purgatory, there is no such place; the Book says, 'The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.' Our Lord said, 'I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear. Fear him which, after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell. Yea, I say unto you, fear him.' Penance! This is one of the great falsehoods of Rome. It is substituted for repentance, which you will find in the Douay Bible,—your mutilated and crippled Bible,—and all who depend on penance for the

priest's blessing, must be lost. Pictures: in these the Church of Rome, and all Roman Catholics, are verily guilty; for the second Commandment says, 'Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth.' This is very clear. God says, 'Thou shalt not make;' Rome says, 'Thou shalt make.' Now, it is written, 'Let God be true, and every man a liar.' Altar: our Lord Jesus Christ is the altar of every Christian; he is the New Covenant Altar, and all sacrifices, by faith, are to be brought to, and laid on, that altar, which alone is acceptable to God. The altars of Baal were cried against by God's servant, and there is a likeness between the altar of Baal and the altar of the Church of Rome. Baal is a dead altar; so is the altar of the Church of Rome. The altar of Baal was worshipped; so is the altar of the Church of Rome. The altar of Baal was ornamented; so is the altar of the Church of Rome. This proves they are akin to each other, and, therefore, God's prophets must cry against them; as in 1 Kings, xiii.: 'And he cried against the altar in the Word of the Lord, and said, O altar, altar, thus saith the Lord,' &c. Then it must and shall be thrown down. *Where will your soul be then?* Beads for prayers: no good can come of these; but much harm may come. They have a tendency to lull the soul into carnal security—to draw the soul from God—and are of Pagan origin, from which your church derives all her dead ceremonies; pray throw them away as useless and superstitious. Lastly, Vespers: I cannot see the use of candles to light dark souls, and a procession of candles cannot chase away evil spirits; neither can it throw any light on a dark path; but 'tis all of a piece with your abominable church: all glare and show, and, withal, full of the habitations of cruelty."

*O'Hara* cried out, "You have taken away all my religion! O, faith, now, and what shall I do! Do pray for me; pray now, pray here!" And we knelt down in the street, and prayed and wept together, the poor Irishman crying out, "O, Lord, pray have mercy on a poor Irishman!" After which we parted, and he is now a preacher of the Gospel in Ireland, if alive.

To see so many people running quite overwhelmed me, when the life of a fellow-creature was about to be taken—a soul about to be launched into eternity, and no one among this multitude of dead sinners to care for his soul. What an appalling sight! All the windows opposite the gaol in the Old Bailey occupied by respectable-dressed men and women at that early hour, as if they were about to feast their eyes by viewing the entry of some mighty conqueror, or some gorgeous cavalcade pass before them; then to hear called out the last dying speech, &c., was enough to make a poor sinner, like myself, sink down under a sense of the wickedness of human nature, and the depravity of fallen creatures. O, how I did groan, being burdened..

I arrived at the prison. The gallows in front gave me a shudder. It was now four o'clock, and the keeper let me in and said, "The chaplain is with him; he is inquiring for you, sir." These words came with power to my heart, "And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem."

When I went in, I found the chaplain with the prisoner, trying to

comfort him, telling him to pray more; but he said, "I can't pray; no, sir, my soul feels so dead, so dark, so helpless, that I have no power. O, Mr. Wheeler, I am so glad you have come." And the chaplain said, "And I am glad too, for 'tis as I feared a delusion of the brain." F. Wheeler. "Sir, and my dear brother, the dear Lord promises seed time, and harvest, summer, and winter, and day and night shall not cease. Now, where there are no changes, there are no seasons, no life; they may fear that the work of God has not begun, that their Christianity is not of God, and that they are hopeless hypocrites. The wicked have no changes, therefore they fear not God. I am glad, my brother, that your work is being tried; for God says, every man's work shall be tried."

*The Chaplain.* "But, when pardon and peace is bestowed, it is our business to try to keep it, and it is our business to wait on God for the fulfilment of the promise, 'Ask, and it shall be given.'"

*F. Wheeler.* "Sir, no man can keep alive his own soul; he cannot still the waters, neither can he say, peace, be still. O, no, this is an impossibility with man; for no man can still the raging of the waters. So the soul is under the entire control of our God, who alone is Lord of heaven and earth, and who creates the darkness and makes the light, as 'tis He alone that knows the way to bring His own people to Himself.

*Chaplain.* "I can see, though you are young, you know more than I do; therefore I must listen."

*F. Wheeler.* "God forbid that I should pretend to know more than you, sir, but what I speak, I pray God to teach me to speak humbly, and yet to the purpose, for his honour and glory, and the profit of the soul of my brother here."

*Chaplain.* "Go on, I will not disturb you again."

*Prisoner.* "I am anxious to hear you, though I feel the kindness of this gentleman."

*F. Wheeler.* "I will now speak from a text, Gen. viii. 21, 22. Now, here we have the spiritual meaning. I. The sweet savour God smelt. II. God's resolve; no more curse the ground for man's sake. III. God's promise. 1st. The sweet savour. This arose from the clean beast offered from the burnt sacrifice, which prefigured and set forth Christ Jesus, the anti-typical sacrifice for sin. The law was fulfilled in offering a clean beast, and the offering being to the Lord with all the heart of Noah, gave a savour, a sweetness, to the sacrifice, and God smelt it, it was acceptable to Him, it was pleasant to Him, and with the sacrifice God commended Noah's faith as the faith of God's elect. 2nd. God's resolve no more curse the ground for man's sake. Now, God had provided Himself a sacrifice; but the types must be complete, and, therefore, all must be destroyed from off the earth who are not in the ark. To preach to us that there is no safety for a sinner out of the ark, Christ Jesus the Lord, but in Him alone, as the ark of the covenant, God shuts us in, and in Him we are borne on the waters upward toward heaven, while all underneath is death and destruction, and we safely rest on Mount Ararat. Christ, our sacrifice, was slain for us once and but once; all was finished then, the work was done, and God rests in his love, bless his dear name. There is one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus. Then there is no more curse for the believer. 3rd. God's promise. None but living souls,

God-made believers, can know anything about seed time and harvest. The dead know nothing at all; the living only can speak of the seed time, when the word drops into the heart, ploughed up by the law, as a quickening word, sinking deeper and deeper into the inward parts. May Jesus bless this last sermon to you abundantly, and He shall have the glory. Amen and amen."

*Prisoner.* "I can understand it now why I am passing through these feelings: it is to ripen me for glory; for he is leading by a right way to a city of habitation, whose builder and maker is God."

*The Chaplain.* "Brother Wheeler, you have opened that portion in a very precious manner. May God bless you for it; and now one word in prayer. Brother Wheeler you engage."

After I had engaged in prayer, the chaplain said, "There is time for me to put the question, 'Do you acknowledge the justice of the sentence?'"

*Prisoner.* "Yes, O yes; but what occasion is there for such a course now, since I have confessed to God and before you, and my God has pardoned me, and brought me through an ordeal to fit and prepare me for glory, and my soul is now full of His glory. He hath put my sins behind His back. This is my coronation morning, and I shall see Him as He is. Praise the dear Saviour!"

*The Chaplain.* "It is our usual course; but I feel perfectly satisfied, and that Mr. Wheeler has been the honoured instrument of leading you to the Saviour, and he has been graciously led by his God to open the Word for your profit."

*Prisoner.* "Mr. Wheeler, I thank you. May your Lord, whose you are, and whom you serve, reward you abundantly."

The hour of seven now struck, and the sheriffs came in, and informed the prisoner that he must now go into the pinioning-room. The hangman arrived soon after, and when the poor prisoner was pinioned, the time arrived to proceed to the gallows, and the solemn procession was formed, I walking by the side of the prisoner, his face radiant with holy joy, lighted up with a heavenly smile, and speaking to him of the beauty of Jesus, the glory of Jesus, the presence of Jesus, the heaven of Jesus, the beauty of the golden streets, the immortality and life there, the song there, the persons there, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, who have come through great tribulation.

Just at this moment we arrived on the drop. The tolling of the bell, the thousands of upturned faces, the reading of the burial service, the din and noise, quite overcame me, and I burst into tears, while the poor culprit was being placed under the drop. I then advanced and spoke to him. He said, "Pray." I knelt down on the drop, and prayed earnestly for him. The sheriffs and the chaplain wept like children, and seemed quite unmanned. Twice the prisoner said, "I am going to Jesus," and the third time he was saying, "I am going," the bolt was withdrawn, and he was launched into eternity without a struggle, I believe to be for ever with the SAVED thief who hung upon the cross.

I now left the prison as quickly as possible, and was enabled to bless the dear Lord for the strength imparted.



## VOICES FROM THE DESERTED PULPIT.

[We trust we have not, in any degree, reflected upon the ministry or movements of the late pastor of Trinity Chapel, Hackney: we have, for years, silently sorrowed over his state, and the condition of his Church. But, he has left it all. During his afflicted season of almost entire seclusion, he occasionally came forth, and standing in his pew, he delivered his message, and immediately retired again. Many of those discourses which Mr. Hughes delivered on the occasions referred to, were taken down at the time. We have some of them. We feel the truly sanctified people of God and the mourners in Zion will read them with some good results. Proud ministers may learn a lesson from the late Mr. Hughes's confessions and afflictions. A correspondent says, "The accompanying discourse is an epitome of his own state of late years, when shut up, and could not come forth with 'the word of the Lord,' as before. I believe Mr. Hughes had sorely grieved the Spirit: and the Lord could not pass it over, as his servant, lightly: he must suffer, and did. Once I heard him, in March, 1837: I think when speaking from 'All things work together.' (Rom. viii.) When speaking from this text, he said, 'My brethren—I should be one of the proudest men in the world, were it not for the peculiar discipline and trial by which the Lord is exercising me at this time.' I think I remember what he refers to. It was a trial, a thorn in the flesh. The messenger of Satan to buffet him indeed. But that naughty spirit would rear his head, and like Jonah, say, 'I do well to be angry.'"—J. R.]

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*Select Portions of a Tuesday Evening's Discourse, delivered by the late*  
MR. T. HUGHES, *at Trinity chapel, Hackney, September 20, 1851.*

"Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things."—PSALM ciii. 5.

WHEN our Lord said to the Church of old, in Rev. iii. 15, "I would thou wert cold or hot," He meant the altar of the heart—the state of spirituality and vigour. There can be no medium state: we must be either cold or hot in serving the Lord: and I would rather that your hearts were cut in pieces, with the most severe process, than that you should lose your relish for spiritual things.

There is a great difference between a spiritual consumption, and losing the relish for the dispensation of the word: if the fire is kindled, great care and attention is necessary to keep it up. Look, then, to the state of your souls. O, may you feel restlessness of soul for this.

Pass on now to the recognition of the first feature of the testimony:

- 1st. The renewed spiritual state.
- 2nd. The means by which the vigour returns.
- 3rd. The satisfaction afforded.

After some indirect observations, he said—That the man of grace soon loses by not having the means of grace. His spiritual strength, energy, and vigour fails, when the things of the world take the place of the things of God. Thou art, O Christian, losing thy hold. Oh, grasp again the promise, and plead it again, and again, and again, at his footstool. The appropriation of the grace of Christ will meet thy condition and state, and nothing short of it. Yes, O Christian, the appropriate grace suited to thy experience just now, in thy present low and languishing condition, will afford thee relief. He (Jesus Christ) will be the witness of the Spirit within, and this witness of the Spirit he

gives in the simple longing, hungering, and desiring of the soul. This is a description of the renewing act of the Spirit of grace. The Lord bruises, and he heals as well, (and you will say, "It is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him good,") this is that the heart may be prepared for the reception, and value the provision made by Jesus Christ.

A ministry is either the greatest blessing, or the greatest curse. I repeat it in other words. It is either a savour of life, or a savour of death, to every soul that hears the sound of the gospel: in the receiving or rejecting, there is such a thing as grieving the Spirit. O, beware of this! You may grieve him, so as to depart, and withdraw from you that inward satisfaction and witness, as to cause you to cry bitterly, "Oh, that it was with me as in months that are past, when the candle of the Lord shined upon me, and with that light I walked through darkness."

There is the grace answerable if united to Christ. Get near Him,—yea, live near Him, and your spiritual warmth and vigour of soul will return, and you will exclaim with David, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul."

The text also implies consciousness. The patient will not apply to the physician until conscious of his malady; then he hastens to the great physician for the healing balm.

Watch against a sickly state of soul, O Christian! Having tasted that the Lord is gracious, value a healthy, vigorous, lively state of soul; and you will be a blessing while moving up and down in this world of evil, and you will be as a light set upon a candlestick, and as salt that savours. "Have salt in yourselves," said Jesus Christ. Amen.

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A LITERARY MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF

1872

## The late Pastor of the Surrey Tabernacle.

1872

"I will endeavour that ye may be able after my decease to have these things always in remembrance."—PETER.

"Pastor and friend! Thy loss we all deplore;

The Lord on high beheld thy truth and love;

Thou art NOT DEAD; art only *gone before*;

And now,—how blest!—eternally above!

1872

WE cannot be silent yet. Pure, sorrowful, and deep affection loves to linger o'er the past, and sometimes to climb the higher hills where the millions meet around the throne:—in ranks and circles, there they bow, and learn, not only more and more of the glories of the Lamb, but also of the triumphs of his cross and intercession, as ancient prophecies are fulfilled, deep mysteries unfolded, and the extension of the kingdom is gradually and delightfully revealed. Standing the other evening in brother Charles Turner's pulpit, in Surrey, a ray of heavenly light flashed across the mind; and, pausing, we said, "There is much more joy in that heavenly kingdom than you have ever dreamt of yet:

there are thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers ; but high, very high above them all, is the mediatorial throne and court of our exalted Immanuel ; and ransomed souls in white array are ascending, and ascribing all honour and praise to their most Holy Lord, for ever. Amen."

We cannot be silent yet, because many weeping saints on earth are coming, anxious to lay one little poetic flower on the tomb of him whose inspired words God made so precious to their hearts. We wish them all to be allowed to place in *The Earthen Vessel* their kindly memento of grateful esteem. We cannot be silent yet, because the unparalleled demonstration of the people's sorrow at the grave of our deceased brother has stirred up the jealousy, envy, enmity, and even false spirits of many ; and they are writing and publishing such Judas-like criticisms as would tend to frighten people, if "the foundation of God did not stand sure." We are not certain that we are justified in silently looking on while the cruel slanderer throws out his missiles against one whose praise is in all the Churches of real Gospel truth.

*The Preachers' Lantern* (implying that we are all in a dark night) has felt pity for us, or something worse, and has come forth with his sarcasms, his contemptible insinuations, and semi-denunciations, enough to surprise the most charitable among men. We commenced a small investigation of this lecturer's *Lantern*, and purpose, as soon as convenient, to take the old unsavoury candle out of the *Preachers' Lantern*, and light it up, if possible, with a little sweet oil, for the lantern, in this case, has exhibited a melancholy light indeed ; but that bides its time.

Pastor Spurgeon says, of old, the persecutors thought that "foxes, and wolves, and Protestants were best exterminated. As for so-called Anabaptists they were worse than vipers, and to crush them utterly was reckoned to be salutary Christian discipline." That is just what some of the present race of most respectable lanterns, lecturers, literary liverymen, and others, think of us poor things, who cannot help our faith in the Gospel ; because our faith was the gift of God unto us, and a most precious gift we have proved it to be. But this month we spare the new-fangled *Lantern*, and give the following of

#### MR. JAMES WELLS AT HASTINGS.

Mr. Thomas Edwards says, "MR. EDITOR,—As you noticed my last interview with Mr. J. Foreman, (who is now in glory with his Fore-runner), so it has struck me you might feel interested in my last farewell of Mr. J. Wells. In July, 1871, I was staying at St. Leonard's for the benefit of my health. I felt a great desire in my heart to call and see him ; I acted upon the impression. When I arrived at his lodgings, I was informed he was in great agony of body, too ill to be seen ; I concluded I should never see him again. However, a day or two after, in passing by his place of abode, I saw him sitting by himself in a small carriage, a little distance from his front door ; I felt I must go and speak to him. I did so, with a full determination not to detain him more than a few minutes. He was much pleased to see me ; asked most kindly after our little cause. Our conversation then im-

mediately turned to salvation through JESUS ONLY, completeness in Christ, and acceptance in that beloved One. (Controversy I avoided). I have often wished we had spoken longer of JESUS ONLY than we did. I confess I could not see with Mr. W. upon the question of sonship.\* John xvii. 5, to my mind, settles the whole; but there is another turning point which I have thought very favourable to those who do not see with my eyes: the beloved John says, "Hereby know ye the Spirit of God; every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God." I cannot think Mr. Wells ever for a moment denied this. The Rahab question caused many to mourn; and yet, I must say, with all these differences of judgment, I feel a real union of spirit towards this departed, indefatigable, and laborious servant of the Lord. The patriarchs were not always right, neither were the prophets and apostles; the dead fly in each of their pots of ointment is easily to be discovered as well as in our own; and perhaps to this end, that "Christ in all things might have the pre-eminence;" that no man might glory in man; but that all taught of God should glory in God only. James saith, "In many things we offend all." I often feel if the Lord had no more mercy upon us than we have often upon each other, we might well say, "Who then can be saved?" I am as you know, a very naughty man for giving up water-baptism, and I certainly should be a very unhappy man if I was to return to it under my present views and feelings. Thanks, eternal thanks to the God of all grace for those precious Scriptures in the 103rd Psalm, 13, 14: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him; for he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." I am deeply sensible there is a great deal of wood, hay, and stubble about the best of God's saints (so to speak); and in this view, it often seems as though most will be saved so as by fire, or, as Job hath it, by the skin of our teeth. Those who know the plague of their own heart will feel they have no stones to cast, however the Lord may have kept and preserved them in usefulness and honour. The words of Paul, "By the grace of God I am what I am," will suit those who have, through Divine teaching, learnt, in measure, to walk humbly with their God.

T. EDWARDS.

Salem, Tunbridge Wells.

\* We wish all would read, "Candid Review of Mr. J. Wells," in *Cheering Words* for June.

## THE LATE BENJAMIN DAVIES.

[Irregular.]

ANOTHER of the sacramental host has pass'd  
away  
From gloomsome night to everlasting day;—  
From earth's dim shades, to Heaven's eternal  
light;—  
Where doubting unbelief gives place to sight.  
'Tis well! He laboured hard, not long;  
But ere he passed from us, he heard the song  
Of angel choirs, who welcom'd him among  
the throng  
Redeemed by Christ our Lord.

No earthly ears could catch the strain  
Of that ethereal refrain.

Thus gently fell asleep the messenger of  
God,  
'Twas Heaven's good pleasure—not the rod.  
Join ye then in chorus with th' heav'nly  
conclave;  
And on earth, cast ye flowers on a good man's  
grave.

C. B. B.

THE LATE MR. BENJAMIN DAVIES,  
OF GREENWICH.

“Thou hast no resting place below ;  
To-day !—To-morrow !—thou may'st go.”

WE would never wish to be numbered with those intensely cold and stoical people who meet all the dispensations of this life so unmoved that solemn things never melt them into tears, nor joyful things into songs. As there is a *time* to weep, so there must be *events* connected with that time which cause the weeping ; and when the tears of Christian sympathy fall over the sorrows of others, those who shed them are, in some degree, like their Saviour, who, over the grave of Lazarus, shed such tears of pure affection as us poor mortals never can. Nor would we wish to be of that class who cast a man away because he continueth not with us in everything as we could desire.

When we heard of the sudden death of that kind brother in Christ, Benjamin Davies, of Greenwich, we took a solitary walk down old Wood Lane ; and, as we mused and thought upon this exceedingly painful loss, we could not but deeply sigh with silent grief over one, in the prime of life, cut down—snatched away—just in the moment of time, when his church, his congregation, his beloved wife, his many tender children, seemed more than ever to require his presence here.

Poor Benjamin sought our advice and help some sixteen or seventeen years ago ; we ran to his help immediately. We feel a holy pleasure in giving a young man a hand when he is truly anxious, instrumentally, to be useful in the Church of Christ. We succeeded in getting young Benjamin Davies, first, to South Chard ; then to Leighton Buzzard ; and from thence (like that zealous Joseph Wilkins, of Brighton), Benjamin gave us the slip. He looked upon C. H. Spurgeon's territory as is said of Issachar, “He saw that rest was good,” (no rest, he thought, with us poor people) ; “He saw the land that it was pleasant ; and bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant unto tribute.” Well, we were sorry to lose him ; but Benjamin always behaved kindly to us, and, in our heart, we always loved him. At our last anniversary of *The Earthen Vessel*, Benjamin Davies stood on our platform, and told the people plainly how much he felt indebted to his old friend, the Editor, and how abidingly he loved him. We did not think that was to be the last time we should meet with him in this world ; but so it has fallen out. We simply heard he was ill. The next messenger said, he is gone. How mysteriously afflicting is his death just now ! For twelve years he has been preaching in Greenwich, and working, with all the energy and industry he could command, to erect a new chapel. This great movement was crowned with good success. A handsome chapel has been built, opened, and nearly paid for, when lo ! the pastor of a church with over 150 members—the preacher to a large congregation—the leader of a flourishing school—the husband of a loving wife—the father of a numerous family—the friend of all who truly believe in the Saviour and his Gospel—the devoted, the justly-aspiring servant of God—Benjamin Davies, of Greenwich, suddenly falls beneath the sudden stroke of death.

Young men! ministers in your prime! yea, to all people we say, lay this sad event to heart. Oh, think how suddenly this young man's earthly prospects have all been blighted; think how uncertain to all is our existence here; think of the bereaved church, of the broken-hearted widow, of the fatherless children; and, as you think, lift up your hearts unto God, that he would be a Father to the fatherless, and a Husband to the widow; for, without God appears, what will they do?

#### HIS DEATH.

Our now departed friend, Benjamin Davies, was born in September, 1833; he would have been thirty-nine had he lived until next September. But we have seen his cold mortal frame in a solid oak coffin; we could scarce believe his spirit had fled; but it is true. On Thursday, May 2, he took a walk with his much-endear'd wife; and in the evening, he was seized with a shivering fit; in about eight days, he sank in a lovely calm; he breathed his last on Saturday morning, May 11, 1872, about two in the early morning. He simply looked at his beloved partner, and said, "Precious wife!" and never spoke again. Previous to that he had begged to be quiet; "Let me go down into the valley quiet," he said. He asked his wife to pray for him; and then he prayed for himself. He said, "They are singing in the house." His wife said, "No, dear, there is no singing." He said, "They are singing; but it is not unpleasant." Then he appeared to hear them more distinctly. He said to his wife, "Cannot you hear them?" She answered, "No, my dear, I cannot; but you are nearer to them than me; *what* do they sing?" He said, "Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!" He was perfectly himself; we feel certain the angels came to waft and welcome his soul away, and they accompanied their mission with sweet hallelujahs, praising the Lord.

#### DR. MILLER'S NOBLE SYMPATHY.

Nothing that ever we heard, in the whole course of our life, did ever exceed, for purity of spirit, and for dignified brotherly love, the kindness of Canon Miller, the Vicar of Greenwich. On the Sunday evening, as Mr. Davies died on the previous Saturday morning, the Vicar preached, in his Parish Church, a most affecting sermon on death, &c. Then he said, "Now, my friends, my sermon is done, but I want you to let me take the bereaved widow, Mrs. Davies, £50; not as a charity; we will not have any plates at the door, but I will stand at the altar, and hold a plate, and all who desire to aid me can come to me there." The noble-hearted vicar did so; and instead of £50, he called on Mrs. Davies on the Monday morning, spoke consolingly to her, prayed to the Lord for her, and gave her a cheque for £113. He assured Mrs. Davies that every penny of it came out of love for her departed husband. This spontaneous action on the part of that truly godly man, the Vicar of Greenwich, requires no comment from us; it speaks in terms most powerfully and blessedly too, that Christian charity is still in existence; and when developed on such occasions, by such men, and in such a manner, presenteth one of the most striking evidences of the nature and influence of that religion which unites its possessors to God, in Christ, by the Holy Spirit, and to all who are enabled to walk in love, while labouring here purely for the good of souls.

*(Further particulars next month.)*

“THIS POOR MAN CRIED.”

DEATH OF WILLIAM UPSHER IBBERSON, SUTTON, ISLE OF ELY,  
AGED 20 YEARS.

**G**LORIOUS indeed is the sight to the saints of God, and joy unspeakable to us who are believing parents, when we see our sons and daughters are, by grace Divine, the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty; and when removed by death from us on earth, we are “sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing,” (2 Cor. vi. 10) knowing that “absent from the body, they are present with the Lord:” whereas, if the stroke of death had smitten down one in whom no signs of repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ had been manifested, how bitter that lamentable cry from the bereaved, broken-hearted parent, “O, my son Absalom, my son; my son Absalom; would to God I had died for thee; O, Absalom, my son, my son.”

William Upsher Ibberson, the beloved son of George and Lydia Ibberson, was born, December the 1st, 1851, surrounded with providential comforts, and with some who fear the Lord and love the truth as it is in Jesus, who, subsequently to his call by grace were, instrumentally, great blessings as helpers in his pilgrimage to the golden city. The writer had an acquaintance with our departed young friend from early youth, and was, for many years, his spiritual and secular instructor. He was never a wild or vicious youth, yet loved the pleasures and amusements of this sinful world as well as any. Having been apprenticed to a draper, at Bishop Stortford, his health and strength began to fail, so as to necessitate his return home. After a while, with the blessing of God, and good nursing, he partially recovered, and then went to assist his uncle at Watford, and from there to Royston. Serious impressions were in his mind concerning his state as a sinner before God, and concerning death, from the period of his leaving Bishop Stortford through affliction. Thoughts of what would become of his never-dying soul would frequently harass his mind, but did not then lead to a permanent change of conduct, as was painfully evidenced in one instance while at Royston, when he was about 17 years of age; and he wished it to be published as a warning to young men, who may be similarly away from the parent's eye, and tempted to desecrate the Sabbath, a sin not unfrequent in youth distant from home, but one of which they may be sure, “their sin will find them out.” One Sunday, led away by temptation, our young friend, with some others, determined to obtain some pigeons' eggs from a gentleman's park in the vicinity. Success so far crowned their efforts, that they obtained the desired booty, and William had charge of the whole, when suddenly there was an alarm that the game-keeper was close upon them; away fled his companions and left him with the condemning proofs of his Sabbath day's pleasure in his hand; he was too weak to secure an escape. Thus apprehended, with every likelihood of being incarcerated in prison, he begged the gamekeeper to release him, but his cries were useless, he must go before the owner of the park. As they were thus proceeding, (he says,) if ever he prayed fervently to God, he did then,

that the Lord would deliver him, and prevent his being sent to prison. This prayer was answered. The gentleman forgave him, with an admiration for the future, and thus this text in the 34th Psalm became a special favourite. "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles." It was not long after this that he again had to return home, consumption having invalidated his system, and reducing him slowly but surely to the dust of death.

It was twelve months last January when the writer went down to Sutton for the benefit of his health, and was requested by several friends to preach to them once during his visit. At Mepal, a door was opened very kindly for that object. Mr. Robinson gave the use of his pulpit one Lord's-day evening. Among the hearers was the subject of this memoir, who, though so ill, was determined to be present, whatever might be the consequences. This sermon was made by the Holy Spirit a special blessing to him. He said, "I shall never forget it. I would not have missed going on any account. He felt it was a Gospel poor sinners could die by. There was a needs be, for my coming there." It was after this sermon that he was brought under a deep sense of his state as the chief of sinners, and many fearful apprehensions pervaded his soul. Now, in reality and sincerity, he began to pray God to have mercy upon his sinful soul, and now he commenced speaking to those who were seeking his spiritual welfare around him, concerning the salvation of his soul. Previously he had knelt beside his mother in the form of prayer, but now, he said, he felt a power he never felt before. He began also to feel something of the value, and a love to those who loved the Lord. Not that he loved any of his dear friends less, but for some he felt a spiritual affection and union of soul, for they could converse with him about Jesus Christ, His precious blood and righteousness, the exceeding great and precious promises, with the suitability and security of His finished work, which now was "all his salvation and all his desire." His favourite books were the Bible, the hymn-book, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Dr. Owen's Exposition of the 130th Psalm*, (which the writer gave to him,) and also *Corbett's Life*, from which he gained much edification and consolation.

Spiritual conversation he now desired with those who loved the truth; he would have nothing but a free-grace salvation. Often did he express his weakness, sinfulness, and unworthiness, and if ever he was saved it must be by grace, and grace alone, not by creature works or merits. He knew by painful experience what it was to grope about in darkness of soul; trying to read the Word, and other good books, but finding all sealed up from him. Sometimes when he tried to pray secretly, he said, he felt there was nothing in his prayers but darkness, often in great fear that God would never be found his God, yet frequently repeating,—

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

In reply to the anxious enquiries of his dear mother, he said, "I want to feel that Christ is mine, and I am his," also exclaiming, "None but the Holy Spirit can reveal it to me." He possessed a great fear lest he should prove a hypocrite, and this was so powerful, at times, as to prevent him speaking concerning those spiritual realities which he most certainly was experiencing within his own soul.



On Tuesday, November 21, 1871, the writer again being on a visit to Sutton, our young friend, for the first time, gave him a sweet and soul-encouraging testimony of what the Lord had done for his immortal soul; completely satisfactory that "flesh and blood had not revealed these things unto him, but his Father which is in heaven." On Friday, November 24th, in another interview with our young brother in Christ, he was not so communicative as previously, being, as we afterwards ascertained, under the influence of the temptation of the adversary. Yet the enemy could not altogether hold him fast, for he not only expressed his knowledge and satisfaction in the way of salvation, but also, the vanity of all earthly pleasures, repeating with great emphasis,—

" 'Tis religion that can give  
Sweetest pleasures while we live;  
'Tis religion must supply  
Solid comfort when we die."

He felt not only an earnest desire for the salvation of his own soul, but also for the rest of the family, who were not, as yet, partakers of the same grace. Sometimes a household is taken, as Lydia's, Stephanas, and the family of Martha, Mary, Lazarus, and many others. About three weeks before he died, he said,

" 'Begone unbelief, my Saviour is near.'

Mother, I do pray the Lord to show me light." A sister present said, "Ah, William, you want that morning without clouds." He replied, "I do; that is what I long for." At another time, being asked concerning the state of his mind, said, "I have a ray of light, but I feel afraid to speak, for fear I should be a hypocrite," at the same time wringing his hands in soul-trouble. Another sister was reading to him, when he wished the 130th Psalm to be read; he stated how much his soul had been blessed many times by that Psalm. Again he expressed how weak and helpless he felt himself, when our sister replied in the words of the poet,—

" 'Weak as you are, you shall not faint,  
Or fainting shall not die;  
Jesus, the strength of every saint,  
Will aid you from on high.'"

These were words of consolation to him, which he expressed by his lips, and countenance also. For months past he has been seen in secret prayer, but this last month he has prayed aloud, latterly exclaiming, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness. 'Thou wilt show me the path of life.' 'In Thy presence is fulness of joy, at Thy right hand are pleasures for evermore.'"

About ten or eleven days before his decease, his affliction was, at times, very heavy: difficulty of breathing, coughing, &c.; could not even swallow a drop of water, for fear of suffocation, yet saying, to a sister present, "Presently I hope to drink full draughts of bliss." She then said, "To all appearance your time is very short." He answered, "I know it is; but—

" 'Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are;  
While on His breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.'"

From this time he took to his bed, and gradually sank into the arms of death. The week before he died, he said, If ever I get to heaven,

“ Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing.”

On the Sunday before he died, his brother Henry sounded a few notes on the piano, in another room, when he desired all the doors to be opened, and for them to sing and play—“ Jerusalem my happy home,” in which he joined with great fervency, his countenance beaming with holy joy. His sister-in-law said, “ Before next Sabbath you may be in rest.” He replied, “ he hoped he should, but trusted he should not be impatient.” This was his frequent prayer. She then read the 23rd Psalm to him, to the 4th verse, when he said, “ What a precious promise that is, it hath often comforted me.”

On the day previous to his death, his mother inquired concerning the state of his mind; he pointed to a motto against the wall, which he had worked himself, and exclaimed, “ Jesus only, Jesus only.” On the day he died, Thursday, March 14, (at noon) his mother asked him if he wished her to read to him; when he repeated, “ The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.” That Psalm being read, he was asked if there was any passage he would like to have preached from, and by any particular minister. He said, “ Yes; I want to see Mr. Edwards; send for him, I have something to tell him; and I wish him to preach from Isaiah xli., 10.” He also chose the hymns, and then said, “ I want Mr. Edwards to exalt my Saviour, and to tell the young people about me, and to warn them concerning the sinful pleasures of this world.” His last words were, “ This poor man cried unto the Lord, and the Lord heard him, and delivered him from all his fears.” His lips afterward were seen to move for a short period, and then he died in faith, and in a good and soul-comforting hope, founded on the “ Rock of Ages,” “ Jesus only.” His mortal remains were interred in the chapel yard, on Wednesday, March 20th; his corpse being in the chapel, and the services being performed at the same period as our brother Wells's corpse was in the Surrey Tabernacle, by the writer and Mr. Baker, the present pastor. The funeral sermon was preached before a large assemblage on Lord's-day evening, March 24, from the chosen text. And may the blessing of a three-one Jehovah rest upon the services; and may we die the death of the righteous, and may our last end be like his, viz., “ Glory.”

R. G. EDWARDS.

#### WITHIN THE VAIL.

In bygone days of types and shadows dim,  
What wondrous things within the vail  
were found!

The ark, the mercy-seat, the cherubim—  
The high priest only passed its sacred bound;  
Once in the year he entered there alone,  
With sprinkled blood, for Israel to atone.

These all were types of what is now complete,  
Christ, the High Priest, hath gone within  
the vail;

God's eye is resting on the mercy-seat,  
On law fulfilled, and blood that must prevail.  
No seeking, mourning soul will be denied—  
The vail was rent when Christ for sinners died.

Within the vail our future lies concealed:  
But, Christian, think in each foreboding  
hour,

Wellingborough.

The times and seasons that are unrevealed,  
Are placed in thine Almighty Father's power.  
Whatever troubles to thy lot may fall,

Thy loving Father knows and rules them all.  
Within the vail of Christ's humanity

The Godhead shone when here on earth He  
dwelt— [felt:

Shone in His words, whose power was deeply  
Poor mortals would have died if they had seen  
The mighty God without a vail between.

Who are within the vail? The loved, the lost,  
Dear saints of God who used with us to  
dwell;

Jesus is there amidst the ransomed host,  
His presence makes their joy unspeakable:  
All earthly joys must quickly fade and fail—  
Eternal pleasures are within the vail.

D. M. M.

# THAT MOST GLORIOUS ANTHEM YET TO BE SUNG,

"THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH,"

## PART II.

**I**F a man could read the history of the world, from the time that Christ went home, down to the present, such a man would never conclude from the external face of things that it was right to sing in the *present tense*, "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." And, yet, nothing could be more truthful, even in what might appear the blackest seasons of the world's existence, than this holy triumph, "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." For, as Thomas Cooper says, in the dark ages, when ignorance and superstition so prevailed, that the people were deluded by monks and friars to a fearful extent; yet, even then, our God and his Christ had their witnesses; there were some bright stars in the darkest night. In the tenth century, in that "arch in the bridge of history over the gulf of time," called "The Arch of Darkness," in that period there were in the valleys of the Alps the persecuted Waldenses, who would have nothing to do with the Popish priests; nothing to do with their mummeries and fooleries. They clung to God's covenant, to Christ's person, to the Holy Ghost's revelations, to the New Testament. Holy, and self-denying lives did they live, PROVING THEIR CHRISTIANITY to be a heavenly power; and in their time of anguish, when they were burned, butchered, and bled to death, in that horrible crisis, they sometimes burst out, exclaiming, "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!"

And when the news of these Popish murders came to the ears of Oliver Cromwell, he said to his secretary, John Milton, "Write to the Pope; tell him, if all that devil's work be not ended, he shall soon hear the English cannon at Rome!" The Pope put an end to the murders at once. When Oliver Cromwell spoke out, men knew whom they had to deal with. "Do not you think," asketh Cooper, "we want somebody with Cromwell's spirit now?" For, never was the New Testament Church of Christ in a greater strait than she is at the present time!

We speak not of the National, of the Congregational, of the Free-will, or Open-Communion churches. We speak not of those ABSTRACT sections of the professing Church who dwell, exclusively, either on the five points of cardinal doctrine, or upon the dark conflicts of the flesh. No, certainly not. Those ministers and churches who give the people *some* Gospel, with baby-sprinkling; or *some* Gospel, with open communion; or some Gospel with free-will and duty-faith appendages: those ministers who give the Gospel simply in the high doctrines; or a Gospel of conflicts and corruptions — all these kind of professors succeed in the appearance of prosperity; but where Gospel truth, Gospel ordinances, and the power of the Holy Ghost in the ministry is required (because nothing short of this three-fold demonstration will satisfy the living, Christ-seeking believer); where this trinity of blessings is earnestly sought,—TRUTH in *doctrine*, TRUTH in *practice*, and TRUTH in a *soul-vitalizing* and *experimental power*; where this heavenly unity is desired, there is a great disappointment: for, even where a minister is

sound enough in doctrine, and stiff enough in practice, yet, having no saving experience of his own, he cannot feel the Church of the living God. Enlightened and experienced Christian ! Do you not see the form of godliness is almost everywhere smothering the truth of the Gospel ? Is there not a bleating among the sheep ? Do not the *living* people feel there is something wanting ? Do not the churches send from Dan to Beersheba after one and another to come unto them as God's mouth ? And, in succession, all the highly recommended pastors in the kingdom come before the people. Novelty, excitement, and the *sound* of good words amazingly attract at first ; but dissolving views, of themselves, can never cast out Satan, break the powers of sin, nor bring in the glories of the Great Messiah. Albeit, the anthem, in measure, is true, "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

There are some highly favoured Noahs, Enochs, Daniels, and Jobs now, who, from the sacred fellowship with a Triune Jehovah which they have had, and still have, know in themselves that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth ; for, although that kingdom which Daniel said should stand for ever, and should destroy all other kingdoms, is not yet fully REVEALED in the PERFECTION of its GREATNESS and GLORY ; still, in every dispensation, some distinguishing feature of that kingdom has been given ; and although the dispensation itself has perished and passed away, the chief and essential feature of it remains ; and the PERMANENT EXISTENCE of THAT DISTINCT FEATURE proveth that, "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

Prove this assertion for yourself. What were the chief elements of power in the garden of Eden ? It is true, the original Paradise has perished : Adam and Eve have passed away, and left us a bitter inheritance—we know all that ; but there were three essential features in their existence, which *still* ABIDE, and *EVER* WILL ABIDE, between Christ and his Church. Between Adam and Eve there was the most perfect UNITY, the purest INNOCENCE : the sweetest and holiest COMMUNION WITH GOD. These three essential elements continue. The Church of Christ and her Covenant Head stand before God in one undivided unity ; in Him she is INNOCENT, "all fair," "no spot ;" and through Him she has seasons of indescribable communion with God. In my first paper I briefly referred to these inner court mercies ; and will drop my pen here by simply remarking that such seasons of holy anointing give the favoured soul a clear, a deep, a correct, a sensitive *discernment* : it can see where a profession of Christ is simply in the mind and in the flesh, where the profession of religion is *assumed* ; where it is *naked* ; where it dwells in ignorance of Christ's light, love and liberty ; and from all such presumptuous, or pretended disciples, the anointed one turns away with discontent and sorrow. The fact is, as we are "chosen in Christ, *that* (weigh that little word *that*) we should be holy, and without blame before him in love ;" so, even now, it is only as we can come secretly before him, free from all blame, and full of all his love, that we realize any sacred contentment. Dead to the law ; married to Christ ; dead to the world ; alive to the service of Christ ; dead to all forms (so that they, when alone, are burdensome), but full of energy when Christ shows himself through those ceremonies, proving in the highest sense, that it is only IN HIM that we live, and move, and have our spiritual being.

Of that most glorious anthem yet to be sung, I will pray the Lord to enable me to open to you some things which have been opened to your unworthy servant. In the meantime let me write two lines: the cause of our weakness, divisions, and jealous strifes in these days, is this: we live too much in and upon the externals of the Gospel; while we live too little in the silent and solemn fellowship of our Lord: at least, so fears

C. W. B.

(To be Continued.)

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## BLACK BARTHOLOMEW:

A WORD FOR NEW TESTAMENT BELIEVERS.

**L**ET us not forget that in August next, three hundred years have rolled away since the poor French Huguenots were horribly massacred in France. The term "Huguenots" means Protestants in France, who stood firm when the wars broke in upon them after the Reformation. Admiral Coligni was the chief of these Huguenots. Charles IX. ordered him to be slain, and all who stood in the faith with him. This Admiral Coligni was resting in his chamber: at a given signal, the assassins rushed in, stabbed him to death in an instant, then hurled his mangled body out of the window. From this the murderous crew dashed on. Sixty thousand men, with all kinds of murderous weapons in their hands, literally turned into incarnate demons shouted out, "DOWN WITH THE HUGUENOTS! KILL—KILL! *Blood-letting is as good in August as in May! KILL, KILL; 'tis the command of the king!!!*"

What followed? Two thousand helpless, half-naked men were slaughtered that morning; their bodies were pitched into the river; while crowds of the monster-crew whistled, howled, and yelled like fiends, using the most horrid oaths of blasphemy.

Sirs, it was hell let loose upon the lovers and followers of Jesus! And this, too, on a Sunday morning in August, 1572. With the history of this most blood-thirsty deed I proceed not now. It seems to make my soul tremble. But I ask, are we English Protestants [the Lord forgive me if I have used a term now become *obsolete*, out of use, not fashionable, for, where to find a body of sound-hearted, zealous, faithful English Protestants, I know not. I have sent out thousands of papers to find them, to call them into action; but my labours and losses in this direction have been worse than useless, and yet I cannot be quiet. I dare to ask, therefore, are we English Protestants] safe in these times? Is there not now a most deadly conspiracy at work against THE TRUTH—THE NEW COVENANT TRUTH OF THE GOSPEL?

Sirs, if your eyes have ever been opened to read the rise and growth of error, then you know that, from the third century down to the fifteenth century, the tide of error rolled in as gradually and as progressively as possible. The Reformation was a crisis; but where is the Reformation now? Archdeacon Sinclair said, publicly, on the morning of May 6, 1872, "Never was the church more virulently assailed on all sides than now." He continued, "Never were Infidels, Romanists, and

Anti-churchmen more resolute or more confident in their determination to overthrow the Protestant Truth of the Bible. And how soon the various detachments of the church's enemies—enemies to Christ's Gospel, enemies to Christ's people, enemies to CHRIST Himself—I say, how soon they may combine, determine, and break out, no man on earth can tell."

One thing is very certain. The last most emphatic commands of our LORD and MASTER were indicative of danger and distress; therefore He said, "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer; behold (something amazing, something notable and terrible), behold the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days." Then cometh the two sides of the awful struggle—the great conflict. First, there is *our* side, "BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH!" Secondly, there is His side, "AND I WILL GIVE THEE A CROWN OF LIFE!"

I ask two questions: Are any of us faithful in these times? If so, how can we demonstrate our faithfulness to our God, to His CHRIST, and to the ETERNAL SPIRIT?"

First of all, let us put no confidence in the terms "Protestants," "Christians," "Baptists," "Strict Baptists," "Churchmen," "Believers," &c. These names appear to me now to express next to nothing. Men of almost every kind range under these. But one thing seems wanting in them: THE LOVE-CREATING LIFE of THE GREAT REVEALER of GOD'S CHRIST—"THE BREATH" from the four winds of heaven, which only can raise up the elect of God into a spiritual and visible union to the Truth as it is in Jesus Christ.

Secondly. Let all honest, God-taught people band together under this one Scriptural designation, "THE NEW TESTAMENT CHURCH."

Thirdly. Let us hold meetings—Pentecostal meetings—to express our determination to "continue steadfast in the apostles' doctrine, in fellowship, in breaking of bread, and (especially) in prayer." Let these meetings be holden every night in the week in different places by arrangement; let every New Testament believer be up and doing. And may our God be our refuge and our strength. So prays,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

"August 24th, 1572.—St. Bartholomew's black and bloody day. A hundred thousand defenceless Protestants butchered in France, and about the same time in other continental countries, and also in our own, by the cruel Papists. If they obtain power, they will do so again. Let all Protestants celebrate the tercentenary next August by a counter demonstration to the boasted Œcumenical Council and unscriptural Infallibility dogma of the Pope of Rome. He has had his day, now let Protestants have theirs."

## A PRAYER FOR UNION.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

MY DEAR SIR,—Among the readers of *The Earthen Vessel* for last month, I think there must be a spontaneous response to the remarks therein contained relative to the present condition of our Strict Baptist Churches. Undoubtedly this is a subject which impera-

tively demands our prayerful attention. We believe and profess, by the light given us, to hold the Gospel in all simplicity, purity, and sincerity; we too believe that, in our comparative isolation as a denomination, we are adhering and holding fast unto "the faith once delivered to the saints." But, still, if this be so, it is only an addition to the many reasons for the presentation of fervent, heaven-born, and heaven-inspired supplications at the Throne of Grace, that the saving presence of Jehovah may be realized in the midst of His people. If, as the children of the living God, we are allied to Him in bonds of eternal love and covenant faithfulness, and if the prosperity of the church truly lies near our hearts, then most assuredly the small amount of real prosperity, life, or heavenly unction apparently enjoyed must cause us to make the solemn inquiry, "Is there not a cause? Does a Sardis-like spirit pervade our churches? Does a feeling of lethargy and indifference abound either in the means of grace, or anxiety for the advancement of Christ's kingdom?" If so, may we be led to seek unto the Lord our God, and await the fulfilment of his promise concerning Zion.

An old adage says, "unity is strength," and if this could be exemplified in all our causes, and among all our ministers, much, no doubt, would be effected to remedy those things over which we are now constrained to mourn. Organization and united effort must tend to promote true Christian unity—that most essential of all blessings. I feel convinced you have laboured hard to bring about this happy and much longed-for desideratum; but little encouragement is given by reason of the many sub-divisions existing in our midst. There are, alas! some whose conduct say, "We are the temple of the Lord, and we only;" others, who are wonderfully complacent in a decent semi-Pharisaical morality, which must ever be grievous to those who desire not to glory in the flesh, "but in the Lord only." Nevertheless, blessed be God! the foundation still standeth sure; may it be ours to rest thereon, being established in the glorious truths of the immortal Word, and having, by the grace given us, endeavoured, as far as in us lies, to advance the kingdom of the Redeemer, may we in the death valley of our departure from things below, hear the all-blessed welcome, "Enter thou into the joy of the Lord." E. P. B.

[The subject of unity has long been upon our mind, and we clearly see that it is the one thing for which every true believer in the faith should labour. But in every righteous man's case four things are required: (1) Let every erring brother be free to CONFESS his error; (2) Let him give evidence that the Lord hath received and restored him; (3) Let him be faithful to declare his faith in CHRIST—in the doctrines and ordinances of the New Testament, and his experience of the Holy Spirit's work in his own soul, and (4) Let each be willing to esteem others better than himself; let pride, arrogance, evil-speaking, and all unholy conversation be discarded; let us meet together, and fall before the Lord in honest, believing, wrestling prayer, and good will come.—ED.]

THOUGH Moses grew old, yet his strength never failed; nor hath the law given by him lost any of its strength, power, or authority towards sinners.

## THE MIND OF CHRIST IS IN THE WORD.

DEAR SIR,—The favourite “ism” of our day combines a certain amount of Calvinistic doctrine with the pretension or delusion that the regenerate have inherent power at command to do spiritual things, whereas the regenerate know by painful experience that they have no such power in the slightest degree only as it is given by the Spirit; and many scriptures in our English version tend to strengthen this delusion: *e. g.*, Isaiah xxvi. 3. “Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee.”

Literally the passage reads thus:—“A mind upheld, or propped up, thou wilt keep in peace—peace while it trusteth in thee.” Those of the living, who are not quite in their infancy, will at once see the propriety and truthfulness of the literal reading. In it you have the twofold peace of mediation, and the experimental ministration of it by the Spirit in the soul. Any good Hebrew lexicon will show that the particle “*chi*,” rendered in our version “because,” may be better translated “while.” (See Gesenius.) Deeply-tried hyper-Calvinists are the only persons fit to be trusted with the work of Biblical revision. Human learning alone will not suffice. If you think proper to print this, I will send you a few more similar contributions. Yours truly,

PRIVATE TUTOR.

10, Irving Grove, Stockwell, S.W.  
April, 1872.

## PRODUCTIONS OF THE PRESS.

## THIS IS CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

In May number of *Gilead*, from the late Mr. Parks's writings, the following testimony is given. Mr. Parks says, he once asked a Christian man, “What evidence could you give of your soul's interest in Christ's blood-shedding, if required? A Christian man once said to me, ‘Sir, I don't like talking of works, or even of graces developed in me, for God knows I am so deeply conscious of in-born corruptions, that I dare not look upon any of them with satisfaction, yet if consistency of life and conversation were to be the test for fitness for heaven, I think I might go into the scales with any of them; but this I can call God to witness to, namely, I have seen so clearly the awful and damning nature of sin, and the wondrous efficacy of Christ's blood, that I am certain, if I were left to my own will, I should perish everlastingly, and if I am interested in Christ's blood-shedding, I am saved for ever and ever.’ ‘You are *not* sure then that you are interested,’ I observed. ‘Well, sir,’ he replied, ‘Sometimes I am, and sometimes I am not. I have had many sweet visits from the Lord, many precious lifts by the way, but somehow darkness over-

shadows my soul sometimes, and I wonder whether I am the Lord's or not, but here is my strong consolation. I know I am a hell-deserving sinner, but I know I am not a hypocrite, the Lord knows that I lie not; I worship God through the Spirit, my boast is in Christ Jesus, and I have no confidence in the flesh. I can say I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus. He is all my hope and all my desire.’ My friends, can you endorse this? If so, you have Paul's convictions, Paul's longings, and Paul's teachings.” *Gilead* always gives us good strong meat.

## ENGLAND RISING TO HER CLIMAX.

“Never was the British Empire more flourishing, more tranquil, more opulent than at present; its imports and exports, and its revenue were never greater than in the current year: nevertheless, breakers are ahead, and although now gliding so smoothly on the stream of affluence and prosperity, it is nearing the rapids and will soon be hurried into the Niagara of war and revolution, to be engulfed in a whirlpool of desolation, and its greatness become a thing of the past.” Thus writes *Signs of Our Own Times*. As if



that was not strong enough, the writer gives the following:—"Great Britain alone seems tranquil and undisturbed: nevertheless she stands on the brink of an abyss and totters on the edge of a volcano. When the Queen recently visited Napoleon at Chislehurst, she little thought of the strange vicissitudes and reversal in position that will soon befall each of them. The discredited exile will presently become the most powerful monarch the world has ever seen: but the Sovereign who is now esteemed the most prosperous, if not the most powerful, will have to drink deeply of the cup of adversity and humiliation." We can neither despise, nor endorse, these prophetic announcements: but, as far as our influence can reach, we would exhort the whole Church of Christ, and every branch of that redeemed family, to be united together in constant, in fervent, in honest, in believing prayer. "God is our Refuge: He alone is our Strength." And while so many of his righteous pleading saints are found in England, we trust He will spare our nation for His elect's sake.

#### HOW MUCH DO YOU OWE?

Josiah Cowell, Esq., of Chelmsford, has issued *Ninth Annual Report of Poor Saint's Relief Fund*. The following truthful and sweet paragraph we quote therefrom: "To remember the poor, is God-like; to minister to the necessities of a disciple, is Christ-like! As the Lord himself then has left in our midst these impoverished and afflicted ones, let us cheerfully accept the legacy and endeavour to show ourselves worthy of the trust. The path of duty is not only the place of safety, but the position of honour; and though we have not now the person of Jesus visibly present amongst us so that we could offer Him 'meat and drink,' &c., yet have we Him *representatively* in His members, both as 'hungry' and 'thirsty,' in poverty's 'nakedness,' and destitution's 'prison'; and it becomes those 'who possess this world's goods' not to look upon their poorer brethren as deserved outcasts of Christian society, but as, in this respect, better types than themselves of Him, who, when on earth, 'had not where to lay His head.' Let us then 'love not in word and tongue only, but in deed and in truth;' so that whilst the desire of the wicked is to 'devour the poor secretly,' be it our privilege and honour to *secretly* do them good. Our obligation is according to our ability. Dear reader, how much owest thou to thy Lord? If you give of your substance 'as the Lord has prospered you,' surely you will send

a trifle to this sacred treasury, established on purpose for the Lord's *own* poor. A gift to them is a loan to Him."

#### "WHAT SHALL WE PREACH?"

A clergyman, named Havergall, who, some time since, died at Worcester, asked this question: it is recorded with his answer in *Our Own Fireside* for May. He says, "Let us habitually preach Christ as the end of the law for righteousness to every contrite believer; Christ as the source of sanctification; Christ as the All-in-all of the sinner, the powerful and practical friend of the helpless, the miserable, the broken-hearted sinner." In same number, there are some verses by the bereaved child on her deceased father. The last few lines express the pure, deep sorrow of an orphan's heart. She says:—

"'Yet speaketh!' O, my father, now more dear

Than ever. I have cried, 'Oh, speak to me,

Only once more, once more!' But now I hear

The far-off whisper of thy melody.

Thou art 'yet speaking' on the heavenly hill

Each word a note of joy. Then shall not we

'be still?'"

The editor's words of counsel to young men should — with perseverance and prayer—be widely circulated. Let us get our young people thoroughly to READ THE BIBLE; and sacred effects will follow.

*Comfort for Those whose Prayers are Feeble.*—In the *Sword and Trowel* for May, we have some good common-sense advice for churches, and a spiritual discourse on prayer: the text is, "Hide not thine ear at my breathing." Mr. Spurgeon says, "Some of us are often much depressed, and are frequently so tossed to and fro in mind, that if prayer were an operation which required the faculties to be all at their best, we should not, at such times, be able to pray at all. But, O brethren, when the mind is very heavy, then is not the time to give up praying, but rather to redouble our supplications. . . . If thou canst not speak, cry; if thou canst not cry, groan; if thou canst not rise in that, let thy prayer be a breathing, a vital sincere desire, the out-pouring of thine inner-life, and in the simplest and weakest form, and God will accept it." "Whitefield at Work" is a descriptive paper which shames us lukewarm professors dreadfully.

#### THE FALL, ITS ORIGIN, AND FEARFUL FRUITS.

This awfully mysterious fact is described, in words clear and concise, in a small volume issued by Messrs. Nisbet & Co., in Berners street, bearing the title, *Bible Stories for the Young*. By G. L. E. Simple, truthful, edifying, and really good.

*The Experience of the Late Mr. James Wells.*—We are thankful we gave the original experience of our departed friend in the *Earthen Vessel* for April. A Pastor in the Provinces says, "The experience of our friend Wells should be spread broadcast: I have not, for a long time, seen anything in the way of experience so thorough and scripturally plain." The Editor of *Zion's Witness*, in his May issue, gives a manly notice of Mr. Wells's ministry. We cannot doubt but that many will receive good from the large circulation we have given of that great testimony to the power of the true grace of God.

*The Missionary World: an Encyclopædia of Facts relating to Christian Missions.* In twelve fourpenny parts. (Elliot Stock.)—"What good have Missionaries done?" is a frequent question. This work furnishes many a reply: the conversion of the King of the Friendly Islands; the translation of God's Holy Word into many languages; and the moral influence diffused, are leading representative facts. If Missionary Societies have not done all they desire, they have accomplished some great preparatory works. If our friends could see or hear, or read for themselves, they would believe more than they do.

"*The Gates Ajar*" Criticised and Corrected. By an Englishwoman. London: G. J. Stevenson.—This English lady, with a mind of no ordinary power,

and an experience of true godliness, has tenderly, but justly, exposed the sensational, unwise, and erroneous teaching of *The Gates Ajar*.

#### A SETTLED MATTER TO BE ATTENDED TO.

Such is "Baptism," says Joseph Taylor, in his neat pamphlet, *Joseph and Thomas: An Answer to Mr. Thomas Edwards*. To be had of R. Banks, Racquet Court, Fleet street. Free for four stamps.

*Forty Years' Retrospect.*—Dr. Stoughton has, in few words, and with the tenderest charity, reviewed the growth of the Christian Churches during the last forty years. He stands firm on the *Rock*—but hopefully speaks of those who appear to be divergents.

*The Papacy: An Allegory.* By J. R. H. In sixteen pages for one penny. Published in Birmingham, by C. Caswell.—You will here find a more truthful exposition of Popery than in many larger volumes.

*New Cyclopædia of Illustrative Anecdotes, &c.* In twelve sixpenny parts. (Elliot Stock.)—Full of pithy pieces to amuse; some to confirm; and not a few which furnish useful knowledge.

*Husbands and Wives* will find a Dialogue in *Old Jonathan* for May, which throws much light upon the present and future causes of many domestic difficulties.

*The Little Gleaner* is one of the very best monthlies for children.

## "THE GOD-MAN."

BY WILLIAM STOKES, MANCHESTER.

"My beloved is mine, and I am his."—*Canticles* ii. 16.

JESUS! Thou art for ever mine!  
Thy fulness, Lord, I claim;  
Thy grace, thy power, thy love divine,  
And thy eternal name.

I bid this empty world depart,  
With all its pomp and pride;  
Be thou my Saviour, near my heart,  
I nothing want beside.

My grateful love could fain resign  
A thousand worlds like this,  
When Jesus owns that He is mine,  
And tells me I am His.

Above all worlds art thou to me,  
My everlasting friend;  
And my warm gratitude to thee  
Shall never, never end.

Far, far away from scenes of strife,  
Thy face I shall behold,  
And sing thy praise, my Lord, my Life,  
To harps of shining gold.

Roll on, dull time, that I may rise,  
To be with Christ above;  
That I may join him in the skies,  
In realms of perfect love.

There, at his feet, I'll praises pour,  
To Him who loved and died;  
And, through Eternity, adore  
THE GOD-MAN CRUCIFIED.

# OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

“JUSTIFYING THE WICKED—CONDEMNING THE JUST.”

TWO NOTES TO MR. THOMAS STRINGER.

*The late Brethren John Foreman, James Wells—“The Earthen Vessel,” etc.*

Woodlands, Isleworth, Middlesex, W.  
May 10th, 1872.

DEAR FRIEND STRINGER, — I have perused with considerable satisfaction and delight your poetical lines, written as a tribute of affectionate regard, and in remembrance of the two great champions for the truth of God, Mr. John Foreman and Mr. James Wells, both having recently been removed from the church militant to the church triumphant, by the decree of their heavenly Father.

And in this month's *Vessel*, your beautiful compilation on the truthfulness, and I may add the usefulness, of that sterling periodical, *The Earthen Vessel*. The tone of your remarks will, I feel assured, cause the heart of that dear little man of God, C. W. Banks, to leap for joy, as a proof that he is not wanting in a sincere friend, to combat with his many foes. I am truly thankful to you, and to our Triune God, who divinely influenced your mind to conceive the propriety, and indeed the necessity of pursuing such a course, in these strange eventful times, when that rank, poisonous weed of Popery is cultivated and sown broad-cast over the length and breadth of this our dear Protestant kingdom, and but few persons seem to mourn over the fact, or strain a nerve to arrest its progress.

*The Earthen Vessel* is a work, to my mind, of sterling excellence. Dear Banks, the indefatigable editor, never diverges from the truth, or truckles to the wills or fancies of any of his readers. That decided course is a leading trait in his character, and the primary cause of the wide circulation of the *Vessel*, combined with his unremitting exertions to render this monthly periodical increasingly useful in the dissemination of Christian knowledge both at home and abroad.

It is truly gratifying to hear from time to time that the *Vessel* braves the stormy winds and waters, glides over the mighty deep, and ultimately reaches a harbour of safety, in almost every Christian land; at all events, wherever the pure Word of God is acknowledged; therefore I say, with all my heart, success to *The Earthen Vessel*, and may it continue under the fostering care of the God of heaven.

I am induced thus to express my sentiments with reference to *The Earthen Vessel*, from the fact of having been a reader of the work in question tracing over twenty years, and have ever entertained the same opinion of its

merits,—that it is a most interesting and useful work, and that its Editor is a man of sound evangelical principles.

In conclusion, I would respectfully take leave to say to him, “Be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as ye know that your labour shall not be in vain in the Lord”—treating with contempt all that men and devils may hatch up against you, feeling assured that you will have your reward in time, and a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

“Then may thy soul march boldly on.

Press forward to the heavenly gate;

There peace and joy for ever reign.

And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rous wait.”

Possibly the perusal of this epistle may afford you some amusement and relief, when you have a few moments leisure, unless you tire before you reach the end. And now believe me, I remain as ever, your sincere friend and companion in tribulation, and fellowship of the Gospel,

R. M. FAN COURT.

Mr. Thomas Stringer.

TO MR. THOMAS STRINGER.

DEAR BROTHER STRINGER,—In your note to me, you very kindly say, you think the letter of your old friend, Mr. Fancourt, “is worthy a place in the *Vessel*.” I gratefully bow to your opinion, and give it a place.

Will you be angry with me if I add a few words to it, to show how opportune was its reception? I had just read King Solomon's words, “He that justifieth the wicked, and he that condemneth the just, *even they both are ABOMINATION to the LORD.*” In the spirit of that text, and in the fear of the Lord, I address this short letter to you, because your note to me, with Mr. Fancourt's, came just at the time when I was most deeply wounded by the secret and wicked slanders of some professors of the Gospel. I feel astonished that such conduct can be pursued, and I can only account for it through a jealousy which is cruel as the grave.

I was invited by Mr. Edwin Langford to attend his public meeting at the Albion hall. The same evening I was engaged to attend, and did attend a meeting at the Cave, and went from thence to Mr. Langford's meeting at Dalston. After I had given a short address, I left Albion hall for home—the distance being considerable. A gentleman at the

meeting wishing to speak with me, ran out of the hall, enquiring for me. Some of the deacons, or officers of the cause at the hall, said to this friend of mine, "What do you want with him? You surely do not desire to 'get' him. We wish he had never come here, &c." Such were the polite words spoken of me to a respectable deacon of one of our London churches—one who has known me for many years. You will be ready to ask, "What could justify any man, or set of men in this speaking of you?" I affirm before God, no man is justified in thus speaking of me.

The facts of the case are these, so far as I know them. Some time back I was preaching in Mr. Langford's chapel at Newton Abbott. The church there was not able to support him and his family, and he desired to remove. I did all in my power to get him to London. I succeeded. The self-same thing I have done for very many others. But as soon as these country gentlemen come to London, some of the pious parsons and holy deacons, and religious conscientious Christians get hold of them, and tell them plainly they must have nothing to do with me. They say I have ruined a whole family, and that had not Mr. Beech paid a large sum of money, a poor widow would have had her bed sold; and others had been driven into the union by me.

Brother Stringer, these baseless and wicked falsehoods have been the unholy capital with which ministers, deacons, and professors have tried their utmost to injure me, my family, to crush THE EARTHEN VESSEL, and to send me to the grave, or to the streets as a wretched mendicant. Permit me to draw your attention to three things.

First. Not one of these pious zealots, these character-crushing friends, have ever dared to come to my face to ask, Are these things so, or not? No, not one: but the venerable sires and the saintly juniors, will ask with amazing astonishment, "What! are you going to have him to preach for you?" And so they scare and frighten some few churches. Not, indeed, that these things hinder my work. My engagements are almost more than I can always attend to. I am writing these words to you, that our Churches, and the world, too, may know that these charges—often made by men who have been helped by me—are daring falsehoods.

Secondly, I can challenge the whole of Christendom to PROVE one wicked action perpetrated by me since I commenced my ministerial course in London. During the last thirty years I have gone into all parts of England, Wales, Cornwall, &c., and no one in any city, town, or village can justly speak one evil word of me.

It is true I have printed books for ministers who could never pay for them. It is true I have lent them hard money, and never had one farthing returned. It is true I saved a widow's son from being prosecuted by paying down a large sum of money—not one penny ever having been paid to me again. It is true I have travelled and preached for poor

churches and deserving brethren at great loss. My brother Wells—now deceased—has reproached me for so doing; but I have always felt I could never do too much to serve my Lord, who has done so much for me. It is true I have published the Gospel beyond my means, and thereby lost more than three thousand pounds, and some few who came to help me, lost with me; but my prayer is that neither my family, nor my friends shall lose one fraction ultimately.

Thirdly, I ask you, brother Stringer, to observe, that while other periodicals which were issued with the express purpose of opposition (which opposition has signally failed, for the *Vessel* has increased, and still increases monthly in its circulation; still while these attempts have been made); while domestic afflictions, and heart-rending bereavements have followed me; while troubles have so overwhelmed me, that twice during the last eleven years I have resigned the pastoral office, still the Lord has been with me. It was much against the will and wish of my deacons and Church that I resigned at Unicorn Yard; but there were three men who bitterly opposed me, therefore I would not stop. A requisition was presented, but I cannot brook opposition. Not one of those three men have ever since been happy. They were influenced by spirits not the most amiable. I was broken-hearted. I paid out of that place during the seven years I ministered there eleven hundred pounds; all my publications were then paying, and I should soon have been in a position to have cleared myself. For this I had been praying and working. But I lent one man a heavy sum of money; his securities fled; he went into the mad-house, and this was the cause of my stoppage. But the Lord has stood by me, and in all parts of this kingdom He has sent and blest me. And it will not be out of place if I say that I have received invitations from America, Scotland, and Ireland to preach that Gospel which is dear to my own soul, while several pastorates have been offered me.

I have much more to say on this matter, but at the present I have so much to do that I must defer, merely asking the Church throughout the world to remember the nervous words with which I commenced this note: "He that justifieth the wicked, and he that condemneth the just, even they both are an abomination to the Lord." I seek no justification from man; but I tell professing persons to beware how they secretly, falsely, and cruelly condemn me. I have letters from all parts of the known world, telling of the use the Lord has been pleased to make of me, of my EARTHEN VESSEL, CHEERING WORDS, &c., and as my earthly career may soon be run out, and as I have patiently endured this low, uncouth persecution for some time, and as I can prove that the basest of falsehoods have been FORGED against me, and my friends persuade me to speak out in defence of truth, I shall, perhaps, write more presently than some may be pleased with. But here, for the present, I stop. I am, dear brother Stringer, yours, &c. C. W. B.

## OUR EVANGELIZING CURATES.

[We grieve, with others, that some are fallen away. When men of promise stoop so low that Satan catcheth them, it makes the heart of Zion to bleed. We are not half earnest enough one toward another. We stand too far apart; and if brother Ahel seems to be honoured of God, up rises the spirit of Cain to slay poor Abel:—

"The devil tempts one mother's son,  
To rage against the other;  
So, wicked Cain was hurried on,  
Till he had killed his brother."

But we have some left; and we believe the safest men of God are the most modest, the most retiring, and the most deeply sanctified. But the churches look for the greatness of the flesh; and for the glory of the natural intellect. In this they are wrong. The following notes are from two holy men of God, who love to preach Christ when he commandeth them so to do.—Ed.]

## THE NEW CREATION.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—May this find you in the enjoyment of that health which is immortal. "*Brethren, pray for us.*" "Consider one another to provoke unto love and unto good works." "So I prayed to the God of heaven." (Neh. ii. 4.) Prayer is the Spirit of Jehovah, enabling the soul to confess to God, to crave pardon, to sue for mercy, and for all the blessings which are promised and treasured up in Christ Jesus, and ministered to us by the Holy Spirit. "I will," it is said of Jesus, "confess to Thee among the Gentiles." There is no confession of Jehovah where the Spirit of Christ is not. "It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of my Father that speaketh in you," and it is not ye that speak, but the Holy Ghost. No man can say that Jesus is Jehovah but by the Holy Ghost. It was the eternal purpose of Jehovah to hold communion with his people upon earth, and in heaven; therefore, he gave to Adam the gift of speech; and Adam had communion with God. By sin entering, this communion was severed, and this gift of speech, like all other natural gifts, was prostituted to holding communion with the devil. The things which the Gentiles sacrifice they sacrifice to devils, not to God. From the fall downwards, every soul is speechless before God, and, until quickened by the Holy Spirit, knows nothing of spiritual humility—a broken and a contrite heart—and cannot know anything of that eternal, immortal, invisible communion which is opened up to and in the soul by the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, taking of the things of Jesus, and revealing them unto us, thus fulfilling the promise, "I will turn unto the people a pure language that they may all seek me with one consent" (all taught of the Lord). "And they spake with new tongues;" with the new heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the new tongue confession is made unto salvation. Without prescribing how much, but with Christian love, to yourself inclusive. N. OAKLEY.

49, Haverstock road,  
Kentish Town, May 11th, 1872.

## ELIJAH'S LAMENT AGAIN.

BELOVED BROTHER BANKS,—Where are the faithful—those who contend for the faith once delivered unto the saints? Is there a place of worship left that a soul may say, "I will go and hear what God the Lord will say unto me?" Well may the good man say, "Help, Lord, for there is not one godly man left." Collegiate power, instead of the power of God; human learning and teaching, man's honour, person, and advantage, is posted about in all places; but we see no honour-seeking of God; plenty of man's preaching but little of Christ's. How often do the angels, in the presence of God, rejoice over repenting sinners? Where are the signs of an apostle? There are large congregations, but no conversions. Oh, for a few faithful souls, if only two or three, that cau say honestly, before a heart-searching God, "who is ready to judge the quick and the dead," "I know that my Redeemer liveth." If I could only find such I should be glad. Nevertheless, I go on; I believe the Lord will enable me even to the end. Surely the time is come when God's elect must keep close in their closets, and hide themselves till the storm be overpast. Our God will come; his reward he will bring; the line of demarcation will be made; the books will be opened, and "the Book of Life." Whose names shall I see written therein? Ah, I know many, likely, some who have been said to be blotted out: oh, may the Lord prepare us for all his Divine will. How much I have thought of dear brother Wells since the funeral; I am truly thankful to God that I was permitted to follow and witness the goodness and faithfulness of our blessed Saviour in permitting such honour to be done to his faithful servant of the truth. Can the vacuum be filled? By whom? We pray that God's dear people may prove that the Master will fill up the breach. May our God continue to bless his despised people, till we all arrive at home, to praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Yours, S. R. LEWIS.

110, Exmouth street, Mile End.

[Does our brother Lewis forget Thomas Stringer, George Reynolds, W. H. Lee, and others near unto him. Has he heard them? Has he weighed them? Has he found them WANTING?]

## BAPTIST MINISTERS DYING.

The author of that singular work, *Punch in the Pulpit*—Philip Cater—died April 27, at Stoke Newington, aged 75. He was a severe critic of ministers; he held several pastorates, but of his usefulness in the good cause we are not able to say much. J. T. Jones, of Cheltenham, has passed away at the age of 32; his ministerial career in Cheltenham was not perfectly smooth; he was received at Bethel by hundreds at first, but he soon left it, and built an iron church, where he preached a few years; but failing health sadly hindered his usefulness. He was highly esteemed by his friends: he was an author as well as a preacher, and much devoted to the cause he espoused. John Gowing, of Norwich, died, April 8, aged 83.

**CAMDEN TOWN.**—A SWEET TESTIMONY. Died, 25th April, 1872, Miss Jane Sophia Ainger, eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Ainger, of Camden Town. The deceased was a member of the Surrey Tabernacle, and was warmly attached to Mr. Wells's ministry, it having been greatly blessed to her. Though residing a long distance from the chapel, she never was absent as long as health permitted her to attend. The Friday evening lectures at Bartlett's Passage were made very useful to her. Her illness was a long and painful one. Only a few weeks before her decease, she managed to reach the chapel, to meet around the Lord's Table, but was too ill to remain to the evening service. Subjoined is an extract from a letter found among her papers, addressed to a friend. It appears to have been written a few months before she died. After her medical attendant had done all he could, she went into Guy's Hospital. The only possible means of saving her life was by her undergoing an operation; and the likelihood of her recovering this was admitted by the doctor to be but small. She consented, however, to undergo the operation, which was successful so far as to remove the tumour, and for some hours afterwards it was hoped that her life would be spared, but she quickly sank into a state of unconsciousness in which she expired. She says:—"I thought you would like to know how I am this month. Well, I am better, but still very unwell, and fear I shall never regain my usual strength. My weakness is dreadful, hardly able to raise my arms. I wonder very often what the Lord is about to do with me, though whatever he does is right. If you would like to know the state of my mind, it is that of "considerance," often asking the question,

'How stands the case with thee, my soul?  
For heaven are thy credentials clear?  
Is Jesus' blood thy only plea?  
Is he thy great Forerunner there?'

This affliction hath made me feel 'My hope is in thee.' The Lord chooses some of his people in every generation to suffer martyrdom, that others may see his sustaining grace in them, and his immutability. This is how I view the acute sufferings of my never-to-be-forgotten Pastor; like me, the Lord has tried him every way, and now has afflicted him, that the Son of God may be glorified thereby; and that which glorifies the Son glorifies the Father, by teaching us his immutability. He is the Beginning and the Ending, the First and the Last. Amen. I am not writing boastfully, but thankfully. I feel the dear Lord is dealing very gently with me; although I have been in great pain, it might have been worse. It has not been of that excruciating description my dear Minister's has. I am sure I feel deeply his condition. I am much obliged to the Deacons of the Surrey Tabernacle for their kindness in enquiring after me: that the Lord will guide and support them in this heavy trial of their dear Minister, is my constant prayer. I am led much to admire the wisdom the Lord has displayed in afflicting me. He has done it himself. Who would have thought so healthy as I used to look, that I had within

me so dangerous a complaint. Well, however, I could say, if called to die this afternoon, 'I have seen thy salvation,' and 'peacefully close my eyes.' I thought I should like to drink deeper into eternal things than I have ever yet done, if the Lord should spare my life: if not, my last words would be perfect confidence; perfectly satisfied with the Lord's arrangements, both in providence and grace. When the Lord first called me,

"I could not see which way to go,  
Or how I could his wonders know.  
I sought and asked him every hour  
To guide and keep me by his power,  
To help me read his sacred page,  
And keep me from my youth to age.  
I longed to understand his truth,  
And felt myself indeed like Ruth:  
I left my home and wander'd far,  
To hear of Bethlehem's wondrous Star."

And the Lord fulfilled my desire under the ministry of Mr. Wells, by shewing me the whole of the plan of salvation. This letter has caused me suffering to write. Believe me to remain one with you in the truth as preached by Mr. Wells,

JANE SOPHIA AINGER.

**WATFORD.**—MR. BURRELL'S FIRST PASTORATE.—Beulah Baptist Chapel. Solemn services were held here recently, when brother Burrell preached a weighty discourse from Matthew xxviii. 19, 20, shewing the Master's commission to his apostles and servants; also the servant's work, and the certainty of the Divine presence and approbation with the church down to the end of the world. Mr. Burrell administered baptism to five believers. The Church of Christ planted in this town about three years ago, wish to record the loving-kindness of God in bringing amongst them Mr. Burrell, in answer to united prayer for a Pastor. During the year 1870, our brother Burrell came as a supply about twice a month, and the congregation considerably increased. In February, 1871, the church invited him for three months, at the end of which time, by mutual agreement, the term of six months was entered upon; and, after solemn prayer and due consideration, our brother was unanimously called, both by church and congregation, to accept the pastorate. On the first Lord's day in November he entered upon his work, although no public recognition has taken place. There are very encouraging and evident tokens of the Divine approbation and blessing. Our prayer meetings are well attended by young and old, and often prove refreshing seasons. There are many hovering around, whose hearts the Lord has touched, and who are constant in their attendance, not only at our ordinary services, but at our gatherings for prayer. Peace and concord reign; and in pecuniary matters great things have been done. C. GOONSON.

**ERITH.**—The church deeply regretted Mr. Cooler resigning his pastorate here. Deacons and members all received and esteemed his testimony. They wish him the most divine success. How is it so many of our churches are destitute of settled pastors?

MR. SPURGEON, MR. PUNG,  
MR. JAMES WELLS, AND OTHERS.

[Our only desire is fair dealing. The writer of the following note has produced some facts of which we should have been entirely ignorant had not the question before us been ventilated.—ED.]

To the Editor of *The Earthen Vessel*.

DEAR SIR,—Many of your readers were much grieved at the spirit manifested by your correspondent who gave us an extract from Mr. Spurgeon's sermon in a recent number of *Vessel*. Some said, Why did Mr. Banks admit such a letter? The letter will do no harm; such things are as well ventilated. It would not have required notice had not the writer said, "it affects us all." This we utterly deny. When a preacher stands up to reprove, rebuke, exhort, if he is faithful he will be sure to offend some. The Great Teacher used very strong language, and gave great offence; and his faithful followers must expect to be misunderstood, and misrepresented; aye, and by some who ought to be ashamed of such conduct.

The extract affects those of whom it is true, and does not in anywise concern those who do not manifest such a spirit in their prayers. In plain language, "If the cap fits anyone, let them wear it." Like salt applied to the skin, it will be sure to find out the sore places.

We have heard such prayers, and humbly pray the Great Head of the Church to make use of the words to the enlightenment of those who need a word in that direction.

The persons of whom the extract is true are those of a sour, natural disposition. Mr. S. does not say they have no grace, neither will we. But their heads are so filled with doctrine, and they have it so correctly arranged, that they look down with contempt on others. Enquire of them at home, and you will find religion exhibited in an unlovely light, and often their outward walk is none of the brightest. They do not "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things." I pray they may be made wise enough to profit by the hint, for "he that hateth reproof is brutish."

Your correspondent asks the question, "Who is Mr. Spurgeon?" He answers it himself further on: thus, "Mr. Spurgeon is a good and useful man, no doubt, and called to do a work for God." If so let him do his work, and cease to cast dust at him.

The renewed man did not write that letter. It was the work of the old-man, assisted by Satan, who is always ready to help when good people cast stones at each other. And that the stones may be thrown with greater fury, he cunningly whispers in their ears, "You are displaying zeal for God." Let us not listen to either, and especially the arch-accuser of the brethren, lest we be found workers together with him.

Let us weigh the letter in the balances of the sanctuary, and see what it is made of. First, we will weigh it with the golden

weights; we will put the letter in one scale, and love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, in the other. Up goes the letter, lighter than vanity, when tried by these golden weights. We need not have put so many weights in. We will try again. We will take them all out excepting one, meekness. Why the letter is light when weighed with only this one. We have another pile of weights by us; we will try it by them. They are leaden ones, and are marked, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife. There, put the letter in the other scale. Down it goes. Why we have not put in weights enough. It will take another. We will put in one more, envying. There, that is the exact weight of the letter. It just balances there.

Although we may differ a little, we must be careful how we speak of such a man as Mr. Spurgeon. Our friend lately departed deeply felt some of the things that had been said of his neighbour at the other Tabernacle, and once said in the house of the writer, "That in his zeal for his Master, in the consistency of his walk, and his Christ-like spirit, Mr. Spurgeon was a pattern for us all."

The best way when a brother offends us, is to follow the directions of our great Lord and Master, "Go and tell him his fault between him and thee alone." A friend who thought Mr. Spurgeon certainly was wrong in a certain matter, took this very proper step. Mr. S. received him with Christian courtesy, and said that in order that they might both be benefitted by the interview, it would be well to ask God's blessing upon it. They knelt down, and Mr. Spurgeon prayed very fervently. When they arose, Mr. S. wished to know what his visitor had to say. But instead of finding fault, our friend was so melted down, and felt such union of soul and love for Mr. S. that he grasped his hand and said, "I have nothing to say, only may the Lord bless and prosper you a thousand fold." Let those who have a quarrel with Mr. Spurgeon go and do likewise.

I write this to shew that some of us do not accept either the letter or the extract.

DEACON.

BETHNAL GREEN.—I attended Mr. Griffiths' pastoral meeting on May 7th. Some good brethren congratulated him in his happy position with the church at Hope, the child of poor Thomas Parker's rearing. Green-street and its neighbourhood require more Hopes. All Christian men should hold up the hands of such a faithful witness as the comforting Griffith. I thought that fine fellow, R. C. Bardens, promises to make a blessed minister; but he must take care of his health, and walk, think, read, and pray as much as he can. AN EVANGELIST.

CHATHAM.—Our pastor at Enon has gathered fruit out of his Bible class, and baptized some believers. We hope and pray he may be yet more prosperous. He is in the fire of heavy domestic affliction.

**SURREY TABERNACLE.—MR. EDITOR.**—I am in a quandary: what shall I do? The "better half" of one minister who has supplied our now vacant pulpit, declares if I speak of her good husband again as I have already done, she will not let him come to our big city any more; and we shall lose the benefit of his services! On the other hand, I am pressed to continue these jottings. I am sure I would neither offend this minister, nor any other minister, or their wives, wilfully; but if you allow me to go on with these rambling notes, I must speak the truth; and it is more than possible I may again offend, perhaps not only the wife but the minister also.

On all hands the enquiry is made, "who is to be Mr. Wells's successor?" A weighty question; a very important question. A question I cannot answer; and I think I may say, a question "the brethren in office" are unable to reply to as your correspondent. I do not think we have seen the successor in the pulpit yet. Please observe in making this observation I cast not the slightest reflection on those who have so kindly preached for us; but there is a vast difference between hearing a man twice or thrice, and hearing him continually. Thus it is, that many a good brother is excellent as "a supply," but would never do for a stated minister. We have another difficulty to contend with, arising from our large building. There are several brethren who are sound, truthful, and experimental preachers of the Gospel, who have been to speak to us, but owing to the weakness of voice, they could not be heard half over the place. Thus we not only want a God-taught, spiritually-minded, experimental expounder of the whole truth as it is in Jesus, but he must have good sound lungs, and a voice to correspond, some such a voice as our good brother Stringer has got. This is one of the difficulties the deacons have to contend with.

In passing, I may say, during the month, the Church have increased their staff of deacons by the election of two more brethren, and I am pleased to note here that one is Mr. Thomas Carr, the eldest son of the late Mr. John Carr, many years precentor and deacon at the Surrey Tabernacle. I also am sure that every one of your readers will be glad to learn that Mrs. Wells, considering her long and heavy trial and bereavement, is as well as we could expect, and is enabled to worship with us as usual.

Perhaps as respects the supplies we have yet had, those best received have not been Baptists: one is a kind of lay preacher in the Church of England, and he does not hold Dissenters as the very acme of perfection; perhaps we are not; but I should recommend him to look at home first, to see if he can find perfection there. Then another minister we have had who has been well heard, is a Pædo-Baptist, so we cannot have him; but I was to tell you about our supplies for May. I hardly know how to begin.

The first of May we had Mr. A. J. Baxter, of Eastbourne. He is an intelligent, well-

read, studious, and I think I am right in saying a learned man; added to which he has an extensive knowledge of Scripture, and has been deeply taught in the things of Christ. There is a stiffness of manner about him; and he has a peculiarity of expression which gives a stranger an unfavourable impression of his humbleness; but I am told he is a sincere, devoted, and affectionate pastor, ever ready for any good work that may further the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom. Our people hear him gladly. On the first Lord's-day, Mr. John Brunt, of Norwich, was our minister. Now, no one I think could find fault with what Mr. Brunt advanced, but, perhaps it was more what was *not* said; or nearer still *the manner in which it was said*, was the cause of our not hearing this good brother so well as we had anticipated. For many years we have been used to hear the Gospel preached with much energy, life, and power, as I remember a brother used to remark, "hot from the heart;" so that perhaps we have been spoiled for hearing men who very deliberately, and without much apparent life and energy, can stand and talk nevertheless truthfully of "the things touching the King."

The following Lord's-day, we had Mr. Pung, of Cottenham; the correspondent who in your April number wrote respecting Mr. Spurgeon and the Hyper's prayer. He is a young man of fair ability, and was generally well received by the people. Mr. Ashby, who after many years' labour has recently resigned his charge of the church at Whittlesea, came the third Sunday. We could but sympathise with him in his recent heavy affliction, in the loss of a beloved wife.

Mr. Willis and Mr. Hatton are to follow; but I must not trespass further this month.

R.

**MR. G. WYARD, SEN.—TO THE EDITOR.**—Please accept my thanks for insertion of my son's note, which, of course, is a correct statement. The same kind of note was sent to another magazine. They did not insert it; but made a little say of their own, which was not correct. Since, letters of condolence have been sent me, and my friends have expressed alarm, and have judged me to be dangerously ill and in a very precarious state. Permit me to say I am progressing, through the good hand of God upon me, towards my usual state of health. I trust, by taking rest and quietude, to be able to resume my beloved work of preaching the glorious Gospel of the blessed God if the Lord will it so, which I hope he will. Please also accept my thanks for your righteous and just rebuke of the author of that little bit of nine-penny biography, nearly the half of which is written about the living. The Lord forgive the mischievous intentions, and take care of those whom he has tried to defame, and against whose character and conduct he cannot justly bring a charge. I am, dear Sir, yours very respectfully,

GEORGE WYARD, SEN.



NEWS FROM NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—According to promise, I drop a line to say we left Gravesend, September 9, 1871. By the good hand of our God upon us we arrived at Canterbury, New Zealand, December 9, in the good ship *Zealandia*. We had a very favourable passage. I was glad to find by *The Earthen Vessel* of November last, that the dear pastor of the Surrey Tabernacle was improving in his bodily health; also, that the church and congregation have been so well supplied by men of truth. We have here some who truly fear God, and I trust the Lord is carrying on his work in the hearts of one and another. There is a Particular Baptist cause here at Rangiora; the chapel was built about ten years ago. There is also a meeting place for the Plymouth Brethren, among whom there appears to be some who love the truth as it is in Jesus. Truly the Church Militant is the Church in the wilderness. What scenes of opposition to God's truth has the writer witnessed during the fourteen years he has been here! We have daily proof that "the carnal mind is enmity against God," and against his truth. I feel I have a fallen nature still; a deceitful heart still; and, but for the blessed truth "By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God," I know what my eternal destiny must be. Yes,

"The sins of one most righteous day  
Might plunge us in despair:  
Yet all the crimes of numerous years,  
Shall our great Surety clear."

I sometimes am favoured to call to remembrance former days, and take a retrospective view of the way the Lord has led me; and I say, who am I, or what is my father's house, that thou hast brought me hitherto, to know the preciousness of the dear Saviour's blood? Who maketh me to differ from another? Why was I distinguished by regenerating grace from the rest of my family? Why were my eyes opened to see the miseries sin has wrought, to see also the glories of Calvary's cross, while many of my relatives appear to have lived and died in nature's darkness? Am I better than they? No; in no wise; and the only reason that I can assign is that which the dear Saviour's words furnish me with, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." The past manifestations of the Lord's mercy, how encouraging to remember them in the prospect of soon entering upon a never-ending eternity, and while infirmities of age are increasing it is sweet to look to a gracious God, by faith in the atoning blood of Jehovah Jesus, and to feel that the Bible is adapted to our every condition, not only of life, but as we tread the verge of Jordan; how comforting the promise, "even to your old age, I am he, and even to hoary hairs will I carry you; I have made, and I will bear, even I will carry and will deliver you." And, as dear Kent says,

"O what a sweet, exalted sky,  
Shall rend the vaulted skies,  
When, shouting grace, the blood-wash'd throng,  
Shall see the top-stone rise."

Yours in the hope of the Gospel,

WILLIAM SANSON.

MR. JOHN FOREMAN'S PULPIT.

MR. EDITOR,—Good Friday, 1872, at Mount Zion, I think must produce some solemn thoughts in every thinking mind. It is but a few years since we beheld the brethren Murrell, Foreman, and Wells, as the regular preachers; they have all passed away; and are singing together the one grand song, "Unto Him that hath loved us and washed us." Some solemn thoughts occupied my mind while hearing brother Hazelton on Good Friday, at Mount Zion; as I looked upon the pulpit, how I wished my brethren Wells and Foreman had seen each other once more in the flesh. My brother Wells is now beyond the censure of all men, good or bad; his ideas on certain portions of the Word only wanted explaining: there are mysteries which are best left alone to which he presumed to give a colouring, but being finite could not explain, thereby wounding some, and giving others occasion to protest. With it all, he never was fundamentally wrong; I can say, with thousands, I never heard him but to some profit; he never gave the children's meat to dogs, nor forgot his commission, "Feed my sheep." The thousands that attended his funeral testify to this fact. I know the Lord's work will not—cannot—stand still; but, as creatures, we say, where are we to look for successors, when Strict Baptist churches are over-run with Fullers under the mask of Free Grace? Oh, ye deacons of the many destitute churches, pray look well to candidates; men are wanted who will feed the Church of God; not semi-theatricals, not mimics; beware of the thin edge of the duty-faith wedge, now being brought before the churches in the form of associations. Yours in the truth,

Camberwell. SAMUEL JONES.

LEICESTER seems quite a bishopric. The other Sunday we had three Baptist Bishops in the town: Bishop Taylor (Manchester), Bishop Forman (March, Isle of Ely) Bishop Hazelrigg, beside many others. Mr. Hazelrigg has left the chapel built by Mr. Harrison; it is now in the hands of Miss Harrison and nephews. A majority of the church left with him; they go to the Temperance hall until they build a chapel; they have £600 now ready; so you see the more bees the more hives. "Well! well!" as dear old George Francis would say, "there is much preaching, yet preaching Jesus is much wanted." How many hungry souls will come after it are affecting considerations.

COLNBROOK.—Our new Baptist chapel was opened April 18, 1872. Messrs. Anderson and Hazelton preached the opening sermons. At public meeting in evening we had words from Messrs. Dickerson, Styles, Bardsen, Anderson, and others.

EASTERN COUNTIES.—The great assembly of bishops, deans, deacons, and friends of Suffolk and Norfolk association of Baptist Churches will be on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 4 and 5, at Stoke Ash.

**WHITESTONE.**—**DEAR BROTHER,**—I have just received intelligence of the death of poor old Mrs. Sarah Golding. She died, 19th April, 1872, at Sudbury, at the advanced age of 93 years. She became known to me at Ebenezer Chapel, about two years before I left. Grace shone brightly in her, amidst great bodily infirmities; she was very deaf, and could scarcely see to guide herself. I have observed her passing the vestry door, and often she was compelled to feel her way to chapel; yet as often as possible she would be there. How eagerly she would watch, as she stood with her ear trumpet on the pulpit step, or by my side at the desk, to catch the words of truth. She loved the people of God, and often longed to meet with them. She was a member of the Baptist Church, Glemsford, and cherished the warmest affection for dear Robert Barnes, the former Pastor; also for the members of that Church. She was a choice, experimental Christian. I send you a few of her words; they were heart and lip utterances, and I heard them. Kindly insert them, and oblige your poor unworthy brother,

M. PLATHE.

Will you also insert the death of Mrs. Susan Jarrold, who died at Whitestone House, April 13th, 1872, aged 60. Her end was peace. She was sister to my dear wife, and was a member at Whitestone Chapel.

The following are Mrs. Golding's own words. I pencilled them down during the time she sat at tea with my family, now about three years since:—I was left at eight years old. The Lord has constrained me from a child. I have been learning little by little. I think I have known the Lord for sixty years. What I don't know I can't say anything about. The Lord has wonderfully kept me, ah! wonderfully; blessed be his name for it. I am a poor thing. The strife will soon be over. As for man's merit, 'tis hateful to me: the Gospel I love it, 'tis purely free. These and other words, with quotations from Holy Scripture and hymns, made it a profitable time. "These precious hymns and texts," she concluded, "drop into my mind when I am in bed, and I sing the former and meditate upon the latter."

**IPSWICH.**—Zoar Baptist Chapel is now hopefully rising under the ministry of Mr. J. Mordling. He is preaching the Gospel, baptizing believers, and we hope doing the Lord's work, in edifying the Church of Christ. Ipswich has for many years been favoured with the Gospel, and the ordinances of the New Testament. We have known some excellent Christian people in that Eastern Metropolis.

**WHO WANTS?**—**MR. EDITOR,**—Father and myself are obliged by your inserting my brother's resignation. Will you kindly bear him in mind? Knowing you have a sympathising heart, perhaps you will not disregard my appeal for my brother. His views accord with yours.

E. B.

[If our friend B. will call on us, we shall be glad to aid him all we can.—ED.]

**RIPLEY.**—Ourspring meeting was holden in Mr. Charles Turner's Chapel, on Thursday, May 16, 1872. We had sacred seasons. The sun shone delightfully: all nature appeared to rejoice. In the afternoon, C. W. Banks preached; and in the evening, C. Z. Turner read, expounded, and pleaded earnestly for a blessing. C. W. Banks spoke again, from the words, "Christ is all and in all." He enjoyed much liberty. After sermon, on behalf of the friends, he presented his brother Turner with a token of their esteem for him as their pastor. For fifteen years, Mr. C. Z. Turner has dwelt among his own people, and much of the Lord's presence has been enjoyed by them. This truly primitive church and its minister, his experimental testimony and honourable life and walk, demand our esteem and gratitude to the Lord. Not many of the Churches in Surrey are very prosperous. At Brockham, the Ven. Henry Allnutt still preaches Christ to the people, although 72 years of age. The ancient church at West End, Chobham, which dates from 1795, has been and still is a useful cause of truth; Pastor R. Hetherington is not only acceptable to his people at Chobham, but in other parts he labours abundantly. We praise the Lord for some such sons of consolation. At Guildford, Mr. Cornelius Slim continues to minister to the Church in the Commercial-road, where a noble Sunday School is established under the able superintendence of Mr. Billing and other friends. Mr. Slim is not the young man he once was, but he wears well. The old Church in Guildford, which dates from 1689 (in Chapel-street) is greatly encouraged by the original and faithful ministry of Mr. Kearns. We hope to hear of much good being done by the Baptist Churches in Guildford. We have notes from other churches in Surrey.

**ELLESBOROUGH.**—A small Baptist cause is rising in this village. They are not strong enough to support a minister; but kind brethren supply our pulpit constantly. Mr. Thompson, Mr. North, of Aylesbury, Mr. Jeffery, of Berton, and others. We purpose, if the Lord permit, to have our anniversary Thursday, June 6th, when C. W. Bauks has promised to preach the sermons. We hope all true believers in the Saviour's Gospel will come to Ellesborough that day, and help us to set up our banner, for we have much opposition from free-will and fashionable flower-shows.

**PETERBOROUGH.**—Waited here hours, no train onward yet. In good old John Carter's time, and when that blessed linen diaper lived here, I could preach even in the ecclesiastical city of Peterborough; but now I know no one. As regards the Gospel, we can say nothing. Mr. Dexter dwells here; but not as settled pastor. The *Standard* friends have meetings sometimes, but where we know not. Can any Peterborough friend give us information? Christian travellers want to know. Poor old Peterborough looks a century behind the times,

**PLYMOUTH.**—Staying near Plymouth some little time, myself and friend have looked after Gospel food. We heard that bishop, G. Wyard, give good doctrine; Mr. Varder is a favoured preacher here; but the young Bedfordshire Brittain quite eclipsed some of your ancient men. The Plymouth folk do not believe that all the ministers are gone home yet. Why, Sir, if some of your London pulpits had a man I met with here, the venerated Easterbrook, they would be convinced that our Lord has still witnesses on the earth. That devout man of God, Mr. Babb, is quite laid by: he has been a long and beautiful expositor of James i. 27, to the joy of many hearts. Ah! Sir, I do love a godly minister, who goes about "doing good." You ask your churches to send for ministers of Christ's pattern—not mere philosophical lecturers—not mere pulpit praters, but practical preachers, who walk out the precepts, as well as talk out the principles, of the New Testament. I am an admirer of such self-denying men as our now afflicted James Babb, the founder and leader of the "Poor Saints Fund." Beg your pardon, Mr. Editor, because he is not one of your order; so I suppose you will not insert this. I was invited to visit that old tabernacle called Howe Street. Mr. Griffin gathers friends to truth there: those excellent brethren, Westaway and Foot, stand by him. Poor George Cudlip has buried his wife, and young Acland has occupied Ebenezer pulpit, which Mr. Westlake has vacated. You know Mr. Westlake is one of the best Christian men in the West; but the people will have what they call gifts, while grace, without natural endowments, is often at a discount. Mr. Knowles and his friends had what they call a splendid meeting in Town Hall. Do you know Mr. Elliot here has a Protestant Evangelical chapel? A most important man; so is that sweet preacher John King; but the Gospel King of Devonport is on the top of Mount Zion. "GOING TO REST."

**SPALDING.**—The venerable deacon, George Coles, says:—"Mr. R. G. Edwards is liked very much; he is one who is not afraid of work. He has formed a Sabbath school: in short, he is all we could desire. We wish to engage him for three months, but we do not see from whence his stipend is to come. I am hopeful of prosperity, and I think he is the same."

[We shall be glad to do anything in our power to help the Spalding Church. The case of brother Edwards is somewhat akin to that of a missionary in some foreign land. Will not our wealthy brethren assist, till the church gets self-supporting?—Ed.]

**LONDON.**—Mr. S. Milner's seventeenth pastoral anniversary at Keppel street was celebrated May 7, 1872. The venerable pastor engaged to preach some anniversary sermons this spring; but his strength is not considered sufficient for heavy ministerial labour now; still, his friends hope his work at home will be long continued.

**MR. C. H. SPURGEON.**—A minister of high repute says, "I much approve of what brother Wilcockson says about dear Wells, who will be much missed by very many. What he says about Spurgeon, I think, is rather too severe, for it goes far enough to unchristianize him. I was quite ashamed of what I read in the *Messenger*, and vexed to think that such a good and useful man as Mr. Spurgeon should cast such aspersions on the household of faith. I look upon him as a good man, but upon what he wrote I look as his wood, hay, and stubble, and which must be burnt up. Mr. Spurgeon, considering the kind of society with which he identifies himself, has come out on the side of truth better than some; but there is something somewhere I cannot as yet understand. I earnestly wish our good brother may come out yet more consistent with the yea and amen Gospel of Jesus Christ, and turn his attention a little more to the children of the free woman, and less to the children of the bond woman. The inheritance belongs to the former and not to the latter."

B. TAYLOR.

**THE LATE MR. HUGHES.**—A letter by "One of Themselves for Forty Years," is secured; but we pause over the afflicting dispensation which has so long been patiently endured by a portion of that church. But now, although Mr. Childs considers the Spirit of the Lord has left the ministry, still as the Gospel is to be preached until the end come, it is clear that it is the bounden duty of the church Mr. Hughes has left to seek a minister, and thus to carry out that last injunction of our risen Lord, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." If they fail in this, they will most assuredly seriously err.

**WEYMOUTH.**—"The gentleman who lectured so bitterly against the Coal-heaver is crossing the Atlantic. Is he one of the famous family of preachers?" [We know nothing of him. It is dangerous work to touch the Lord's anointed. The best of them are but earthen vessels so far as their first Adam-state is concerned. "The treasure" which the Lord places in earthen vessels is for the benefit of his own people. Whether the present large stock of China-like vases, with all their mental and physical attractions, are designed and fitted for more largely increasing the knowledge of the truth savingly is a problem difficult for us to solve.]

**ENFIELD.**—**MR. EDITOR.**—A few poor hard-working people wish you to notice that our present place of worship is too small and inconvenient. We have raised a fund to purchase ground to erect a new sanctuary, and we feel confident many of our sister churches will come forward to aid us in establishing a cause here. The smallest donations thankfully received and acknowledged by William White, 44, Government-row, Enfield Lock, N., secretary to the committee.

**AGED PILGRIMS' ANNUAL MEETING** was held at Exeter Hall, on an excessively wet Monday evening, (May 13, 1872), and was presided over by the Earl of Shaftesbury. Altogether, we think the committee must look upon the past year's labours as having been crowned with the blessing of heaven. The attendance at an annual meeting is no criterion of a society's labours, or of its success; perhaps it would be more beneficial if the friends made a point of gathering in force on these annual occasions, thereby giving their countenance to the society, and encouraging the officers in their arduous labours. But, as Donald Fraser said, "You are sure these are your friends who come on a wet, dreary night like this." So, without troubling our readers with a number of figures, and sundry balance sheets of this fund and the other, we summarize the whole by saying altogether, the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, with its Asylums at Camberwell and Horsey Rise, are in a healthful state; that is, they have plenty of work in hand, and have to look about them for some portion of the means to do it: healthful exercise for mind, body, and faith. We are inclined to think a good few of our friends do not quite understand the difference between the "Society" and the "Asylums." It is a very popular notion that if once an aged pilgrim gets into one of these very comfortable homes, he is cared for for the remainder of his days. Let us say, that if he is in the Asylum, he is provided for so far as being housed is concerned; but it should also be remembered the Asylum does not furnish food and raiment: but let our friends visit these places, and they will be well repaid for their journey.

**DALSTON.**—Mr. E. Langford's friends assembled in large numbers in Albion hall, May 7th, 1872, in connection with special services, arising from his church and congregation having now commenced to meet for worship in one of the largest rooms of the hall, Albion-square, Dalston, which is close to Haggerston Railway station. The place was filled with friends to tea. Mr. Langford presided over the public meeting. On the platform we noticed the ministerial brethren F. Collins, S. Ponsford, C. W. Banks, H. Hall, H. Myerson, W. Flack, T. Davies, R. A. Lawrence, D. Gander, J. Margerum, and others. The large meeting appeared much edified by some of the speeches. Mr. Langford is getting together a goodly number of people. We hope he will build a large chapel in Dalston, establishing a New Testament church there, and prosper for many years.

**BROADSTAIRS.**—April 14, Mr. Kiddle baptized three by immersion on a profession of faith in Jesus, and after receiving four into church-fellowship, celebrated the Lord's Supper. Mr. Shipway preached the sermon to a good audience, and proclaimed the truth fearlessly and faithfully. "Thy Word is the truth."

**PADDINGTON.**—At the end of April, we had Mr. Styles in late Mr. Foreman's pulpit. Good judges think him a very promising young man; some heard him acceptably. I do not think there is cause for despair as regards our Strict Baptist churches. Mount Zion chapel is not likely to be shut up, although dear John is gone to heaven. Our pulpit has been well supplied; pews well occupied; deacons working wisely; church in harmony. Praise the Lord! our little sister churches around Camden Town are looking more happy. Mr. Margerum, at the Avenue, preaches the Gospel freely; Mr. Gander, in Crowndale Hall, is very useful. Mr. George Webb is now raising a Sunday School, and he means to build a chapel, and his friends intend to help him (the Lord permitting). Mr. Godsmark is very blessed in the truth; but the Baptists will never be induced to annihilate ordinances by him. Do not fear, Mr. Editor, our Lord liveth; his Church and Gospel will live until all is finished. W.

**STEPNEY.**—Mr. George Reynolds delivered a lecture on "The Cave and its Pastors," on May the 7th, which we hope will be published. C. W. Banks (who occupied the chair), in introducing the lecturer, said the debt on the chapel was a burden and a difficulty, but that difficulty must be met. He trusted that Mr. Reynolds would have health, strength, courage, and faith to address himself to that difficulty as Zechariah did, saying, "Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain." By holding special services in the Cave, and elsewhere, both the Pastor and the church would become more known and more useful; and the necessity for using all the proper means would not only give them a new chapel, but, with the Lord's blessing, they would gather in many more to hear the Gospel. The lecture was exceedingly interesting.

**GUILDFORD.**—At the Baptist Chapel, Commercial-road, Guildford, the Pastor, Cornelius Slim, was again favoured to baptize two of the followers of him who said, "If ye love Me keep My commandments." One of them was the daughter of our brother Comfort, formerly of Ramsgate. The chapel was crowded, and deep solemnity pervaded the minds of all present while the Pastor preached from the words "Even now there are many Antichrists."—1 John ii. 18.

*Melbourne.*—Mr. J. B. McCure informs us the Baptists have sustained a serious loss here in the death of Mr. Bryant, one of the best preachers of the Gospel of Christ in the Colony. We expect to furnish particulars next month.

*Death.*—Our good brother Daniel Lewis, died March 25, 1872, aged 69. His beloved widow's account of his death we will give soon.

*Marriage.*—On Friday, April 26, 1872, at the Congregational Chapel, Croydon, by Rev. S. Parkinson, Abraham Howard, Baptist minister, to Mary Sarah Wachter, second daughter of the late T. Wachter, Esq., Ford Park, Herts.

*Marriage.*—On Saturday, April 20, 1872, at Broadstairs, by the Rev. J. J. Kiddle, Mr. Henry Palmer, of St. Peters, to Mary, widow of the late John Howard, of Broadstairs.

# England—with only One Remedy Left.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

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DEAR SIR,—I think you will agree with me, that the signs of the times in which we live are very ominous; that the nation is on the eve of a great crisis; that, should the Lord permit another Parliament to be returned like the present, at the next general election the days of England's Protestant supremacy will be numbered. Looking at the amazing progress that Popery has made in England, especially during the last few years: that upwards of £400,000 of the public money is annually spent in supporting Popish priests and Popish schools; that the House of Lords, hitherto considered the great safeguard of our Protestant Constitution, should introduce and pass, by a large majority, such an iniquitous measure as the Prison Ministers' Bill, compelling Protestant magistrates to appoint Popish priests to every gaol in the land in which ten Papist prisoners are confined, and although the proportion of Papists to Protestants in England is only 1 to 20, yet so prolific is Popery in crime, that it would be a wonder indeed to find a gaol containing *less* than ten Papists; when we consider that the present Premier of the House of Commons is a disguised Papist, or rather a member of the Greek Church, which is much the same (*for Proof see Anti-Papal League Magazine, No. 5*); that the Government is favouring Popery in every possible way: added to all this the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Rome, and having a prolonged interview with the "man of sin," and so pleased were both sides with each other that the Prince was made to promise the "man of sin" another visit before leaving Rome, which promise, no doubt, was religiously performed: looking at all these things, we are brought to the conclusion that the death of our Sovereign the Queen will, in all probability, be the death of our Protestant supremacy, *unless the Lord, in His great mercy, is pleased to arouse the nation to a sense of its great danger.*

In this truly alarming state of things, we have only one remedy left us, and that is PRAYER. Looking at things by sense and reason, we have not the least hope of being saved from Popish ascendancy. Like Jehoshaphat, when the children of Moab, and the children of Ammon, and with them *other* beside the Ammorites, came against him to battle (2 Cor. xx. 1): "he feared, and set himself to seek the Lord, and proclaimed a fast throughout all Judah. And Judah gathered themselves together, TO ASK HELP OF THE LORD: *even out of all the cities of Judah they came to SEEK THE LORD.*" (v. 3, 4). "O our God," (said he in his noble prayer) *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.*" (v. 12). That prayer ranged God on his side; made the battle not their's but God's. And thus it must be with us; we must range God on our side, and make the battle His, and not ours; and victory will as certainly follow us, as it did them. And for this

end and purpose, I would humbly suggest that every Monday evening be specially set apart for the gathering together of those who fear the Lord amongst the readers of *The Earthen Vessel* to ask help of Him against Popery, with all its detestable enormities; Popery, the enemy of God and His truth; Popery, the enemy of our beloved country—our civil and religious liberties, &c. Let this be the subject of earnest prayer to God in our prayer meetings, in our families, and in our closets. May the spirit of grace and of supplication be so poured out upon us, that wrestling Jacobs may prevail against Israel: and thus may we prove that "*the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.*" (James. v. 16). But there must be no half-heartedness, no halting between two opinions,—the time of such folly is past. "If the Lord be God, follow Him: but if Baal, (the Pope) then follow him." (1 Kings. xviii. 21).

As Parliament, the boast (alas! how vain) of free-born Englishmen, has been the guilty channel for the establishment of Popish idolatry in the land, so Parliament must be the channel for its removal. At the next general election, I trust there will not be found a man amongst us, willing to give his vote to any candidate who will not pledge himself to vote in Parliament,—1st, for the total repeal of the fatal Act of 1829; 2nd, the stoppage of all public grants for the support of Popish priests and Popish schools; 3rd, the suppression of all monasteries and nunneries in the land; and 4th,—last, but not least—the expulsion of every member of that great, dangerous, and secret Society—the Society of Jesuits,—who are continually plotting the overthrow of this Protestant country. Thus God will be honoured and glorified, and saviours raised up to stand in the gap, to turn away His wrath and indignation from us. Thus will England again become great, glorious, and free—a blessing to the whole world: diffusing God's most precious word to every nation under heaven, in its own language, till "the earth be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." (Hab. ii. 14).

Say you, this will be sure to cause a revolution. Let us never mind the consequences of doing that which is right and pleasing in the sight of God. "*England expects every man to do his duty.*" Better—indefinitely better—will it be for us to have a revolution, with the Lord of Hosts on our side than by our supineness letting Popery prevail, and thus, as it were, having Him against us. It is almost impossible to over-estimate the tremendous issues of the next general election. What a vast difference it would have made with Jehoshaphat and his people, had they, by their supineness, allowed their enemies to prevail over them BEFORE they sought help of the Lord. O, yes. Now is the time for action. *The battle must be fought, and victory won BY US upon our knees at a throne of grace BEFORE it is won at the hustings, or in Parliament.* Lord, help us to seek Thy face, for Thy name and mercy's sake.

Not only should *we* be prepared to vote as I have mentioned, but our influence should be exerted to the utmost, amongst our friends and acquaintances, to get them to vote with us. And may the Lord be graciously pleased to incline the heart of the nation generally to do the same thing. Dear friends, it is a glorious enterprise in which I desire to engage you. What so noble as to be instruments in God's hands of saving our beloved country out of the hands of that wicked, cruel

despotism—Popery, “drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus?” (Rev. xvii. 6.)

“Brethren, suffer the word of exhortation” (Heb. xiii. 2) from  
Yours’ faithfully to serve in the Lord,

P. LEIGH.

2, Shaw Street, Liverpool.  
June 10, 1872.

P. S.—May I take the liberty of asking you to insert the above in your next issue? It is a subject of vast importance to the whole nation, especially the Church of God, upon whom the issue of events rests; FOR NOTHING CAN BY ANY POSSIBILITY WITHSTAND THE UNITED PRAYERS OF THE CHURCH OF GOD—THE LIVING GOD. (See Matt. xvii. 20 21; Acts. xii. 5—20.)

## THE LOVE WHICH PASSETH KNOWLEDGE.

A SERMON

Preached on Wednesday Evening, April 24th, 1872, at Rye Lane Baptist Chapel, Peckham,

BY MR. GEORGE MOYLE, PASTOR.

“Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment: because as he is, so are we in this world.”—1 JOHN iv. 17.

THE religion of God is founded on the love of God; but this love is not at the expense of any other of His attributes; not of holiness, or equity, or justice, &c., for these are as much displayed in His infinite, immutable *love*, as they are in His wisdom, mercy, truth, power, &c., &c. And notwithstanding this love is manifested to such sinful, hell-deserving creatures as we are, yet it falls upon us in perfect accordance, and in perfect harmony, with the purity and perfection of all His other attributes; and in perfect accordance with the rectitude of His moral government.

As the greatest expression of His love, the Lord Jesus Christ was sent to accomplish that great and glorious salvation whereby He has delivered us from the wrath to come, and secured to us “an abundant entrance into His everlasting kingdom.” “For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” “God SO loved the world.” How expressive is this little word *so*! What greater proof of His love could God have given, than giving His only begotten Son, “His unspeakable gift.” And when we think of the breadth, and the length, and the depth, and the height of it, we may well say in the language of the Apostle, “It passeth knowledge.” “God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son,” &c. His love was manifested in this way. “Not that we loved God, but that He loved us,”—that is the ground and moving cause—“and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.” Without this, all that God does for us would be but like cold benevolence. We know among men and women, how different is a gift that flows from a loving heart, to a gift that comes from a mere feeling of humanity. But when we think of GOD’S love, it is the cause

of every joy and blessing He bestows ; and every blessing bears the impress of the warmth of His love to us. He pardons in *love*, He corrects in *love*, He afflicts in *love*, He gives His Holy Spirit in *love* ; every blessing flows from infinite, unbounded *love*. I wish we could keep our thoughts more upon this subject than we do, for we acknowledge that "every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." A gift that comes to us, in love, from a fellow-creature, is sweet and acceptable ; but sweet indeed, and *precious*, are the gifts that come to us in love, from the *God* of love. But our text speaks of our love towards God,—“Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment,” &c.

We will suppose it possible, that notwithstanding the personal manifestation of God's love to us, we had no love to Him, What pleasure or delight could we have in Him ? None whatever ! There can be no pleasure or delight in God without *love*. There must be reciprocity in His love, before any delight can be felt in *Him*, His *truth*, His *service*, or His *people*. But the blessedness is, that we love God *because* He first loved us ; and it is God's love to us, and our love to Him, that makes our happiness on earth, and will constitute our happiness and bliss in glory.

From the words of our text we shall notice :—1. The perfection of our love,—“Herein is our love *made perfect*.” 2. The boldness which this love inspires—for when love inspires the heart, there is boldness—“that we may have boldness in the day of judgment.” And 3. The reason,—“Because as He is, so are we in this world.” As all the family of God are looked upon in Christ, so they look up to God, and love God, in Christ. In the first place, I would observe that our love to God springs out of God's love to us. “We love him because he first loved us.” This is a fact. The word of God, attended by the Spirit of God, enters our hearts and minds, and generates its own likeness there. It is the love of God that overcomes our doubts and fears. Until this fear is cast out, we do not feel this love to God. We are told that, “The carnal mind is enmity against God : for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.” The Saviour spoke in unmistakeable language when he told the Jews that they hated both Him and His father. The Scriptures speak in very plain language, and the example should be followed by every faithful minister of the Gospel, and every sincere lover of Jesus Christ.

Were you or I to hear a person swearing, blaspheming, or in any other way manifesting the wickedness and enmity of the carnal mind, and say, “My poor fellow-creature, you hate God, or you would not act thus,” he would deny it. But God speaks of things as they *are*, and not as some would represent them. All the sins of men in their unregenerate state spring from hatred to holiness, and consequently hatred to God, let them say what they may. “He that is not with me,” said Christ, “is against me ; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth.” But God in His purposes of love and mercy, in His own time, and in His own way, takes the heart that is at enmity, and breaks it, &c., and produces in it a reflection of His own love. Thus it is that the manifestation of His love to us causes the response in our hearts, and we love Him because He first loved us. It is this love that finds



a way to pardon—to “blot out as a thick cloud your transgressions, and as a cloud your sins.” Under the law is the curse, and it is against you, and you cannot love that law, nor that God that is punishing you by that law. But when, perhaps, you don’t at all expect it, but rather judgment, there comes down the message of love and pardon through some sweet portion of God’s word, that takes away your darkness and misery, and God in Christ proclaims Himself to you as “The Lord, The Lord God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering and abundant in goodness and truth; keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin.” Then your affections are drawn out to God, and you feel there is a Being that deserves your love, your *best* love, and of that more than ever you will be able to give.

Now this love to God is capable of great progression, and this the Apostle shows when he speaks of the growth of grace and knowledge,—“But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.” The grace itself does not become more holy, for that is as holy when first imparted, as it ever will be; there can be no increase to its purity; but to its extent and enlargement there will be great progression; and we require it, and it is what we pray for when we feel our need. “Lord, increase our faith,” and we may add, our hope, and our love. How eager we are to know more, and feel more of grace, and the good work begun in us! and like the apostle, say, “That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made comformable unto his death.”

Where is the man or woman that is satisfied with their love to God? I never heard of one that was satisfied, yet. Is it not the earnest desire, and prayer, of every child of God, that their love may increase? How often does the doubt arise whether, after all, we really and truly love God. How often do the words of Newton find a response in the Christian’s experience,—

“’Tis a point I long to know  
Oft it causes anxious thought;  
Do I love the Lord, or no?  
Am I His, or am not?  
If I love, why am I thus?  
Why this dull this lifeless frame?  
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,  
Who have never heard His name.”

Or in the words of another poet—

“Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love Thee, and adore:  
Oh, for grace to love Thee more!”

This very experience not only proves the reality of our love to God, but the progression of it; for the more we feel of the perfection of God’s love to us, the more sensible we shall be of the imperfection of our love to Him. Yet, notwithstanding, the text says our love is made perfect. How is this? In the preceding verse we read: “And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us”—being taught it by the Holy Ghost. “God is love:” it is His nature; the infinity of love! the immensity of love! “And he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.” Our love is thus made perfect by dwelling in the love of God, and God dwelling in us. It is as our love rests in God’s love that it is made perfect. But it will not arrive at perfect

consummation till we get to heaven. "Continue ye in my love," says the blessed Jesus,—Let that be the home of your affections, the home of your souls. So will your love grow and increase. But heaven will be the full consummation of love. There we shall be filled with the fulness of love.

Secondly. As this love is made perfect, there will be, in proportion, a reverential boldness inspired.

Go back to that trembling time when you first approached God; what doubts and misgivings you felt; but after that the Holy Ghost was shed abroad in your heart, and you had fellowship with God, you could come with boldness to the throne of grace to obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need. Now this boldness is not an unbecoming boldness; it is not the boldness of presumption, or impudence, but the boldness of affection. "Perfect love casteth out fear." There is no fear in love. When fear is cast out, then we can draw near to God with child-like confidence, and plead His promises, like Jacob, and say, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me;" and, like Moses, when he pleaded for Israel, and the Lord said, "I have pardoned according to thy word," &c. They pleaded boldly with God upon the footing of His own word; and so may we plead with God upon the footing of His word and promises in Jesus Christ, which are all "Yea, and in Him amen." But the text speaks of boldness in *the day of judgment*. "Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment." A *solemn* time, when all nations will be judged by the Lord, and that awful sentence pronounced upon the ungodly, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels," but that glorious sentence upon the Lord's holy and chosen family, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." And here I would put this solemn question, How shall *we* stand when He appears in judgment? The ungodly are represented as in a dreadful state of agitation and terror, "saying to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us." Why? Because they have no love to God. There is no love in devils, no love in lost souls. It is the criminal that dreads the coming of the assizes, when he will be brought before the judge to be tried, and receive the sentence of condemnation. But let a prisoner know that he has the sovereign's pardon, and will only be brought before the judge to receive the sentence of acquittal, what a difference it makes in their position! And it is just that difference that will make us see the Judge of heaven and earth as our God, Father, and Friend, and give us boldness in the day of judgment."

"Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
For who ought to my charge shall lay,  
While through Thy blood absolv'd I am,  
From sin's tremendous curse and shame?"

We read in the nineteenth chapter of Revelation, "And after these things I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying, Alleluia; salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God: for true and righteous are His judgments:" &c. . . . And a voice came out of the throne, saying, Praise our God, all ye His servants, and ye that fear Him, both small and great. And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the

voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia ; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

"Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment."

And now, just a word or two upon the third and last point, the Reason, "Because as He is, so are we in this world." There is a sense in which we are not, and never can be, like Jesus in this world—free from sin. Though bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, He was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners ; subject to infirmities as we are, but without sin ; *pure, sinless humanity*, perfect MAN and perfect GOD—incarnate Deity. And there is a sense in which we *are* like Jesus in this world ; we are not free from suffering, sorrow, temptation, persecution, death. But what sorrow was ever like unto *His* sorrow ? what suffering like unto *His* suffering ? what death like unto *His* death ? But the sense in which the Apostle means, "As He is, so are we in this world," is, that as Jesus Christ is the object of God's love, so are we *in* Him. As He is the beloved Son of God, so are we—amidst all our infirmities and imperfections—the beloved children of God. As Jesus Christ is the beloved Son of God in heaven, so are we the beloved sons and daughters of God on earth. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the Sons of God." "Beloved, now are we the Sons of God ; *now*—in the present tense—in our present, imperfect state, with all our sorrows and complaints, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be : but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him ; for we shall see Him as He is." The resurrection and ascension of Christ was the evidence of God's acceptance of Him, and of us in Him. He had magnified the law, and made it honorable ; He had finished the work which His Father gave Him to do ; He had put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, and was therefore accepted of God ; and His blood and righteousness is imputed to us, and we are accepted in Him, the "Beloved," "The Lord our righteousness." What a blessed doctrine this is ! Pardonèd through His blood, justified in His righteousness, and sanctified by His Spirit, we are made to "sit together with Him in heavenly places," and can say with the beloved disciple, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ."

May these blessed truths be the source of our rejoicing, comfort, and consolation, from day to day, as we journey on through the wilderness, till we arrive in heaven, where love, joy, peace, and "pleasure in perfection is ;" and may God add His blessing on these few remarks, for His name's sake. Amen.

(Taken down by WILLIAM ARTHUR ADAMS, a Member of the Church.)

"There is a love in God to use even when sinners in our natural state, pulling us out of that condition. So there was a love hid in God's heart towards us all the while we were children of wrath ; and God goes and suborns Jesus Christ to come and remove all the obstacles in the way of Justice, that he might be just, and the justifier of them that believe in Jesus. He says, "I will love such an one, let his condition be what it will. If he fall into sin, I will fetch sin out of him again, that I may delight in him."—*From the Marrow of Dr. Goodwin's Works.*

## THE LATE MR. BRYANT OF MELBOURNE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—How soon are the choicest expectations sometimes thwarted by an interposing act of infinite wisdom, and the fondest hopes and anticipations of many loving hearts brought to a stand-still and cut down, by an hidden decree of our adorable Jehovah!

“He gives and He takes, and makes no mistakes,  
 Whatever may be the amount,  
 Nor have we a right, however he smite,  
 To call Him to give an account.” S. L.

This has been made very painfully manifest, in the departure to an upper and far better world, of the beloved Pastor (Mr. William Bryant) of the Strict Baptist Church, George street, Fitzroy, Melbourne, who died—or rather, fell asleep in Jesus—of Enteritis, or an internal disease of the bowels, on the evening of the 26th March, *ult.*, aged 32 years, and was buried on Good Friday, in the Melbourne New Cemetery. The hearse was followed by many loving and sorrowing friends; the *cortégé* was nearly three quarters of a mile in length; and upwards of two thousand souls were present to witness the closing scene on earth of one whose large-hearted, benevolent, and kindly sympathies, had entwined around and secured their affections. The services of the day, (in accordance with the desire and precept of the deceased), were conducted by our brother, Mr. J. F. Matthews, (architect) with deep and evident emotions of soul. He was kindly assisted in this trying dispensation, by the brethren W. Cakebread and W. Cuttle, from Geelong.

The dear and beloved one's end on earth, after (by his own request) hearing the 8th of Romans and 17th of John read to him in the presence of the officers of the Church, and to whom he gave a most solemn parting admonition, was, that there is no sting in death, and just before he was taken away, said, “I behold him (*i.e.* the Lord Jesus) in the room;” then, raising his dying arm from the bed, and waving it above his head, (just like my dear and beloved brother) in holy rapture, triumphantly exclaimed, “Victory;” he then fell back into the arms of a near and dear relative, breathed twice, and was gone to be for ever at perfect rest and peace with him whom he loved to extol and set forth, and whose ministry was so greatly and marvellously owned and blest by God the Holy Ghost, to babes, young men, and fathers, in Christ Jesus; his race was short, rapid, brilliant, and glorious. Suffice it to say, at present, that those who were favoured to know him best, loved him the more. I should say that the beloved wife of our departed brother, was lying in an adjoining room, being confined but four days previous to his being taken hence.

I hear that it is intended, soon to publish a memoir of the dear saint, with some of his sermons, from which I propose (D.V.) to send you a few extracts; doubtless they will by the Blessed Spirit, be made a source of holy comfort and consolation to many of the bereaved, tried, and living family of our Covenant God.

Thus a beloved pastor, friend, and companion in tribulation, and in

the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, has been taken away from a large and loving church, a warm-hearted people, and many sincere friends. Faithfully your's in a precious loving Christ,

A BEREAVED ONE.

45, Swanston Street, Melbourne, Australia.

April 23rd, 1872.

## THAT MOST GLORIOUS ANTHEM YET TO BE SUNG,

"THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH."

### PART III.

**E**VERY day telleth you, Christian, that the time is fast nearing us of which the Holy Ghost, by Paul, did speak—"THEN SHALL THAT WICKED BE REVEALED WHOM THE LORD SHALL CONSUME WITH THE SPIRIT OF HIS MOUTH, AND SHALL DESTROY WITH THE BRIGHTNESS OF HIS COMING."

Three expressions precede this: (1) a falling away; (2) a withholding; (3) "He who now letteth will let until he be taken out of the way." We are in the falling away times; now there is a withholding, and a letting; that is, men are falling away from the power of godliness, for the essential power seems to be withholden, and anti-Christ is allowed to come in once more. The ten virgins are slumbering and sleeping, and I fear, for real Christians, the state of things here will be worse and worse, until the full revelation of THAT wicked is revealed. Our only refuge is in God; our only remedy is prayer and waiting on him to prove our heirship with his Son; then the three blessings will be with us, and we shall be with them.

"*The breath of his mouth*" will be the return of the Spirit of life from God through the Gospel: that out-pouring will be given for which all earnest Christians are now sighing.

"*The brightness of his coming*," which will be his second glorious appearing, when some of his redeemed will come with him; and the rest shall meet him in the air:—then the destruction of all his enemies will follow; Christ will be glorified in his saints, and adored in all them that believe, and the glorious anthem will be sung in full chorus, "*The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.*"

I give a short chapter this month upon the qualifying grace given in the world to those favoured ones who shall help to sing that most glorious anthem, "*The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.*"

Let us tell all the truth, as far as we know it, for *truth* will endure; but "all liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, *which is the second death*:" and if the reported sermons and speeches which are constantly coming forth are correct, then these false speakers are not confined to the masses of British men, but even the gownsmen, and the dignified on platforms and pulpits are fearfully in danger.

I must not be silent when men, professing to be witnesses for God and ambassadors for Christ, do daringly pervert the commission which the Lord himself has *given* to his own servants; but which rich hirelings have taken, mutilated, and contradicted, to the deceiving of many.

I now simply confine myself to the qualifying grace of God given,

by the *Spirit* of God, unto the redeemed elect of God, that they may know him—that they may worship him in spirit and in truth, and give glory, honour, majesty and praise unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever.

Readers of the *Earthen Vessel*, there is nothing that can more deeply concern us than that of PROVING our calling and election to be of GOD ; without that we are all at sea ; no pilot to guide, no power to preserve us.

Let me give you a word or two as it rolled over my mind very early this morning. One verse of Watts's hymn made the way for it. The doctor poetised three supremely grand mercies for the living children of God when he wrote that verse,

“ My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
While life or breath remains ;  
There my best friends—my kindred—dwell,  
There GOD, my SAVIOUR reigns ! ”

A Divine and saving *relationship* is the first most invaluable blessing, “ GOD MY SAVIOUR ! ” to see and know that he reigns in Zion is the richest of all experiences in this militant state on earth. Following this, is Gospel fellowship with the true children of God worshipping with you in the church below ; so that you can say,

“ Here my best friends—my kindred—dwell.”

How far from this is the general state of churches ! Ministers against ministers ; deacons unkind to pastors ; people afflicting their fellow-members : so that instead of standing up with all the church, and honestly singing

“ Here my best friends—my kindred—dwell,”

it would be more correct to sing,

“ Every man against his brother,  
Strife and sorrows here abound.”

When the children of God come together, Satan also cometh among them. The consequence is, but few can sincerely and practically carry out that resolution, as the effect of a realized relationship to JESUS, and a blessed fellowship with his saints, saying,

“ My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
While life or breath remains.”

But where this soul-prayer for Zion is in exercise ; where Christians dwell together in the love of the truth, and where their relationship to God is revealed in the heart by the Holy Spirit, how truly blest are they ! To them Moses speaks jubilantly, “ Happy art thou, O Israel, who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord ! ”

Sleepless hours of contemplation on this verse of Watts's issued in a fixedness of mind upon Paul's clear testimony to the Galatians, “ *Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, ABBA FATHER !* ” This Spirit of Adoption is the promised spiritual inheritance of the Redeemed and regenerated saints of Christ on the earth. Some things connected with this appears astounding to me. See the fullness, the variety, the completeness of the Scripture-records concerning this indwelling of the Spirit of Christ in the souls of the truly called children ! How rich and plain is God's Word on this part of our salvation ! yet, how little is said upon this in the ministry ! and the almost entire absence of the knowledge

and enjoyment of it in the experience of those who profess and call themselves Christians is a dark sign as regards the state of the church. The New Testament records of the indwelling of the Spirit of Christ in the saved elect of God are numerous and conclusive.

Begin seriously with Christ himself. And, what I say to my own soul I would solemnly say to all: and I say, make sure work here. Do not be deceived in this. Let no long profession; let no church membership; let no frames and feelings under the preaching of past times; let no man's persuasions or soothsayings settle thee down short of this knowledge that Christ, by his Spirit, *abideth in thee*; cry unto the Lord for a clear and powerful, and unmistakable assurance, and take no rest until you have attained unto it. Let me refer you to the New Testament expositions on this all essential point—the soul's possession of the Spirit of Christ. Begin with Christ. Three times to Nicodemus doth the Saviour testify to that most solemn fact, that *without* the new birth there is no heaven. (1) "Verily, verily I say unto thee, Except a man be born again (or from above) he cannot *see* the kingdom of God." (2) He says, "Verily, verily I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot *enter into* the kingdom of God." (3) He comes with a most peremptory sentence, "Marvel not that I said unto thee *Ye must be born again*." Now, in the light of the Spirit, do you *see* Christ's kingdom? By faith do you enter into fellowship with his Gospel kingdom? Surely, then, you are born of God. One of the fruits and evidences of this, which we call *the new birth*, is given by Saint John in the commencement of his Gospel. Speaking of JESUS as the True Light, he says, "He came unto his own, and his own received him not; but as many as *received him*, to them gave he power (the right or privilege) to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name: which *were* born (this new birth precedes the receiving of Christ as the only Saviour; and all who, by a living faith, receive him into their hearts, most certainly have been born)—*not* of blood; nor of the will of the flesh; nor of the will of man—but of God." Not the Holy Ghost himself can speak much plainer than this!

Pause, and think over the three-fold negative John puts upon this being born of God—or from above. How emphatic are his words! "which were born not of blood (that is, not of any natural relationship); nor of the will of the flesh (not of any human sympathy); nor of the will of man (not by any creature effort)—but of God." And, then, unto them that received him into their new born souls, John says, "He gave power to become the Sons of God." That word *power* is rendered three ways, as expressing the act of each Divine person in the Godhead in giving salvation: (1) it is called the privilege of becoming the sons of God; it is a privilege because everlasting love hath freely chosen them in Christ, and appointed them to obtain salvation. (2) That word *power* is rendered "the *right* to become the sons of God;" because Christ, by his substitutionary work, hath merited that right for them, and through him they have a "right to enter in through the gates into the city." (3) Then it is rendered *power*; because the Holy Ghost giveth them strength to lay hold upon eternal life, and to know that "he that hath the Son of God hath life, while he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

If you are truly born of the Spirit, my reader, Christ has been revealed in you ; he has been, and is, received by you ; he gives you the right unto the kingdom, because the *Father* has conferred on you the *privilege* : the *Father* has predestinated you unto the adoption of children ; the Holy Ghost has given you the power to believe with the heart into the righteousness of the Righteous One : you have been, and will be, kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation ; and even now, at times, you can sing, "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." But the end is not yet. C. W. B.

## PROVIDENCE AND GRACE,

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

### CHAPTER XII.

"JANUARY, 2, 1854. I have always found Mr. Prejudice to be sightless and deaf to anything virtuous and good in those he takes a dislike to ; but he knows well how to use the tongue of slander to mangle, disfigure, and render innocent actions odious. My sojourn at Alresford developed to me this demon as one of the most useful servants, sent by the old serpent, the devil, to resist the progress of truth. No one can conceive the heart-burnings and the hatred that exists in the hearts of some who, almost,—in other respects—are models of Christian character ; but this enemy so prejudices some of them against *Believer's Baptism by Immersion*, and the doctrines of Free and Sovereign Grace, that one would think, by their zealous opposition to them, there was no reference to them in the Bible ; and the truth is, they hate those who believe them, and set up their own dogmas—to use their own words—as 'more modest and rational.' For sometimes I have had the tracts and other productions of Pædobaptist writers given to me to read ; and, on the other side, many Anabaptist writings ; and have read both sides, until I am weary of it, and have almost ignored Baptism altogether. The two parties in the church condemn me, and perhaps justly, for I decline infant sprinkling as *no baptism*, having *no authority* in the Scriptures ; and I have not adopted dipping, because, by doing so, I separate myself from the Independent body, and have little or no acquaintance with Baptist churches. Here I am, lashed on both sides ; I see by the Scriptures if Baptism is essential it must be administered by immersion to believers. I feel also the thought of separation from the section of the church I have been instructed in, in the doctrines called Calvinism, as death. Nevertheless, rather than continue in this disquietude state of mind, my very soul bows obediently before Him who enables me to cry out,

'The dearest idol I have known, whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne, and worship only Thee.'

"January 9. Although I have stood here between fire and water, one burning me and the other quenching, which is not quite agreeable, my feeble efforts have been successful ; the chapel is enlarged, the church increased, the Sunday school doubled, the day school a triumph, a new school-room built, and all paid for ; nevertheless, I feel the time is come to resign. If I sprinkle infants, I grieve those who consider it wrong ; and if I refuse, I grieve their parents. Therefore, I have resigned,



to be in a better position to avow my principles. But I am now in a mess again ; my resignation is refused, without a quarter's notice, and an invitation is sent to take charge of the church at Havant. Shortly after my resignation Professor Owen came into the town to lecture on Astronomy, and engaged to supply the pulpit a few weeks. This now opens the way that I may go to Havant.

" January 16. Am now at Havant, my family at Alresford. This is a small town between Portsmouth and Chichester. The Rev. W. Scamp was pastor over fifty years ; his ministry was the truth *doctrinally*, and was greatly blessed. His zeal for God is now seen in the buildings he raised money for, and built : a large chapel, a good minister's house, a spacious British school-room, vestries, burying ground, and a small endowment. All these flourished during his pastorate ; but as he advanced in years, and a few worldly minds, with money, got into the church, a cry was raised for a more intellectual and general ministry. This state of things continued for a long time, until a perfect storm of persecution came upon his *hoar head*, which threatened division. At length, they proposed an annuity for life, and the branch chapel at Hayling Island. This he accepted, and retired. A division followed by the choice of a dashing young *negative theologian* to fill the pulpit. The lovers of truth were soon starved out ; they could not feed on the "husks that swine eat," after eating the pure bread so long. 'Ichabod' is now written upon all. In five years the church was divided, the congregation scattered, the school closed, and the minister gone. All wears the darkness and dreariness of desertion. My work is to repair the broken walls of Zion. *God will do it* : this is the *fourth*.

" February 6. Have had several interviews with the aged pastor, and find he has been bitterly persecuted, because he has grown old, but not incapable. Have secured his cordial co-operation, and enlisted his promise to preach occasionally. I find many clinging to him as their father, while a few bitterly hate him and 'his Calvinism.' I see I must take my stand for one side or the other. All have concurred in my invitation ; not, I think, because all approve of the doctrines, but because the opposite have failed. Whatever I may suffer, I am purposed to face error with *truth*, and wait the result.

" September 6. The deacon called a church meeting last week, for special purposes, in which I took no part, beyond keeping order. The deacon's wife was sole ruler of the church and the originator of the persecution that separated the old minister from the flock, and from that time was called 'Jezebel.' The meeting objected to every proposal made by the deacon, and then proposed the addition of deacons and a managing committee. This was carried unanimously ; the only opposition was the deacon and his family. This woman now found that her power was gone. She again began a storm of persecution ; charging me with alliance with the old minister and his party. Deacons were chosen, and a committee formed that stood nobly for the truth, and separated the heterodox party in a few months from the fold. They found their power was subdued, and there was no way to regain it but by getting rid of me, to scatter again those who had returned to the church with orthodox principles. It is marvellous to me that so many deacons should cling to the office as they do ; they are supposed to care for the minister's support, and the support of the poor—to see

that their minister's house is furnished and his table spread as well as their own. They are required by God to be 'men full of faith and the Holy Ghost.' (Acts vi. 3.; 1 Tim. iii. 12, 13.) Are not the deacons of the present day, many of them, dividers of churches, persecutors of ministers, and haters of the poor? Is not the office of the deacon equally as important as that of the minister? God says, 'the deacon must be grave;' which means, to be sober and modest, to possess the fear of God; 'not double-tongued,' not deceitful, not acting two parts— one, by office, professing to serve God, and the other, by action, doing the work of Satan; 'not given to much wine,' (wine is here used for all intoxicating drinks); 'not greedy of filthy lucre,'—wealth basefully and sinfully acquired—but holding 'faith in a pure conscience.' Deacons too frequently loose sight of the gravity, the spirituality, the faithfulness, the loving-kindness, and the responsibility of the office. The chief qualification is, 'full of the Holy Ghost.' These will be men of 'wisdom' and 'good report.' They are to be proved; 'then,' Paul says, (by the Holy Ghost,) 'let them use the office of a deacon, being blameless.' Among the many I have known in the churches of godly ministers, and with them whom I have had to do, I have not found one whose likeness agrees with the description given in the Word of God. Riches do not qualify, but rather disqualify, when there is a disposition to covetousness, and when a lordly spirit is exercised, indicating, 'I am your master, you must be content with your wages, and do my work.' The covetous spirit—'greedy of filthy lucre,' is not fit for so important an office. One I knew, possessing lots of wealth, would take the poor man's sixpence, and give less himself; his minister lacked the necessities of life; his gold was stored up to be a witness against him, while God's minister and God's poor were destitute. The poor, blameless, proved man, 'filled with the Holy Ghost,' is preferable for the high and holy office to the rich formalist. Some ministers glory in having rich deacons; is it because they are proved blameless men, 'full of the Holy Ghost?' or, Is it their riches? If the pastor and deacons be 'filled with the Holy Ghost,' then the church will be led to banquet at the King's banquetting house on the free and sovereign grace of God; but if not, there will only be the charming beautifulness of eloquence of speech, and fashionable formality. These thoughts led me to say to the church, 'Look out three men, full of the Holy Ghost;' and I think they have done so. Paul also says, (1 Tim. iii. 11), 'Even so must the deacons' wives be grave; not slanderers, sober, faithful in all things.' The deacon's wife here is the counterpart of all Paul says, and is clearly illustrated in the years of persecution she inflicted on that devoted, and strictly consistent, aged servant of God; and also his successor. I see, in the distance, a storm rising, that may burst upon my head, although, as yet, I have not declared myself of either party. They are a small party, but they have the money; might has overcome right; duplicity has triumphed over simplicity, falsehood over truth; God's Word misinterpreted, heresies set up, the fear of God and genuine piety disregarded. If the deacons and their wives were but grave, sober, single-tongued, liberal-hearted, loving, humble, praying, self-denying, God-fearing, doing service as to God and not man; *in fine*, if they were but 'new creatures; filled with the Holy Ghost, the righteousness of God in Christ; the elect of God, called, born of the Spirit, spiritually-

mind,'—What would be the influence of their holy lives and conduct on the churches? A minister may be a chosen vessel to bear the water to drooping plants of grace; but he is in the hands of the deacon, must do as he is bidden, or provoke his lord to threaten him with ejection, or withholding the supplies. The danger is, that the minister may be cast into the deacons' moulds for "filthy lucre," rather than into the mould of righteous obedience to God, and suffering for righteousness sake. Here I see my danger; I think of the money and of a pure conscience. If a storm come, cover me with thy wings, O God! Give me grace, as thou did'st Moses, to 'choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to endure the pleasures of sin for a season.'"

The God-chosen deacons the Holy Ghost filled,  
Their tongues were not double, but graciously still'd;  
To wine were not given, nor covetous gain;  
Their faith was unshaken, their conscience no stain.

Their tables with luxuries they did not o'er-spread,  
The wants of the widow they studied instead;  
They starved not their teachers who preached God's Word,  
To needfuls they helped them, and glorified God.

## PRODUCTIONS OF THE PRESS.

"*Perplexing Divinity*" is the title of an article in *The Gospel Magazine* for June; with its arguments we sympathize most deeply. We ask ourselves—we ask all who read and receive the Bible as the revealed will of the Almighty God—we ask all who profess to believe the Gospel of Christ—we ask—"Is not the work of bringing sinners savingly to Jesus Christ committed solely into the hands of the Holy Ghost? Does not the Holy Spirit give unto all whom he calleth, life, faith, hope, and love, revealing in them the Christ of God, and leading and enabling them (as the old men would put it) 'to close in with Christ for salvation?' And—Is it not most certainly true that the Eternal Spirit commences, carries on, and consummates the work of grace in the hearts of all the redeemed?" "Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ" (Phil. i. 6)—From whence, then, cometh all that preaching, writing and exhorting, which maketh salvation to depend upon the choice, will, and act of the sinner? Where does it come from? What will be the end of it? Awful to us is this consideration; Mr. Doudney may well call it "*Perplexing Divinity*:" Is it divinity at all?"

—*Mr. Joseph Taylor's Book on Baptism*—(Published by R. Banks, Racquet Court, Fleet Street, Price 4d.). This little review of Mr. Thomas Edwards' pamphlet *against* Baptism is well produced as regards the printing, &c. We are presenting different wise men with copies, ask-

ing their candid opinion. The following is from a close and calm thinker. He says:—"Having carefully read the book you kindly sent for review, I beg to say that in my opinion its parenthetical style breaks the force of the arguments, which, in all other respects, are sound, scriptural, and conclusive. The author is no hasty firebrand in controversy, or he would certainly not have treated Edwards' errors so deliberately as he has. What he advances in support of baptism and scriptural order has my fullest concurrence. In asking me to review his book you give me a pleasanter task than it would have been to me to make out an estimate of the man and his teaching on the other side. I only know Edwards through the medium of the press. From his own testimony, he has turned round from being a warm advocate for water-baptism to being an avowed enemy to its continuance. It is useless to ascribe such a change to Divine teaching and influence: whatever motives or influences induced it, they were from no higher source than the world and the flesh. Probably it pays better to oppose baptism than to practice it. If so, the conduct of some men in repudiating it is not surprising. That many professed Christians live in the neglect of it is no argument against it. But what shall be said of the many whom something super-human has enabled to surmount innumerable obstacles in the way of their fulfilling the plainly revealed will of God in their being baptized?"

T. C.

# OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

A VISIT TO HAYES TABERNACLE.—AN ORDINATION SERVICE.

## MR. R. C. BARDENS' CONFESSION OF FAITH, ETC.

[BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.]

A BEAUTIFUL cloudless, sunny sky and balmy air, favoured the day on which Robert C. Bardens was solemnly ordained as a Particular Baptist Minister. This is the more remarkable as for some days before and after heavy rains have fallen.

Wednesday, June the 5th, was this happy day, on which, by editorial request, I paid a visit to Hayes. I booked for Southall, and on arriving there, found I had been travelling with many friends who were going to witness the ordination ceremony, among whom were Mr. P. W. Williamson and Mr. J. S. Anderson. As I walked slowly out of the station, one of the railway officials came up and asked,

"What is on to-day, sir, about here?"

To which I replied,

"The ordination of Mr. Bardens at Hayes."

This was caused by a larger number of persons than usual alighting at the picturesque little station at Southall.

As soon as I got outside the station, I found Mr. John Wild had sent vehicles to carry the visitors to Hayes; but I preferred to walk, especially as I had plenty of time to take it quietly. So the clergy with their friends rode, and the VESSEL commissioner went on tramp. And a lovely walk it was. As I perambulated through Southall, the wind gently swept through a long avenue of tall trees, and they bowed their heads gracefully to Heaven, while the merry songsters were carolling anthems, and everything around in soft, yet majestic chant, proclaimed, "The Hand that made us is Divine."

To an old gentleman mending the road I ventured a good morning, and he most politely returned the salutation.

"Is it far to Hayes Tabernacle, if you please?"

"Do you mean Mr. Wild's chapel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said my friend of the road, "about a mile and a-half: when you get to the *White Hart*, turn to the left, and you will see the chapel."

I thanked and bade adieu to my kind informant. As a matter of course, after a little more walking I came to the roadside inn, and having turned down a lovely country lane, I saw

### HAYES TABERNACLE.

We generally build warehouses and wharfs in suitable style; why places of worship are erected in direct opposition to all taste and ecclesiastical etiquette is strange to me; but this is not the case with this little sanctuary.

The first thing that strikes you about the exterior is the porch. This is useful as well as ornamental. During Divine service if some of the babes show an aversion to the preacher, mothers may to the porch repair, and there listen to the truth, without disturbing any one. Of the interior much might be written. Every window is filled with stained glass. No grotesque figure of St. Mungo, St. Sophax, St. Aquæ (these two last ought to be brethren, and are except amongst Romanists,) St. Casimir, or any other mediæval fellow who did or did not exist, disfigure these windows, but a soft, gentle, religious light is cast over the whole sanctuary. I will only add, the chapel is very pretty, and was held in general admiration.

At Hayes Tabernacle they do not "give out two lines at a time," simply because that spoils the sense of the words and cuts the tune in pieces. As the young lady who presides at the harmonium has taken her place, I close my introduction with just observing, there was a Prayer meeting at 7 a.m.

I will now give an account of the day's proceedings.

### MORNING.

At a few moments to eleven several Ministers and others took their seats on the platform. We noticed J. S. Anderson, P. W. Williamson, Charles Waters Banks, Samuel Ponsford, J. Griffith, Samuel Jones, Richard Minton, Robert C. Bardens, the Pastor-designate, and Mr. John Wild.

The proceedings opened with an appropriate hymn, which was sung heartily, the audience standing, and the "cloth" (by way of example) keeping their seats.

Mr. P. W. Williamson read impressively the twentieth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, and offered prayer.

After another hymn had been sung,

Mr. J. S. Anderson delivered a discourse upon the Nature of a Gospel Church. For want of space this, with the Charge and the speeches in the evening are omitted, but will be given in future numbers or in a separate form, either in full or otherwise; at least, so I am told.

Mr. Minton read the next hymn, and

The Venerable Samuel Ponsford proceeded with the Questions. He asked one of the Deacons to give some account of the leadings of providence in connection with the choice of Mr. Bardens as their pastor.

Mr. John Wild, then rose and said,—My dear sir and Christian friends, I think a very

few words will be sufficient to answer the question just put. Some of you remember the circumstance of Mr. George Holmes dying suddenly on his way home after his preaching here on Thursday evening, October 20, 1870. Mr. Dyer stood engaged to supply the pulpit the following Sabbath, and Mr. Holmes the three next in succession; but as I have already hinted, he had been preaching here on the previous Thursday, and complained to me of pains about the heart, but still he appeared pretty cheerful. Returning home that evening, Mr. Holmes got so far as Bishop's road station, and there, in the waiting room, went home to glory. I called at Mr. Banks's office on the following Monday to acquaint him of the circumstance, and to ask him if he could assist us in getting a minister for those three Sabbaths. He very kindly did so. He said there were two ministers he knew who were moveable—Mr. Huxham and Mr. Bardens, both Devonshire men. Mr. Huxham supplied those three Lord's-days, which were the three first in November. He was then invited to remain two months longer; when that time had expired, he received a further invite for two or three months. Mr. H. considered it would be better for the friends to hear some other ministers, and he (Mr. Huxham) having made an engagement to preach two Lord's-days at Willingham, in Cambridge-shire, Mr. Bardens was then invited to supply the pulpit for those two Sabbaths, which he did. This was on February 19, 1871, and the following Sabbath. The people heard with acceptance. Mr. Huxham had also engaged to preach at Lever-street, St. Luke's, the two successive Lord's-days; Mr. Bardens was therefore asked to stay with us those two Sabbaths also, which were the first two in March. On Friday, March 10, at a meeting of the members and seatholders, it was unanimously agreed that Mr. Bardens should, at the expiration of Mr. Huxham's engagement, be invited for three months, which he (Mr. Bardens) took time to consider of. Mr. Huxham's services ceased here the last Sabbath in March. Mr. Bardens was written to, asking him to commence the first Lord's-day in April, which was one month earlier than was expected; in answer to which a letter was received from Mr. Bardens, dated March 16, as follows: "DEAR BROTHER,—In answer to your note, I will endeavour, by the help of the Lord, to be with you on the first Lord's-day in April; and I should like to say for three Sabbaths, then we shall know and see something about the future, because of my friends at home and the business. I do not want to do anything in haste, that the Lord knoweth." At a meeting (April 20) it was proposed, seconded, and carried unanimously, that he be invited to labour amongst us for a further period of twelve months, which he accepted, commencing the last Lord's-day in May. On June 1, we had a social meeting, when Mr. Bardens gave an account of the way in which the Lord directed him here, and constrained him to come amongst us. Three letters

were received, bearing testimony to his Christian walk and conversation, both in the Church and the world. One from Mr. F. Collins, the Pastor of Howe-street, Plymouth, where he stood a member many years; one from the Church at Ashburton, where he laboured for seven years; one from Mr. Hooppell, the deacon of the Church at Bigbury, where he laboured once a month for eight years. [Mr. Wild said he could read those letters, but did not think it necessary.] During the twelve months the Church and congregation increased, and we still heard him exceedingly well. The Church again met, and unanimously gave him a call to the pastorate here. He did not appear in any haste in the matter. He acceded, and he entered upon his pastoral office last Sabbath, the 2nd of June, 1872.

Mr. Ponsford. I have listened with much pleasure to this very concise statement, and I think few will fail to see the good providence of God in sending you your pastor. I will now ask Mr. Bardens to give us a short account of his call by grace.

Mr. Robert C. Bardens responded. He said: Christian friends, I feel this to be a very solemn time with me. I have to speak of my call by grace. It is a pleasing tale. When I was a boy I went to Church. My father and mother were favourable to the church. When I became what is termed in my country a biggish boy, I was fond of going to fairs and such like places, but as I returned, I can well remember that the thought would sink deeply into my soul, "If I were to die now, where should I go?" About this time circumstances transpired at the church which caused several to leave, amongst whom was my father. He is here to-day; I almost wish he had not been. You understand me when I say this. There was a little chapel at Bigbury, and after father left the church he went there; but I still continued going to church. One Sunday morning my father said, "Robert, you must go to chapel to-day; if you do not go this morning, I shall make you this afternoon." Myself and eldest sister were now a considerable size; and I can well remember that after my father had said this, I felt moody. I went in the garden behind the old cottage and there shed a tear. While here my eldest sister came out and said, "Don't go, Robert; don't go." But I did go, and well do I remember the first time. The name of the old minister who supplied the pulpit then was Mr. Bastard. [The speaker having given a very clear description of his convictions at this chapel, went on to say]. I now earnestly begged of the Lord that he would manifest himself to me by the time I should be twenty-one years of age. Two years after the time I first went to the chapel, I took an active part in the service; I did all I could to keep the doors open; but while reading the hymn on one occasion, I felt ready to die. The dreadful agony of my poor little heart was indescribable. I felt as though I was mocking God, and that I could not hold on. Yet no one knew the agony I was going through. I could not mentiou

these matters to my parents; and on this point I can thoroughly sympathise with young people. Well, as the time drew on for me to arrive at manhood, the desire to which I have referred not only remained, but increased in a special way. We used to have supplies at the little chapel at Bigbury, and it often occurred that one Sunday in the month we were without a preacher. A little distance off there was a cause—they were called Brownists—but I felt they were wrong, and could not join them. I became twenty-one on the 11th, of June, which came on a Thursday. The Sunday after this was a vacant day for the pulpit. What should I do? Where should I go? important questions to me. Saturday came. I felt very gloomy at the prospect of the coming day. I was looking through the window and I saw an old gentleman crossing the road and coming in the way to our home. He appeared to me a minister, which he proved to be. Well, Sunday came, and we went to chapel, and the morning service passed off. The afternoon came. I read the hymns, and in due course the preacher rose to read his text. The Bible was opened at Ezekiel. He said, "You will find the text in such a chapter, and at such a verse," but he could not read it; he again said, "You will find my text at such a chapter, and in such a verse," but he could not read it! His face became very red, he blushed, and appeared very frightened. He then turned the Bible to Isaiah, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." THAT WAS THE TIME FOR ME. I said nothing about it; I kept it in my little heart. We went to chapel in the evening. I was reading

"'Tis with the righteous well."

I felt I could hold no longer. We began to sing, and I thought that I should recover that feeling, but down I dropped. Old Mr. Brewer was the preacher when I fell upon my face in the chapel. "I kill and I make alive." I was fond of the company of ministers and friends of the Gospel who came to us, still my opportunities of this kind were very few at a little place like Bigbury. I remember one book that was made very useful to me; it was written by the wife of our highly honoured friend, Mr. Banks, entitled, *The Silent Preacher. THE EARTHEN VESSEL* was a great help to me, and I used to look for it month after month. Time after time I have taken it under a hedge, and read it: it was a boon indeed. It contained, amongst other articles, extracts from *A Child of Light Walking in Darkness*, by Dr. Goodwin; and some tracts by Dr. Winslow were very useful to me. After this there came a separation from my companions. It was very painful work, but it had to be done. On Sunday evenings, after service, we used to take a walk—I mean the young people. One time there were six or seven couples. We went over to Ringmore, and there we went into a public

house, and had threepenny worth of gin each, and on returning as we passed some cottages the young men in front began tapping at the windows. I thought, whatever are they doing. Presently I turned round, and saw a man running after us. He was without a hat. He said, "Robert Bardens is that you?" He told us we had broken so many windows. I said to myself, No more of this for me. I could get no sleep that evening. I was afraid that this might cause some talk. I will just mention another circumstance. One evening we went for a walk—two young men and two young women. We entered a public house. I felt dreadful. The young man who was with us called for a quart of ale and two pipes. My feelings were indescribable. Something said, "You cannot serve two masters." I said to my companions, "I must go outside," and I got outside, and ran down the hill as fast as I could. Had the young man called only for a pint of ale, the probability is that I should have remained; but this was the means of severing me from that companionship.

In replying to the Ven. S. Ponsford's question of his call to the ministry, Mr. Bardens gave a short, but interesting account. It appears that soon after his conversion, his mind was much exercised about ministerial work. He had done his utmost for the little Bigbury chapel. In the providence of God he left Bigbury and went to London, to improve in his business. After a while he went to Plymouth, and became a member of Mr. Collins's Church at Howe street. While Mr. Collins was preaching on one occasion, the words came to him, "Ye are not your own." He pondered the thought. He concluded that he did not belong to the devil; if he did not belong to the devil he did to the Lord. Ruminating this over in his mind, he determined, if it were the Lord's will, the course he should take. These cogitations he told Mr. Collins, saying, he would leave the matter entirely in his hands. Mr. Bardens gave a good description of the opening chapter of his preaching career—which commenced several years ago. For some time he preached about; then he divided his labours between the churches at Ashburton and Bigbury—about nine years at Bigbury, and seven at Ashburton. At the last named place, a weak, sickly church had become healthful, through his instrumentality. But he had a business at Plymouth, and he found it heavy work preaching three times on the Sunday, with the travelling, and returning to business. He thought some change necessary; still the church at Ashburton loved him, and he loved the people. At any rate, he came to no hasty conclusion about the present movement.

Mr. Bardens then carefully replied to the questions touching his doctrinal views and the ordinance of God's House.

In the course of the service, Mr. Collins put in an appearance. He, with some friends, had come from Greenwich in Mr. Crutcher's waggonette.

Mr. Collins spoke a few kindly words to

the young minister, and we closed this happy service, with the doxology and the benediction.

A cold collation was served in the new school room. Of this new structure I will say nothing now. There is to be a public dedication. If I am sent to Hayes on that occasion, then will be the time for an account of this enterprise.

**THE AFTERNOON SERVICE** commenced with a hymn, read by Charles Waters Banks.

Mr. Francis Collins said there had been an omission in the previous service. He would ask the Pastor and Mr. Wild to join hands, emblematic of the union of pastor and people. Mr. Collins then read the fourth of St. Paul's Second Epistle to Timothy, and offered the Ordination Prayer.

C. W. Banks delivered the Charge. During the exordium, which had direct personal reference to the new minister, Mr. Bardens, who sat at the right hand of the speaker, was moved to tears. The Charge was considered an excellent discourse. The delivery took one hour and ten minutes.

Mr. P. W. Williamson pronounced the closing prayer.

Tea was served in the school-rooms. Mrs. Wild, and the other ladies, who worked so assiduously to make us comfortable, should know that their efforts were successful and appreciated.

After tea some friends took a short tramble. Returning to the chapel, there was a large assembly outside. Then Mr. Collins and friends left, and as the tramp of the horses feet slowly died away, we again entered the sanctuary.

#### THE EVENING MEETING.

Mr. Robert C. Bardens occupied the chair, and was supported by Messrs. Samuel Ponsford, P. W. Williamson, C. W. Banks, J. Griffith, W. Pearce, Thomas Steed, Samuel Jones, Richard Minton, and other brethren.

Mr. S. Jones read first hymn, and Mr. Minton implored the Divine blessing.

The Chairman had no intention of making a speech that evening. He scarcely knew in what terms to thank the friends who had gathered round that day. Mr. Dickerson, through indisposition, was prevented from being present, but had sent him a very kind letter, wishing him God-speed.

The subject for the evening's discussion was, The Kingdom of Christ, and Mr. Williamson lead the way by describing in a thoughtful speech, Its Origin. C. W. Banks followed, his branch of the subject being Its Nature, but for some philosophical reason he objected to the term nature, and flew off for fifteen minutes upon Its Character. Mr. Griffith, upon Its Progression, was excellent. Mr. Samuel Ponsford in describing Its Subjects, gave some solemn words. The Obligations which Grace lays its Members under was logically spoken to by Mr. Pearce; and Mr. Thomas Steed in a very warm manner, discoursed upon The Happy Issue.

The day's proceedings closed with singing and prayer.

## RYE LANE SUNDAY-SCHOOL JUBILEE.

### *The History of the Church and the School.*

On Sunday, June 9, and the following day, the Jubilee of Rye-lane Sunday-school was held. On the Sunday afternoon, a special service was conducted by Mr. Congreve, at which seven addresses were given of five minutes each. At the public meeting on Monday, the following history of the school was given by Mr. Congreve:—

**DBAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,**—As this is the Jubilee of our Sunday-school, it will be well to give you a brief history of its rise and progress, and this will take us back for fifty years. At that time, Peckham was a pretty little country village, a very respectable retreat, very beautiful in its surroundings. The walk to London was over fields, so retired and lonely, that, on winter evenings, passengers would wait for two or three to cross together under the protecting care of the trusty old watchman. That worthy old functionary has passed away, and the noble race to which he belonged is now only known to memory. Very ancient was their appearance, and formidable chiefly to little boys,—clad as they were in enormous coats,—brandishing in the one hand, not a sword, but a long, thick, finely-painted staff, and in the other a lantern nearly half as big as themselves.

It was a very pleasant country trip for London friends, shut up all the week in the smoky city, to come down to Peckham, and see us on our anniversary days; but times have changed, especially in the last twenty years. The little country village has become a part of London; the beautiful fields have been covered with bricks and mortar, and groves of trees have become forests of chimney pots. Railways take people everywhere with ease now, and London friends are not satisfied without a journey of twenty or thirty miles; but this is only one of many social changes. It is pleasant, amidst all the changes of localities, of customs, of manners, and of men, to look at the unchanging realities with which, as Christian men and women, we have to do. The writer of this sketch was last year travelling among the mountains of North Wales. There is a pass in the mountains near Llanberis, wild, rugged, and grand. Immense boulders have tumbled from the mountains, and lie there in ridges no man could climb. Looking up at these vast precipices from which those enormous masses had broken away, and year after year are crumbling still—those mountains that might once have seemed to be everlasting—he thought of that sublime passage in Isaiah lvi: "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not be removed from thee; neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."

Many of our friends will remember that three years ago was the Jubilee of the church here. It was then the writer's privilege to give a history of the rise and progress of the cause of Christ at Rye-lane. It is interesting to trace rivers to their sources—so interesting, that great and good men have risked and sometimes sacrificed their lives in the pursuit of such an object. Tracing this river to the source, we know whence all such rivers flow; but, as far as human agency is concerned, this may be traced to a very small bubbling spring. A good wealthy man, a certain Mr. Spencer, being out of health, (mark the link in God's providence), comes with a view to recruit that

health to a quiet country spot—a house in Hill-street, Peckham, where there was then a park before it, and though that purpose of his was not accomplished, (for he died two years after,) he did the work that God intended him to do. The little bubbling spring we spoke of, was a desire in this good man's heart to open his house for prayer. Then, you perhaps remember a barn was fitted up for service; the little stream begins to flow, gathering violets upon its banks. The little band gathered strength, and a church was formed, mourners were comforted and souls were saved. The little stream becomes a river, and acquires a name. A chapel was built—the old chapel, now no more, which many of you remember. The late Mr. Thomas Powell was appointed minister, which sacred office he worthily and faithfully fulfilled for twenty-seven years.

We come now to the institution of the Sunday-school. We can hardly imagine, in the present day, any band of Christians drinking in the Spirit of the Master, continuing long without a Sunday-school. But, fifty years ago, the work was not so much thought of, nor its importance felt. Teachers were often hired. It is remarkable, that our school was the first, in all the district, commenced entirely without a paid superintendent or teachers.

The school was founded by desire and vote of the church in June, 1822, by one who has long slept in Jesus, whose memory will ever command the respect of all who knew him, Mr. William Cray. It commenced with forty-eight scholars, partly children of members of the church and congregation, and partly gathered together by the joint exertions of the pastor's and deacons' daughters, Miss Powell and Miss Cray (afterwards Mrs. Kennedy), who devoted much time and labour for that purpose, both of them long entered into their rest. Of these forty-eight scholars, we scarce know if any are living except one. The first boy entered on the roll-book is now present, Mr. James Jackman, and has been connected with the school and the church ever since. He is justly proud of it; for it is a thing that few can say. If any stranger present would like to see him, here he is. [*Pointing to Mr. J. who sat on the platform.*] Old Time has sprinkled a little silver dust upon him, else he is but little altered since the writer first worked with him as teacher, thirty-three years ago.

The first incident of moment affecting this school, of which there is any record, is the death of Mr. Cray in 1837. He was a constant friend of the institution from the commencement up to the period when he died. Its welfare was ever near his heart, and during his last illness, shared a deep interest in his prayers. His sleeping dust was followed to the grave in Camberwell Church Yard by teachers and scholars—in mournful procession. It was their loss,—and they felt it—but his gain. Mr. James Jackman (the first scholar) then succeeded him as superintendent of the school.

The next incident was the removal of a dearly beloved friend, Mr. Kentish, the respected treasurer, to the Isle of Wight; and three years after, the triumphant death of the beloved minister of the chapel, and president of the school, Mr. Thomas Powell, who fell asleep in Jesus, January 11, 1846, and whose mortal remains were interred in Bunhill Fields, to await the resurrection of the just. Yonder tablet was graven to his memory.

Nearly three years elapsed when a new era commenced in our history. Mr. Moyle having become the settled pastor of the church, at the request of the teachers, accepted the presidency of the school. The kindness and heart-felt interest he took in its progress, and the influence of his example stirring up the teachers to assiduity and zeal, inaugurated an era of prosperity

which has steadily increased from that time to this.

In the following year Mr. Congreve, having returned to Peckham after six years absence, accepted the office of secretary at the committee's request.

In the next year a school library was established. This has been continued ever since, and now is under revision, with a view to enlargement for present need, and to render its working more effective.

Little worthy of record took place in connection with the order and working of the school, except that there was a steady increase, until the year 58, when our old superintendent, Mr. Jackman, resigned, and our present superintendent—then the librarian—succeeded, and has continued since, a period of fourteen years. A deeply interesting farewell service was held, and a handsome copy of Dr. Kitto's Bible presented to Mr. Jackman from the scholars and teachers.

Passing over the next five years, we come to the period when the men whose rule is a rod of iron, and word almost omnipotent, came in their strength and took our quiet home. It was difficult to find a place to meet. Morning school was suspended, and a dirty, uncomfortable place secured for the afternoon. There was a consequent falling off in numbers. But out of evil came good; for with the neat and beautiful little chapel in which we meet we got a gallery for our scholars, land for a school-room, and a neat and comfortable school was built. It was opened in October 1863. There was a deficiency of £700. This was raised in three years by the exertions of our excellent Christian friends. Since then, the opening of the school-room has been celebrated every year by a tea and public meeting, always attracting great interest; the tea provided by the ladies in first rate style.

The events of the last few years are fresh in the memory of most friends present, and we pass them rapidly over. We brought with us 108 scholars to the new school-room. In four years we had increased to 210. Land was taken on lease, and the school-room doubled, and small class-rooms for the bible class scholars built. The cost of this was paid in three years.

Another four years brought us to the year 71. The school had again largely increased; 350 scholars were on the roll book—many young children among the number; the bible classes of young men and women also had increased, urgent need was felt for an *infant class-room*, also a *young men's class room*, and an *enlargement of the young women's class-room*. A fund was commenced; friends subscribed liberally; commodious rooms have been erected, and are just finished—*ready for occupation*. We only need from about £130 to £140 to completely furnish and open all the new buildings free from debt, and for this we seek the kind aid of friends to the cause of Christ, and to the young.

There are other events which, to make the history of the school complete, should have a record here. Many proofs of the deep attachment of scholars to the teachers have been given, among which may be mentioned: To the late teacher of the young women's Bible class, a beautiful copy of Dr. Kitto's Bible, handsomely bound, in two volumes; a present to another of a dressing-case, and a framed photograph of her class. The superintendent, seven years since, received a beautiful silver-plated inkstand, and, last October twelvemonth, at the public meeting, a present that perhaps has no equal,—so beautiful and unique that no money value could express,—it was a series of photographs in one magnificent picture, representing the whole school—every class with its teacher—231 portraits, prized more highly than if every little head had been a pearl and set in gold.



Among the auxiliary agencies which in the last few years have been added to the working of our school may be mentioned a course of instructive winter evening lectures; a monthly service of older scholars for prayer and an address; an occasional service for the young in the chapel on Sunday afternoon; an annual meeting for the Baptist Mission, a working Missionary Society, and a young woman's week-night Bible class, conducted by the superintendent. Among other improvements may be added the introduction of a new hymn book, *Gems of Song*, compiled by the superintendent expressly for Rye Lane school; since which the hymn-book and tune-book have had an enormous circulation, and £70 have been given from its profits to the building fund.

And, now, to hasten to conclusion, an important inquiry suggests itself,—How far has the grand object of this institution been answered?

Thirty-three years ago, and later still, the writer remembers on the Sunday morning hearing boys repeat long columns of spelling, puzzling over la-ti-tu-di-na-ri-an-ism in-com-men-sura-bi-li-ty, and so on. Teachers boxed boys' ears with Testaments, or gave them a flexible bit of sugar-cane; but the time has long passed when the chief object of the Sunday-school appeared to be that of teaching to read and spell. The time has long passed for any corporeal chastisement, and *Love* alone is the rule of the Sunday-school. The writer, comparing the two, is certainly disposed to think the discipline, as well as the *moral training*, of a rule of Love is best.

The time has passed too when it was the universal fashion to talk to young people something like this: "Be good boys, read your Bible, mind your fathers and mothers," and so on. *All good*, but short of the mark. The earnest teacher is anxious,—yearning for souls. He tells the simple story of the Cross in loving words; for that, by the power of God's Spirit, can melt the hardest heart. He longs to see the little wanderers coming to Jesus; he longs to see the lambs carried on the Saviour's bosom; he longs to see the Bible class scholars decided for Christ—to follow Him, love Him, and serve Him evermore;—and there is encouragement in God's Word. Oh, teachers, how many loving promises are there!

And the Rye Lane School may take encouragement from the past. To go back to its early history, we could tell of a young blind girl, aged 13,—who learnt the scriptures by repeating after her teacher—who died very happily, and on her death-bed these scriptures were her stay: we could tell of a young female, aged 18, in whom the work of grace went on for 9 years in the school, who was haunted at last with the fear of death, but praying earnestly was happily delivered, and whose peaceful death was blessed and the conversion of a dear friend. We could tell of a little boy who died of heart disease, aged 12 years (his mother is a member with us now) who died in the sweet assurance of the love of Jesus. We could tell of many scholars joining the church, some almost every year.

Coming down to a more recent period we might name a dear boy, in Mr. Crensey's class, named Samuel Willoughby, the son of a very old member of the congregation. He died very happily, sending a message by his teacher to the class, urging them to follow Jesus. We might name a dear little girl, only ten years old, named *Bea*, who died of scarlet fever—carried off in four or five days; very sweetly she talked about Jesus; unasked, she said she loved Him, she felt He loved her, and she was not afraid to die. She loved the little hymns in her *Gems of Song*, and mentioned several things the Superintendent had been speaking of a little time before, about Jesus being crucified, and she

said it melted her heart; she felt it was for her. We might name several others of whom we have felt a certain hope; one more only now, for sake of time: there was a little servant, named Bessie Warren, an old scholar, who died in the last autumn sweetly trusting in Jesus, and to whom the twenty-third Psalm was exceedingly precious: a striking account of her appeared in the *Sunday School Times*; her happy death was deeply impressed upon several of her class.

Finally, look back upon those fifty years—2,600 sabbaths! How many chapters have been read we cannot calculate. Ten thousand hymns or more must have been sung. How many prayers have been offered! How many tongues have spoken of the Saviour's love!—many that shall teach no more for the loving heart and ears, have heard the Master's voice, saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord." And how many illies has the Master gathered to bloom in the sunshine of his face in yon brighter world, who can tell? This we know,—precious seed has been sown, and the Master says it shall not return to him void. And we have encouragement still. In the year 1870, twelve teachers and scholars were baptized. Last year there were twelve more scholars and teachers. Five of our senior scholars now stand proposed for baptism, and this is the *Lord's work*, we know, not ours, and to Him be glory. This is our *Jubilee*. We long for a Jubilee year, and let the closing words of the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus, in which the Jubilee is told, be as a token for us: "I am the Lord your God."

## FIRE AT SALEM CHAPEL, WILTON SQUARE.

(Continued from page 172.)

"In the way of thy judgments, O Lord, have we waited for thee."

How strange the reflection when I returned home that Lord's-day morning; I had not been preaching in my own Salem, but in a church school-room, and Salem, now a black hole, was in the possession of the fire brigade, and again bitter tears were shed. Now, for once, I had a Lord's-day afternoon and no occupation; no afternoon service, no Sunday-school, nothing to do. So I threw myself on the couch, and tried to gather a few thoughts for the evening from Paul's words, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God; to them that are the called according to his purpose." Though I am open to confess that I felt I was going to speak more from knowledge than from feeling. O, yes; how often it is so with us! "We know" in our judgements; we know it because God's Word says it; we know it because the whole Church of God, in all ages, testifies of it; we know it by personal experience as to the past. But the present! O, how can good come out of this? With some such feelings, I left my home for my new and strange place of worship. As I entered the door of that place, an old hearer met me, saying he had been drinking tea with one of the church-wardens, and was bidden by the vicar and his fellow-warden to say, that if that room would suit us, it was at our service as long as we needed it. If I would like a pulpit, they would erect one, or make any other alteration I required. "Surely," I thought, "the silver lining is beginning to appear;

surely this will yet work for good." So I preached with more feeling, or rather with more confidence, than I had studied. Next morning, I called at the vicarage to thank my worthy friend, and to say we should only be too happy to avail ourselves of his kind offer. However, if Mr. Bergner's kindness astonished me on the Saturday, which it certainly did, his very warm-hearted Christian conduct was much more astonishing on this occasion. He offered to do anything for me, even to lending me a communion service. He asked about week evening services, and said he would be most happy to accommodate on those occasions as well as on Sundays. Then I named our Sunday-school. I said, "We have a large and important Sunday-school, and the teachers are most anxious that their children should not be scattered;" when, in a moment, he replied, with his usual cordiality, "Why, we have given you that room for the whole of the Lord's-day to use as you please. I had my own school removed into another yesterday on purpose to place that room entirely at your disposal; by all means keep your school together, and make use of the room for that or any other purpose you please." Again thanking the good man for his unprecedented kindness, I said, "Now, sir, if you are so kind as thus to provide us shelter free of all expense, you must allow us to make some compensation for coals and gas." "By no means," he replied, "by no means; you have quite care and anxiety enough now without being troubled about coals and gas. On no account shall we hear a word about that, and I will see that the place shall be warmed and made in every way comfortable. I am only pleased we are able to do it, and view it as a marked providence that we can do it; twelve months ago we could not have done it, as the buildings were not completed." Again thanking him, I took my leave, and we continued to worship there, receiving the same kindness in every way, till our own place was ready to receive us. On the evening of that day, a few friends met at a private house for prayer, and we were most graciously helped and encouraged. The brethren who led us in prayer were sweetly led out, and I was helped to make a few remarks on Isaiah xli., dwelling specially on the words, "The hand of the Lord hath done this."

(To be continued.)

YATELY, HANTS.—Anniversary was held June 11. A good company listened to excellent sermons preached by Mr. Anderson: nearly a hundred sat down to tea, well managed by the friends. Some glorious truths were spoken, causing many to rejoice. The Lord's name is here magnified, and his people enjoy peace and harmony. Oh, how cheering and blessed it is in this day of great declension to find the followers of the Lamb walking in the love and practice of Gospel truth, from a knowledge of Jesus Christ formed in the heart, the hope of glory by the Holy Ghost. May these things increase and abound in us all, and then we will bless the Lord.

E. P. BROWN.

SURREY TABERNACLE.—DEAR SIR,—Still we press onward; still we are supplied; still we are fed; still the manna is given in the wilderness; still many mercies are vouchsafed to us; and our ingratitude would be great indeed did we not bear witness to the Lord's great care of us both spiritually and providentially. Our congregations are as good as ever; and I think I am correct in saying there appears a determination on the part of the friends to maintain this very desirable object. During June, the pulpit has been very acceptably supplied: first, by Mr. Hanger, of Colchester, who, though not a young man by a long way, displays an amount of energy and warmth in his work that commends him to the people. Then we had the Brentford pastor, who appeared to be at home in his Master's work. In the morning he spoke from the words, "If any man eat this bread," &c. (John vi. 51.) We had the nature of the provision, the act spoken of, and the promise connected with that act. Mr. Parsons was well received. The following Sunday, Mr. William Crowther came again from Gomersall, and gave us two sermons full of solid Gospel truth. I had hoped to have given you some "thought" gathered at these two discourses, but cannot this month. Mr. Crowther is a man of great mind; you are instructed, and taught, and confirmed by such preaching; and there are always some things said worth putting on record; words and ideas that will bear looking at again and again.

I always avoid reference to personal matters as much as possible. It has been reported these notes are written by one of the deacons of the Surrey Tabernacle; I am anxious to contradict that statement most fully; and also to add, that no deacon has ever been consulted as to the remarks made, or as to a line written; nor have they ever expressed such a wish. I have now for some years furnished *The Earthen Vessel* with reports of the many interesting meetings held at the Tabernacle, especially in reference to the building of the new chapel. I wrote the report of the very first meeting held for that object. From that day to this, I have furnished your readers with sketches of all the meetings that have been held, and they have been neither few nor small. As to the remark it has been done for gain, I must say, never have I received, either from the deacons or anyone else, the slightest acknowledgment for these notes; but I did receive from the late minister, Mr. James Wells, his personal thanks on several occasions, for, as he termed them, "The faithful report of their movements." And when I remember the very kind manner in which he always received me, I am fully rewarded for the many, many hours I have spent in keeping your thousands of readers posted up as to our movements, which information they can find no where else.

It appears a remark in my last has given offence to some. I have re-read that letter; and I see no cause to withdraw a line or a word.

R.

### THE LATE BENJAMIN DAVIES' FUNERAL SERMON.

(By our Special Commissioner.)

On Sunday evening, May 19, 1872, James A. Spurgeon preached a funeral sermon for the late Benjamin Davies. Long before six o'clock numbers of persons were wending their way toward South street, Greenwich, anxious to be in time to hear what would be said of the young minister, who, just as his chapel was erected, was, to us, mysteriously called away.

I arrived at ten minutes to six, and took my stand in front of St. Paul's Vicarage, South street, which, for the time, lost its usual tranquility, and there were crowds waiting for the doors of the Baptist chapel to be opened. And when the bells of St. Alphage commenced to ring, the throngs were getting into the chapel. I managed to get a seat in the gallery. Half-an-hour for reflection! Under such circumstances you cannot possibly help weaving—weaving thoughts. There was the platform draped in black. From that place, the late Benjamin Davies had thought of preaching, like St. John, the doctrine of repentance for many many years. A little over a month since, the minister of the Surrey Tabernacle was taken to his sepulchre with becoming respect; and amidst the thousands who were present, Benjamin Davies—the gentle, kindly minister of Christ—was there. South street chapel was not then opened. As Mr. Wells was buried on Wednesday, Mr. Davies' chapel was opened on the Friday following. Benjamin Davies walked up and down the main pathway of Nunhead Cemetery for an hour or more. From appearance, he did not look as though he had just finished a great enterprise. He walked, as I thought, pensively and sad. Of course the mournful circumstance that brought us together on that occasion was not calculated to make a man look happy. Still I can see him now: he would be walking, talking, and smiling to some "Strict" brother, entering, as it were, very heartily into the conversation. Then he would be walking alone; but as the great funeral procession came slowly into the "city of the dead," Benjamin Davies got as closely as possible to the grave, to pay his last respect to one whom he loved. Now, ere two months have passed, South street Chapel has been dedicated, the minister has preached in it a few times, and he, too, has been taken into that same cemetery, and there laid to sleep, till the return of that morning, when the trumpet of God shall summon from earth's keeping all those who put their trust in the Lamb of God.

But as Mr. Spurgeon has taken his place on the platform, surrounded by the deacons, I purpose giving you a very brief paper on one of the most interesting and profitable services at which it has been my good fortune to attend. Mr. Spurgeon opened with a most impressive prayer. Then the crowd rose and sung heartily the first hymn. The preacher read the last chapter of Malachi, and the final chapter of Revelation, observing how differently the two Testaments

closed. The prayer was the most effecting I ever heard; I have heard Charles Haddon praying earnestly, but James Spurgeon, on this occasion, seemed specially gifted. He spoke of the "dear departed one;" that the loss was severe. They felt as men, but when they reached the haven, they would then, doubtless see all had been for the best. God had only taken what was his own. I fear to transcribe a portion of a prayer which ought to have been reported. But it so moved the people, and being one of the *populi*, I could not write. Having sung

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

The text was read: "And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment: so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation." Very few words were said of the late Benjamin Davies. The preacher remarked he was about to preach on that occasion at the request of the dear departed friend, not to praise him; if he did so, he was sure it would not be the words that would be pleasing to him (the late minister). He (Mr. S.) had in the providence of God, been called upon to officiate recently at the opening of that chapel; then they fully expected for the minister a long and honourable time of work in his Master's service; but, in the prime of manhood, he has been called away. Mr. Spurgeon then delivered a most solemn and suitable discourse, in the following order: First, the Certainty of Death; secondly, the Deliverance; and thirdly, the Christian's Destiny. In a very forcible and logical way, the preacher cast the annihilation theory to the four winds of heaven.

I will write no more than just to say, that at the close of the sermon Mr. Spurgeon spoke in manly terms of the kindness evinced by Canon Miller to the family of the late respected Benjamin Davies; observing that while there were many who said Christianity was effete, yet where was the system of philosophy that would do such an act as that of Dr. Miller, and others. We sung as well as we could,

"A day's march nearer home,"

and then left, with the photograph of Benjamin Davies before our eyes. As we were getting out, the *Dead March* in *Saul* was played on the harmonium.

SLEAFORD.—A handsome purse of gold was presented to Mr. Samuel by his people at Providence chapel, May 1, 1872. Sleaford appears to be the happiest pastorate Mr. Samuel has ever enjoyed, and most certainly his people highly appreciate and richly reward his arduous labours in the ministry.

CAMDEN TOWN.—Brother Gander has removed. His address is No. 10, instead of 20, Howland-street. Is at liberty to supply anniversary services or evening meetings any time except Lord's-days or Tuesday evenings.

VOICES FROM THE VACANT  
PULPIT.—No. 2.

Letters, sermons, and criticisms in different styles, are reaching us respecting the late pastor, Thomas Hughes, of Hackney. The life, the ministry, the public, and the private course pursued by that singular man, if all was written out, would form a chapter in the history of the church both instructing and astounding. It has made us think of a circumstance in Sydney. When John Sharp was delivering an ordination charge to young Ashmeade, Mr. Sharp was sharp indeed; not too sharp by any means; for the longer we live, the more confounded we feel in our endeavours to understand the real state of many, who, either have stood, or now stand, in the Gospel ministry. "It is possible," said Bishop Sharp to Ashmeade, "for a man to preach the Gospel to others and to perish himself." Solemn announcement! awful fact!! As though this was not enough, Sharp continued, "One of the early fathers held that few, if any, ministers of the Gospel would be saved." That "early father" must have had before him some fearful characters in the shape of ministers: still, when we read Matthew vii. 22, 23,—when we read our own hearts, when we see the dreadfully proud posture ministers now assume, when we consider how they pervert the holy hook, when we reflect upon their censorious and cruel spirit one toward another, when we review the crooked conduct of many, we wonder not that the old father seriously questioned whether any of us poor ministers ever could be saved. Such merchandize have men now made of our precious LORD JESUS CHRIST—such a "platform" has the Gospel now become for mounting up into popularity, and into the possession of worldly property—that when the great God and Saviour shall come the second time, we have feared he will require not a "scourge of small cords" merely, but a legion of mighty angels to cast out of the professing Gospel temples the money-making men, whose hearts are not right, whose hands are not clean, whose commission to preach at all came not from heaven. There are four things which have afflicted us as we have watched them, and suffered from them for years. We only name them now. First,—we have seen many apparently good, honest, devoted men in the ministry; but they could not succeed to any extent—they moved from Dan to Beersheba, until, worn down, they sunk into the grave. Secondly, we have seen men with great gifts, zeal, and apparent faith and love, come forth in the ministry; many seemed to be blest under them; down they fell, and never again could rise. Thirdly, we have seen young men rise up into fields of great usefulness; their ministry wonderfully acceptable; but, ere they had hardly obtained a settlement, death cut them down. Lastly, we have seen many who deny the pure truths of the Gospel, flourish in all external things to a large extent. There are multitudes of men now exceedingly desirous of the ministerial office. Let

them beware. It is of gigantic moment that every minister should know that the Lord hath CALLED and SENT him—that the Lord is with him in his work—or the end may be as terrible as Jude speaks,—"To whom is reserved the blackness of darkness *for ever.*" Leaving all these things for the present, we give a note on,—

MR. HUGHES'S FIRST DAYS IN  
HACKNEY.

A brother says, "With regard to the late Thomas Hughes, of Hackney, I only say it must have been thirty-nine or forty years since I lived in Well-street, Hackney, not far from the splendid chapel where he preached the precious Gospel of the blessed God. At that time, he was considered a very popular preacher, and, I believe, a very successful one. He presented in the pulpit a noble appearance, with gown and bands; with a fine voice, and easy flow of language; and was, in every sense of the word, an attractive preacher. The person with whom I lived was a member of his church, and took an active part in its management. I well remember he attended the week-day meetings, which, at that early part of Mr. Hughes's pastorate, were set apart for fasting and prayer, in expectation of the second advent of Christ. Being a stranger in London, Mr. W. Fenner, and his beloved wife, who subsequently joined your communion at Crosby-row chapel, kindly took me with them to Mr. Hughes's, where they regularly attended; and it was a fine sight to see that noble edifice, with its splendid galleries, and their young and talented minister meeting for the worship of God. At that time, I was very unsettled both as regards the Word, or doctrines of the Word; and my earthly prospects and standing, so that I cannot charge my memory with any distinct views of the matter he brought forth."

PENN BEACON.—Mr. Miller's anniversary, on the top of this high Buckinghamshire hill, will not soon be obliterated from the memory of some. Wednesday, June 5, 1872, was a bright day in the natural world; and many people came to smile upon the Baptist Pastor and his people on the Penn Beacon. Mr. Tooke preached sermons suitable and acceptable. Mr. Hearn, the deacon, in his official capacity, assisted, and appeared to be looking forward to his increasing possessions. Alas! in a few hours after, he was a corpse. Oh! how loud the voice from heaven doth call, "In such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." Pastor Miller patiently pursues his holy calling. His church has existed there seventy years. Over thirty years has Mr. Miller laboured there. We should rejoice to hear that this sudden and solemn death had been sanctified to the awakening of many—to the conversion unto God of many who live around in the neglect of all Gospel means; for with all the efforts made, the masses remain as yet strangers to God.

**CLERKENWELL.**—Mr. John Hazelton reached the Jubilee of his natural life on Thursday June 6, 1872. His friends took occasion, in celebrating this event, to present him with a handsome testimonial, which rendered the meeting in Mount Zion Chapel, Chadwell-street, a most interesting one. This Strict Baptist Church originated in a division from the late J. A. Jones's, about twenty one years since. Mr. Hazelton has been pastor twenty years. Few men have enjoyed more real prosperity,—few churches have grown up to three hundred members with more sacred peace and harmony. Mr. John Hazelton, blest with a devout spirit, a studious mind, a high moral principle, a solemn and reticent bearing, has been favoured to grow in grace, and in the affections of a numerous people, unto whom his ministry has been a blessing. In his deacons—the brethren R. Minton, Burrell, and others—he has had co-workers of sterling merit. In every way, John Hazelton has abundant reason to sing most heartily,

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow.”

[Since the above was in type, the following has been forwarded to us by that greatly-beloved, good deacon, Mr. R. Minton]:—

*To the Editor of The Earthen Vessel.*

**MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,**—I have sent you a very brief account of the meeting held at Mount Zion chapel on the 6th instant, which occupied about three hours' time. I should have been extremely gratified to have seen you with us on the occasion, as you were the means, under Divine direction, of sending our beloved pastor to preach to us the glorious Gospel. I hope you will be encouraged to persevere through evil and good report, knowing that the dear Lord Himself was despised and rejected of men—a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Will you give the enclosed a place in *July Vessel*? and believe me to remain yours faithfully,  
St. John-street Road. R. MINTON.  
June 14, 1872.

**MR. HAZELTON'S JUBILEE BIRTHDAY.**

On Thursday, June 6th, a very pleasant and interesting meeting took place in the above chapel, to celebrate the jubilee of Mr. Hazelton, who has been pastor of the church for twenty years, and who evidently lives in the affections of his people.

At half-past five, a large number of the members and friends assembled to tea, invitations to which had been given by tickets. Hymns, composed for the occasion, were distributed; and, at half-past six, Mr. Minton, the senior deacon, took the chair, and after the singing of a hymn, read Psalms cxxxiii. and cxxxiv. Mr. Burrell, of Watford, a former deacon of the church, implored the Divine blessing upon the pastor and people, with much earnestness and fervour, which seemed to have been rekindled by the recollection of former times.

The chairman, in an affectionate address, stated the object of the meeting; and expressed his gratitude for the peace and pros-

perity they had so long enjoyed under the pastorate of their highly-esteemed minister, for whom he expressed the warmest attachment, and sympathy in his arduous work. He concluded by reading an address (illuminated on vellum and handsomely framed) on behalf of the church and congregation, expressive of their Christian love to Mr. Hazelton, and their high appreciation of his ministry, and requesting his acceptance of a gold watch and chain. A gold chain for the pastor's wife was also included in the testimonial, in recognition of her Christian demeanour and devotedness to the cause.

Mr. Hazelton, in acknowledging the presents, said that he was unable fully to express his gratitude. He had been taken by surprise, and felt most deeply the kindness of his friends. He retraced the mercy of God to him in calling him by his grace when a lad, and gave some interesting details of his early Christian experience,—of his first attempts to preach,—of his former pastorates,—and of the goodness of God to him since he had occupied his present position.

Brief addresses were afterwards delivered by the deacons and others, full of affectionate congratulation of the pastor, and expressions of heartfelt gratitude both for personal benefit received from his ministry, and for the Lord's mercies to the church under his care. The presence of the Lord was evidently felt. It seemed to be a time of rejoicing to all, and many of the friends appeared reluctant to leave, even when the chairman had pronounced the benediction.

**A FRUITFUL GARDEN AT CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX.**—Anniversary of Forest Fold Baptist chapel, Crowborough, was held June 11. Three sermons were delivered: morning, by Mr. P. Dickerson, “Say ye to the righteous it shall be well with him; but to the wicked it shall be ill with him.” Mr. Dickerson was at liberty in speaking; was heard with profit by many. Afternoon, Mr. W. Webb preached from “Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.” His remarks were excellent, showing clearly the right and might of Christ to save the church. Mr. Gordelier preached in the evening. Our dear friend and brother Doggett, through whose instrumentality the cause at Crowborough was first established, as usual on these occasions, made some suitable remarks after the dinner, alluding to the goodness of God in having so many years blessed a preached Gospel at this place, and at the present time granting evident and encouraging tokens of his approbation on the means used in the dissemination of his precious truth. The sheep are fed; lambs are gathered into this fold. Our dear brother Dickerson, who formed the church, and baptized the first twelve, and has visited annually Forest Fold for so many years, said, “He could not but feel grateful to God and humbled in viewing his goodness pass before his church, and giving temporal and spiritual support to the cause for so long a time.”

Truly, we might say, "What hath God wrought?" Our friend Doggett, forty years ago, was led to hire a barn on this spot, and thus introduced the Gospel into this then benighted neighbourhood; and, strange to say, the thought and impression was given to him so to do in a dream. How wonderful are the ways of our God! The blessing of God has rested on this cause ever since, although it has passed, like most churches, through many trials, yet the whole have only the clearer made it evident that the hand of God was in it. The barn was taken down, and the present suitable and pretty chapel erected, with chapel-house and burial ground, and land adjoining, and, I am happy to say, out of debt. Friends visited us from Tunbridge Wells, Uckfield, Brighton, Dorman's Land, and Rotherfield. 120 sat down to dinner; many more to tea. In these days of contention, it is our mercy (and it is with thankfulness we record it) that we are at peace as a church, and our congregation good. Sunday-school steady on the increase. Our library, consisting of about 350 volumes, well circulated and read, and we believe the labours of the pastor blessed.

G. ASHDOWN, Deacon.

SIBLE HEDINGHAM.—Rehoboth Ordination of Mr. J. W. Wren as pastor took place May 7th. In morning, brother T. Wilson stated nature of a Gospel church; in afternoon, brother Smith read Ephesians iii., and sought the Lord's blessing; brother Beach asked the usual questions. In stating his call by grace, brother Wren said: "When the Lord first met with him, he was like all others in sin; he loved it well, generally being the ringleader in company. His occupation was a groom. He was fond of reading history and novels; in reading these, he saw the case of a young man that was killed; he then thought, if it had been him instead. This occurred in an old loft, and from that time he was in terrors under the law, until one day, as he was dressing a horse's foot, the Lord suddenly shone into his soul with great light. And he further said, he believed, if ever he sees the Son of God, he saw Him then. He now enjoyed peace of soul for some time, and thought that he was going to be happy for ever; until the Lord hid his face from him; his joys were gone, and now he felt the desperate wickedness of his heart again, which caused him great sorrow. At this time he was so greatly persecuted by those with whom he lived that he was obliged to leave his place; something appeared to say to him, 'Go to such a chapel when you get home,' which he did; and there heard the first Gospel sermon, which was greatly blessed to his soul. Soon after this he spoke at prayer meetings, having been previously impressed with an inward call to the ministry by the application of these words, 'The testimony of Jesus is the Spirit of prophecy.' Then he ventured to take a text and divide it. This one of the deacons opposed; but, after a time, the minister being out, he was asked to supply, which he did. Having preached a time or two before the church, he was sent

out by them, the first place being Finchingfield." One of the deacons stated the Lord's dealings in leading them to the choice of brother Wren, and Mr. Collins gave the charge. About 240 sat down to an excellent tea; when brother J. B. McCure presented to brother Wren (as a wedding present) a beautiful tea-pot, stand, and tray, also an album. The evening service was opened by brother Wilson reading and offering ordination prayer; after which, J. B. McCure preached from Romans xv. 30. May our covenant Jehovah grant us more of the unity of the Spirit to strive together in the prayer of your most unworthy correspondent,

MINIMUM.

AN APPEAL FROM THE WEST.—Stonehouse, Devon, with a population of 15,000 souls, has church and chapel accommodation for only one fourth of that number. In the centre of the town stands the Ebenezer Baptist chapel, an unadorned, but conveniently situated, building, erected in 1816, with sitting room for 220 adults, comfortably. Adjoining the chapel, which is *free from debt*, is a school-room, in which from seventy to eighty children receive instruction under the superintendence of Mr. Josiah Westlake. At present, the church is without a pastor, but is favoured in having as a supply—Mr. George Cudlip, a man of truth, who speaks encouragingly to the people, and concerning whom it can be said, that the work in which he occasionally engages is a "labour of love." That an under-shepherd is wanted to feed the flock of God which is among us, is generally felt. Should this appeal meet the eye of an unemployed Baptist minister, who, undeterred by the fact, that the present receipts are barely sufficient to defray the current and incidental expenses, would, in a true missionary spirit, come to the help of the Lord against the mighty, seeking out lost sinners, and inviting them to come in, that the sanctuary might be filled, he is affectionately invited to confer with the deacons, who are of opinion that the time has arrived when, at least, an effort should be made to extend and consolidate the cause of Truth in connection with the *only* strict Baptist church in Stonehouse. Praying for the peace of Jerusalem, and that the desert may rejoice and blossom as the rose, we subscribe ourselves,  
THE DEACONS,  
Ebenezer Baptist Chapel, 8, Union-street.  
May 14, 1872.

THE CROSS.—While waiting for the Rochdale train at Stockport, I saw a lady wearing a large black cross. I gave her a leaflet upon the inconsistency of Protestants wearing such a Popish relic. I observed she read it, and also read it to a lady who was with her. Some time after I saw her again, waiting for the Manchester train. I enquired if she had read the leaflet. She replied, with a smile, that she had, and said she was a Roman Catholic. I then apologized, and said that I would not have given her the paper had I have known it. She asked the reason. "Because I hold that you Roman

Catholic ladies are consistent in wearing the mark of the Beast. That cross is a badge of Popery, and you ought to wear it. The object of the circulation of the exposure of Protestant ladies wearing the cross, is that they should not wear that; that has always been the distinguishing badge between Roman Catholics and Protestants; that while it is right and proper for Roman Catholic ladies wearing such an emblem of Popery, it is most inconsistent for Protestant ladies to copy the right and practice of Roman Catholics." The lady replied, "My dear sir, I do hope that you will not use any such means that will be likely to prevent Protestant ladies from wearing the cross. We Roman Catholic ladies are very very pleased that Protestant ladies are following our example in wearing the cross." I then said that I should make it as public as possible, that Protestant ladies may know, that by wearing the cross (that however much they may displease true Protestants), that Roman Catholics are very much pleased with them, in helping on the reign of Popery. During the last month more than 10,000 of these leaflets have been circulated: 10,000 more are now ready, and can be obtained at my address, at 1s. per 100.

JOHN BUNYAN MCCURE.

70, Penrose-street, Walworth.

#### MR. J. BLAKE'S ANNIVERSARY AT BECCLES.

Anniversary of "the Martyr's Memorial Chapel," was recently holden in Beccles. The veteran Mr. George Wright still lives, we believe; but whether he ever preaches we know not. This year's anniversary was a meeting of much note. We give the following brief outline:—Mr. R. E. Sears preached in afternoon. Tea was provided in Assembly-room, which was quite full. A public meeting was afterwards held. The pastor, J. Blake, in the chair. He said they were met to celebrate the anniversary of the building of their chapel, and to record the abundant blessings received throughout the year. The past year had been to them, as a people, one of unparalleled success. God was the source of every spiritual blessing, and to Him alone be the glory given. Stauding by the Ebenezer stone they that day set up, let them look back on the year that was gone; it was neither dim nor silent: many of its past days shone bright in the distance, for grace had illuminated them with its oil of joy, and gratitude made them vocal still with song. Last year he was a stranger amongst them—this year he felt quite at home. Last year he felt it would be difficult for him to make up his mind to become their minister, but now it would take a great deal to get him away while so much saving good was going on amongst them. To-night he felt glad he had become their minister; difficulties had vanished; crowded congregations had gathered where before was desolation; and, what was still more cheering to him, many sinners had been converted from the error of their ways. Thirty-four had been added to the church

during the year, twenty-seven of whom had been brought in from the world. In the church they had an increase of life and love, peace reigned in their midst, the Holy Ghost made the preaching of the Word successful, and, therefore, they entered on the fresh year of their history with hope and courage. Mr. John Read, deacon of the church, next addressed the meeting, specially reminding them how the during year the Lord had answered their prayers. They used to have special prayer meetings to pray that the Lord would send them a minister to fill their chapel. That was answered. Next they prayed that sinners might be brought to Christ. In this they had been heard. Next he asked the Lord to constrain converted characters to come and publicly put on Christ. This prayer also the Lord had answered. Some said when Mr. Blake first came, that the revival was only excitement, but the excitement had lasted all the year, and the last few weeks he believed the chapel was fuller than ever, and more good was going on, for there was seldom a week passed without his hearing of some poor sinner wanting to know what he must do to be saved. The only excitement they had was that of life and earnestness, and this, he trusted, would continue and increase. As a church they were increasingly attached to their minister, and he trusted nothing but death would sever their union, and that at a distant period.

PRINCES RISBOROUGH, CHALKSHIRE, &c.—The vale of Aylesbury is rich in its production of the softer nourishment of our mortal frames; as regards the solid substantial and soul-enriching doctrine of grace, the long and lovely county of Bucks is not at all deficient. There are several churches holding fast the integrity of the Saviour's teachings, and the order of his house on earth. In this county town of Aylesbury (where I am here waiting for the steamer to tow me into London), that modern Puritan, Master Searle, did for years do his best to honour his Master. Since his retirement to the home of his Father, several good men have put in an appearance in defence of the Gospel; but none of them have ever made any great inroad upon the territories of the powers of darkness; still the Strict Baptist church in Aylesbury (under the watchful eye of that holy man, father Marshall), has, for many years, been a steady witness to the truth as it is in the new covenant. Askett, also, has been a useful church of the same faith and order, and, during Mr. Thomson's pastorate, it enjoyed much peace. Why he should resign a post where he was so much esteemed I could not understand, except his health and strength were not sufficient. He is very useful now in different parts, and his reward is sure. Mr. Witts has resigned, and left Askett. There is an open door for some blessed and well-qualified labourer. I was honoured to preach anniversary sermons in Chalkshire Baptist chapel, Thursday, June 6th, the day

after Mr. Barden's ordination at Hayes. Our good friend Towerton met me at Princes Risborough, and for above one hour we travelled through several refreshing showers, which kept some from coming to chapel: it was so thoroughly wet and dirty that I expected we should have the chapel empty; but, blessed be his holy name, the Lord did set my soul in sweet liberty both afternoon and evening, and friends came from Weston Turrit, Wendover, Prestwood, Tring, and other parts, and they well filled the commodious country chapel, in whose pulpit my friend Towerton said he had seen and heard over eighty of the favoured servants of God. Mr. Read, of Askett, read and offered prayer. I shall remember Chalkshire Baptist chapel with a thankful heart; and Mr. Towerton's farm-house, where I slept, is one of the sweetest nests a quiet bird can rest in in this pretty piece of God's creation—where little mountains skip and play—where hills and vales do intervene in such alternate risings and fallings, that we admit nature has carefully studied how best she might entertain us; and, truly, the run from Aylesbury through Kimble and the green, is enough to make the coldest heart to praise our sweet Maker's hand. Mr. Towerton's farm is called "Coombe," near Butler's Cross, by Tring, Herts, and to any one who required retirement and rural scenery, with the opportunity of walking through "the velvet lawn," over the Wendover mountains, in the gardens, and over the sixty-acre furze gratuity, we believe they would find the master and mistress of Combe House, and their apartments, all they could desire. Now the Little Kimble station is opened, easy access is made to these delightfully picturesque scenes which abound in these parts of Bucks. Princes Risborough is a humble little town, where a Baptist meeting has stood for many years, where the late William Groser was preaching, until the white frocks of the men, and the red cloaks of the women, appeared too mean, and he left. We hope he is now where ALL IN WHITE they worship Him who "looks like a lamb that has been slain," and "wears his priesthood still." There are several excellent brethren in the ministry who supply Chalkshire Baptist chapel. Its history some day I hope to give.

#### REPORT OF THE SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK ASSOCIATION MEETINGS.

—The annual meetings of this association was held at Stoke Ash, June 4th and 5th. There was large attendance of ministers, messengers, and friends. Extracts of the letters were read on Tuesday morning. The circular letter was read on Tuesday afternoon by brother Hosken, of Norwich, on "Gifts and Graces," and is a first class production. On Tuesday afternoon, brother Woodgate and Otley preached; in evening, brother Dowson, president of the Bury institute, from Hosea xi. 4. The association sermons were preached on the Wednesday morning and afternoon. In the morning,

brother Kiddle, of the Lowestoff Tunning-street church, preached from John iii. 16. A very large audience; the sermon was well received; there was breathless attention and many tears while the love of God to his people was unfolded. The afternoon sermon was by brother Clark, of Somersham, from the words "What wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan," an excellent sermon. Not less than 3,000 people present the second day. The Stoke Ash friends paid the kindest attention to the accommodation of the friends from all parts, and the meeting altogether was of the most harmonious character. Brother Sears, of Laxfield, was moderator.

—**BOW.**—Fourth anniversary of Mount Zion, Albert terrace, was Lord's-day, May 19. Mr. Steed preached from Job xxxiv. 24: the friends heard well. In afternoon, brother Stringer spoke from Isaiah lvii. 13. In the evening, the Pastor spoke from Psalm lxxxix. 15, shewing who were the people; their knowledge of the different sounds, and how they could distinguish the Saviour's voice from them all. On Tuesday, 21, many sat down to tea. At the public meeting, the Pastor occupied the chair. Brother Hitchcock implored the Divine blessing; Mr. James Lee, in the name of church and congregation, presented the Pastor with a handsome blue silk bag, with £8 10s., as a token of esteem, which was accepted and acknowledged in appropriate remarks. Brother Cornwell showed the difference between the wayside hearer and the wayside beggar; brother Myerson, upon "Looking unto Jesus," spoke with a warm heart; brother Anderson, on the Gospel ministry, spoke in a blessed way upon our Lord's representative life in his people. The chairman stated how God had blessed his labours at Bow to the ingathering of immortal souls and the building up of others. We had good time; good collections. Our brother Henry Lee paid all the expenses of the tea. Brother Lawrence was not able to attend, being in the country; nor brother Banks, on account of his own meeting the same evening.

W. H. LEE, Pastor.

—**STONEHOUSE, DEVON.**—Ebenezer Baptist chapel Sunday-school anniversary (Union-street, Stonehouse), services held on Lord's-day, June 16, 1872. Every one seemed to enjoy the seasons spent within the walls of Ebenezer. The collection amounted, or was made up to, £5. We hope that the desert may yet rejoice and blossom as the rose. Who can tell what the future of Ebenezer may be? Showers of blessings may yet be in store for the people who remain steadfast and contend for the faith once delivered to the saints. That with God nothing is impossible is a truth that cannot be controverted: in all things the Lord Jesus Christ shall have the pre-eminence: the Word of the only true and living God shall have free course, run, and be glorified. As many as are ordained unto eternal life, will through the gracious influences of the Holy



Spirit, believe in Jesus Christ to the saving of their souls. The saints will be built up in their most holy faith, sinners will be converted, and God be glorified in their salvation, until the last elect vessel of mercy is gathered into the house not made with hands eternal in the heavens.

CHARLES TREGO.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. John Hudson says,—“I am glad this year's VESSEL will contain a ‘Literary Monument to the Memory of Mr. James Wells.’ I trust you will give the matter I have penned in my hooks, sketches of sermons preached in Manchester since 1840; also those sermons which he preached in Manchester during the cotton famine and the late American war. He is not dead; he lives in our hearts; he lives in Christ, and heaven, and God. Let this thought cheer his widow, his Church, his friends. He lives: ‘Absent from the body, but present with the Lord.’ If you will do as I suggest, I will try to select a few more words and send them to you.”

[Our brother John Hudson was a sincere lover of the late Pastor of the Surrey Tabernacle, and was well acquainted with Mr. Wells's *first* going into Manchester, an event in his life we shall faithfully record as opportunity occurs. Believing there was a vital stream of holy fire running through James Wells's ministry, we shall not fail to give all the best of his works and words for the benefit of those who never personally knew him. The Lord will still bless the testimonies our departed friend has left behind; and we hope to hand them down to the children of God who are yet to be brought into Zion. Some public papers have falsely represented Mr. W. and ourselves. We would, if we could, remove every black spot editors, preachers, and deacons might cast upon us; but that kind of work must wait.—E.D.]

FLEET, HANTS.—At Hope and Fleetpond Baptist chapels, the united church under the pastoral care of Mr. John Young held their anniversary services on Tuesday, June 4. Fears were entertained that the weather would be unfavourable, and as some of those expected have to come several miles, the meeting would be a failure. Before noon, however, the sun burst forth, clouds disappeared, and fears with them. The first service was held in Fleetpond chapel. Mr. J. S. Anderson, of Deptford, preached an excellent sermon. The chapel was so full that extra seats had to be provided. The tea in the Hope chapel was all that could be desired. Those who could not obtain seats were kindly accommodated by friends in their residences near. The public meeting was the best for many years. The pastor presided. Speeches by the following ministers were mostly full of life and power: W. Spurgeon, Boughton, Anderson, Pattenden, Potter, Walker, and Brown. The meeting

was also enlivened by some pieces by members of the singing class. The friends at Fleet are hopeful as to the future. The services are well attended, although some of the congregation reside miles from the chapel. F. LANN, G. GODDARD, Deacons, Oldham.

GRAVESEND.—DEAR MR. BANKS,—My dear brother, Mr. N. Blake, had friends in different parts of the kingdom: please give a short notice of his happy death. My dear brother was early called by grace; having godly parents, he was brought under the ministry of such men as Dr. Hawker, Gadsby, Warburton, Triggs, and James Wells. He was baptized by Mr. Foreman in 1829, and was a member there for some years. On leaving business, he lived a short time in Herts; then at Blackheath and Peckham, where he attended Mr. Moyle's. The last fifteen years he lived at Gravesend. His house was the home of many Gospel ministers and Christian friends. For the last three years he was much afflicted, but enjoyed peace, and looked forward to be soon with the church above. Lately, on taking leave of friends, he would say, “Good by, I shall be home before you come again.” On Monday, May 13, he was very unwell; on Tuesday, he kept his bed, but was not considered near his end. Saturday morning, rather better. About five o'clock he asked for a cup of coffee, and seemed to revive. He then laid down as if to sleep: he never spoke again, and, at half-past six, sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

“One gentle sigh his fetters broke,  
We scarce could say he's gone,  
Before his happy spirit took,  
His station near the throne.”

His sister and your sincere friend,  
June 4, 1872. REBECCA WHITE.

[We had the privilege of speaking a few words over his grave, when several dear friends of Gospel truth gathered round in Gravesend cemetery.—E.D.]

EAST ROAD.—Anniversary of Jireh Chapel took place June 11th. Mr. W. Palmer presided in the evening, and delivered short address in which he carefully referred to the necessity of young ministers zealously abiding by the truth. The choice discourse of the evening was delivered by Pastor Meeres, at least some thought so. The sermon in the afternoon by Mr. Hazelton was truthful; and the services altogether were pleasant. But that this Church, planted in a district so densely crowded, should be without a pastor, is a painful consideration. If it were the Lord's will to raise up a few young brethren like Mr. Edgerton (now of Chatham), with hearts full of love to Christ, to his Gospel, and to the souls of men, our now drooping churches might be useful. We know a few young men, decided and devout to New Testament truth; but, because they are young, they must be held in abeyance. Hence the difficulty.

**SHOULDHAM - STREET BAPTIST CHAPEL.**—This comfortable place of worship stands near Crawford-street, Edgeware-road, and Bryanstone square, ought to be the scene of good Gospel success in so dense a part of London, and we believe Mr. Russell and his friends are striving hard to be useful. The venerable Mr. George laboured here for a long season. Mr. W. A. Blake was pastor here for twenty years, and made great improvements. Since he left, Dr. Bell, and others, have worked here. At a public meeting on May 28, 1872, we had the pleasure of hearing Messrs. Blake, Rowe, and Baker, and we spoke a few words for the first time in Shouldham street. The more we mingle with churches and people, the more the sorrowful fact appears,—we want “the power of the Holy Ghost to be coming upon us.” We have feared that the churches have leaned more upon men than upon the Master; hence the men are taken away, and the Spirit of the Master is withdrawn.

**IPSWICH.**—**MR. EDITOR,**—Will you permit me to make an appeal to your readers on behalf of one of the Lord's dear children, who, for years, has been totally blind, and, in respect to this world's things, is very poor, but “rich in faith.” She loves the Word of God, and is able to read the *raised* type for the blind, but has only got a small part of the scriptures. She is very desirous to procure the whole, but has not the means. I have some money in hand, but nearly £4 more is needed. It is a very painful affliction indeed to be deprived of sight, and for a child of God to be debarred from reading the Word of God also, makes it much worse. Dear fellow-Christians, let your sympathies be moved to aid her in procuring that best of all *books*, which is worth more than all silver and gold. The smallest donation would be thankfully received (and acknowledged in *The Earthen Vessel* if required) by yours faithfully,

JOSIAH MORLING, Baptist Minister,  
Nottidge-road, Spring-road, Ipswich.

**STEPNEY.**—**MR. EDITOR,**—I am obliged to you for inserting appeal on behalf of our “Chapel Fund,” and again beg the help of your readers in making up the sum of £150 to complete the purchase money for “Cave Adullam.” I intend to deliver a course of lectures in Plymouth and Newton Abbott on behalf of this fund in July; should be pleased if friends in other parts would lend me their chapels for this purpose. I would divide proceeds between their causes and ours. Friends inclined to this will kindly communicate with me. If each of your readers would send me twelve postage stamps, the amount would soon be made up, and the chapel be free from debt. Thanking you for your many acts of kindness to us, as well as the kind friends who have responded to the appeal, I am, yours, GEO. REYNOLDS, 8, Barnes street, Stepney.

Amount received towards chapel fund:—  
J. Boys, Esq., £1; W. Gethings, Esq., £1:

J. G. Congreve, Esq., £1; C. T., 10s; W. C., 5s.; Mr. Westlake, 5s.; Mr. Cremon, 7s. 6d.; A Friend, 2s. 6d.; Stamps, 2s.; Mr. Pickworth, £1. Widow's Fund; C. T., 10s; A Friend, £1; A Friend, 4s.; Mr. Cremon, 2s. 6d.

**ICKFORD.**—We had good times here, April 28 and 29. C. W. Banks preached three sermons—chapel quite full. Notes of this journey in *Cheering Words*. The churches in these parts are looking out for pastors. The venerable Cuddington pastor has gone home; Long Creden minister has left; Waddesdon-hill is holding on. At Sydenham, Messrs. Allnut and Juggins still feeding the flock. But how many chapels we have with only very small churches? How lamentable! Rich farmers, wealthy tradesmen, no zeal adequate to the demand of the times. Will all our churches hold special seasons for prayer? Will all our churches read Malachi iii. 8 to 12, and consider, repent, weep, and pray? Oh that God would stir them up to this!

**BATTERSEA.**—Mission Hall, Speke-road, Clapham Junction. Monday, June 10, we held anniversary of our worship in above place. We had tea, after which Mr. Clark was called to the chair. In reviewing the past dealings of a faithful God, it was with heartfelt gratitude we could say, “Because thou hast been my help; therefore, under the shadow of thy wings will I trust.” Brethren gave addresses. It was refreshing to hear them tell what God had done for their souls. The meeting was well attended. The presence of the Lord was enjoyed. We made known our purpose of getting a chapel, and the appeal was responded to beyond expectation. There is unity of spirit among us; we hope it will continue, all working together in harmony. Battersea has a large and increasing population; not a Strict Baptist church in it until now. Should any kind friend feel disposed to help us to get a larger and more permanent place, such help will be thankfully received and acknowledged by MR. CLARK, 3, York Terrace, York-road, Battersea.

**OLD FORD.**—We visited our afflicted and paralyzed brother in Christ, John Branch, at 160, St. Stephen's-road, Old Ford, and gave him the 10s. kindly sent by Miss H. We found him patiently enduring. We had much solemn freedom with him in prayer. A “Bereaved Mother,” (Sleaford), sends him 2s. 6d., and H. J. Peterbow, 6d.

**NOTTING HILL.**—Even in this aristocratic suburb, it is possible now and then to get a number of friends to the Gospel together to hear the truth. On Sunday, May 19, 1872, Johnson-street chapel anniversary sermons were preached by C. W. Banks, Henry Myerson, and George Reynolds, and the services were seasons of refreshing. On Tuesday, May 21, Mr. Anderson delivered a discourse in the afternoon,

which was well received. In the evening, James Mote, Esq., presided over the public meeting. Messrs. P. W. Williamson, E. Langford, R. C. Bardens, and W. Flack gave short discourses. Mr. Thomas Rowley, "On the Special Work of an Evangelist," was most excellent. We wish his exposition could be given in full: it was the mind of the Lord as revealed in the Book.

CHATHAM.—Enon chapel; thirtieth anniversary was Lord's-day, June 9. Three sermons by Mr. Thomas Jones. A public meeting on the following Tuesday: Mr. Egerton presided. Prayer was offered by Mr. Bloomfield. Mr. Shepherd addressed the meeting upon the rain, as illustrative of the grace of God, communicated to the soul by the Holy Spirit. Mr. Jones gave good advice to minister and people. His address encouraged the young, admonished the old, cheered the minister: it was such as only a father in Israel could deliver. Mr. Peplow, of Sidcup, took a retrospective view of the past, and spoke upon the unselfish nature of true religion, which inspires with love and zeal, and never renders the mind insensible to the interests of poor sinners, who are strangers to God and his truths. He earnestly urged all in every department of Christian labour to increased activity. Deacon Terry spoke kind words. Mr. Egerton furnished an account of the Lord's work in this part of his vineyard. All went away gladdened, and hopeful that the Lord would show his favour toward us.

TIMOTHY.

SHOREDITCH.—The 229th anniversary of the Church meeting in Providence chapel, Cumberland street, under pastoral care of brother William Lodge was holden June 16 and 18. Sermons were delivered with great pleasure and boldness in defence of the Gospel, by W. Lodge and J. Warren; and a living company enjoyed their tea exceedingly. Mr. Lodge presided, with honest, earnest, and truthful words. Peace reigns in Providence; and when the church can remove into a new Tabernacle, we believe our pastor will more clearly see his work is appreciated; but now in the present crowded place, frineds cannot be accommodated. Messrs. Warren, Crowhurst, Gander, C. W. Banks, and others, helped to edify.

SHEFFIELD.—Our brother Joseph Taylor says the Strict Baptists have removed from Paradise Street to Doncaster Street; they have obtained a very nice room, and have taken it for the continuation of services in Sheffield. He can see much hard work to be done here, and has every reason to believe that he will be kept and sustained in his great weakness to declare and see in this town the prosperity of the Gospel of the grace of God. "I am a weak one I know," says brother T., "but the Lord can work even with weak ones of the fold, for, bless his holy name, it is not by might or power—that he may spoil the glory of the flesh.

WOOBURN GREEN anniversary was held June 9 and 10. C. W. Banks preached four sermons. Several of our friends have been nearly taken home, but as yet they are spared. Wooburn Green flourisheth in its staple-trade of paper making; but although almost all denominations are represented here, none appear to be greatly successful in extending the visible Gospel kingdom. Old Wooburn Green Church has had a new suit of clothes given to her; the sturdy dame looks quite neat. Three services every Sunday, two or three in the week: a Scripture reader always at work; infant and other schools continually giving instruction. Indeed the Church challengeth the Nonconformists to action. We have no rich men to help us. Our hope and help is only in the Lord; and if his intercession for us in heaven, if the Holy Spirit's power in the hearts of the people on earth, do not hold up our churches, we must decline. In the death of Mr. and Mrs. Neeve, of Maidenhead, the little Church there have lost two real friends; but Mr. Collis still preaches, and a few meet to hear.

ORPINGTON, KENT.—We had a cheerful anniversary on Wednesday, June 19, 1872. Brother Thomas Stringer, and a good company of his friends, came from London. Ministering brethren, Chipchase, Clinch, Baldwin, Kempston, Golding, and others, helped us in our services. C. W. Banks spoke in afternoon on the work of the ministry; and in the evening our long tried friend, Thomas Stringer gave us a full weight new covenant discourse. Our old minister, Master Willoughby was with us, but he is not able to preach to us now; we wish the editor of the *Vessel*, and such gentlemen as Mr. Adams, of Peckham, and others, who so kindly came to see us, would make an effort to comfort our brother Willoughby a little. Orpington Bethesda was well filled; we hope hearts were cheered.

ISLINGTON.—Britannia row, nearly facing Cross street, Essex road. Ebenezer Baptist chapel. This newly erected chapel was opened (free from debt and liability), Wednesday, June 12. Mr. Brandon preached in afternoon: friends then took tea together; at 7, Mr. Boorne preached to increased audience; the Lord's presence was manifest on both occasions. Lord's-day, June 16, Mr. Jabez Whitteridge, the pastor, preached in morning and evening: on Wednesday, 19, Mr. Gordelier spoke to us in the name of the Lord. Services here every Lord's-day, 11, 6.30. Wednesday evening, 7.30.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. James Wells's first visit to Manchester, his ministry, and usefulness there, &c., as soon as possible. Our memorial of this now deceased friend—this now glorified spirit—has again raised up the bitter enmity of the elder sons. Proud, pretending, pious, pedantic, and puerile, they are much to be pitied. We look above them all.

**NEW CROSS ROAD.**—On Sunday evening, June 9, Mr. J. S. Anderson delivered a sermon from the grand closing sentences of St. Jude's Epistle, "Now unto HIM that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before his presence with exceeding joy." It was an excellent discourse. Mr. A., in affectionate terms, referred to the recent death of two of his members. Zion Chapel was well filled; the singing was hearty, and everything appeared to bespeak prosperity.

**WOKINGHAM.**—The scene described by our correspondent, one person speaking evil of others, is as common as the day; yet the evil-speakers will use us for their own advantage. Every effort has been employed to hunt us down; but the three last verses of the 91st Psalm have been our shield for near thirty years, and as far as grace is given, we shall continue to contend for the truth, and to help poor causes until our change comes.

**STEVINGTON.**—The Baptists here did well, at their last annual meeting, under Mr. Thomas Smith's ministry. Truth and order are maintained, and some prosperity enjoyed. Nearly 250 years have the Baptists worshipped here; they have taken deep root, and, we hope, will flourish in real additions unto the living Church of Christ.

**RUSHDEN.**—Mr. Edgerton preached evangelically and experimentally: Mr. Witts laid down the ancient way in clear and conclusive deductions; Mr. Thomas Stringer put the whole crown upon the Saviour's head. We descendants of the late Charles Drawbridge have been well fed of late.

**BUCKS.**—At Prestwood anniversary, sermons were preached by Mr. Joseph Wilkins. We think this is one of the most lively, useful, and flourishing Strict Baptist Churches in this part of Bucks. We have no dry, tedious, or formal bishop, no settled pastor; but we have a working people, some earnest preachers, and the blessing of the Lord has been realized.

**BOSTON.**—**BROTHER BANKS,** I am happy to inform you the Lord has been very gracious unto us since our esteemed brother Wilson has been laid aside. We have had some excellent supplies. Messrs. Sack, Hawkins, and others.

**BEXLEY HEATH.**—We had a happy day at Old Baptist chapel, June 12. Messrs. F. Collins and Thomas Jones preached the Gospel to us, and we sung praises to our Lord, hoping to be favoured to meet in the great day with our God and all the redeemed.

**ISLE OF THANET.**—The late Mr. Wor-

ger was not a Baptist. "A Reader" says, Mr. Sharp's Mount Zion, Ramsgate, and Mr. Kiddell's Providence, in Bronstairs, are the only Strict Baptists in the Island. What? Is not the late Mr. Cramp's at St. Peter's? Is there no cause of New Testament Order in Margate?

**TUNBRIDGE WELLS.**—We see by advertisement Rehoboth Baptist chapel is to be opened Lord's-day, July 7, 1872. We believe Mr. P. W. Williamson has engaged (d.v.) to preach there for some months. We hope a new Baptist church, on New Testament principles, will be formed there again. It will be an honour conferred upon our friend Mr. Williamson indeed if the Lord is pleased to succeed his efforts to recover that place, and restore it to its original, legitimate, and only proper use. Mr. Williamson was the means of raising the cause at Johnson-street, Notting-hill. Over that church he preached for nearly a quarter of a century. Domestic affliction compelled him to leave that west-end suburb, and the cause so dear to his heart. In the Wells we wish him and his friends all the health and happiness he can desire; and, above all, many years of prosperity in the Gospel ministry.

**GUILDFORD.**—A Friend encourages the hope that Mr. Kern, the minister of the old Baptist Church, will rise into great usefulness: he is truly original; and much loved by his people.

**SEAR GREEN** had special services on June 10. Mr. Thomas Chivers and friends honoured us.

**NOTES.**—The Barry Church of Glasgow has lost its eloquent pastor, Dr. Norman M'Leod, who died on Sunday, June 16, 1872, at one. Again we see how fast death is moving off the men of great mind. Our Queen was often pleased to hear the late great doctor preach before Her Majesty, and suite. Charles Stovel, one of the oldest London Baptist ministers, was presented with his own portrait on his 40th anniversary, May 29, 1872. Mr. Stovel has been a steady, useful, and devoted man in seeking the moral and spiritual good of his fellow-men. If he preaches on three years longer, he will reach the jubilee of a preacher's life.

**MR. EDWARD BUTT.**—We have been favoured with a private inspection of a large life-like and full-size likeness of our friend Mr. Edward Butt, of the Surrey Tabernacle, which has been faithfully and handsomely finished by Mr. Nathaniel Onkey, of Kentish Town, an artist of excellent skill, evidently highly gifted to give a clear and definite expression to every feature, line, indenture, and part of the human face. Mr. Butt will never be forgotten while Nathaniel Onkey's picture of him has an existence.

# The Huguenots!

## THEIR HISTORY AND HORRIBLE MASSACRE.

By MR. GEORGE REYNOLDS,

*Minister of Stepney.*

THE origin of the word "Huguenot" is unknown; but it is generally supposed to have been applied as a bye word to the Calvinists of France. It is now three hundred years since about 70,000 of these persons were massacred by the command of the monster, Catharine de Medici, and her son Charles IX. of France. The Huguenots had enjoyed a two years cessation from persecution, when this sad affair took place. During this period, Catharine had gone over from the Protestant side to the party of the Guises, and entered into an agreement with the Duke of Alva, and the court of Spain, for the extermination of the Huguenots. After many repeated and pressing invitations, Admiral Coligny, the noble leader of the Protestant party, was induced to take up his residence at Court, where he was received by Charles with open arms. Doubtless Charles was only acting hypocritically, when he raised up Coligny, who was kneeling before him, saying, "My Father, I hold you now, and you shall never leave me."

The great design of Catharine was the extirpation of the Protestants; and to this end, she contrived a marriage between her daughter Margaret, and Henry, King of Navarre, the leader of the Protestants. Margaret was a bigoted Papist, and had been mentioned as "one of the few Catholics of the Royal Palace, while her time-serving mother encouraged the Protestant faith." This marriage was opposed by Pope Pius V, who refused to grant a dispensation; but Catharine surmounted this difficulty by forging a dispensation in the Pope's name. Coligny, and the Prince de Condé were favourable to the marriage, thinking that it would be favourable to their cause, of which Henry was the chief. The marriage was celebrated with great pomp and splendour, on the 18th of August, 1572, in the presence of a vast concourse of the nobility, both Protestant and Popish, who had assembled in Paris from all parts of France. This was the design of Catharine, to bring the nobles and chiefs of the Huguenots together, that the massacre might be complete. The day following the marriage, a secret council was held, for the purpose of proclaiming a general massacre, and to arrange the means by which it should be accomplished. It was determined that Coligny should be first murdered, and then all the chiefs of the Protestant party who resided in Paris, and who had assembled to take part in the marriage. Charles IX. was present at the council, and burst into a fit of passion, exclaiming, that there should not be a single Huguenot left alive to call him the murderer. The King engaged an assassin to murder Coligny. The would-be assassin laid wait for the Admiral, and as he was walking to his residence reading, shot him in the arm. The wound was not mortal, although it was found necessary to amputate the arm. The

young King called upon the wounded veteran, expressing his horror of the act, and denouncing vengeance against the perpetrator.

Between two and three o'clock on the morning of the fatal 24th of August, the signal for the massacre was given, by the tolling of the great bell of St. Auxerrois. The first victim was Coligny. The doors of his house were burst open, and the murderers rushed in. The Admiral upon asking his attendants what was the matter, received this beautiful reply "My Lord, God calls us to Himself." "Save yourselves, my friends," said the Admiral, "all is over with me; I have long been ready to die." The murderer appeared, when Coligny said, "Young man, you ought to respect my grey hairs." He was instantly killed, by being stabbed as he stood against the wall. He was then thrown out of the window, where the Duke of Guise was waiting to receive him. Guise wiped the blood from the poor Admiral's face, and exclaimed "Venomous beast! thou canst no more infuse thy poison." His lifeless body was dragged through the streets, mutilated, and gibbeted. The Guards then murdered all the retinue of Heury of Navarre: they were called out one by one and hewn in pieces in the presence of their host, Charles IX.

The general massacre then commenced, and extended all over Paris. Mezerai, in his history of France, which was published in 1646, gives the following description of the scenes which took place: "The daylight which discovered so many crimes, which the darkness of an eternal night ought for ever to have concealed, did not soften their ardour by these objects of pity, but exasperated them more. The populace, and the most dastardly, being warmed by the smell of blood. Sixty thousand men, transported with their fury, and armed in different ways, ran about wherever example, vengeance, rage, and the desire of plunder transported them. The air resounded with a horrible tempest of hisses, blasphemies, and oaths of the murderers; of the breaking open of doors and windows; of the firing of guns and pistols; of the pitiable cries of the dying; of the lamentations of the women, whom they dragged by the hair; of the noise of carts, some loaded with the booty of the houses they had pillaged, others with the dead bodies, which they cast into the Seine; so that in the confusion, they could not hear each other speak in the streets; or, if they distinguished certain words, they were these furious expressions, "Kill! stab! throw them out of the window!" A dreadful and inevitable death presented itself in every shape. Some were shot on the roofs of houses, others were cast out of the windows, some were cast into the water, and knocked on the head with iron bars or clubs; some were killed in their beds; wives in the arms of their husbands; husbands on the bosoms of their wives; children at the feet of their parents. They neither spared the aged, nor women great with child, nor even infants. A troop of little boys were seen dragging infants in their cradles, and throwing them into the water. The streets were paved with bodies of the dead, and dying; the gateways were blocked up with them. There were heaps of them in the squares; the small streams were filled with blood, which flowed in fresh torrents into the river. Finally, to sum up in a few words what took place in these three days, six hundred houses were repeatedly pillaged, and four thousand persons massacred, with all the confusion and barbarity that can be imagined.

From the City of Paris, the massacre extended to the provinces, where the most atrocious deeds were perpetrated. In the City of Meaux, two hundred families were thrown into gaol, the women were first ravished, and afterwards killed; the houses of Protestants were plundered, and those who were cast into prison, were called for one after another, and as *Thuanus*, a Roman Catholic historian, says, "were killed like sheep in a market." The cruelties of the mob are inexpressible.

We must not forget that this awful massacre was caused by Pope Pius V. who addressed a letter to Charles IX. in the year 1569, urging him to exterminate the Huguenots. Ranke, in his lives of the Popes, says,—“He (Pius V.) cherished the bitterest hatred towards all Christians of a different faith. He not only aided the French Catholics with a body of troops, but he gave the leader of these, the Count Santafiore, the monstrous order, to take no Huguenot prisoner, but to kill forthwith every Protestant who should fall into his hands.” Having seen that this massacre was brought about by Pope Pius V. we will now notice how the news of this affair was received at Rome. Thuanus, the Roman Catholic historian, says,—“An account of the Parisian tumult having arrived, it was received with astonishing joy at Rome. For the letters of the Pope’s legate having been read in the Senate of the Cardinals, in which he certified to the Pope that it was done with the King’s consent, and by his command, it was instantly resolved, that the Pope with the Cardinals, should straightway go to the Church of St. Mark, and should solemnly return thanks to the Lord for so great a blessing conferred upon the Roman See and the Christian world; that also, on the Monday following, a solemn service should be performed in the temple of Minerva, and that the Pope and Cardinals should assist at it; and thence a jubilee should be published in the whole Christian world. The Pope also ordered a medal to be struck, wherein he himself is represented on the one side, and on the other side, an angel, carrying a cross in one hand and a sword in the other, exterminating the heretics.”

My readers must not think that Popery has changed since that time. She is still the same. She openly avows her intention of again obtaining power in England; and distinctly tells us, that as soon as she obtains it, she will commence to persecute again. It is the opinion of many persons that she will gain the ascendancy in England, and I am of the same opinion. In the seventh of Daniel, we have a description of Popery, as the “little horn”—“I beheld, and the same horn made war with the saints, and prevailed against them UNTIL the Ancient of Days came, and judgement was given to the saints of the most High; and the time came that the saints possessed the Kingdom.” Dan. vii. 21, 22; also Rev. xiii. 8, &c., &c.

We are living in perilous times, and the Lord only knows what we, or our children may have to pass through. May the Lord grant unto each of us, the spirit of watchfulness, and grace, to keep and preserve us steadfast, and immoveable in all that may come upon us.

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ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND IRELAND SLAYING  
CHRIST'S WITNESSES;

OR,

WHAT SHALL WE DO ON THE 24TH OF AUGUST, 1872 ?

THREE hundred years ago, come the 24th of this month, was the Massacre of the Huguenots. Shall we pass by the Triennial year and make no public acknowledgment of our faith? We propose that open-air services should be held on Saturday, August 24, 1872; on that splendid ground called Wormwood Scrubs; approachable by Railway easily. A Committee should at once be formed, a Treasurer, and Corresponding Secretary will be found in the person of Mr. G. P. Clarke, Belvoir House, Notting Hill, a worthy member of the late Mr. John Foreman's Church. All friends willing to act on this Committee, or to assist in arranging and conducting the Public Open Air Services on August 24, are specially requested to communicate with Mr. Clarke aforesaid, as expenses must be incurred in advertising, printing, erecting booths, &c. The following letter from Mr. Clarke demands prayerful and practical attention—Ed.

MR. EDITOR,—Thanks for your letter last month; oblige by giving this in *Earthen Vessel*, and use all the energy you can to carry out some measure to show forth His grace. If I had the time and money some of Christ's followers have at their command, England should ring with the sound of the deliverance of the Lord; for He has done marvellously. We have a peace—be it never forgotten—which is the gift of God to His Church; still it cost the life-blood of our forefathers to settle it upon us. My heart is full with the goodness of our God, and will only be satisfied when I can sing the song, "Unto Him that loved us," &c. It was asked in days of yore, "What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honour?" Now the question is somewhat changed; the cry should be—What shall be done *in memoriam* of the men whom the Lord our God honoured? My heart has been long musing on this matter; I have waited long to see if any of the noble champions in our section of the Church would come out with the trumpet. Alas, alas! time wears away; no one speaks; save only one or two like myself—poor and insignificant. If one came from a foreign land with a heart desiring to demonstrate God's goodness on the 24th of August, they would enquire, "Where are Wells, Foreman, and others? Who will take up this cause? Is there no one left? Where are they?" Mournful faces,—cold, dark—in shivering response, tell us, "They are gone, gone! death has been here!" Friends and relatives have witnessed the peaceful end of many of the Lord's anointed; it is heart-cheering to know that a glorious eternity of bliss is now before them. Still, "The memory of the just is blessed;" it cheers the heart, incites spiritual zeal, and makes the soul to glory in the God of our salvation.

There once were men who thought not their life too dear or too precious a jewel to give up for the sake of Christ and His Church. Those, of whom the world was not worthy,—Shall we allow their memory to perish? God forbid; as if they—because living in a foreign land—were not of us, or had done nothing for us. Bless the Lord, we are



reaping the fruit to this day, in the free proclamation of the Gospel. As said Latimer to his brother-sufferer, Ridley, "Play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as shall never be put out." We pray God it never may; but how dark the future looks! There is no time for trifling. Gloomy is a retrospect of our land. "It is much to be lamented," said the venerable J. Andrew Jones, "that Protestant dissenters are, in general, too little acquainted with the path of persecution and blood which their forefathers trod in, and the horrible cruelties inflicted on them. It is true that some of the claws of the great red dragon are broken; and his tail, which drew the third part of the stars of heaven is somewhat shortened; but the monster is still alive, aye, and lively too; his claws may—and I fear will—grow out again, and his tail may, ere long, accomplish direful things. "Awake thou that sleepest, and Christ shall give thee light," yea, and strength also; the time may come when we, too, may be called to the bar to give account of our faith. Let us walk while we have the light; may we not fall into carnal security because of peace, but rather labour the more that we may gain other talents also. Brethren, this is a day in which the martyred saints are set far off, and their sufferings ignored by the professing world, seeing they were so cruel and barbarous; while the true followers of our Lord look on with an indifference, (too mean) verging on insensibility. Do not we owe a debt of gratitude to God, and these illustrious worthies—whose memories should be written on our profession as with a diamond? Truly we do. How can we consistently and Scripturally manifest our gratitude? Brethren, the opportunity has come! if we allow this to slip, never will a more fitting occasion fall upon us, as the Tercentenary Festival of God's goodness, and, on the other hand, of the persecution and death of our brethren in France. The way also is plain. "Time is on the wing;" we must not delay in disputations as to expediency, or man's diction. The great and memorable day is near. Let us have a monster meeting of the brethren in and around London, at the Crystal Palace, or Albert Hall, St. James's or Exeter Hall; or some place large enough to meet the demand for hearing of the Word. The spacious Palace would find room for thousands to be addressed, so as to be instructed and encouraged; and not only so, doubtless thousands who, up till now, know little or nothing of the persecutions of our forefathers would come and hear. Let every country chapel have special services, and make the 24th of August a day of rest. I feel assured our God would say, "Is not this a fast that I have chosen?"

Just three centuries have passed since the commencement of that bloody massacre in France, when not less than 10,000 human beings were brutally murdered on account of their adherence to the Gospel of Christ; as also 231 years since that bloody project was executed in Ireland when forty or fifty thousand were massacred in a few days while thousands were driven to the woods and mountains for refuge.

Coming to England, and to history, we find Bartholomew's day, marked with more treachery and bloody cruelty. In 1662, just 210 years since, our illustrious fathers, the Puritans, suffered the professed Protestant persecutions from the High Church party, who drove them from their homes—with their families—to suffer starvation and death, rather than give up the doctrines of God, their Saviour. Their life

was in jeopardy every hour by villians professing Christianity. It is computed that 8,000 Nonconformists died in prison in the reign of Charles the Second. What an army to fall before such a bloody tyrant ! While their writings—Bunyan included—call for our acknowledgment of their courage and fortitude. Oh, my brethren, it is not enough to preach Christ without a practical acknowledgment of Him and His faithful witnesses. “He that receiveth me receiveth Him that sent me : and whosoever shall offend the least of these my brethren that believe in me, it were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea. He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye.”

Shall we let this day of their humiliation pass away with only the bare remembrance ? Never ; let all who love a precious Christ rally round the Standard on this day of Sovereign grace. Let the concerns of business rest, a greater day has come—the Tercentenary of our brethren’s sufferings. Let us have a day of thanksgiving for the mercies of a covenant-keeping God. Is one day too much to ask, seeing the Jew continues to give his seven every year to keep the Passover ? Shall the friends of Shakespeare, and others, celebrate their Tercentenary, and not we our Fathers ? Combine at once, and show the world that we, though separated into various churches, are truly but one. We not only wish all who love a Baptist order to come and celebrate this our day, but all who love the glorious doctrines for which all the martyrs have more or less suffered, viz., Predestination by Jehovah, Justification by Faith, Sanctification by the Spirit, Redemption by blood, Effectual Calling by the mighty Word of God, Final Perseverance by the power and grace of Jehovah, and the Everlasting Glorification of all His blood-bought family, according to His purpose which He purposed in Christ—on behalf of the Church—before the world began. I do trust God may stir up the hearts of His children to make this one grand effort to show forth His praise, while we have the liberty of speech, that we may rejoice in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free. Who will unite in committee on this matter, and publish abroad what we are about to do ? Doubtless many are ready, but want a leader. Let nothing hinder this good work, before Zerubbable mountains shall become plains. Yours &c.,

G. P. CLARKE.

Belvoir House, Wornington Road,  
Notting Hill.

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### CONTRASTIVE PICTURES.

“I HAVE subdued the nations of the earth ; is there no other world for me to conquer ?”—ALEXANDER THE GREAT,

“I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith ; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.”—PAUL.

“Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines ; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the field shall yield no meat ; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls ; yet will I rejoice in the Lord ; I will glory in the God of my salvation.”—HABAKKUK.

## H<sup>O</sup>L<sup>Y</sup> T<sup>R</sup>U<sup>T</sup>H.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS, — The sublime language of the Psalmist quoted by "The Village Preacher," in his "Notes on the Line" (see *Cheering Words*, September, page 136), proved to be inexpressibly sweet to my soul, namely, "FOR EVER, O LORD, THY WORD IS SETTLED IN HEAVEN." I cannot, therefore, refrain from thanking you in the name of this our ever precious Lord for the insertion of this verse in such bold relief. For some considerable time past this holy portion has been of infinite value to the strengthening of my much down-cast spirit.

"Midst changing scenes and dying friends."

It teaches me to know my weakness; it teaches me, also, that the everlasting purposes of His grace are, like Himself, unchangeable, and the covenant of peace which contains my worthless name, is settled in heaven, beyond the reach of my worst enemies. By standing steadfast in the truth, one gets awfully evil spoken of. This I witness more and more; it gauls old nature very much, yet I glory in the stigma of being called an Antinomian, simply because I object to the law of the ten commandments as the rule of life; — only as they are perfected in the ever adorable Jesus, by which it becomes the law of life to me, and not an administerer of death, leaving that for those to perform who can. (?)

Allow me to say that these choice words imply that God is eternal and changes not; His promises are fixed, and sure to all the seed, and must be given by Himself to all His elect people. They are yea and amen, more unalterable than the decrees of the Medes and Persians; firm as the everlasting hills; settled in heaven. And so are his chosen. Blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, whereby they can sometimes sing with my old favourite Toplady,

"More happy, but not more secure,  
Are the glorified spirits in heaven."

Such words (see Psalm cxix. 89,) are truly cheering words — full of marrow and fatness. May they continue to be ever precious to the troubled in Zion, till we, dear brother, with all the despised people of God, find ourselves seated

"With Him on His throne,  
In glory changeless as His own."

Wishing you every prosperity in the best of all new covenant blessing, yours, in hope of immortality and eternal glory,

W. WINTERS.

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We are living in solemn times, when we cannot in Zion's own camp, tell who are friends and who are enemies; but He that keepeth Israel, who never slumbers nor sleeps, has His eye, His watchful eye upon every silent move that goes on in the hearts of dead professors; and in His own settled time He will arise and render a reward to the wicked; they will no longer be able to hide themselves under a cloak of profession, nor take shelter among the simple-hearted followers of the Lamb. What a mercy to have the single eye to God's glory. Surely this is His own favour granted to helpless worms.

## A VERY AGED DISCIPLE.

MISS SARAH REED, the subject of this brief memoir, was born 1778. At an early age, she was brought to see and feel her lost state. About 70 years ago she was led to hear the Word of truth; and in the Lord's time, found joy and peace in believing; which was a gradual work. Amongst other good men whose ministry was blest to her soul, she has named,—Mr. Heap, Mr. Church, Mr. Irons, Mr. Frances, Mr. Stringer, Mr. Chivers, and Mr. Lawrence, our present minister. Although she had heard and known the truth so many years, yet, like many of the Lord's people, she walked disorderly until sixteen years ago; then, at the age of 78, she felt constrained and determined before she died, to honour the Lord by walking in his commands. She was baptized by Mr. Chivers, at Webb Street, Bernondsey; and continued a member there till she died. And she found that in keeping his commands "there is great reward." She was enabled to attend the means of grace until about five years ago; when, through the infirmities of old age, she was compelled to stay at home, much against her will. It has often been my privilege to visit her; and to administer to her necessities, from our poor and sick society; and this, with the help of a few friends, has been her support for many years. Oft times has my heart been rejoiced, and cheered by my visits to her. Some of her faculties were very good to the last, especially her hearing; and her retention of the word of God has often astonished me. On many occasions, while I have been reading a chapter, she would repeat it aloud, and sometimes get before me. The 23rd Psalm was a special favourite of her's. She was grateful for what kind friends did for her. She remarked she had no enemies, except those inside. She felt confident the dear Lord would never leave her, because he had said to her many years ago, "I will never leave thee; I will never forsake thee." Once after I had engaged in prayer with her, she said, "I cannot pray, (meaning cannot put words together), but I wake up in the night, and say, "Lord, you have not left me, have you? You said you would not leave me; don't leave me, Lord." And he answers "No! I will never leave thee." Then (she says,) I can go to sleep again. She was blest with a childlike, and yet a godlike faith. She had not one earthly relative left that she knew of, but rejoiced in a higher relationship with the Lord's people; and often said, "there my best friends and kindred dwell." Every pin that was taken out of the old tabernacle she would say, "I wonder if the Lord is about to take me home. I long to go home, but desire to be patient." In her last illness, which only lasted four or five days, when lost to all worldly things, her soul seemed filled with heaven. As long as she had strength to speak, she was repeating portions of scripture, and verses of hymns that had been blest to her years ago. Her last words were, "Blessed Jesus! Precious Jesus! take me home!" and quickly fell asleep in him, June 5, 1872, at the age of 94. She had many times expressed a wish to be buried at Nunhead Cemetery, where so many dear friends lay that she had known in the flesh, and in the Lord; and by the aid of the burial society connected with our church, and the help of a few friends, we were enabled to fulfil her desire. That portion was truly fulfilled in her, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like a shock of corn cometh in in his season." May our last end be like her's, is the prayer of

WILLIAM STRINGER.

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"I am fully persuaded that the only-begotten and eternal Son of God, after He rose from the dead, did, with the same soul and body with which He rose, by a true and local translation, convey Himself from the earth on which He lived, through all the regions of the air, through all the celestial orbs, until He came unto the heaven of heavens, the most glorious presence of the majesty of God. And thus I believe in Jesus Christ who ascended into heaven. That Christ ascended is the ground and glory of our faith; and by virtue of His being in heaven, our belief is both encouraged and commended; for His ascent is the cause, and His absence the crown, of our faith: because He ascended, we the more believe; and because we believe in Him who hath ascended, our faith is the more accepted."—*Bp. Pearson.*

THE LOVE OF CHRIST TO HIS CHURCH.  
OUTLINES OF SERMON, PREACHED AT BELMONT HALL, LEE, BY  
M R. H E N R Y S T A N L E Y.

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“O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs ; let me see thy countenance ; let me hear thy voice ; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.”—Song of Solomon ii. 14.

THE book from which our text is taken is called “Song of Songs,” that is the most sublime and excellent of all songs, because it treats of the immense love of Christ to the Church ; and I trust that in our approach to it we shall be led to put off our shoes of carnality, as Moses did, for the place upon which we are about to tread is holy ground : it is indeed none other than the very gate of heaven. May, then, our minds be solemnized while we contemplate the amazing and rapturous words contained in our text, under a three-fold head, namely, first, *endearment*, “O, my dove ;” second, *estrangement*, “That art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs ;” third, *encouragement*, “Let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice,—for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.”

First, then, **ENDEARMENT**. There is nothing in creation more affectionate than doves ; they are brought into existence in pairs, and are at once united for life by a natural law to each other. It is remarkable that our Saviour here uses the singular number ; He does not say, “O, my doves,” but “My dove,” intimating that He has only one Church, and that each individual member of it, whether he be weak or strong in faith, is loved with equal love. Upon this Church the blessed Redeemer set His affections, as they passed in review before His Divine mind before time began. His delight was with them ; He choose them for His bride, and blessed them with all spiritual blessings. He recorded their names in His own book of life, and loved them with an everlasting love, which He determined nothing should efface or destroy. His love for them was so wondrous, so exalted and strong, that He affirms they ravished, or took away His heart ; and when the heart is gone all is gone, for “Where the treasure is there also will be the heart.” The Saviour’s heart was so taken away that when He stood at the grave of Lazarus and wept, He displayed almighty power, and by an omnipotent voice, He commanded the dead man to rise. His heart was so taken away that He left His throne of glory when He was adored by myriads of angels who had never sinned, and came down to the misery of His dove. Thus, “He Who was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be made rich.” His heart was so taken away that He endured the taunts of men, gave His back to the smiters, and to those who plucked the hair from His blessed face. His heart was so taken away that He was straightened till the work of redeeming His dove was accomplished. His heart was so taken away that He endured the punishment due to His Church, the frowns of His Father’s face, and the curse of the tree ; in a word, He died that His dove might live. His heart was so taken away that He not

only espoused, but married His dove.—(Jeremiah iii. 14). “And as he that is married careth for the things of his wife,” (1 Cor. vii. 33) so He delighted to pay her debts, to adorn and beautify her, and make her one with Himself. Naturally, if a wife is worth loving, she is worth loving much, and should be treated as a partner, not as a slave. In like manner, but in a more exalted way, Christ speaks of the union existing between Himself and the Church, and declares that they are members of His body, of His flesh, and His bones; and that when the marriage supper takes place, she shall sit down with Him as a partner of His throne, in unspeakable felicity for ever. Well may the poet say,—

“O love Divine! how sweet thou art!  
When shall I find my willing heart  
All taken up by thee?  
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love,  
The love of Christ to me.

Stronger His love than death or hell,—  
Its riches are unsearchable!  
The first-born sons of light  
Desire in vain its depths to see;  
They cannot reach the mystery,  
The length, and breadth, and heighth.”

II. ESTRANGEMENT. Although the Church is thus blessed with union to Christ, yet, like the dove, she sometimes becomes most fearful and timid. Many there are so weak that they are afraid to make an open profession, and say, “What, if after all, I should not be right? Was what I experienced grace or delusion?”

“Do I love the Lord or no—  
Am I His or am I not?”

And thus reasoning, they fly to the clefts of the rock, or secret places to hide; and their only hope is in the everlasting covenant, in the secret counsel of the Most High; and they can come to no other conclusion but that if they are saved at all, it must be entirely and alone by grace. Others there are who become estranged because the feeling sense of enjoyment is gone; the Saviour appears to have withdrawn Himself; there is no dew upon their souls; no light upon the Word; they turn to many passages from which they have previously found consolation, but now they are to them a blank. The power is gone; they find no relief in prayer; the heavens are like brass; every light seems to be put out, and they fear that life is too. Dark, doleful night comes on; the wild beasts of the forest roar, and they tremble with the echo. What wonder, then, they are timid; what wonder that they should say, “Is His mercy clean gone for ever?” What wonder they should fly to the clefts of the rock for protection, and hide themselves in the secret place of God’s Divine will. Nor are the Lord’s sent servants exempt from this. They frequently feel their weakness; and, as they are the first to mount the ramparts, and stand on the battlements of Zion, it is at them the enemy particularly directs his shafts. How often after their work of preaching is done, do they find the shots from Satan’s foundry falling around them like hail stones, causing them to fly for shelter to the clefts of the rock. Who would have thought there could have been any timidity about that strong old servant of the Lord,

Elijah. He could trust the Lord with strong faith at the brook Cherith even for his daily sustenance by ravens ; he was strong when he went to Zarephath, a Gentile city to be fed by a widow ; strong, when upon Carmel's summit he determined the true God ; strong when he slew Baal's prophets ; strong when he girded his loins and ran before Ahab's chariot. But when Jezebel's shots flew, "So let the gods do to me if I make not thy life as the life of one of them by to-morrow about this time." Then, like the dove, he became fearful, and ran for his life to the clefts of Horeb's rock.

" When overwhelmed with grief,  
My heart within me dies ;  
Helpless and far from all relief,  
To heaven I lift my eyes,

O lead me to the Rock  
That's high above my head,—  
And make the covert of Thy wings  
My shelter and my shade."

III. ENCOURAGEMENT. It was in the midst of grievous forboding and despair that the Lord called the prophet forth from his hiding place, to see his countenance and hear his complaining voice,—in order to encourage him for the remainder of his journey, and console him with an intimation that he should shortly be out of reach of every persecutor, and in the enjoyment of eternal bliss. And to every timid, disconsolate believer He says, "Let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice." Hast thou been frightened like the dove, and hidden thyself away, because of the troubles of the way, and thy own evil heart upbraiding thee, because thou art as black as sin and Satan can make thee ? Then here is encouragement ; He calls thee His dove, and affirms thy countenance is lovely, that thou art all fair, and that there is not a spot in thee,—for He sees thee not in thy own dress, but in His all-sufficient justifying righteousness. And just as the dove is exquisitely beautiful in its plumage, and delightful to the eye,—so art thou to Him. He declares thou art all glorious within ; that thy clothing is of wrought gold, and thy raiment of needlework. Art thou like the lamb bleating after Him ? Then to Him thy voice is sweet, and thou art honouring Him more in following hard after Him in dark seasons than when all seems well. The sweetest songster—the nightingale—sings best at dark ; and never was a sweeter voice heard than when Job in the darkest season, by a living faith, said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." He still lives to hear thy voice, and to answer thy supplications. He has all power in heaven and earth, to quell thy fears and overcome thy enemies ; and thou shalt yet praise Him for delivering mercies and abundant grace ; and shortly sit down with Him in the mansions He has gone to prepare for thee, and enjoy His blissful presence for ever.

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It is one of the highest exaggerations of the glory of heaven, that is not only eternal, but requires eternity to unfold it, there we may say, indeed, Soul take thy rest, thou hast goods laid up for many years which cannot be spent out, spend as fast as thou canst ; yet herein we are sailing over a sea of infinity, where we see nothing but sea, and over which we are eternally sailing, having a new horizon : every hour's sail in those rivers of pleasure ever fresh.—*Marrow of Dr. Goodwin's Works.*

THAT MOST GLORIOUS ANTHEM YET TO BE SUNG,  
 " THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT, REIGNETH."

PART IV.

THE SEVEN SPIRITS NOW LET LOOSE.

LAST MONTH I gave a word or two upon the qualifying grace given unto the redeemed and called people of God, who are predestinated to unite in celebrating the praises of the Lamb in that glorious anthem yet to be sung, when the voice of a great multitude shall be as the voice of many waters rising, rolling, and throwing themselves through the deep and mighty rivers with a fulness and force that nothing can resist; and as the voice of mighty thunders—as though all the high powers in the heavens, and all the deepest places in the seas, would blend together in harmony and eloquence indescribable, forming such a choir as never met before, throwing out the wondrous Hallelujah Anthem—

" THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH."

Thousands are now frequently gathered together in public halls, in cathedrals, in churches, in tabernacles, chapels, and assembly rooms, *professionally* to sing sacred pieces; the words are solemn, the sounds are overwhelming; every part is perhaps as perfectly sustained as the keenest musical ear could desire; but, when their motives are weighed; when it is considered that between the *hearts* of the choristers and their words, there is little or no accord,—the whole ceremony appears hypocritical, because it is feared three things are lacking:—a saving knowledge of the LORD GOD, a living faith in the ONE MEDIATOR, and a pure love to Him of whom in sounds so delightfully sweet, they offer up their praise. " Be not deceived, God is not mocked: whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Let me then give you

A few words on the Grace-producing Evidences possessed by the true disciples of Christ while, in the school of discipline, they are here under training for the ultimately glorious assembly where, with souls alive to God, with hearts as full of love as they can hold, and with intellects as clear as Gabriel's—they all will triumphantly swell the chorus, "*The LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH.*"

From the Dean of Lichfield down to Dr. Parker, to Charles Stanford, and to the most illiterate of the glory-band preachers, there is one common consent, and one universal effort to put a veil over the Gospel, and to place THE LORD JESUS CHRIST in a position of dependence upon the free-will power of fallen man; so that if JESUS shall see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied, it will be—not because GOD ALMIGHTY purposed and promised it—but, because the " offer" of salvation being made to man, man has *consented* to *accept* of it, and thus the completeness of the covenant of grace—its final stroke—its ultimate seal—lies with man, *not* with God.

Screen we bitterly, because Popery is fast flooding our nation? Truly, there is cause enough for that; but the screams are simply hysterical wailings. Not a man will put his hand out to try and stem the torrent. From the highest seats of Royalty, from the loftiest dig-



nitaries in their chairs of Divinity—from the noble presidencies of our National Government, down to the meanest stump orator, who is now calling our working population out into open rebellion—from the head to the feet of the nation, there is a mental weakness. Hence, many false spirits are flowing in. *Popery! Infidelity! Anarchy! Blasphemy!* APOSTACY!! These five awful monsters are planting their standards outside the camps of British, American, and Colonial Churches—while *within*, in the encircled chambers of the camps of the Israelites there are two other spirits, perhaps more internally dangerous than the five outside. Within is a “*Cruel Calumny*,” and a “*Balaamish Bigotry*.”

These seven spirits are now walking and working in our midst, fulfilling in character and in conduct the prophecy given to John in the ninth of Revelation. In that chapter you have :

1. A star falling from heaven, down unto the earth ; as the Ecclesiastical Popish Head has fallen from his throne, even to the ground.

2. The key of the bottomless pit has long been in his hand ; he has opened the pit ; the smoke has been issuing ; the glorious Gospel Sun and the spiritual air of the Church are darkened ; the locusts have come forth.

John says they are like horses prepared unto battle, with crowns *like* gold on their heads : crowns of Royalty and of Episcopacy ; crowns of dignity and of immense prosperity ; they have *affable* faces like men ; *effeminate* and *attracting* hair like women ; teeth as the teeth of lions ; the sound of their wings like chariots flying through the nations of the earth, as *though* they had a commission to save all the world ; but their tails are like scorpions ; STINGS are in their tails ; they have power to hurt men ; and that some of us know right well.

3. There is a King over them. In the Hebrew they call him “*Abaddon*,” in the Greek “*Apollyon*,” but in both, and everywhere, he is a destroyer : and if he has a permit to undermine the foundations of England’s stability, then, Woe be unto her greatness. Even, in this dark scene, however, there is a silver lining to the cloud. For,

4. Positive command has been given to these scorpions that they “*shall not hurt* the grass of the earth, neither any green thing, neither any tree ; but only those men who have *not the seal of GOD in their foreheads*. “The grass of the earth,” the tender little babes in Zion ; “any green thing,” young men with the life of God in their souls ; “neither any tree,” “trees of righteousness”—true, heaven-born, holy, devoted, faithful, and useful Ministers of JESUS CHRIST.

These must not be fatally hurt ; not be destroyed ; not be cast away ; not removed until their work is done. “Hallelujah ! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.”

All men who have the Spirit of God in them, will not fail to observe that four marks are given in John’s vision unto the redeemed of the Lord :—(1,) There is *life* in them ; they are compared to fresh springing grass ; (2,) there is *growth* in them ; they are called “*green things* ; (3,) there is fruit on them, they are TREES ; (4,) they are sacred and secured persons : “The seal of God is in their foreheads.”

My reader ! whether your soul and mine shall be—after all—cast into the pit, to dwell with these scorpions for ever ; or, whether we shall be caught up into the Paradise of God, to be planted in His

garden of glory for eternity, is a question most intensely solemn: the solution of it depends upon the answer we can honestly give to such questions as these,—Have we been planted together in the likeness of Christ's death? Have we the germ of life in our souls? Have we the seal of God in our foreheads? If to these the holy affirmative can be given, then the Holy Ghost declares we shall be "planted together in the likeness of His resurrection," and although "it doth not yet appear what we shall be, we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for *we shall see Him as He is!*"

I feel urged to enter a little more into that vast subject, the life of God in the soul. A ministering brother, in a note just received, referring to my last chapter (and I quote it to draw attention to the great theme), says:—

"Your article, 'That Most Glorious Anthem yet to be Sung,' is really magnificent—according to the truth, experience, and practice of the Gospel. It really rejoiced me while reading it in quiet last Sabbath to find that you in very deed went to the root of the matter—the New Birth," &c.

This weighty part of the Church's salvation—*Her spiritual passage from Death unto Life*, is to my mind the only witness which can put an end to all the ministerial strife—to all the theological contention, and to all the difficulties of the Ministry—if such contentions ever can be brought to a close here. (?)

In my recent night watches, this Scripture rolled over my mind: "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, Thy comforts delight my soul." I give a thought which flowed out of it.

The mind of man is like the root of a tree; from this root there grows up in the man some special subject, that subject is like the body or stem, or trunk of the tree; from this subject there springeth out "THOUGHTS." These thoughts are the branches of the tree; for our word "thoughts" is derived in some cases from the same root as our word "branches." Man's thoughts are the branches of the tree which groweth up inside of him; and from these internal branches come forth the fruit of his words and actions. Our blessed Lord truly said, "By their fruits shall ye know them."

Man's mind is the intellectual root of his natural life. In that root is contained an incalculable variety of seed; from this seed there may come forth a strong judgment, a sound mind, a capacious understanding, a retentive memory, a highly moral spirit, a conscience with honor and honesty enclosed, and a fruitful growth of thoughts, which may render the possessor thereof very useful in the ranks of life wherein his lot may be cast. The very reverse of all this is the case with millions. But, whichever way it may be, there is (in the merely natural man's mind) "a root that beareth gall and wormwood," an enmity against the Sovereign Majesty of Heaven; a heart that turneth away from the Lord God, although in many cases, a trained profession of religion, and an external observance of worship will be found. There is no power in man savingly, spiritually, and consistently to fear the Lord until the Eternal Spirit doth impart, or drop into the mind "*The Word of God*," "the incorruptible seed," which James so significantly expresses, "Of His own will *begat* He us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of first fruits of His creatures." The seed of

eternal life being implanted in the soul, it will take root downward, and bear fruit upward. By the Spirit and the Word the candle of the Lord is lighted up in man's soul; a terrible discovery of the sinner's state in the fall is realized; despair, self-destruction, or presumption would follow, but—in the quickened soul, CHRIST is revealed; faith, hope, desire, cries for mercy, and thousands of thoughts spring up; and in the multitude of these thoughts within, the promises of God, and the perfections of Christ become sources of Divine consolation, the mystery of the Gospel (as opened by the Saviour in the sixth of John, and in the second chapter of the Song of Solomon,) is experimentally understood. If my readers will study the two Scriptures I have referred to, my next chapter, with comments on them, may not be altogether out of place.

C. W. B.

56, Queen's Road, Notting Hill.

## ENGLAND, THE VICTIM OF STATE-CHURCHISM!

HOW LONG WILL SHE STILL WEAR THE YOKE?

*To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.*

DEAR SIR,—I have no knowledge whatever of your Correspondent, Mr. P. Leigh, who has been permitted to occupy the foremost place in this month's *Earthen Vessel*, with an appeal, which is, ostensibly, a call to united prayer, but which savours so strongly of State-Churchism and Puseyism, not to say of the Polling Booth, that I, for one, upon perusing it, felt more moved to indignation than supplication. I repeat that I have no knowledge of the writer but that which I derive from his communication, and you and he will, therefore, acquit me of any personal antipathy, or object, in asking for equal liberty to place before your readers some remarks which—in my opinion, are demanded—on behalf of those of them whose sympathies are on the side of a Liberal government, and of the liberation of religion from the fetters, as well as the blandishments, of the State. I believe that they, whom I thus indicate, are neither the minor portion of your supporters, nor so purblind as not to see through Mr. Leigh's transparent fallacies; still, assuming that the arena into which he has obtained access is, at least, as open to Dissenters—of whom surely Mr. Leigh cannot be one, seeing that the Establishment comes in for no part of his objugatory criticism—I am not sorry that an opportunity is afforded to expose the hollowness of the cry which he echoes in your pages. I say *hollowness*, because I prefer to believe that Mr. Leigh is deceived rather than that he is artfully deceiving others who are so ready to be caught, as he appears to think we are, whom he summons to a participation in his political programme, even at the risk of a *Revolution*, and whom he also endeavours to enlist as convassers against the next general election.

I will not say that we are required to set up a Tory Government, but I will say that we are to depose a Liberal one; and any tryo in the politics of our time knows that when the Liberal end of the Cabinet see-saw goes down, the Tory one goes up. So that whatever he intends, Mr. Leigh does practically, and to all intents and purposes, enjoin upon BAPTISTS to do what they can to instal into office *Mr. Disraeli*, who has recently pledged himself anew to resist the dissolution of the

State from that worldly, ritualistic, baby-sprinkling, opulent, and arrogant system, mis-called the Church of England, of which, comparing it with the Popery against which Mr. Leigh so lustily inveighs, it may aptly be said, "Like mother, like daughter."

Mr. Leigh writes as if you and he were kindred spirits, and subjects of one common dread. He thinks that you and he look through one horoscope, and will consequently, and your readers too, read alike the signs of the times. They are portentous of impending disasters! Another Parliament like this (even leaving out of consideration the death of the reigning Queen, and *head* of the above-named system) and "Protestant Supremacy" will become matter of history!

By Protestant Supremacy, *thus associated with Parliament and Queen*, I suppose is meant that order of things which Henry the Eighth introduced when, finding his blue-beardism too bad, even for the old Roman Pope, he determined to commence Pope himself: that order—which is certainly not what the old Pope intended, when previously he gave that same Henry the proud title of Defender of the Faith (*Fidei defensor*), which English sovereigns, to the great discredit of their Protestantism, *still* impress on the current coins of this realm: that system which in 1662 was, as I suppose Mr. Leigh may imagine, carried to the acme of SUPREMACY, if not of felicity, when the ACT OF UNIFORMITY made it necessary for TWO THOUSAND of the best and most honest ministers of Christ to forsake all rather than dishonour the apostolic precept—"We ought to obey God rather than man." Or perhaps Mr. Leigh, and they who are of his sentiments, would say Protestant Supremacy culminated in *that law, which aimed at extinguishing Dissent*, called the FIVE MILE ACT, and which forbade any religious meeting to be held, except that of "the Church," within five miles of any market town! or, better still, in the TEST ACT, which followed, and under which no one could hold a public office without—among other conditions—"receiving the sacrament," according to the rites of the said so-called Church. Such were the palmy halcyon days of PROTESTANT Supremacy! Shall we *pray* for their return?

Why should the attention of Dissenters be so loudly called to the annual expenditure of upwards of £400,000 of the public money in supporting Popish Priests and Popish Schools, when nothing whatever is said about TWENTY FIVE TIMES THAT AMOUNT which is yearly distributed among the Clergy of the Establishment, who, instead of resisting and confuting, are, to a great and shameful extent, opening wide every door to Popery? If, after three centuries of Protestant Supremacy, during which our Clergy have been maintained at an expense which is admitted to exceed, at the present time, TEN MILLION POUNDS STERLING a year, the state of things is so utterly hopeless and lamentable, is not this a reason why these unfaithful stewards should hear from the nation—their accepted master—"Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward?"

Is Mr. Leigh, and are your readers aware, that in the United States of America, where no State Church exists, Baptists increase and multiply more than here, as a distinct body? And if here, as there, the connexion of Church and State were ended, what cause would there be for fears of POPISSH ASCENDANCY? Cannot those Baptists who favour that adulterous union, see that they are simply invited to choose

between *Protestant Supremacy*, which, when most absolute, would gladly have annihilated Baptists altogether, and *Popish Ascendancy*, which could scarcely do more, but which, were Church and State dissolved, would be as innocuous here as in America? This reminds me of *Issachar*, the strong ass who couched between two burdens. Does Mr. Leigh remember the proverb, "In vain the net is spread *in the sight* of any bird?" Let him, and your readers, give their prayerful and energetic adhesion, support, and advocacy, to the *Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control*; and be assured that, when it enacts complete religious liberty and equality, to which all English subjects, of whatever denomination, not excluding Roman Catholics, are entitled, Parliament will have no need to attempt any such foolish and impossible retrograde action as Mr. Leigh prescribes. I say *prescribes*; for whilst he would have us believe and confess that we are in the case of Jehoshaphat, and know not what to do but to cast our eye upon the Lord,—he, in the same breath lays down a very definite and resolute line of action which is to be the remedy, the only remedy. Can he reconcile this?

In conclusion, as a Baptist and a reader for many years of the *Earthen Vessel*, let me intreat Baptists to REMEMBER their past character and history; to PRAY for all that are in authority, that we may lead quiet and peaceable lives in all Godliness and honesty—in other words, may be free from State dictation or temptation, a Baptist being as good in the eye of the law as a "Churchman;" and, having tried both trees, Popish ascendancy and Protestant Supremacy, BY THEIR FRUITS, let all Christians, and especially Dissenters and Baptists, BEWARE of them both!

Yours in Christian union,  
Nissi Villa, Rochdale, July 19, 1872.

JOHN ASHWORTH.

[Our correspondent, Mr. Ashworth, has read Mr. Leigh's paper from a stand-point quite different to the one from which we read it. The developement and defence of God's Holy Truth is the CHIEF object we have in view. In this we considered Mr. Leigh and ourselves one. The recent rapid strides toward Rome, we must admit, rather justifies Mr. Ashworth's otherwise highly drawn criticism. We as much fear the fashionable Dissenters as we do the flower-showism of the Ritualists.—ED. E.V.]

"MY BELOVED."

By WILLIAM STOKES, OF MANCHESTER

"My beloved is mine, and I am his."—SOLOMON'S SONG, II. 16.

JESUS! Thou art for ever mine;  
Thy fulness, Lord, I claim.  
Thy grace, thy power, thy love divine,  
And thy Eternal Name.  
I bid this empty world depart,  
With all its pomp and pride;  
Be thou, my Saviour, near my heart,  
I nothing want beside.  
My grateful love could fain resign  
A thousand worlds like this,  
When Jesus owns that he is mine,  
And tells me I am his.

Above all worlds art thou to me,  
My everlasting Friend.  
And all my song shall be of thee,  
When this vain world shall end.  
Far, far away from scenes of strife,  
Shall I thy face behold:  
And sing thy love, my Lord, my Life,  
Amid yon harps of gold.  
O! haste the hour when I may rise,  
And soar from earth away;  
Where perfect love in purer skies,  
Shall bring eternal day.  
There my full heart shall praises pour,  
To him who lived and died;  
And through eternity adore,  
THE GOD-MAN CRUCIFIED.

MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY  
OF  
MR. JAMES WELLS.

[Correspondents must have patience with us. As fast as possible we will prepare and publish their communications.—ED.]

WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, speaking of the glorious apparel of the Heavenly citizens, says, "They all wear one colour; as priests unto God they are all clad in white."

Between such good men as Hawker, John Stevens, Gadsby, James Wells, Philpot, John Foreman, and others, some thought there were differences as they stood here; but now they see eye to eye; now, know even as they are known. Oh! what is it that Christ hath redeemed us unto!

THOUGHTS ON THE DEATH OF  
MR. JAMES WELLS.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord."

WE watch for their departure with our fond eyes big with tears,

And fain would check their fleeing to the age of countless years;

And yet the moment when they writhe in death's last agony,

Is precious in the sight of Him who loves them more than we.

I wonder, and I ponder, and I tremble, and I faint;

It cannot be that I, so full of sinning and complaint,

Can thrill e'en with a preciousness His bosom who controls

Each ripple on life's ocean, and the fears of dying souls.

I always felt His love to be a strange—unknown thing.

While creeping from the fear of death under His outspread wing;

But to be told that Jesus waits with joy to see me die,—

Oh! why? I ask, is God so pleased to have a sinner nigh.

It needeth not for us, then, to be saddened as we tread

Toward the yawning graveyard, with the blest, the sainted dead;

Jesus from Heaven's high glory speaks in bearing them away,

"'Tis joy to see thee coming to My Father's house to-day."

O, stay the tear-drops, ye who mourn, and let your God rejoice;

The listening saint finds music in the echoes of that voice,—

Which whispered strengthening life-words to the dear ones on their road, [God,

To glad the eyes of Jesus in the city of our Oh! Jesus, when I have to die, speak some

sweet word to me;

Give me the bliss in death to feel that I am dear to Thee;

And aid me through the life-cares with the thought that by and bye,

These eyes shall see how God can joy to have a sinner nigh.

Great Baddow. MRS. T. CHAPLIN.

THOUGHTS  
ON EZEKIEL'S VISION.

BY JOHN VAUGHAN,

*Minister of Mount Zion, Debonport.*

THIS man whose praise Ezekiel sings,  
Is "JAH," the uncreated God.

His Church's Saviour, King of kings,  
Her ransom price, His own heart's blood.

He is the glorious, great "I AM!"

The heaven of heavens, Him can't contain,

Great Architect: He drew the Plan,  
He's JESUS CHRIST, for aye the same.

High seated, on the Sapphire throne,  
Above the dreadful crystal bright,

He's sovereign Lord, supreme alone,  
Arrayed in majesty and might.

In Him, the glorious Triad's seen,

Indwelling power, grace, courage, skill;

The ox, the lion, eagle, man,

All teach; LOVE regulates His will.

His centre everywhere is found,

His bound, no seraph's eye can see,

In Him our highest thoughts are drown'd.  
Great soul-absorbing mystery!

From Him proceeds the whirlwind's might;  
The clouds of providence—obscure,

The wondrous wheels of dreadful height  
And glory—angels can't endure.

From Him, the great infolding fire

For ever burns, yet ne'er consumes,

Ascends in love to His great Sire,

Descends to us, His meanest sons.

The cherub bright: sphere within sphere;

These onward go, to work His plan,

With awe profound, with love and fear,

They serve our glorious CHRIST, GOD-MAN.

Wide spans the beauteous rainbow bright,  
Sweet pledge of peace 'twixt earth and heaven,

The Church-embracing arch of light,  
The bow while one—in colours seven.

What wondrous lessons are set forth,

Yet, perfect harmony is seen;

From east to west, the south, the north,

All ever have subservient been.

How can we now approach his face—

This mighty king, this Lord of all?

Oh! sweetest thought: He's full of grace,

Before Him then we'll grateful fall:

'Midst this life's cares, He'll guide us through,

For nought can take Him by surprise,

We need not fear what man can do,

Or powers of evil may devise.

For Israel's Shepherd never sleeps,

Nor slumber ever seals his eyes,

His flock secure He ever keeps,

And all the power of hell defies.

Jehovah's great incarnate "WORD!"

Lift on us, Lord, thy smiling face!

And thou, by us, shalt be adored,

When glory crowns the present grace.

## PRODUCTIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE CRISIS OF THE NEW SCHOOL has surely been reached by Charles Voysey, when he can—in the most refined style—pour contempt upon the Pentecostal out-pouring of the HOLY SPIRIT: his authority being Gregg's "Creed of Christendom." He appears, however, to be a kind of Scourge to the National Church—from whose service he has been dismissed—for in his Criticisms upon the Acts of the Apostles, he says:—"I will only call to mind, that in this 19th century, it is still believed that God the Holy Ghost, one of the persons of the sacred Trinity, is imparted even to little infants by the rite of baptism, if only water and the authorised formula are used; that having been received in infancy, it is given a second time in confirmation; and if the recipient become a priest it is given a third time, if he become a bishop a fourth time, or an archbishop a fifth time, by the laying on of the hands. More or less ceremony is natural and proper. I object, and that out of simple reverence for things sacred, to the perpetuation of the apostolic childish folly of supposing and affirming that the Holy Spirit of God is something to be handed about in this way from bishop to priest, and priest to infant. I do not think anything to be more radically impious than those words in the ordination and consecration services, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands; whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained.' I deliberately call this an infidel doctrine."

*Spiritualism Tried by the Word of God.* Being an Exposure of this Satanical Delusion of the Infernal Seducer of Souls." By John Bunyan McCure. London: Printed and published by Robert Banks, 5, Raequet Court, Fleet Street. Mr. John Bunyan McCure is well known in nearly all parts of the civilized world as a free, out-spoken defender of divine truth, and an advocate of all that is morally and socially good. No wonder therefore that he has taken his axe to cut down that noxious tree now growing called "Spiritualism." He says: "One of the most striking features of the present moment is, the attempt to establish and justify, a power on the part of man, of direct communication with the spirit world; and to divest it of the guilt and collusion with the Devil, with which it must be regarded; being condemned by

the fearful threatenings and awful penalties which God has attached to it. By this delusion of the enemy, man is now striving to take his present and his hereafter into his own hands: to penetrate every mystery of his being: to determine the extent of his responsibility in this world, and in the world to come: to become a revelation to himself, and to become independent of God. This is the awful tendency both of Spiritualism and Clairvoyancy. However harmless and unimportant they may appear, there is ample evidence to prove, that instrumentally, these delusions are a means of vast spiritual evil."

"*Faith.*" This is the theme of the leading article in *Sword and Trowel* for June. One single sentence in that address which Mr. Spurgeon delivered at his last conference is worth more—contains more truth—than many volumes issued now; it is a sentence which we would have printed in immensely large letters, and posted on all the chapel walls in Christendom. The sentence is this:—"REST ASSURED THERE IS NOTHING NEW IN THEOLOGY EXCEPT THAT WHICH IS FALSE: THE FACTS OF THEOLOGY ARE TO-DAY WHAT THEY WERE EIGHTEEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO." When the late Dr. Campbell printed his thoughts upon the *Progressive Revelation of Theology* we saw there was a drifting off the rock of Gospel Truth on to the delusive sand-bank of modern thought. No unbiased mind can read the following expression of Mr. Spurgeon's without prayerful hope that he will, in the main abide faithful. To his brethren, he said, "If it be folly to keep to what we find in Scripture, and if it be madness to believe in verbal inspiration, we purpose to remain fools to the end of the chapter, and hope to be among the foolish things which God hath chosen."

"The Protestant Evangelical Mission" in their *Monthly Record* for July, furnish some strong and startling facts with reference to the underground works now in progress, whereby England is being carefully laid in the lap of the Pope. We have suffered a mental and circumstantial martyrdom in our attempted defence of Bible Protestantism; because those who profess to be Protestants, evidently cared more for their gold than they did for that HOLY GOD, whose truthful cause they espoused. We often wonder what JESUS CHRIST will say to these miserable

men in the great day. Truly, things are serious. Poor Murphy was sacrificed: Mr. Mackey imprisoned: Mr. Steele has had a narrow escape: but, Colonel Brockman is a thorough good soldier of the Cross: Mackey is no coward: Mr. Steele is a determined Christian Advocate; and now, our friend, Mr. George Reynolds, has set out on a tour of lecturing, showing "Britain's Romeward Carcer," may we not hope? We believe every Protestant in Europe ought to send a Petition to our House of Commons, praying for the Repeal of that curse of 1829.

*What is Religion?* The Bishop of Peterborough, in *Our Own Fireside* for June, shows how the people generally are for getting rid of real religion: the Bishop says, "Religion is the drawing together, the binding together of God and man:" but he shows that there is a disposition to cast off the Ministry of Gospel doctrine, and the teaching of Christian experience. Truly, it is so. But the bishop says, the people have a right to demand of their teachers, God's truth only. "Our hearers have a right to say to us, 'Give us GOD'S MESSAGE! Give us ALL God's message!! Give us NOTHING but God's message. Give it us, IN GOD'S OWN WORDS, as you stewards desire to be found faithful when you and we shall meet before His judgment-seat.'" *Our Own Fireside* always has some sacred words of truth and life for its readers. Its two children, *Home Words*, and *Day of Days*, are, also, well supplied with wholesome reading. Are our friends as industrious in spreading words of truth among their neighbours, as the general and national people are? We fear not.

*Paul and his Crazy Cottage.*—We have long heard of the almost sublime eloquence of that deeply sanctified, and tender-hearted author and minister, "CHARLES STANFORD," the refined successor of Dr. Steane, at Camberwell; but never, until his sermon, entitled, "ENTHUSIAST!" was sent us, have we understood the basis of his faith in the Gospel. We must admire a mind so acute in discussing the mysteries of the Gospel; but, we know not when we have been tempted to be so angry with a preacher or writer, as we have been in perusing this masterpiece of truth and error, wherein the ESSENCE of man's freewill is declared in terms outspoken and unmistakable. As soon as we can be favoured with the time, and the right state of mind, we purpose to address a letter to Mr. Stanford, (through the pages of *The Earthen Vessel*), asking his ser-

ious consideration of some assertions here made. *Enthusiast* is published by Messrs. Yates and Alexander: and in defining the distinction between the New Paul, and his Old Adam, the preacher is elegantly correct.

*Twelve Sermons* (neatly bound in paper cover) preached by the late Mr. James Wells, can be had of J. Paul, Chapter House Court, St. Paul's; post free for twelve stamps. We believe but very few of these parts can be made up: our friends who wish for the gospel as preached by that singularly great and good minister will at once secure a copy. It has been hinted that we should furnish a memoir of Mr. Wells. That we hope, will be done by much better hands: nevertheless, we have much to give, as time and opportunity permit. We trust the Church will collect together all the works, sermons, letters, and miscellaneous writings of their late pastor, and thus give to future ages, a full and fair discovery of the precious unfolding of the gospel, and of the saving experience of it, which ran through the whole ministerial life of Mr. Wells.

*"Walks in the Gardens and Fields of Ancient and Modern Literature."*—This is a new heading in *Cheering Words*: it takes a peep at such men as John Ashworth, Henry Varley, Charles Stanford, and many more:—always in good temper; *Cheering Words* does not believe in railing against other men because their hearts are not so large as Dr. John Gill's was; his was a noble top-piece, and his face was one of the most powerful Calvinistic frontispieces you can find in any picture gallery in all the world. We wish every minister was as John Gill was; we wish all the people were devout believers in Christ's Gospel. Still, as *Cheering Words* suggesteth, if good Hyper-Calvinists would form a "Come and See Society," with the blessing of God, much good might be done.

*"Master Budgen,"* (as they sometimes called him) has fallen asleep. Mr. Cuffin, (a descendant of that profound Biblical linguist, Edmund Greenfield), writes to the *Gospel Magazine*, to say, John Budgen, of Crawley, was suddenly called to his eternal rest on the 14th of last month. *The Gospel Magazine* for July gives a long letter from Master Budgen, who was one of those "gems in the rough" for which Sussex used to be so famous; but Sussex, like other parts of England, has lost her men, of whom it might be said, "A man was famous according as he lifted up axes upon the thick boughs:" now, the smooth, schola-



stic readers and rehearsers of a modernized theology, take the place of the original, God-made fathers. If the present race are as much sent and sanctified of God as their fathers were, then the Churches have reason to rejoice.

"*The City Preacher.*"—The late Mr. John Hobbs was for many years almost the only spiritual expounder of Christ's Gospel in "the CITY of London;" he has passed away; but, we are thankful to find his *Pastoral Letters*, and some fragments of his life, are printed in a respectable style, and published by Mr. J. C. Pembrey, of Oxford. We are looking through the volume with the intention of furnishing an epitome soon. We are exceedingly fond of good Gospel matter; of good printing; and of neat substantial binding. These three meet us in the volume Mr. Pembrey has produced.

*St. Paul's Cathedral to the Plymouth Brethren.* In the *A B C London Church and Chapel Directory for 1872*, you have correct information as regards the situation of any Church, Chapel, or Meeting place for worship; the times of service; the name of the preacher; his private residence, &c., of every known and recognized denomination in London, and its suburbs. No professing Christian man who either lives in, or comes to, London, will be without this annual when once he has proved its value. For three stamps it can be had, post free, of Robert Banks, Raquet Court, Fleet st.

*Our Friends at Home.*—Poems to the memory of Mr. Wells, and Mr. Thomas Hanshew, by Mrs. Sarah Brittain, Battley villas, Tonsley road, Tonsley Hill, Wandsworth. Thomas Hanshew was the most lovely patriarchal specimen we have ever communed with: James Wells was a young man, compared to the ancient but gentlemanly Thomas Hanshew. Now on the heavenly hills, with Jesus in full view, they sit and sing, or fly and bear some message, as their Lord suggests. Such men, on earth, we ne'er shall find again.

*Beecher's Life of Christ* is undergoing some investigation in *The Sword and Trowel*. A more difficult work to review has not reached the hands of any Editor lately. We should consider it an honour to be able to give our readers a critical digest of Henry Ward Beecher's Life of our adorable Lord. We cannot yet promise it.

"*Fifty Millions of Protestants,*" says *Old Jonathan*, "it is calculated have been put to death by the Church of Rome; and yet this (deadly) system is now fostered by the British nation."

Handsome pictures in *Old Jonathan*, and a variety of Protestant intelligence will be found in *The Rock*.

*Memorial Cards.*—Sacred "Mementos," with dates, suitable verses, &c., of the recently deceased Pastors, "John Foreman," and "James Wells," can now be had of Robert Banks, Raquet Court, Fleet street. We have fixed the pair in our study; if spared, we shall often think, with a mixture of joy and sorrow, of both these long-honoured men of God.

*Gleaner and Sower Lessons of Truth, for Home and School.*—When godly teachers have proved the value of this penny serial, they will esteem it much. Send four stamps to Miss Kent, Shefford, Beds, for *Gleaner, Sower, and Lessons of Truth*, and you will receive a rich variety for family and school.

"Deacon Quirk," "Aunt Winifred," and all the Company in "*The Gates Ajar*," are "*Corrected and Criticised by an Englishwoman*," in her spiritual little volume now publishing by Geo. J. Stevenson, 54, Paternoster Row. When a truly Christian Englishwoman devotes her time and talent to set American sensationalism right, we are all bound to support her effort.

Stoke Newington possesses a grand rustic plant-house, situated in the garden of J. T. Pickburn, Esq. The exterior and interior of this plant-house are given in Mr. Shirley Hibberd's *Gardener's Magazine*, for July; which, in her spiritual department, is conducted with skill, and attracting interest.

The Reports of Meetings for aiding Poor Ministers are before us. We must not harshly review, nor interview, these laudable efforts. Solomon says, "Deceit is in the heart of them that IMAGINE evil: but to the counsellors of peace is joy." We covet the latter character, and ever desire to shun the first.

*The Rock* tells us of two valuable men removed from the Church below to glory above—the Rector of Cheltenham, Dr. Walker; and the Chelsea vicar, J. B. Owen: both these clergymen were labourious and loveable men.

*Baptism as Taught in the Scriptures.*—A neat little manual for general circulation, published by Elliott Stock, Paternoster row. The ordinance is correctly defined.

*Building on a Bad Foundation*, is seriously shown in *Old Jonathan*. The July number is worthy of every Churchman's regard.

We have received new vol. by Mr. Wilkins, minister of Queen square chapel, on "*The Seven Last Things in Prophecy*," which we shall read and notice.

## OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

## "ORTHODOX LONDON."

No. 1.—MR. THOMAS BRADBURY.

## AT THE SURREY TABERNACLE.

"Mark where the wave at eventide,  
 In seeming slumber lies;  
 Mark how its glassy face reflects  
 The richly painted skies.  
 So, when redeeming love has soothed  
 Man's stormy soul to rest,  
 No more by surging passion tossed,  
 By anxious sorrow prest.  
 Cold and unstable in himself  
 As yonder changing waves,  
 His bosom still reflects to heaven  
 The image it receives."

ONE cannot possibly visit the Surrey Tabernacle without thinking of the late good-man who for so many long years ministered to that Church in holy things. As the editor of THE EARTHEN VESSEL has commenced a literary monument to the memory of the late James Wells, he will allow the writer of these sketches, a paper in that direction. The old Roman boasted that when the Colosseum fell, Rome would fall, and when Rome—the world. The proud boast has long since proved a mere myth. I have known some who have asked, "What will become of the Surrey Tabernacle when James Wells is gone?" Well, take this much for certain, so long as the Surrey Tabernacle stands, there will memory point to the man who, in the work of his Master, was bold as a lion, and yet in private was as gentle and kindly as Castilian dew.

The Surrey Tabernacle is the best monument that could possibly be reared to the memory of a man who, by the grace of God, was greatly beloved, because extensively and truly useful in helping to carry out our Saviour's great commission. But while the Lord enabled His servant to set up this handsome house for the worship of His Name; and therein to finish his testimony, it is evident that the place is designed to be a House of Mercy through the preaching of the Gospel for ages yet to come: yea, when all the Wells', the Carrs'; all the Butts', all the Beaches, the Meads', and Mitsons'; all the present worshippers in this blessed earthly temple shall have removed to the higher mansions; even then—for ages yet to come—shall THE GOSPEL be proclaimed by "chosen vessels," whose names are in the Book of Life. The New Surrey Tabernacle was built for the glorious Gospel of Christ; to Him it was dedicated; He accepted and consecrated it. And I feel happy in the conviction that the Great High Priest of our profession has said of this sacred edifice where I am sitting,

"Now I have chosen and sanctified this House,  
 That My Name may be there for ever,

And Mine Eyes and My Heart shall be there perpetually."

I place little dependence in men; if some of the greatest and best of men could have resisted the purposes of God, this Tabernacle had never been seen; but here it is! Here that richly-laden, golden pipe--the late beloved Pastor--poured forth the golden oil. As St. John the Baptist closed the Old Testament door, with burning eloquence crying, "Behold the Lamb of God," and was quickly sent home; so, James Wells closed the Old Surrey Tabernacle, opened the New Surrey Tabernacle, and speedily went home to heaven.

On the last Sunday evening in June, I went to this sanctuary, and shortly after six, took a seat in the front gallery, directly opposite the pulpit. I have on more occasions than one stolen gently up there, and watched the tall form of the late minister as he entered his pulpit. And it does not take a very great trial of the imagination to fancy James Wells is still amongst us, and that he will appear in his pulpit again; but imagination is a poor affair,—being of a dreamy nature, when you awake you find out your mistake. As I sat for half an hour, this piece of tapestry was woven, and was only broken by Mr. Mead rising to read the first hymn—my thoughts at once flew off to that serener clime where the ransomed spirit now basks in everlasting peace. The body, worn and worried, laid in sleep. "The languishing head is at rest." How sweet are James Montgomery's words,—

"What are these in bright array?  
 This innumerable throng,  
 Round the altar night and day,  
 Tuning their triumphant song—  
 Worthy is the LAMB once slain,  
 Blessing, honour, glory, power,  
 Wisdom, riches to obtain  
 New dominion every hour.  
 These through fiery trials trod,  
 These through great afflictions came,  
 Now before the throne of God,  
 Seal'd with His eternal Name,—  
 And in raiment pure and White,  
 Victor palms in every hand,  
 Through the great Redeemer's might,  
 More than conquerors they stand."

This much in parenthesis, if you please—because it is just as impossible to write an article about the Surrey Tabernacle without saying something about the late Pastor, as it would be to write a history of Calvinism without naming Calvin.

Mr. Thomas Bradbury has ascended the pulpit, and having found the portion of Holy Scripture he intends to read, he stands till the hymn is finished. This is an uncommon practice in Nonconformist Churches; but it has just this effect—the minister appears to take an interest in that part of Divine worship,—while he who enters the pulpit, and buries his face in his hands during the service

of song, does not seem much interested in it. The hymn sung, Mr. Bradbury, after rather a long pause—which is becomingly effective—announces the chapter. To avoid repetition I will here say that Mr. Bradbury's voice is euphonic, yet powerful: even in that spacious building, every word he utters is distinctly audible, and that too without the least exertion on his part. On this occasion, he read, without comment, a chapter from Isaiah's Prophecy. Then came the prayer. All sorts and conditions of men were considered. Amidst the petitions offered, our senators, our Sovereign Lady the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family were not forgotten, while his pleading to God for our beloved country showed that the preacher is an Englishman as well as a Christian minister.

Before I give a short sketch of sermon, I will venture an opinion of Mr. Thomas Bradbury as a preacher. He has all the qualities likely to make a popular man. He speaks excellent English. The refined portion of his hearers will not be insulted with a heap of ungrammatical sentences. I do not mean to infer that he is a great thinker. The discourse I heard (and let it be understood this sketch is written solely from this one sermon) was studied, without which, as a rule, no sermon is good. I should imagine that he is a tolerable scholar. He referred to the original once or twice, but whether he is acquainted with Greek I am unable to say; neither do I know what are his views upon Church Government. As I heard so I write. Of course he is what men call a "HYPER:" you can make no mistake upon that matter. He would endorse the following,—

"To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb, I all things owe;  
All that I have, and am, and all I know.  
All that I have is *now* NO LONGER MINE:  
Yea, I am not MINE own. Lord! I am Thine!"

"I lift my heart to THEE,  
SAVIOUR Divine;  
For Thou art all to me,  
And I am Thine!"

Mr. Bradbury is well qualified to deliver the message of peace to a ruined and undone world.

On this occasion the Surrey Tabernacle was crowded in every part: there was not even standing room. And from what I could learn—and one often learns a great deal before the service without even speaking a word to anyone—the worthy deacons have done well in getting such an excellent supply. The people seem very fond of him.

The text was from St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians iii. 21, 22, 23, "Therefore let no man glory in men. For all things are yours,—whether Paul, or Apollus, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours: and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." After a careful review of the context, the preacher thought there was a departure from ancient usage with regard to those members of the Church who walked unworthily. There were some sad specimens of such in the Corinthian Church. Some

had committed such things that were not lawful to name, while some desecrated the Table of our Lord. Such were handed over to Satan, but not to eternal damnation. "Therefore, let no man glory in men." No, though I speak as an archangel, I am nothing, nothing at all. Let us imagine a company of the saints in apostolic times. One says, "I like Apollus; he is so eloquent; he speaks with such burning words." Another one says, "I like Peter best, he is so earnest." Another likes Paul; he knows that Paul comes with faltering lip, yet he preaches experimentally. Yes, but they all are yours. The speaker after showing in a very clear manner what is the true meaning of self denial spoke with earnestness about the Apostles casting lots for filling the vacancy caused by Judas going to his own place. Now, (said the preacher) they were expressly told to tarry until they were endued with the Holy Ghost. But they meant to appoint a successor. WE WILL DO IT, said they. And they went about it in the most worldly way, even by casting lots. Whose work was this? It was the devil's. "And the lot fell upon Matthias;" yes, as though God had set His mark upon this transaction, you never hear of Matthias afterwards. The Apostles were sometimes mistaken. Mr. Bradbury gave us instances to the point. "Therefore let no man glory in men." Thomas Bradbury is nothing. Then, say you, ought we not to honour the minister of Jesus Christ? If his ministry is made a blessing to you, you will be sure to love him for the work's sake. "All things are yours." . . . the world. What are the estates of men! How soon will they pass away. I reside in one of the most picturesque and lovely spots in England—amid the peaks of Derbyshire, and can enjoy it. "And look through nature up to nature's God." No! that no mortal man ever did; for it is only through Jesus Christ we may do this. "Or life." The speaker seemed to be particularly happy in discoursing upon this matter. "Or death." After describing various deaths—the speaker referred to the last enemy. He said: You will often hear professors say, come death. I feel several little hands pulling my coat tails, who want me here. I know what it is when enjoying the presence of the Lord in telling of His everlasting love,—to wish to go to Him at once. But this we know He has removed the sting from death. "Or things present, or things to come." Perhaps some of God's children are fearing Monday; there is a heavy trial of some sort they greatly dread. The speaker in a most comforting way, shewed that these things was God's way of dealing with His people. It was done in His stupendous wisdom, and was for their good.

Should Mr. Bradbury again visit London—which appears highly probable—I am commissioned by the Editor to take full notes of one of his sermons. As many persons have been asking, "Who is Mr. Bradbury?" the foregoing sketch has been written with an endeavour to supply the necessary information.

RIBLE-BLESSINGS CONNECTED  
WITH BAPTISM.

It is a singular and most interesting fact, that the holy and useful ordinance of baptism is no where spoken of in Scripture without some special blessing being joined unto it. This truth was much impressed upon my mind in thinking upon the words of our Lord in John xv., and I was inclined to write a little note upon this to my son Robert, on the evening of his forty-first birthday, which I commenced in the following manner. It may be termed old fashioned bigotry; but, popular, prosperous, and fashionable as it may be to slight this solemn institution, I believe it to be very important in its design and meaning. As I was leading the disciples down into the water at Johnson-street chapel, on Sunday evening, June 30, 1872, I was led (without a moment's previous meditation) to declare that this immersion of the believer into water expressed

1. Our faith in the great atoning sacrifice of Christ, that "He died for our sins."

2. It expresses our faith in His resurrection from death; and by His resurrection believers are justified.

3. This immersion, or Baptism, expresses our confession, that for our sins we deserve to die the second death, and to be buried beneath the waves of eternal wrath for ever. Oh! how dreadful is our condition in sin; and how deep-rooted should be our confession. But,

4. Our being brought up again from the deep waters implies and expresses our being raised up by grace divine to the salvation and glory of Jesus our Lord. I feel soberly and honestly what I say,—I never saw the design and teaching of this ordinance so clearly before.

C. W. B.

The note I referred to is as follows:—

Saturday Evening, June 29, 1872.

DEAR ROBERT,—It is forty-one years this very evening since you were born into this world. As your father— anxious for your welfare in every sense—let me devote a little time in writing one short note to you on one special theme, which to my mind is of special weight. It is of THAT by which the true friends of Christ are made manifest; and this theme is embodied in some few words which came flying into my mind with sealing power. The words I refer to are written in John xv. 14, "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." If you take the thirteenth and fourteenth verses together, you will see three solemn principles are revealed:—

I. That our Lord Jesus Christ laid down His life for His sheep.

II. That He did this for them, because He loved them; and,

III. Their living friendship toward Him is manifested by the OBEEDIENCE of their faith! How emphatic their meaning!—"Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I have commanded you."

Here we have to contemplate particular persons, Christ's own friends; a Divine prin-

ciple, His love to them; the practical fruits of grace, doing as He has commanded us.

"MY FRIENDS!" These are the persons. Are we honestly and truly the friends of Jesus Christ? My heart and conscience agree to declare that has been and is my chief and constant desire. Barclay is simple and correct, in defining the term "Friend." He is "one who is reconciled, and joined to another." Every true Christian is reconciled unto, and is joined to Jesus Christ.

Now, if we believe the Bible account of man in the fall; if we believe what we see of men in general; if we believe what we feel in ourselves; if we believe Romans i. 29, 30, 31,—that men are "waters of God, and without understanding," then the question comes, How can a man become reconciled to the Lord? How can he become joined to the Lord? How, in heart and life, can a man become the real friend of Jesus Christ? How were the disciples themselves reconciled? Jesus called them to Him. So with Saul of Tarsus. He was a great enemy to Jesus; but when the Saviour was revealed to him; when Saul of Tarsus was brought to know Jesus as his Saviour,—no man could more esteem and love the Son of God than Saul of Tarsus did. Analyze the second chapter of Paul to the Ephesians, and you will there see how enemies to God by wicked works become the friends of His dear Son. It is by grace, the free grace of God, the loving and choosing grace of God our Father, the redeeming grace of God our Redeemer, the quickening and sanctifying grace of God the Holy Comforter; yea, it is "BY GRACE we are saved," if saved at all.

Now for these friends of His the Saviour laid down His life, because He loved them:

"He saw them ruined in the fall,  
Yet loved them notwithstanding all."

I cannot open that saying of Christ, "So have I loved you; continue ye in My love." Of the pure river of the water of life, I cannot write now; but have a word to say upon the fruit of it as manifesting the disciples of Christ, "If ye do whatsoever I command you."

There are four external commandments of our Lord, which I can only name.

(1.) Preaching His Gospel, which in some measure every true disciple can do. Ministers called and qualified, are commanded to preach the good news of salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ.

(2.) Believers are to be baptized into the Name of the Holy Three-One God.

(3.) They are to remember Christ in the ordinance of the Lord's Supper; and

(4.) They are to seek most earnestly to love one another.

Baptism by immersion is enjoined upon penitent believers,

First, by the great Preceptive Pattern. Our blessed Lord said to John Baptist, "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." We are to express our faith in His dying for sin, and rising again for righteousness,—by being buried in baptism as He was. It has become a fashion amongst a class to ignore

baptism altogether; but seeing that it is so plainly revealed in Holy Scripture—to say nothing of Church History—I cannot, dare not, do so.

Secondly, baptism by immersion is expressed in the great commission, “Preach the Gospel . . . He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.” There is a special command implied to a special person, the believer, with a precious promise—“He shall be saved.”

Thirdly, in the Planting the New Testament Church, baptism was the external evidence of their faith and repentance; it was joined to the promise of the Holy Spirit, and they were added unto the Church.

Fourthly, in setting up the Gospel ministry in Paul, there was this command expressly given, for no sooner was Saul of Tarsus fallen at the feet of the Saviour, than he felt there was something he had to do: “Lord,” said he, “What wilt thou have me to do?” The Lord told him to go into the city; they led him by the hand into Damascus; there Ananias commanded him to be baptized, and wash away his sins.

Fifthly, baptism by immersion is implied in the Evangelist Philip teaching the Eunuch, which was a type of the spread of the Gospel in heathen lands.

Sixthly, in the getting together the material for the cause at Philippi, both Lydia and the jailor were baptized.

Seventhly, The qualification for this immersion was seen when Peter said of Cornelius and his company, “Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized, which HAVE RECEIVED the Holy Ghost, as well as we?”

Of the Bible blessings I will write (D.V.) God Almighty bless you, prays your sincerely affectionate father,  
C. W. B.

**KNOWL HILL.**—Between the quiet towns of Maidenhead and Twyford, on the Great Western line, stands the pretty hamlet called “Knowl Hill,” where—surrounded by a garden and a grave enclosure—is to be found a neat Baptist chapel, originally built for, if not by, that once devoted and justly-named preacher at Brighton—Mr. Savory. When Mr. Savory left his happy little flock at Knowl Hill, the pulpit was supplied by several good Christian men—but James Webb and Benjamin Mason became, at length, the recognised ministers of the place, and their labours were very useful to many people for a lengthened period. Mr. James Webb was a sound divine; and in his firm, faithful, and plain style, preached the gospel of the grace of God, not only at Knowl Hill, but also, in many of the towns and villages round the country; and his memory and his ministry are still very dear to not a few. A fall from a stack put an end to his journey here, in 1865, in his 69th year. His widow, a worthy, godly woman, still lives and worships at Knowl Hill, and obtains her bread and water by hard toil. Such genuine widows as Mrs. Webb deserve the notice of the Aid Societies now springing into existence. Our much rev-

ered patriarchal brother in Christ, the late Benjamin Mason, was the last pastor of Knowl-Hill. He died in 1867, at the advanced age of 82. He belonged to a numerous family: the “Masons” of Bucks, Berks, and their surroundings, reckon many generations; their sons, grandsons, and great grand-children are to be found in many parts of the world, even now: all that we have ever met with, always speak of “dear old Benjamin Mason” as a beloved, but severely tried Minister of JESUS CHRIST. We knew, and esteemed him for a number of years; and often in his pulpit have we preached—and often in his bed have we kneeled: and ever found his soul looking and longing to be found in the glorious CHRIST of GOD. On Tuesday, July 2, 1872, the anniversary of Knowl-Hill was celebrated. Large companies of Christian friends came from Reading, from Henley, from Woburn Green, from Maidenhead, from Wokingham, and from different places far and near. We noticed some evangelists who often now preach the Gospel at Knowl-Hill, and other places. Mr. Brown, senior, and his excellent son, Mr. E. P. Brown, both of whom serve the churches with pleasure and usefulness: also, Messrs. Vize, Sykes, Abjiah Martin, and others, from the Baptist Church in Oxford-street, Reading; that neat architect, Mr. Gray, of Wokingham; and numbers of steady, persevering, practical martyrs to, and disciples of that blessed truth as it really is in Jesus. They filled the now replenished chapel, and the graveyard too; and all appeared cheerful and grateful. Mr. Pearce, the Pastor of the Strict Baptist Church at Reading, commenced the afternoon service by reading God’s Word and imploring His blessing. The sermons were preached by C. W. Banks; and very choice hymns were read by that well-known friend, “BROTHER SYKES,” as he is called at Reading. We trust the services of that delightful day had the saving blessing of our covenant God upon them. We know sacred feelings filled some breasts, solemn and truthful words were honestly spoken, tears of contrition and of sorrowful reflection fell down before the Lord, and not one dog appeared there to disturb the holy peace which some then enjoyed. We have some poetry from Knowl Hill as rural and as real as the place itself. We must give it soon. Knowing how difficult it is for the evangelists of Reading always to supply Knowl Hill, we venture to suggest that if such earnest men as Mr. Thomas Pickworth were now and then to spend a few days there, holding special services for prayer and praise, for preaching and for practical efforts, surely they would be rendering good to the cause. We rejoice to know that with all the changes old Time is ever working, the Church at Knowl Hill is preserved, and devout men carry the good news of salvation there. Praise the Lord.

**PADDINGTON.**—Permit me to say a few words of Mount Zion, and our departed

brother's pulpit. We have no cause for despair. Where the Lord has a vineyard, He will find suitable dressers. We have had such an one this month in the person of Mr. Lambourn. I know how to esteem a fellow-labourer. Dear brother Myerson deserves our warmest sympathy. I am no flatterer. But without doubt we have a full spread table; a feast of fat things, full of marrow, of wine on the lees well refined. Mr. Forcman once said a preacher was like a seed sower, carrying his seed in front of him, near his heart. So, we have had a preacher who took his seed from his heart, and scattered it broadcast. It is not enough to get up a discourse—nicely arranged in doctrinal matter, with beads and tails, and a deal of the twitch of the hands. Better have a morsel, without head or tail, to drop down like honey. If a man means to feed the Church he must get his sermons from his own experimental knowledge of the word and power of God. When doctrine, precept, promise, and practice are all blended with experience, as we had it one night, then there is feasting; then Christian love is drawn forth; the sympathetic tear will not be wanting. We have great cause to rejoice in the goodness of our God.

G. P. CLARKE.

Belvoir House, Wornington Road,  
Notting Hill.

A USEFUL QUESTION.—CUBBERLEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—Anniversary of Baptist cause was held on Whit-Monday. Two sermons were preached by Mr. Flory, of Cheltenham. The Lord blest the word. This Strict Baptist Church has the largest number of members I ever knew for a chapel not holding more than 150; here are upwards of one hundred members. This is an unusual thing. To me it is often a matter of lamentation that often not one fourth of the congregation in our various chapels are members of the church: frequently our churches being few in number, the few rule. The bulk of the congregation take but little active part in the causes; hence, languor and lifelessness ensue. Do we as ministers, deacons, and members use all scriptural means to provoke to membership, to oneness of interest with the inward and onward progress of the church in her visibility, as well as oneness of interest in Christ—saying, "Come, in thou blessed of the Lord, wherefore stand ye without?" Mr. P. Weaver is the pastor; he often preaches at Birdlip; a very laborious brother, who, with our friends Maberry, Smith, &c., supply the country causes for miles round Cheltenham—true evangelists, often walking miles to carry the seed of the kingdom of free grace. One of the old village trumpeters (Mr. Moss) is gone home: he died in the faith he believed and preached for years. I believe he was very happy in the Lord. The mortal part rests in the small Chapel yard. We live in awful times! Transubstantiation openly taught in the Church of England. What would the Reformers say?—those heroes who, to free the English Church from that fearful heresy,

gave up everything, and sacrificed their lives. I hope something will be done to commemorate the Bartholomew massacre of 1572, when, says Sully, 79,000 were slain, though others estimate the victims at 100,000. Surely in these times of the onward strides of Popery something ought to be done to awaken the Church to her perilous position; and as I said at a meeting in this town a few evenings since, "Low doctrine and practice have brought it on in everyage of the Church, and will again, without God prevents." As a descendant of the Huguenots, you will know I feel strong emotions on the tercentenary of the awful Bartholomew massacre. Mr. Jackson has left Cambray chapel, having accepted a call to the First Baptist Church in Willingham, Cambs.; and Mr. Jervous, of Richmond, is chosen pastor at Cambray. Salem still has supplies. "Now, the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make us perfect in every good work to do His will, working in us that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen." Bethel. J. FLORY.

LINCOLNSHIRE FENS.—MR. E. V., I wish to thank you for your good words. Acting on your advice, myself and my young brother went on the evening of July 1, to Surrey Tabernacle, hoping to hear Mr. Thomas Bradbury, of whose ministry we had heard so much. I am going on fast for four score, and have seen, heard, known, and loved many of the true servants of Jesus; but, I is not easily carried away with new things. However, as you told us everybody spoke so highly of this good man, we travelled on, as I said. But he was not there. A prayer meeting was in the vestry; a young man gave us a short sermon in which he sent the Millennium flying; and instead of it delivered up some neat sentences. The brethren in their prayers, thanked the Lord for sending them Mr. Bradbury, for filling the Tabernacle with people to hear him, and prayed for a blessing to attend the labours both of Mr. Bradbury, and Thomas Stringer, whose voice in the Gospel they soon again expected to hear. We enjoyed the meeting, and were thankful to find poor dear James Wells's Church and people still doing well. S. W.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—Our Baptist "Rehoboth," in Chapel place, was re-opened Sunday, July 7, 1872; when Mr. P. W. Williamson preached us the Gospel of God's salvation. Congregations very good; our prospects pleasing. Here are people enough to fill Hanover; to crowd Thomas Edward's; to overflow Rehoboth, and a dozen churches and chapels afterwards. We Baptists in the Wells want encouragement, help, and a thorough revival. We cry out unto the Great Head of the Church to let us see His glory in our midst; and even out to the stones to raise up Children unto Abraham.

**KNOWL HILL.**—On Tuesday, July 2nd, this rural and picturesque village was much enlivened by the assembly of a numerous company, to celebrate the forty-seventh anniversary. Since the last annual meeting, the chapel has been thoroughly repaired and renovated. The weather was beautifully fine; and as the time for afternoon approached, many friends arrived from Reading, Wokingham, Woodburn Green, Maidenhead, and Henley, thus completely filling the chapel, whilst others remained outside. To many who met, the preacher (Mr. Banks) was well known, especially to the older members of the cause, by whom he is much beloved for his work's sake, associated as he has been for many years not only with them, but also the pastors and brethren who have laboured in their midst. The afternoon service commenced by our brother Sykes reading a hymn. Mr. W. Pearce, of Reading, followed with reading and prayer; and then our brother, Banks announced his text, Luke x. 21, 22, He gave us some original, heart-burning truths, spoken with all boldness and affection. A good tea was then partaken of, for the management of which we thank our friends. After a pleasant stroll and view from the Hill, the people returned for evening service; and after a Psalm had been read, and fervent prayer offered, our brother Banks was favored to declare to us some deep, convincing, experimental truths from Isaiah xxxv. 4. The law-work upon the soul, and condemnation for sin, known only by the much hidden family of God, were clearly and faithfully described. And O! may God grant that souls in legal bondage and sore distressed, may know the saving power of that precious promise, "He will come and save you." We trust through these services, the presence of the Lord then realized, and the Christian fellowship enjoyed, to do as Paul of old, when at Appi-forum, he met the brethren, "and thanked God and took courage."

E. P. BROWN.

**MR. AND MRS. WALTER JAMES.**

[We have received repeated requests to insert the following note: it has been delayed through pressure of other papers.]

**ZION'S PROSPERITY.**—At Jireh Chapel, East-road, City-road, on the 7th of January, 1872, two members were received into the church who were formerly members of Little Wild street Strict Baptist Chapel, when Christopher Woollacott was Pastor. When he resigned they both remained a few years longer, until Church discipline was altered, and the Lord's table was made an open one. Then they could remain no longer; and they caused these words to be placed in the Church Book of Little Wild Street Baptist Chapel: "Brother and sister James cannot conscientiously sit down at the Lord's table while the Church is an open one." They both left and went to Jireh Baptist Chapel; and on the first Lord's day in this year our brother Dickenson preached from these words, "the Lord bless you and keep you." In the evening, Mr. Dickenson preached and broke

bread. He then gave the right hand of fellowship to Mr. W. James and his wife. Before doing so he said he did not think it was Mr. James he had to receive into the Church; he said, Dear brother, how long is it I have known you? thirty-four years I have known this good brother James; both he and his wife were members of Little Wild Street Baptist Chapel when Christopher Woollacott was Pastor; they were both members there twenty-three years. Mr. James was baptized at Grafton-street Baptist Chapel, by Mr. Box, because the pastor (Mr. Williams) was ill at the time, in the year 1838; Mr. James, in 1839, by Mr. Box, of Enon chapel, Woolwich. Mr. Dickenson further said: What a mercy, dear brother, to be kept faithful to the truth, and to stand firm for the doctrines of the New Testament! He that endureth to the end shall be eternally saved. Oh, dear brother, may you and I be kept by grace, and then at last receive that crown that will not fade away.'

**NOTTING HILL.**—**JOHNSON STREET CHAPEL.** Holy Seasons. June 30 and July 7, were special times with us at Johnson-street, Notting Hill. On the first evening, the sermon was from the words, "Come, and hear all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what He has done for my soul." Then I baptized Ebenezer Sparrow and wife, and Elizabeth Manton. Never was more calm and clear in thought; never saw the design of that solemn ordinance more perfectly. If Thomas Edwards, and all those who despise Christ's own Pattern, Precept, and Prayerful command, could but see it and feel it as I did that evening, they would all be Baptists to-morrow. But my Lord can make it as precious to them as He did to me. With Him I must leave it. On July 7, I was helped all day. Morning's text, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." In the afternoon I addressed boys and girls in our school. A truly fine little army; and I was commissioned to give them prizes—many excellent books. In the evening the words of Paul was my text, "And for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the Gospel." Then, as I was going to the Lord's Table, these words came to me, "And almost all things are by the law purged with blood; and without shedding of blood is no remission." That word "Almost" all things" implied there were some things in the Tabernacle not purged with blood! Oh! that was a trying moment. How many PROFESS faith, and yet are not cleansed with blood. That season was solemn to me. I felt again the holy cleansing. I received four members into the Church; gave to each kind and faithful words. Certainly, I believe the Lord was with me. My fears have been many, my faith sometimes tried; but in the secret chambers of my soul, I fear God; in my study and in my travels, I see Him and think upon His Name; at Speldhurst-road, in Johnsou-street, and in many parts of the country this spring and summer I have

preached—at times with much liberty; therefore the ninety-first Psalm is still the portion of  
C. W. B.

**CLAPHAM, EBENEZER CHAPEL.**—**DEAR BROTHER BANKS,**—"What shall I say? 'Himself hath done it:'" were the words which occurred to us at the close of our anniversary, July 16, as being applicable to our case. Eleven years since, you kindly allowed us your pages in which to plead our cause, and now we ask you to allow us to use them to announce that the undertaking is completed, and the debt is a thing of the past: yes, £1,200 have been raised—Bless the Lord, O my soul! On the anniversary about thirty of us assembled in early morn to pour out our hearts unto the Lord, and again at 10, on which occasion we were assisted by brethren Dearsley, Griffiths, Briscoe, Webb, Hudson, and Flack. At 11.15, brother Langford read and prayed, and brother Hazelton preached from Psalm lv. 22, "Cast thy burden on the Lord." Brother Griffiths read and prayed, and brother Anderson preached in the afternoon from Acts xvi. 30, "What must I do to be saved?" At 6.30 a public meeting was held, at which Dr. Cooper presided; the pastor gave out that sublime hymn,

"Come Thou Fount of every blessing,"

which was heartily sung. Brother Beazley, who was baptized with our pastor thirty years since by the late beloved John Foreman, earnestly intreated the blessing of God on pastor and people, and thanked God most heartily for the mercies of the past. The Chairman expressed himself very pleased to be present, and thankful for what had been done. Brethren Bennett, Bardens, Anderson and Kevan delivered speeches full of Gospel truth, intermingled with congratulations of the heartiest description, in which the Chairman cordially joined. About 8 o'clock the Chairman rose and said, "Honour to whom honour is due," and he thought honour was due to the pastor and people for the manner in which they had worked, and hoped that all would be cleared off. After the collection, the pastor, as well as he could, thanked the Chairman, ministers, the church and congregation, and all the friends assembled, and announced the debt to be gone, and a portion raised towards the trust deed, and said that he held a letter in his hand from a dear brother "whose praise is in all the churches," offering to assist towards that object if needed, the pastor followed, as did also the Chairman, and what was very pleasing to the pastor, his old friend Beazley joined him; other contributions willingly followed, as they always have done from the friends at Ebenezer, and the pastor announced the matter completed; and

"Crown Him Lord of all"

was sung with spirit. The congregations throughout the day were exceedingly good; upwards of 200 sat down to tea, and at night the chapel was crowded. Thus ends our eleven years anxious labour, as we wish all similar undertakings to end,—SUCCESS-

FULLY. To our God be our praise, and to our friends our thanks. We were very sorry our old friends Ballard and Caunt had to leave without speaking. "Brethren, pray for us," that being delivered out of the hands of our enemy (debt), we may serve Him all the days of our life. On behalf of the Church,  
HENRY HALL.

**WALLINGFORD.**—It was here that J. C. Philpot and W. Tiptaft first met each other, on June 11, 1829, forty-three years ago. Since then the ranks of godly, spiritual, acceptable ministers have been terribly broken. At that time, Wm. Gadsby, John Warburton, John Kershaw, John Foreman, James Wells, John Stevens, George Coombe, and many more were in full harness. J. C. Philpot, W. Tiptaft, and others, were coming fresh into the field. Death has taken them all away. What have we left? We have an immense army of volunteers; how many of them are the anointed ambassadors for Christ, the Lord only can tell. One thing is certain; although all these valiant men are gone home, the Churches that hold the truth have not perished; nay, they have increased: publications advocating a vital and experimental godliness have not died out; yea, they increase also. These facts declare plainly that the people who profess to know and fear God have not diminished, they evidently multiply. And, like the Church in Isaiah's day, some are now crying, "Doubtless Thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not: Thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer, Thy Name is from everlasting."

**NORFOLK.**—Carlton Rode has had a Baptist Church for more than half-a-century, but its membership is under 100. Mr. Holland was recognized there June 18, 1872. We were sorry brother B. Taylor, of Pulham, was too ill to take his part; but several leading men being present, they went through the day pleasantly. BROOKE has a small church, but a goodly number attend under Mr. Osborn's ministry. Norwich alone has eight or nine Baptist Churches in it; some with many members. For a cathedral city this is extraordinary. How far experimental truth and New Testament doctrine and discipline are maintained we must not decide.

**LOWESTOFT.**—**TONNING STREET BAPTIST CHAPEL** was built in 1860 for the proclamation of the distinctive doctrines of the Gospel of the grace of God. It holds about 500. Cost £760; £460 have been raised by the Church and congregation; £300 remains to be paid. This the brethren are unable to do. They appeal to their brethren in the Lord in other places, and hope this appeal will not be in vain. £100 is required immediately, in order to secure the other £200 promised as a loan, to be repaid without interest. Brethren, in the name of our most glorious Christ, we earnestly solicit your kind aid. Remittances



will be thankfully received by the Pastor, Henry Kiddle, Arnold-street, Lowestoft.

**STOW MARKET NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL.**—We have been favoured about eighteen months with the ministry of Mr. Samuel Willis: it has been very acceptable: he has been greatly respected, but he purposes to leave at the end of July. The reasons given for this step are—first, that little fruits are seen from his ministry; second, his need of better temporal support. Perhaps Mr. Willis is too much in haste: the Lord only gives success in His own time. It has been a time of sowing the seed. Many of the Lord's people have been established in the truth. There has not been that ingathering that we prayed for, yet we believe the Lord is at work. As to the second reason, Mr. Willis has regularly received what we proposed to, and what was accepted by him when he first came. The people are not able to raise more at present. We deeply regret his leaving; there has been a kind feeling manifested between minister and people, and our only wish for him is future prosperity and happiness wherever his lot may be cast. We desire to be found waiting on the Lord to direct our steps, and to appear in supplying our future needs. To us it is no untrodden pathway, having to seek supplies to preach the Word. Yet we feel deeply our entire dependence on the Lord for wisdom and patience, and that He in mercy will dispose the hearts of His own servants to help in time of need, and ere long bring forth one who will find a home with the friends at Stowmarket, and be privileged to see abundant blessings attending his labours. The only feeling we desire to have is, praising our exalted and reigning Lord for mercies hitherto received, and begging him still to be overruling all for good, honouring his own great name, blessing the souls of his living family, and gathering in quickened sinners to be a people for his praise. In the hope of the Gospel,  
July 15, 1872. A LITTLE ONE.

**BOSTON.**—Our anniversary proved successful: we had two clouds hanging over us; first, brother Wilson's affliction; second, brother Wyard's affliction; they depressed our young brother Wyard's spirits; but the Lord was with us, and blessed the message delivered. Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Stubbley, were exceeding kind in entertaining our brother the whole of the time: the Lord will reward them for their kindness to so many of the Ambassadors of truth; they are always ready to meet the need of the Lord's servants. Our collections and tea meeting amounted to £12 1s. 3d. Brother Vincent preached three sermons for us, July 14: he said, some excellent and great things. I was surprised; he has advanced so much in the ministry. F. LILL, Senior Deacon.

**HIGH WYCOMBE.**—**ZION CHAPEL.** The anniversary of the opening of this place of worship (the foundation stone of which was laid by our good brother John Foreman in 1862), was held on Tuesday, April 30. Mr.

Samuel Collins, of Grundishurg, delivered excellent discourses. The weather was all we could desire, the congregations were good, and the proceeds surpassed all our expectations, amounting to the sum of £55 8s. 7d. of which sum the dear children of our Sabbath School gave £11 2s. 7d. On June 30, six were baptized by our worthy Pastor, and, with two others, were received into the Church. We thank the Lord and take courage. Others, constrained by love Divine, are soon coming we hope—not wishing to reject this council of God, as the Pharisees and lawyers of old did, and many now do. Our attendance is good, and the Lord is with us—doing a good work in the school; our prayer meetings are well attended, and we find these meetings times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Yours, &c.,  
R. COLLINS.

**CHELMONDISTON.**—Anniversary of Baptist chapel Sunday school, was held on Lord's-day, June 16. Sermons by Mr. Morling, of Zoar chapel, Ipswich. In afternoon the children recited Scripture and suitable pieces, in highly efficient manner; it was a very affecting and pleasant afternoon: all appeared gratified. The blessing of the Lord was realized. On following day, children had their annual treat. A delightful afternoon and evening was enjoyed by them. On Lord's-day, July 14, the fifth anniversary of the settlement of the pastor, Mr. Whorlow, took place. Messrs. Brunt and Poock preached. On Monday, annual tea was provided: a goodly number came to see us. In evening, public meeting was held. The pastor presided. Brother Churchyard prayed. After a few remarks by the pastor, Mr. Poock addressed the meeting; Mr. Brunt followed. Mild Mr. Houghton gave kind and comforting words, in his usually affectionate manner. We always hear him with pleasure, as the spirit of the Great Master is always manifested in his savoury speeches. [We wish there were more like him.] Mr. Morling spoke of the mighty effects divine grace produces, and the honour conferred upon ministers of the Gospel, in being employed by the Lord, in proclaiming glad tidings of salvation to their fellow men. Mr. Last was the *last* to address the meeting. "Welcome" was his motto. Joy and delight appeared to rest on every countenance.

**WILLENHALL, STAFFORDSHIRE.**—On Sunday, June 23, special re-opening services were held in Baptist Chapel, Little London. We began the day with a well attended prayer meeting, at 7.30 in the morning, and we found it good to be there. During the day, very able discourses were delivered; those in the morning and evening by Mr. J. Brunt, of Norwich; in the afternoon by our beloved pastor, Mr. W. Gill. The congregations were very good. Friends from Birningham, Wolverhampton, Walsall, and other places, visited us. The collections of the day amounted to £34 10s. 1d. On the following day (Monday), Mr. Brunt delivered his very able, comprehensive, and

popular lecture, on "The Life and Labours of the Apostle Paul," in the hall of the Literary Institute. The chair was occupied by E. B. Dimmuck, Esq., J.P. The proceeds of lecture, together with the collections from Sunday, amounted to over £40: for which we do say, the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. JABEZ BEDDOW, Lower Litchfield street.

**BRENT.**—At Brent, on the South Devon line of railway, it is intended to form a Church in connection with the little band of men and women who, for some time past, have been favoured with occasional visits from Mr. George Cudlip, Mr. William Westlake, and other equally acceptable supplies, who have been heartily welcomed and hospitably entertained by Mr. Parr, station-master, who, under Divine providence, has been the mainstay of the cause of truth in that secluded but health-restoring part of Devonshire. You may have heard that Mr. Westlake is engaged to supply at Calne and elsewhere for some five or six weeks. Whether or not he is strictly speaking a *Standard* man, I cannot say, but this *may* be said of him, he is a good man, and if not an attractive preacher, he is a kind-hearted one, and concerning whom it may be further said, his conversation becometh the Gospel of Jesus Christ. "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit. Amen."

"Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen sheep,  
From death and sin set free:  
May every under shepherd keep  
His eye intent on Thee.

With plenteous grace their hearts prepare  
To execute Thy will;  
Compassion, patience love, and care,  
And faithfulness, and skill,  
Inflame their minds with holy zeal,  
Their flocks to feed and teach;  
And, gracious Lord, O! let them feel,  
The sacred truths they teach."

**BRIGHTON.**—No town of its size in England is better off for chapels where Gospel truth is preached than Brighton. Mr. Atkinson is in Richmond-street, with over 200 members; Mr. Glaskin, in Bond-street, with quite as large a church; Mr. Wilkins, in Green-square, is a devoted and earnest preacher; Mr. George Wyard is in Sussex-street, Grand Parade. At "Galeed" Chapel, on the Railway Terminus, good men always supply. In Church-street, Mr. Lawson is sound in the faith; so also is Mr. Harbour in West-street, where dear Grace once edified many. In Windsor-street, Mr. Ade is pastor.

**SPELDHURST ROAD.**—I had been praying and preaching with heart-earnestness in this South Hackney Chapel, when a respectable female came to me, with tears in her eyes. "You have been praying for our children," she said. "When my father died not one of us knew the truth, or made any profession. Now, my sister is a member of Mr. Moyle's, and I am a member at Artillery lane, having been baptized by

Mr. Crowther." "Who was your father?" "Mr. Robinson, of Bermondsey." "Ah, I can see your dear father's face in yours;" and a more blessed man than dear old Mr. Robinson I never knew. I baptized him when he was a very aged man, and was with him in his dying hours, Oh, how blessed to find the deceased father's prayers answered in the salvation of his children! Our kind friend Jacquiry, of the Speldhurst Road Chapel, buried his young brother at Hastings July 6. 1872. A heavy affliction! A young promising citizen cut off in his early prime! Oh, young men, think not your lives here secure. It is only as you are found in Christ and Christ in you by a living faith that any happiness or true peace can be realized. C. W. B.

### Our Baptist Churches in the West of England.

SOMERSETSHIRE has a population of nearly five hundred thousand souls; fifty-seven Baptist churches; above one hundred chapels. How many, out of that number, abide by the New Testament Principles and Pattern, we cannot tell. We give the following note of

#### EBENEZER CHAPEL, WIDCOMBE, BATH.

We understand from a Member of the Baptist church at Widcombe, that the beloved pastor, Mr. J. Huntley, was recently most favourably settled in life again with a truly good and devout Christian lady; and in the ministry of the Gospel, he is much honoured of his Master, and deservedly esteemed by his people. As we were honoured by taking part in Mr. Huntley's ordination;—as we realized a secret, sacred, and abiding union of soul toward him in the gospel; and as we know he has persevered in the work of the ministry under the blessing of the Lord, we rejoice in his well-doing. We were thankful to know he occupied dear James Wells's pulpit; but, it was on that most solemn day when the soul of the late pastor of the Surrey Tabernacle left this world; and on wings of love and power, fled to the unspeakable glories of the Redeemer's kingdom. *Who* could preach on such an occasion? *Who* could *hear*? Yea, had an angel descended into that then valley of Baca—that Bochim of sorrow, we think he could not have found an ear to listen. Our brother, J. Huntley, of Bath, stood in that pulpit under most unfavourable circumstances; but that his ministry was useful to some has been honestly disclosed to us. In a heap of long neglected notes, we find one from the minister of Ebenezer chapel, Widcombe, Bath. One paragraph we must give. Pastor Huntley says, "During the 11 years I have laboured at Ebenezer, I have never sounded my own trumpet: but have almost entirely confined myself to my own pulpit: bless the Lord, he has wrought wonders: between two and three hundred have been added: the chapel bought, which, you know, will hold more than a thousand persons, and ALL PAID FOR, except one hundred pounds, which we

are now seeking to pay. To the most glorious and sacred Trinity, be all the glory! But, O, brother, what a campaign it has been! What I have learned of human nature in others, and in myself too! I am indeed the burning bush. Had I time, I would let you have a page or two of my experience of a wilderness life; its severe trials: hot discipline, and painful bereavements; "O, the wormwood and the gall!" Yet, the wonderful lovingkindness of my dear Lord, and the special indications of his love!"

[We wish our good brother Huntley was constrained to give us, and our readers, a few chapters out of his own heart—out of his own ministry—and out of his struggling life's career. Some day he will, we hope, then will our churches know for themselves, that the Lord has more faithful and fruitful witnesses than they often think he has. Brother Huntley has our deepest sympathy.—ED.]

### OUR BAPTIST CHURCHES.

Mr. Baxter complains of the defective character of the Ministry. He bids us "Look at the rending spirit of discord in the churches. What is the state of the causes at Stamford and Oakham, formerly honoured by the pastoral labours of Mr. Philpot, and also that with which Mr. Hazlerigg is indentified? Our Baptist brethren do not find the closeness of their church-order to be a bulwark against internal discord. No; nothing but the power of the Spirit of love and humility can ever preserve any congregation in the bond of peace. To the lack of this, and the prevalence of a spirit of self-conceit in personal abilities we attribute all this confusion. An immense number of little men in our churches get inflated with the very spirit of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram; for they rise up against those whose calling of God is of the most special nature." Mr. Dale, also, in his new monthly, enters a protest against the present race of Ministers. What can be done to remedy this crying evil, which all the new leaders are trying to write and speak down? We see every possible means is used to throw contempt upon Baptist Ministers—Baptist Churches—and upon Baptism itself. Yet, we have always found the Lord's presence powerfully supporting, and deeply sanctifying in the administration of that ordinance. Attached to its faithful observance is the promised presence of the Lord: and in the fulfilment of that promise He never fails us. We know too well the existence of false spirits: there are, at least, three spirits in the Baptist churches working serious mischief. First, there is great laxity in doctrine and discipline with many. Secondly, there is pride, arrogance, and a semi-Phariseism in some; in a large number there is a bitter exclusive and censorious spirit: and the worst of all, multitudes of the ministers are mere tools in the hands of the few who have money and influence enough to buy over these poor things who

could have no standing at all, were it not for their subjection to their masters. Let every true God-sent Baptist minister be firm to his principles—let him live much in prayer, and dependence upon the Lord; let him leave all the trammels of men to those who make these trammels; let every real servant of Christ walk in love—abide by the truth—and seek earnestly to stand in the promised freedom of the Spirit—and we shall see our churches grow.

**HACKNEY ROAD—CLAREMONT CHAPEL** was re-opened Sunday, July 7, 1872. Mr. Joseph Palmer has succeeded the Ven. John Osborn, and preached the morning and evening discourses. Mr. Edwin Langford preached in the afternoon; and delivered an address on the following Monday, after a Gospel discourse by Mr. Kemp. Messrs. Benford, John Wheeler, C. W. Banks, W. Lodge, and A. Kaye, assembled, with other friends, to wish Mr. Palmer good success. John Wheeler, in a grave and edifying address, said, he had been to hear Mr. Palmer preach. He found he was a man of gospel truth; and he prayed prosperity might attend him.

**SCOTLAND.**—"The League Journal" gives us occasionally a letter from that kind-hearted friend, Thomas James Messer, whose travels, sermons, and lectures in all parts of the north, tend to benefit his fellow men, morally and spiritually. If Strict Baptist ministers were lovingly and zealously united they would employ such a powerful pleader as Mr. Messer as a missionary in Scotland, to plant New Testament Churches. As he is now bound by League-fetters, we fear that although he contendeth for water drinking, he is not free to advocate baptism INTO water. Are we mistaken?

**CAMDEN TOWN.**—Our pastor, Mr. George Webb, recently baptized six believers in the name of the Holy Trinity. At our Camden Hall, Camden Town, we are signally favoured; but we must raise a new chapel when the Fountain of all supplies is pleased to send us the means.

**BOSTON.**—We quite agree with Mrs. M., Thorpe Smith might have more kindly noticed our brother, "She was buried by a Baptist Minister named Wilson." David Wilson is one of the most honourable Pastors in the Baptist denomination; and to write of him in that cold, crude, almost contemptuous manner, is not pleasant. Brother David himself lives far above such influences as would notice this. Is Thorpe Smith an ex-c clergyman?

**HATTON, NEAR HOUNSLOW.**—The Church here held first anniversary on Thursday, July 11. Commodious tent was erected by Mr. Wells, in a field belonging to himself. This gentleman is kindly disposed toward the cause and the minister. Mr.

McCure preached in afternoon; and in the evening Mr. Collins preached. The Lord favoured both ministers, and the people heard gladly. A liberal tea was served by the ladies, under the tent, to the satisfaction of all present. God cause His blessing to rest upon both minister and people, prays  
IOTA.

**PADDOCK WOOD.**—Near this station on the S. E. line, one of the late Isaac Beeman's hearers has erected a chapel; and in it the good farmer himself, Mr. Thomas Pickworth, and other Christ-loving brethren, proclaim the Gospel of the Grace of God. In all parts of our land, there are still rising up little Ebenezers, as well as some large Tabernacles for the free-speaking out of that great commission, "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

**WHITTLESEA.**—Since our late beloved pastor, Mr. Ashby, left, several blessed men have come with tidings of mercy unto us. Mr. Pearce, of Reading, has preached to us the word; but some hope Mr. Shaw, of Over, will become our pastor. For a church with so many members as we have to be without a settled under shepherd is trying. Nevertheless, the mercy of the Lord is very sweet.

**RIPLEY, SURREY.**—Our pastor, Mr. C. Z. Turner, held his spring and birth-day meeting in May last; two sermons were preached by C. W. Banks, who, in the name of the Church, presented Mr. Turner with a token of the high esteem in which he is held by his flock. We are glad to find that in London and elsewhere our pastor's (C. Z. Turner) labours in the truth are acceptable.

**HASTINGS.**—Baptist visitors will find experimental preachers at Ebenezer Chapel; also at the Tabernacle. Mr. Barker is in Wellington-square; and Mr. Fishbourne in Memorial Church.

#### NOTES OF THE MONTH.

**LEICESTER.**—Mr. Hazlerigg preaches in Corn Exchange. "B" need not fear; the funds will flow in: but how to understand these divisions and appeals is our difficulty. The old Corinthian spirit has now become a miserable party spirit, secretly condemning and cutting off all who bow not to the image; and the weakest of all creatures bow under the wings of wealth. Mr. S.'s statements are inexpressibly grievous.

**MALDON.**—Mr. C. Smith's paper refers to a piece of prophecy much on our mind. We will produce it if possible.

**OLD BUCKENHAM.**—Hannah Baldwin, and our deceased brother's friends, in early number. Who fills the pulpit now?

**LIVERPOOL.**—Some sound hearts and clear heads meet in Mount Vernon room. Mr. Kent, and other faithful men, minister there.

**PIMLICO.**—Report of Mr. John Bunyan

McCure's first anniversary is to hand. It was 25th June. Brethren Stringer, Webb, Thomas Jones, C. W. Banks, Barrodoll, J. B. McCure, and others assisted. More presently.

**GOWER STREET.**—"We must do the best we can. Our pulpit prospects are poor. Good old Daniel Smart was as sound and severe as ever."

"HOME WORDS" might cure some feverish radicals if they would read them. We read Spurgeon's "No Quarter," Dale's papers on the Ministry, and Charles Bullock's useful "Day of Days," &c., and although we are neither Episcopalian, Congregational, nor Open-Communion, we can see much to admire in the words and works of these good men. We hope they are serving the Lord, although in some things they differ.

**WESTMINSTER.**—A little testimonial was presented the other evening to Samuel Martin, by his friends, on reaching his thirtieth pastoral year. It was a small piece of paper enabling him to call on the Bank for 2,000 guineas.

**WESTMINSTER ROAD.**—Newman Hall has paid £8,000 for land on which to build a new "Rowland Hill's Chapel." Open air services have been holden from early morn till late at night. If angels carry up the news wout Rowland Hill be pleased to find his work for the Lord still goes on?

**ROCHDALE.**—We wish we had been present when P. and the deacons reviewed the letter. But, so long as such spirits are allowed to deceive, we must submit.

**MELBOURNE.**—The short but powerful ministry of Mr. Bryant—his severe affliction—his early death—his experience of the earnest of glory, are things most remarkable. Our readers will find the promised sermon in our pages soon, and other particulars.

**MEXICO.**—"Protestant Progress in Mexico" is a cheering paper in "The Rock," a cheap and good penny weekly.

**CANTERBURY.**—Our brother Mr. Henry Stanley, writing from Ramsgate says,—**BROTHER BANKS,** I went to Canterbury; and the carriage having stopped a few seconds at Sturry, I ran in to see your old friend S. Foster. I had not time to stop, which I regret. I found him sitting up in the bedroom, although pained in body, well in mind. I was pleased with the cottage being so nice and clean; I merely shook hands with him, told him I knew you; and gave him a two-shilling-piece, and bade him good-by, without even leaving my name. Now, just put a line in 'Vessel,' say what I did; and bid visitors next month to go and do likewise. [We trust many friends will this autumn call at the little Sturry Hospital and see our long—and most mysteriously, afflicted brother Foster.—C. W. B.]

"FUNERAL SERMON!"—If the parson is not censured by the Church, he is by all who hear of it. What we shall do with it we decide not now.

# An Australian Gospel Sermon.

A DISCOURSE

BY THE LATE PASTOR W. BRYANT,

*Of the George Street Baptist Chapel, Fitzroy, Melbourne.\**

“To make a difference between the unclean and the clean.”—LEVITICUS XI. 47.

I WAS recently perusing a work, called “The mercies of a covenant God, or, an account of some of the Lord’s dealings in providence and grace, with a minister of the Gospel,” and one little incident from that work occurs to my mind now. On one occasion, the dear man of God was waited upon by a member of the church, and, after some conversation, he told the minister “that he was quite sick and tired of his preaching, and that he ought to get into the parables, or something fresh.” After the visitor had gone, he did *try*, as he said, to get into the parables; he read, prayed, and mused, but the more he tried to get into the parables the darker they appeared to him, till the whole Bible seemed a complete parable, and he feared he would never be able to preach again. But the Lord delivered him from the trouble, and sent him forth again to preach the glorious Gospel of His grace; and where, we ask, is the child of God, who has not found that this inspired Word is indeed a parable, a mystery—a great deep—which cannot be fathomed, nor searched out, apart from the blessed leading and teaching of the Holy Ghost? Professing Christians, as a rule, have long regarded the book of Leviticus as dark and uninteresting; a book to be passed over as belonging to a bye-gone age, but we must remember that God the Holy Ghost hath written this book as well as the others: and “whatsoever was written aforetime was written for our learning;” certainly, what God has written His children should read. The whole of this chapter deals with what is clean and what is unclean, and while reading it alone, it hath, by the power of the Holy Ghost, opened up, and talked to my soul; therefore, I can only speak out of the abundance of my heart. Throughout the entire Scriptures, we find that the children of God are a people separate and distinct from the world; “a peculiar people;” and the children of Israel are always set before us as a type, or picture of the family of grace. They were set apart by peculiar ordinances; peculiar institutions were appointed for them, which enclosed them from other nations as a broad wall. The distinctions insisted upon in this chapter as to what might not be eaten, and what might be eaten, may seem to some men to be very foolish: but a spiritual mind—taught by the Holy Ghost—led *into* the truth, beholds in these distinctions the type of a spiritual mystery; and it is part of the business of the Lord’s sent ministers to separate

\* This sermon was preached August 6, 1871: then the preacher appeared just coming forth hopefully for long service in the Gospel. Alas! disease and death have soon taken him away.—ED.

the precious from the vile, "to make a difference between the unclean and the clean;" this is necessary, because there are still precious and vile, clean and unclean, tares and wheat, mingled together in the professing church. Though the sons of the bondwoman are not, and cannot be, heirs with the sons of the free woman, yet, in the present state of the church they will be found mingled together. I pray, therefore, that I may be enabled to handle the subject before us in a spiritual manner, so that all you who profess to have been washed in the precious blood of Jesus may know your position—understand to which class you belong—the unclean or the clean. May the Holy Ghost, the source of light, so guide us, that our morning meditation may be glorifying to God and profitable to us.

Keeping our eye upon the whole chapter which has been read, I think you may see at once that the distinctions laid down as to what might not be eaten, and what might be eaten, were intended by Jehovah to preserve the people what He had before made them—a separate, a distinct people from others. This must be our first point—*the people of God are a separate, a distinct people from others. The same distinctions appear to us designed to teach a very humbling but useful lesson*, this will be our second point. And third, *the same distinctions will furnish a test for all professors, dividing the dead from the living—the clean from the unclean.*

I. We gather from the distinctions enumerated here, **THAT THE DEAR PEOPLE OF GOD ARE A SEPARATE, DISTINCT, AND HOLY PEOPLE.** The tribes of Israel were chosen by Jehovah to be a peculiar people unto Himself; He had put a difference between them and the Egyptians—between them and other nations of the earth, and now their tables were hedged round, their diet was thus regulated, not because of any intrinsic difference in created flesh, nor yet as a guide to nutritious food, but to remove them from all heathen contact and companionship. It was impossible for God's chosen tribes to hold social fellowship with surrounding nations—with idol worshippers; they could have no common banquet-house, for the tables of other nations would be unclean to them; the provisions which they would serve up, would most likely contain some forbidden food, and thus a wide gulf was fixed, there could be no intermixing union.

Well, we regard God's ancient Israel as a living type, or picture of the family of Grace, and in order to bring out the great truth that the family of Grace are separate, distinct from the world, we may observe, there is first of all, an eternal distinction. Before the starry sky was spread, or ever He had formed the earth and the world, the Lord *had made a difference.* Sovereign love, accompanied by sovereign grace, selected from the same race of men who were to be created to be vessels of mercy; secretly marked them in the book of life as Jehovah's own, to be fitted for His use, to whom He would manifest the plentitude of His love, and the riches of His grace; for these—these only—covenant engagements were made, and the Apostle Paul, who was himself a child of God—a chosen vessel, writing to others who were as he was, very beautifully sets forth the design of God in making such difference. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, according as He hath chosen us in Him before

the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him." We know there are some who profess to be the people of God, who cannot see this point; some, whom we hope are truly the Lord's children, who have not yet been led into the daylight of this precious truth, who do not like to hear it so often mentioned; but so long as there are any who do not understand it, there is all the more need that we should dwell upon it, for assuredly, this is the root and foundation of the whole scheme of mercy.

Look at it for a moment in this way. Shall I say that any child of God has done wrong in coming to the Lord's house this morning? Certainly not. How then can I say that you were wrong in having a purpose—an intention to come before you came? The two things must necessarily stand or fall together. Suppose a man should come into this assembly, and distribute golden coins to some here, we could not say that he was doing injustice, or wrong to any person; and since the deed would not be wrong—the man's purpose or determination to give his gold to some and not to others, could not be wrong either. Now, I ask any dear child of God who cannot see this point—the eternal distinction which God has put between His people and other men—I ask this question, Has God done wrong in saving your poor soul? Has He done wrong in revealing His sweet mercy to your heart? No, say you; praise His dear name for it. Well then, if His dealing thus with you is not wrong, how could His purpose, His intention, His decree to do as He hath done be wrong? The one thing could not be without the other; and if one be right, so are both. The Lord has made a real, an actual distinction between you and others in calling you by His grace, in regenerating your poor soul, and He hath done this because it was His purpose, His intention to do it; and the purposes of God are like Himself—Eternal. Thus it is that we speak of an eternal distinction between the Lord's dear people and other men, because it was so ordained of God before the world began.

Then further, it was declared concerning Israel's chosen tribes, that they should come out of Egypt. God still calls them "My people Israel which are in Egypt;" and the Holy Ghost hath recorded these words concerning them, "They shall dwell alone, they shall not be reckoned among the nations;" so that the difference which the Lord had put between them and other nations was made manifest; it became a reality by His dealings with them. When they were in Egypt, one might be inclined to say if there was any difference at all, certainly the Egyptians had the advantage; and so it did appear for a time, but soon the whole thing was reversed. Great plagues, you remember, came upon the land of Egypt, but Goshen, where Israel dwelt, was spared. While there was darkness that might be felt in the land of Egypt, there was light in Goshen. No grievous, desolating shower fell there; and when the destroying angel passed over the land, the blood of the passover sheltered the people called Israel. God opened a path for them through the Red Sea, while the Egyptians, essaying to cross, were drowned. The fiery cloudy pillar which gave light to them, was darkness to their enemies; so that their blessings were even curses to others; and now, with this law of meats before them, the difference thus made manifest would be maintained, and the declaration concerning them would be fulfilled, "They shall dwell alone."

The difference which the Lord has put between His dear people, whose names are marked in the book of life as His own, and other men, is made manifest in a similar way. In Egypt, in their natural state, there appears no difference whatever to the eyes of man, for all are alike through the fall of Adam, dead in sins; but when the appointed time comes, the Lord speaks the word, "Let my people go that they may serve me." God's chosen people in their natural state are in bondage, they are slaves to the devil, led captive by him at his will, but *they are not his property*—they are still the Lord's. He claims them for His own, and His design being that His people should come out from the world and be separate, He calls them by His grace; He quickens them with life, makes sin a heavy burden under which they groan, and having brought them to this, He cometh down to deliver them from bondage, to break their prison doors, to snap their fetters, and give them liberty. He separates them from an ungodly world, from sin, from dead professors, by circumcising their hearts, by planting His fear there. By the regenerating operations of the Holy Ghost, the difference which the Lord hath put between His people and others is made manifest, it becomes a real, vital distinction; not a mere outward difference, but a distinction even of nature, for a new nature is implanted; "old things pass away, behold all things become new." And while to the eye of the natural man it may appear, that in the dispensations of providence one event happeneth alike to all, yet to the spiritual eye there is a very wide distinction, for "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose;" remember, only to them. And then, by the holy precepts of the word addressed to the saints, to regenerate men—to those in whose hearts the fear and love of God dwells, the difference made manifest is maintained, and the declaration concerning them is fulfilled, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world."

For a moment, let me recapitulate. The Lord's dear people are separated in the eternal purpose of God; "sanctified," as Jude puts it—set apart by the Father to be a holy people: set apart in His dear covenant, and holy decree. They are separated also by redemption; just as the passover blood separated Israel from the Egyptians, so Christ laid down His life for the sheep, "He loved the Church, and gave Himself for it." An actual separation is made by the operations of the eternal Spirit; and we say to you who profess to be the people of God, if your profession is real, the separation, the difference made by grace, will appear in your life and conversation.

Wherever there is a real work of grace in the heart of a poor sinner, it will be very palpable in the life, it cannot be hid. "The grace of God which bringeth salvation, teaches us to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world." It is very common to hear the enemies of God's truth assert that the doctrines of grace, which are the doctrines of the blessed Bible, lead to sin, and loose living; but it is quite another thing to prove it. Where such truths are only known in the head, or by those who have learned them from the lips of men, it may be so; but when they are sweetly revealed to the heart by the gracious Spirit, they cannot but lead to holiness. See what a gulf of separation there was between Cain and Abel; between Jacob and Esau; between Abraham and the Chaldeans; between David and Saul; between Paul and the



Pharisees ; and unless the same distinction be manifested and maintained now, whatever profession men may make, how can we believe they are of the royal seed? But ! alas ! what numbers of professing Christians there are, whose life before the world, belies their profession. In this age, which we may truly call the Sardis state of the professing church, the number of mere empty professors far exceeds the number of real saints. Blessed be the Lord, we know His word is true, "Thou hast a few names even in Sardis" (even amidst the worldly conformity of the professing church) which have not defiled their garments ; "and though these, like the faithful remnant of the Philadelphian church, are exposed to the scorn and contempt of the great professing body, yet they count it an honour to follow Christ without the camp, bearing His reproach.

The Lord's dear people, His spiritual Israel, those who are renewed by grace, are filled with a holy anxiety to attend to the precepts of the word, "Come ye out from the world, and be separate." "Be not conformed to this world." They care nothing for that affected separation in matters of dress, which is thought so much of by some ; they know that a man may be just as worldly in one garment as in another. They do not strive to make themselves appear like saints on certain occasions for an hour or two, and then go away and live like worldlings till another season comes round to repeat the sham ; no : but they are bound to the Lord by such a sweet and endearing relationship, that their one desire, "whether they eat, or drink, or whatsoever they do, is to do all to the glory of God." While those who have a name to live but no life, can lie, and cheat, and sanction wrong, float with the stream, practise roguery, indulge secretly in vices which openly they condemn, and delight in levity, and frothy conversation, the real child of God on the other hand aims, endeavours, labours, and prays to be kept truthful ; to be made honest in his dealings ; to maintain his integrity ; to order even his house so that a stranger might see the Lord is honoured there ; yea, seeks to have his very speech at all times seasoned with the salt of grace, that it may profit those who hear.

The child of God abhors uncleanness, seeks to be kept pure, unspotted from the world, "hating even the garment spotted by the flesh." He wants to be like his precious Lord, "Holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners:" and he finds his highest enjoyments, not in the giddy pleasures of the world which so many love, he seeks spiritual enjoyment, and gets his happiest moments in fellowship with Jesus, in communion with saints, and in devout worship ; and where there is such separation as this, such breathing, and following after holiness, it must of necessity involve inconvenience and suffering. Some people have a religion (if such it may be called) which makes everything smooth and easy, but it is not so with God's true saints ; the world hates them because they are not of the world, hates their religion because it is a standing testimony against evil. Proud professors, lofty Pharisees hate them, and speak evil of them ; slanderous reports are circulated, and all sorts of ill names are hurled at them. This is no fancied cross, for it brings many a sore conflict ; but realising sweet union with the Lord, enjoying blessed fellowship with a beloved Christ, the Lord's dear children are constrained notwithstanding the cross which they have to bear after Jesus, to seek to be holy, even as He is holy.

*(To be concluded in October number.)*

THE LATE BELOVED DANIEL LEWIS.  
HIS LAST WORDS.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Allow me to give some account of the death of my husband, DANIEL LEWIS, who fell asleep in Jesus, March 25, 1872, aged 69,—as a shock of corn fully ripe, gathered home to his heavenly garner. I can exclaim, “Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.” “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits” to him and me, for His preserving grace for so many years.” My dear departed husband has arrived at home. When he saw I grieved at the thought of losing him, he said, “Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?” He gave, and He will take away; bless His dear name! You know this life is as a shadow that appears for a little while, and is gone; but we have another life which can never vanish away, which abideth for ever.” He said to me, “We have always found a faithful God to lean upon; He is my God and your God. What more can He give you? He has given you His dear Son. O, my dear, what a mercy for you and me to know this is our own God for ever: we shall soon meet again, and part no more for ever. Bless the Lord: if it were not for these realities to lean upon I should sink under my heavy load, which the Lord has been pleased to call me to pass through. His word saith, ‘Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass.’ Many years we have been help-mates together, and not only in the flesh, but in the Gospel.”

My husband often expressed the great favour God conferred on him in making him a mouth-piece to His people. He hoped, when it pleased the Lord to call him home, it would be when he was preaching the great truths of the Gospel. He thought what a glorious death to be in a moment with the God he so loved. And truly I may say it was nearly as he wished. For some weeks before he died the Lord appeared to him in such a wonderful way as though he talked to Him face to face. It appeared too much for his soul to bear while in the flesh; he would sometimes say, “Ah, the glory of God! how great! I shall soon be there, and see Him as He is.”

My husband was known to most of the churches in London. He was an old member of Mr. Wells’; he had known the Lord for Himself savingly for forty-nine years; grace kept him walking and living Christ! The last day of his life he kept his bed, but even then I did not know he was so near death. Two hours before he died, he was talking to the Lord as one man would talk to another, and so fast as if he knew he had not much time to say what he wanted. I stood by him quite alone: it lasted about one hour. I felt overpowered with the great goodness of my gracious God. O, how my grief mingled with joy! I said, “Who are you talking to?” “Oh, my dear wife, heaven is here!” He told me not to grieve. I said to him, “Dan., you are fast passing the Jordan of death.” He smiled and said, “Yes, that is certain! bless the Lord for all His mercies.” I said to him, “Then you are going to leave me behind.” He said, “Yes, but not for long; the Lord bless you and keep you: He has done and He will

do : cleave to Him, and He will be your Friend." With that last word upon his lips, his ransomed soul took its wing to his God and Father. With grief and sorrow I bowed down before the Lord, to offer up my poor tribute of praise for showing me such a wonderful display of His almighty power and love to one of His dear ransomed saints, whom He had washed in His most precious blood, and enabled him to leave such a blessed testimony of our faithful God to His people. While we are here the Lord will give us strong confidence, that we have a place of refuge. I know the Lord comforts the bereaved in their sorrow, for He Himself dropped a tender tear of pity at the grave of His beloved Lazarus ; and why not for me. " Oh, Thou whom my soul loveth," I will trust and not be afraid, the little while I am to abide here.

Dear brother Banks, you knew my late husband, and also me ; and the Lord knows I have given a faithful account of him whose memory will be dear to me while I am in the flesh. " Bless the Lord, O my soul."

ESTHER LEWIS.

18, Northumberland Street, W.C.

[For many years we knew this good man, and would praise the Lord for this testimony.—ED.]

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THE LATE RECTOR OF WINCHELSEA.  
THE REV. J. J. WEST, A.M.

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THIS singularly truthful and thoroughly-experimental preacher, died August 7, 1872, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. He was forty-one years Rector of Winchelsea—which living is worth about £300 per annum. We cannot yet furnish particulars of his death ; but our readers shall have all the GOOD tidings we can procure.

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Of all creatures, man fallen doth most avert, impugn, and resist, when God would turn him out of his natural course ; notwithstanding the sorest of evils do attend his present state, and all desirable happiness would apparently follow his change ; yet so wedded he is to his lusts, and headstrong in his own will that none of these things move him. To crush them to nothing, or break them to pieces were easily affected ; a little of divine power would do that ; but to humble a proud and lofty spirit ; to soften and melt an obdurate heart ; to tame, meek, and reconcile a sanguinary rebel ; to change the very inwards of one habituated in sin and enmity against God, and make him pliable to divine impressions : this highly proclaims the exceeding greatness of his power ; it is a glorious trophy of divine sovereignty, which is also further conspicuous, and greatly illustrated in maintaining the work begun, and bearing it on through all opposition ; for there needs the same almightiness of power to preserve the new creation, as at first to raise it : the way of God being altogether upwards and supernatural, there is a great proneness in creatures to revolt from it (like a rolling stone on the steep of an hill). The remains of old nature would, torrent-like, bear down all, if sovereign power did not bar up the one, and sustain the other. For a spark of divine nature to live in the breast of a lost creature, is as great a miracle, and as high an effect of sovereign power, as all the instances before enumerated, and more.—E. COLES.

## MR. ASHWORTH AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

SIR,—Would you kindly allow me space in the *Earthen Vessel*, for a few words in answer to Mr. Ashworth's remarks on the Church of England—in his reply to Mr. P. Leigh?

Passing over some remarks, as to the condition and spirit of the Church as *opulent, arrogant, &c.*, I shall confine myself chiefly to its income. Although a member of the Church of England for many years, and thoroughly approving its parochial system, and the liberty in it to preach the glorious doctrines of discriminating grace, without fear or favour, and the safety of the *whole* redeemed Church of God—I am not blind to some of its faults; nor am I unwilling to have them remedied; but I am utterly at a loss to understand how any honest, intelligent Christian man—of any reading or standing in connection with any respectable body of professing Christians, can speak of the income of the Established Church, as though it came out of the taxes, whereas not one penny of the income of any beneficed clergyman comes from that source. If Mr. Ashworth can see no difference between the nation, and a Church *in* the nation—between property left for Church purposes, and taxes levied for general purposes—all I can say is, I am sorry for the condition of his mental vision. Church property belongs to the Church, as well as Mr. Ashworth's property belongs to him. Nor has the Government anything to do with either, except to see that it is applied in each case according to the will of the donor.

The Liberation Society, of which he speaks, is to my mind, nothing less than a confiscation society, and renders less safe, according to its activity and power, both public and private property. When the Church was less active, the envious eye of political Dissenters, was nearly closed to its defects, but now that it is working well throughout the country generally—with but few exceptions, which exceptions we ourselves deplore—a society exists, the chief object of which seems to be to shear it of its strength, and rob it of its property. What an ignoble thing it is for men with gifts, to use them for the purpose of pulling down the outworks of Zion, rather than build them up. Thousands of Churches have been built and endowed by some private persons, and some Dissenting Chapels. Where would be the justice of taking possession of the churches, and not of the chapels? nay, where would be the justice of taking either? It would be an act of *injustice*, or as the late Rev. Dr. Pye Smith said (himself a Nonconformist) "The State cannot resume Church property, because it never gave it. This to my apprehension would be *down right robbery*. May our country never be dishonoured by it."—*Letter to Pro. Lee*, p. 55."

I am as much opposed to Popery as Mr. Ashworth can be; and I am also opposed to Dissenting bigotry. If a man robs me, I call him a thief; if a society robs me, I call them thieves. The crime is the same, whether committed by a *man, a society, or a government*.

Yours truly,

JOHN RAYNES.

Sheffield, August 5, 1872.

ERRATA.—As Mr. John Ashworth's letter (which appeared in our last issue) came the very day we were going to press, some mistakes unfortunately passed. By a reference to the said article we ask our readers to make the following alterations: For *Objurgatory*, read *Abjurgatory*. For *Summonses*, read *Summones*. For *Pollical*, read *Political*. For *Tryo*, read *Tyro*. For *Puseyism*, read *Toryism*.

## WHAT ISRAEL OUGHT TO DO?

BY MR. JAMES BRITAIN,

*Pastor of the Baptist Church, Carlton, Beds.*

[The following epistle is well timed, and demands special notice : but our Baptist Ministers are carrying out such an exclusive spirit, that we have little hope for them. Nevertheless, we should be glad to see a multitude of young men of the same mind and metal as our brother Britain. We would herald forth their zealous movements far and wide.—ED.]

**D**EAR BROTHER C. W. BANKS,—Allow me as a Christian, a Protestant, and a Baptist, to thank you for insertion in *VESSEL* of the admirable letter of your correspondent, P. Leigh.

It is, indeed, time that English Christians were called upon to consider the position in which we are placed. When Moses beheld the bush on fire but not consumed, he said, "I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt." And in this he set us an example we should do well to copy ; for unless I am greatly deceived, there are things transpiring in our midst, quite as wonderful as that which was indicated by what he beheld. Well will it be, therefore, if we are aroused to take a corresponding interest in the important events of this our day.

Your correspondent, after pointing out some of the evils with which as followers of Christ we have to cope, calls upon us to unite in earnest prayer for the defeat of those who would hand us over again to the "tender mercies of Rome." This, of course, is one of those spiritual weapons by which we shall overcome ; but we must expect to fight as well as pray.

Moses must pray on the mountain, but if Joshua does not fight in the valley, the forces of Amalek will not be defeated.

In order, therefore, to get something like a definite idea of the campaign upon which we shall shortly have to enter, let us look at the position of affairs ; and then try, if possible, to know what Israel ought to do ?

I. Let us remember as Baptists we have a testimony to bear, and principles to assert, which are second to none in traditional interest, or moral and spiritual power. And if we fail to make an impression on the character of our times, it will not be from any weakness in the principles we hold ; but the most exalted principles can accomplish nothing unless applied.

II. It must not be forgotten that in the main, we are one with the other Nonconformist bodies of the land, and that although we have our distinctive ideas of doctrine and discipline (which cannot and must not be merged), yet these should be no barrier to co-operation in those matters wherein we are one. "Union is strength," and I venture to assert that could the great body of **PROTESTANT NONCONFORMISTS** be linked together as one great army of determined, living-loving men, with definite ideas of what they desire, and a thorough determination, in the fear of God, to gain it, the days of insult and oppression, to which they have so long been subjected, would, be numbered, Popery, as a political power, become a thing of the past, and Jesuitism in all its forms, be driven out of the land.

But before we are prepared to take our stand side by side with the other denominations with whom it is our interest to unite, we must first be united among ourselves, and our own resources must be developed and husbanded to the fullest extent; and then having sunk our petty differences in the heaven-born desire of seeking the common good, let us say, We are now prepared as a body unitedly to take our stand side by side with all who will contend earnestly for those great PROTESTANT PRINCIPLES which have been, and *still will be* the glory of our land. With our forces thus marshalled, we might compel Parliament to do our bidding, and mete out justice with even hand.

III. Let Ministers and others, who have time, means, and ability, use every effort to inform the people as to the nature of Popery in the abstract, and then give them a clear and thorough understanding of the variety of ways in which—by Popish priests, both openly and in disguise—our Protestant liberties are assailed; and let the people rally round those Ministers who will do their duty in this respect, for be it remembered that the whole success of truth lies in its reception by the people, who have too long treated these things with a criminal neglect.

IV. Let there be meetings appointed—first, for ministers and others who are competent to take a leading part in the great movements now abroad, and let them discuss the nature of affairs in which as a denomination we are more immediately concerned; then let them take into consideration those matters of wider interest, which affect not only and directly the religious community, but which exert an influence on the moral and social welfare of the community at large. And then having definitely settled the nature of the relations in which they stand connected with the great social and religious problems of the day, let them commend their cause to God, and then go forth to meet the people with a united testimony, in the interests of liberty and truth.

V. Let the pages of THE EARTHEN VESSEL be opened for the calm, dispassionate discussion of some of those weighty matters with which we shall shortly have to deal, while the worthy Editor reserves to himself the right of rejecting all irrelevant matter. And, if the friends of truth are not all asleep, we shall yet see a glorious day, spite of the clouds now hanging above our heads.

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LET no one mistake a set of evangelical notions, received by education, or imbibed under a gospel ministry, for true conversion or faith in the Redeemer. A mistake here is fatal, and has been the ruin of multitudes. A professor may be wise in doctrines, and able to vindicate the truth against its opposers, while his heart is *entirely carnal*—cold as ice and barren as a rock. “Though I understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and have not charity—(love to God and love to his people),—I am nothing.” Vain then are the pretensions of all those, whatever knowledge they may have of the gospel, who live in sin, who love not God nor seek his glory. They may shine in religious conversation; they may display their talents and conscious of superior abilities may look down with a solemn pride on persons of meaner parts and less understanding in the doctrines of grace; but their superior knowledge will only aggravate their future woe, and render damnation itself more dreadful!—A. BOOTH.

THAT MOST GLORIOUS ANTHEM YET TO BE SUNG,  
 " THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH."

PART V.

FOUR FRUITS OF PURE GRACE IN THE NEW HEART.

" Were the whole ocean fill'd with ink,  
 And the wide earth of parchment made ;  
 Was every single stick a quill,  
 And every man a scribe by trade,—  
 To write THE LOVE OF GOD above,  
 Would drain the ocean dry :  
 Nor would the scroll contain the whole,  
 Though stretch'd from sky to sky."

THE following Thoughts have been written on the line and in the study, as opportunity offered. I ask for a careful perusal of them.

Four fruits of pure grace may be seen (by the light of the Spirit) in the Song of Solomon. These fruits are *secrecy, sincerity, deep anxiety, intense desires*. Read carefully the first section of the Canticles : therein all these features of grace appear. Whatever other definitions of the faith of God's elect you may hear men speak of, there is one which must be true ; it is a faith which "*worketh*" by "LOVE."—This love secretly worketh in that soul in whom Christ has been revealed. Peter had been favoured with this special mercy ; hence, when he writeth to them who had obtained like precious faith with us, he saith to them. "Whom having not seen ye love." They had not seen Christ as Peter and the Apostles had seen him—in the body prepared for Him ; but with that mysterious eye of faith which the Holy Ghost giveth, openeth, and anointeth ; with that pure, tender, weeping, affectionate dove's eye, the living soul doth now and again catch a glimpse of His Person and Glory through "the lattices," and in the secret feelings of his inmost "heart of flesh ;" he sighs out, "Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth," that is, let Him whisper in my soul confirming words of His love to me, that I may sing,

" The op'ning heavens around me shine  
 With beams of sacred bliss—  
 While Jesus shows His heart is mine,  
 And whispers, I AM HIS."

Love to Christ is a secret passion kindled in the regenerated soul by God—the Holy Ghost when He fulfils that promise which Jesus gave concerning the work of the Spirit, "He shall take of Mine, and He shall shew it unto you."

Stand here one moment, and draw a line of *distinction between* a love-begotten soul, a true Christ-loving heart, and the mere letter-man, the theorist, "the bred-and-born-Christian," the mere copyist, the surface-professor of religion. What—Where—is the difference ? It is here, sir, in one thing—Love, God-like love, SPIRIT-created love, is *indulgent* ; towards its beloved object it is kind, forbearing, forgiving ; yea, it is said to be *blind* to all the follies and weaknesses sometimes displayed by the object of its real affection. This applies not to the Person of Christ, only in one respect. Of course, He has no weakness ; but, there is a meaning (no language like ours can open) in those

words, "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." Waters of heavy affliction rolled into the soul—and floods of wrath rolled over the Person of our LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST; but no sooner was He risen from the dead than He gave the sweetest evidence that His love to His disciples was as strong as ever. His bloody-sweat in the Garden, the persecution He endured in the judgment hall, His agonising death on the cross,—“none of these things moved Him.” His love to His FATHER, His love to the HOLY SPIRIT, His love to the Church—to all His disciples, remained the same; and immediately after coming up from the grave, He commenced to seek after His poor disconsolate disciples, and to administer unto them the SPIRIT of Light, Love, and Power, that they might go forth in His Name; and that they might themselves enjoy, manifest, and proclaim the everlasting love of a TRIUNE GOD to poor, fallen sinners: “Herein is love; not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the Propitiation for our sins.” “Beloved,” continues the blessed disciple, “If GOD SO LOVED US, we ought also to love one another.” Then see the climax which John riseth unto, “If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us.”

As nothing which He endured could possibly destroy the Saviour's love towards His disciples: no more can anything belonging to them in their fallen and imperfect condition destroy their love towards Him. Look at this love in its three-fold operation:

1. The love of God flowing down through Christ unto all the Father had given Him.

2, The love flowing back again from the regenerated believer to CHRIST Himself.

3. This love as it flows from one disciple to another in this world.

As nothing could destroy the love of Christ unto His disciples, even so nothing could destroy the love of the disciple unto the Lord. Peter denied Him, and wept bitterly; and as Peter was determined to go a-fishing, one might think that Peter's love for his Master was dying out. He had his temptations, and these were all well known to JESUS; therefore He sends a special message to Peter, as soon as ever He was risen. “Tell my disciples and Peter I am risen.” And how piously, how fervently, how honestly, Peter stood the three-fold appeal, “Simon, Son of Jonas, lovest thou Me? He said unto Him, Lord, Thou knowest all things, THOU KNOWEST THAT I LOVE THEE.”

Christian! this love outlives every storm; it cannot die, it cannot be drowned. How dreadfully solemn to my mind has been the review of the past! JESUS called me Himself. He came with light and glory into my soul. By His SPIRIT and His word He anointed me into a sacred knowledge of all the essential doctrines of grace, and into all the holy doctrines and ordinances of the Gospel. He drew my whole heart and soul out after Himself. To think of him, to read of Him, to write of Him, to preach Him, to call upon Him, to serve Him *was, has been, still is*, my dearest joy on earth; but the fact that, just as I was fully commissioned to preach the Gospel, the dogs of the bottomless pit should have been let loose upon me, tearing me all to atoms, driving me to the ends of the earth, separating me from every spiritual friend, throwing me helplessly upon a wild, wicked, wilderness of a world,



where for near four years I wandered as one accursed of God, and doomed to eternal despair: surely all this was enough to destroy and to drown the love of my heart toward JESUS and His Gospel, and His people too. But I declare it never did. The waters were heavy, and the floods were dreadful, which over my poor soul did pass: but toward His person, Gospel, people, and ways, the love of my heart went out in mournful, but in perpetual sighs. "In the clefts of the Rock: in the secret places of the stairs" was I hidden, and from thence, in His own time, He called me. How true the ancient poet tells it,—

"Hark! the Redeemer from on high,  
Sweetly invites His favourites nigh;  
From caves of darkness and of doubt,  
He gently speaks, and calls them out."

Yes! Godlike love is very indulgent; it is wonderfully forbearing; it multiplies pardons, and although it never winks at; nor sanctions sin in the smallest degree, yet where DIVINE LOVE beholdeth the poor soul caught in the snares of the Wicked One, to that poor entangled soul, DIVINE LOVE calleth,

"My dove, who hidest in the Rock,  
Thine heart almost with sorrow broke;  
Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,  
And let thy voice delight mine ear."

The voice of the Good Shepherd is well known to the Grace-called sheep. O, how quietly, how consoling, how assimilated, how sweetly satisfying is the voice of Christ in the regenerated soul; and Christ delighteth in that poor soul's cries for mercy, and for restoring grace. Hence Jesus saith,

"Thy voice to me sounds ever sweet,  
My graces in Thy countenance meet;  
Though the vain world Thy face despise,  
'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes."

The everlasting love of God in Christ is amazingly enduring, indulgent, and kind.

There is nothing that can make a man truly happy in his own soul, there is nothing that can give a man freedom from the bonds of men, there is nothing that can repel the darts of Satan—nothing that can overcome the world, but the realization of Christ in the heart: and it is against this One Heavenly Power that Satan has ever waged the hottest warfare; in fact, *this holy plant of pure godly love* can hardly live in these lower regions: it has here but a crucified existence.

There are many things which can make their way very well through this world. *Respectable Morality* is a most excellent power in this vile and sinful state; it is justly applauded. *A Parsonic Piety* and a *Self-Righteous Gospel Purity* are admirable garments in man's estimation. *Prosperity*, whether it fall to the lot of a city merchant, or whether it falls upon a popular preacher; Prosperity is always a passport to fame and favour amongst men; yet upon all these may be written, "And having not charity, I am nothing." Remember, Everlasting Love will leave the ninety-nine Persons which feel no need of repentance, and will go after the poor lost sheep until it is found and restored, and as the weak and wounded one is drawn homeward, it faintly cries,

"Jesus! lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly;

While the nearer waters roll,  
 While the tempest still is nigh:  
 Hide me, O! my Saviour hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past;  
 Safe into the haven guide,  
 O, receive my soul at last!"

The Christian, with this love of CHRIST in his heart, cannot confine himself exclusively to any sect or party. He looks with pitiable contempt upon the purse-proud partizans, who would tie together a certain few servile slaves, excluding with cold-hearted popery, all who the leader or chiefs may not consider *sound*.

As far as the Christ-loving Christian is enlightened, and divinely assisted, so far will He follow and obey THE PRINCE OF PEACE in all His commands, and the Christ-loving Christian will gladly diffuse abroad the Light which the SPIRIT giveth him; but the Christ-loving Christian cannot be cruel, hard-hearted, proud, presuming, hypocritical, bitterly censorious, nor unforgiving toward the beloved saints of God. But upon this one SECRET GRACE OF CHRIST in the true believer's soul I must add no more now. God will bless these few words, for they came out of the bruised heart of

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

56, Queen's Road, Notting Hill, W.

### FAITH'S VIEW OF CHRIST.

THE bride with open eyes, that once were  
 dim,  
 Sees now her whole salvation lies in him;

In former times she durst presuming come  
 To Grace's market, with a pretty sum  
 Of duties, prayers, tears, a boasted set,  
 Expecting heaven would thus be in her debt.  
 These were the price, at least she did sup-

pose  
 She'd be the welcomer because of those:  
 But now she sees the vileness of her vogue,  
 The dung that close doth ev'ry duty clog;  
 The sin that doth her holiness reprove;  
 The enmity that close attends her love;  
 The great heart hardness of her penitence;  
 The stupid dulness of her vaunted sense;  
 The unbelief of former blazed faith;  
 The utter nothingness of all she hath.  
 The blackness of her beauty she can see,  
 The pompous pride of stained humility:  
 The naughtiness of all her tears and prayers,  
 And now renounces all as worthless wares;  
 And finding nothing to commend herself,  
 But what might damn her—her embezzled  
 pelf;

At sov'reign grace's feet does prostrate fall,  
 Content to be in Jesu's debt for all.  
 Her noised virtues vanish out of sight,  
 As starry tapers at meridian light;  
 While sweetly, humbly, she beholds at  
 length

CHRIST, as her only righteousness and  
 strength.

He with the view throws down his loving  
 dart,  
 Imprest with pow'r into her tender heart.

The deeper that the Law's fierce dart was  
 thrown,

The deeper now the dart of love goes down:  
 Hence sweetly pained her cries to heav'n do  
 flee;

'O none but Jesus, none but Christ for me!  
 O glorious Christ, O beauty, beauty rare!  
 Ten thousand thousand heav'ns are 'not so  
 fair.

In him at once all beauties meet and shine,  
 The white and ruddy, human and divine,  
 As in his low, he's in his high abode,  
 The brightest image of the unseen God.  
 How justly do the harpers sing above,  
 His doing, dying, rising, reigning love!  
 How justly does he, when his work is done,  
 Possess the centre of his Father's throne!  
 How justly do his awful throne before  
 Seraphic armies prostrate him adore,  
 That's both by nature and donation crown'd  
 With all the grandeur of the Godhead round!  
 'But wilt thou, Lord, in very deed come  
 dwell

With me, that was a burning brand of hell?  
 With me so justly reckon'd worse and less  
 Than insect, mite, or atom can express?  
 Wilt thou debase thy high imperial form  
 To match with such a mortal, crawling worm?  
 Yea, sure thine errand to our earthly coast  
 Was in deep love to *seek and save the lost*;  
 And since thou deign'st the like of me to  
 wed,

O come and make my heart thy marriage  
 bed,

Fair Jesus, wilt thou marry one like me?  
 Amen, Amen, Amen; so let it be.'

RALPH ERSKINE, 1685—1752.

## “IT’S ONLY A PRAYER MEETING.”

BY MR. THOMAS STRINGER,

(Minister at Bethel chapel, Stepeney.)

WHAT! is there no preaching?—No, it’s only a prayer meeting: very few attend: I never do. I like to hear a sermon, but I have not much opinion of prayer meetings. Alas! how much of this we hear and see in our day among professors. Ah! and members of churches too, who would think you very uncharitable to call their religion in question; but this is one of the sad signs of the solemn times in which we live, and a proof of the rapid decline of vital religion. Now, in speaking of prayer meetings, I am truly sorry to say, that the disdainful phrase, “It’s only a prayer meeting,” is used generally by those who profess to be vitally, experimentally, and savingly acquainted with the truth as it is in Jesus, and who profess to be decidedly on the Lord’s side.

You seldom, if ever, hear that sentence escape the lips of those who belong to the formal, fleshly, free-will Pharisaic congregations. No! their language is, “Our prayer meeting is held at such a place, and at such a time, and I, and I, and I (D.V.), shall be there;” and there they are, too, in shoals—hail, rain, snow, or blow. But put your head into a place, on a prayer meeting occasion, where naked truth is both preached and professed, and the scanty company will at once tell you, “it’s only a prayer meeting,” out of a church comprising eighty to one hundred members. You will generally see the same two or three brethren who are called upon to supplicate the Divine Majesty, will sometimes mix prayer and preaching together for twenty minutes or for half-an-hour, which renders the service irksome and unprofitable.

Brethren should be short, and let it be prayer only. Copy after the Saviour’s matchless pattern in the sweet words, “Our Father,” &c. Long, dry, formal, vain repetitions are not required: we shall not be heard for our much speaking. Bible prayers are mostly short (Solomon’s excepted), and very comprehensive: order is necessary to be observed in all parts of Divine worship. It has been observed, that prayer meetings are the pulse of the Church: if so, I am sure many churches are in a very sickly state, for their pulsation is certainly very low and slow. To hear true Christians, who are alive from the dead, say, “it’s only a prayer meeting,” is to me both painful and preposterous, to say nothing of its God dishonouring and Bible order despising.

“Only a prayer meeting.” That is all. Only negotiating with heaven:—only communion with the eternal Three-One Jehovah:—only going to His Divine Majesty’s holy and heavenly court:—only enjoying the family privilege:—only children crying to their father;—only bringing, publicly, our cases and causes to God, according to His command:—only some of the brethren pouring out their hearts unto God, stating their own requests and necessities, with those of their fellow brethren and sisters:—only seeking the Lord, and supplicating the Divine blessing:—only coming boldly to the throne of grace to obtain mercy:—only pleading the name, the obedience, and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, for our acceptance with God:—only praising, thanking, and blessing the Lord for what he has done for our souls:—only worshipping the divine Majesty, and ascribing glory to His holy name.

"Its only a prayer and praising meeting," say very many. "I always (say some) feel anxious to go where there is preaching, (perhaps to criticise the minister) but I am quite unconcerned about prayer meetings." Well, let us look at some Bible prayer meetings. When the children of Moab, Ammon, and others, came out to battle against Jehoshaphat, he, with the inhabitants of Judah and Jerusalem, held a special prayer meeting, and God gave them victory over their enemies, but it was only a prayer meeting. (2 Chron. xx.) When Ezra and the children of the captivity were returning to Jerusalem, they held a special prayer meeting at the river of Ahava, that God might preserve and protect them on their journey, and he did so, (Ezra viii. 21) but it was only a prayer meeting. When Sanballat and Tobiah used all their infernal energies to prevent Nehemiah's building the walls at Jerusalem, they held a prayer meeting, and cried unto God, and he helped them, and defeated their foes (Neh. iv. 9—15), but it was only a prayer meeting. When the wise men of Babylon could not tell the king what he dreamed, he issued a decree to destroy them; Daniel also, and his companions, were to be slain. Then Daniel and his companions held a special prayer meeting, beseeching God to make the dream known unto them, which he did, and Daniel gave the king the exact and faithful interpretation (Daniel ii.), but it was only a prayer meeting. After the Saviour ascended to heaven, the Apostles returned from Mount Olivet to Jerusalem, and held a special prayer meeting in an upper room, for the fulfilment of the promise of the Holy Ghost, to be kept steadfast in the truth, and faithful to their charge, and were heard and answered ten days afterwards (Acts i. 13, xi. 1—4), but it was only a prayer meeting. When Peter and John had been imprisoned for truth's sake and liberated, and charged to speak no more in the name of Jesus, they went to their own company, and held a special prayer meeting, for future boldness and success in preaching the gospel, they were heard and answered, the place being shaken where they were assembled (Acts iv. 23), but it was only a prayer meeting.

When Herod (to please the Jews), put Peter into prison, intending, after Easter, to bring him forth, either to make sport of him or to kill him, the church held special prayer meetings for his deliverance. God heard their prayers, and by an angel he delivered Peter from prison, (Acts xii.) but it was only a prayer meeting. Paul and Silas being thrust into the inner prison at Philippi, held a prayer meeting at midnight, when the prisoners heard them pray and praise, and God heard and answered them by a great earthquake, and the conversion of the jailor and his household (Acts xvi. 25), but it was only a prayer meeting. Other instances could be produced, but surely these are enough to fill their faces with shame, who have said, and may yet say, "It's only a prayer meeting." And while the devil and the world have their horse-race meetings, their ale-house meetings, their prize-fight meetings, their fair meetings, their card-table and gambling meetings, their theatrical meetings, and all numerously attended, so let the saints have their prayer meetings, and let them be numerously attended likewise. The devil and his devotees never put an "only" to their destructive meetings. O, then let not the saints put an "only" to their delightful prayer meetings. "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together as the manner of some is, (and a great some, too,) but exhorting

one another, and so much the more as ye see the day (of affliction, persecution, sorrow, death, and judgment) approaching." (Heb. x. 25.)

Mary, Queen of Scots, used to say, "She dreaded the prayers of John Knox more than an army of ten thousand soldiers." Toplady says, "Prayer is a key which being turned by the hand of faith unlocks all God's treasures." Bunyan says, "In prayer it is better to have a heart without words than words without a heart." Gill says, "Prayer is the breath of a regenerate man." Dodd says, "What we win by prayer we shall wear with praise and comfort. Prayer will make a man leave off sinning or sinning will make him leave off praying." One says,

"Sound, sound the prayer bell,  
'Twill storm heaven and stun hell."

"Lord, teach us to pray."

### "HOLD FORTH THE WORD OF GOD."

WE remember, says one, to have read a traveller's conversation with the keeper of the lighthouse at Calais. The watchman boasting of the brilliancy of his lantern, which can be seen ten leagues at sea: when the visitor said to him, "What if one of the lights should chance to go out?" "Never! impossible," he cried, with a kind of consternation at the hypothesis. "Sir," said he, pointing to the ocean, "yonder, where nothing can be seen, there are ships going by to every part of the world. If, to-night, one of my burners were out, within six months would come a letter, perhaps from India, perhaps from America, perhaps from some place I never heard of,—saying, on such a night, at such an hour, the light of Calais burned down, the watchman neglected his post, and vessels were in danger. Ah! sir, sometimes in the dark nights, in stormy weather, I look out to sea, and I feel as if the eye of the whole world were looking at my light. Go out? burn down? oh, never!"

Was the keeper of this lighthouse so vigilant; did he feel so deeply the importance of his work and his responsibility; and shall Christians neglect their light, and suffer it to grow dim—grow dim, when for need of its bright shining, some poor soul, struggling amid the waves of temptation, may be dashed upon the rock of destruction? No. "Hold forth the Word of Life," says the Apostle; why? "That I may rejoice in the day of Christ, that I have not run in vain, nor laboured in vain."

#### CANON STOWELL.

In his funeral sermon Canon M'Neile read the following words, as the commencement of Mr. Stowell's last will and testament:—"My soul I commit to the sovereign mercy of God in Christ Jesus, relying as a miserable sinner wholly and solely on the righteousness and atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ. My family I commend to the tender compassion and almighty care of God. Whatever they may lack, may they never lack His grace! whatever they may lose, may they never lose their own souls."

## Productions of the Press.

"*Methodism Almost Made Me an Infidel: but Free Grace has Opened Mine Eyes, and made me a Believer and a Sinner.*" Thus writeth Joseph Taylor, the author of *Joseph and Thomas*, a reply to Mr. Edwards on Baptism. That this ordinance should be the means of separating Christian people is a painful fact; but that it should be slighted by multitudes who believe it to be our Lord's own command, is more grievous still. Are not Baptists, generally speaking, too indifferent themselves? Will they read, and persuade others to read, Mr. Taylor's Answer to Thomas Edwards? Free by post for four stamps, from Robert Banks, Raquet Court, Fleet Street. In a note to us, a minister says, "Mr. Taylor's Answer to Mr. Thomas Edwards is very conclusive and forcible."

*Life, Letters, and Sermons of late J. C. Philpot.* The old Zoar Chapel Pulpit is being re-produced; some of Mr. Philpot's earliest sermons are given, with this notice, "Title Registered and all Rights Reserved." Who does the Publisher think wishes either his Title or his Rights? What exclusive Rights can any man have in re-printing old editions of sermons preached and published twenty years ago? That exclusive spirit always put forth by the exclusive party, looks strange in the eyes of all who believe THE Gospel ought to be as widely diffused as possible. The sermon just issued of Mr. Philpot's is one of his very best; but as the title is "Registered," of course we do not give it. When will those people who believe they are the only people in all the world who know the truth, endeavour to carry out the great commission given by the great Master Himself, "Go ye into all the world, and PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY creature?" &c. Oh, how miserably prejudiced are the poor things who travel this country over with what may be termed a negative or one-sided, and sometimes, a cruel Gospel! J. C. Philpot was a master-mind among them. We are anxious to review all his works as early as possible.

*The True Catholic*, a first-class penny monthly, issued by the Religious Tract Society, gives us various items of singular ministerial characters, who, in their day and in their way, denounced Romanism, and declared their faith in the Gospel. A preacher by the name of Feake, in Blackfriars, who must have been the great, great and treble great grandfather of the late Thomas Gunner, is spoken of as follows: a writer of the ancient re-

ords respecting Nonconformist meetings in Blackfriars, says, he had been in one of their meetings, and had heard Feake preach upon the subject of the little horn described in the book of Daniel, and he states that in the course of the sermon the preacher exclaimed,

"I know some would have the late King Charles to be meant by this little horn; but as I said at first, I'll name nobody. God will make it clear shortly to his people who is meant here." That Cromwell was intended there can be no doubt. When Feake had concluded his portion of the service, Vanvasour Powell continued to discourse on the same subject in a similar strain of interpretation—still more explicitly reflecting on public men and measures than his predecessor had done—interpreting the King of the North to signify the late monarch, and inveighing bitterly against the military commanders of the day, as the sole cause of the pressure of taxation. The leading points of the sermon were, that Christ was setting up a Fifth Monarchy in the world; that a spirit of prophecy had been communicated to the saints, whereby they were enabled to describe future events; and that the design of Christ was to destroy all unchristian forms, including established churches together with their clergy. Upon this third particular, the reporter states that Powell was somewhat copious, and said, 'they must down, though they were never so strongly protected, for Christ is none of their Lord Protectors, though the army-men protect them. This strange preacher further told his congregation that 'snares were laid for them, and spies set over them, and that they might be deprived of the benefit of meeting in that place. But then (said he) we will meet at another; and if we be driven thence, we will meet at private houses; and if we cannot have liberty there, we will into the fields; and if we be driven thence, we will into corners, for we will never give over, and God will not permit this spirit to go down. He will be the support of the spirits of his people.'

Of this Vavasour Powell, Dr. Cramp gives a critical memoir, and a refreshing note of his end, for he was cast into the Fleet Prison, and died there Oct. 17, 1670. This good man's life and death shall be given to our readers (D.V.) in an early number. It will show that our afflictions are small compared with those our forefathers had to wade through.

*The Seven Last Things of Prophecy.* By the Rev. Joseph Wilkins, Minister of Queen Square Baptist Chapel, Brighton. This volume is the production of a persevering, industrious, self-made man. No, not "self-made," but "grace-made." We mean to say, very few of the keenest eyes, had they seen Joseph Wilkins thirty years ago in his native village, would have dared to prophecy that he would become the intelligent, the devoted, the successful, the honourable and honoured,

the esteemed and beloved minister of one of the best Baptist Churches in that Metropolitan watering-place, called Brighton. Neither the place nor the pastor were anything at one time. But they both have grown, as good things are sure to do. BRIGHTHELMSTONE? A small fishing village. What is it now? A handsome town, with over one hundred thousand inhabitants; a sea-port, with more Baptists in it than can be found in any other provincial town of its size in England. What was Joseph Wilkins? A Baptist minister's beloved son. But what poor Baptist minister could give his son a thorough education forty years ago? As we say, Joseph had to fight his way up-hill. The Lord has been his friend. The Spirit of the living God has been in him a spirit of life, of wisdom, of energy, of grace, of holy, sympathising, and constraining love. His soul thirsted for knowledge; his heart panted for usefulness; the Bible—the throne of grace—the Sunday School, and the prayer meeting, were the scenes of his soul-travail. In these fields of mercy Joseph Wilkins has given himself to God, to Christ, to the Holy Ghost, to the Church, to the Gospel, and to every kind of enterprize which could assist his fellow man out of the miseries of rebellion against his Maker. For sixteen years he has now stood as pastor over the Church of his affections. With more than two hundred members, and a full congregation, he preaches and teaches Jesus Christ and the Resurrection. Some little knats may try to reproach us for writing so favourably of the author of this book. Our only aim is, to encourage young ministers to work hard, and to work on, in faith, in prayer, in diligent and Divine studies, and God will bless them. Pastor Wilkins did not marry a rich wife, but God gave him a good, honest, and faithful help-meet. They have pulled on together; they never wish to part; they hope to enjoy an eternity of purer felicity and of holier worship the other side of the river, and in that hope they will not be disappointed. We intended a short review of the book, instead of that we have briefly reviewed the author. Our notice of the *Seven Last Things*, is yet to come.

*Report of the Meeting to Establish a Society to Relieve Ministers, &c.* Pro-prietors of religious periodicals have lately been exceedingly busy in endeavouring to form societies to bind ministers well together while they are strong enough to preach and to publish their publications; holding out the promise that when they can neither preach, nor

plead their Master's cause any longer, that then they shall be put upon the pension list; and rewarded, of course, according to the faithfulness with which their services have been rendered. We have felt singularly interested in this movement. We know that there is much monetary power on the side of these enterprizes, and the influence will be pressed for party purposes. As the speeches, report, and articles are coming to our table, we shall have an opportunity of gathering much instruction from them, which our readers, we hope, will benefit by.

*Mr. Vernon J. Charlesworth* in the *Sword and Trowel*, exposes much of the wickedness of men, who *cannot* PREACH; but, for the profitable respectability of the thing, get into the ministry, and (instead of standing honestly before the people in the spirit of one, who said, "I have a message from God unto thee") either buy, borrow, or steal other men's sermons, and read these foreign productions to their people as though they were the original thoughts of their own hearts. How solemnly the Lord saith, "I am against the prophets that STEAL my words every one from his neighbour." Yet this treachery grows rapidly. Our churches are largely learning the truth of Paul's words, "though ye have ten thousand instructors in Christ, ye have not many fathers." "Very FEW men, Sir, that can PREACH!" We have a large army of volunteers for the service; but they are deficient as regards *originality*, power to present and open some special subject, a mind to bring out the subject consecutively. *Experience* is wanting in many. Now all these *vacancies* in the ministry bringeth it into contempt. Let every man KNOW the Lord hath sent him before he dare to run. Let every minister get his message *from* the Lord before he runs as a message bearer. The present perversion of the ministry is our ruin.

*The late Dr. Bell.* In a note to us, a minister says, referring to the volume to be issued by the widow of the late Dr. Bell: "I can only say this, though I was only favoured once to see and hear the late Dr. Bell, I ever felt from that time a warm attachment to him. He was a bold contender for truth, and stood in the fear of God, and not of man. His humble and Christian-like deportment was truly exemplary in life, and in the memory of the just he is blessed as they think of his death. Without doubt his widow's productions of life and writings of her deceased husband will be truly instructive and entertaining, as the out-

growth of an intellectual and sanctified mind. E. P. B.

*Confessions of an Old Smoker.* Rev. John Stock, LL.D. Published by Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row. These "Confessions" are followed by a thorough conversion: the converted smoker wisely, charitably, and in an argumentative and conclusive spirit, labours to convert all men to a system of total abstinence from puffing smoke about. Lunatic asylums are everywhere increasing and filling; some body says (of course no one will believe the saying) that ere long, every second person will be qualified to enter the gloomy chambers of those houses where poor brain-weakened bodies exist. We are pained to see men and boys smoking everywhere; depend upon it, they are all smoking off to the madhouse, the workhouse, or the grave; and if Dr. Stock's little book can recover them, it will be a great boon to the nation.

*Rahab.* A sermon by C. H. Spurgeon. We were quite startled on seeing the name of *Rahab* at the head of another sermon. The recollection of all that followed upon the issue of a previous *Rahab* discourse was so painful that we must be allowed time before we do, as S. Sanks suggests, "Compare dear Wells's with this." From a hasty glance of Mr. Spurgeon's sermon, we think he views *Rahab's* conduct as we always have done. We are anxious to dissect this *Rahab* very carefully.

*The Bartholomew Massacre, Dr. Manning's Work in Subduing England,* and other papers of present interest, are well supplied in the *Monthly Record* of the Protestant Evangelical Mission, whose offices are at 14, Tavistock-street, Covent Garden.

*Fifty Years Ago, and Now,* by the Bishop of Manchester, with a comprehensive review of all things connected with the church, the chapel, and the world, will be found in the *Rock*. Messrs. Collingridge have succeeded in rendering this large sheet a happy and a useful organ.

*Dr. Livingstone's Latest Experiences* show us how little we snug, busy, anti-like English people know of this world. Dr. L. has seen slavery in its worst cruelties and forms; he has also surveyed the wonders of nature, the noble and masculine parts of creation in its inexpressibly glorious and astonishing greatness; but the fact that in this world there are at least seven hundred millions who never heard the Gospel, is humiliating, and so full of mystery, that we are dumb.

*Old Jonathan* for August furnishes

testimonials to the memory of the late Dr. Waker, which confirms the faith of thousands, that in the death of the late Incumbent of Cheltenham, the Church has lost one of the very best of men, £2,600 being spontaneously raised for the widow is a strong expression of the universal esteem in which this devoted man was held. Everywhere, lately, have the cedars in Lebanon been falling! Multitudes of British and Colonial Israelites have shed tears of intense sorrow over the loss of their pastors. The ranks of Christ's righteous ambassadors have been terribly broken.

*Exhibition of Flowers, Fruits, &c.* are reported in Shirley Hibberd's *Gardener's Magazine*, with pretty plates.

*The Decline of Methodism, &c.* (Elliot Stock.) This large section of the visible Church is supposed to be fast declining in its vital and spiritual power. The "Layman" who writes this book has shewn the "Causes of Decay" in a plain, but determined spirit. It might be well if members, and even ministers of other Churches, would read this pamphlet. We quote one sentence:—"There is only one power that can convert sinners, and sanctify and build up the Church. Only one power that can reveal CHRIST to the soul, break the bonds of sin, and lead the Church—the marshalled hosts of God's elect—to conquest and to victory—and that is the HOLY GHOST. If HE is grieved . . . all the rest is coal without fire, lamp without light, salt without savour." Awfully true, indeed, are these words! And we have long feared that the demonstrative power of the HOLY GHOST is withdrawn from many churches; hence their weakness, worldliness, and woe. We must return to this book again, if God will.

*Dissent Vindicated, etc.* By E. P. Brown. London: R. Banks. This two-penny pamphlet brings to mind the case of young David going forth to meet the great Goliath. Mr. Brown has given us Mr. Caudwell's "Fifteen Reasons for being a Churchman:" to each of which Mr. Brown has replied in favour of Dissent: hence, it must be confessed that the whole question between worshipping God in the Church of England, or with Nonconformists, is fairly brought out. Through the immense bodies of Church and Dissent, these "Reasons" and "Replies" ought to circulate by thousands.

*Zion's Witness* for July has a sermon by Mr. Bradbury, full of heart-truths, like fire and smoke mingling together; or the trials of the first Adam and the triumphs of the second Adam running in contrast. Published by R. Banks.



# OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

## A VOICE TO ENGLISH BAPTISTS FROM QUEENSLAND:

### OR, THE BRISBANE BAPTIST CHAPEL CASE.

MR. JOHN KINGSFORD, pastor of the Baptist Church, meeting in Jireh Chapel, Brisbane, in Queensland, has sent us an appeal for pecuniary assistance to enable him to pay off the debt on his chapel, which was erected in the year 1862, and in which place the Lord has much honoured him in raising the cause—in the conversion of sinners, and in the establishment of a New Testament Baptist Church—strict in its communion, sound in its faith, and deeply exercised in all those things whereby the Lord separateth and sanctifieth His own redeemed people.

Mr. John Kingsford was originally a scholar in the Round House Baptist Chapel, King-street, Canterbury. Subsequently, he became a teacher in that school—a member of that church; and was sent out to preach the Gospel; and at Littlebourne, at Egerton Fostall, and in many other parts of East Kent, he was acceptable as a minister of righteousness and truth.

Mr. John Kingsford married the youngest daughter of Thomas and Kitty Banks, of Canterbury; both of them members of the said Baptist Church in King-street. Miss Kate Banks was, and is, the dearly-beloved sister of the editor of *THE EARTHEN VESSEL*, wherefore we feel the deepest interest in the welfare of Mr. Kingsford and his dear wife—although to all the family, and to a host of long-attached friends, their departure to Queensland (now fifteen years since), was a source of grief and sorrow. Nevertheless, there they have been most severely tried: they have been in deaths oft; in terrible losses by fires, by bereavements, by family sicknesses; and by church and temporal trials of almost every kind. But surely—seeing the Lord has built up the church in the truth by his ministry—we must say, “The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord.”

Mr. John Bunyan McCure was, we believe, at the ordination of Mr. John Kingsford, at Brisbane; at any rate, we know Mr. McCure has, more than once, visited Brisbane Baptist Church; has preached for Mr. John Kingsford there, and has esteemed him, and served him as a brother beloved in the Lord; and we hope that Mr. John Bunyan McCure will gladly aid Mr. Kingsford in the present heavy trial of removing the debt of his Brisbane Chapel. Mr. Robert Banks, Publisher, of Racquet Court, Fleet-street, would receive, and forward, anything entrusted to his care. With this brief introduction, we now give extracts from Mr. Kingsford's letter to us. After a few preface words, he says:—

“I have now resigned all business connections, for the purpose of devoting myself exclusively to the work of the ministry; I have been induced to do so by the strong impression of my own mind, and also by the earnest request of the people of my charge. The cause over which I have been called to preside, has been in existence over ten years; from the commencement of nine members, it has gradually increased to about 120; but none of them are among the noble or mighty or rich in this world's goods, but all—with one or two exceptions—extremely poor; and thus far we have laboured without having received any extraneous help in money matters, excepting a few pounds collected and sent us by brother Daniel Allen, of Sydney. We have erected during the time mentioned a substantial chapel, 30 by 60 and a school-room 16 by 45, besides class rooms, &c. The total cost, say from £1200 to £1300, on which there remains a debt of £340, for which I am alone responsible, and I have not the means to pay. The monies have, till recently been lent us by a beloved brother and deacon, whom the Lord took to Himself now twelvemonths since, and the consequence is I am called upon to pay the said £340, and by the end of the present year—up to the 20th of October, 1871, the whole of my stipend was appropriated to the paying the cost of the erection of the premises; but now having no other means of subsistence, and feeling the necessity of devoting the whole of my time to the interests of the church, I am compelled to fall back upon the church to enable me to meet the wants of my family. My people are positively not in a condition to do more than they are doing. I go amongst them frequently, and have to return home sad and low-spirited, because so many of them are out of employ. There are not a few among them whose average earnings for the past year have not exceeded 10s. per week. We have a good Sabbath school. Number of children in attendance, say 110 to 120. Our chapel is in the midst of Roman Catholics, the bishop's residence nearly opposite us, while some of the priests reside in the same street just below the chapel. The Lord has graciously condescended to bless our poor labours in the conversion of many, and in the building up and establishing others. We have a large mission field, and I preach at various country places. Now, dear brother, I want a little pecuniary help promptly rendered. Will you assist me in removing this debt of £340, and so set my mind at rest? I enclose a note from Mr. Griffith, the Congregational minister, bearing testimony to our existence, position, and need.”

[Besides the foregoing, Mr. Kingsford most fervently appeals to us, and through us, to the Baptist Churches in England—that we use all means in our power to rescue him from that single-handed responsibility under which he now labours. It is only little less than £400 he requires. After all that was done for Sydney, shall our brother Kingsford cry unto us in vain?—Ed.]

**PETERBOROUGH.**—A writer says, with a population of nearly 20,000 in this ancient clerical city, we cannot raise up one minister of Christ's New Testament mind and manner, so that our people send for some of the most singular men to talk to them on the Sunday; for it would be a libel upon the logic and theology of the Bible to call some of their efforts "preaching the Gospel!" Nevertheless the poor men do the best they can. Two other very kind friends have written us; from them we give the following notes. They will shew how matters stand in the cathedral city of Peterborough:—**DEAR BROTHER BANKS,**—I read in the *Earthen Vessel* your article on Peterborough; and as I well knew John Carter, and the linendraper, it brought past things to my mind, and causes me to address you. I heard John Carter for many years; visited him often in his last illness, and though his sufferings were very severe, he sustained them with fortitude. I also visited his widow up to her decease, and was at both their funerals. His widow died very happy, and I believe without much suffering. Old Zion Chapel was let for a school to the Church of England; but it was recovered and enlarged, and named Salem Chapel. Mr. Tryon is the chief supply, with a few chosen men beside, who are skilful in separating the "wheat from the chaff, and the precious from the vile." They can speak well upon different verses of the ninth of Ezekiel, but the place is not overflowing. Besides that there are a few people who have bought and occupy the "Old General Baptist Chapel," and they have just parted with their minister, because he was too much of an Arminian for some of them. Mr. Dexter preaches occasionally for them. The gentleman who is chief there preaches for different churches, both *Vessel* and *Standard*, but I never see his name advertised.

Another correspondent says,

"Seeing your last paragraph states that "Peterborough is a century behind the times," I wish to correct that statement. We have two Particular Baptist places of worship; in one, called the Baptist Tabernacle, we have the most modern Divinity out; supplied fresh from the Metropolitan College, likewise from Bury College, with various other supplies. The other chapel, called Salem, is the same that Mr. Carter preached in, only it has been enlarged; the members are an amalgamation of Messrs. Carter, Philpot, Tryon; it is supplied by Messrs. Brandon, Pavey, Whitteridge, Chandler, D. Smith, and others. Mr. Tryon speaks every Wednesday evening. Having been a constant subscriber to the *Earthen Vessel* for upwards of twenty

years will, I hope, excuse this liberty, as I do not wish evil spoken of our old city.

#### MR. THOMAS STRINGER'S EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY.

MR. STRINGER'S Chapel in Wellesley-street, Arbour-square, Stepney, is one of the prettiest in our denomination. Built of Kentish rag, it is by no means a bad specimen of Gothic. And here he has laboured with much success for eight years. Galleries have been erected, the chapel beautified, and all things appear prosperous.

This anniversary was celebrated on Sunday and Monday, July 28 and 30. On the Sunday sermons were preached by the Pastor and Mr. Joseph Wilkins.

On the Tuesday, Mr. Hetherington preached in the afternoon upon Ezekiel's vision. Tea was then served. The public meeting commenced at half-past six. Charles Spencer, Esq. occupied the chair, and was supported by the Pastor, and Messrs. George Reynolds, Thomas Jones, R. A. Lawrence, — Hetherington, Richard Searle, G. Baldwin, T. Steed, &c. After singing and prayer, (offered by Mr. R. Searle),

The Chairman congratulated the Pastor on the completion of his eighth year of ministry at Stepney. In these days, an eight years pastorate was a long time—eight months was often the length of time a minister stayed at one place. He had known their respected Pastor for many years, and, although some had tried to sever the friendship between himself and Mr. Stringer, it had been in vain. That God Almighty would still go on to bless them was his prayer, and that much good might be done in that place.

Mr. Stringer was pleased to see the chairman on that occasion. Reference had been made to an attempt to separate friendships. Gossip had done much, and always would, but to dismiss this subject, he would say God was with them, and kept them faithful to the truth. At that place they had two public meetings in the year—one in January, to celebrate the re-opening of the chapel, which is generally the larger meeting of the two, and one in July, celebrating the pastorate. Of course at this season of the year many friends were in the country, and he was glad of it; it did one good to rest from work once in the year, and to have a week or so in the country. But the parson must be in his place. O yes! When the friends went out, did they get other persons to fill their pews? Besides, the parson was paid for his work. True: but were not the people repaid spiritually? It would do the minister good to go out for a short time: who would pay his expenses? The speaker then shewed the characteristics which marked them as a church and congregation: they were decided for truth; they did not alter to suit the whims and fancies of men. Outside, the question was sometimes asked, "Where do you attend?" "Bethel Chapel, Wellesley-street." "Oh, ah, strange people." But for all this they did not budge an inch. Then they were delivered from error in all its various shapes. Open communion-

ism had no place there. The Divinely appointed way to church membership is no small matter with us, and we cannot depart from it. Mr. Stringer having stated in general terms their determination to stand by the only one standard of truth, resumed his seat amidst applause.

The subject for the evening's discussion was the Joyful Sound.

Mr. Hetherington led the way with some excellent remarks—in the course of which he had occasion to refer to baptism, and he confessed he could not be so charitable as some. He could not imagine a person reading Holy Scripture, and then denying that the ordinance of baptism by immersion was there plainly revealed.

Mr. Thomas Jones gave an address of some research upon the ministration of angels. He spoke with great carefulness—carrying out the sublime line of Milton's, "Millions of angels guard our steps, both when we wake and when we sleep."

The Chairman, as a layman, thought that the time had now come when all Strict Baptists should join in opposing open communion and other like evils.

Mr. R. A. Lawrence spoke steadily and with care. The Sabbatical Year was referred to with much thought. Essentially the speech of a student.

Mr. Reynolds delivered a most logical address, in which he shewed conclusively that the doctrine of Particular Redemption was not only good news, but could not be set aside by any sophistry in the world.

Mr. Baldwin gave some excellent words, and the meeting closed with singing and prayer.

#### THE WEST LONDON TABERNACLE. RE-OPENING.

*To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.*

MY DEAR SIR,—Perhaps in your known catholicity of spirit, you will allow me a small space in your immensely circulated VESSEL to say a few words about Mr. Varley and his work at Notting Hill. Now it is well enough understood that the phraseology used in the pulpit by yourself and Mr. V. is by no means *édem*, yet one thing remains, and that is, a great work has been going on through the instrumentality of Mr. Varley, and it is to this matter, Sir, I would invite your attention.

Mr. Varley had a large business at Notting Hill. Some few years ago he became a kind of missionary. Then he erected a chapel, and after labouring awhile, he found it necessary to relinquish his lucrative business, and devote his whole time to missionary work. The chapel became too small, and it having been enlarged, was re-opened the last Sunday in July.

I will not occupy your valuable space by giving a description of the building; suffice, it will accommodate 2000 persons. Mr. G. W. Lewis preached in the morning: the place was about half full. In the evening Mr. Varley officiated, and the chapel was crowded. The service was essentially of the revival character. The people sung heartily:

yes, they sung Kent's hymn commencing: "Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding," and ever and anon there were audible amens. Now, sir, personally, these kind of services are distasteful to me: but if the Almighty works by whom He will and how He will, regardless of our likes or dislikes,—what matters it that we approve? Depend upon it, Mr. Editor, God makes use of such means as we should despise; but knowingly to despise God's ways because they do not come up to our notions, is dangerous.

Bearing this in mind I proceed.

After singing, Mr. Varley offered prayer, with much action. This to me was strange. Then the crowd sung, "Shall we meet beyond the river?" Master Varley presided at the harmonium; the person who has played for some time has recently been caught up to join the heavenly choir, where perfection in music is attained—where indeed everything is perfection. After a portion from the Gospel of St. Matthew had been read, prayer, and singing, the exclamation of the Greeks was announced as the text, "Sir, we would see Jesus." There was nothing remarkable in the discourse. In fact the Preacher said he cared very little what men thought of his sermon—what he was anxious about was to hold up Jesus, and he quoted the words of an aged minister to a young student who was about to be inducted to a church: "Lift up Christ, exalt Christ, but never let so much as your little finger be seen." Deep earnestness characterizes Mr. Varley's preaching. Think you there is enough zeal in our churches? Does not the fault lie in the other direction? Does it not appear that many of our churches are content to know that they are in the truth, while no zeal is shown for the extension of the Master's kingdom?

But Mr. Varley's pulpit exercises are the least part of his labours. In connection with the West London Tabernacle there are class rooms and school rooms of every description. Mr. V. seeks the moral, intellectual, and social elevation of the masses. Notting-hill is an aristocratic suburb. Yet within a stone's throw of this place of worship there is a whole colony over whom Moral Death reigns supreme. Now the man who comes to wage warfare with sin and misery—ought he to receive our sympathy or not? His regiment may be different to ours; his equipment not like ours; but if he is fighting for the same Master, then woe to us if we put so much as a straw in the way.

Permit me to say, sir, that personally I know nothing of Mr. Varley, but I confess I honour any man who—like the blessed Apostles—gives up all and follows the Master, not merely in name but in deed.

The week following the re-opening, day services were held every day. Good Mr. Spurgeon preached one of the sermons.

I ought to have said the cost of Tabernacle and Schools is £6,500. A very moderate sum indeed considering the buildings.

I have to thank you, sir, for your continued goodness in serving the Church of Christ so untiringly, in the pulpit and by the press. Your labours must be immense; but doubt-

less you are looking for your reward in heaven. I read your articles with the greatest zest, and often feel hurt that some nondescript should dare to afflict you. Knats sting elephants. With profound respect, I am, dear sir, yours, &c.

M.A.

### Our West of England Churches.

Last month we had one word about Bath; since then I have been in Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport. Beside the Great George street Baptist Cathedral, (where that self-made Manchester shoemaker is Bishop) we have two churches of true principles in Plymouth. How-street is an ancient place: there Mr. Bull was pastor; then, Francis Collins for twelve years; now, young Master Frank Griffin is leaving them for Canada; what the next chapter will be in the history of the old Baptist cause, I cannot discover. Trinity—once the home—the ministerial home of the late Arthur Triggs; "Trinity"—the favoured spot where Joseph Rudman poured out his soul almost to death—where John Corbitt, James Wells, John Foreman, William Allen, and hosts of good men have spoken. This Trinity is now well attended; and the church in that place anticipate better days than ever. Stonehouse "*Ebenezer*" is "low in a low place;" father Westlake has preached the gospel there for some years; before him, the quaint Rowland gave testimony; kind father Webster, as pastor there, was a blessing to many souls; Joseph Flory did his best to raise up this "Stone of Help;" and last evening, after I left the pulpit, Charles Trego conducted a prayer-meeting; and in that quiet, holy service I felt humbled and happy; with some hope that our Lord will again smile upon Ebenezer, the most central spot in the three towns. Friend Pearce, from Reading, will fill the pulpit for this coming month of August; if the Lord will fill his soul with life, clothe his ministry with power, and gather in some hundreds of souls into the faith and fellowship of the Gospel, and if the friends will restore the House by a renovating process, we shall rejoice; our hearts have loved Ebenezer for many years. As we expect to be in Devonport before long, we write no more of these parts now. Some changes are looming,—serious changes too.

*Plymouth, July 29, 1872.*—Rose early this morning, and squeezed in a South Devon for Bath. Last Saturday, travelled from Notting hill to Plymouth. Reached there perfectly safe, writing part of the way down on "And I, if I be lifted up," &c. On getting into Plymouth, went to Cross's Hotel—had tea—then to Mr. Chambers's—saw Mr. Rowe; returned to my hotel—slept very well. Yesterday morning and evening preached in Ebenezer, Stonehouse; dined at Mr. Chambers's; then travelled on to Mount Zion, Devonport; held short service there—and there did I feel a little of the sacred joys of the Divine presence. Saw Frank Griffin, who is going to Canada. Now the Lord preserve me to Bath.

*Bath, July 30, 1872.*—I was travelling

yesterday, from soon after six in the morning until near two; when our train entered the Bath station, Mr. John Huntley, (the pastor of the New Testament church, meeting for worship in Ebenezer chapel, Widcombe, Bath,) kindly met me. His venerated father, (who has been the honourable and devoted minister of the Baptist church at Limpley Stoke over 50 years,) also met me there; and our meeting was a very happy one. We travelled to "Shunem villa," the residence of Mr. John Huntley, junr., and there we conversed together; partook of the kind provisions made by Mrs. Huntley; and in evening, we travelled down the long hill from Shunem villa to Ebenezer. A nice company assembled—Mr. Huntley read—the choir and congregation sung—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!"

I felt instructed to speak for the confirmation and encouragement of the Lord's people: a sacred power possessed my soul; I really enjoyed holy liberty down inside of me. "Utterance" was given; confidence in the truth; and some clear perceptions of the Christian's evidence that He has ETERNAL LIFE IN CHRIST; with heavenly hopes of my own oneness with Jesus; all tended to revive my spirit. I may say, it is many a day since I had so many warm expressions of good received as I had that evening. Our brother, John Huntley, is better—yes, better than he looks. He looks like a man with enlargement of the heart; like a broad, symmetrical, and thorough descendant of the John Bull and Puritanic ancestry. He has fought with heasts at Ephesus; he has faced the flint-like and rigorous, whose *faithfulness* is their redeeming virtue; and whose exclusiveness will be their ruin: all these, and many others, have tried to discourage him; but the love of Christ has swelled in his heart; God's grace has fortified his mind; gifts and good success have prepared his way; and there, in Bath, he has stood firm; and will stand yet, we hope, as a joyful witness to the effectual working of

"Sovereign grace, o'er sin abounding"

for very many years. His twelfth anniversary will now be celebrated by special services; and by baptizing some the Lord has given him as seals to his ministry. He has the largest Baptist congregation in Bath; and we believe he is—if not the most useful—at least as truly useful as any minister in that beautiful city. His moral, social, and commercial circumstances all unite to give him a first class position. He is most highly esteemed and beloved by all who know him; we are thankful for his brotherly sympathy with us; and as for those who envy him because God hath prospered him, we pity their ignorance and jealousy.

TRING—We had Mr. Burrell at Akeman Street; he is a steady, sound speaker. Some thought he might do for us. The West End Sunday Schools have had their annual sermons by Mr. Edgerton; and the Gospel, and the schools all look cheerful. We have a deal of preaching about here.

FORMATION OF A  
NEW TESTAMENT BAPTIST CHURCH  
AT EARLS-BARTON.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS, — The Strict Baptist Church was formed at Earls-Barton, in the Co-Operative Stores Room, Aug. 12. Brother Fountain, of Sharnbrook, in an able manner stated the nature of a Gospel church: his text was, "the kingdom of God cometh not with observation." About 150 friends took tea in the Wesleyan school-room, kindly lent for the occasion. Returned again to the Co-Operative Stores Room at six, when brother Lee gave solemn address, and formed the church (fifteen in number). Brother Tooke was then received as their pastor by the senior male member, on behalf of the church unanimously. A statement was then read, of the circumstances which led them to take this step; also the articles of faith were publicly read; after which brother Fountain administered the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. It was a blessed meeting. The Lord's presence was enjoyed, and the room filled with people. The friends are about purchasing a piece of ground with the intention of erecting a chapel (D.V.), and as they are all working people, they appeal to other Baptist causes to assist them in this matter: all donations will be thankfully received by brother Tooke, who now resides at Earls-Barton.

The following is the statement which was read:—

"DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS, — We, who are about to be formed into a church, and others of the congregation, have, for a long time, deeply regretted that we have not had the Gospel of sovereign, free, and distinguishing grace, preached among us, except occasionally, when ministers like those present, have paid us a visit. We have had to travel to Wellingborough, Rushden, and Irthlingborough, leaving dear friends and relatives at home to be deprived of it, who desired it as much as we, but could not travel as we did. It has pleased the Lord, in His own good time, to impress the minds of a few of us to take a room in our brother Samuel Arnsby's house, in which room we met and poured out our hearts' desires before the Lord, entreating Him to appear for us. Sometimes we were enabled to get a minister; at other times, the word of God was expounded to us by a dear brother, who is now among us; at these meetings the Lord was pleased to favour us with much of His presence; our attendance increased. Also, we were encouraged by the following ministers of the Gospel: Mr. Fountain, Mr. Warren, and Mr. Ward. About this time it pleased the Lord in a remarkable manner to send brother Tooke this way; he having engaged to take a Lord's-day with his old friends at Oundle, where he was formerly pastor, and when on his journey he stayed at Barton, and preached in our room. We had a good attendance; the Lord was pleased to make His Word precious to us. Brother Tooke preached again on the following week, on his

return home from Oundle. Now be it understood, he was no stranger to us, having supplied occasionally at the chapel at Barton, before he went to Chesham; and finding he had some thoughts of leaving that place in about three months, we gave him an invitation to preach the word of life among us, when his time at Chesham was expired, and we were all of one mind in this matter, and wrote to brother Tooke, stating that we could not take a denial; he, after laying the matter before the Lord, accepted the invitation. About this time we found it necessary to have a larger room, when the Lord so ordered it for us, that we should have the room we now occupy. We were enabled also to form a school, which has increased. Some friends at Wellingborough kindly gave us a number of books. The Lord has blessed us and increased us beyond our expectations, and we feel the Lord is still with us, and believe he will continue to bless us. It is our hearts desire to be recognised as a Strict Baptist Church this evening. Our minds are one in the truth, and we believe the Lord has wrought a work of grace in each of our hearts; we feel united to each other; we believe God has directed us to take this step. And on Lord's-day, July 7, 1872, we met together to consider the matter, and having solemnly given ourselves to the Lord and each other, we meet this evening to be publicly recognised. There are also some of the dear people of God in the congregation who have stood firm to us all the time we have met together, but have not yet passed through the ordinance of believers' baptism. We love them from our hearts; and trust they will soon be led by the Great Head of the Church to pass through that ordinance, and be united with us in church membership. We have no ill feeling toward those whom we have come out from, but desire to live at peace with all men. May the blessing of the Lord be upon all assembled here; may you be taught by the same Spirit, that you may live a godly life, and die a godly death, and live with Christ for evermore. Amen."

Kindly insert this in the *Vessel*, and oblige, yours truly in Jesus,

W. TOOKE.

Earls-Barton.

WALLINGFORD.—The Strict Baptists continue to meet in this quaint, old-fashioned town. They have a neat chapel, which is well filled when favourite ministers preach. Mr. Brown, senr., has laboured here many times: Mr. Perrett, (who formerly supplied at Knowl Hill and Swallowfield) together with other "Standard men," now occupy the pulpit. For many years the pool has been closed, and but few additions made to the church. Sir,—ought Christians professing godliness to be content with this state of things, and neglect the holding of special prayer-meetings? [The burning desire for the ingathering of the redeemed, seems almost gone out amongst us. Oh, that like Elijah, we could pray—and see the fire descend!—ED.]

### AGED PILGRIMS' ASYLUM, CAMBERWELL.

The Annual Tea and Public Meeting was held on Tuesday, August 13, and, as on the former occasion, the nett proceeds were in favour of the Benevolent Fund, which was established in 1859 for the relief of the Sick and Infirm Inmates, many of whom at the present time need its assistance. The day's proceedings commenced by a sermon in the Asylum Chapel, by Mr. John Hazeltou, from the words, "Made us accepted in the Beloved;" a clear, solid, Christ-glorifying discourse. The Chapel was well filled. Collection £34s. 8d. Tea was provided on the grounds at 5 o'clock. Public Meeting at 6.30, when our venerable friend Thomas Pocock, Esq., presided, surrounded by brethren Moyle, Tiddy, Briscoe, Williamson, Caunt, Firminger, Murphy, Davis, Corney, Clapp, Whittaker, Pillow, &c., others would have been present but for "Holiday Trips." Mr. Jackson having asked the friends to join in singing—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,"

Mr. Clapp offered prayer. The Chairman then expressed his unabated attachment to the objects of the Society; he was himself truly an Aged Pilgrim; happy to meet them once more; and earnestly plead for help towards the Fund for the relief of the Sick Inmates in the Asylum, "In making a few remarks to you this evening, I have been thinking I could not do better than take up the name of your very excellent society, and say a little upon each word: viz. Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society. Well, then, first we have *Aged*. Ah, *Aged*. I remember even up to the age of 76, I did not feel particularly aged; no, I felt tolerably strong and active; but now I am 83; and I must tell you my dear friends, I feel *Aged*. When standing sometimes at my window at home, I see persons pass, stooping to the ground, it seems to tell me they are aged: yes, like the golden grain when it is ripe, it bends its head towards the earth, awaiting the sickle, that it may be housed and garner'd. This is one reason why I love this Society, it takes care of the *Aged*. Now the second word of your Society's name is *Pilgrim*. All aged persons are not pilgrims: no, it is a certain and solemn truth, all are not pilgrims to the Heavenly Canaan. But the apostle says of the people of God, they are "Strangers and Pilgrims on the earth." Now, we recognize in this Society *Pilgrims* under whatever sect they may be known: you know, a pilgrim is one that is journeying to a better country, that is, a Heavenly. I heard once of a minister going to a very rustic part of the country, and he thought he should like to question the people there on the foundation upon which their religious hopes were built. He asked one man a question upon this point; and the man quaintly replied: "We have but three steps here, sir, in our religion!" "Three steps, oh! what are they?" "Well, sir, the 1st step is out of self; 2nd into Christ; 3rd into Heaven." Thus the minister discovered a pilgrim even in that country desert. My

4th word is *Friend*. I read in the Word of God, that "Abraham was the Friend of God;" and the Lord Jesus Christ calls his people, "Friends." So you see there is something very expressive in the term *Friend*; and I feel it a very great pleasure to be surrounded this evening with those who are my friends, and I am sure I can say I have a great friendship towards this very excellent institution. With regard to the last word *Society*, I shall leave that for my friends around me to say something about, for I begin to feel that I have said enough.

Mr. Jackson, Secretary of the Asylum, stated a few facts concerning the Building, which is now quite full. At the Election for Inmates held last November, 15 were elected—to go in as vacancies occur. Miss Carr has been appointed Secretary to the Benevolent Fund in the place of Mrs. Kenneth, resigned. Mr. Rogers, Treasurer, presented financial condition of the Fund. £90 had been expended during the year for medical assistance, nurses, and other necessities. *Additional annual subscribers were much needed*, and also presents of articles of diet for the sick, such as arrowroot, tapioca, sago, wine, &c., &c., would be very acceptable.

Addresses were delivered by Mr. Tiddy, Mr. Briscoe, and W. Caunt, who said when he saw the bill announcing Mr. Pocock as chairman, he thought they ought to have put A.P. at the end of the name, as their worthy Chairman was in reality an Aged Pilgrim; and Henry Dodson, Esq., who promised five guineas. John Deacon, Esq. sent a cheque for ten guineas; Mr. Baylis £1; Mr. Tiddy, £3, from friends: collection at close, £317s. 9d.

The friends having joined in singing

"For ever with the Lord,"

Mr. Tiddy closed with the benediction. Any desirous of helping this Fund, letters can be sent to the Asylum for Mr. Rogers, Miss Carr, or Mr. Jackson.

READING.—"Is there not a cause for the low state of Zion?" asks a correspondent. "Does not the Psalmist emphatically declare of the Church of Christ—'they shall prosper that love thee?' When love is absent, or dormant, What then can we expect? All the professing churches in this large county town are flourishing, but one: can you, Mr. Editor, suggest anything or help, or advise?"—[We do not know what is included in the "flourishing" of all the causes but one. We should hope, yea, we believe that in our churches love, and faith, and truth, are still in existence. But, divisions weaken, discourage, and almost ruin us, in many places. From whence do these divisions spring? Is there not the absence of a Christ-exalting, Gospel-opening, soul-vitalizing power in preaching, praying, and ordinance-observing? We refer to no one church or cause in particular; but, we appeal to the consciences of our people—and we ask, is there not almost a death-like coldness in our services and sermons? Is there not a spirit of pride and lukewarmness? What is to be done? If the members of our churches can—

not come together (as the heart of one man) confessing honestly their helplessness; and unitedly crying to God for the outpouring of His Spirit upon them, and if they *cannot* persevere in faith, in fellowship, in fervent prayer, until the Lord comes down in their midst, we know not what can save many of our churches. All the time ministers scold the people—and the people blame the ministers—things will be worse and worse. Let every godly man throw down his arms of rebellion; and let everyone fall at the feet of our glorious Advocate on high; then, the promise and power of God, are sure to them. Not Reading only. Look at our London churches. They are losing their pastors. Can they find others? Indeed, it seems not. Look at many of our London churches who have pastors. What are they doing? Shall we descend to individualizing, and point directly to our wavering churches—and the causes thereof? Not now. But we shall not hesitate long, it may be: we are bound to be faithful at all hazards. What we have seen lately of the characters which have been taken into churches is enough to break the heart of anyone who longs to see the glory of God filling the sanctuary—instead of the pride of man. This introductory note on Reading our Correspondent must accept for the present.—Ed.]

**GUILDFORD—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,**—Some of us went to Guildford to hear brother Bloomfield; we heard him very comfortably: he preached from Acts xi. 20, "Preaching the Lord Jesus; and the hand of the Lord was with them; and a great number believed; and turned unto the Lord." First; he showed the Apostle's doctrine; and preaching of the Lord Jesus Christ: he spoke very blessedly of the power attending their ministry by the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven. He said they were not men of affluent language, but men plain of speech, well fitted for their work. Speaking of the hand of the Lord, he spoke of the Omnipotent power of the Lord to protect them in their work, and by their preaching many believed and turned unto the Lord: they did not turn from Chapel to Church, and from Romanism to High Churchism, nor to any other ism, as they do in our day; but they "turned unto the Lord." A public meeting took place in the afternoon, amongst whom we saw Messrs. Wyard, sen. and junr.; Mr. Waterer; Mr. Hetherington; Mr. Kern, of Guildford; Mr. Harding, of Haslemere; and Mr. C. Z. Turner, of Ripley: brother Slim was in the chair, happy in his work:—after the service, we partook of a nice tea in the school-room. There was a good number in the evening.

[We are looking for Monday, Sept. 2nd, when our venerable pastor will celebrate his three-score and ten; after which he will be anticipating his departure homeward, in the Lord's good time.]

**DEPTFORD.**—A second New Testament Baptist church is now settled under the pastorate of Mr. Bourue.

**HAYES TABERNACLE.**—The new and commodious school-rooms, built at the back of the Hayes Tabernacle were opened by public services on Tuesday, August 13, 1872. Mr. Thomas Stringer preached the sermon: tea was generously and efficiently supplied in the rooms; after tea, about fifty pounds of good cake was given to the Sunday School children by Mr. and Mrs. Wild, Mr. and Mrs. Bardens, and the other friends. The children sung some sweet pieces. At the evening conference, the chair was taken by Mr. Richard Minton, of Clerkenwell, who introduced the business of the meeting in a kind address, regretting illness had detained Mr. James Mote from occupying the chair. Mr. Mote, however, had made an effort to get there and succeeded; and pleaded with pleasing ability, for the support of the friends toward clearing off the debt on the Educational Building. Mr. R. C. Bardens, the pastor, reviewed the history of the School, which had been singularly interesting and successful. C. W. Banks said a few words on the changed nature of Sunday Schools; the voice from the throne had made it a national law now that all children should be educated; therefore, in future, children would not come to Sunday Schools to learn their A B C as heretofore; but, it would be necessary that sound, sacred, and Biblical knowledge should be imparted to them. Mr. Bennett, of Pimlico, believed the time would come when the members of our churches would feel it imperative upon them to take up the work of Sunday School teaching. Mr. Ponsford hoped that the £70 debt now laying on the New Schools would soon be cleared off. Mr. Hall, of Clapham, warmly entreated Christian friends to aid in imparting illustrative and saving truth to the rising race. Mr. F. Collins, of Greenwich, proved the great value of education in the case of his own son. Mr. Mote's closing appeal was appropriate. The church at Hayes, and their minister, Mr. Bardens, have now a beautiful establishment for carrying out their good and great work, in endeavouring to gather in the children—and the surrounding population—instrumentally leading them to a knowledge of the Truth as it is in JESUS CHRIST. Mr. Bardens has a work before him which will require much energy, grace, strength, patience, and perseverance. May the Lord crown his efforts with a glorious issue.

**SPALDING.**—We honestly rejoice in knowing our Christian brother, Mr. John Vincent, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, has decided upon settling in Spalding. On Lord's-day, September 1, 1872, if a kind Providence spare him, he will be received into the Church, and will preach the Gospel to them; and administer the Lord's Supper. We consider this a merciful interposition for Love Lane Chapel. We believe special services will be holden Sept. 22 and 23, when we hope to see a large assembly of Christian friends and ministerial brethren, and the beginning of better days for Love Lane. When will the Bazaar be holden? Mrs. C. W. Banks has received some gifts for it.

**TRING, WEST END**—Sermons were preached by Mr. Edgerton, the late pastor, Lord's-day, August 4th, to a large congregation. On the following day the annual Sunday School treat was held: an address was delivered to the scholars by Mr. Edgerton; tea was provided; the children then repaired to a meadow, and enjoyed the innocent amusements; at 7 o'clock all returned to the chapel; several pieces were sung by the scholars; the day's proceedings terminated with the offering of praise and prayer in acknowledgement of the mercies of the day. The Sabbath School here is in a prosperous and hearty state, under the earnest and laborious care of the worthy Superintendent, and his band of earnest, Christ-loving teachers. At present there is no pastor, but the pulpit is well supplied by brethren who are acceptable in the ministry. We understand that there is still a debt of £180 upon the chapel, the friends are trying to raise £80 by October, the Baptist Building Society having promised the loan of £100, free of interest, if they can succeed in raising the remainder by that time. Should any reader of the *Earthen Vessel* feel that he would like to help this truth-loving people, contributions will be most thankfully received by Mr. Liddington, Gold Field Mill, Tring, Herts. It is as true now as when first recorded, that the liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall himself be watered. Help ye lovers of Jesus, ye whose hearts love a free-grace ministry and gospel; give a mite towards liberating these struggling servants of Jesus from this, which to them is a heavy burden, and rest assured God will bless the act, done with a single eye to His glory.

#### THE NEW SURREY TABERNACLE.

—It is impossible to give one quarter of the communications received this month touching the ministers who are now supplying here. We only now record the current state of things as regards the pulpit. The venerable Mr. Jones, of Wadhurst, preached on the first Sunday in August. Mr. Howarth, of Preston, the second; a Clergyman of the Church of England by the name of Rolleston, Vicar of Scraptoft, out of Leicestershire, the third; and Mr. Thomas Bradbury, the last. What use we shall make of the correspondence we have, is uncertain.

**CATWORTH.**—About thirty years a Baptist Church has existed here: we have had several good ministers; but our membership has not multiplied very fast. We seriously ask, "WHY is this?" We have chapel, Sunday school, and a praying people; but, we want a man who can preach in the power of the Holy Ghost: instrumentally gathering in the redeemed; for we hope our Saviour has many ungathered sheep in these parts yet. Our much-esteemed brother, F. Fountain, has been with us off and on, publishing Christ's Gospel for two years; but we fear we shall not have him much longer. He is a young Boanerges. I greatly esteem him, and, I am—"A Friend to Catworth Baptist Church."

#### MR. JOHN BUNYAN McCURE'S NEW CHAPEL.

Mr. Seth Cottam, of the Baptist Church, Castlereagh Street, Sydney, South Australia, has forwarded a letter to Mr. McCure, most encouraging towards the New Building, enclosing a cheque for £31 15s. 9d., gathered together from the following friends: Mr. James Beaumont, £5; Mr. T. Jones, £2; Mrs. Hepwood, £1; Mr. S. Cottam, 2s.; Miss M. Hicks, 2s.; Miss A. Hicks, 2s.; Mr. W. Durnford, £1; Mr. G. H. Mendenway, £1; Mr. S. Cross, £1; Mrs. Pacey, £1; Mrs. Cullen, £1; Mrs. Lilliot, £1; Mrs. A. Biggs, £1; Mr. S. Evans, 10s. 6d.; Mr. J. Ford, 10s.; Miss E. Dickson, 10s.; Miss M. A. Dickson, 10s.; Miss M. Cullen, 10s.; Mr. Jeffries, 10s.; Mrs. Nye, 6s.; Mrs. Lee, senr., 5s. One Lord's-day Collection at Chapel, £5 10s. 3d. Collected by Miss L. Allen, £2 15s.; by Mrs. S. Cottam, 10s. 6d.; by Miss Maggie McKenzie, 9s. 3d.; by Mrs. S. Cross, 7s. 6d.; by Miss H. Cropley, 3s. Total receipt, £32 9s.—less exchange on bill, 13s. 3d.—nett balance £31 15s. 9d. Thus we see the Sydney friends have given a noble instalment of Australia's contribution towards the Pimlico New Baptist Tabernacle.

We are thankful to find from Mr. Cottam's letter that the church at Castlereagh Street, under the ministry of brother D. Allen, is preserved in peace. Mr. Cottam says: "the labours of our brother Allen are much blessed of God. Mr. Allen's second anniversary of his settlement was holden May 21, 1872. A report of that meeting will, doubtless be sent to us, then we shall have further news from the Australian shores.

**GOWER-STREET.**—Our Correspondent gives us Mr. Farvis's sermon, August 4. The Church and congregation appear to be unremoved by recent trials. Mr. Farvis, as a preacher, is deliberate; occasionally waxing warm and earnest. Jacob's appeal to the Lord, "Thou saidst I will surely do thee good,"—was the text. Jacob's fear of man; and his confidence in God, were the leading thoughts of the discourse. From the report, the following quotation is made: Mr. Farvis said, "we sometimes have the fear of man; but if you are Jacobs, God has set a hedge about you; nothing done by man can effectually hurt you. He may try to ruin you; to blast your reputation; but he can only go so far as permitted. God has hedged you in, and He will surely do thee good. Sometimes we are obliged to go upon past experience: everything is dark; but, my dear hearers, (and I say it reverently,) go to God; tell him what he has promised. He will not be angry with you for it. No:—this is what Jacob did; and the Lord was not angry with him." Again, Mr. F. said, "If you are really a child of God, you will want to hear from God himself; you will want something from head-quarters; but if you are merely a professor, you will be satisfied with anything; sermons stored in memory will do for you,—but if you belong to God, you will want to hear from him." [We cannot give more now.—Ed.]



**STONEHOUSE**—Aug. 5, 1872. Our good friend, Mr. Charles Trego, says,—“Mr. Pearce had but a small congregation to preach to yesterday morning; but in the evening well nigh eighty men, women, and children were assembled together within the walls of Ebenezer, to hear the message the preacher was commissioned to deliver. At the ordinance of the Lord's Supper about twenty members and strangers were present. Having been born on the 4th day of August, 1819, yesterday was what is called my birthday—and never did dear Ebenezer of the late John Webster seem so amiable as on the past Sabbath, viz., August 4th, 1872. Having attained the mature age of 53 years, I can now look back and call to mind, that more than forty years have passed away since whilst listening to a sermon then being preached by a Methodist minister in a kitchen of a farm house in Crantock, in the county of Cornwall—the first serious impression was made on my mind in relation to matters which concern the salvation or otherwise of the soul. But, oh! my dear friend, what changes since then! What indifference and unconcern as to what became of the appointed means of grace! what subsequent hardness of the heart! what besetments! what temptations! what despondency! what despair! what ignorance of the character and attributes of the Almighty, including his goodness, his long-suffering, his mercy, and his loving-kindness. Pray for me, that my faith fail not, and that where sin abounded grace may so much more abound, so that in my salvation the God of all grace may be glorified through Jesus Christ his well-beloved Son.

**STEPNEY**.—Services on behalf of the Church in Cave Adullam Baptist Chapel, Old Manor road, was holden August 11 and 13: sermons by the pastor, Mr. George Reynolds, C. W. Banks, and Mr. George Webb, were preached. Lieut.-Col. Broekman presided over the public meeting: addresses were given by R. Steele, Esq., and other gentleman who, with Mr. Reynolds, are earnest advocates for the defence of the Protestant faith, for pure Gospel worship; and for the welfare of our nation altogether. A tract on “The Huguenot Massacre,” (telling us plainly what the Romish Church has done; and what she is now working most powerfully to do in England), by Mr. Reynolds, has been issued. We wish, with the Lord's blessing, millions of them could be circulated.

**WILLENHALL**.—Mr. Beddow's caution was good; but, we fear to injure any one we waited. The man could not do with our churches, so he is fled to another section. Indeed, the deacons and members of our churches require Divine guidance. We have long seen that Christ's own servants are violently shut out; while talkers, and hirelings are taken in. Hence cometh distress, soul-starvation, and division. In many cases, men of no judgment, no discernment, fill the deacon's office; then, woe be unto the church. We hope Mr. Beddow will write.

**CLAPHAM**.—On behalf of church and congregation, worshipping at Rehoboth Baptist chapel, Bedford row, Clapham, the Pastor and Deacons request you to insert this, our acknowledgment of the kindness of those friends, who have assisted us in raising the required funds for the repairing and cleansing the chapel, although the re-opening took place on the first Lord's-day in June, and a public meeting was held on the following Tuesday, we were not able then to state the amount collected. The total receipts are £42 7s. 6d: the expenditure was £41 7s. 0d. The balance is handed over to the general funds. We sincerely thank all those ministers and friends who have helped us in this affair. You see, Sir, that love to the cause of God and truth, has not quite expired; and that among (and towards the) poor Clapham Baptist Christian sympathy still continues: we desire to be thankful for the unity and love existing in our midst, and we pray that the like grace may be enjoyed in all the churches around us.”

“In answer to our earnest cries,  
Give us to see thy Churches rise,  
And if this blessing be too great,  
Give us to mourn their low estate.”

On behalf of Pastor and Deacons,  
ED. BAKER.

**CITY ROAD**—Jireh Chapel Sunday School, East road. Special notice: The Financial Secretary on behalf of the Committee of the above school desire to express their heartfelt thanks to those kind friends and subscribers who so nobly assisted in carrying out the late excursion to High Beech; whereby there remains a small balance of 7s. 8d. in hand after paying all the contingent expenses. The day was remarkably fine and pleasant, and all enjoyed themselves in a good old English style: the children amusing themselves in a diversity of ways: after a hearty tea, proceeded to ramble over the Forest, thence returning home; all highly gratified with their day's excursion. Our School is well supplied with books, is progressing satisfactorily, and there remains in hand on the general account £1 2s, making altogether in the hands of the treasurer £1 9s. 8d.; the only thing requisite to complete organization is, more teachers, and more of the Divine influences of the Holy Ghost. The annual sermon and collection on behalf of the school not needed at present.

**HOXTON**—**BETHEL**, Newton-street, St. John's-road. We were favoured with a refreshing season at our opening services, July 28 and 30. All the brethren were helped greatly on the work of proclaiming the Gospel of the grace of God; and we as a Church desire to express our hearty thanks to the Great Head of the Church, and also to those under shepherds who were present. The house was filled at every service, and the Divine presence was felt and enjoyed by many. We hope it will be a birth-place and bread house for the Lord's family for many years.

**HACKNEY.**—Special services were holden in South Hackney Baptist chapel, Speldhurst road, July 21 and 23. Sermons were delivered by C. W. Banks; Mr. Styles, of Islington; and T. J. Messer, of Glasgow. Terrible storms passed over London on the 23rd, and prevented many from attending. In the absence of James Mote, Esq., (who was weather-bound in the city,—the announced Chairman for the evening.)—the meeting was presided over by C. W. Banks, who stated the position of the cause, and called upon Messrs. Griffiths, of Hope chapel, Squirrel, of the Borough, Z. Turner, W. H. Evans, late of Hounslow, and Mr. Thiselton, to address the meeting. Contributions towards the building debt, were brought in; so that the friends were encouraged. Here, as in many other places, a minister of our Lord's own calling, sending, and using, is much desired. The population, all round these parts, increases very rapidly: large congregations assemble to support "another Gospel," but the Strict New Testament Baptists in South Hackney, pray the Lord to give them a faithful, fruitful, and zealous pastor.

**BIRMINGHAM.**—We have note of the commencement of Mr. Bright's ministry at Lodge road Chapel, Hockley, Birmingham, August 18. Mr. Bright, of Lancashire, is declared to be a young man of good ability—of deep thought; and in his opening sermons, "TRUTH IN PURITY was dealt out," "A certain sound was heard," and our correspondent adds, "Sanguine hopes are entertained, that the blessing of God shall here be seen; and his name glorified by crying sinners, and by praising saints." In the afternoon of August 18, Mr. E. P. Brown, of Reading, delivered an address to the Sunday school, (with sweet and holy liberty) from that sacred interrogatory, and directive Scripture—"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto, according to thy word." Lodge road chapel is a fine structure. It has had an uphill history, but now, prosperity is looming NOT in the far distance. When asked, "Where is Mr. Thomas Drew's Chapel now? or, Where Mr. Hunt's?"—We cannot tell. Our travelling friends wish to know.

**WOKINGHAM.**—We had a favoured season, Sunday, July 28. Our friend, E. P. Brown, gave us the gospel from those blessed words, "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." [Our churches should hold services for prayer and praise, on behalf of the many young men now rising up to declare all the counsel of God, so far as it hath been revealed in them. Temptations to depart from the Truth surround the junior ministers. Brethren—pray for them: kindly encourage them, and help to instruct them in the mysteries of grace and experience. That they be clothed with *honest* humility, is essentially needful.—ED.]

**CARLTON, BEDS—DEAR BROTHER,**  
—I have decided to leave Carlton. You are aware the increasing demands of a growing family are—so far as we can see—the chief cause of my seeking another sphere. My pastorate here terminates November 10th, but I shall be open to engagements from the end of September, and I shall be glad to serve truth-loving people. I shall leave Carlton with some regret, as I feel attached to the people, and believe the feeling to be reciprocal. We have sailed on in peace and a goodly measure of prosperity. Trials we have had, but mercy has abounded, and now, although our paths become divergent, the friend-ship will not cease. I could wish—if it were our Father's will—that I might before finally leaving, see a worthy brother appointed in my place. Should you know one whose credentials are good, I should feel more than ordinary pleasure in introducing him to the friends. In Christian love,  
JAMES BRITAIN.

**MAYFORD.**—Here the Christ-exalting and sinner-abasing truths of the gospel are proclaimed. Standing in close proximity we find Guildford and Chobham, with useful churches under their respective pastors, Kern, Slim, and Hetherington. In the somewhat ancient chapel of Mayford, Mr. Stevens, (now of Yately), laboured honourably for years. Since then, Mr. Brown, the elder, and E. P. Brown, junr., from Reading, have here stood many times, and sought instrumentally to feed the church. Mr. Kern has also very kindly, in addition to his work at Guildford, visited the friends and preached to them on "Jesus and the resurrection." A Sabbath school well attended is held, under the management of the deacon, Mr. Cobbett. May the fervent supplications of the brethren for the good of Zion here be realized, and then the glory of the Lord shall be seen in the lifting up of Jesus, and in the realization of the power of the Holy Ghost for Jesu's sake. Amen.

**LANCASHIRE**—A correspondent says—of the Heywood Church, and of the pastor, Mr. Powell, "Our minister is well; we are going on in peace." But, from the note before us, it seems a false Protestantism, and a perverted Gospel are overflowing that part of the land. It is a serious question whether the whole Gospel of Christ, in the power of the Holy Ghost, is anywhere preached now. To instruct the people, the efforts now exceed all previous times; but who are the teachers, and what is the SOURCE and END of their teaching?

**TENTERDEN**—"This limited ministry doth more becloud the glories of Christ than even the Arminian and Free-will preaching. Yet, it is this talking of experience over and over again which the people will support. Tell us, Mr. Editor, what CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE is; and whether our Lord Jesus Christ sendeth men to preach their experiences, or—doth He send them to preach HIS GOSPEL?"

**POPLAR**—Our brother, Mr. Davies's Annual Meeting at Bethel Chapel, for Sunday School was on July 16, 1872. The worthy Secretary, in his third annual report, said,—“This meeting is convened to further improve this Institution; and to offer unto the Lord the honours due to His most glorious name, for keeping us still looking to Him to fulfill that promise, “My word, that goeth forth out of my mouth, shall not return unto me void;”—were it not for such promises, amid discouragements, darkness of mind, and sometimes extreme weakness of body, we must have given up in despair; but He who promised “in due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not,” has kept us plodding on; and we can say, it is because, and only because, we have obtained help of God, that we have continued to this day. At our last annual meeting we solicited help in teaching the children; which has been attended with a little success; we have had, on some occasions, help from three or four young friends; in the mornings I have to mix young and old together, which tends materially to impede our progress. With regard to our boys we have got on well; in our last report we mentioned there were youths connected with our school whose knowledge of God's Word far exceeded our own; these have been pressed into the work of teaching; and they do their work well. Out of the five scholars with which we re-opened the school three years last March, three are engaged in teaching the Word on Sundays, and two of them in teaching the children to sing on week-nights. These youths devote a great portion of their time for the welfare of the school, and spend a great portion of their pocket money in rewards to the children; two have made and fixed at their own expense a nice bookcase and are continually buying books for the library. One of them has just put on Christ by baptism. The school has increased in numbers. After paying all expenses we had a balance of £3; £2 ls. 6d. of which has been appropriated to the Chapel Fund, and £1 expended in books. Some beautiful singing by the children. After the report, good words by brethren Lawrence, Langford, C. W. Banks, and others—this pleasant meeting closed.

**KENTISH TOWN**—Formation of Strict Baptist Church in Bassett street. On Lord's-day, August 18, three sermons were preached to respectable and appreciative congregations. Morning and evening, by Mr. Margerum, afternoon, at 3, by C. W. Banks; after which Mr. Banks gave the right hand of fellowship to a number of baptized believers, accompanied by a few well chosen, pithy, practical and useful remarks, which were remarkable for their variety and solemnity. Thus was a New Testament Church formed in that large and densely populated district. May it prove a great acquisition to the neighbourhood, and may the rich blessing of our God rest upon it. Immediately after the formation, Mr. Margerum was, by the unanimous vote of the church, publicly received. Our eyes are upwards, our prospects are brightening, and our hopes are strong. Much of the blessing of God has

been experienced in the ministrations of the Word here; the dear Lord's people have been graciously and abundantly supplied by the great Head of the Church, through the Spirit; yea, we have been filled to overflowing sometimes. Satan won't like this; the Lord keep us watchful, prayerful, lest the cloven foot appear. “Praise God from whom all blessings flow.”—(From a Correspondent.)

**MASBORO' AND SHEFFIELD**—Our Sunday School collections—after sermons by our two Josephs—brethren Taylor and Winfield—amounted to £5 5s. 1d.—a good sum for a Strict Baptist cause in the North. Brother Elam preached a Sterling Baptist sermon in our Sheffield Meeting-room in August. We are full of hope. [How is brother James Johnson—and the Barnsley Church proceeding?—ED.]

**ASKETT, BUCKS**—On July 24, the Baptist friends gave their Sunday School children the annual treat. In the afternoon they met in the chapel; from thence they adjourned to a meadow; tea and cheerful amusements were enjoyed by the children; about 150 of our friends came and took tea; and all united to make the children happy, at the same time to lead their thoughts to higher and holier enjoyments. A very happy day was granted to us. We have a good chapel, some decided godly people; but we desire, we pray for, we deeply feel the want of, a really able and devout preacher, and pastor. Where can we find him? J. READ, Apsley Manor, Princes Risborough.

**LIVERPOOL**.—MR. EDITOR,—I was pained, in notes on Mr. Bradbury's sermon where he is represented to have said, that when the Apostles, after solemn prayer to God, saying, “Shew which of the two thou hast chosen;” making that the work of the devil. Is not that awful, and very presumptuous? The Lord have mercy upon us.—G. JAGER.—[Our note on this next month, we hope.—ED.]

**RAUNDS**.—We understand Mr. Child has resigned his pastorate here; and left. For more than seventy years has a Strict Baptist Church existed in Raunds; many have been its pastors, and diversified its joys and sorrows. Here is a substantial chapel: the church numbers over 50 members; the school is a flourishing institution; but a durable, devout, and faithful pastor is the one great desideratum.

**HENLEY**.—Thomas D. should urge meetings for prayer:—much better than secret persecution. We appear to have lost the Spirit of Christ in ministers and churches. What can we then expect? Alas! for this day of amazing profession: but all the quickened elect often feel the want of an unctious power. If we could all fall at the feet of Jesus, and wrestle like Jacob, it would be a mercy. Our people may well say, “Look, how we grovel here below.”

**NORTH BRIXTON TABERNACLE.**—First anniversary was celebrated July 21 and 23. Messrs. Cornwell, Wilkins, and Anderson, gave us the Gospel in four sermons. Mr. Edward Butt, of Surrey Tabernacle, presided; and good things were said by brethren Anderson, Warren, Lawrence, Lee, and others. Our pastor, Mr. Cornwell, under the Divine blessing and in union with many believers, has been instrumental in planting a new cause in North Brixton, without weakening our sister churches.

**BURY.**—A good man—Thomas Collinge, pastor of our little church, departed from us recently, not much over sixty. He travelled and preached much for some years; and was a blessing to many.

**CHATHAM.**—We understand Mr. Edgerton leaves Enon at end of September; and will be open to supply.

### Notes of the Month.

**LEICESTER.**—(To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel.") Sir,—My attention was drawn to a paragraph from Boston. You ask, "Who is Thorpe Smith?" I answer, he has felt himself to be, the chief of sinners, for very nearly 50 years past! After an ordeal of about ten years, he was compelled to try to tell to sinners round, what a dear Saviour he had found. He would rather put it thus—what a dear Saviour found him. Talking to his fellow-sinners has now been his employment for about fifteen and a-half years. Hannah Robinson (who died at Boston) was a seal to my ministry; and (I was, and am thankful to say,) was visited by Mr. Wilson, buried by him, and who preached a funeral sermon on the occasion. You speak of him most honourably. I never either thought or spoke of him otherwise. I should be glad to make his acquaintance: from all I have heard of him from others, I have reason to believe he is a good and gracious man of God. The late Mr. Parks, of Openshaw, once said to me, "I do not ask my brother whether you are a Baptist, Independent, Episcopalian, or Presbyterian; but if I can perceive the grace of God in a person, here is my right hand." In those principles I hope to live and die. Can any man taught of God, presume to deny that God has had many eminent servants of his amongst all those denominations? and if he owned and honoured them, in their several spheres, who and what are we that by our narrow bigotry we should attempt to chalk out lines for the Most High to work by? Hoping this explanation may satisfy your enquiry, Mr. Editor, as to who I am, I remain yours truly and respectfully. **THORPE SMITH.**

P.S.—I have no objection to give a reason, if asked by Christians, in a proper way, of my call by grace; and also, my call to the ministry.

8, Nicholas-street, Humberston-row.

**MR. T. J. MESSER.**—This genuine and almost ancient friend to the Gospel, and to

the welfare of his race, has again visited London, but,—although when we had the pleasure of conversing with him, he appeared as vigorous and healthful as ever, we sorrowfully learn by the following extracts from his letter in the *League Journal*, that he is the subject of a painful affliction. In his letter to his own editor, he says, "During the time allotted for my holidays I kept from public work, but when they terminated I delivered three sermons in Johnson street Chapel, Notting Hill, of which my beloved old friend, Charles Waters Banks, editor of several monthly periodicals, is minister. I also preached a sermon on behalf of the building fund of a new Baptist Chapel in South Hackney, and a temperance sermon in Walworth, for the Surrey Tabernacle Total Abstinence Society; that was all the work I did in London. Whilst in London, I was able to procure, by Mr. Thomas' instrumentality, the advice of a first-class oculist, a most noble-hearted gentleman, and from him received the saddening information referred to at the commencement of this report, accompanied by a promise that he would do all he could for me when the time for an operation for the removal of the cataracts arrived. He wished me to rest awhile; but that was impossible, as I have no means to allow of my doing so. I therefore girt up my loins, and left London in a thunderstorm, on the 2nd inst. As we were passing from York to Newcastle, several of the carriages ran off the rails, and caused great alarm among the passengers, but, by the good providence of God, after being detained on the way two hours, I reached Glasgow in safety on Saturday morning the 3rd inst., and was able, though very shaky through the fright, to preach in the Cross Hall."

[Cataracts in both his eyes, is our brother's great trial.—ED.]

**FREDERICK WHEELER AND T. W. MEDHURST.**—Mr. Medhurst ventured to condemn Mr. Wheeler's visit to Newgate, as a tissue of falsehoods. The following we give in proof of the statement.—"Dear Sir,—I have a perfect recollection of the circumstance of the murder of Elizabeth Penton, by the young man William Marchant, who Mr. Wheeler visited in Newgate. I was present at the inquest held at the Bedford Arms, Pont street, Cadogan place, and saw him brought into the inquest-room, and also the blood on one of his arms.

Yours sincerely, **ROBERT PANSEY.**  
27, Exeter street, Chelsea, July 10, 1872.

"A STILL SMALL VOICE"—comes in sweetly among the blustering breakers ever dashing on us, or threatening so to do. This voice says—"You are the last person I should wish to offend. I owe too much to you for the last twenty years for *The Earthen Vessel and Cheering Words*." They are so dear to me, I cannot bear to see them swerve in the least." [Our compassionate God has marvellously sustained us. We hope never to swerve from the living, truthful, experimental testimony which the Lord has enabled us to bear nearly forty years.]

# “God has forgiven Me all my Sins!”

THE SOUL-TROUBLE,  
AND ETERNAL SALVATION OF ALFRED ROWE.

“THE Holy triumphs of my soul shall death itself outbrave ;  
Leave dull mortality behind ; and fly beyond the grave.  
There, where my blessed Jesus reigns, in Heaven’s unmeasur’d space,  
I’ll spend a long eternity in pleasure and in praise.”

[It is a sacred pleasure to give the following well-attested memoir. It doth more powerfully illustrate the nature and reality of the salvation of the soul, than thousands of books or sermons can do. Read this precious testimony in all your families. Surely, the Lord will bless it to many.—ED.]

ALFRED ROWE, one of Christ’s lambs, was the subject of many earnest prayers ; he was a scholar at Bethel Sunday school, Poplar, (Pastor Davies.) He was naturally amiable in his disposition, and quick in the perception of things. His anxious parents had often looked for evidences in him that their prayers had been answered ; nor were they eventually disappointed, as will be seen.

It was in November, 1871, that the Holy Spirit began the good work in him. It was as follows : he had picked up a leaf out of a hymn book containing this verse,—

“ One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o’er and o’er,  
I’m nearer to my home to-day,  
Than I have been before.”

He had been ill, and was somewhat recovered ; but was again seized with rheumatism at the heart, which was pronounced fatal. The verse already mentioned followed him day and night, wherever he went ; and he said, “ I AM GETTING NEAR ETERNITY ; MY SINS ARE LIKE A GREAT MOUNTAIN BETWEEN ME AND JESUS. I never saw this before. OH, WHAT SHALL I DO ? ” “ Mother, come near to me, and pray for me, for then I feel JESUS COMES NEAR.”

He continued to cry earnestly for pardon ; and once he was heard to say, “ Get away, Satan, for I don’t believe thee ; thou art a liar from the beginning.” Not long after this he triumphantly shouted, “ GOD HAS FORGIVEN ME ALL MY SINS ! *I feel it here,*” putting his hand to his breast ; and HE NEVER LOST THIS ASSURANCE.

To his father he said, “ Oh, father, I have been wicked ; but JESUS has forgiven me all my sins ; and I shall love him for ever ! ” His mother frequently talked to him of the LORD JESUS ; and once, when she gave him a little milk, he said, “ *What would the rich man in hell give for that ?* ” On Tuesday, Jan. 23, 1872, a friend came to see him ; and after speaking to his mother of the Lord’s first leadings of her to Him, she asked him if the conversation tired him ? He said, “ Oh ! no ! please go on ! I love to hear it.”

His pains were great ; and he had not been able to eat anything for some days : his dear brother said, “ Shall I go and buy something nice for you to eat ? ” He said, “ You cannot buy what I have got—the

pearl of great price. My pains are great; but the everlasting arms are underneath me! Jesus bears me up!" Not a murmur escaped his lips.

On Thursday evening, two friends came to see him; but as they spoke nothing of JESUS, he cared not to see them. Shortly after they left, brother Davies, (the minister of Bethel chapel) called to see him; and when he entered the room, he cried out, "Oh, sir, I am so glad you are come! I have been longing to see you." "Have you, my boy? why do you want to see me?" said he. "I want to tell you what JESUS has done for me, for he has forgiven me all my sins." A few close questions being put to him, and satisfactory answers given, Mr. Davies said to him, "Then you are on the Rock," and he replied, "I AM! I AM!" A few moments were spent in prayer: it was a refreshing season: and with intense earnestness and feeling, the young sufferer exclaimed, "Oh, that was sweet!" It appeared as if he had gained the maturity of an established believer in a few weeks. When the possibility of his recovery was mentioned to him, he said, "If the Lord will, and if I get well, then I pray that I might repay my dear parents for all their care and trouble; but if I lived for millions of years, I never could show sufficient gratitude for what my precious JESUS has done for me; and if it is my dear Lord's will, I would rather die and go to JESUS!" Saturday evening was a restless time with him; he was near his heavenly home. He expected his friend to call on the Lord's-day, after service, but he did not come; and after anxious waiting, he said to his mother, "JESUS IS HERE." About 2 o'clock p.m., he cried out, "air! give me air! I cannot breathe!" To his mother he said, "pray for me." Seeing her weep, he said, "Mother, don't weep: I am so happy. Oh that I had breath to tell you what I feel!" Seeing his brother enter the room, he said, "Let me lean my head on your arm, Willie;" and then, without a groan or struggle, he gently yielded up his spirit into the hand of his dear Redeemer. Aged, 15 years and 4 months. A striking instance of the power of divine and sovereign grace among the young.

(Written by his father—W. ROWE.)

### "THE GRAND SECRET REVEALED."

**T**HOUSANDS of our readers have not, we expect, either seen or read, the two small volumes somewhat recently edited, arranged, and compiled by Mr. Ebenezer Hooper, of Chelmsford, embodying an historical and critical review of the late Mr. WILLIAM HUNTINGTON—whose ministry and writings have been, by God's mercy, a blessing to multitudes of immortal souls. The first volume was issued last year, and carried on its front the title—"The Celebrated Coal-Heaver." The second volume is entitled—"Facts, Letters, and Documents, concerning WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, His Family and Friends." Both these volumes have been extensively circulated; and we believe a second edition of the first book will speedily be produced. Such of our friends who may wish to possess these volumes can have them by sending four shillings to Ebenezer Hooper, Esq., Duke street, Chelmsford, Essex.

When the first volume was sent to us for review, we discovered some

reflections upon Mr. Huntington's character, which so *acutely* wounded our spirit that we felt disposed to deal sharply with the compiler and editor. The slaughter-weapon has been so unmercifully wielded to our wounding : so many of the ministerial and editorial tribe have so persistently pursued us almost to the death, that when we find either writer or speaker publishing the weaknesses, infirmities, or wrong-doings of truly godly men, we at once recoil from them ; and in silent sorrow weep over these things whereby we, or any of the servants of our LORD JESUS—have, in any measure, cast dishonour upon that holy, lovely, pure, and perfect cause we have espoused. We have esteemed William Huntington's works, next to the Bible, more highly than any we have known. We have painfully understood the cruel and ungodly sarcasm with which the memory of that devoted man has been treated by men whose ministry could never stand by the side of the poor "Sinner Saved ;" and, therefore, when we found that Mr. Hooper was putting weapons into the hands of the enemies to a deep experimental ministry, we realized such inward affliction as we must not attempt to describe. While we were pondering over these things, a fiery attack was made upon Mr. Hooper and his book, which was, in spirit and manner, ten times worse than Mr. Hooper's developement of delinquencies in his "Celebrated Coal-Heaver : " consequently, we became more grievously afflicted still, to find men wrangling over the remains of one who was so evidently called, qualified, sent, and honoured of his God.

During the time we have been in the Lord's service, all the leading ministers of Christ's Gospel have been called home : and, as we have seriously reflected upon their ministry and character, we have been compelled to acknowledge they were all of them, *as men*, in some things IMPERFECT : and this grave question has been forced upon us—"Is it calculated to act as a warning to the living, when the imperfections of the dead are exhibited to the church and the world ?" It may be, that Mr. Hooper has had this work, this apparently honest, impartial, and comprehensive work laid upon him by the Lord for some wise and useful purpose : therefore, we will leave him, his books and his antagonists, in the hands of HIM, who only can judge righteous judgment.

Charitably hoping that all Mr. Hooper has done has been from a pure motive, we can pray that *spiritual* and *essential* blessings may be realized by the thousands who will, with intense eagerness, peruse the volume he has with so much labour and zeal sent forth from the press.

We shall only add to this, our introductory note, three brief remarks.

I. It is abundantly clear from every section of his own autobiography, that WILLIAM HUNTINGTON WAS A SINNER : and he was made to know it in such a terrible manner as very few—(comparatively speaking)—ever do know it. Can any Spirit-taught child of God hear or read the heaps of sermons now issued and preached by modern divines, and believe that the men who produce these sermons ever knew in their souls that they were *sinners*—with all their sins set forth in the light of God's countenance ? We think not. Hence, their cruelty ; albeit their creed to the letter is clear enough.

II. Let us observe that we believe the ALMIGHTY GOD did most marvellously show forth in Mr. Huntington's Life, Experience, and Ministry, HOW IT IS HE DOTHS SAVE SINNERS. This is the GRAND SECRET revealed in the Coal-Heaver's Great Testimony.

III. We may add, that under the title of "*Zion's Seven Principal Men in the Nineteenth Century*," we desire to show forth, from the Lives and Labours of—WILLIAM HUNTINGTON—WILLIAM GADSBY—JAMES OSBOURN—JOHN KERSHAW—JOHN WARBURTON—JAMES WELLS and JOHN FOREMAN—that God has given a uniform and manifold Revelation of the work of His grace in the eternal salvation of the souls of His Redeemed. Then by the side of these Original and God-wrought testimonies, you can look at the learned efforts of others, wherein truth has been contended for—but God's experimental salvation has not been so powerfully realized.

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## THAT MOST GLORIOUS ANTHEM YET TO BE SUNG,

"THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH."

### PART VI.

No pen, no tongue,  
 No angel's voice can tell  
 What Majesty and Glory  
 Do in MY JESUS dwell.  
 Millions of minds have thought,  
 And voices loud do swell;  
 But all appear as nought  
 When we'd His beauties tell.

**A**FTER looking everywhere for some lofty note with which to crown IMMANUEL'S brow, and finding nothing high enough in sublimity as worthy of His dear Name, the above broken sentences sprung up in my own little soul; and as they came I give them, with the following imperfect reflections.

THE Climax of all spiritual greatness; the perfection of Heaven's highest glory; the deepest of all mysteries; and the richest of all mercies, must be comprehended in the closing sentences of that sympathising and powerful prayer which the ancient prisoner at Rome, on his bended knees, poured out for the Ephesian believers, saying, "*And to KNOW THE LOVE OF CHRIST*, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be FILLED WITH ALL THE FULNESS OF GOD!" On this text (Eph. iii. 19), which has all the bowels of mercies, and all the bigness of divinity in it; on this marvellous Scripture I recently had a season of holy contemplation, and endeavoured to give some thoughts drawn from it unto the people: but, it is not every man's tongue can tell all that the Holy Ghost may reveal in his heart, nor all his faith can receive. I have, however, some notes of the sacred season referred to; what I may do with them I cannot tell; but the savour is still so sweet unto me, that I wish I could impart it unto many thousands of our people; in the Lord's hands it would help to lift them out of that pit of spiritual darkness, and out of that miry clay of doubting and carnality, into which many are sunken, and are sinking deeper and deeper still: so that neither in the ministry, at public meetings, nor in private conversation, can you scarcely ever hear any precious heart-melting testimonies concerning either THE PERSON or the LOVE OF CHRIST. Hence the soul that has been baptized into the light,



love, and glory of the Person and saving Power of the SON OF GOD—the ETERNAL SON OF GOD :—the living soul that has experienced the truth of that declaration, “The WORD was made flesh and dwelt among us (and *We BEHELD HIS GLORY.*” What glory? Hold your breath here—professor and profane—for here comes that *secret* of the LORD, which is *with* them that fear Him, and to whom He sheweth His covenant. Here is the deep that coucheth beneath—“We beheld His glory—the *Glory* as of the ONLY BEGOTTEN of the FATHER), full of Grace and Truth.” The soul espoused unto Christ, I say, doth often turn away from all pulpit proclamations; from all religious publications, and from all private conversation—bitterly whispering to itself—“they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him.” No! the GLORIOUS PERSON and the soul-uniting LOVE of CHRIST, are not the leading themes of the witnesses; therefore no dead sinner comes to life, crying for mercy; no living Christian breaks out adoring and blessing THE LAMB OF GOD. All Heaven and Earth, too, *appear* to be silent on these themes, because the *Anti-typical* JUDAS is now finishing his work. At the first, he *secretly* sold; then *openly* kissed CHRIST *personally*. Now, his Satanic seed and representatives, are secretly betraying, yet openly kissing CHRIST *mystically*: so that the Apocalyptic prophecy is nearly ripe. The professing Church is vaunting and exalting herself, and, as the Angel said, so we stand aside and exclaim, “How she glorifies herself: she lives deliciously; in her heart she saith, ‘I sit a Queen; I am no widow; I shall never see sorrow!’” But her plagues will come in one day. These plagues are written in sentences like these:—

“DEATH! MOURNING!! and FAMINE!!!

“*She shall be utterly burned with FIRE!*

“For, STRONG is the LORD GOD who judgeth her!”

Soon after these things, shall the glorious anthem break forth, “*THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH.*”

Before I go hence, I desire, in these few remaining papers to bear my humble testimony to the Eternity, the Glory and Efficiency of THE CHRIST OF GOD, THE ETERNAL SON OF GOD: for if I know nothing else, I know I am one with Paul when he says to the Galatians, “the Gospel which was preached of me is not after man. I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of JESUS CHRIST.” It was never my privilege to sit at the feet of any Gamaliel. The Church of England held me fast in darkness fourteen years. When Moses came with the sentence of death, it was by a Methodist minister in their chapel at Rye, in Sussex, one Sunday night. I never saw the man before nor since. I never entered the chapel but that awful once: there and then the big man with the thunderings of Sinai cut me clean down, and sent me to my lodging, groaning in despair for the whole night. “At hell’s dark door I lay:” until one Sunday morning, “it pleased God to reveal His Son in me:” then, one of the Countess of Huntingdon’s ministers was sent, in one sermon, to confirm me in the free grace of God, in the full glory of Christ, and in the unspeakable liberty of the Gospel: wherefore, I bow to no man as master over my faith: I court no man’s smile (for I see they are nearly all of them a company of poor hirelings), but I willingly serve any good man for Christ’s sake; and when my enemies fall—and many

do (oh, what chapters on the falling of bitter foes could be written ; but when they fall)—I would gladly run and help them up, and heal them too, if God Almighty would thus use me.

Now, then, *seeing* Wesleyan Methodist men have been used of God to cut sinners down : *seeing* the Countess of Huntingdon's men have been employed to speak comfortably unto poor wretches, when sick and wounded ; *seeing* God Almighty worked wonderfully by such men as George Whitefield, Christmas Evans, and Dan Rowland, who went everywhere pouring out the passions of their souls in *calling* sinners ; *seeing* the Great Head of the Church has blessed such men as John Gill, who sat in his study nearly all his life, making commentaries, bodies of Divinity, &c. (a different man, and a work altogether different to that of Whitefield) ; *seeing* the Lord giveth the professing churches such men as Henry Ward Beecher, Talmage, Spurgeon, Brown, Medhurst, and others to gather together their thousands ; *seeing* that the Lord raiseth up churches, and edifieth Christian people, by such men as Jay, Baxter, Thomas Edwards, Matthew Welland, Vinall, and a host of modern Huntingdonians :—yea, *seeing* that multitudes of these men are going forth proclaiming, at least, some parts of the Gospel, I will never, God helping me, think one hard thought, or speak one unkind word of any of them. "To their own Master they stand or fall."

If God (Father, Son, and Holy Ghost) called, qualified, and sent them, their work is good—their reward will be great : while woes most alarming are pronounced against all false and unfaithful shepherds. From all such woes, "good Lord, deliver us." Amen.

That true, Heaven-born LOVE is always crucified on the earth, was the fact I purposed to assert in this little leaf : but, having been detained in the outer courts, I dare not intrude further this time. Still, I will, please God, tell this truth to all poor loving hearts, that true love to Jesus always has been crucified on the earth.

Where did this crucifying of true love begin ? It began with the angels who kept not their first estate. If they had loved our Jesus, They would have delighted in His glorious exaltation ; but, oh, awful truth,—

" Devils believe and tremble too,  
But Satan *cannot* LOVE."

The crucifixion of true love on the earth, is the work of Satan, it is the cause of the saints' suffering : it is the touch-stone and true-test of genuine discipleship,—so feels, so believes, so suffers,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

56, Queen's Road, Notting Hill, W.

[The Scriptural and Experimental proofs of this are many, as I purpose to show.]

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"I wish I could love Christ more, and be more concerned for his honour and glory. I wish I could love the Lord more, and speak more of him ; if I did not speak well of his name I should be a base, ungrateful wretch for he has been a good God to me, both in providence and grace. YOU MAY THINK OF THIS WHEN MY GREY HAIRS ARE LAID IN THE GRAVE."—*Tiptaft*.

## THE FEAR OF GOD THAT ACCOMPANIES SALVATION.

BY THE LATE MR. JAMES WELLS,  
(OF THE SURREY TABERNACLE.)

THAT kind of fear towards God which does not lead to the Saviour,—which does not lead to an understanding of the truth, and to a reception of the truth in the love of it,—certainly is not that fear of God which accompanies salvation. Look at this Scripture: “The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and *He will* shew them His covenant.” Now, how does this testimony stand with creature-holiness, free-will, and universal redemption? It is the testimony of our Maker, that He will reveal His covenant to them that fear Him; and how does He do this but by bringing the haughtiness of man low; turning his strength into weakness, and his supposed comeliness into corruption? Nothing! no nothing but a spirit broken down into entire self-despair, led to see an end of all perfection in the flesh, and to see, and feel, and know, that nothing but the certainty of the ransom the Lord hath provided—nothing but the redemption Jesus hath obtained—nothing but the righteousness He hath brought in, can be our release, can bring us up from the pit of corruption, can deliver us from the curse of the law, can bring us near to God, can bring unto us any promise of life, or give us any acceptance with God. And what is His covenant? It is this: “The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent, thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec.” Here are an eternal priesthood and an immutable oath. Contrary to these, no soul can be saved; all the commandments of the law are here met and magnified; all the promises of the Gospel are here sealed and made sure; and here the believer is met by the precept; for all doings that are not doings of faith in, and love to, the Saviour, are works merely of the flesh, and cannot please God. And here, while the believer has from day to day to mourn his want of conformity to the precept; here, I say, he has a standing in which no precept can reprove or rebuke; and often does the Lord take the will for the deed: “the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.”

Where, and in what way, can the most consistent, the most favoured among Christians stand accepted before a holy God, but by the mighty priesthood of the Saviour, and the immutability of the counsel of God? No sacrifice apart from this priesthood can be acceptable with God; if we are a holy priesthood it is in and by, oneness with Him who alone can be our sanctification; if we offer up spiritual sacrifices, if we “to do good and to communicate forget not,” then, in these, we are acceptable only in the perfect priesthood of the Saviour—we, and ours, are acceptable to God only in Jesus Christ. What, then, I contend for is, that where the *real living Gospel fear of God* is, it will not allow the soul to rest in anything short of Christ; and that there is no real, no vital, departure from evil but by oneness with Him. As we are fallen and under judgment, by natural and federal oneness with the first Adam, so we rise by spiritual and federal oneness with the second Adam, the Lord from heaven. This oneness with the Saviour can be only by regeneration, by being born again of incorruptible seed, by the Word

of God, which liveth and abideth for ever. It is in the faith of this oneness with the Saviour that all exploits recorded in the Bible have been achieved.

They "that feared the Lord," will mean those who know Him, love Him, receive His truth, refuse the evil and choose the good; constrained by the mercies of the Lord to every good word and work. These serve the Lord acceptably; they pray with the *understanding*; they sing praises with understanding; they *know* in whom they have believed; their service is not a blind, formal, ignorant service; they do not worship an unknown God,—His laws of truth are put into their minds and written in their hearts; His way and His saving health are made known to them.

To fear the Lord, then, will mean the service of the Lord in general; they are made truly sensible of their state,—humbled before God, made sincere and decided for God. They "that fear the Lord," then are led to receive Christ Jesus the Lord, and to walk in Him. I repeat it, that *that fear of the Lord that does not lead to the Saviour, and to a reception of the truth of God's well-ordered covenant*, is not that fear of God that accompanies salvation.

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The first Adam brought in death to all mankind; but, at last, actually died for none but himself. The second died for mankind, and brought life to all believers. Seest thou thy Saviour, therefore, hanging upon the cross? His Church hangs there with Him, as a knight or burgess of Parliament voices his whole borough or country. What speak I of this? the members take the same lot with the Head. Every believer is a limb of that Body; how can he, therefore, but die with Him, and in Him? That real union, then, which is betwixt Christ and us, makes the passion of Christ ours; so as the thorns pierced our heads, the scourges blooded our back, the nails wounded our hands and feet, and the spear gored our sides and hearts; by virtue whereof we receive justification from our sins, and true mortification of our corruptions. Every believer, therefore, is dead already for his sins, in his Saviour: he needs no fear that he shall die again. God is too just to punish twice for one fault; to recover the sum both of the surety and principal. All the score of our arrearages is fully struck off, by the infinite satisfaction of our blessed Redeemer. Comfort thyself, therefore, thou penitent and faithful soul, in the confidence of thy safety. Thou shalt not die, but live, since thou art already crucified with thy Saviour. He died for thee, thou diedst in Him. (*J. Hall, died 1656.*)

WHEN the measure of our iniquity was filled up, and it was perfectly manifest that punishment and death awaited us as a reward, and the time came which God had pre-ordained for now manifesting His own goodness and power, because God's love, according to His abounding kindness, is unique. He neither hated nor rejected us, nor remembered our wickedness, but showed long-suffering and forbearance, saying, "He BORE our sins." He Himself gave His own Son a RANSOM for us, the Holy for transgressors, the Innocent for the guilty, the Righteous for the unrighteous; the Incorruptible for the corruptible, the Immortal for the mortal; for what else could cover our sins but His Righteousness? In what but in the Son of God alone could we, transgressors and ungodly, be justified? O! sweet EXCHANGE!

## “THE GOOD OLD AGE OF NINETY-ONE.”

OUTLINE OF A SERMON

PREACHED IN THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, COLNBROOK, ON WEDNESDAY  
EVENING, JUNE 12, 1872, BY

MR. ROBERT C. BARDENS.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MR. RICHARD RAYNER, CLAPHAM, SURREY,  
*Who departed this life May 30, 1872, Aged Ninety-One years and Ten Months.*

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth.”—Rev. xiv. 13.

**W**E must all pass away from this time-state by death into eternity ! These are solemn times ! But it is that which we must all come to—and every one, according to the time eternally appointed by God. The young die, the aged die, all must die, and go to their long and eternal home. When the Messenger, Death, comes, there is none can overturn its power, for the “wages of sin is death.” According to the language of the text, there are those that die, and are blessed ; there are those that die and are not blessed, whose end must be everlasting pain. I believe there are but these two classes upon the face of the earth : one loves God, the other does not. What a mercy, my dear friends, that you and I are favourably interested in this important matter !

There is a beauty in this chapter which we can never describe. In the first verse, the Lamb—that is, Jesus Christ—and His company, His own blood-bought children are all together ; and they shall reign with Him for ever and ever. Here shines the union of the Church, which is the body of Christ, our exalted and ever to be adored Jehovah. “Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.” “*Blessed!*” There is something more in this word than we shall ever understand in this time-state. We must die, and go to be with God, to understand it in the highest sense of the word, for it is in opposition to everything that is cursed—it is in opposition to everything that is adverse to God. A person must be brought into the thing itself, to understand its beauty. Dying does not make the man blessed ; a person who dies blessed, must be *in* God ; for it is “in Him we live, move, and have our being.” When does this blessedness begin ? We answer, in eternity ! Its origin is in God ! What a mercy to be dwellers in God, for He is the fulness of all that are blessed. Everything that he is, or has, or has done, is all like Himself, “BLESSED.” Therefore His people are like Himself, Blessed. I love that beautiful portion given to us in Romans viii. There is the beginning—its work, its end, GLORY. It is all done by God for His people for time and to all eternity. No man can understand any part of it until he is brought into it by the Spirit of our God. We may speak of glorification, but know it fully we cannot in our present state. Our dear departed brother could not, but now he feels and knows what it is to be in glory. The people of God are eternally loved, redeemed by the blood of Jesus, and called to be brought into its Divine and blessed realities. The blessing is made manifest in time ; it begins by the work of the Holy Spirit upon the soul ; it is Divine calling. We are all by nature dead in sin, children of wrath even as others : but “God who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He hath loved us, even when we were dead in sins hath

quicken'd us together with Christ: by grace are ye saved." Calling brings the sinner into fellowship with God. The Holy Spirit puts within him the incorruptible seed of life, which liveth and abideth for ever. It is there as an anchor that binds the soul to God, of which our dear brother was able to speak, for he was blessed with a knowledge of his state as a sinner; and all such shall be forgiven by the blood of the Lamb.

I saw our dear departed brother at different times: he loved to hear and talk of JESUS. His soul delighted to refer to the happy seasons he had spent in the house of God, whilst listening to the Word of truth. Ah, my dear friends, those that have been delivered from the prison of sin and death, and brought to know the salvation that is in Jesus Christ, will never cease to speak of it. Our dear departed brother, though nearly ninety-two, could not help singing,

"Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood,  
Shall never loose its power," &c.; and

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me," &c.

I love to talk to men and women who have Jesus in their heart: How blessed: it is full of blessedness! Oh, how precious when we are led to see "None but Jesus." One of the grand notes of the Gospel is, "Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with thee," in time, in death, and to all eternity. The Psalmist David said, "The Lord hath made with me an everlasting covenant ordered in all things and sure." And he also sung with holy confidence, "When I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." You can see by the language that Jesus was there, by the expression, "Thou art with me." My dear friends, we shall soon die: ALL of us will soon be gone. Some of you have had your fathers and mothers taken from you; some of you have had your dear children taken from you: they are gone, and are now in glory. What do we think of death? Are we prepared to die? Remember, there is no change in the grave. Nay, *here* "ye must be born again." What are the evidences of our being in God? We shall love Him and hate sin; love His ways, and hate the ways of death; love His truth, and turn our backs upon everything that is opposed to Jesus and His kingdom. We shall love His house and His Word above every thing in the world. It is to sigh to have a knowledge of Him, His ways, His works, and to be made conformable unto His death: it is to fear His Name, and to hope in His mercy: it is to feel that without Him we must go down into hell, and be with the lost for ever. Oh, how these things will make a poor soul cry and pray to God! Some of you have these things in your hearts, and you cannot get them out; the language of your soul is, "Give me Christ or else I die." To be blest in God is to have everlasting life, everlasting peace, everlasting glory. Blessings on His name for ever, He will never leave them whom He has blest, for He hath said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;" so that we may boldly say, "The Lord is my Helper." The soul loves to keep close to Jesus, and Jesus will keep close to it. If they wander, He restores; if they go astray, He brings them back; if they sink down into darkness, He is their light; if they are full of sin, He is able to make them white by His own precious blood. And will He forsake them in death? We

answer, No! I have seen some in the valley, and there they are blessed—blessed with covenant favour, so that they can say, “ALL IS WELL.” I remember different ones. There was a gentleman at Ashburton who had been a strict Churchman; he came to hear me preach; the Word was blessed to him; he valued and highly esteemed that Word; but those of his family did not. He was taken ill—laid low. I thought much of him. It was stated he was coming near to his end. I felt I should like to see him. I called to enquire after him; saw the lady, but got no admission. I stayed the Monday; the nurse told him that I was there; he said he must see me; his son came after me; I promised to stay but a minute or two. I saw him. Immediately I entered the room, he threw back the clothes, and clasping my hand with his hands, tears of love trickling from his eye. I shall never forget his testimony of the mercy of God in his soul. I saw him three times after. The last enemy was destroyed, and his soul was blest with the presence of his God. I have seen several in the valley young, who have born testimony to the truth, that they are blessed in God. And such was the case with our dear departed brother. Christ’s finished work was the foundation on which his soul did rest; he was blessed in life and in death, and now in eternity.

“ More happy, but not more secure,  
The glorified spirits in heaven.”

## THE LATE MR. WILLIAM NEWMAN.

PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, BURNHAM, ESSEX.

**A**NOTHER faithful minister of Christ has laid down his sword, his trumpet, and his seed-basket, and has been called home to the upper assembly. Mr. John Taylor of Burnham, Essex, in a letter to C. W. Banks, says :—

“ I write to inform you of the death of our pastor and brother, WILLIAM NEWMAN. You may first ask, Who is W. Newman? You have seen him; he has supplied at the Cave, Stepney, and at Zoar, Whitechapel: his more regular labours were Burham, Foulness, Rayleigh and Rochford: he has been declining the last twelve months: but continued to speak to us until the last two months. I saw him last Thursday, September 5: he was then led out by his daughter; appeared very weak, and mourned his darkness; he felt no access in prayer. The next day (Friday) he had another slight fit; it only lasted about twelve hours; during that time the dear Lord appeared for him: he was sensible to know his end was near: and spoke at times to the praise of His grace. The Funeral takes place, Thursday, September 12, 1872.”

### FUNERAL OF MR. WILLIAM NEWMAN.

“ Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? ” This strong challenge was occupying my mind, Wednesday, September 12, 1872 (and on those words we had sweet discourse that evening), when in came brother John Taylor’s telegram, summoning me to the funeral of William Newman, late minister of Providence Baptist Chapel, Burnham, Essex. Next morning I set off, first to Southend, then by cart several miles up the country, until we came to the harbour of the Burnham River. “ Boat is waiting for you, Mr. Banks! ” said a sound Calvinistic sailor. “ Boat,” said I, “ What sort of a boat? ” “ This little rowing

boat." "Come along, Mr. Banks," said the good farmer who brought us up from Southend—"No fear, Sir."

Now I do believe in water-drinking, and I firmly believe in dipping or immersing devout believers in water, but I do not so comfortably believe in paddling in the sea in a little bit of wood. However, drowned or not, there was no alternative; so, with four others, I perched my little curious compound of faith and fear in a corner of the tiny sea-crib, and off we went, rolling over the gently rising waves, until in the semi-sort-of-an island, called Burnham, I was cheerfully lodged in the house—not of one Simon the tanner, but in the house—of honest John Taylor, the baker; and in peace and pleasantness we were favoured with his lovely family to meet; and with them to sympathize with the bereaved church, the sorrowing widow, and with all who loved William Newman in the Truth. Not many ever thought him to be an angel, he never attempted to preach perfection in the flesh; nevertheless, a more laborious, truthful, or devoted minister of Christ you will seldom meet even in the county of Essex. The Prittlewell bishop is no better than the Burnham pastor was; although for the moment one might think so. The mortal part of William Newman had to be laid in the parish church yard, *in consecrated ground*; hence, no dissenting minister was allowed to say a word over his grave, nor even sing a hymn. But the curate, who had never graciously acknowledged his brother minister, now said he committed the mortal remains of his dear brother to the ground, "in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection!" When clergymen can honestly fraternize with their dissenting brethren it presents a visible commendation of the profession they make; but when a clergyman looks with austerity upon his poor dissenting neighbour, it is afflicting to every man of common sense.

Such a scene as the funeral of William Newman presented, has not been witnessed in Burnham for many years, if ever before.

The humble residence of the deceased primitive preacher of Christ's Gospel was near two miles from the church-yard. I waited by the road-side until the procession came up: then Edward Benton, Esq., and myself, fell in the place left for us. Remember, it was the funeral of a country minister, in an island almost separated by water from the general public: remember, also, William Newman was born in Burnham; he was brought up in Burnham; he worked as an agricultural labourer in the neighbourhood: here he was called by Divine grace; here he was led into the ministry; and none will dare to say that the Lord did not make his ministry a blessing to many precious souls in this town; in Foulness, in Rayleigh, Rochford, Prittlewell, Southminster, and all over that part of Essex. Why, Sirs, he was the good Baptist apostle of the Essex Inlands, and little islands too; and few men in these days came nearer to Paul's life than did the late William Newman, in fastings, in labours, in reproaches, in sorrows, in adversities, and trials of every kind, obtaining his morsel of bread for himself and family by travelling as much as twenty miles in a day, sometimes selling a little tea, and preaching in the evenings. Poor William was often baptized in showers and on the seas: enduring such hardness as falleth to the lot, we fear, of many a country pastor.

William Newman was an original, God-taught, minister—he received his commission from Heaven. Is it any wonder that when he saw boys



come into the ministry, carrying people away with them—is it any marvel when he saw haughty curates passing him by in contempt—is it anything to condemn him for—because he kept himself much to himself? and oftentimes overdone by toil, sorrow, suffering, and want, his over-jaded nature appeared to turn a little reticent and strange? Poor soul! his way was most severe; and some of his friends turned from him; and the exclusive sections opened another place. So much, then was William's last days embittered, that scarcely any knew his end was so near; nor could William or his poor wife tell but that the parish must bury him.

Exceedingly thankful am I, it was not so. The friends of God's Holy Truth rallied around the remains of their once-loved pastor. A substantial oak-coffin was provided: a respectable undertaker engaged; more than one hundred followed in mournful but orderly procession, after the hearse; and when the coffin was lowered into the grave, a multitude of weeping friends evidently proved that they loved good William, for his work's-sake. Mr. Cole, the minister of the General Baptist Chapel, and his deacons, kindly lent their chapel for the evening, where I was permitted to deliver a funeral address, of which, another time.

Thus, the remains of this devoted servant of Christ were carried to his grave in the most honourable manner, by his own friends.

And, now, his aged widow must not be forgotten. She has neither husband, children, church, nor friends, who can help her. But all the ministers in England, all the churches of our Lord in the country, all the blessed saints everywhere, can send her a trifle. Surely, they will do it at once. As we stood by her husband's grave, I promised I would use all the influence I possessed to aid her, because with her poor husband she has suffered, prayed, and laboured.

Mr. John Taylor, Baker, of Burnham, Essex, will receive anything for the widow Newman.

I propose to preach there in Burnham, on Sunday and Monday, Oct. 13 and 14, on her behalf: if permitted. May the Lord appear for us all. So prays

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

56, Queen's Road, Notting Hill, W.

### THE LATE THOMAS WIGMORE.

**M**ANY of our Churches heard and loved the late JOHN WIGMORE. We were the Lord's instrument in bringing him to London now 20 years since: Thomas Wigmore was John's own brother in the faith, and in the flesh. At Crudwell, in Wiltshire, we found four blessed men of God—John and Thomas Wigmore, Thomas Taylor, and Thomas Lamb the two first are gone home, the two last are living in Christ, and preaching Christ's Gospel. Brother Thomas Lamb gives us the following note on the death of Thomas Wigmore:—

DEAR BROTHER—I write to give you some account of our departed friend and brother, Thomas Wigmore. He was taken ill in the early part of the summer; there was hope at times that he might be restored: after a while, he was seized with paralysis, the use of one side was taken away: he could speak but little. I saw him several times during his illness: in all our conversation he was firmly fixed on the Rock: the

prospect of death had no terror to him ; he was able to say, "there is laid up for me a crown of life, that shall never fade away." He lingered till the 28th of July, 1872 ; in the evening, the Lord called him from this world of sorrow, suffering, and death, to a brighter world above. He was buried in Malmesbury cemetery. Mr Thomas Taylor, conducted the funeral service. He was in the 74th year of his age. His life for many years was one of heavy trials : yet, supported through all : to the last kept by the mighty power of God, through faith unto salvation ; afflictions gone : sighs and fears gone : he dwells for ever with the Lord.

The friends at the Chapels where he had for many years supplied were very kind to him to the last ; they have sustained a loss not easily made up. We know the Lord is able to make up every loss, but this seems a day of great darkness and departure from the living truth of the Gospel. May God bless you with his presence and every needful blessing. Prays, THOMAS LAMB, Crudwell, August 21, 1872.

## AN AUSTRALIAN GOSPEL SERMON.

A DISCOURSE

BY THE LATE PASTOR W. BRYANT,

*Of the George Street Baptist Chapel, Fitzroy, Melbourne.*

"To make a difference between the unclean and the clean."—LEVITICUS XI. 47.

*(Concluded from our last.)*

**S**ECONDLY. We observe very briefly, that this same distinction of meats appears designated to TEACH A VERY HUMBLING BUT USEFUL LESSON. Picture to yourself a Jew going forth from his tent to attend to any business, with what care and circumspection he must needs go ; not only were they forbidden to eat certain beasts, fishes, birds, and insects—contact with them was forbidden also, for that would render them ceremonially unclean ; and when you consider how many things upon which the mark of unclean was placed, it is not difficult to understand that some unclean thing must be almost constantly before the eye. Do the eyes of that Jew look straight forward ? There are unclean animals reaching as high as the eyes. Does the man look upward ? There are unclean birds flying over his head. Does he turn his eyes in pensive mood to the earth ? Unclean creeping things are there. Shall he gaze with delight upon the flowing stream or placid lake ? Unclean things are there. Shall he seek the seclusion of his home ? Unclean insects will even penetrate there. Therefore, this distinction of meats would be constantly sounding in their ears the solemn words, Beware ! Beware ! The Lord's dividing line was thus continually before their eyes ; each object of their touch was unclean or clean.

The humbling, but useful lesson thus read out to us is clear. Should one have asked a Jew, Why do you start aside and shrink from such a beast, bird, or insect ? He would have replied, Jehovah is holy : I belong to Him, and He hath said, "Touch not the unclean thing." And should any inquire of the saints now, Why do you shun, and avoid the ways, maxims, and pleasures of the world ? the answer would be the

same,—My God is holy, and holiness becometh His house for ever. The Lord in His rich grace and condescending love, hath stooped down to our low estate, and lifted us into His holy presence, made us one with His holy Son Jesus Christ ; and as sin abounds—as the stamp unclean or clean is put upon every action, upon every movement, and the holy law of God is written, not in tables of stone, but on the fleshy tables of the renewed heart,—sin is thus kept before our eyes, and the solemn word of warning is sounded in our ears, “Take heed ; touch not, taste not, handle not.” Surely the Lord’s dear children have learned this lesson. We cannot conceive of a spiritual man being blind to the sin which still lurks in his own heart, and abounds on every hand. The heart renewed by Divine grace, the conscience made tender in God’s fear, must needs walk with care and circumspection ; must needs watch and pray, lest it enter into temptation. Mere nominal professors of religion know nothing of those exercises of soul which renewed men feel in consequence of the Lord’s dividing line. In all our movements we are led to consult the Lord, fearing to take a wrong step we are brought to plead with Him to direct our way, to uphold our goings. The very thoughts which flash through the mind will frequently cause much solemn exercise of soul, for the renewed heart hates vain thoughts ; and alas, what multitudes of our thoughts are indeed vain. Our speech also is either unclean or clean ; and, conscious of this, the renewed heart prays, “Set a watch over the door of my lips, that I sin not against thee with my tongue.” Truly this is the spot of God’s children ; their secret sins are set before them in Gospel light ; they feel that sin defiles, and often interrupts blissful communion with the Holy One ; and the daily breathing of the soul is, “Have mercy upon me, O God.” “Create within me a clean heart.” “Cleanse Thou me from secret faults.” May the Lord bless His people with more of this holy watchfulness.

III. We notice, that THIS SAME DISTINCTION OF MEATS FURNISHES A TEST FOR ALL PROFESSORS—DIVIDING THE DEAD FROM THE LIVING, THE UNCLEAN FROM THE CLEAN. This is, perhaps, the most important part of our subject. In each of the cases enumerated here, the test is double, with the exception of creeping things, and these are put down altogether as being an abomination. Observe, a clean animal must part the hoof, and also chew the cud ; these two things must go together ; one is no use without the other. Brethren, there is a deep spiritual meaning here. Chewing the cud, is expressive of something inward, it corresponds with the natural process which goes on in our bodies—the process called digestion ; and the divided hoof speaks of the outward walk and character. In this way we know who are God’s true Israel ; they “read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest” the word ; they feed upon precious Gospel truth in the green pastures of the word, and ordinances of God’s house, and then they chew the cud ; they get the blessed sweetness and relish of the truth in meditation and prayer ; and it is this which supports and maintains the life of the saints ; and with this the outward part is conjoined—the careful holy life, the walk, and conversation conform to the image of Christ. Where these two things exist together in a man, he is clean—a real saint, an heir of heaven. Glad indeed am I to know there are some such here. Some of you have not only the divided hoof, but the inner principles also ;

you do know what it is to feed upon a precious Christ ; to eat the bread of heaven very sweetly and experimentally. You know the life-sustaining virtue of God's pure truth ; and in the strength of the meat the King giveth you from His table to eat, you are enabled to walk so as to adorn the doctrines of God your Saviour.

But I must remind you, that there are some animals in which these two things are not conjoined. We read of some in this chapter that chew the cud but divide not the hoof ; and of others that divide the hoof but do not chew the cud. In either case these are unclean ; and most likely these represent some who are here. Who has not met with men who profess to love and feed upon the Word of God, whose life is far from agreeing with their profession ? Many there are who read the Word of God, and hear the truth proclaimed with apparent pleasure ; the Bible is their constant study and companion ; but their life is not what it should be. To any such here, we say, you may talk about what you know of the Lord Jesus and His Word ; you may go away from God's house professing to have been fed and profitted, but if your walk is not holy and Christlike, this Book puts you down as unclean. And then there are others, whose life is blameless, who appear most devout, whose outward character is everything that can be desired ; the hoof is divided, but the inward part is not right : there is no feeding, no chewing the cud ; the blameless life does not spring from a Divine inner principle, therefore it is only dead morality : they are unclean.

Then, further, look at the rule with respect to what are in the waters. "All that have not fins and scales, in the waters, in the seas, in the rivers, of all that move in the waters shall be an abomination." Here we have the double mark again—*fins and scales* ; and there is a deep spiritual meaning here. The fins, enable a fish to move forward through the water, and the scales resist the action of the water. The Lord's dear people—His true Israel—are furnished by the power of grace, with a mighty spiritual energy, by which they are enabled to move onward through the floods of opposition : and they are also furnished with a Divine armour which, covering them from head to foot, makes them proof against the influences which the world and the devil bring to bear upon them : these are fins and scales, and bear in mind, fins and scales conjoined is God's mark of cleanness. What a mercy, beloved, that some of you know the meaning of this in sweet experience. By the power of grace within, you are enabled to beat down your foes, and press forward ; and robed in Divine armour, being "girt about with truth, having the breastplate of righteousness, your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace—having the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, the sword of the Spirit," and the weapon of all-prayer, you are enabled to "stand against the wiles of the devil : " and in the conflict with principalities and powers, in the struggle with the rulers of the darkness of the present world, and spiritual wickedness in high places, you are made more than conquerors.

But then we must observe, that just as there are fish in which fins and scales are not conjoined ; so there are professors who have fins but no scales ; and others who have scales but no fins ; and in either case these are unclean. How many there are among modern professors who

appear to get on swimmingly through the world : they appear to reach to very high attainments, to climb to a pinnacle of excellency ; but the fin is not real, being only the outgrowth of nature, a natural capacity for pushing forward ; and they have no scales, for they are secretly slaves to evil lusts and passions : they make "*a fair show in the flesh,*" but they cannot endure temptation ; bye-and-by, when trouble or persecution ariseth because of the Word ; when their profession of religion ceases to minister to their worldly prosperity, they are offended, made manifest what the Word of God declares, *unclean*. There are others, who appear to have the scales, but no fins ; they are neither moved nor drawn by the world ; they deny themselves ungodliness and worldly lusts ; their speech is consistent : their actions are circumspect ; they are held in estimation as good, prayerful, consistent Christians ; but they never move forward ; they perhaps unite with the visible Church, their testimony being such as leads to the conclusion that they know the grace of God in truth, and after a lapse of years they are found in the same place. They professed to have been taught of God their sinfulness, but they have never had any deeper discoveries of the depravity of their hearts ; they have neither advanced in knowledge, nor grown in grace ; there is a kind of mechanical movement about them ; religious duties are performed with regularity and precision, but there is no leaving the things which are behind,—no reaching, no pressing forward to things which are before : they have no fin, no mighty energy of grace working within, and therefore the Word of God saith, they are unclean.

Again, look at the rule with respect to birds. All the carnivorous kind—those that feed upon flesh—are unclean. All the omnivorous kind—those that can eat anything—are unclean. All that were furnished with wings to soar on high, and yet grovelled in the earth, were unclean, with the exception of those that had legs above their feet, to leap with on the earth. There is a deep spiritual meaning here. Those professors who can feed upon carnal things—who can join in the world's pleasures and vain amusements, and have fellowship with the dead, are unclean. Perhaps there are some such here. Notwithstanding your profession, you love the world, and the things of the world : you seem to find enjoyment in the things which carnal, unrenewed men love ; the company of the ungodly is no trial to you. Well, the Word of God saith, you are unclean. And are there not others who can feed upon anything? The services of the sanctuary and the prayer meeting appear to afford you pleasure, and a semi-secular concert of lively songs, precious hymns, and select readings from the works of men of God, and men of the world, yield equal gratification. You can read the Bible, or the light literature of the day with equal pleasure. You can hear of the choice stores of the house of mercy, the fat things full of marrow, the well-kept wines of the Lord's banquetting house—the sweets of covenant love, distinguishing grace, Divine purposes, immutable promises, the sure mercies of David, the savoury meat which the souls of the saints love, and seem to find enjoyment in that,—and yet find equal enjoyment in the hash, the mingle-mangle, the mixture of law and Gospel, of grace and works, which is so plentifully served out in these days. The gilt gingerbread of eloquence, and the chaff of profound scholarship are as well

suitied to your taste as the pure truth of God. Well, the Word of God saith, you are unclean.

But are there not some who have the wings of faith and love, who are enabled to rise up above the world, and soar to blisful heights of fellowship with the Beloved—whose soul is on the wing, feeling

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

whose very nature shrinks from what is carnal, fleshly, and worldly; whose mouth is out of taste for the fleshpots, the black bread, and lentils of Egypt; who love clean food, handfuls of corn from the tops of the mountains, and the pure sparkling streams from Lebanon; who have a discerning taste, a spiritual judgment; who believe not every spirit, but who try the spirits whether they are of God? Are there not some who, when the wings of faith and love are clipped—when they are caged, that so that they cannot soar aloft, have, nevertheless, the legs of hope upon which the soul leaps, and so are kept from the beggarly elements of the world? Well, the Word of God saith, such are clean.

Once more, look at the rule with respect to creeping things. “And every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth shall be an abomination.” We read of some who of old crept into the church of God to spy out the liberty of the saints. We are also warned of some who creep into houses, and lead captive silly women, laden with sins, led away with divers lusts; and these we are told are traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof; men of corrupt minds, reprobate concerning the faith. Are there any such creeping things here? Very likely there are—the Searcher of hearts knows—earth worms, strangers to the operations of grace; hypocrites, who seek to make a gain of godliness, lovers of their own selves, covetous men, “whose God is their belly, whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things.” Well, the Word of God saith, such are unclean, an abomination.

The subject you see is a searching one, but the Lord’s real saints are not afraid of being searched: the process of searching itself is not altogether pleasant; but they want to be right, and find the knife, the dividing line, useful afterwards. Often, indeed they cry, “Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts, and see ift here be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.” The Lord give His blessing to these words; lead all who profess His name to self-examination; and if we are enabled to see by the light of this chapter that we are among the clean, our hearts shall be filled with joy, and our mouth with praise, for that grace which hath made us so. To those who are conscious of their uncleanness, we say, “There is a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness.” Your only hope lies in that precious blood. Flee there, poor soul. May God enable you to do so. Certainly if you are brought to cry from your heart, “God be merciful to me a sinner—I am altogether as an unclean thing; cleanse me, save me, O God,” thou shalt be sanctified and cleansed, and be at length presented with the Lord’s chosen, redeemed Church, to Christ, without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing. Amen.

## “GOD’S VOICE” TO THIS GUILTY NATION.

MR. H. KELSALL, of Hulme, Manchester, has sent us a printed pamphlet with the following title, *God’s Voice in the Flood—in the Potato, and Cattle Disease*; which are calamities of a more serious character than many as yet appear to be aware of. We eagerly embrace the opportunity of calling special attention to the words of warning and exhortation which this pamphlet contains.

The writer tells us plainly that the Professing Churches have been heaping to themselves, teachers: “Man has taken the place of the Holy Ghost: man has been following man; walking after the imagination of his own evil heart.” The grandest temples are erected; highly talented ministers are appointed; but their hearts are full of enmity against Christ’s Gospel: hence, THE TRUTH OF GOD’S COVENANT OF GRACE is denied, and man’s free will is exalted. Over these things we have sighed and cried for many years; but they multiply. The faithful ambassadors of Christ are gone, or are soon going: and a respectable system of fleshly moderation, and of creature-pleasing worship is adopted.

Worse than all this, the churches and pastors professing to hold “the Faith of God’s Elect” most firmly, are all divided; bitterly slaughtering one another.

Now, a civil war has gradually commenced in England: Ireland has been shedding blood: the scarcity of almost every essential kind of provision threatens us with famine: diseased meat, and poisoned potatoes, show the danger of approaching cholera. Surely, it is time the ministers called the people to unite together, and to pour forth their souls in solemn seasons of prayer and supplication. The Lord’s voice crieth unto the city. May we hear, repent, plead, and wrestle with Him who is able to save us from Romanism on the one hand, and from famine and fevers on the other. Brethren! let us forgive one another as Christ has forgiven us; let us walk in love; let us unite in prayer; let us fall before the Throne of our compassionate High Priest. Indeed it is time. So believeth,

56, Queen’s Road, Notting Hill, W.

C. W. BANKS.

## PRODUCTIONS OF THE PRESS.

### “MR. SPURGEON AT HOME!”

That extraordinary penny budget, called “*The Christian Age*,” recently gave a letter from Dr. Cuyler, in which the Dr. describes a visit he paid to the minister of the Metropolitan Tabernacle this last summer. We knew the Americans were fast go-a-head men; but, we were rather surprised to find Dr. Cuyler publishing all the little incidents connected with one minister’s visit to another. As it comes into our hands, subject to criticism, we have no hesitation in affirming the letters of Dr. Cuyler to be generally interesting; and this pen and ink

sketch of Mr. Spurgeon’s home-life, will be read by thousands with pleasure no doubt. The doctor tells us many things which wonderfully illustrate the rapid rising of a young man as the pastor of a London church. We knew Park Street Chapel for many years before Mr. Spurgeon came to it. It was always considered to be one of the churches fast dying out. But one morning, after taking our ticket at the Great Eastern Station for Cambridgeshire, we happened to get into the carriage where the late Mr. John Foreman was seated; and immediately he commenced a conversation upon what he

termed the coming to London of "THE LITTLE WONDER:" and during the whole of that journey Mr. Foreman's talk was of the advent of CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON to Park Street Pulpit, and the amazing excitement produced among the people by Mr. Spurgeon's preaching: a sensation which the noble veteran considered would soon end in smoke. We were surprised to find Mr. Foreman so well informed respecting this "little wonder" which had just come to town, and we took an early opportunity of hearing for ourselves. Sermons more thoroughly filled with the Gospel we have never heard than those Mr. Spurgeon delivered in Jonathan George's old chapel, and one or two other places when he was first in London. We had some fellowship with him sixteen or seventeen years ago; and a most loveable, simple, and open-hearted young man we found him to be. Since his unparalleled prosperity we have never, in any way, approached him; nevertheless, we are free to confess that having *once* REALIZED a season of HOLY and HEAVENLY communion with Him, we always experience a deep, secret, and mysterious interest in any development which is made of his progress or position in the Gospel ministry; and we think thousands of our readers will look over the following extract from Dr. Cuyler's letter with some astonishment. After some preliminary remarks, Dr. Cuyler says: "Mr. Spurgeon greeted us in his free, cordial style, which is like my neighbour Beecher's genial manner. Spurgeon's hair is just slightly tinged with its first grey; he is as stout as ever. We spent a pleasant hour in his library, which overlooks the charming grounds. He showed us twelve or fifteen stately volumes of his printed sermons, besides several of his works translated into Dutch, Norwegian, and German. He is now at work on a Bible interspersed with notes and helps of a peculiar kind. But the most interesting object was a small pile of his sermon preparations—each one on a half sheet of note paper, or on the back of an envelope. Only the heads of the sermon are committed to paper, and not one syllable more. When we asked him if he had ever written a discourse, he replied, "I would rather be hung." His usual method is to choose his text, and devote a half-hour to preparing the plan and putting it on a bit of paper. *All* the rest is left to the pulpit. 'If I had a month given me to prepare a sermon,' said he, 'I would spend thirty days and twenty-three hours in something else, and in the last hour I would make the sermon.

If I could not do it in an hour, I could not do it in a month.' This is certainly an extraordinary mental habit. But let it be observed that if Mr. Spurgeon spends but a few minutes in *arranging* a sermon, he spends many days in careful, prayerful study of God's Word, and of the richest Puritan writers on theology and experimental religion. He is all the time *filling up the cask*, so that whenever he turns the spigot a sermon flows out in a few moments. His fluency in language has also become about perfect from long and constant practice. But never does he go to the pulpit without a mental agitation, amounting often to physical distress. "For years," said he, "I suffered so much before entering the pulpit that it often brought on violent attacks of vomiting, and profuse outbreaks of perspiration. Only lately have I outgrown these fits of physical suffering." Mr. Spurgeon took us through his beautiful grounds. In the rear of his garden he has perched up his old "Park Street" pulpit into a tree. The pulpit stairs wind down around the trunk; and up in this eyrie he sits on a hot summer day. Like our neighbour Beecher, he has a keen appetite for flowers. His family is small. Two twin boys of the age of sixteen are at school. His invalid wife waived her hand to us as we walked through the grounds before her window. The painful illness of this devoted wife is the shadow that falls over his beautiful home. This "crook in the lot" has been a chastening, mellowing sorrow to him. The delightful hour that I passed with brother Spurgeon only *increased* my estimate of him as a minister of our Lord Jesus Christ. His marvellous voice which sweeps over five thousand auditors in the "Tabernacle," is exceedingly pleasant in conversation. As I parted from him, I felt anew that there is but one Spurgeon in the world. As he stands in the loftiest pulpit in Europe, long may he continue to have all Christendom for his congregation.

MR. COVELL, OF CROYDON: AND HIS  
SERMONS:

"*Apostolic Succession!*" Yes; there is an ordained succession of CHRIST-PREACHING men; of all them the Lord hath said, "I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations; thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee; and whatsoever I command thee, thou shalt speak." No experienced Christian of our school can read Mr. Covell's sermons, but he will almost feel as though Gadsby, Warburton, Triggs, and some others, are even now speaking to him. Mr. Covell, of



Croydon, is not William Gadsby over again; nor John Warburton, nor Arthur Triggs in another form; but here and there they are all in some measure represented. Marvellous mercy for the churches of Christ that while many are removed from us, and we say "Their like again on earth we ne'er shall see," yet others are raised up in their room; and those precious souls to whom the Lord sendeth them, and to whom the Lord renders their message a blessing, are satisfied with them and would not exchange them for the best minister that ever lived. One of Henry Myerson's friends said the other day, "Talk of Mr. James Wells being such a great minister! why, I would rather hear our pastor at Shalom any day." That is it: the minister the Lord makes, is made FOR a special people: unto that people the Lord blesses his message, and they thank the Lord for him. To us, Mr. Covell's great success in his native place, is a signal display of sovereign power, and of distinguishing grace; it appears but such a little while since he was a boy in his father's shop; and few, if any, ever thought he would make a minister. But here he is, the pastor of the Baptist church, meeting in Providence Chapel, West Street, Croydon; surrounded by a goodly number of people who are strongly attached to him, because they have proved him to be as the mouth of the Lord to their souls. The Hand-book gives him only forty members: it tells us his chapel dates from 1841; that Mr. Covell was settled there in 1841; and that he belongs to the Metropolitan Association. Are these items correct? We think not. But Mr. Covell's faith, experience, and sermons, are subjects our readers will gladly study when we can give them in detail.

"*Tekel*": or, the Church of the Nineteenth Century, weighed in the balances of the Truth as it is in Jesus Christ, and found Wanting." London: Robert Banks, Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C. "Tekel" is, at all times, a frightful word. Many a humble Christian often fears he shall be found wanting at last. Our kind Lord and Saviour well knows how his tried and tempted children would fear; therefore He has left for them many comforting assurances of His presence and blessing being with all His faithful followers, even to the last; and He always has been, and will be, as good as His word. This "*Tekel*" book is from the pen of some one who looks at some things very honestly: like ourselves, he considers the money-making, the parsoning, and the Gospel-selling systems of

the day is the cause of the present apostasy. If he can, he will blow the present church and chapel systems all to atoms; but we think the walls of the churches are too thick: the consciences of their priests and parsons too hard: their hearts too much in love with money, and the people generally too fond of their gods, for this "*Tekel*" to make much impression. It looks as if the Almighty had said of the professing churches in these times, "They are joined to idols, let them alone." This conviction comes from very bitter experience. We shall watch carefully, if we live, the career of this author, although *who* or *what* he is we nothing know.

"*The Missionary World*"—No. 9—and "*The New Cyclopaedia of illustrative Anecdote*," No. 9, are both issued by Elliott Stock; for private study, or for public use, they are authenticated sources of information valuable to us all.

"The Ideal of the Christian Gentlewoman":—this is the character Mrs. Clara Lucas Balfour gives of that much lamented lady, Mrs. Ellis, (the wife of the Madagascar Missionary), in *Our Own Fireside*.—The Rev. H. H. A. Smith's sermon in *Gospel Magazine* for September, is a clear and certain testimony to the Truth; but tens of thousands of preachers and people in these days would condemn such preaching with as much cruelty as Saul of Tarsus exhibited in persecuting the Saints before our Lord Jesus met with him. Oh, what confusion and weakness are almost everywhere found, as regards the True Gospel! *The Gospel Magazine* sounds the alarm most powerfully, warning Protestants against Popery possessing and crushing England. But, like the multitudes who scoffed at Noah when building the Ark, our so-called Protestants only sneer at us. God help us to be faithful unto death!—In the monthly issues of *The Sword and Trowel*, Godfrey Holden Pike, Esq., is giving us some dark discoveries of the character and conditions of "LONDON THIEVES." Godfrey is a thorough good Samaritan of modern times. While thousands of pious people are crying out against sin and sinners, but never stir a step to help the poor wrestlers out of their misery, this Master Pike goes down where they are: and while in the dens of iniquity, he stands investigating causes, cases, and calamities, he seems to cry out unto us, "Come and help me!"—as God Almighty's messenger to try and pluck these burning brands out of the fire! Ah! high doctrine men! low doctrine people, when you all join together to help to WORK OUT a MORAL

REFORMATION of the poverty-stricken masses, as a man in God's hands, of "doing good unto all men:" we shall think you are honest men; but all the time you only SAY the Truth, but fail to DO THE TRUTH, we fear you will be found wanting. Plenty of you can pick up, and pen up, and polish up your Sunday Sermons for which the people pay you a precious good price! but the Master you profess to serve bids you "Go and DO likewise!" and the command from the Throne to you all is, "Hear Him!"—"Edward Poulson has sent us a tract, bearing the following title "Scientific Skylarks and the New Bible Commentary;" &c., an extraordinary production in defence of the verity of God's Word: to be had of Houlston and Sons. No where in the literary world will our readers find so much good common sense information respecting the vegetable crops, potatoe crops, fruit crops, and all others of the useful and the beautiful in nature, as is given by Shirley Hibberd, Esq. in his noble monthly "*The Gardener's Magazine*."

"*An Englishwoman's Critical Review of Gates Ajar*." A Correspondent says, "Upon reading the commencement of the 'Criticism' by an Englishwoman on '*The Gates Ajar*,' I wished that every one who has read, or will read, the original tale, might read this Englishwoman's 'Criticism.' As I read farther on, I felt that no Christian person could study so scriptural a work without being more or less profited and comforted by it; bearing as it does so much upon our future home. Yours,—ANOTHER ENGLISHWOMAN." [For ten stamps the criticism will be sent to any address, by C. W. B., 56, Queen's Road, Notting Hill, London, W.]

"*The Old Saints in the Deserts of France*."—Far back in the distant ages, (as Burney, of Paris, doth shew in "*THE DAY OF DAYS*"), there were men who lived Christ faithfully; who suffered for Christ nobly and patiently; compared with them we appear dark, cowardly Christians. They were valiant and virtuous men; when Jacques Rogers was led to execution, his songs were sublime. "Oh! what a happy day!" he exclaimed. "Here is the blissful moment which I have so oft desired. Let us rejoice and be glad, my soul, since this is the happy day, when thou must enter into the joy of the Lord." Whether the faith of the true Christian Church will again be tried by fire, we know not; but this we feel, it is our best business to know we have so laid hold upon eternal life, as that neither flood nor flame shall separate us from the eternal love of Christ.

"*The Seven Last Things*," &c.—We are reading Mr. Joseph Wilkins's new book as we travel hither and thither. We have gone carefully through "Lecture I.—The coming of the Lord." We said as we paused, "It is well now and then to be carried away from the confusion of the churches—from the complaints of the ministers—from the cruelties and cross-grained doings of men, up into the mountains of prospective peace and perfect pleasantness: yea, it is soul-exhilarating. This forcast of freedom and of felicity we enjoyed for a moment as we followed Joseph, and looked forward to the glories yet to be revealed. Whether we agree with him or not we must confess the pastor of the Baptist church in Queen Square, Brighton, is a bold, argumentative, and systematic thinker and speaker.

"*One Dying in the Stead of Another*." This New-Covenant, this purely Gospel Sentence, stands prominently in a Lecture by Rev. J. Wilkins, on "Scripture History and the Doctrines it Teaches." Sunday School Teachers—get it of Pullinger, the Brighton bookseller, in Union Street; it is a massive piece of stuff for two' pence.

"*The Anti-Papal League Magazine*"—No. 8—contains intelligent and stirring papers. Honest Defenders of the Faith and earnest Lovers of the Holy Truth of Christ's Gospel, are bound to support James Johnstone, Esq., and the Scottish Anti-Papal League, whose offices are 16, Princess Street, Edinburg. *The Anti-Papal League Magazine* is a blazing lamp of Truth, exposing Jesuitism and Romanism most powerfully.

"*The Rock*" has given several useful articles on the Bartholomew Tercenary: but we have met with such apathy and opposition, as to render the demonstration effort hopeless.

"*The Glorious Change!*" Better late than never, is a true proverb quite applicable to the case in hand. Thousands of good ministers have gone out of the world without leaving behind them any printed testimony of their faith, or record of their experience of the grace of God. Our venerable ministerial brother Mr. S. Ponsford, pastor of the Baptist Church, Zion's Hill, Clapham, has reached his seventieth year, before he has allowed a sermon of his to appear in print. The death of his old friend, Mr. Richard Rayner, drew from Mr. Ponsford, a grave, thoughtful, clear and truthful discourse, on the mortal putting on immortality. In a neat form the sermon is printed, and can be had of Robert Banks, Racquet Court, Fleet. Post free for 24d.

## OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

### MR. CORNELIUS SLIM'S SEVENTIETH BIRTH-DAY MEETING AT GUILDFORD.

Commemorative services were held at the Baptist Chapel, Commercial Road, Guildford, on Monday, September 2nd. The occasion, was the 70th birthday of the respected pastor, Mr. C. Slim, and the 40th year of his ministry. Tea was provided in the Sunday schoolroom at half-past 5, at which a large company assembled.

A public meeting was held later in the evening in the Chapel, Mr. Joseph Billing, one of the deacons, occupying the chair. The event was most interesting, as was evidenced by the very numerous attendance of friends. Amongst those present were Mr. J. Hart, Independent minister, J. Fifield (cemetery chaplain at Woking), and Mr. W. Kern.

The Chairman commenced the proceedings by giving out a hymn, and then read the 103rd psalm; after which Brother R. Harding, Baptist Minister of Hazlemere, supplicated the Divine blessing; and then Mr. Kern (who is ministering at the Old Baptist Chapel) delivered an affectionate address, taking for a foundation the words, "Behold the Man!" This being ended,

Mr. Slim rose and said:—He felt a repugnance in speaking of himself, but there were times when we should speak out. It was impossible that anything like the whole of his experience could be related. He would, in the best way he could, proceed step by step, and he would divide the period of his seventy years into decades of ten years. The first decade he pronounced vanity and childhood. He was born in London, and when he was three or four years old he could read in the New Testament, and then attended Silver street Chapel Sunday-school, and afterwards Hatton Street Sunday-school. At about 7 years of age, at the latter chapel, he received his first impressions, under Mr. J. Evans Bones. He confessed to deriving great benefit in attending his Sunday school, which he mentioned by way of encouragement to Sunday school labourers. The second decade, namely, from ten to twenty years of age, was with him a mad time. He recollected, and confessed, with shame and confusion of face, that he ran into sin; but he received many, many parental restraints, and he blessed God that such was the case. His father was an exemplary Christian man, and he was taken by him to hear the preaching of some of the most godly men at that time in existence, such as Thomas Smith (Lady Huntingdon's Trinity Chapel, Leather Lane), Dr. Andrews, Joseph Irons, Matthew Wilks, and the celebrated William Jay, of Bath, whose ministrations were very beneficial to him. His master (to whom he was apprenticed) was a bad man, and the influence of his character was no good to him, but the reverse. He went home to his father every Sunday, and

at this time he began to take delight in rural exercises. He was thought a poet, and was hopeful in the eyes of his father, but his father was deceived in him. All the preaching that he listened to only told upon his ear; he still had the heart of stone. Like all professionalists simply he was "full of rottenness and dead men's bones." In his third decade (between his twentieth and thirtieth year) his father died, Sep. 2nd, 1843. This circumstance made a great impression upon his mind. He tried to become religious like his honoured father. He met with Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," and studied it deeply. He, however, failed. He was self-righteous. He said to his widowed mother he didn't see why he shouldn't enjoy the Sabbath; and he took to journeying from home on that day, and was not content with only that, but he even tried to become a drunkard. He likewise blasphemed. The appointed hour, however, drew on, and the Lord arrested him. One Sunday evening, he casually strolled into the Welsh chapel, Jewin Crescent. Mr. Joseph Irons was the preacher, the word of the text being, "Tekel, thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." (Daniel v. 17) The discourse stripped him of his self-righteousness, and he was like a wounded stricken deer, and was made to cry, "Lord save, or I perish." He felt, however, at first angry with the preacher. Shortly after this he heard Mr. John Hiatt preach at Tottenham Court Chapel. The words of the text were "Loose him, and let him go." The effect was a balm to his wounded conscience. He took courage, and was glad. He next attended the ministry of Mr. Smith, Trinity Chapel. He felt blessed under that man of God. He became a member of the church, and a Sunday-school teacher. When first called on to pray in the school he seemed lost, but his mouth prayed for about four minutes. In this (the third) decade he married, and the Lord had spared both himself and his dear wife to be a comfort to each other for the long course of forty-five years. His dear partner was one year older than himself. They had had many trials—many domestic trials, and so far they had been delivered out of them all. He now came to his fourth decade, from his thirtieth to his fortieth year. But before this period he had been occupied in preaching at Croydon, at Streatham, and other places, including, Bethnall Green Workhouse, at which place he attended fortnightly, and preached to upwards of 500 inmates, to some of whom he was the means of doing good. Mr. Woolcott, who was his senior by fifteen years, recommended him to his first place in Buckinghamshire. He and Mrs. Slim, and six others were at this time baptized. Mr. (now Sir Robert) Lush, one of Her Majesty's judges,

was his fellow member. Mr. G. Coombe and his pastor had attended the anniversary services at Over Green, to which he (Mr. Slim) went on trial and was accepted to the pastorate. There were twenty-five or thirty church members. About one month passed with comfort to himself, and then he felt exhausted. He found, however, he must persevere; he did, and the Lord taught him how from time to time to depend upon Him for words and wisdom; and so he had been left to shift ever since in that way. Whenever opportunity offered he ran to hear an old minister, young ministers he had what he thought was perhaps a prejudice against. He thought he should get on nicely in old age. When he "was a child he spoke as a child, but when he became a man he put away childish things." for he found that he could not even get a text now without crying earnestly to God for it. His ministry at his first settlement was a blessing to many souls. He was then called to labour in Kent for 13 years—Bexley Heath four years, and Sheerness, where also his ministry was a comfort and blessing to God's people. He next resided at Maidstone, for six years, where his jubilee service was held on a Wednesday evening. Now his trials and difficulties were many, but "having obtained help of the Lord, he continued until this day." He held the secretaryship of the Sussex Baptist Association five years. Mr. Wood having spoken to his beloved deacon (Mr. J. Billing) regarding him, he was induced to come to Guildford to conduct the services the first three Sundays in January, 1860. In the following May he returned for a month and then again in August of the same year, when he engaged for twelve months' service. He had two other pressing invitations, one from Great Gransden, Cambridgeshire, the other from Huntingdonshire. Through grace he had not shunned to declare unto them the whole counsel of God. He had prayerfully, and studiously preached to them the Word, and he had nothing to retract. He would wish he had been more successful; and he called upon the young to work while it was day. He felt that he had kept too much at a distance from his fellow men and had wasted much usefulness. He had not lived so many years without taking observation and growing wiser. He had seen many a bright star go down in a cloud; but his God had preserved him, and he trusted to work in His name so long as his life was spared.

Mr. Slim was very warmly applauded at the conclusion of his interesting address.

Mr. Hart, Independent Minister, who came to town about 12 months after Mr. Slim, and displayed during the whole period much brotherly feeling to him, then addressed the audience in a very affectionate, sympathetic manner which was well received. Afterwards another hymn was sung, which being ended,

The Chairman rose and said, Christian friends, brothers and sisters, a very pleasing duty now devolves upon me (drawing from his pocket a purse). Unknown to our esteemed pastor we have in a very quiet manner

subscribed amongst the Church, the congregation, and a few friends the sum of money which is contained in this purse which I present on behalf to the Subscribers to your dear pastor (turning to Mr. Slim). In doing this we trust you will accept it as a small token of our esteem for your faithfulness to the trust reposed in you. We rejoice in the fact that the same truths you delivered when you first came among us—the same ordinances which we received are still maintained, and that you have not altered in preaching the whole Gospel of the grace of God. I know you would despise flattering words, and that you will exultingly say "Not unto me, not unto me, but to thy name, O God, be all the glory." Therefore we can only rejoice with you that you have been kept faithful; and we pray that you may still bring forth fruit in old age, and that if it be the Lord's will, your life and that of your beloved companion may be saved for years to labour together, and when you are summoned hence you may hear the hearty welcome, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Mr. Peak, the other deacon, then addressed the meeting, and said that the purse contained £36 15s which had been subscribed among about 100 persons from 6d upwards, and he presented a memorial paper containing the names of all the subscribers, but not the amount which each had subscribed.

Mr. Slim then, with feelings of considerable emotion, thanked all present. He said he had not the slightest idea that any such expression of good feeling was about to be displayed. Had he known it, he should have shrunk from it. He received it as a token of attachment to the truths which he had been enabled, through grace, to deliver.

The meeting then closed by singing the verse,

"This God is the God we adore,  
Our faithful unchangeable Friend, &c.

LESSNESS HEATH—We had cheerful meetings on Sept. 17, when Francis Collins, of Greenwich, preached to us; and friends came to see us. Between sixty and seventy years a Baptist church has been growing here. Our pastor, J. Avery, is a sound and useful minister. We pray the Lord to "ADD UNTO US" some of His yet uncalled, but redeemed.

WOOLWICH, PLUMSTEAD, &c.—St. James's place Baptist chapel, Plumstead, under pastoral care of Joseph Warren, is likely to remove to another spot; and to erect a larger and more comfortable place of worship. The Church, under Mr. Warren's ministry, has enjoyed much spiritual growth, with prospects of further usefulness. Cheerful note.

PLYMOUTH—We have had Mr. Joseph Chislett at Trinity, preaching to good assemblies of believers during the whole month of August.

THE JUBILEE  
OF  
MR. WILLIAM PALMER'S  
PUBLIC MINISTRY.

PRESENTATION OF TESTIMONIAL.

On Tuesday, Sep. 10, 1872, a very interesting service was held in Homerton Row Chapel, the occasion being to commemorate the event of Mr. Palmer having been in the ministry fifty years.

A goodly number of persons sat down to tea in the school rooms.

At half-past six o'clock, the public meeting commenced.

T. M. WHITTAKER, Esq. (of Blackheath), occupied the chair.

After singing the hymn, "Kindred in Christ for His dear sake," &c.,

Mr. THOMAS JONES offered an appropriate prayer.

The CHAIRMAN then introduced the business of the evening. He said it must be gratifying to them all present, and gratifying to all of the same faith and order as themselves, that they were about to do honour to a faithful minister of the Gospel—(cheers). Personally he felt gratified on that occasion, because some time since, the life of Mr. Palmer was hanging as it were on a thread. He sought country air for the resuscitation of his health, and God had mercifully blessed the means. It must be gratifying to all to see him amongst them again; and it was a right and proper thing to pay a tribute of respect to a minister who had been of such signal service to the cause of truth. The sum collected by the church at Homerton Row, and by other friends, amounted to £111 2s. 9d. He trusted they would make it up to £120. It had been stated there would be no collection; but as chairman he would rule that a collection should be made. Some persons had not yet given to this interesting testimonial, and therefore an opportunity would be given them. The present was a trying time: everything was exceedingly dear; the minister of the Gospel did not partake of the profits which were made by commercial men; therefore it was only right that they should look after the temporal welfare of the ministers of the Gospel. The Chairman in well chosen words gave a short *resumé* of Mr. Palmer's life, so far at least as he knew of it, and resumed his seat amidst applause.

Mr. BARNARD read a hymn, which having been sung,

Mr. HAINES (the Senior Deacon) then rose to present the Testimonial. He said, their very esteemed Pastor had laboured for fifty years in the Christian ministry. That the Lord had been with him often they knew, but how often they did not know. No man could work for fifty years without exercising a great deal of influence for good or for evil. A jubilee was a season of rejoicing; and in connection with the jubilee of their Pastor's ministrations, there was much cause for rejoicing. It was a great mercy that he had been led from nature's darkness to the

marvellous light of the Gospel; it was also a great mercy that he had been called to the work of the ministry. The Church there had been benefitted as much as many. They had to rejoice also that he had been kept in the work so long. There had been no pandering for the sake of worldly advantage; that which he had experienced in his own soul he had preached. Our Pastor (continued the speaker) has been with us nearly twenty years. It is somewhat remarkable that it is just fifty years since this chapel was built. Two years ago we commemorated the jubilee of the formation of this church. At the very time our Pastor started out in the ministry—not knowing where he was going—this very edifice was being erected; and here he has spent a large part of his ministerial career. I have the greatest pleasure possible in asking our Pastor to accept the Testimonial I hold in my hand. The purse is the work of our lady friends. [Handing the purse to Mr. Palmer, Mr. Haines said:] May the Lord bless you and your dear partner in life, and if it be His will, spare you to us for some time to come—(cheers).

The sum was £111 2s. 9d; but this was augmented during the evening.

Mr. WILLIAM PALMER rose to respond amidst applause. He had no wish to reply in common platitudes. Could he select choice words he would gladly do so; but failing in this, he would address them in common and homely language. He had never been trained in any of the public schools; he was a plain man, and must address them in plain words. He would in the first place thank those who had given and those who had not given—especially those who had given little because they could not give more; and he thanked those who gave nothing, having had nothing to give. God looked at motives, for He knew them all.

He stood on that occasion under very peculiar circumstances. When he commenced his ministry he never thought that such a meeting would be held. And he would just say that they would not have another opportunity of giving, for a second jubilee he never meant to have—(cheers and laughter). He stood before them an old man; being over seventy-two years of age. He had been about fifty years trying to preach, and during that time experience had been bought. The best lessons came from trial and sorrow. My stock (continued the respected minister) is very small, and I sometimes think it will run out; but I thought so forty years ago. I have often thought after a Sunday's labour—it is now done; but somehow fresh thoughts have sprung up again. I look upon it, that the most important office any man can hold is that of being a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. I know of no work like his, and no honour can compare with his. The work of the minister is a distinct work from that of the Christian. It is a distinct call from his call by grace. It is a greater matter to be a Christian than to be a Christian minister; and the call by grace must precede the call to the ministry. Yet, though a man is called to the work of

the ministry, it does not follow that at the time he is called, he is fully suited to the work—(hear, hear).

Touching upon other matters, Mr. Palmer continued:

I am an Englishman, and not a Foreigner, as has been said; and a Norfolk man, too. I was born in a rural village near to Market Downham; there born and brought up. I wish I had a drawing of that village as it was at that time. There were about thirty houses, but I scarcely think there was a godly person in the place. God first called my father, who has now gone to heaven.

It was not an easy thing to be a Dissenter in those days, nor the sons of Dissenters, for they could not associate with other boys on an equality; and it was by no means an uncommon occurrence for the sons of Dissenters to be cuffed by other boys. That was how Dissenters fared in those days. Dissent—especially in country towns and villages—was looked upon very differently then from what it is now.

It was a very singular circumstance that led to my first convictions. News got into the village that some Wesleyans had taken an old carpenter's shop, and that there they were about to hold public worship. Boys and girls would go, and I went. My design in going was to have a freak with the girls. I had provided myself with a quantity of pins, and my intention was to pin together as many as I could. I did not fasten any of them. The minister was a tall, fine looking man, very much like the late John Stevens. As I sat there, I thought he looked at me. He had large, dark eyes, and I thought, you have got your eye upon me. I thought you know all my intentions. I began to reason about the matter: How could he know so much? the conclusion was, He is a man of God. The service went on, and he prayed, in the course of which he petitioned that if any person had entered from any improper motive, that God would deal with such in a special way. He read his text, "And the books were opened." He referred to various books: the book of God's remembrance, the book of providence, &c., &c. But the books were to be opened at the judgment day; and now, said the preacher, God is putting down your thoughts. I began to tremble. I thought, Depend upon it the constable is at the door. I then began to protect myself against being found out. I threw away the pins, and with my feet shuffled them amongst the sawdust. The service came to an end, and we retired, but the impressions never forsook me. At last I began to pray. I used to say my prayers—the Lord's prayer, the creed, and the catechism. I had been baptized in the Church, so that it was all right with me. I was, however, rather lazy, for I used to lie in bed and say my prayers, thinking posture did not much matter. But then a conviction came to me that for one to open the mouth before God, although in secret, was no light matter. Well, then I left off prayer; yet that would not do. But there was one thing I wanted, and that was repentance. This I thought consisted in tears; and in order to

produce them, I imagined the horrors of fire and brimstone—or the sufferings of Christ, in order to get excited in this way; but if my salvation depended on a tear—such was my state—I could not have shed it. At last I came to the conclusion, If I perish, I will perish at the mercy seat; I have understood no one ever perished there.

This state of things continued for two or three years. Often I left off praying. Something said God would not listen to me,—that there was no salvation for me. At last I solemnly vowed it God did not answer me after four or five more attempts, I shall never again open my lips in prayer. One day passed away, and no answer; another day passed away, and another, and I received no tidings from God. When the last time came, I sat down on the bedside, and thought, What a solemn time is this! I am going before God for the last time! I thought, there is no salvation for me—no hope for me. Something said, "Postpone it; you have not fixed upon consecutive times." At length, to my amazement and terror, I found myself on my knees, as I thought for the last time, and in this posture I cried out, "O! Lord Jesus, put Thy righteousness on my poor naked soul, or I shall be damned for ever." Immediately a light, aerial, beautiful robe seemed to descend from the ceiling and to envelope me from head to foot. I thought this is the robe of righteousness! I am justified! saved! And then these words came to my recollection, "Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee." Tears that I used so much to want, now came unsought for. I never had such liberty before nor since. I had such joy in Christ that it was almost impossible to describe. I kept on my way for some time, and then fell into a desponding state:

Just about this time, a person came to me and said, "I say, a man from Paxton wants to hire hands, and he is one of your sort."—I saw a person who said, "Young man, do you want work?" I said, "Yes, sir." He said, "If you go to Paxton, you shall have a winter's work." That was just what I wanted. I went there, and as the drinking custom was, drink was sent for, much of it at my expense. Refusing to take my turn, one of the party cried out, "I say, our — is one of our master's sort." I thought, perhaps the master is a godly man. I enquired who preached at St. Neot's. At my lodgings I was told, "There is a Mr. Morrell and a Mr. Murrell; we go to hear Mr. Murrell." On the Lord's-day I thought I would go.—I sat down in a corner of the chapel—I never forgot it, for whenever I have entered that chapel since, I have always looked to that corner. Well, I sat down, Murrell prayed. I never heard anybody pray so. Then came the sermon; I thought, this man appears to be preaching to me. He said, "The Christian may loose the sense of his interest in these things." I had had these thoughts. He could not know that such a person as I was in the chapel. But I thought God knew you would be here. Then I began to hope something was in me. I went away relieved. I became attached to dear Murrell. How I longed to

clean his boots. Joining the church was next entered upon. I went into the vestry, and Satan went with me. Mr. Palmer having given a most interesting account of the experience he gave before the St. Neot's Church, proceeded :

The hour came for baptizing. No culprit felt more wretched. The chapel was very full. Mr. Murrell addressed the candidates, and referred to the baptism of the Eunuch, who went on his way rejoicing. This struck a chord in my heart, and I said, "O! if this is baptism, I should like to be baptized every Lord's-day." Soon after this the question came about preaching. I knew I should like to preach Christ. But how could I, a poor, unfriended person, think about preaching? Still the question would crop up again and again, and often have I walked up and down a long narrow close, agitated by these words: "Necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel." One Lord's-day morning, a friend asked me, "I want to know if you have any thoughts about the ministry?" I never had hinted such a thing; I was speechless. He went directly to Murrell, and said he had no doubt but the Lord intended me for the ministry. Dear Murrell said I should speak before the friends in the vestry on a week evening. Easy soul that I am, I at length consented. Well, the time drew near, so also did Satan, and said, "you can't preach." I knew that. But then I had engaged to try; and what could I do? The time came. What a day it was! I had some distance to walk to the chapel. When I got within a mile of the place, I prayed again for help; and at length reached the place. A hymn was sung, a friend prayed; another hymn, and then came the crisis. I spoke as well as I could. My old friendly devil came and said, "You have made a fool of yourself in Paxton; I always advised you not to try to preach." When I had done my nose bleed. Well, to my great surprise I was told the friends had heard profitably; and I preached to them again and again. Then a church-meeting was called, and I was "sent out" to preach. That was the way they did at St. Neot's. I would remark here, that the church was not unanimous upon the matter of sending me out: there were nearly as many against as for me. Here I was—uneducated and unfitted for the work. Murrell saw my condition, and was very kind to me.—I never could imitate anybody. I did not want a stage to act upon; what I wanted was a road, that I could walk in. After a while, a person from Rushden came to me and said, "Our Pastor is leaving us,—can you supply the next Lord's-day?" I told him I would go home and consider the matter. Eventually I consented. I went into the pulpit, tried to preach, and the people received good from what I said. I then received an invitation for a month; then for six months. Then I was invited to take the pastorate. This I declined. I felt an unfitnes for the work. I felt myself a fool, but I never felt myself to be half the fool that I was. And now it is a mystery to me how a number of persons could sit and

listen to my uncouth language. Well, I did not accept the pastorate of the church at Rushden, but while here, I was tempted to deny the inspiration of the Scriptures. This caused me much sorrow and distress. I have hinted that I needed help in a literary way, and so I got old Cobbett's grammar. I have advised young men since to do the same. One young man, not long since came to me and asked what books he should read: I said, "Get old Cobbett's Grammar," but he never did. I dipped into it. All I had when I went to Rushden was a Bible and an old broken book. Having doubts upon the inspiration of the Scriptures, I felt I was a hypocrite for expounding from a book the authenticity of which I doubted. I read Paley's "Evidences," and was never after troubled with any doubts upon that matter. I have been upheld till now, and believe I shall be till the end. Where I shall finish my work I cannot be sure, but I suppose here—(cheers). The respected gentleman referred to his severe illnesses, and said he now felt better than he had done for a long time. In conclusion, he prayed that they all might in this life be blessed a hundred fold, and receive in the world to come, life everlasting—(prolonged cheers).

After a hymn had been sung,

Mr. THOMAS JONES, Minister of Artillery Street Chapel, delivered an excellent address. Such a ministry as Mr. Palmer's made people think. It was suited for the building up of the church. We want such men—men who can speak to men. I congratulate you (continued the speaker) upon this occasion: you are giving your Pastor a testimonial to-night. This very act, only shows you would give much more if you could—(Applause). I congratulate you, my dear brother, on this show of affection; and may you yet be spared some time for the edification of the Church—

Mr. HUXHAM spoke.

After singing,

The Pastor pronounced the benediction.

The Doxology was sung, and the proceedings were brought to a close.

We ought to have said that Mr. Dickerson was prevented attending this meeting. Mr. John Fowler, the Secretary to the Testimonial Fund, deserves notice for the excellent manner in which his arrangements were made. The Deacons did all in their power to make this Jubilee meeting a comfortable occasion.

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"THE SUN SHALL GO DOWN OVER THE  
PROPHETS."

TROWBRIDGE.—"Is it not lamentable that no settled acceptable Pastor has been found to succeed our once venerated John Warburton? I have thought upon the multitude of men who have gone into that pulpit since our singularly-gifted pastor left. Shall I send you some sketches of their sermons? To us afflicted members, it is a grief. But, one great and good man said, he feared the Lord had, for a time, left off to raise up PASTORS for His people. I asked—'WHY?' He said, the pulpit had been idolized: the throne of grace disregarded. You Trowbridge people are not alone in this case. Look at

Liverpool. They have despised some of the most rare of Christ's ambassadors. What has been their condition? Who have they had? What are they coming to? Go to Rochdale. I have been there. Since my beloved Kershaw went home:—how divided: how distressed! Think of Stamford—where J. C. P. spent his best days. Who succeeds him? Poor Bath unmercifully cast away the broken-hearted—and turned its back upon a Mediator. She has never had a pastor since: but, is there not a voice in Widcombe? The Church there may read the thirtieth Psalm for herself: 'O Lord, Thou hast lifted me up; and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me. O Lord my God, I cried unto Thee; and Thou hast healed me. Thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit. Thou hast put off my sackcloth; and girded me with gladness.' What a lesson (says my friend) have I learned in my visits to Bath! The austerity is so severe that no real association with young Joshua is allowed; and when one of our modern S—— men was willing to preach at Widcombe, he found he dared not. Poor fellow! To allow himself thus to be circumscribed, will work ill; and he is ill enough already. Our once esteemed friend, Muskett, of Norwich, travelled with more than His Gospel: what is Norwich now in a pure gospel sense? With eight or ten Baptist chapels, what—in a spiritually evangelizing sense—is Norwich doing? Ah, Abingdon, indeed; a better man—a more self-denying man than dear Tiptaft, could scarcely be found; but, for years, what has there been in his pulpit? And at Oxford, when Bultee's changable career is weighed, we must indeed fear 'the sun has gone down over the prophets.' According to Ebenezer Hooper's books on Huntington, the sun began to go down over that great man before he left the world. [Oh! how bitter is my soul; I have felt, on finding that after William Huntington has been dead and buried nearly sixty years, (and I have stood beside His grave at Lewis with solemn feelings,) that any man should send out to the world such a batch of blemishes as to make even Spurgeon write that line, 'he thought less of Huntington than before!'] But] if such men as Huntington and William Gadsby had much grief before they went home,—if J. C. Philpot and James Wells had severe seasons of trial ere they could get out of harbour—let us little things that are yet in the flesh, strutting up and down in the declining Churches of the land:—let us remember that the going down of our sun may be attended with more painful concomitants than we yet have known. It is chapel-time. Our supply and myself are going to Zion. Will you read his review of your London Churches? [We are overwhelmed with reviews.] "Is Micah's prophecy receiving a fulfilment in these days?" [We tremble in soul to answer.]

READING—MY DEAR BROTHER,—Your Correspondent is not correct in saying, all professing churches here are flourishing but one! No doubt the one referred unto, is

the one to which I belong; and which I should be most happy to see in a more flourishing state; nevertheless, during my pastorate for four years, good has been done. When I came, I found a debt on the chapel of £780. £180 of that has been removed. We have also obtained a loan of £100 from the Baptist building fund: £15 of which has been paid back. Some souls have been quickened into life through my feeble instrumentality; others have been brought to realize a sweet and happy liberty through the preaching of the everlasting Gospel. 22 have been added to the Church; 11 of whom I had the pleasure of baptizing. All praise to our Covenant Head. I believe one reason why the Church does not prosper is, because there is such a giving way unto, and such an amalgamation with the world. We want to go on as fast as many of our neighbours who prophesy smooth things: and pride says, Why not? My dear brother,—you know that the truth never has been popular yet, neither is it likely to be. Sep. 4, 1872, was our thirteenth anniversary; brother Hazleton preached good sermons. About 100 took tea: collections were very good. Do you know any one who would help us in liquidating our debt? The Lord bless you. So prays, F. PIERCE. [Precious souls have, for years, cried to God in Reading: this note proves they have not cried in vain. We wait ere we write.—Ed.]

HACKNEY ROAD.—Shalom chapel, Oval, was the scene of a sacred and edifying meeting on Tuesday, August 27, 1872; that place of worship having been replenished and re-opened. Mr. Henry Myerson, the pastor, presided: and opened the service in a cheerful spirit; the Lord had provided him in His fear, in the faith of the Gospel, in the sympathy of his brother ministers; and in some usefulness and peace in the Church. A Christian tone was given to the meeting by pastor Myerson's pure, familiar, and happy speech. The chapel, now so light, comfortable, and nearly filled, looked pleasant. All were bappy; all believed the minister and his people could say "the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places; we have a goodly heritage;" the choir here is ably led, and the praise department efficiently conducted by our friend, Mr. Charles Mobbs. The Sunday school is in a healthy state; and Mr. Myerson and his deacons and people work on in harmony. Mr. Joseph Palmer was requested to supplicate the throne of grace, which he did in faith, and consistently. Messrs. Anderson, C. W. Banks, Langford, Griffith, W. Lodge, and others, took part in the evening's devotions, which were truthful and edifying. Such seasons of Gospel fellowship must do good.

DACRE PARK—Mr. Brittain, of Carlton, preached several sermons here in September; and was so well received, congregations so encouraging, that he is invited to preach to us all October. We beseech the Lord to give us all a re-union, a heavenly revival; a sacred spirit of true and successful devotedness unto His cause and glory.



**PETERBOROUGH.**—August 12, I reached Spalding, on Thursday last, from London, quite safe: at Mr. Wilkinson's Rose cottage received kind entertainment; went to Love Lane chapel; preached twice; and last evening, the Lord permitted me to speak more than one hour and a half in the Spalding Assembly rooms; and now, 'ere the dew of the morning is quite gone off, I am swinging through cornfields, woods, meadows, and villages, expecting, if the Lord will hold me in safety, to speak this afternoon in Finchley Cemetry over the grave of our brother Thomas Rowley's daughter. May the Lord use a poor weary one as His mouth to many: Amen. Spalding, by road, is 100 miles from London; my ticket home this morning, cost me 15s. When engagements lay thick, and long distances between, I am compelled to travel by special and speedy trains, which are expensive; but for many years the Lord has given me to work for His poor and afflicted Churches; and if a man is called to labour for the afflicted and poor of Zion's children, he may be quite sure of four things at least: (1) he will always have plenty of work to do; (2) he will always have poverty enough to take down the pride of his naughty heart: (3) he will have a good share of reproach: the late George Abrahams once reproached me for what he called—"making myself too cheap." He meant, I was too willing to work for anybody: if a willingness to serve the poor of the flock is a sin, I am fearfully guilty; for while some men will only travel in first-class cars, and only work for well-to-do sinners, I have been made willing to serve poor Zion, where she is only like "a lodge in a garden of cucumbers." But, after all, I must believe we shall prove that word true: "Blessed is he that CONSIDERETH THE POOR: the Lord *will* DELIVER him in time of TROUBLE." Yes, I know that is true: Amen. We are nearing London. The corn looks yellow—the harvest men are busy—the ripening sun is shining—the Lord be thanked! Amen.

**WILTSHIRE.**—MR. EDITOR.—As you have preached in many parts about here, you know Wiltshire is a favoured county for the Gospel: we have nearly 100 Baptist chapels; over 70 Baptist churches; yet, but few pastors. Why is Marlborough not inserted in "Hand-Book?" We have two Baptist causes in the town. Deborah's meeting is the most ancient and choice. Our nearly new Baptist chapel is crowded when such as Gordelier and Vinden come. Lately, that blessed brother Westlake, from Devon, has visited us, and he thought if the churches at Calne and Marlborough could unite, and settle him as their pastor, it would be useful. Whether this amalgamation will succeed we know not. One thing is true, if we have but few pastors, we have many travelling preachers, and hence we get a variety of gifts exercised before us: but our membership does not much increase. We require—settled, devoted, laborious pastors, dwelling and working among us. How can this be? Why does the "Hand-Book" call Crudwell,

"Crudwell?" I know Thomas Lamb and Thomas Taylor are sound men: *well* up in the Creed of the New Testament; but "Crudwell" is the name. We hope *Earthen Vessel* will come among us. H. S.

**NOTTING HILL.**—We were favoured with happy seasons at Johnson street, Sunday, Sept. 8. "Save us, O Lord our God, gather us from among the heathen, that we may give thanks unto Thy name," &c. The 106th Psalm was connected with that happy festival, when the ark of the covenant was brought into the place David had prepared for it. That typical ark never appeared to be gladly received only by the true Israelites. It is the same with the Gospel. None but the quickened elect of God do ever gladly receive the Gospel: unto them it is the power of God unto a full salvation. THE Gospel is glad news. The ark of the covenant contained some things typical of the kind of news which the Gospel brings in. For instance, here is a sinner troubled in his soul about his iniquities: the law of God throws a light over his life, and shews him all the way he has come in this world, he has been a law-breaker: he is horribly guilty, fearfully condemned, sometimes in distress beyond measure. When God the Holy Ghost brings the Gospel home to that broken-hearted despairing one, the Gospel says to him, "Look into that ark; and behold the two tables of the law laid quietly therein; that means that the law of God being in the heart of Christ, he would, in His incarnation life, most perfectly fulfil, honour, and magnify that law; and that his obedience should be imputed unto every one who doth, with the heart, believe on JESUS; so that, to the true believer there is no condemnation. This news is too good to be received; but then the SPIRIT of GOD reveals this glorious doctrine of Justification by the righteousness of JESUS in the soul; and that revelation produces faith in the sinner; and, then, as this Psalm begins, so the believing soul begins, to praise the Lord. The pot of manna and the blossoming rod in the ark, teach us that believers can never die; and that they shall not only live for ever, but for ever and for ever shall they bring forth fruit to the glory of God? To this the Psalmist says, "Let all the people say Amen, and praise the Lord." So says, C. W. B.

**HAYES TABERNACLE.**—Sunday school Festival was holden August 21, 1872. Nearly 200 children assembled in new spacious school-rooms; sung a hymn; then walked in procession to a large field on the farm of John Wild, Esq., Park Lane; there they received presents, fruit, tea, &c., and enjoyed themselves for some hours. It is acknowledged generally, that Hayes hath never yet been thoroughly evangelized; but, the present effort to gather in the children; and to give them some knowledge of the word, works, and ways of the Lord, must prove a great blessing to the future generations. We rejoice in the good work now hopefully progressing.

**SUNNINGDALE, BERKS.**—Our God is still "Jehovah-Jireh." In June, 1871, we repaired our chapel. Our friends determined to discharge the amount as soon as possible. On Good Friday last, they accomplished the object. We once more rejoiced in the Name of our God. The neighbouring gentry lent us a helping hand. We received from W. B. Torrey, Esq., £2 10s.; Sir Charles D. Crossley, £1 1s.;—Holloway, Esq., £1; Mrs. Holmes, £5; John Beach, Esq., Surrey Tabernacle, £1 1s. These, with collections, &c., met the expences incurred. In spiritual prosperity, the Lord has blessed us. On the 30th of August, I baptized a sister in Christ: the Lord was in our midst. Our sister and her husband were received into our fellowship the following Sabbath. Lord's-day June 16th, 1872, I baptized four—two males and two females: one the daughter of our deacon. Through my feeble instrumentality, she was brought to feel herself destitute of saving grace, and that the "good news from a far country" had never reached her; but the Lord in His own time appeared, and revealed to her that "His banner over her was love." One was the son of the same deacon, and brother to the before-named, who had been anxiously waiting some time, and at last felt constrained to come. On the 7th of July, they were received into the Church, and a precious time was realized. Our forty-second anniversary was in June. Mr. Hetherington preached. Tea having been served, the evening commenced. Messrs. Stevens and Hetherington addressed the people with freedom and liberty. Friends from Egham, Chobham, Wokingham, &c., came to see us. On following Sabbath, the deacons made me handsome present. One of the poor of the Lord's flock sent sixpence; another had saved up penny per week for thirteen weeks. This seemed too much for me. These were as the widow's mites, and I was melted down to think the Lord should so dispose them. Tears of thankfulness and joy arose; and once more I was enabled to sing in spirit,—

"Thus far my God has led me on,  
Thus far I make His wonders known;  
And while I tread this desert land,  
New mercies shall new songs demand."

R. HOWARD.

**WALLINGFORD.**—**DEAR BROTHER BANKS**—I read in *The Earthen Vessel* some account of the Church of God at Wallingford; also of those dear servants of God (and your dear self amongst them) who ministered there in years past. It came vividly into my mind what the late Mr. John Foreman once said when preaching in Jireh Chapel. He, having some perception of the languishing state we were then in, said: "You see sometimes an old tree that the storms and blasts have come upon it with such force, they have torn off many of its branches, and made it look quite despicable; perhaps you visit that locality again after many years: that same tree attracts your notice; why, bless me, say you, is this that old tree? what a lot of branches

are sprung up? what a beautiful tree! Now," said the dear man of God, alluding to our church, "Wait seven years." Blessed be the name of the Lord, we have waited many years, and, as you observe in *E. V.*, we have not perished yet; while waiting, we have been visited by those dear servants of God, the Beazleys, Florys, Perretts, Browns, and others, whose labours have been blessed of the Lord. On August 11, we had an addition of four; one from a sister church at Reading, and three were baptized by that dear servant of God, Mr. Pound. Hoping the old tree may yet shoot forth, and bear fruit to its Founder a thousand fold.

E. & DAVID ALBURY.

**PIMLICO.**—**MY DEAR MR. EDITOR**, I have to inform you that, after due consideration and deep anxiety of heart, I have come to the determination to give up building a new chapel at Pimlico. Since we commenced the new chapel building fund, there has been such a serious rise in the building trade, we find that it will be impossible to build such a chapel that will be suitable for the neighbourhood of Pimlico, unless we go deeply into debt. And finding that I should have to bear the chief responsibility myself, I have decided not to proceed any further in the matter. I cannot express my gratitude to my many friends who so kindly subscribed, and also promised to help in the good work. The money we have received will be returned to those friends who have subscribed, and to whom it now belongs. The secretary, Mr. E. Carr will, as soon as possible, correspond with those friends upon the subject. If there should be any person or persons who have subscribed, whose names and addresses we have not received, if they will write to Mr. E. Carr, Conrad Villa, Windsor road, Denmark hill, Camberwell, their communications will be attended to. I remain, your willing servant for Christ's sake,

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE:

70, Penrose street, Walworth.  
Sep. 18, 1872.

**ISLINGTON.**—**PROVIDENCE CHAPEL.** We had a harvest thanksgiving meeting (and a very happy one) on Tuesday, September 17; a very good company sat down to tea, after which a well attended meeting, the chapel being full; Mr. Minton, of Chadwell street, occupied the chair; after singing and prayer, the Chairman made some excellent remarks on the Union of the churches, sympathizing with the cause, and upon the harvest: after which, Mr. Henry Brown (a good minister of Jesus Christ, who has preached to us several times with much acceptance) also spoke well upon the subject of the harvest, a hymn was then sung and Mr. W. J. Styles proceeded to deliver his lecture, on "The Tabernacle in the Wilderness," illustrated by a very beautiful model and diagrams. The model is very pretty and complete, the various coverings, the vessels, the court-yard with its stakes and cords, the ark, mercy-seat, and cherubim, nothing was omitted; the lecturer gave the spiritual meaning as far as he had time. The

friends listened with much interest, and probably at a future time he will favour us with another lecture on the subject, as not one half has yet been said on so interesting a matter. A vote of thanks to the Chairman, and singing, and prayer, concluded the meeting. Mr. Styles has been unanimously invited to the pastorate, but prefers supplying the pulpit another three months; we all sincerely hope he will ultimately accept the pastorate. The attendance is steadily increasing, we esteem him very highly; he is heard with much acceptance: we thank God for sending him amongst us.—**THE DEACONS.**

**HAYES TABERNACLE.**—The Harvest Thanksgiving Services were holden here on Friday, Sep. 13, 1872. The large upper school room was splendidly illustrated with Scripture mottoes—fruit and flower festoons; and a rich abundance of substantial food provided by Mr. and Mrs. John Wild, and to which their work people were generously invited. We should think over 100 sat down to a good old English dinner, and, after the afternoon service, to a refreshing tea. Mr. Bennett, of Pimlico, delivered a truthful discourse on “the corn of wheat.” Mr. R. C. Bardens, the pastor, presided over the evening meeting. J. S. Anderson dilated on the law of labour and reward; this was followed by short addresses by C. W. Banks, J. Griffith, S. Ponsford, R. Bardens, and a closing prayer by Mr. Bennett. Suitable hymns for the occasion were prepared: everything was done that Christian benevolence could do to encourage the fathers, mothers, and children to listen to the Word of the Lord. The fruit will some day appear.

**STEPNEY.**—**DEAR SIR,**—Through the medium of the *Vessel*, I would desire to acknowledge the following donations towards my Protestant chapel, at Stepney, and publicly express my thankfulness for the same. I trust I shall have the pleasure of acknowledging a similar sum in the October number. I am, dear sir, Yours faithfully, G. REYNOLDS, 8, Barnes street, Stepney, E.—J. E. Eyton, Esq., £50; Mrs. Vaughan, £10; “To Oppose Popery,” £5; E. W. Digby, Esq., £5; Miss Harrison, £2; Miss L., £1 10s; R. May, Esq., £1 1s.; Miss Clarke, £1; Miss Billing, 10s.; Mr. Chambers, 10s.; Mr. Corvell, 10s.; A Friend, 10s.; C. G., 2s. 6d.; Mr. Lewis, 2s. 6d.; A Friend, Brighton, 2s.

**BOW.**—**DEAR BROTHER BANKS,**—After a prayerful consideration, I have come to the decision to tender my resignation as pastor in Mount Zion. I have suffered from my throat for nearly two years; caused by the closeness of the place. I have been the means, in the Lord's hands, of planting the Gospel in Bow: a Church was formed, March, 1869, by C. W. Banks. Many have been called; three taken to be with Christ; there are now thirty-six members. I am sorry to leave the cause; believe the feeling is mutual. There is a good field of labour in Bow for a sterling man of God, if a better place could

be obtained: some money has been collected for that object, and is to be placed in the bank in the names of three members of the church. Our Farewell meeting takes place end of November or December.

37, Moyston Road, Bow. W. H. LEE.

**SOUTHEND.**—A new and neat little Baptist Chapel has at length been erected and opened in this fast growing eastern watering place. Zoar Baptist Chapel, standing in the field leading to Prittlewell was opened in September, 1872, by Mr. George Webb, of Camden Town, who delivered a cheerful, evangelical discourse on the occasion to a grateful audience. Mr. Milbourne, of Mr. Flack's Church, preached on the following Sunday: many heard him gladly. Mr. Benton and Mr. Bloomfield conducted the services on Sep. 15; and if the glorious Head of the Church, will send us a minister of Gospel peace, of spiritual power; one with a large heart, and a Christ-loving soul, this little one will soon become a thousand.

**FROME.**—Naish's street Baptist Chapel, has recently been re-opened after extensive and expensive alterations and comfort-making improvements had been effected. One says, “it is not the place you saw it in Master Corbitt's time.” At the opening public meeting, George Cox, Esq., of Bath, presided. Some think George is in every sense the son of his father, who was one of the most philanthropic citizens Bath ever knew. Mr. S. Littleton, the pastor at Naishe's street, enters upon a new era. We pray that the Spirit of Christ may fill his soul, energize his ministry, give unity of heart to his people, and crown his labours with solid success.

**DEVONSHIRE.**—At Ashburton and Bigbury, special harvest thanksgiving services were holden in September; very happy seasons were enjoyed; and many friends were rejoiced to see Mr. R. C. Bardens, (now minister of Hayes Tabernacle, once more in their midst, preaching with heavenly liberty and with as much zeal as ever, THE GOSPEL which JESUS commanded his ministers to proclaim. We trust the Bigbury friends will no longer let their chapel be closed, and that the Ashburton church will have all the blessings promised in Zechariah viii. 12.

**SWALLOWFIELD.**—For many years the Gospel has been preached here. Formerly the church was supplied by brethren from Reading (Messrs. Vinden, Perrett, and others, also Mr. Webb, once of Knowl Hill). Since then it has merged into another section. The people meet in a small chapel, erected by Mr. Thorp, and other friends, who take an interest in the cause.

**EGERTON FORSTALL.**—Mr. Robert Banks baptized some believers here in August. As a church, we are steadily abiding by the Truth. We love our minister. “His reward is certain.” A word or two respecting the ancient Sedgewick would be pleasant to many.

**CAMDEN TOWN**.—Mr. Edwin Langford preached us two good sermons at Avenue chapel, Sept. 8. We had cheerful congregations; and convenient collections. Edwin is a studious and edifying preacher. The late Mr. Gittens's chapel seems almost forgotten. Mr. Palmer is intelligent, honourable, and devoted to his work; but some of us think of the days when father Gittens, Joseph Irons, Richard Luckin, George Abrahams, and others did here preach to crowded gatherings: firm and fruitful men were they: but every-one has fled away. Alas! 'tis so indeed.

**SHREWSBURY**.—The Church at St. John's Hill, we fear, is lost. Over forty years it has existed. How has it been sold? If we write its funeral dirge, and review the Physicians of no value, who have attended it in its decline, we should present a sample of those vapours which are sapping the vitals of our churches. The letters of J. B. M., the London Visitor, the Aged B. M. Minister, &c., will keep.

**DUNMOW**.—Mr. Stockwell has resigned his pastorate of Baptist Church here; and is removing to Bucks; he has faithfully served the church for several years, and peace has been enjoyed; having had a good shoe and clothes trade, he ministered in the Gospel freely. Dunmow presents a sphere of labour in the Gospel, requiring a man of faith and ability. Mr. J. Burton, of Dunmow, would give particulars to any one the Lord may qualify and direct in this matter.

**RUSHDEN**.—Succoth Baptist Chapel, September 9, 1872.—MR. BANKS, Mr. Lee supplied us two Lord's-days in June, and preached in villages with good acceptance; we then engaged him for six weeks; and he commences three months' supply October 13. Signed, W. GIBSON.

**BUCKHURST HILL, ESSEX**.—Printed circular from Thomas Dunn is received. There will be no end of concessions, confederacies, and conflicting movements of this kind: but WHY, we cannot now define, nor can we carefully read, as yet, the circular sent.

**CARLTON**.—We had no idea of representing anything but TRUTH. We hope this ancient Baptist church, nearly 200 years old, will be favoured with a pastor of heaven's own giving. We will serve the Church if the way is opened.

### Notes of the Month.

**OUNDLÉ**.—Hugh Clarke's escape, &c., and Oundlé's History another day. But "James" is on the wrong side; Clarke was not a Baptist.

THE LUTHER OF OUR DAY has, at length, announced his intention of going into the Romish, Ritualistic, and rationalizing dens of deadly errors; and, by bringing forth the unclean beast; by tearing off masks, and

by exposing them in the broad daylight of Eternal Truth, to resist the insidious flood now pouring in upon us. James Grant, Esq., the author of many excellent works, intends to issue No. 1 of a weekly penny journal, to be called *The Christian Standard* on the tenth of this month (October). It is to be published at 24, Paternoster Row, every Thursday morning. We hope, next month, to give a fuller notice of this desirable, seasonable, and, we hope successful enterprise.

THE LATE JAMES OSBOURNE—the late J. C. Philpot—the late James Wells—the late John Foreman and others. It is twenty-four years the 28th of this September that James Osbourn sent his letter to J. C. Philpot, entitled "Liberty taken without Grant." That Book opens up the CAUSE of the division, declensions, and afflictions of our churches. A calm and impartial review of the lives and labours of those "Four Master Men in the Ministry," referred to, would furnish many lessons of great use to the churches, if our people would read, think, and judge for themselves.

RECEIVED.—Memoir of late Mr. James Crisp, of Hackney Road: E. Hooper's tract, on Gospel ministry.—W. Matthew's Report of C. Slim's Meeting.—Evening at Westminster Abbey, from "The Rock"—Tunbridge Wells; W. S. says, "through God's blessing, we are going on comfortably, and, I trust, prosperously at Hanover Chapel, under pastor William Webb's ministry.—"My Thoughts on Faith," by J. Taylor, Sheffield.—P. Leigh, on J. Ashworth's Letter.—"Rushden Ordinances and Ministers."—Henry Goodey's Experience.—"The Two Sides of a Christian," by G. Pung.—John Raynes and Church of England.—Brother Fountain.—Letters and Poems from brother John Kingsford, Brisbane.—A second Letter from John Ashworth, Esq.—Mr. Joseph Palmer's Recollections of Mr. James Wells would furnish material for long review.—R. Stevens, Ramsgate; good letter.—T. J. Messer; we would write him long epistle—but.—Miss E. Emberson's Account of her beloved mother's departure, we hope, next month. "New York Times," and other U. S. journals gratefully received.—E. P. Brown, and letters, books, &c.—Notes of A. Smith's sermon, "Nothing Doing in Heaven," is waiting.

MR. W. FELTON.—DEAR SIR,—As you refer to that aged servant of God, William Felton, allow me to bear testimony. The Lord employed William Felton in His service nearly forty years; during which time sinners were brought to God; saints built up and comforted. At the age of seventy-five, through infirmity, he retired from his beloved work; and now, in his weak state, the Lord still blesses him: if not joyously, yet with a solid resting on the Rock of Ages: inward peace, through the blood of the Cross, makes all his bed in his sickness: when the appointed time arrives, the Lord will take him home to see that dear Saviour he so delighted to set forth. He will soon have reached his eightieth year. G.

# The Baptists: What are they Doing?

Our excellent correspondent, Mr. T. G. C. Armstrong, having removed to Manchester, has kindly sent us an outline of the Baptist Conference holden in that city early in the month of October. Many of our readers will be pleased to catch a bird's-eye view of the movements of those Baptist ministers with whose union and communion we have no affinity; because, in some of their teaching and church order we believe that they have departed from Apostolic and from primitive principles. Nevertheless, in Evangelistic and in Missionary enterprizes we hope they are "preparing the way of the Lord:" therefore we watch them, and lay aside other papers to make room for the following analysis, which has been kindly compiled expressly for THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

But, before reading Mr. Armstrong's review of the Manchester Conference, we intensely desire all our readers to reflect, for one moment, upon three things:—First, it is proved that Baptist churches and Baptist principles have not progressed proportionately to the increase of our population. Although extraordinary efforts have been made by Open Communion and Duty-faith Colleges, Leaders, Ministers, and people; and although the Baptists, of all the people in the world, have the Word of God and the New Testament especially on their side, yet they have not multiplied during the last ten years, proportionately as they had done before. Secondly: It must be admitted that there is in the mind of the uprising population a strong inclination towards genuine native talent, and a well-trained ability for preaching the Gospel. Thirdly: Everywhere the cry is heard, "A New Baptism of the Holy Spirit is the Special Want of the Age!" Mr. Crosbie told the Congregationalists of Nottingham that "the Church of the present day was cold and worldly." The professing Church of the time has lost her faith, and her prayer is but a feeble cry. To our Particular Baptist Churches we say once more, seeing that millions of immortal souls are springing up around us in all directions; seeing that every kind of delusion is coming in to lead the people astray, let us, who have the truth as it is in Christ, let us unite in prayer for God's mercy to be manifest in our midst, by giving unto us a blessed outpouring of the Holy Spirit; let us gather up all the ministerial and teaching talent in our churches, and encourage it; and let us go forth everywhere, preaching the Gospel of our Divine Lord; and our Churches will increase and abound.—ED. E. V.

**I**T having been arranged to hold the Autumnal Session of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland in Manchester, preparations were made to accommodate as many of the delegates as should put in an appearance. They came, a host! Like Cæsar, they may now exclaim, "*Veni! vidi! vici!*" They came, they saw, they conquered! An army 850 strong, representing about 500 Churches, gathered together from all parts of this and the sister kingdom. They have been wandering about our streets, sitting in our pews, eating at our tables; aye, and sleeping in our beds for the better part of a week. As I am no native of this Manchester, it will not be considered egotistical if I say, they received a real hearty Lancashire welcome.

The business meetings commenced Wednesday, October 9. At 7 a.m. a large number met together for prayer in Grosvenor-street Chapel. At Union Chapel, a devotional meeting was conducted by Dr. Underwood, Messrs. Wigner, Varley, and other brethren engaging in prayer. Ah, it was prayer, too! Dr. Thomas, the President, delivered an address on "The Baptists, and Christian Unity." He said the denomination to which they belonged had always been a sect everywhere spoken against. Its antagonism to worldly principles and

practices, to sacerdotal assumption, and to ecclesiastical abuses, had exposed its members to much obloquy and persecution. Even in the present day, when their principles and character were better understood and appreciated, they were regarded by very many as narrow-minded and exclusive. Yet, all things duly considered, it might be confidently affirmed that no party in Christendom had given proof of loftier principles, larger views, or a more expansive charity. From the depths of their hearts they could give utterance to the apostolic injunction, "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

Dr. E. B. Underhill, Secretary to the Baptist Missionary Society, was elected the next President.

An abstract of the Pastors' Income Augmentation Society, was given by Mr. C. Williams, of Accrington. In 1870, the pastors of twenty churches received £22 6s. 8d. each; last year the twenty increased to fifty-three; and this year, the ministers of sixty-nine duly qualified Churches, would each receive £20. The total income in 1870 was £451: in 1872, £1,494. Mr. Arthur Mursell, in moving a resolution, commending the Society to the earnest sympathy and support of the churches, said, the only claim he had to the honour of doing so was that the Society was born in his house. It originated in a *tête-à-tête* between himself and Mr. Williams.

The Report of the Educational Board of Ministers' Children was brought up by Mr. S. Green. It was very encouraging, showing an increase each year; they had this Session elected eight out of eleven applicants.

Dr. Angus read a very interesting paper on "Our Progress," based upon the statistical and spiritual condition of the Baptist body. In 1801, there were in England, 417 Baptist Churches; in 1871, 1,940, an increase of nearly five-fold. The progress in the number of members was considerably greater, there being in 1871, nearly 180,000. Though these facts were cheering, and indicated marked progress, they were in one sense humbling, for the churches had not kept pace with the population during the last twenty years. They needed more of the Spirit in prayer, a larger measure of faith, and more simple preaching of the Gospel.

Mr. J. P. Chown, Bradford, said his brethren in Yorkshire had felt their responsibility so much, that they had resolved to spend two days in prayer for the quickening of the work of grace. What was wanted was a more Christ-like character in their ministers, churches, and families.

Mr. Henry Varley expressed his conviction that if the church desired primitive success, there must be primitive zeal, and the baptism of fire. Failure was to be attributed to worldly-mindedness, and a lack of the spirit of the Master. The power they needed, God alone could bestow—it was His quickening Spirit. He hoped a day would be set apart for confession, prayer, and fasting.

After dinner, a large party started for Victoria Grove, Rusholme, where the foundation stone of a new Baptist College was laid by William Shaw, Esq., who had promised to subscribe one tenth of the total cost of building. The college is intended for the students now being taught at Chamber Hall, Bury, under the presidency of Mr. H. Dowson.

Mr. C. H. Spurgeon delivered one of his characteristic addresses to a very large audience. "Mr. Spurgeon" says the *Independent*, "would disappoint his audience if he did not throw a few drops of acid into the stream of his discourse." [That was rather sour, we think.]

In the evening, public services were held in several of the chapels. I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. C. Vince deliver a masterly discourse from Romans xv. 3, "For even Christ pleased not Himself." It was the manner in which he portrayed the character of the Lord Jesus; and the practical lessons he drew from the text, were well worth not merely the attention, but also the *imitation* of all who call themselves Christians.

On Thursday, the question of "Elementary Education in Ireland" was introduced to the Session by Mr. C. Kirtland, who had paid several visits to that country, and was able to describe very vividly the *modus operandi* of the Romish priests in their endeavours to get the instruction of the young into their hands. Nearly a quarter of a million of children were to be found in the schools of the Christian Brothers, where Mariolatry was taught, together with the worst errors of Popery.

The "Church Arbitration Scheme" seeks the settlement of disputes arising in various churches. A Court of Arbitration was appointed.

Charles Stovell read a paper on the "Religious Aspect of National Education."

Dr. Jeter, of Richmond, U.S.A., was introduced as a representative of the Baptist Churches in particular, and of the people of America in general. He said they looked upon their brethren in Great Britain as their ecclesiastical parents, and the works of Gill, of Booth, of Carson, and of Hall, were standard works among them. They were earnest Baptists, and wished to stretch their hands across the ocean, and to unite with their brethren in England in vigorous effort for the maintenance of those principles which so closely united them.

This closed the business of the Session.

At Union Chapel, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon said he was not present when a vote of thanks was passed to the Manchester friends. There was an excellent Welshman in that city, whose wife was a reader of his sermons up to the time of her death. Her husband asked him to go and see him, that he might fulfil her dying request, which was that he would give him (Mr. S.) £100 for his Orphanage.

A farewell Public Meeting was held in the Free Trade Hall. It was crowded; a supplemental meeting was arranged in the Friends' Meeting. Mr. Spurgeon spoke in both places: other speakers addressed the meeting. Thus ended a most successful Session of the Baptist Union of Great Britain.

T. G. C. A.

[We may add, that Dr. ANGUS said that success, in the sense of addition to membership, cannot be proved to depend on close communion rather than upon open, on High Calvinism rather than on Low. Monmouth is generally close; Huntingdon and Bedford generally open; in all three, Baptist churches are large and numerous. "Suffolk studies GILL and HAWKER"; Northampton holds "to the theology of FULLER and CAREY." Yet in each "country there is a Baptist church to every 5,000 people; and every 50th man and woman in each is a member of a Baptist church." Dr. Angus believes that the spiritual condition of the body has been *greatly improved* in the last seventy years, but *less* improved in the last ten, and that there is "nearly everywhere less prayer than is required to meet the growing worldliness of the age."]

## REAL RELIGION PROVED IN THE RIVER.

A VERY PRECIOUS MEMOIR OF A SUFFERING BUT SAVED ONE.

**D**EAR MR. BANKS,—Kindly insert the following account of my beloved mother, who died August 8, 1872, after a long and painful illness.

With mingled pain and pleasure I take up the task of recounting the Lord's dealings with so dearly and justly loved a parent as my departed mother; she was a tender, loving parent, a faithful, devoted wife, with a large, warm, loving heart; ever cheerful and contented; all that could be desired as a natural-woman, but until her illness, a stranger to God and His salvation. She had always a very clear *head* knowledge of the truth; and, although confessing she knew nothing of it savingly, she was always ready to defend it, when attacked. She expressed a hope that she was interested in the covenant of grace, and that, in God's time, she should see her interest; but felt her helplessness to *do* anything herself toward changing her heart. In March, 1871, the cancer which brought her life to a close first made its appearance. During the whole year she suffered severely at times, but it was not until last winter that we became seriously alarmed; the doctor assured us there was no cause for alarm. She consulted a noted cancer doctor. Although perceiving the hopelessness of the case, he allowed her to think they were tumours. For some weeks she really seemed to be recovering under his treatment, but there was soon a marked change for the worse, and the doctor admitted it was a very serious case. She grieved bitterly at the possibility of her illness terminating fatally; she could not resign herself to the thought of leaving her husband and children; and, as yet, she had no sure hope "beyond the grave." Early in the spring of this 1872, she first began to evince a deep anxiety in spiritual things. She told me she believed this affliction would be made the means of bringing her to a saving knowledge of Jesus; she cared not how much pain He gave her if he would but give her Himself; also adding, "there is no peace or comfort for me now here; will it not make me seek it where only it can be found?" The growth of the cancer was fearfully rapid; her sufferings were intense; her patience was wonderful; tears of agony were often forced from her; but never one word of complaint. The first time I heard her speak with any assurance of comfort was in answer to a question put by our dear pastor, Mr. G. Webb, of Camden Town, as to whether she felt in the midst of her pain that she had a good hope? She replied, with tears, "O yes, I have felt it some time; what should I do without it?" As a rule, she was very reserved upon this subject; she said very little to us until one afternoon, about the end of June, she became so much worse, we thought she was dying; she thought she could not live through the day, but she revived, and lay down calmly to rest. Upon coming softly into the room I found her lying quietly; her eyes closed, her lips moving in prayer; she looked up and said with such emphasis, "O! I want to find Jesus; if He would but reveal Himself to me, and take me to Himself, I could say—'Come, Lord Jesus, oh come quickly.'" Some time after she called me, and said, "You know I told you I wanted to find Jesus; I think I have seen Him; my eyes



were closed, but I saw Jesus; He seemed to smile on me." Towards night there was a change for the better; our hopes were flattered by an appearance of improvement; she said she must think she was getting better, and expressed a wish to recover, that she might be baptized. She had never seen the necessity of this ordinance, and had always insisted that she did not believe that she should ever see it right. I was surprised when she first expressed her wish so earnestly, and said, "Then you do now see it right to obey the command of Jesus?" "O yes, yes," she replied, "now I love Jesus! Now I want to obey Him." All reserve was gone: she spoke freely and sweetly; she was never weary of talking of her dear Lord Jesus. She had not yet the full assurance she desired; the language of her heart was still—

" 'Tis a point I long to know."

The visits of our dear pastor were very pleasant and profitable to her. We had blessed, happy seasons in her sick room. How happy she would seem while he lay her case before the Lord! She said, he seemed to know just what she wished to say, he expressed her feelings so exactly. Her own prayers were so unworthy, she often feared God would not hear the feeble petitions she sent up: she was much comforted by the lines—

" Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye  
When none but God is near."

She remarked what a consolation prayer was to her now; still she sometimes feared God would be tired, she troubled Him so often. "But," she said, "I am so helpless, I carry every trifle to Him; I can do nothing; He can do everything. I often wake in the night, and think, here I am in the same weak, helpless condition; and yet not helpless now, I can fall back upon that Rock, I can find shelter in Him." She rejoiced to know that her salvation was complete without the sinner's aid, often saying, "If anything was expected or required of me, what should I do? But it is all finished." Those two lines expressed the feelings of her heart,—

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

With a sweet, child-like faith, she seemed to surrender herself entirely to Him, and she found it indeed

" Sweet to lie passive in His hands,  
And know no will but His."

The words, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," were exceedingly precious to her; after a violent attack of pain, she would often murmur them tearfully, adding, "O, I think He must love *me*." Once when reading to her, "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten," she exclaimed, "O then I do not mind *how* much he *chastens me*."

The apparent improvement lasted but for a week, and from that time she became rapidly worse, with now and then a day of comparative ease. But she still wished to live; there was much to bind her to this world; her heart yearned toward her husband and children, and seemed as though it could not quite give them up. Monday, July 29, the last change took place (the cancer turned inward); and from then until the day of her death, on the Thursday week following, her sufferings were *terrible* to witness. Owing to her violent sickness, she was unable to eat anything from that time, but with increase of suffering

came "joy and peace in believing." I believe not one shadow of doubt was permitted to cross her mind. He who had seen fit to lay upon her such extreme *bodily* pain, graciously allowed her *mind* to be at rest; the words were sweetly verified in her case, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." She was now completely weaned from the world, had not one thought or desire earthward: she scarcely noticed her nearest and dearest relatives; upon one of her children asking her if she loved her as much as ever? She exclaimed, "Yes, but I love *Jesus* better." A dear aunt said to her, "You are going soon to see Jesus whom you love." "Oh yes," she replied, "I do love Jesus so much, I can part with everything here; I want to go home; I hope I shall not be impatient, but what my sufferings have been no one can tell."

On Saturday, her brothers came to see her for the last time; she received them calmly and cheerfully. On one of them asking her how she felt? she replied, "I am sinking fast, I think." "But," said he, "are you *happy*, my dear?" Her face had been of a deathly paleness, now it suddenly flushed, and with a radiant and heavenly smile she exclaimed, "O yes, yes, *and counting every moment ten till I am gone!*" We frequently noticed the singular sweetness of her smile and sparkle of her eyes when she spoke of, "*Home*;" to every one it was the same: "I am so tired, I want to go home." On Monday morning, when the doctor saw her, she told him "it was no use trying." He said the longest she *could* live was twelve hours, and she seemed indeed to be almost gone; but on Tuesday she still lived, and seemed a trifle better; she was able to speak audibly; in the morning she said to me, "Lizzie (my sister) told me the doctor said I should have been gone long before this; oh I wish he had spoken the truth." I said, "Cannot you wait the appointed time, dear?" "Oh!" she said, "I am afraid I am becoming impatient; I hope not, I hope not, but oh, you don't know *what* I suffer." I asked her if she would like to name any text for her funeral sermon. Before she could answer, she was seized with one of her violent spasms; directly she revived she gasped brokenly, "I should like—I should like the text—to—be, 'Thy will—thy will—.'" She could not finish, and I went on, "'Not mine be done.' You would like that, dear?" "Yes, I *do* want to say that." Her sister said to her, "You have no fear, darling, you are not afraid to die?" "No," she replied, "I am going home, home." She told her brother, when he heard of her release to say, "thank God," to shed *no* tears for her; she often said, "You cannot wish me to stop here in this agony." She was distressed if she saw us grieving much, telling us that God could repay us for the loss of her. Once when she thought I was giving way to immoderate sorrow, she exclaimed reproachfully, "You *forget* your Refuge, you *forget* your Refuge;" often saying, "Do let me hear you say, you can give me up; you should not *wish* me to stop." On Wednesday it was evident the end was approaching; her hands were turning black; her voice almost gone; still she remained conscious, and whispered "Good bye," to some friends.

Once when she heard it thunder, she lifted her finger with a smile, "Hark," she said, "That's my *dear* Father speaking to me; oh if he would take me *now* to his beautiful home." Towards night her sufferings increased, and her mind wandered at intervals. It was a night never

to be forgotten by us, the whole family were up all night. Our beloved sufferer had not one moment's sleep; sweetly and earnestly she kept praying for a few moments rest; but her agony was too great; she was soon to sleep the *last, long* sleep; until then, *rest* was denied her. It was painful in the extreme to witness her intense sufferings. I remember how plaintively she would say, when in the wanderings of delirium, "she *must* get up, she was in such *misery*." Her most frequent expression, she would groan out in agonized tones, "*O, if He would but take me and lay me at Jesus' feet:*" invariably adding, "still, if it is His will, if I must stay longer, oh may he make me patient." We could with difficulty now understand what she said. A short time before she died, she would take her usual morning medicine, thinking it might relieve her; she was raised in bed, and even then (as was her wont) she bowed her head, and uttered her usual prayer for God's blessing. She lay still now, with her eyes fixed upwards; we must think she saw something that was hid from our eyes, she kept beckoning with her hand, whispering "Quick, quick." She was constantly talking to herself, but we could distinguish nothing save "Jesus—Lord." Once as she whispered "Jesus," my sister bent over and said, "Is He with you, dear?" She did not answer, but her face lit up with a most sweet smile, and she lifted her hand, trying to draw it down Lizzie's face; it was the last effort; she did not speak, or move again; her breath came thick and fast, growing fainter and fainter every moment, until half-past ten in the morning she drew three faint, short breaths, and with the last, her happy spirit burst its bonds, and she had gone to experience the truth of those lines that were so often repeated to her on earth, that—

"One blest hour at His right hand  
Will make amends for all."

Ours is a heavy loss, her's an infinite gain. Rest must be sweet to her after her prolonged agony. May we, in thinking of her happiness, forget that we have any cause for sorrow, but rather rejoice, and thank God that He has taken our loved one to Himself, that He has permitted her eyes to "see the King in his beauty," and given us the hope of one day joining her in that Home of perfect peace, and joy, and love; where changes never come, and parting cannot be.

"The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

I am, dear Mr Banks, sincerely yours in our dear Lord Jesus,  
ELLINOR EMBERSON.

8, Devonshire Villas, Elm Road, Camden Town.

MR. DANIEL ALLEN OF SIDNEY, AND THE LATE MR.  
BENJAMIN DAVIES.

Chapel House, Castlereagh-street, Sidney.

August 9th, 1872.

Mrs. B. DAVIES, (Greenwich).

MY DEAR SISTER IN JESUS, the widow's Husband,—Love, mercy, and everlasting consolation unto you, from Him who is the Consolation of Israel, and comforts those who mourn.

You will see by the enclosed that I have received your dear departed husband's letter, by last mail, and that I have replied in readiness for

our mail to England. Judge therefore of my sad, solemn, and great surprise, in reading the *Earthen Vessel* by this mail, to see the record of the death of the very dear brother whose letter I have just received and replied unto. Oh, how I have felt my soul melt and strangely move, in this very *sudden and solemn dispensation of Divine love*—

*“Not in anger—not in anger.  
But in His dear covenant love.”*

Oh, I am so glad I saw you when a stranger here, and had the favour to show you only that very, very little kindness, which gave him comfort, and drew out his letter of thanks to me, thus opening the way to our fellowship in the high element of Divine love; and above all, that he praised the Lord for His mercy to you whilst you were here, and for your safe return to his bosom. Oh, how deep are the Divine councils! How sublime are Jehovah's ways! *All*, my sister, will justify His testimony of fondest love to us, when seen by eyes that make no mistakes, or when viewed in His light. You will trust Him for this, even where you cannot, by sense, see it. You have a marvellous opportunity to glorify your Father, by honouring Him with the submission of that faith which glorifies Him in the fires. Fear not, my sister; lean now on the bosom of God, and take your high station under the shadow of the wings of the Almighty; where the widow Ruth found a strong hold in the day of her trouble. Here many a poor widow's heart has leaped for joy when her earthly all has been snatched from her eyes and hands. Here, then, lay down and rest in God. You have been honoured to be the helpmeet of one of the Lord's servants, and thus you have done service unto Christ, who will care for you with a fond and tender care. Yea, you have surely read out His loving regard to you in that noble act of heavenly love by Dr. Miller, your vicar. God bless that good man with everlasting good.

I think I told you of my Lord's kindness and care to me, when a poor lone boy, who had no friend nor helper nigh; such will the Lord be to your dear lads, your offspring. Leave, then, your children, with your husband's Master; forget not His words, "Leave your fatherless children with the Lord, and let your widows trust in me, saith the Lord."

Your dear husband requested our prayers, that God might bless his labours in your new chapel, which, he informed me, he had just successfully opened. But now I have a heart full of feeling to pray for you and yours. I am glad his stepping aside did not alter his friendship and love with dear brother Banks. The Lord revives the good old ways in Zion. I send my letters written to him, which you can give to brother Banks, or do as you please with. I highly prize my letter from the dear one now gone before.

In the assurance of His love to you, I commend you to Him in fervent prayer: and with much love and deep sympathy, I remain, your affectionate brother in the Lord Jesus,

Pastor DANIEL ALLEN.

[Some little time before the sudden death of our late esteemed friend, Mr. Benjamin Davies, of Greenwich, his excellent wife went on a mission of charity to Australia, where, in the person, ministry, and family of our brother Daniel Allen, she found Christian sympathy and true kindness. On her return home, her beloved husband wrote a grateful epistle to Mr. Allen. This brought some letters from good Daniel, which our readers will read with great pleasure. We give, first, his letter of condolence to the widow; but his letter to dear Benjamin, which reached England after he was gone, is a jewel. It will appear next month.—Ed.]

“THEY THOUGHT UPON HIS NAME.”

BY THE LATE MR. JAMES WELLS.

(OF THE SURREY TABERNACLE.)

THE name of the Lord is that by which He will be remembered by them who believe in Him. “I am,” saith the Lord, “the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob. This is my *name* and my memorial, and that by which I will be remembered to all generations.” By this name we are delivered from the law—the Saviour having fulfilled that wherein we were held: while the *name* of the Lord has in it all that variety of adaptation that meets both the law’s demands and our necessities. His name is Jesus: here is salvation in contrast to being lost. His name is Jehovah our righteousness: here is a two-fold contrast—first, with the first Adam, who was only man; but the second Adam is the Lord from heaven; so that the *person* by whom we are saved and justified is infinitely superior to the person by whom judgment to condemnation came upon us; and his righteousness is what the righteousness of Adam never could be. Here it is that all the relations into which the Lord has taken his people are established—never to be dissolved. As a father, there is with Him no variableness, neither shadow of turning. As a Saviour, Jesus is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. And the Holy Spirit as a guide, will be our Guide even unto death. This, then, is that name of the Lord upon which all saints of old have thought.

They thought upon His name *earnestly*; and sought his mercy, blessing, and presence.

They thought upon His name *reverentially*—“Holy and reverend is His name.”

*Prayerfully*: making their requests known by prayer and supplication.

*Understandingly*: they understood the truth and order of His name.

“Jesus their God—they knew His name:

His name was all their trust.”

*Affectionately*: they loved Him; and the language of each was—“Be merciful unto me, as Thou usest unto them that love Thy name.”

*Believingly*: Abraham believed God; and it was counted to him for (evidential) righteousness.

*Profitably*: they did not think in vain; they so thought thereon as to encourage themselves in the Lord their God, and so bear up under their troubles, and rise above the fear of man.

*Practically*: they wore His name as it were in their foreheads, and stood out for the truth, even unto death; and declared that they were strangers and pilgrims upon the earth, “choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures in Egypt, for they had respect unto the recompense of the reward.”

*Satisfactorily*: they were by this name satisfied with good things; by it they knew they should be for ever satisfied with the goodness of His house, even of His holy temple.

*Rejoicingly*: they were enabled at times to delight themselves in the Lord, and to rejoice in God their Saviour.

## SURREY TABERNACLE PREACHERS.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—You never say how you liked Joseph Hussey : (there is a deal of chaff mingled with wheat in our day.) He loved his Lord with holy zeal. Just one sentence shows a depth of thought and deep experience, “A quarter of an hour is a long time for the Holy Spirit to keep his seal upon the heart under a sermon.” Would there were a few such unflinching champions in our day! What a mercy to know the least measure of the sealing of the Spirit in our own souls. One night, when all the family were in bed, and I alone, that sealing power rested on this verse of Kent’s hymn—

“Tis He, my soul—thy only Lord,  
The lost inheritance restored—  
The trumpet sounds—the debtor’s free,  
What has thy “kinsman” done for thee?”

I here send you a few notes of a sermon by Mr. Howarth, of Preston, delivered in Surrey Tabernacle, Aug. 11, ’72, text, Isaiah xlv. 4, 5. “And they shall spring up, as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses : one shall say, I am the Lord’s ; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob ; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel.”

The last clause of the previous verse shows who are the persons spoken of in the text, “I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thy offspring. And they shall spring up as among the grass.”

Our glorious Lord Jesus is here spoken of under the name of Jacob my servant. I am not going to raise the question in Surrey Tabernacle this morning, whether our Lord had a human soul ; but the seed spoken of here are his offspring, and the Eternal God has declared they “shall spring up,” “as among the grass.” The union of Christ and the Church, is a most glorious and most soul-comforting doctrine. We are not living in India, or in those places where they worship images. But every man’s creed that does not square with the truth of God is an image of his own creating ; and I am bold to say there are as many image worshippers in England as in any part of the world. But to the text, “And they shall spring up as among the grass.” Such of you as know anything about the country, know that if you go into a field where the grass is grown up, if you look closely you will find here and there a cowslip, a lily, and a buttercup. Now mind, these are not the grass, and they have a root, for every seed has its own root. So also is Christ. He is the root of the Church, and these are His seed. Paul is very clear on this point, “that the promise may be sure to all the seed,” and the Lord says they shall spring up. Mind that, “*They shall.*”

I take the grass for all humanity ; for the Word says, “All flesh is grass, “And they shall spring up as among the grass—as willows by the water courses.” I have been astonished oftentimes to see how the young willows grow ; mark one thing, you may bend the willow, but it is a very difficult thing to break it ; their bending may represent to us young disciples, who for a time, till the Lord establishes them, may run after this eloquent preacher, or that learned man.

Have you a willow in your family? Bless God for it. For the blessing of the Lord is wherever they are. The Lord does not usually take whole

households, for He has said, "I will take one of a family and two of a city, and bring them to Zion:" therefore bless the Lord if thou hast but one. "For whom He did foreknow He also did predestinate; moreover whom He did predestinate them He also called, and whom He called them He also justified, and whom He justified them He also glorified." This is God's chain let down from Heaven, and returneth thither. "One shall say I am the Lord's." There are moments in the believer's life, when under the sealing and anointing power of God the Holy Spirit, the soul exclaims, "I am the Lord's"; they may be transient, and far between, but they are the sure mercies of David.

"And another shall call himself by the name of Jacob." Jacob is called a worm in another place. The soul says, I am a poor creature, but I am enabled to wrestle with God in prayer and supplication, and, blessed be His name, sometimes obtain the blessing. "And another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel." Sometimes under the preached word, or in reading the testimony and experience of some of the saints who have gone before, you can take your pen and write and surname yourself by the name of Israel. "They shall spring up as among the grass." Amen.

Sunday, August 18th.—Mr. Rollatson, a minister of the Church of England, preached from—"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit, for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea the deep things of God."

I wish I could tell you much this dear man of God said. Clear in doctrine and in evidence; wine unmixed with water. One thing he said I must record, speaking of the righteousness of Christ imputed, he said, very solemnly,—“When I lie on my dying bed (if I am permitted to have one) and I see my sins and my infirmities in a clearer light than I ever saw them before, and feeling conscious in my poor soul that in a few moments I must stand before God, then to realize in my poor soul, by the revelation and anointing of God the Holy Spirit, that I am clothed in the best robe, which has ‘neither spot nor wrinkle, nor any such thing,’ but is the righteousness of God wherein I stand accepted in the Beloved,” will be a mercy indeed.

There are, blessed be God, still a few who have the mark of being the sent servants of God: the Lord bless them, and yourself also, Mr. Editor.—J. T.

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#### MR. COVELL, OF CROYDON.

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**A** CORRESPONDENT says, — “You will be pleased to hear our minister, Mr. Covell, is recovered from his late illness: by the grace and kindness of God he is restored to his Master's service in the ministry of His Word. ‘*The Handbook*’ is not always correct: although the church at West Street is comparatively not so large as the congregation, it is not to be mentioned by forty members; the congregation being near 400 persons, crowding into chapel every Lord's-day, a congregation of attentive listeners to the Gospel, as set forth by Mr. Covell.

came "joy and peace in believing." I believe not one shadow of doubt was permitted to cross her mind. He who had seen fit to lay upon her such extreme *bodily* pain, graciously allowed her *mind* to be at rest; the words were sweetly verified in her case, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." She was now completely weaned from the world, had not one thought or desire earthward: she scarcely noticed her nearest and dearest relatives; upon one of her children asking her if she loved her as much as ever? She exclaimed, "Yes, but I love *Jesus* better." A dear aunt said to her, "You are going soon to see Jesus whom you love." "Oh yes," she replied, "I do love Jesus so much, I can part with everything here; I want to go home; I hope I shall not be impatient, but what my sufferings have been no one can tell."

On Saturday, her brothers came to see her for the last time; she received them calmly and cheerfully. On one of them asking her how she felt? she replied, "I am sinking fast, I think." "But," said he, "are you *happy*, my dear?" Her face had been of a deathly paleness, now it suddenly flushed, and with a radiant and heavenly smile she exclaimed, "O yes, yes, *and counting every moment ten* till I am gone!" We frequently noticed the singular sweetness of her smile and sparkle of her eyes when she spoke of, "*Home*;" to every one it was the same: "I am so tired, I want to go home." On Monday morning, when the doctor saw her, she told him "it was no use trying." He said the longest she *could* live was twelve hours, and she seemed indeed to be almost gone; but on Tuesday she still lived, and seemed a trifle better; she was able to speak audibly; in the morning she said to me, "Lizzie (my sister) told me the doctor said I should have been gone long before this; oh I wish he had spoken the truth." I said, "Cannot you wait the appointed time, dear?" "Oh!" she said, "I am afraid I am becoming impatient; I hope not, I hope not, but oh, you don't know *what* I suffer." I asked her if she would like to name any text for her funeral sermon. Before she could answer, she was seized with one of her violent spasms; directly she revived she gasped brokenly, "I should like—I should like the text—to—be, 'Thy will—thy will——.'" She could not finish, and I went on, "'Not mine be done.' You would like that, dear?" "Yes, I *do* want to say that." Her sister said to her, "You have no fear, darling, you are not afraid to die?" "No," she replied, "I am going home, home." She told her brother, when he heard of her release to say, "thank God," to shed *no* tears for her; she often said, "You cannot wish me to stop here in this agony." She was distressed if she saw us grieving much, telling us that God could repay us for the loss of her. Once when she thought I was giving way to immoderate sorrow, she exclaimed reproachfully, "You *forget* your Refuge, you *forget* your Refuge;" often saying, "Do let me hear you say, you can give me up; you should not *wish* me to stop." On Wednesday it was evident the end was approaching; her hands were turning black; her voice almost gone; still she remained conscious, and whispered "Good bye," to some friends.

Once when she heard it thunder, she lifted her finger with a smile, "Hark," she said, "That's my *dear* Father speaking to me; oh if he would take me *now* to his beautiful home." Towards night her sufferings increased, and her mind wandered at intervals. It was a night never



to be forgotten by us, the whole family were up all night. Our beloved sufferer had not one moment's sleep; sweetly and earnestly she kept praying for a few moments rest; but her agony was too great; she was soon to sleep the *last, long* sleep; until then, *rest* was denied her. It was painful in the extreme to witness her intense sufferings. I remember how plaintively she would say, when in the wanderings of delirium, "she *must* get up, she was in such *misery*." Her most frequent expression, she would groan out in agonized tones, "*O, if He would but take me and lay me at Jesus' feet:*" invariably adding, "still, if it is His will, if I must stay longer, oh may he make me patient." We could with difficulty now understand what she said. A short time before she died, she would take her usual morning medicine, thinking it might relieve her; she was raised in bed, and even then (as was her wont) she bowed her head, and uttered her usual prayer for God's blessing. She lay still now, with her eyes fixed upwards; we must think she saw something that was hid from our eyes, she kept beckoning with her hand, whispering "Quick, quick." She was constantly talking to herself, but we could distinguish nothing save "Jesus—Lord." Once as she whispered "Jesus," my sister bent over and said, "Is He with you, dear?" She did not answer, but her face lit up with a most sweet smile, and she lifted her hand, trying to draw it down Lizzie's face; it was the last effort; she did not speak, or move again; her breath came thick and fast, growing fainter and fainter every moment, until half-past ten in the morning she drew three faint, short breaths, and with the last, her happy spirit burst its bonds, and she had gone to experience the truth of those lines that were so often repeated to her on earth, that—

"One blest hour at His right hand  
Will make amends for all."

Ours is a heavy loss, her's an infinite gain. Rest must be sweet to her after her prolonged agony. May we, in thinking of her happiness, forget that we have any cause for sorrow, but rather rejoice, and thank God that He has taken our loved one to Himself, that He has permitted her eyes to "see the King in his beauty," and given us the hope of one day joining her in that Home of perfect peace, and joy, and love; where changes never come, and parting cannot be.

"The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

I am, dear Mr Banks, sincerely yours in our dear Lord Jesus,  
ELLINOR EMBERSON.

8, Devonshire Villas, Elm Road, Camden Town.

MR. DANIEL ALLEN OF SIDNEY, AND THE LATE MR.  
BENJAMIN DAVIES.

Chapel House, Castlereagh-street, Sidney.

August 9th, 1872.

Mrs. B. DAVIES, (Greenwich).

MY DEAR SISTER IN JESUS, the widow's Husband,—Love, mercy, and everlasting consolation unto you, from Him who is the Consolation of Israel, and comforts those who mourn.

You will see by the enclosed that I have received your dear departed husband's letter, by last mail, and that I have replied in readiness for

our mail to England. Judge therefore of my sad, solemn, and great surprise, in reading the *Earthen Vessel* by this mail, to see the record of the death of the very dear brother whose letter I have just received and replied unto. Oh, how I have felt my soul melt and strangely move, in this very *sudden and solemn dispensation of Divine love*—

*"Not in anger—not in anger.  
But in His dear covenant love."*

Oh, I am so glad I saw you when a stranger here, and had the favour to show you only that very, very little kindness, which gave him comfort, and drew out his letter of thanks to me, thus opening the way to our fellowship in the high element of Divine love; and above all, that he praised the Lord for His mercy to you whilst you were here, and for your safe return to his bosom. Oh, how deep are the Divine councils! How sublime are Jehovah's ways! *All*, my sister, will justify His testimony of fondest love to us, when seen by eyes that make no mistakes, or when viewed in His light. You will trust Him for this, even where you cannot, by sense, see it. You have a marvellous opportunity to glorify your Father, by honouring Him with the submission of that faith which glorifies Him in the fires. Fear not, my sister; lean now on the bosom of God, and take your high station under the shadow of the wings of the Almighty; where the widow Ruth found a strong hold in the day of her trouble. Here many a poor widow's heart has leaped for joy when her earthly all has been snatched from her eyes and hands. Here, then, lay down and rest in God. You have been honoured to be the helpmeet of one of the Lord's servants, and thus you have done service unto Christ, who will care for you with a fond and tender care. Yea, you have surely read out His loving regard to you in that noble act of heavenly love by Dr. Miller, your vicar. God bless that good man with everlasting good.

I think I told you of my Lord's kindness and care to me, when a poor lone boy, who had no friend nor helper nigh; such will the Lord be to your dear lads, your offspring. Leave, then, your children, with your husband's Master; forget not His words, "Leave your fatherless children with the Lord, and let your widows trust in me, saith the Lord."

Your dear husband requested our prayers, that God might bless his labours in your new chapel, which, he informed me, he had just successfully opened. But now I have a heart full of feeling to pray for you and yours. I am glad his stepping aside did not alter his friendship and love with dear brother Banks. The Lord revives the good old ways in Zion. I send my letters written to him, which you can give to brother Banks, or do as you please with. I highly prize my letter from the dear one now gone before.

In the assurance of His love to you, I commend you to Him in fervent prayer: and with much love and deep sympathy, I remain, your affectionate brother in the Lord Jesus,

Pastor DANIEL ALLEN.

[Some little time before the sudden death of our late esteemed friend, Mr. Benjamin Davies, of Greenwich, his excellent wife went on a mission of charity to Australia, where, in the person, ministry, and family of our brother Daniel Allen, she found Christian sympathy and true kindness. On her return home, her beloved husband wrote a grateful epistle to Mr. Allen. This brought some letters from good Daniel, which our readers will read with great pleasure. We give, first, his letter of condolence to the widow; but his letter to dear Benjamin, which reached England after he was gone, is a jewel. It will appear next month.—ED.]

“THEY THOUGHT UPON HIS NAME.”

BY THE LATE MR. JAMES WELLS.

(OF THE SURREY TABERNACLE.)

THE name of the Lord is that by which He will be remembered by them who believe in Him. “I am,” saith the Lord, “the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob. This is my *name* and my memorial, and that by which I will be remembered to all generations.” By this name we are delivered from the law—the Saviour having fulfilled that wherein we were held: while the *name* of the Lord has in it all that variety of adaptation that meets both the law’s demands and our necessities. His name is Jesus: here is salvation in contrast to being lost. His name is Jehovah our righteousness: here is a two-fold contrast—first, with the first Adam, who was only man; but the second Adam is the Lord from heaven; so that the *person* by whom we are saved and justified is infinitely superior to the person by whom judgment to condemnation came upon us; and his righteousness is what the righteousness of Adam never could be. Here it is that all the relations into which the Lord has taken his people are established—never to be dissolved. As a father, there is with Him no variableness, neither shadow of turning. As a Saviour, Jesus is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. And the Holy Spirit as a guide, will be our Guide even unto death. This, then, is that name of the Lord upon which all saints of old have thought.

They thought upon His name *earnestly*; and sought his mercy, blessing, and presence.

They thought upon His name *reverentially*—“Holy and reverend is His name.”

*Prayerfully*: making their requests known by prayer and supplication.

*Understandingly*: they understood the truth and order of His name.

“Jesus their God—they knew His name:

His name was all their trust.”

*Affectionately*: they loved Him; and the language of each was—“Be merciful unto me, as Thou usest unto them that love Thy name.”

*Believingly*: Abraham believed God; and it was counted to him for (evidential) righteousness.

*Profitably*: they did not think in vain; they so thought thereon as to encourage themselves in the Lord their God, and so bear up under their troubles, and rise above the fear of man.

*Practically*: they wore His name as it were in their foreheads, and stood out for the truth, even unto death; and declared that they were strangers and pilgrims upon the earth, “choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures in Egypt, for they had respect unto the recompense of the reward.”

*Satisfactorily*: they were by this name satisfied with good things; by it they knew they should be for ever satisfied with the goodness of His house, even of His holy temple.

*Rejoicingly*: they were enabled at times to delight themselves in the Lord, and to rejoice in God their Saviour.

## SURREY TABERNACLE PREACHERS.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—You never say how you liked Joseph Hussey: (there is a deal of chaff mingled with wheat in our day.) He loved his Lord with holy zeal. Just one sentence shows a depth of thought and deep experience, “A quarter of an hour is a long time for the Holy Spirit to keep his seal upon the heart under a sermon.” Would there were a few such unflinching champions in our day! What a mercy to know the least measure of the sealing of the Spirit in our own souls. One night, when all the family were in bed, and I alone, that sealing power rested on this verse of Kent’s hymn—

“Tis He, my soul—thy only Lord,  
The lost inheritance restored—  
The trumpet sounds—the debtor’s free,  
What has thy “kinsman” done for thee?”

I here send you a few notes of a sermon by Mr. Howarth, of Preston, delivered in Surrey Tabernacle, Aug. 11, '72, text, Isaiah xlv. 4, 5. “And they shall spring up, as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses: one shall say, I am the Lord’s; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel.”

The last clause of the previous verse shows who are the persons spoken of in the text, “I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thy offspring. And they shall spring up as among the grass.”

Our glorious Lord Jesus is here spoken of under the name of Jacob my servant. I am not going to raise the question in Surrey Tabernacle this morning, whether our Lord had a human soul; but the seed spoken of here are his offspring, and the Eternal God has declared they “shall spring up,” “as among the grass.” The union of Christ and the Church, is a most glorious and most soul-comforting doctrine. We are not living in India, or in those places where they worship images. But every man’s creed that does not square with the truth of God is an image of his own creating; and I am bold to say there are as many image worshippers in England as in any part of the world. But to the text, “And they shall spring up as among the grass.” Such of you as know anything about the country, know that if you go into a field where the grass is grown up, if you look closely you will find here and there a cowslip, a lily, and a buttercup. Now mind, these are not the grass, and they have a root, for every seed has its own root. So also is Christ. He is the root of the Church, and these are His seed. Paul is very clear on this point, “that the promise may be sure to all the seed,” and the Lord says they shall spring up. Mind that, “*They shall.*”

I take the grass for all humanity; for the Word says, “All flesh is grass, “And they shall spring up as among the grass—as willows by the water courses.” I have been astonished oftentimes to see how the young willows grow; mark one thing, you may bend the willow, but it is a very difficult thing to break it; their bending may represent to us young disciples, who for a time, till the Lord establishes them, may run after this eloquent preacher, or that learned man.

Have you a willow in your family? Bless God for it. For the blessing of the Lord is wherever they are. The Lord does not usually take whole

households, for He has said, "I will take one of a family and two of a city, and bring them to Zion:" therefore bless the Lord if thou hast but one. "For whom He did foreknow He also did predestinate; moreover whom He did predestinate them He also called, and whom He called them He also justified, and whom He justified them He also glorified." This is God's chain let down from Heaven, and returneth thither. "One shall say I am the Lord's." There are moments in the believer's life, when under the sealing and anointing power of God the Holy Spirit, the soul exclaims, "I am the Lord's"; they may be transient, and far between, but they are the sure mercies of David.

"And another shall call himself by the name of Jacob." Jacob is called a worm in another place. The soul says, I am a poor creature, but I am enabled to wrestle with God in prayer and supplication, and, blessed be His name, sometimes obtain the blessing. "And another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel." Sometimes under the preached word, or in reading the testimony and experience of some of the saints who have gone before, you can take your pen and write and surname yourself by the name of Israel. "They shall spring up as among the grass." Amen.

Sunday, August 18th.—Mr. Rollatson, a minister of the Church of England, preached from—"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit, for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea the deep things of God."

I wish I could tell you much this dear man of God said. Clear in doctrine and in evidence; wine unmixed with water. One thing he said I must record, speaking of the righteousness of Christ imputed, he said, very solemnly,—“When I lie on my dying bed (if I am permitted to have one) and I see my sins and my infirmities in a clearer light than I ever saw them before, and feeling conscious in my poor soul that in a few moments I must stand before God, then to realize in my poor soul, by the revelation and anointing of God the Holy Spirit, that I am clothed in the best robe, which has 'neither spot nor wrinkle, nor any such thing,' but is the righteousness of God wherein I stand accepted in the Beloved," will be a mercy indeed.

There are, blessed be God, still a few who have the mark of being the sent servants of God: the Lord bless them, and yourself also, Mr. Editor.—J. T.

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#### MR. COVELL, OF CROYDON.

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**A** CORRESPONDENT says, — "You will be pleased to hear our minister, Mr. Covell, is recovered from his late illness: by the grace and kindness of God he is restored to his Master's service in the ministry of His Word. '*The Handbook*' is not always correct: although the church at West Street is comparatively not so large as the congregation, it is not to be mentioned by forty members; the congregation being near 400 persons, crowding into chapel every Lord's-day, a congregation of attentive listeners to the Gospel, as set forth by Mr. Covell.

I often feel oppressed by the multiplied signs of the coming in of the adversary as a flood, in a subtle and powerful form on the whole Church of God. At present, however, through the grace of God, at West Street, Mr. C., in spite of physical frailties, is well sustained in that province of the Gospel committed of God unto him, that the church and congregation dwell in a desirable position of peace. Allow me to say Mr. Covell's printed sermons seem to convey a very inadequate expression of the purpose, warmth, and spirit of the preacher as the Word falls from his lips on the Lord's-day : this, you know, is frequent with printed sermons. Some say of Mr. Covell's ministry, he is severe ; I scarcely remember his being severe against any party or person, except men who obviously profess, and make use of, the doctrine of Grace for nothing, or scarcely anything more than mere secular ends. In Mr. C.'s ministry is given indisputable evidence of his being a partaker of the true grace of God."

Mr. Covell was graciously blessed in the time of his illness. The chapel was built and opened in 1847. Mr. C. has passed his sixtieth year.—

AN INVISIBLE PILGRIM.

[Mr. Covell's sermon another time.—Ed.]

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#### "THE JOY THAT WAS SET BEFORE HIM."

ONE hundred and one years—on Monday, October 14, 1872—has rolled away since Dr. John Gill left this world. "Death gently ended his labours," (says our modern historian, Godfrey Holden Pike, Esq.), "in the fifty-third year of his pastorate, and the seventy-fourth of his life, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of Monday, October 14, 1771. On Thursday, October 17, 1872, the memorial stone of a new Baptist chapel for Mr. R. A. Lawrence, and the church with him now meeting in Webb-street, Bermondsey, was laid, with propriety and all due solemnity, by William Crowther, Esq., of Gomersal, Leeds, who is a worthy citizen, a true Gospel preacher, and a thoroughly liberal Christian gentleman.

On receiving a special invitation to attend these inauguration services, I resolved, the Lord permitting, (if opportunity was given), to review the history of Southwark in a religious point of view ; for, instead of proclaiming this to be such a fearful day of dark declension in things allied unto the Gospel, I cannot review the amazing progress which the Gospel has made even in Southwark alone, during the last century ; I could not look upon that body of people, pastors, deacons, members of churches, and hosts of other Christian friends that day assembled ; I could not gaze upon that excellent young man, R. A. Lawrence, the zealous successor of Francis Thomas Stringer and Thomas Chivers ; I could not listen to the patriotic and wise address of Mr. Crowther that afternoon ; I could not behold such men as John Beech, Esq., and others, laying their ten, twenty, and even twenty-five sovereigns on the stone, until altogether nearly £200 was contributed—I could not reflect upon all these cheering events, without feeling that the Particular Baptist churches in London have great cause to sing ; every day to sing

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Our Ministers, our churches, our pastors, and our real friends, are

multiplying and rising on every hand; and when a little more of the sour, unforgiving, and pharisaical leaven has died out; when the unction from the HOLY ONE shall powerfully descend upon our pastors and churches—when true Christian charity and holy unity shall cement and bind their hearts more closely together; then shall they arise and shine; then shall they shake themselves from the dust of corruption, from the ashes of prejudicial jealousies, from the awfully disgraceful grovellings in the fens of unbelief and pretended “deep experiences;” then shall they put on their beautiful garments of pure victory; of earnest decision; of love to God, to Christ, to the Holy Spirit—to the New Testament Gospel; and to the souls of their fellow-men; and having the Eternal God for their refuge, having the everlasting Gospel in their commission; having the prayers of thousands—even of thousands of precious saints ascending to the Throne of Grace in their behalf, they shall go forth “terrible as an army with banners.” We painfully bemoan the loss of some who, by death and by other means, have been taken from us. Nevertheless, our God is faithful; our Great High Priest still lives; covenant promises cannot fail; hence, good, gifted, growing, and gracious young men, like R. A. Lawrence, J. Bennett, Langford, Bardens, Myerson, Squirrell, Gander, Webb, and a host beside, are coming forth on every hand. No more then let it be said, “Our Ministers are all gone.” Such expressions are an insult to the Great Head of the Church; who is ever watching over, and working in the midst of the saints upon the earth.

As I walked on towards the public services referred to—as I listened to Mr. Lawrence when reading the Articles of their faith, those words of Paul, respecting the dear Redeemer, were continually speaking in my soul, “THE JOY SET BEFORE HIM,” I was ready to burst out, joyfully exclaiming, “*Brother Lawrence, here is great joy set before you this day!*” For you are favoured to plant your ministerial standard in a rich Gospel soil. There is no densely populated district in all the world from whence has gone forth from the press so many testimonies for God’s truth as have gone forth out of Southwark during the last two hundred years. Think of Keach’s Metaphors and Parables; think of Dr. Gill’s immense Commentaries upon the Old and New Testaments; his published Sermons, Body of Divinity, and other works; think of the Hymn Books, Rippon’s, Denham’s; James Wells’, Spurgeon’s, &c. Think of the millions of Gospel sermons which have been preached in Southwark, and sent into all the world. Think of the multitude of Baptists meeting for worship every Lord’s Day in this immense district, and then we must conclude Southwark—in a Gospel sense—is a soil rich indeed. Here may young brother Lawrence preach the Gospel of Christ for many years to come; here may showers of blessings descend upon his ministry, upon his soul, his church and his people; here may Christ’s kingdom come in majesty and glory. So prays his friend in truth,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

TAKE a mass of quicksilver, let it fall to the ground, and it will split itself into a vast number of distinct globules. Gather them up, and put them together again, and they will coalesce into one body as before. Thus God’s elect below are sometimes crumpled and distinguished into various parties, though they are in fact members in one and the same mystic body. But when taken up from the world and put together in heaven they will constitute one glorious undivided Church for ever and ever.—*Toplady.*

## NOTHING WITHOUT—ALL THINGS WITH—CHRIST.

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“To God, the Son, belongs immortal glory too,  
Who bought us with His blood from everlasting woe.  
And now He lives! And now He reigns!!  
And sees the fruit of all His pains.”

**I**F the fathers are fallen asleep, the Churches of Christ in this land, and in some other lands—have great reason to be thankful to the Lord for raising up a host of good, honest, truthful young men, who study to shew themselves approved unto God, who aim to lift up THE SAVIOUR'S glory and honour, and who devote all the time and strength they have, usefully to serve the Churches. During the present year we have been into many counties, and have rejoiced to find in every district, numbers of humble, but hearty young disciples going forth in the villages, hamlets, and towns of our kingdom, preaching the Gospel of our Lord. They may not be giants, but they are growing: what measure of usefulness they may arrive at, God only knows. They may be biased in their prejudices: some boast of belonging to the only true Churches; others profess to be called by no party name; still the apostolic distinction is in season, “Some indeed preach Christ even of envy and strife; and some, also, of good will; the one preach Christ of contention—not sincerely, supposing to add affliction to my bonds: the other of love; knowing that I am set for the defence of the Gospel. What then, whether in pretence, or in truth, CHRIST IS PREACHÉD, and therein I do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice.” We bless God, this is our mind, this is our spirit: men are going forth reading the Word of God, preaching the Christ of God; and in their work we rejoice; but woe unto those men who dare to endeavour to HINDER any whom the Lord condescends to send and bless.

One of our rising young ministers, who may, perhaps, be a fair sample of many, is now pastor of the Church meeting in Bethel Chapel, Newton-street, Hoxton. The following is the substance of one of William Osmond's recent discourses: we gladly give it to our readers. His text was Ephesians iv. 20, “But ye have not so learned Christ.” Of many other precious things enunciated, he said:

Education is a great work, and should be of great importance to us all, seeing that there are so many ignorant of its necessity, and that a variety of teachers of all kinds and characters are in error, falsehood, superstition, &c. Hence, many ask, “Where is truth?” “WHAT is the Standard?” “Who is the teacher?” And, “Who needs teaching?”

In our text we have the great subject-matter of teaching,—CHRIST, the promised Messiah, the Anointed of God, the Sanctified of the Father, the Holy One of Israel. The word indicates all that the Gospel reveals; all that poor sinners need; all that the saint can rejoice in; all the felicity of the redeemed.

Secondly. We have something about “*Learning Him.*” Here we have a vast field.



Thirdly. The distinction that the Apostle makes ; the characters commended.

The Apostle has referred to some whose understanding was darkened, alienated from the life of God, through their inward ignorance, hardened hearts, and seared consciences ; “ But YE have not so learned Christ ”—that is, the subject-matter of teaching. Christ, the glorious person whom God the Father hath set apart from eternity. He is anointed to all His offices that He sustains on behalf of the people. Do they, as sinners, need a Priest ? Jesus Christ is that Priest. We cannot come into the presence of God without Christ the High Priest ; and he enters into the holiest of all with blood ; yea, it is His own most precious blood. Christ is the atoning Priest ; Christ is a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God. Christ is the Great High Priest of our profession, who bears all our names upon His breast-plate, and our persons upon His heart before an holy God ; so that we who are vile, polluted, and unworthy, are represented in heaven before the throne ; and our sighs and groans are received into the high court of heaven ; we are “ accepted in the Beloved.”

The Gospel reveals Christ the Priest. We sinners need a Priest ; Christ is that Priest. My hearers, have we so learned Christ, the Great High Priest ?

Christ is also the anointed King. His dominion is over all ; heaven, earth, and hell—all are in subjection to him ; angels, men, and devils are under His Divine authority. He is a great King above all gods. He is a just, wise, powerful, and gracious King ; subdues all His enemies ; overcomes them by the power of His love ; and rebels are subdued by His sovereign might.

The Gospel of the ever-blessed God instructs us in the anointed Kingship of Christ. Have we learned Christ as the anointed King ? Has He brought us into humble submission to His Divine authority by His Divine Spirit ?

Christ is, also, the anointed Prophet. Here let me observe that this Prophet is raised up like unto His brethren. Christ is no false Prophet, but the true ; He is the Truth of God ; of God’s covenant of grace ; of all God’s revelation of mercy. This Prophet sees in the past, sees now, and looks into the future. He instructs all the family of God—of themselves, of God ; of their state, need, strength, supply, and destiny. This great Prophet always directs in the right way, at the right time, and as we are able to bear it. CHRIST is the sinner’s need. No life, nor grace, nor mercy, nor peace, nor favour : no supply, temporal, spiritual, or eternal, without Christ.

Christ is the joy of the saint. Temporal and natural joy are short-lived. The jollity of the profane, the laughter of the wicked—hollow it may be—it is like the crackling of thorns under a pot, vain and unworthy ; but the joy of the believer is only from Christ. His Person, work, blood, sacrifice, death, and intercession ; all are the fountain, excitement, fulness, and blessedness of the joy of the saint.

Christ is the felicity of the redeemed. I mean those that are now before the throne. Oh ! what must it be to be there ? The rest, joy, and blessedness of the redeemed all flow from Jesus Christ. Then there is—

*The Learning.* No learning without life, faculty, or sense. No earning worth much here without a Divine Teacher. We hear of some

who are *self*-taught ; but this cannot be with regard to Divine, spiritual, and eternal things : none can instruct them in holy things ; there must be the Holy Spirit, the Lord Jesus Christ, the Holy Word of God. The ways and means are all appointed by Jehovah—the teacher, the taught, and the instruction are all under the Divine guidance and direction of our God.

Who needs the teaching ? All ! all ! But all do not feel their need ; and those that feel their need of instruction, will sometimes be constrained to do as Nicodemus did, who went to JESUS by *night*. This has been my personal case over and over again ; and the Lord has been my instructor. I have been constrained to lie at His feet,—wait, hear, look, and listen for what the Lord shall say. God's Word and God's Spirit instructs. God uses many ways and means to instruct.

And what does He teach ? That we are sinners, that He is righteous, and shews the only way of salvation. Our helplessness and the all-sufficiency of Jesus. The Holy Spirit teaches the Lord Jesus Christ in all His glory, grace, and redemption ; all the fulness, perfection, and blessedness.

HE teaches *of* Christ.

HE teaches *from* Christ.

HE teaches *about* Christ.

HE teaches *with* Christ.

He teaches of Christ's Person, work, blood and righteousness ; He teaches of Christ as the fountain and source of all spiritual and heavenly wisdom. He teaches about Christ as an all-sufficient Help, supplying salvation in every time of need—without the Spirit of Christ we are none of His. If such be the case, there is nothing antagonistic between Christ and the Spirit : what Jesus teaches, the Spirit teaches. The Word of God, Gospel doctrines, Gospel precepts, Gospel promises—all harmonize. There can be no learning Christ without the Spirit of Christ.

My third particular must be brief. It is simply the distinction that the Apostle makes between individuals, remarkable in the words, "But *ye*." Who are they ? The quickened ones, by the Spirit of God, by the power of Christ, by the grace of God. He calls them saints and faithful ; their walk, conduct, conversation ; their hopes, joys, life, destiny—altogether different from the rest of mankind. People are known by their language, habit, company, pedigree, country, parentage, possession, homes, friends, &c. If there is any difference in us, Who has made it ? If I believe in Jesus Christ, Who has led me so to believe ? If I rejoice in Jesus, Who is the Author of that joy ? If I have a hope and consolation in the Heaven prepared, Who has caused it ? If I have a love of holiness and Christ, and the things of God, Who is the source and foundation, Who the spring ? Oh, my friends, it is the work of God, and not the work of angels ; not the operation of the creature, but the work of grace. Now, then, let us enquire within, let us compare notes. What evidence have we that we are taught of Christ, love holiness, love goodness, and all that God loves. Oh ! that God the Eternal Spirit may lead us all to the feet of Jesus, and then may we learn all that God intends for us to know of ourselves, and of Christ, as the Wisdom of God. It is written, "All thy children shall be taught of God, and great shall be the peace of thy children. The

Lord's family are taught to hate sin and all that is in opposition to God, and Christ and eternal truth, and we learn by affliction sometimes when God sanctifies it ; our crosses and losses, our various trials teach our need of Him, who is faithful, who will never leave or forsake His people. Oh ! may the Great Jehovah Father, Son, and Spirit be our Teacher, now and evermore. Amen.

#### PRODUCTIONS OF THE PRESS.

*The Scottish Monthly Visitor Tract Society* sends forth immense numbers of stirring, pictorial, and fresh written tracts. We have received a packet.

*The Christian Standard* has unfurled its flag ; and the "standard" bearer, James Grant, Esq., has sounded the alarm. The pulpit and the pope ; yea, errors of any kind will be exposed in this sound, well-conducted, and largely useful penny weekly journal.

*Faith and a Good Conscience* is well hung together in a short sermon in *Our Own Fireside* for October. On this side of Jordan there can be nothing of such immense concernment as to know for ourselves that we have obtained a like precious faith with the true disciples of our Lord ; and, also, by virtue of that faith, dealing with the precious blood of the Lamb, we enjoy a conscience free from crusted guilt or accusing sins ; a conscience void of offence toward God and man. To the ancient Jews, the rebellious people, the Lord said, "In returning and rest, ye shall be saved ; in quietness (*i. e.*, peace by the blood), and in confidence shall be your strength ; but ye would not." It is even so now, but "blessed are they that wait for Him."

*Henry Dunster's Life* shews the ugly nature and character of religious bigotry. Our Lord taught the holy practice of seeking and searching after lost sheep ; but among some sections of English professing Christians, they secretly persecute ; yea, they would practically annihilate those who follow not with them. Everywhere we meet with witnesses to the fact, that the men who run England over with their kind of preaching, secretly sow seeds of destruction for the ruin of others. Let us all read the fifteenth Psalm, and having read it, may grace enable us to take heed unto our ways.

*The Monthly Record of the Protestant Evangelical Mission*, &c. Offices : 14, Tavistock-street, Covent Garden. This penny monthly fires away with pure Protestant powder and shot in the same spirit in which Luther uprooted some of

the Popish plants of poison. The October *Record* carries us back to 1688, "when the people of England were delivered from the bondage of Popery ;" and when they entered into a solemn covenant with God to maintain the true profession of the Gospel. After this, the *Record* shows how in 1829, England violated that covenant, and from that time we have been departing from the purity of the faith, and from the propriety of the true worship of God. The facts herein related would awaken the inhabitants of our land ; but, as William Huntington said, a deep spirit of slumber and a dark night of delusion have fallen upon us ; hence, we are dreaming, we are dividing, we are desolating ourselves, and defiling God's sanctuary ; and what the end will be, none of us can tell. It appears to us that the Throne, the Government, the Bishops, the Clergy, the Churches, the Press, the Pulpit, and the People, with few exceptions, are all sliding carelessly into the foul streams of error of every kind. Alas ! for England !

#### A PASSING THOUGHT.

"I will fear no evil." 23 Psalm, 4.

When earthly cares perplex me,  
And sin and Satan vex me,  
My spirit sighs to mount the skies,  
But O ! how slow it is to rise !

Though outward foes surround me,  
And inward griefs confound me,  
Yet, after all, I cannot fall,  
If Jesus is my "all in all."

'Tis true, seas can't destroy me ;  
But O ! how they annoy me !  
Yet, in God's might I still will fight,  
Till every foe is put to flight.

The love of Christ constrains me,  
His sympathy sustains me ;  
And while thus blest my soul can rest,  
With safety on his loving breast.

No outward foe can harm me,  
Nor inward griefs alarm me,  
While faith can win sweet peace within,  
I fear not Satan, self, nor sin.

When mortal pains relieve me,  
And heavenly hosts receive me,  
Each conflict here will thou appear,  
A needed help to heaven's bright sphere.

ROBERTUS.

## SOLEMN DISPENSATION.

In the midst of life we are in death ;  
That icy hand locks up our breath ;  
And hence our spirits fly.

**I**N the very bloom of life: in the prospect of usefulness: surrounded by increasing prosperity—the soul of Mr. Joseph Searle has been suddenly, solemnly, we hope safely, called away.

Thousands of our readers have, for years, well known, and highly esteemed our ministerial brother, Mr. R. Searle, late of Two Waters, now of 42, Augusta Street, East India Road, Poplar: many of them also knew he had a son, Joseph Searle: a most dutiful, tender-hearted, and affectionate son; who, for some years has been carrying on extensive business in Japan: always manifesting such practical regard for his father's welfare as tended to bind him to his parent's heart with such feelings as only Christian parents can ever really know.

One morning early in October, our friend and brother, R. Searle, came into our office with a black bordered envelope in his hand. It contained a note from his widowed daughter-in-law, Mrs. Joseph Searle, wherein she says:—

“My poor dear Father,—God give me strength to acquaint you with our sad, sad loss. Our good darling Joseph has been called to the better land. Oh! it was so dreadfully sudden. I am only beginning to realize my desolation: but I must try and give you few particulars. We had not been well lately: he wished us to have a change: only one week ago he took me to join a friend in a beautiful place called Kanasawa. On the 14th of August we went. On the 16th he came to see me: he told me he thought he had had a slight stroke. I said, “O, Joe, dear, I hope it is only rheumatism: it is so natural for you to think of a stroke after your poor dear father.” He reached me, that 16th of August, at two o'clock; he was to return home at four. He said he should go and have a bathe; and away he went. Two friends went with him.”

“*The Japan Gazette*” of August 17, 1872, says—“this afternoon an inquest was held at 82, Main Street, on view of the body of the late Joseph Searle. It appeared that Messrs. Mitchell and Grey went with deceased to bathe at Hatoba. After swimming a short time, these friends called out—‘Come in!’ They returned to shore, believing he was following them. When they found he did not return, they swam out to the place where they had last seen him. There they found his body under water, entangled in the weeds. They got a boat—took him to the village: three Japanese doctors were called; for one hour and a half every effort was used to restore animation, but life was extinct. ‘Accidental drowning’ was the verdict. The corpse was brought home to Yokohama; and sorrow filled every heart. He was 37 years of age.”

Here is a lesson for young men. How uncertain are all relationships in the world! Here is a loss for a broken-hearted father! who not long since lost his dear wife by drowning: but, who can tell the anguish and grief of the bereaved widow! She says in the note already referred to:—

"I know all was done that could be done. My poor lost darling left me, looking well and happy some time before four; but was soon brought in a corpse! Oh, my dear Father, it was so awfully sudden! *His soul was with his Maker.* He was a dear generous husband and friend, beloved and respected by all who knew him. I feel assured you will go and see my dear mother, and mingle your prayers for his poor afflicted widow. Oh, it seems too crushing a blow to realize at once. His dear remains had to be buried next day: so that in twenty-six hours he was well—and—in his grave!"

Thus ended another of those melancholy chapters which teach us that one great lesson, that only as we live IN CHRIST—only as we are one *with HIM*, are we safe for one moment. We deeply sympathize with our brother Searle; his sorrow is almost overwhelming; but he has so long truly known the Lord, and the Lord has mercifully given him such a devoted, excellent, Christian partner, that we know with him it must be well. Amen.

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### THE DYING SCENE IN THE WEST KENT UNION.

BY MR. ISAAC BALLARD,

*Minister of Farnborough Baptist Chapel.*

GENTLE as the distilling dew, quiet as the perfume, constant as the solar rays, and as effectual as the atmosphere of life, so the work of the Divine and blessed Lord goes on. Time and eternity are open before him, and all beheld, as at one glance, by his penetrating eye.

"Not a single shaft can hit  
Until the God of love sees fit."

In this the sons and daughters of God must rejoice, because in bringing them unto glory it pleased him to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through suffering; by whose blood they in the perpetual covenant are eternally sealed. It has been said, he has heaven on his way to heaven whose daily life is an upward flight to Christ; wide indeed are these fields of light—we may journey far, but they stretch farther; from every point more lofty heights appear. The subject is a book whose pages end not; the more it occupies us the less it wearies. It richly feeds, but ever leaves an appetite for more, and a full development of the truth, "Then I shall be satisfied after I awake with thy likeness."

On Lord's Day, August 4th, rising from the Lord's Supper, and going out of the sanctuary, the heavens appeared in royal attire; the clear sun, the deep blue sky, the silvery light, and golden hues, the hills on every side covered with innumerable shades of loveliest green; the valleys richly laden with golden grain and precious fruits; the hedgerows arrayed with specimens of nature's colours and perfume, loved and admired by generations long ago; the mossy banks and ferny dale, with the rippling stream—all, all suggest the truth, "in wisdom hast thou made them all;" and, in these chariots of the ETERNAL ONE, seemed for the moment to be borne aloft and brought near the great white throne, where all the glory of the Invisible shall for ever issue forth as the morning.

But in a few moments I found myself in the sick ward of the West Kent Union. O what a different scene presents itself to the eye! the white walls, palid faces, bending frames, quivering lips; the

tremulous voice, and hoary head bowed down with a countenance apparently never more this side Jordan to brighten up as in the light of early days; yes, "the grass withereth, and the flower thereof fadeth away."

In one corner of the ward is an aged saint of some seventy-four years, clad with the whole armour of God, struggling in the valley like a giant refreshed with new wine, thoroughly persuaded that his Lord is able to keep that which he has committed to him against that day. At once I bowed before the venerable sire, who, now recognising me, said, "I am glad you are come." "Yes, I am here, and the Master is coming; for his chariot wheels are heard on the road." "Yes," he replied, "He is coming; but *when? when?* I want him now: on Jordan's stormy banks I stand,

"And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land  
Where my possessions lie.  
O the transporting rapturous scene  
That rises to my sight,  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green  
And rivers of delight."

The whole of the hymn was the expression of his soul, but I must quote the last verse as his own language—

"Fill'd with delight my raptured soul  
Can here no longer stay,  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll  
Fearless I'd launch away."

After a short conversation we bowed together for the last time before the throne of the Divine Mercy. An aged brother and sister bent o'er his couch, speaking kind words, and wiping from his brow the cold sweat of death.

The evening shades are falling, the time of the sanctuary service is approaching, and with a full heart we leave the chambers of death, and enter the House of the Lord to preach the Gospel of His Grace.

The day is closed with all its joys and cares; and a heavenly messenger appears at eleven o'clock, saying, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee;" at once the redeemed soul ascended the hill of the Lord, to stand in his holy place; all his sorrows left below, and earth exchanged for Heaven.

Our departed brother was born in Hampshire, but in early life was removed to Malescomb in Kent; here he became acquainted with Mr. George Bowers, a faithful preacher of the Gospel, whose journeyings and labours in the work of the Lord were eminent. Our dear brother, whose calling was a shepherd, would on Lord's day evenings walk six, eight, or ten miles to accompany this servant of the Lord through woodlands and bypaths; but was always repaid, for I have heard him say that the savoury conversation of Mr. Bowers was to his inquiring mind as the best wine of the kingdom of grace. But it was under the ministry of Mr. John Rogers, of Eynsford, that he was brought to attend to the ordinance of Baptism, and unite with that church in fellowship at the Lord's Table and worship. With them he remained some years until he removed to Bromley, and in the year 1846, on May 7th, with Mr. H. Smith, W. Sawyer, and S. Cozens, these four baptized believers were

formed into a church by Mr. C. W. Banks. He lived to see the little one grow and occupy as its own freehold a very neat and substantial House of Prayer; for full fifty years was Mr. W. Rumble a baptized follower of Jesus. That we may be found with him at the Father's right hand, is the prayer of  
Your brother in Jesus,

ISAAC BALLARD.

Farnborough, Kent.

## THE LATE MR. C. BUTCHER,

OF ISLINGTON.

AN ornament bright has been taken away  
From Providence School, in the morn of  
his day;

The token was serious, the message was sad,  
But now he is gone where his soul is made  
glad.

His life was but short, his course was soon  
o'er;  
His sufferings, his troubles, his sighs are no  
more;

He's dwelling with Jesus, and angels above,  
Singing and praising his Saviour's own love.

He is only asleep, we can't say he's dead;  
But, from this frail clay, his bright spirit has  
fled;

Death breathed on his features (he could not  
refrain).

Alas! he is gone, but we'll see him again.

We all know on this earth we shall see him  
no more,

We shall meet on a fairer, celestial shore;  
Oh! may we be ready and watchful each hour:  
Made ready and willing, in the day of God's  
power!

Death will have no terrors, if that is the case.  
Then, with patience and love, may we run  
our short race:

May our lights be kept burning while yet  
it is day,  
For the light of OUR morning may soon pass  
away.

We do pant for the love that will never grow  
dim,  
And desire to attain to the knowledge of  
Him:

May we prize that pure love that will bles-  
sedly shine,  
And grow in the likeness and spirit of Thine.

Let this loss be a warning to us and to all;  
'Neath death's heavy stroke, oh! how soon do  
we fall!

How soon we're cutoff, like a delicate flower,  
That blooms for a season, and dies in an hour.

Yes, the grass and the flower, the leaf and  
the tree,

Are teaching a lesson for you and for me.  
Ah! the rainbow, as well, sheds its bright  
fleeting ray;

While all that is EARTHLY is fading away.

In our FATHER's bright land, there nought  
shall decay;

Indeed, there's no sorrow, nor fading away:  
Thro' the gates of that city none can enter in,  
Till their souls are by Jesus made free from  
all sin.

How soon this young pilgrim was taken  
away!

We shall miss him most sadly each bright  
holy day;

We ne'er shall behold him in our dear school  
again;

He's gone up above us, and has found the  
"great gain."

Let us look to our end, for it is very nigh;  
Whether younger, or older, we know we  
must die:

When we little expect it, the message may  
come;

Oh! may we be ready—prepared to go home.

Our happiness then will be perfect indeed;  
There we shall possess all the rest that we  
need;

Down here sometimes we have tasted the joy,  
And long for that heaven where nought can  
decoy.

We don't wish him back; his sweet joy has  
begun,

In that beautiful sphere where GOD is the  
Sun;

He is waving his palm, before God's glorious  
seat,  
And casting his crown at his blest Saviour's  
feet.

Lord, comfort his parent, relations, friends,  
all;

Let them bow to God's purpose in this young  
brother's fall:

Shine, Thou, on our souls! Oh! fill us with  
love;

Let us tell of the Saviour, and His mansions  
above.

Farewell to our brother, we shall see him  
again—

In the land of the lov'd ones, where dwelleth  
no pain.

Adieu! for a season; we hear him no more—  
Till we join him for ever, on bright Caanan's  
shore.

M. E. CHISNALL.

## OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

CANADIAN CLIMATE, PEOPLE, HABITS, &c.—LETTER FROM F. HODDER, AT STAYNER, ONTARIO, CANADA.

[Many of our English people are thinking of emigrating to Canada; therefore such notes as the following may be useful, as the information may be relied on, because they come from a faithful Christian brother, whose statements may be received with confidence.—ED.]

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I did hope to have sent this in time for insertion in March, but I have not at all felt the thing for letter writing, and I feared what I might say in this letter would be more adapted for a secular periodical than professedly a spiritual one; however, if you think it suitable, insert it; if not, return it to me. I said I would give some account of the climate, people, habits, &c., of Canada:—1st, then, THE CLIMATE. It seems to me the people of England are very ill-informed on this point. The climate of Canada, on the whole, is superior to that of the old country. We are just passing through the winter, and for my own part I have not felt the cold more than in England: for a few days the thermometer was 20 below zero, but that is very unusual, as it has been a very severe winter; more so than in general. There has been scarcely any rain (there seldom is much here), a great deal of snow falls about November, and, frost settled in, good sleighing commences and continues till about April. The snow freezing hard makes a good road for the sleighs; they are very easy to ride in, and but for the little tinkling bells on the horses, go quite noiselessly along. Sleighs are drawn by two horses usually; cutters by one. The latter are like our ordinary chaise, minus the wheels; and they slide on runners, shod with iron. The sleighs are like a long box, and will hold several persons and goods. Nearly every person keeps one or the other of the above. In cities, as Toronto, Hamilton, &c., the various kinds of cutters, with buffalo robes thrown over the back, and over the legs in front, look nice, and are particularly comfortable; and, added to that, the various kinds of fur coats and hats worn by the drivers, have a pretty effect along the road. By the way, Canada is a great fur producing country, and where I am living there are a great many minks, muskrats, foxes, and some bears caught. The days and nights are generally clear and bright. Fogs and mists are unknown, and we are free from the drizzling rain so prevalent in England. I am told people from the old country stand the first year best, as, they say, the blood is thicker. I cannot say much of the summer, yet I came in the very hot weather, but did not feel it more than at home, as, though the sun is very hot, the air is not so oppressive. There is very little coal burnt in the country. I believe there

is some used in the towns and cities. All the houses and stores are fitted up with stoves for huge logs of wood, and pipes running through the house; sometimes one large stove will warm the whole house; but as a rule there are stoves in all the rooms. The people keep up immense fires in winter, and the country store is considered the chief rendezvous for any one feeling cold to get a warm up, and talk over things in general, even if they want to buy nothing in particular. But now,

SECONDLY, the people. The country population is made up chiefly of native Canadians, Scotch, Irish, and some French and Dutch. The Scotch seem to preponderate, and they nearly all speak Gaelic, yet in ordinary they speak very good English. I may say, on the whole, a purer English is spoken than in some parts of England, say, for instance, Lancashire. There is very little regard for appearances in the country; but in Toronto and other cities, there is a great regard to fashion, imitating the Americans in this particular. The people are very hospitable, far more so than in England; and let me here say there appears to be no *real poverty*. I heard a man say he would walk through Canada without a penny in his pocket, knowing that he would be supplied with food and a bed at any house he might call, and that without being considered a *sponger*. I should have said regarding poverty, that, where there is any, it is caused by whisky drinking—that article being obtained here so cheaply, is to some their downfall, and consequent ruin. And yet, so far as my experience has gone, I have rarely seen anything like ale or spirits introduced; indeed, among Christian people, it is scarcely tolerated at all—I mean the moderate use of it. Tea is always served up with dinner, and that universally green. At dinner, in most houses, meat is cut up in slices and handed round. There are also various dishes of little niceness, as Tomatoes, Indian Corn (green), eaten with melted butter, preserves, &c., everyone helping themselves, or it is passed round. You are supposed to partake of all, till your plate is full, 'ere you are aware. I should have said a word about the Indians, and they are very numerous in some parts of Canada. They come into our store—the women of Canada are called squaws—bringing their babies on their backs, fixed on firmly, being strapped on boards, and they call them papooses. The men bring in skins to sell, also fish, baskets, axe handles, &c.; they barter them for groceries, drapery, &c. They live chiefly by hunting deer, fishing, &c. Venison may be bought for five cents, or two pence halfpenny. All kinds of provisions are very cheap. I may say that the fisheries of Canada are productive of much of the wealth of the country. A great many fine salmon-trout are sometimes brought to trade away for goods. Beef, mutton, pork, &c.,



1½d. to 4d. per pound; fowls at Christmas were 1s. per pair; turkeys, 1s. 8d. each; butter, fresh, 9d. per pound.

But now, my dear brother, having given some account of the country, let me break off to give some account of the religious aspects thereof; and with this I shall finish, promising to give more particulars of the land, if you deem it acceptable.

Well, then, in a word, profession seems to be the order of the day. I fraternise to some extent with the Baptists around here, and preach for them, not however shaping my preaching to suit their views. But I may say that, like many in England, the Baptists have not much spiritual discernment; their hearts seem better than their heads. I like to get at their heart and affections first, and trust the Lord will use my humble endeavours to be instrumental in informing their judgments. The Baptist minister here told me that he loves and preaches the doctrine of election, and that of late he has obtained a clearer view of it than ever he did before. By the way, I have not heard him treat much of it in the pulpit, and he exhorts dead sinners to believe, to the saving of the soul, which my soul abominates, and which seems such a glaring contradiction: the Lord keep me from such consummate nonsense. I have started preaching at a store about eight miles from here, once a fortnight, and the Lord seems to own and bless His Word, and inclines people to come; last Sunday two rooms were full—about forty persons—Methodists, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, &c. The home is kept by a member of the Baptist Church, under the pastoral care of the minister here, as one minister preaches generally at two churches. They raise him about 300 dollars a-year, equal to about £60 sterling; but that is much better than many in England get, taking into consideration the low price of provisions. Since I commenced at this store, several of the friends have offered to drive me over. I went the other Saturday; even my boss (or employer) being agreeable, to a farmhouse, and was very kindly entertained with the best of everything. I have now two offers of a cutter for next Sunday. I trust some good will arise from this—shall I say cottage meeting? I have felt very dull and cold in the best things lately. How often is this the case; but my desire, at least, is to be filled with the Spirit, having life, as I trust I have, to have it more abundantly; not only to be barely alive, but fruitful to every good word and work. The Lord grant you, my dear brother, and myself, more of His Holy Spirit, is the best wish I can add in conclusion, so shall we be happy in our souls, and useful in His vineyard. You, like myself, have had many ups and downs; oft cut down, but not destroyed, and never shall be, thank God. We can bless His dear name, sometimes in our darkest moments, and although we mar many things we touch, our verdict of Him shall be, now and evermore, "He hath done all things well."

Accept my Christian love, and believe me,  
yours in Christ,  
F. HODDER.

### LOVE LANE, SPALDING.

*King's Cross, Tuesday, Sept. 24, 1872.*  
Some of the London Baptist pastors are to-day holding high festivals. Meard's Court and Wilton Square are enjoying the company of their friends and fellow-labourers, and reviewing the goodness of the Lord towards them, but, having left one part of the country this morning, where I delivered my message last evening, I am now off into Lincolnshire, hoping to meet the new pastor, John Vincent, his faithful deacon, good George Cole, with all the Wilkinsons's, the Stubleys, Lills, Students, James Wortley, and a host of good Christian people, where, if the Best of all my Friends will bless me, I expect to "draw out my soul," not to the hungry only, but to all unto whom the Lord may send His word.

Weary with my work in the country yesterday, I could not sleep very soundly, so, silently sighing for some word to carry down to Spalding, the following came into my heart—"But, where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." How true are those words in many cases; but tens of thousands swim on in sin, and the waves of sin roll over them until they are by it "driven away in their wickedness." Awful termination of an awful life! When we read the whole verse, we find three principles developed in it. Ponder over them.

"The law entered that the offence might abound;" which means that before the law enters, the enormity of sin's nature, and the dreadful penalties it brings, are never seen, until the law, like a blazing fire, shines in upon the sinner's condition and conscience; but, then the sinner discovers his danger; all his false hopes forsake him; and he comes feelingly under the sentence, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the law to do them." Where can this law-cursed, and sin-condemned sinner fly to? Indeed he knoweth not.

Ho sins, he struggles, cries, and groans?  
O'er fails and fears he weeps and moans,  
"Till mercy lifts his eye to see,  
That Friend who bled on Calvary's Tree.

Then, when the blessings of the great atonement are made experimentally his own, he can confirm the second sentence—"Where sin abounded grace doth much more abound!"

Now, until the three parts of this text are spiritually known in a man's own soul, he really knoweth nothing of those things which are essential to man's fitness for an eternal world. See—

1. "The law enters:" it comes in with charges; and condemns and wounds so powerfully that none can resist it.

2. Now follows this abounding—this opening up—the flowings out of sin—sinking the soul almost into despair.

3. But grace much more mighty abounds in Jesus, and the wounded one doth healing virtues find in those streams of love Divine, which ransomed souls must surely enjoy.

While I have pencilled these few lines we have run through Hertfordshire, Huntingdon, and are now flying into Northamptonshire;

thence into Lincolnshire; and I ask myself in what sense are these words applicable to the church at Love Lane, Spalding? Sin abounded there, in the creeping in of some false doctrines, and in the existence of a lukewarm spirit; nevertheless, there was a little grace here. Some few remained steadfast; some prayers were poured out, some good men came and preached the Gospel, but no effort was made to recover the dear old Tabernacle from destruction. No! ministers would come and preach: they saw the hearers were few; they saw the building was fast going to destruction; but no effort was made. I came here. I trust the Lord gave me faith to encourage the renovation of the place. Love Lane Chapel is now almost a new building. When we had set the house in order we required two things; money to pay the builders, and a laborious, faithful minister to fill the pulpit and the pews. I tried my utmost to get the money, and I sent brother Sack to preach here: he was well received, but he was obliged to return to London. Then I sent brother R. G. Edwards—he threw his whole soul into the work, and the friends hoped he would be God's mouth unto them; but he was called hence unto other spheres. Now, brother John Vincent has come, and I hope all things will prosper. I had that word last evening, "the seed shall be prosperous; the earth shall give her increase; the vine shall yield her fruit; the heavens shall give their dew; and ye shall be a blessing." Thus, I hope, grace will abound—yea, *much more* abound.

But, now a word or two:—and, first, see, as soon as ever Christ began to work, men and devils began to oppose Him. So it will be to the end. I believe the Lord has begun to work, hence Satan begins to oppose: but of all opposition good will come.

Peterborough's city—with all its nice surroundings—

Looks calm this autumn morning, waiting  
God's trumpet-soundings.

"Six o'clock, Mr. Banks," cried out Mr. Wilkinson, at Rose Cottage, in Spalding. So, by my Saviour's great mercy, I arose, and left for London; having to bury a friend deceased this afternoon; and then to betake myself to another place to speak the words of life, as the Eternal Spirit may direct.

There are many Rose Cottages in the world, but, for floral beauty—for horticultural architecture and splendour—I have seen none to equal Mr. Wilkinson's, at Spalding. I could not stop in James Deeping, or I would write its chapel history, which ought not to be lost. Peterborough's placid scenery, and its broad acres all round, look smilingly contented this early morning; indeed, all through the country—

Corn stacks in rich abundance stand;  
Fruitful again has been our land,  
There's food for man and beast;  
And yet, poor murmuring men are ne'er  
content:

They have no faith; they can't repent:

Their hardened, carnal, careless, Godless  
condition seems to throw great light upon the

Psalmist's up-heaving, oft-repeated cry—  
"Oh! that men would praise the Lord for  
His goodness, and for His wonderful works  
to the children of men." That "Oh!" comes  
so strongly indicative of the Psalmist's sense  
of the Divine goodness, and of his sorrowful  
conviction that men generally are dreadfully  
ungrateful. Alas! how true is Watts—

"Fools never lift their thoughts so high;  
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die."

I feel this moment—as I am cutting through  
the air in a Great Northern express—a  
struggling conviction that, if all of us who  
profess faith in Jesus; if all of us who know  
that we have fellowship with Jesus; if we all  
could meet together with one consent to  
praise the Lord, instead of meeting to cavil  
and to censure; if we could live more in the  
spirit of the last Psalm, "Making melody  
in our hearts unto the Lord," then, brethren,

"Our cheerful song would often be,  
Hear what the Lord has done for me."

Last evening, in Love Lane Chapel,  
Spalding, the spirit of Christian cheerfulness  
was so prevalent that some said, they could  
have sat all night; all gave in their verdict,  
"It was the best meeting they had ever seen  
in Love Lane." I reached there when they  
were all taking tea. Over 120 sat down;  
and a wonderful hearty and happy tea it was.  
Our brother, John Vincent, who is now the  
recognized, the resident, and settled pastor  
here, presided in a pleasant and interesting  
manner over the public meeting. He called  
upon C. W. Banks to pray and to speak to  
the people; also, good deacon George Cole  
gave hearty welcome to his brother in Christ,  
Mr. John Vincent, as pastor, and acknow-  
ledged the services rendered to the cause by  
C. W. Banks; then the brother Hubbard,  
of Mr. Skipworth's church, gave a remarkable  
account of his labours in the Gospel in  
America and in England. He has often seen  
that

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

Ah! yes, I feel that in my case; He did ride  
upon the storm, so that

"Neither wave nor wind could wash away,  
My soul from His dear heart."

After friend Hubbard, came deacon and  
brother Lill, of Boston: he astonished me.  
Neat and nutty were his words—his spirit  
kind and free; he took John Vincent by the  
hand, and said—"I'll pray for thee."

The Billingborough pastor, William Wilson,  
stood before the people like another Barnabas  
—speaking from, "O, Lord, I beseech Thee,  
send now prosperity." Our most loving young  
brother, Mr. Wortley, then spoke sweetly;  
and with votes of thanks to the ladies—who  
had really done the work well—this grand  
meeting closed with praise and prayer. We  
believe brother John Vincent is under  
special anointing and will be a blessing to  
Spalding. Amen and Amen.

**DELIGHTFUL ANNIVERSARY SERVICES AT HOPE CHAPEL, BETHNAL GREEN.**

THE eighteenth Anniversary Services were held as follows:—Lord's Day, September 29th, J. Griffith, Pastor, preached morning and evening sermons (suitable for the occasion), from Psalm cxvii. 9, seeking "the good of the House of the Lord our God," and from 2 Cor. viii. 9, "Knowledge of the grace of Christ." E. Langford preached in the afternoon a good sermon from Col. ii. 5, "Steadfastness of faith in Jesus Christ." The services of the day were marked for attendance, enjoyment, and liberality.

Tuesday, Oct. 1st, a prayer meeting was held in the afternoon, when many friends and ministers united in drawing near to the throne: It was a time of sacred pleasure and melting delight. It is good for brethren in the Lord to pray together—to surround the throne of grace as children of our Father, and seekers of his blessing. If we want better things in our churches, let us have more united prayer. Prayer increases our love to the Lord, and to each other. The Lord delights in the prayers of his people.

A large company sat down to tea: those who were concerned in the arrangements deserve great praise: they gave satisfaction to all—none were disposed to complain.

In the evening a public meeting was held. The Pastor, who presided, came on the platform, followed by Brethren Anderson, Webb, Alderson, Bennett, and Myerson.

After singing and prayer, the Pastor called upon Mr. J. Meeres, who has been connected with the church from its commencement, to give a short account of the rise and progress of the cause. It appears about twenty years ago a good brother now in glory (Webb), interested himself to open a room in the locality, then destitute of the Gospel. This room was supplied by brethren obtainable, to preach unto the people who could be got together, the word of life. In the course of time Mr. Allen, formerly of Stepney, was requested to take the oversight of this preaching station, and send it to brethren to conduct the services. Mr. A. had in connection with his church a brother of the name of Parker. He thought him qualified to preach, and requested him to supply at this room. He, after a little consideration, yielded to the request of his pastor, and was much blessed of the Lord. As soon as he began to preach, the people around came in increased numbers, and much good was done. Seeing the blessing of God upon the labours of Mr. Parker, Mr. Allen gave the little cause into the hands of the minister and people, and a church of a few members was formed, the Lord still granting his blessing. The place was far too small, and it was felt to be necessary to build a chapel. Thus the ground of Hope chapel was taken, and a small chapel raised; as fast as the work proceeded the money came in, and all was speedily paid for.

At the opening of the chapel, three brethren now in glory preached to good congregations,—Brethren Wells, Foreman, and Allen—lifted up their voices in the Name of the

Lord, to the pleasure and profit of the people.

The Lord continued to bless the labours of Mr. Parker, and thus the place was soon found to be too small, and an enlargement was decided upon, and soon carried out and paid for. There was no trouble to get money. The enlarged chapel was filled, souls converted, saints built up and comforted, and the Lord magnified.

After a unity of years, it pleased the Lord in his mysterious Providence to remove this successful minister, and to separate him from the Church below by death. At the early age of 42 his body was conveyed to his long home, to the grief of those who loved him, as the instrument of God's blessing to them. Since this bereaving circumstance the cause has passed through changes and trials. But the Lord has graciously smiled upon us, and having sent us our beloved pastor Griffith, whose labours he has much blessed, we now enjoy peace and prosperity. Hope is now a peaceful House for the worship of God. The Pastor, Deacons, and people dwell together in unity. This I can say, I don't believe there is in London or the country a more happy church than we are at the present. May the Lord continue with us, and bless our pastor abundantly."

After the above statement, Brother Anderson spoke well from a subject given him, *To know Christ*; brother Webb, *To win Christ*; brother Alderson, *To Magnify Christ*; brother Bennett, *To be found in Christ*; brother Myerson, *To be with Christ*. The addresses were solemn, sound, spiritual, and impressive; all who loved the Lord present seemed to enjoy the preciousness of the subjects brought before them. The collections and attendance were good.

That the Lord will continue his blessing on the labours of the pastor, and preserve the church in unity and love is the heartfelt desire of

ONE THAT WAS THERE.

**BIGBURY.**—Harvest thanksgiving services on Friday, September 20. Sermons in afternoon and evening, by Mr. R. C. Bardens. The people were glad to have the doors opened once more. The Lord hath blessed His own word there, to the calling of souls into life; and many lillies He hath taken from that garden to be with Himself for ever. I should like my brother Mr. Hoppell to meet with those who desire better things,—to pray, sing, and read. Good would be the result. There are many who love the truth as it is in Jesus. The Lord grant that His cause may revive and grow.

R. C. BARDENS.

**HAYES.**—Our first Sunday School anniversary was Oct. 20, 1872. We met in the morning at seven for special prayer. Our beloved pastor, R. C. Bardens, preached suitable and solemn discourses. The children were catechized; they also sung and recited. Books were presented to the scholars. [We rejoice that the church at Hayes has such a flourishing school. We have ever urged the necessity of taking care of the young. Let us look more to this matter.—ED.]

## NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL, LYNTON ROAD, BERMONDSEY.

### LAYING THE MEMORIAL STONE.

THURSDAY, October 17th, will, in future, be a "red-letter day" in the history of the Church meeting at Ebenezer Chapel, Webb-street, Bermondsey New Road.

For three years past, this people, under the view of the speedy expiration of the lease, have been preparing to better their quarters. A building fund was started at the suggestion of the late lamented Mr. James Wells; and the Church, with some external aid, had raised the nice little sum of £420. Ground was secured at the above place; and for 55 feet frontage and 70 feet depth, they have to pay a ground rent of £20 yearly for 84 years. The site is excellently situated at the end of Lynton Road, Upper Grange Road, lying parallel with the Old Kent and Blue Anchor Roads.

Several delays had occurred in obtaining the needed "documents," but as the builder had been at work for six weeks, October 17th was fixed upon for laying the foundation stone.

MR. WILLIAM CROWTHER was asked to take the principal part in the ceremony, which he kindly consented to do. At 2.30 the friends assembled; the arrangements were good. Under the Architect's direction a platform for the audience had been erected, which, for fear of rain, had been kindly covered with a marquee by Mr. Philcox, of Bermondsey-st.

On the ground we observed J. B. McCure, Thomas Stringer, Thomas Jones, J. L. Meeres, J. S. Anderson, R. G. Edwards, Mr. Willis, Mr. Lodge, J. Warren, the Editor of *The Earthen Vessel*; Messrs. Hudson, Preston, and others. Among the laymen were conspicuous, Mr. John Beach, Mr. Boulden, Mr. T. Carr, Mr. Charles Spencer, Mr. G. A. Northover, Mr. J. T. Pickerell, Mr. Norman, Mr. Henry Collin, Mr. Walter Keast, R. Banks, J. Mote, Esq., W. Snowden, and a multitude of friends to Christ's Gospel, who feel a lively interest in the cause at "Ebenezer;" last, but not least, Mr. R. A. Lawrence, the pastor, and his three hard-working deacons, Kennett, Stringer, and Knott.

Service commenced with hymn and prayer by Thomas Stringer.

MR. WILLIAM CROWTHER after making some happy remarks upon "a prepared stone for a prepared place," called upon Mr. R. A. Lawrence to read a document which the Committee wished to bury in a bottle under the stone.

MR. LAWRENCE then read a brief history of the church from its foundation under the ministry of the late Mr. George Francis, in the year 1813, to the present day. Glancing in so doing at its successive removals from Whitehorse-court to Snowfields; from Snowfields to Bermondsey New Road, and (the purposed move) from Bermondsey New Road to Lynton Road. The statement also briefly referred to its successive pastors, Mr. George Francis, Mr. Thomas Stringer, Mr. Thomas Chivers, and Mr. R. A. Lawrence; and to the work of the Lord under their respective ministries.

This statement, together with a statement of the doctrines held by the church, and a copy of a sermon by Mr. Lawrence, on Jeremiah xv. 15, (taken down in short hand by Miss Knott, and copied out), were placed in a bottle, properly sealed, and deposited under the stone.

MR. CROWTHER then made some very suited remarks, the mortar (not untempered), the zinc plate that covered the cavity in the stone, the trowel (not a silver one), the workmen that would need to be ashamed if the work was done improperly, all had a passing comment, while the work was proceeding. Steadily, quietly, surely, were his motto words while the stone was being lowered into its place, and from each of which he drew a lesson. "The stone is not quite level," he said, and "Patience" was the lesson he drew from it, while things were being put right. At length, when tried by the plumb line, (Zerubbabel being here introduced as a lesson), Mr. Crowther in a thoroughly masonic manner pronounced the stone to be duly and properly laid. He then in a well timed speech gave some account of the principles of the denomination, both as Baptists and Dissenters. We were a "young" denomination, for we only dated from the present generation, as we acknowledged none as belonging to us but those who had been baptized upon profession of faith, and whom we believed were regenerated by the Holy Spirit. But we were an old denomination, our antiquity going back into eternity past before time itself existed, and going back for its model to apostolic times. Dissenters, from Rome, from the Church of England, and from the "old Catholics," we certainly were, and acknowledged neither of them as the Church of Christ, which was a spiritual body. Mr. Crowther, as denouncing extravagant expenditure in places of worship, gave it as his opinion that any place is good enough to worship God in, if it kept out the rain and was comfortable. Cologne cathedral was here brought in as an illustration, 200 years in being completed, so that some parts of it had to be replaced or repaired before the other parts were finished, and "all to please the eye." "Christ our only Master, and the Bible our only book of rules or guide," were, said Mr. Crowther, "our two distinguishing sentiments;" and after describing the strict Baptist body as the poorest of poor dissenters, he exhorted all to render aid by their donations, a precept which he not only 'preached' but 'practised' by subsequently laying a handsome donation on the stone.

MR. THOMAS JONES followed in a wholesome speech.

MR. ANDERSON closed by prayer. Sums varying from £25 by Mr. John Beach, and £20 by Mr. J. T. Pickerell, down to a bag of farthings collected by one of the children, were laid on the stone, were found to approach so near £108 that Mr. Joseph Beach and friends brought it to that amount. "What hath God wrought?" The stone bears the following inscription: "This Memorial Stone was laid Thursday, October 17th, 1872, by

William Crowther, Esq., of Gomersal, near Leeds. Ebenezer—"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."—1 Sam. vii. 8. Tea followed at Surrey Tabernacle, most kindly lent.

The public meeting was held in the Surrey Tabernacle, Mr. Edward Butt presiding. That highly valued servant of God has had a severe attack of indisposition; we pray the Lord yet to spare him for years of usefulness.

"God moves in a mysterious way" having been sung, Mr. Meeres asked the Lord to bless the gathering.

Mr. BUTT, in opening the proceedings, said: We are met to-night under a somewhat different character to what we usually do at the Surrey Tabernacle; and perhaps it would have been better for some one unacquainted with us to have presided over the meeting. The month of October, in the history of the cause of God here, has considerable interest. In the month of October, 1829, this church was formed, and our late brother James Wells was elected pastor. Several changes have taken place from year to year; and on October, 17, 1864, a large congregation met where the Surrey Tabernacle now stands, to witness the laying of the foundation stone by Mr. Wells. It is peculiar that our friends at Bermondsey should have selected the same day for the same thing. On the 19th of October, 1870, we had a service in this place; a sermon was preached by our late pastor; and a meeting was held in the evening that many of us connected with this cause will never forget. There was a surveying of forty years work that his servant had been engaged in; and notice taken of a few of the things God had wrought by him. We then little thought that he was to see us only on two or three occasions more; but our times are in the Lord's hands; His dealings are not chance work, although it is difficult sometimes for us to rest quietly and contentedly under them. Yet our brother fulfilled all that God had designed him to do, and when that work was done, He took him home to Himself. The past twenty-three months have been months of anxiety and perplexity to those who hold office here—in keeping up a constant supply for the pulpit; yet the Lord has been with us. The deacons and friends here give our friend, Mr. Lawrence, his deacons, church, and congregation, a hearty welcome. We wish them prosperity in the name of the Lord; and we pray that a similar success may attend the ministry of our brother as attended the ministry of our late friend James Wells. Bear in mind he only commenced with six; and you know what his end was. It appears that the church over which our friend is pastor, was the church in which our dear old friend, Mr. George Francis laboured in Snowsfields. I recollect seeing his chapel filled with godly hearers. However, the time came when he must die, and he appears to have been succeeded by Mr. Stringer. After him came Mr. Chivers, who, after a time, was removed; and our friend Lawrence was chosen as pastor. The cause seems to have prospered. They have been for some time past bestirring themselves in

order to erect a new chapel. It is not a new concern; not one risen up in a day, and likely to go out to-morrow. It has stood for many years. Our friend, Mr. Crowther, has this afternoon laid the stone. I do pray that the cause at Webb-street may prosper; and though perhaps we may have great exertion here, and anxiety, yet I dare say we shall not be backward if, on another occasion, we can render our friends a little help.

MR. LAWRENCE followed with an address on the words, "God moves in a mysterious way," showing its bearing on his own experiences; he who once hated Mr. Wells, had been brought to love him for the Truth which he preached, with a love much stronger than the hatred wherewith he hated him, and was now found standing on the platform of the chapel of a man, unto whose presence he would once have dreaded to approach, because of the "Dangerous" doctrines which some said he preached.

MR THOMAS JONES spoke upon The Architect of God's Spiritual House; Mr. Crowther upon the "Builder;" Mr. Anderson upon the "Foundation;" Mr. Bennett upon the "Materials"—Christ was exalted, the Holy Trinity glorified; the Sinner laid low. The happy meeting was brought to a close by Mr. Butt's prayer.

A collection was made, amounting, with donations from the chairman and others, to over £30. The senior class of girls in the Sunday school at Ebenezer, through Mr. Keast, presented the sum of £20 as their collection to the Building fund: altogether the collections of the day reached between £180 and £190, making a total of about £610. In conclusion what shall we say? "The Lord hath done great things for us" is our past experience, and "Is there anything too hard for the Lord?" is our motto for the future. We have between £300 and £400 promised on loan without interest, but as our contract is £1690 there is plenty of room for friends to help us. May the love of Christ constrain many to do so. And He shall have all the praise.

#### ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.

CINDERFORD, FOREST OF DEAN.—The sixth anniversary was noted on Sunday, August 4th, when three sermons were preached by Mr. Joseph Flory. Congregations were good; the presence and blessing of God enjoyed. Brethren from Cheltenham, Pulnam, and Maybery (Messrs. Humphries, Smith, and Thomas) supply the pulpit with tokens of Divine approbation. A Sunday School has recently been opened. O, Lord! send prosperity.

NEW CROSS.—The Sunday School in connection with Zion Chapel, held its anniversary on Sunday, October 20. Two excellent sermons were preached by the Pastor, Mr. J. S. Anderson, who, in the afternoon of the same day, delivered a very suitable address to parents and children. At the public meeting on Monday, October 21, the report was of an encouraging nature.

**BURNHAM, ESSEX.**—A Friend, who knew the late William Newman well, writes the following little memoir of his eventful life. He says:—

“Our late Friend Newman was, what is termed, the wildest of a large family, until near thirty years of age. When called by grace, for some time he followed the Primitive Methodist, but from the great soutrial he was passing through, he was burnt clean out of their system. Under this affliction he received these words, “Tarry at Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high.” He knew not at first what these words could mean. It was 14 years after this, before he preached his first sermon. He was unlearned; but went forth as one prepared for his work; and was fully employed until within a few months of his death; often walking seven miles on Sabbath morning; the same back in the evening; even twenty miles some week-days, and preaching in the evening. He knew much of that well-beaten path—“*tribulation.*” Hence he was made a comfort to many a traveller. His last days were covered with great darkness. I have heard him mourn deeply over it. He had fits twelve hours before he died: but he remained sensible: and at times, spoke of the goodness and mercy of God towards him. Once he said, “I am a blessed man: I shall soon be with brother James Wells!” He repeated the sweet lines of Kent, “We’ll now begin the Sacred song where God began with us.” He then took his wife by the hand gave her a parting blessing, and left her in the hands of him that worketh righteously. While in the river he said “I will soon be over;” and, again, he said; “Come; Lord Jesus!” Thus ended the trying path of another of the original servants of Jesus: a faithful, yet, feeble man.

**WOKING**—This is probably one of the most quaint and singular chapels in our connection. It is situated a considerable distance from the station, and to a casual observer would be mistaken for a rural cottage, over which ivy has grown to a wondrous extent. Inside it is no less curious, with its two small galleries, pulpit, and singing desk. The choir of small boys are led by a youth who plays the flute. The pulpit is occupied chiefly by supplies from London, but the congregations are small, and the cause low. A warm-hearted, praying people, and earnest minister can only conduce to true prosperity as the Lord pours out his spirit and commands his blessing.

**STONEHOUSE, DEVON.**—Mr. J. W. Carter, of Moorgreen, Wiltshire, having been engaged to supply at Ebenezer during the month of October, is much cheered by the goodly number of attentive hearers who from time to time assemble themselves together to listen to the glad tidings he has been commissioned to proclaim to the poor and needy, and those ready to perish. As a church and people we still exist, being comforted by hoping that “Ichabod” will never be written

on the walls of the sanctuary in which the truth as it is in Jesus has been preached by the late Rev. John Webster, and other warm-hearted and faithful men for more than half a century. For some time past, the small but worn out library belonging to the Sunday School has been closed; but thanks to the Editors of THE EARTHEN VESSEL and the *Little Gleaner*, and other kind friends, we now possess nearly 140 good, readable books; to which must be added, the liberal grant by the committee of the Religious Tract Society of a library, value £10, on the payment of £5, towards which the cheerful assistance of friends is respectfully solicited. The promise being, that the desire of the righteous shall be granted:—that God, even our own God, is faithful to his promises and faithful to his Son;—is a truth well calculated to stimulate to increased exertion such of the Lord’s people as desire to show their faith by their works, and whose heart-felt desire and prayer is, that the mighty and irresistible power of the Holy Spirit of Truth, may be put forth to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin and satan:—abounding as they do in this part of the West of England.

C. T.

**NOTTING HILL.**—Johnson-street Baptist Chapel autumnal meeting was holden October 21, 1872; when brother Stringer exhorted us to hold fast the profession of our faith; a numerous and happy company took tea. Soon after six, our late beloved pastor, P. W. Williamson, took the chair; he read the Word, implored the Divine blessing to attend our meeting, and opened the business by speaking to us in the spirit of Christ. Our secretary, F. F. Rushmer, read report. E. Langford, C. W. Banks, R. Bardens, F. Collins, J. Griffith, J. Brittain, A. J. Margerum, &c., gave intelligent addresses. Our brother Thomas Rowley closed the meeting with prayer. It was a large and useful gathering.

**ROLLRIGHT, OXON.**—For years has had a cause of God and truth, with nice chapel, called “Bethel;” it has been the “House of God” and “the gate of Heaven” to many here. Brother Day, of Farnham, has preached; and laborious S. Sears, of Clifton; also Mr. Pulham, of Cheltenham, and other good men, whose “feet are shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace.” Lord’s-day, October 15, Mr. Flory, of Cheltenham, was in our midst, and in four sermons was enabled to bring forth the good old truths of the everlasting love of God, positive finished redemption, with the Blessed Spirit’s work in and upon the souls of God’s dear people. On Monday was the first harvest service at Bethel: the subject—“They joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest.” The blessing of our Covenant God was felt. The cause has a firm friend in Mr. Barry, whose conversion was very marked, and some day may write thereon.

A FRIEND.

**BEDMONT.**—Mr. William Wood, of Berkhamstead, has received invite to supply our Bedmont Baptist church for six months, which he has accepted, and commences Nov. 3, 1872. William Wood is a young man; but he has had some experience in preaching the Gospel. We believe he will carefully study Paul's epistles to Timothy and to Titus, and Christ's interrogatory test and command to Peter; and that the Spirit of God may make him a good, and useful, and honourable workman for many years to come.

**SQUIRRIES STREET CHAPEL ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.**—It will be fresh in the recollection of many, that upon re-opening the above cause of God we adopted the motto, "Despise not the day of small things." Through the rich mercy of God we have been spared to celebrate our first anniversary, and upon reviewing the past, and looking at all the way that God hath helped us, we can truly say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us!" Our pastor, Mr. W. Carpenter, has been privileged to add twelve members to the church during the past year, and, as Mr. Stringer said, "It was no small mercy that twelve precious souls should be added to the household of faith by that despised ordinance, 'Believer's Baptism.'" Three sermons were preached October 13; morning by Mr. J. Wilkins, afternoon by Mr. Stringer, evening by pastor, W. Carpenter; all three were real Gospel, Christ-exalting, soul edifying sermons. October 15, we held a tea and public meeting; after tea brother Evans prayed, and the chairman, Mr. Carpenter, said, God had in his infinite mercy spared them to spend this their first anniversary in connection with the re-opening of Squirries-street chapel. After noticing that, like the Jews of old, we held anniversaries to celebrate certain events, he said this was the first one we had had this year, and he felt happier than he had amongst some rich causes; it was natural for ministers to like a respectable chapel and congregation, but he felt convinced the Lord had put him in this particular spot to preach the Gospel to the poor; it had not been preached in vain; twelve persons had been baptized by him and added to the church. He then called upon Mr. Stringer to address the meeting; he discoursed upon the river of Eden, he said he had not any doubt but that the four heads of the river were intended to show that the Gospel should be carried to all parts of the world. Brother Myerson upon the river of God's pleasure; brother Griffith spoke upon the river that Ezekiel saw, noticing the Gospel river was one in which an infant and an adult in grace could equally walk and wade in; yea, it would be a river to swim in; and the more we know of Christ and of redemption, the greater and lovelier He seemed, and the grander the work appeared. Brother Lodge on the swellings of Jordan—a few instances of his personal and family experience touching the swellings of Jordan; he had been near the brink himself; two of his dear children had already gone

through, and he could bless God that he (Mr. Lodge) had been privileged to know that under them were the everlasting arms. He also alluded to the fears and dread which all persons instinctively feel in the contemplation of the separation of the body and the soul; and then asked, Why believers should entertain such thoughts? for had not the Master gone before? had he not deprived death of its sting and the grave of its victory? Though flesh and sense might shrink and start at the touch of the swellings of Jordan, yet faith looks beyond the grave. The blessing of God was implored upon this happy Gospel season.

Salvation, O, Salvation,  
The joyful news proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Hath learned Messiah's name.

October 18, 1872.

J. T. B.

**GREAT BERKHAMSTEAD.**—Our Thanksgiving meetings in Workmans' Hall, were on Tuesday, October 1. C. W. Banks delivered two excellent sermons; at our public tea, between 60 and 70 sat down; we were well attended; and we can truly say it was a good day to our souls. To a Triune Jehovah be all the praise. We were formed into a church Lord's-day, June 23, by Mr. H. Wise, of Watford. I have since baptized two, at Salem, Two Waters, (kindly lent for the occasion,) which the Lord has given my brother Shipton and myself as seals to the ministry. Praying that many more may be brought to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus; may the little one become a thousand, and the small one a strong city, is the prayer of  
WILLIAM WOOD.

**BETHEL CHAPEL, HOXTON.**—We desire to record the goodness and mercy of our God towards us on our pastor's fourth anniversary. All the services were well attended. October 1st, upwards of 150 took tea; the place crowded in the evening; a very profitable and pleasant meeting. After singing and prayer, Mr. R. Harrison, deacon, presented to the pastor on behalf of the Church, a nice easy chair and beautiful table, as an expression of their love and attachment to him for the truth's sake. The ministers were greatly helped in their addresses, a sweet savour and unction was felt and enjoyed, and we hereby desire to express our thankfulness to the God of all our mercies, to His servants, and to the deacons of the church, for the blessings of the meeting. May God grant us many more such meetings, with His rich blessing, for Jesus' sake.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

**IPSWICH.**—Zoar Baptist Chapel. Brother Thomas Stringer paid us a visit as he returned from Mendlesham, Tuesday, September 26, and gave us two sound Gospel sermons. It was quite a treat to many.

DEEPIING.—Wednesday, September 25, 1872. I am at Deeping, St. James—or “James Deeping,” as some call it; this is where Mr. Tryon’s chapel stands—and here, for many years, he has ministered the word. A brother of his has recently fallen from his horse, and been killed; a young son of Mr. Tryon’s has fallen into death; troubles have followed Mr. Tryon as well as other men. No amount of spiritual discernment; no possession of worldly goods; no high and holy standing; no devotedness; no attainments; no cutting off others; no supposed righteousness—*vea*, nothing on earth can save us, or ours, from troubles. For more than fifty years—*yea*, all my life—have they been with me; over twenty of our own family have we seen removed by death. “No more than *you* must expect,” the good man would say to me. Well, in the inmost feelings of my soul I would say, “The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; and blessed be the name of the Lord. In this Deeping St. James, I would gladly stand up, and (if the Spirit would help) I would endeavour to do three things: 1. To show what the Gospel is; 2. The spirit with which Christ commanded it to be preached; 3. The blessings which must flow from it. But the day has not yet come for me to preach at Deeping St. James.

SOUTHEND.—Our little Zoar has many a cheering word from friends who are delighted to find the Gospel preached, in the fields, where the natural staff of life has so long grown; and many are the thanks from pilgrims who love to make it a halting place, and receive refreshings by the way

DEVONSHIRE AND CORNWALL.—Our Correspondence from these parts shows the truth of the Gospel to be but faintly represented all through Cornwall: that country has only fifteen small Baptist churches; some of them have no pastors. At Ebenezer Chapel, Stonehouse, Mr. J. W. Carter, from Moorgreen, Wiltshire, has been preaching all the month, and will supply us further. At Howe Street, Mr. Z. Turner has preached several times. At Trinity, Plymouth, large meetings have been holden to inaugurate Mr. Wale’s pastorate. Dr. Stock has left Devonport; and at Newton Abbott, one of the Baptist ministers (W. C. Jones) has resigned. Other reports, more painful than pleasing, we withhold.

LEICESTER.—MR. EDITOR, a sad account of Leicester has been issued, showing that we have 100,000 people, but only room for 30,000 of them to meet for worship, consequently a new, large, chapel has been commenced for the ministry of Mr. Hazlrigg: which undertaking requires help. We believe Leicester has more than a dozen Baptist churches now; with a membership of nearly 3,000 persons. Most of our churches and chapels would hold more than we can get to attend them. Nevertheless, when we consider, with the late Mr. Chamberlain, we have, at least four or five causes of truth here, Leicester is not so bad off as some large towns.

BOSTON.—Our little house of God, “Bethel Chapel,” is sustained under the blessing of God, notwithstanding our dear pastor, Mr. D. Wilson, still remains under affliction, and with very remote hopes of again entering the active service of the Captain of our Salvation. We believe the stream of blessing runs beneath our very walls; also, He that raiseth us, is maintaining and will sustain us through all dispensations. On Sept. 8, and 15, Brother Snaith, of Aldringham, Suffolk, was with us. God was with him; his ministry savoured of the teaching of the Divine Master. Sept. 22nd, we were favoured with the services of Mr. Wallis, of Nottingham; who declared the rounded harmony of God’s purposes with savour and clearness. Mr. Newbolt also preached to us. We have invited Mr. Lambert, of Occold, Eye, Suffolk, for a month, with the view of a six months call; we hope to find him a man fully equipped from the Divine armoury, Jesus being his Sun and Shield. By these constant developments of resources we feel that our heavenly Father is fostering and sustaining that which we believe to be the offspring of His own hands. Our trust is in Him; we know that “they that trust in the Lord shall never be confounded.” Our esteemed and old friend Mr. Vincent preached the second Lord’s-day in October. We can but be happy with him. F. HILL.

[It is perfectly marvellous, when we contemplate the immense army of good men now in England willing to preach the gospel!—it matters not who cries, nor who may be laid aside, there is a multitude ready to fill up all vacancies. So far as they give evidence that they have life, love, true faith, and that their communication is from Heaven, we are bound to rejoice.—ED.]

CARLTON, BEDS.—We have received letters expressive of great grief at Mr. James Brittain leaving his Carlton pastorate. Having known Mr. Brittain several years; as a faithful and honourable brother in Christ, we receive the testimonials sent us from Carlton with grateful gladness. “A Friend” says, “Mr. Brittain is a man of good ability, of deep thought—sound in the faith; precious souls have been gathered in by his ministry, under which we have sat, and often sung,

“My willing soul would stay,  
In such a frame as this;  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss,” &c.

Another Correspondent, “A Follower of Jesus” says, “Mr. Brittain has faithfully served the church here for years; and our prayer is, to whatever sphere of labour he may be called, that Heaven’s choicest blessings may rest upon him.” [Not to eulogise the man, but gratefully to shew that while the fathers are going home to rest, the sons of grace and truth are coming up to labour. We sent our “Special Correspondent” to Dacre Park Chapel; his sketch of Mr. Brittain is in type, but has been crowded out. It will appear next month.—ED.]



OLD FORD—*Mr. John Branch and the late Mr. Dunh.*—Saturday evening, September 28, 1872. After a full week's work I started for Old Ford, found No. 160, St. Stephen's road, near Mace's Floor Cloth Works; and at the door I knocked softly. Mrs. Branch opened the door: she said, "I thought you would never see him alive again; he had another fit last night, and is very bad." I went in; stood by the side of his bed; talked cheerfully to him; and he appeared to enjoy the meeting. Once more I bent my knees, and cried unto the Lord for him, for his kind wife, and the afflicted daughter in the same room. I gave them another 10s. from Miss H.; 6d. from Petrobow; 2s. 6d. from Sleaford, and 2s. 6d. from "Little Help," near Cambridge. I invite Christian friends to call and pray for this poor, afflicted, long paralyzed brother in Christ. I baptized John Branch many years since; he has been member, deacon, and friend to the Church of Christ; but now he is nearly prostrated. May our Lord visit, comfort, and reveal himself unto him. From Mr. Branch's I visited widow Dunk: her husband, a man one might have hoped would have lived many years, has been suddenly taken from her. The first days of his illness he cried bitterly for mercy. He always wanted his dear wife to be praying for him. The last two or three days he was full of joy, peace, and praise, for sins forgiven and salvation realized. Hope he is with Jesus.—C. W. BANKS.

DALSTON.—Baptist Chapel, Albion Hall. October 13, 1872, was the first anniversary of pastorate of Mr. E. Langford. We had three services, all well attended: the sermons in the morning and evening were by the pastor: the message came with power. In afternoon Mr. Bennett preached; the subject was treated in a very able manner; manifested much conception of thought. Following Tuesday upwards of 200 persons took tea; then the public meeting, at which Thomas Pickworth, Esq., presided, who read a portion of the "Word of God," and Mr. Z. Turner implored the Divine blessing. The brethren Griffith, Anderson, Bennett, Gander and Palmer gave good words, and comfortable words, which were listened to attentively, and evidently appreciated. Our pastor, Mr. Langford, interested us with a leaf from his book, which contained an account of the work of God in his soul, and his introduction into the liberty of the Gospel, under the ministry of the pastor of Mount Zion, Devonport. His statement in relation to his call to the work of the ministry, his ordination, which he said took place in the house of a Mr. R., of Market-st., Devonport, when five priests of the Most High God officiated; his first sermon; his removal to Newton Abbot as pastor of the Baptist Church in that place, &c., was very clear, and put forward in such a manner as to exclude all doubt as to the Lord's hand being in all these matters. After a vote of thanks to the Chairman for his kindness in presiding at the meeting, also for his liberal donation of £5 toward the support of the

cause, and a vote of thanks to the ladies for their valuable services in connection with the tea, part of that grand old hymn, "All hail the power of Jesu's name," was sung, our pastor pronounced the benediction, and a very happy meeting came to an end, as must all gatherings in the Church Militant.

T. W. H.

CRUDWELL, WILTS.—Anniversary of our Strict Baptist Chapel was holden October 8, 1872. Christ's Gospel was preached unto us by Thomas Lamb and C. W. Banks. A good substantial tea was provided by our ladies, Mrs. Chappell and others; and with the help of young friend Lamb, cheerful Master Rudman, brother Job and their friends, everything was conducted comfortably and efficiently. Our chapel has been thoroughly renovated and painted. It is a neat and substantial place of worship, with burying ground, all safely fenced in. Our brethren, Thos. Lamb, Thomas Taylor, friend Pulham, and other brethren preached to us the Gospel; but we long, and cry, and wait, and hope to see a glorious ingathering of precious souls unto Christ. Christian friends—pray for us. We hold fast the Truth and Ordinances at Crudwell, once the scene of John Wigmore's labours.

[We saw and conversed with the aged widow of the late Thomas Wigmore. She is left in the world without any temporal aid. She needs the help of benevolent Christians.]

ASKETT.—A young man is engaged here for six months. We hope he will grow in grace—and in the sound and saving knowledge of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST: for unless the HOLY SPIRIT be in the minister's soul as a well of water ever springing up in all the freshness and fullness of the Gospel of God, it is sure to be unprofitable to those exercised Christians who desire "the first-ripe fruit." In many places it is clearly seen that "knowledge puffeth up:" and as the love of many waxeth cold, iniquities, of some kind or other, are sure to abound. The county of Bucks is favoured with many worthy men who travel hard, work hard, and fare hard, to supply the pulpits of churches who have no pastors; but, where—in all that large and lovely county—is there a powerful leading mind in the development of the mysteries of grace? Father Collyer is an ancient monument of truth at Ivinghoe. The brethren Crampin, Caughtery, and Chivers, are devoted men; but many Churches in Bucks are languishing and low. W.'s note is reserved.

SOUTHMINSTER is one of the prettiest villages on the approximate coast of Essex. A Baptist cause—holding New Testament order—sprung up here a few years since. One of their anniversary gatherings was holden October 14th. Mr. Thomas Jones, Mr. Thomas Pickworth, and other Christ-loving ministers often break the bread of life here to a grateful and appreciative people.

**NORTH BRIXTON HALL.**—"I went the other night to hear my Father Cornwell in his New Tabernacle. 'The root of the matter is found in me,' was his text. That Christ was 'the ROOT of the Matter' he showed us from the Bible. We heard, believed, and rejoiced in the truth. The place was crowded."

**HARBERTONFORD.**—Harvest Thanksgiv-  
ing services were holden, Thursday, Sep.  
26. The Lord in His mercy and grace,  
granted us a good day; the place was well  
filled. I was asked to preach in the afternoon,  
and have public meeting in evening. I did  
speak in afternoon. I believe the sacred dew  
did fall upon the hearts of the people; they  
said it was a time of love indeed; many wept  
and rejoiced. Some of the friends intended to  
have gone home after the service, as it would  
be dark; but they did not go. They said I  
must preach again in the evening; I said no;  
they said I must; I could not get out of it.  
I believe it was the Lord's doing, for it was a  
sacred, solemn time to my soul, as well as  
with the people. The pulpit is supplied prin-  
cipally by Mr. Hopper, at whose house I was  
favoured to stay; next morning was taken  
to Totness, on my way home. May the  
Lord bless His servants with peace and pros-  
perity, then shall his dear people be fed and  
comforted; for

"When saints together meet  
God's goodness to declare,  
The seasons must be sweet  
If Jesus be but there.

For of Christ they talk,  
Of Christ they boast;  
While Jesus lives,  
They can't be lost."

Hayes. R. C. BARDENS.

**ASHBURTON.**—In September, our be-  
loved minister (that was, until that busy  
Editor stole him away), Robert Bardens  
preached to us several sermons; and truly  
blessed seasons they were. Our congregations  
were large and our mercies many. For the  
Brent church four believers have been bap-  
tized here by that living embodiment of puri-  
tanical theology, our interesting preacher,  
Mr. Clancy. Brethren Sercomb and Statta-  
ford now preach to us. You have not got  
all the Devonshire Divinity in London yet.  
A CARPENTER'S SON.

**WADDESSEN HILL.**—Some few miles  
from Thame, high on the hills, stands the  
Baptist Chapel, which for nearly one hundred  
years has been known as "Waddesden Hill  
Baptist Chapel." A church of about forty  
members still maintain New Testament doc-  
trines and ordinances. Mr. Meekins, once  
the esteemed pastor here, still lies at anchor.  
The late minister, Mr. Caughtrey (once of  
Eaton Bray,) has recently left for Over,  
Cambs., where a church exists 130 years old.  
A strong, industrious, self-denying minister  
of a living Gospel, might find in Waddesden  
a sphere of blessed work.

### Notes of the Month.

**THE LATE A. M. TOPLADY.**—Mr. W.  
Winters (the devoted student in the British  
Museum; the Librarian at Waltham Abbey;  
the poet, the penman, and the truthful  
Christian)—this laborious man of letters has  
compiled a neat, easy, and faithful little me-  
moir of that lovely man of God—the author  
of "*Rock of Ages*." We have not yet  
had time to digest the whole book; but we  
hope to have a paper or two over this new  
issue before long.

**BURNHAM, ESSEX.**—Monday, October  
14, 1872, special services in Baptist chapel.  
Mr. Cole, the Pastor, presided. C. W. Banks  
delivered address. Collection for the widow  
of the late W. Newman. Brother John  
Taylor's letter next month. We can only  
now say, the funeral expences, near £14,  
have all been paid; £2 10s. given to the  
widow. Mr. Taylor acknowledges receiving  
on her behalf,—Mrs. Cook, 1s.; Mrs. Powell,  
2s. 6d.; H. W. Dever, 1s.; W. M. Walker,  
1s.; E. Morris, 1s.; R. Field, 2s. 6d.; A. B.,  
5s.; M. H., 6d.; E. B., 2s. C. W. Banks  
has received, Thomas Pickworth, £1; Miss  
Nunn, 5s.; J. J., 1s. 6d.; Mr. Fairhead, 5s.

**WEDNEBURY.**—"J. J." says, I had lately  
occasion to visit Sheffield; and found a little  
handful of the Lord's children meeting in a  
comfortable room. I find that Messrs. Taylor,  
Winfield, Johnson, and others, are working  
hard to establish a cause on Strict Baptist  
principles. I hope it will not be long before  
they may be enabled to form a church, for  
there seems a good gathering at times; and  
I am proud to say my younger son has found  
his way there. My earnest wish is the Lord  
may meet with him, and bless him; that he  
may prove an honour to the cause. Sheffield  
is like most other large towns: very few love  
the sweet and discriminating doctrines  
preached in the aforesaid room.

**CHATHAM.**—ENON CHAPEL. Mr.  
Edgerton is not leaving Enon; he has ac-  
cepted the invitation of the church to be-  
come the pastor. (Signed) JOSEPH CASSE,  
STEPHEN DUMSDAY, JAMES CLIFF,  
Deacons.

**BURY ST. EDMUNDS.**—BAPTIST CHA-  
PEL, WESTGATE ROAD. Kindly acknow-  
ledge for our chapel debt, by collecting cards,  
T. S. Frost, £1 2s.; W. W., Huntingdon-  
shire, £1 1s.; T. Faggs, 12s.; R. Lock, 10s.  
Further donations thankfully received by  
H. HART, 35, Church-terrace, Bury St.  
Edmunds.

**GENEVA.**—Just as we were going to press  
intelligence came of the death of Dr. Merle  
D'Aubigne, author of "The History of the  
Reformation." Particulars next month.

**DIED.**—August 28, Mr. Jonathan Clark, many  
years deacon of Enon Chapel: deeply lamented  
by the church, and all who knew him.

**MARRIAGE.**—September 10, at Gower Street  
Chapel, London, by Mr. C. Hemington, Reuben,  
youngest son of Mr. William Cottis, Iron-  
founder, Epping, to Mahalah, youngest daugh-  
ter of the late Mr. James Cooto, of Mundon,  
Essex.

# The Eternity and Entirety of the Saviour.

TO OUR READERS, CORRESPONDENTS, and FRIENDS, all over the world, we send hearty thanks for all the help they have afforded us during another year. To our God and Father we desire to render all praise and glory ; for by His grace we have been upheld, our work has been continued, our circulation has been increased ; and while we behold many carried home, the promise still sounds in our inward ear, " With long life will I satisfy him—and show him my salvation."

In looking forward to the commencement of another year, we have but one chief and strong desire, that CHRIST may be magnified in us, whether it be by life or by death.

Increasingly are we satisfied that Jesus Christ is God's Great Ordinance, Heaven's only Remedy for the recovery of the Church out of the fall ! And in the progress and perfection of that grand and glorious recovery, there cannot possibly be the slightest imperfection or failure. "*He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet ;*" and then, when the quickening work of the Holy Spirit shall be finished ; when the intercession of the Great High Priest shall cease ; when the Gospel Ministers have all laid down their trumpets and their swords ; when Heaven's holy harvest men have finally gathered in the whole election of grace, then shall be heard the delightful declaration in the highest court—" *Father, here am I, and the children Thou hast given me.*"

We rejoice exceedingly in beholding the climax of ENTIRETY, written upon the Person, Work, and Ministry of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

*Perfection* in its deepest, highest, and most comprehensive sense was and is in His Person. He is " The Holy One of Israel ! " There was entirety in His surrender—" He gave Himself for our sins ; " " He loved the Church, and gave Himself for it."

Look at the facts. He gave His blessed body up into the hands of John, and was entirely immersed ; *buried in baptism* : there was His sanctification of Himself to the work He had undertaken. Then, in the garden of Gethsemane, prostrate He fell, while His sacred body was bathed in one wrath-heated bloody sweat. There was the earnest of the Church's freedom from guilt and the curse. It was an entire sanctification and surrender of Himself *bodily*.

In His ministry there was a surrender or giving of Himself *mentally*. His precious mind ran through all the Divine departments of the covenant of grace ; and unto His disciples, He revealed those mysteries. His mind and spirit searched the deep things of God, and the awfully deep things in man ; and in His ministry He laid them all open and bare ; and, at last, when He came to the closing stroke—" He poured out His soul unto death." Not one spark of life—for the time—was left in Him ; His blessed body was laid lifeless in the tomb ; but, in the appointed moment, the Divine soul having suffered for, and having borne away the curse, it returned to, and raised up the tabernacle ; and then to His own disciples He devoted Himself until He was received

up into glory. Even there, as the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, He is entirely devoted to the highest interests of His people; and in this work of intercession He will continue until He comes the second time without sin unto salvation.

Let us—while we live—cease all sinful slaughtering one of another; and may we, one and all, only aim to be instrumental in fulfilling that word, "Be still" (refraining from fleshly jangling) "and know that I am God. I will be exalted among the heathen; I will be exalted in the earth."

As we stand on the Yeovil junction, waiting for the train to carry us down into the Western cities of this kingdom, we pencil down these few lines, with our eyes unto the Lord for His direction and blessing. Our twenty-eight years work in this humble department is now finished; the claims made upon our pages, and the appeals we receive to help churches, ministers, widows, orphans, and invalids, are numerous. We gladly serve them all to the utmost; but we require a larger number of pages, a much more extended circulation, and a warmer response. We will only ask three favours.

First—"Brethren, pray for us."

Secondly—Seeing we are favoured to carry good tidings to all the churches; seeing we seek to help the afflicted, we ask our *real* friends to use their influence in giving the *Earthen Vessel* a circulation at least of twenty-five thousand monthly: then, at the same price, we can furnish a much greater quantity and variety of good and useful reading. The times, the state of our churches, the increasing thirst for spiritual knowledge in the rising race, all demand this.

In the month of December, we ask our brethren publicly to lay our claims before their people. And if every present subscriber will take two copies of the January number; and get the extra copy freely circulated in their own district; good may be done.

Lastly, we ask permission to hold public meetings where such movements are practicable.

Wherever the Lord enables us to stand up in His name, prejudice declines, and the power of the Lord yields a blessing.

Briefly, we have felt compelled to write this closing address while travelling. With the utmost confidence in the Lord, we leave our future success in His hands; while we remain humbly, lovingly, gratefully, devotedly, and faithfully, the servant of the churches, and for twenty-eight years—

THE EDITOR OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

## A LONG AND AFFECTIONATE DISCIPLESHIP.

ON Saturday afternoon, November 16, 1872, the mortal remains of Mrs. Emma Cox were laid in a deep family grave in Nunhead cemetery, very near the spot where the much beloved James Wells's earthly tabernacle was deposited last March.

C. W. Banks delivered a short address in the cemetery chapel on the words, "He will swallow up death in victory, and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of his people shall He take away from off all the earth; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Four of the greatest questions man can investigate are these:—1, "What is Life?" It is living IN CHRIST: "Your life

is hid with Christ in God." It is living with Christ, by faith divine—"the life that I now live in the flesh is by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." It is living in the knowledge of Christ,—“This is life eternal that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.” This living union to Christ; this abiding faith in Jesus, Mrs. Emma Cox possessed for full forty years. She was first awakened, when very young, under the ministry of the late Thomas Reed, when he preached in Fetter Lane. After that she was taken by her father to hear Mr. James Wells at Dudley Court, before he ever preached at the Surrey Tabernacle forty years ago. Emma was the means, in the Lord's hand, of bringing her husband (before she was married) to hear Mr. Wells, as well as others in the family. She was baptized with her husband, Mr. James Cox, by Mr. Wells, in the old Surrey Tabernacle (Mr. Church's) in the year 1838; she remained a member to the day of her death. She was for eighteen years devoted to the comfort of the congregation of the Surrey Tabernacle (being the wife of the chapel keeper), and was never happier than when she was engaged in serving them.

She grieved very much on the death of Mr. Wells; and never was the same person afterwards; always longing to be where he was. She said she never enjoyed the ordinance of the Lord's Supper so much as on the Sunday previous to her death; she was taken ill, and died the very next Sunday, Nov. 10, 1872, aged 56. She was a faithful wife, a devoted mother of a large family, and respected by all who knew her. Her husband, Mr. Jas. Cox, and herself, had the charge and care of the Surrey Tabernacle, for many years.

(2). “What, then, is death?” It is *separation*. The wife is now separated from her beloved husband—from her fondly attached children—from the church on earth she loved so dearly; yea, from her own mortal tenement.

There is a three-fold blessedness in such a Christian's death; there is the soul released from all the pains and cares of a time-state. The soul has gathered up all her treasures—a sanctified mind; a tender conscience; a loving heart; a truthful memory; and has left the frail body: there is the blessedness of being received into glory; and there is on our part, the blessedness of knowing she has not been driven away, but drawn up to her home, to be for ever with the Lord. Let husband, and children, and friends, weep; they must, and will feel the loss of such a dear one; but in her happiness let them rejoice.

(3). What precedes the life of which we have spoken? God's choice; Jesus' redeeming blood; the Holy Ghost's quickening power. Mrs. Cox was the subject of the three branches of experience Isaiah records of the Church of old:—soul-desiring, earnest-seeking, patient-waiting. “With my soul have I desired thee in the night; and with my spirit within me have I sought thee early: we have waited for Him; He will save us.”

(4). What comes after death?

“The plenitude of Heaven!” To the thousands scattered abroad in the world who knew and loved Mrs. Emma Cox, it will be pleasing to know that she continued in the faith unto the end: over the loss of her pastor she deeply mourned until the powers of nature failed; and suddenly she fled away.

"AT EVENING TIME IT WAS LIGHT."

MRS. SUSAN REA, a dear sister in the Lord, is gone to be with Christ, which is far better. She was a true seal of the faithfulness of the Redeemer. Called by divine grace to know and mourn her lost condition at a Wesleyan prayer meeting, she left her worldly amusements, and earnestly sought the means of grace with that denomination: she was zealous in visiting and praying with the sick; but could not get the satisfaction she required in hearing the ministry; and therefore she wandered about seeking for the blessing of the Gospel of Christ; was led by the Providence of God to Edward-street, Dorset-square; there the Holy Spirit applied the word under the ministry of Mr. James Wise. She made a profession of her faith in the dear Redeemer, and was baptized about the year 1852. Soon did she experience the words of Jesus, "In the world ye shall have tribulation;" was of a nervous disposition; her family trials were heavy; between the flesh and the spirit there was great warfare; sorely tried by Satan to put an end to her life; often in agony, like her Holy Master she prayed more earnestly. The Lord saved her from all her fears. She came to reside at Reading about six years ago; constantly attended and highly prized the ordinances of the Lord's house, until laid by with an internal affliction she had suffered from for many years. The brethren and sisters from Providence chapel, and other friends, often visited her, and experienced the Lord's presence. Again she was often fearful how it would be in her last moments, and said,

"O for an overcoming faith,  
To cheer my dying hour."

She related a dream that gave her much comfort. She was in a crowd; she saw Jesus; He looked upon her with such a beautiful and loving countenance that made her feel intensely happy; still, she was the subject of fears until about a fortnight before her death. Then her theme was "JESUS!" and earnestly desired to be with Him. She said to her cousin, "Do you think it will be long?" She said she could trust the dear Lord if he did not give her another manifestation of his love. She was nearly one whole night in prayer for every one she could think of. Lord's-day morning, 27th October, 1872, she felt better; thanked the Lord for a good night; no doubt mortification had set in; about six o'clock in the evening she said "*Precious JESUS! precious JESUS! precious JESUS!* He is coming! OH, HE IS COME!!" and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. Her sister and friend that waited upon her for many years, mourn not as those who have no hope, but desire to bless and praise the faithful Lord Jesus for his loving kindness in life and in death. J. VARNEY.

SERIOUS THOUGHTS ON COMMUNION.

BY A YOUNG MINISTER OF CHRIST'S GOSPEL.

[Well knowing the writer of this letter, and having read it with sacred feelings, we ask for it a careful and wide-spread perusal.]

DEAR BROTHER, in the hope and patient waiting for the coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, I thank you for the tract. Church fellowship has been much upon my mind; but when I reflect upon the age and standing of the author, I feel almost disposed

to lay down my pen. Yet the subject is one of such vast importance that I am bound to say a little upon it, that you may know what my thoughts are upon that great question. When young men make a start in the ministry, there is often a measure of doubt in the minds of their elder brethren as to which way they will take when they are able to walk alone; indeed, it becomes churches to be careful as to who and what they encourage in this day of deceit and craft. If our churches were more mindful in this respect, we should not have so many hirelings binding useless burdens upon them. Well, upon this, as well as every other branch of truth, one should be plain; cannot be too plain! Toplady used to say, "a man should be transparent;" and he was right. I will first notice the tract itself; secondly, give you my thoughts on the subject of "COMMUNION."

First: wherever I see firmness, and decision for truth, I am bound to be thankful for it, let it be in whom it may; yet it is sadly true that we often see good men working hard in a good cause, but their way of working is such that one cannot admire it. To be *right*, in a *RIGHT* cause, is a great thing indeed. So with respect to the writer. I do not approve of some of his expressions. It seems to me so absurd to violently knock out a brother's eyes in order to make him see more clearly. But, secondly, come to the subject itself, "*the communion of saints*," which has occupied my attention in times past. I must confess I was mentally drawn into the open communion system; that which overcame me for the time was the passionate regard which I feel for many who are not Baptists, yet can give a good account of their conversion to God, their communion with the Lord, and their hope of glory through the substitutionary work and death of our Lord Jesus Christ. Indeed, some of them are *SOUND*, both in doctrine and experience, yet adhere to the sprinkling of the face instead of the immersion of the person in water. Immersion, I have no doubt, was the *original*, the *true* and proper way; yet our brethren who differ from us on this point say that they act conscientiously. I dared not dispute their sincerity. So, through love to them, I felt disposed to break down the baptismal partition; and said in my heart, that baptism should not in any measure sever me from any of the people of God. Thus, you see, I reasoned until I found myself bound up in what has now become a widespread error over nearly all the Baptist churches: still, at times something whispered, *I was wrong*. This caused me to cry unto the Lord, that He would direct my thoughts into the way that is right; and after much prayer and labour of mind, I was drawn by the Holy Spirit—yes, I feel certain it was by the light which He giveth—I was constrained to look at this subject from another stand-point. There I pictured to myself two brethren that were desirous of being admitted to the Lord's table, both giving a good account of their conversion. One had been baptized, as he thought to be right, by sprinkling. The other saying, that he did not see that it was needful to be baptized with water in any way; contending he can be a child of God and a true believer, without being baptized; forgetting that he may be a *naughty and disobedient* child, which is by no means the best way of showing our love to a kind and indulgent Friend. Now to admit the latter would be to set aside the apostolic order altogether; Acts ii. 41; x. 47 and 48; viii. 36-38; xvi. 33. But the former saith, "I have been baptized in the way which

I think to be right; you choose to have much water; I choose to have only a little." So there the matter stands; one professeth to have been baptized, the other does not; and my solemn conviction is that neither of them have been baptized at all, seeing nearly all good and learned men of the paedobaptist order confess that the word *baptize* means immerse, dip, or plunge; and we know the Baptists feel the delightful and blessed presence and favour of the Lord in attending to that ordinance, which I am thankful to know I most certainly did; hence I cannot doubt, but am fully persuaded, that it is right. What, then, must be done for those two brethren? To admit the sprinkled one, would be in accordance with the spirit and rules of open communion. But to admit the rejector of baptism altogether, would be to encourage him in open and wilful disobedience; which God forbid I should ever do, since the dear Lord hath said, "If ye love me keep my commandments." But, the difficulty doth not end here. "Actions speak louder than words;" and however much we may cry out against infant sprinkling, and contend for believer's baptism, if we admit to the Lord's table those who have only been sprinkled, and refuse those who have not, we by that very act recognize sprinkling as baptism; whilst in word we deny it. "A sad contradiction indeed!" Therefore, with all my attachment to the Lord's people that are not Baptists, I cannot, for conscience sake, unite with them in that sacred ordinance commemorative of the death of our blessed Lord until we are agreed upon that which should precede it, for "how can two walk together unless they are agreed."

A word by way of conclusion. Every one should be settled in his *own mind*; and not take a creed that has been made ready for him by fathers or grandfathers, or some who have lived before him. Let every one prayerfully search the New Testament for himself, and may the Holy Spirit, the Comforting Monitor and Teacher of the saints, remove that extinguisher, "*Prejudice*," from the mind, which so often prevents the lamp of truth from shining into the soul. When He, the Spirit of truth, melteth the heart by his own Almighty breath, and by shedding the love of God abroad within, filleth the soul with gratitude, it is then, and not until then, that we are really and truly constrained to follow the darling SON OF GOD. *Then*, we feel disposed to fulfill all righteousness—

'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet,  
In swift obedience move."

"Yea," even into the baptismal waters. The most obedient and loving disciples are but unprofitable servants; therefore, let us not boast over any of our brethren, but kindly recommend the path of obedience; for there is joy and pleasure therein, which so many refuse to taste. However much the flesh may shrink in anticipation, the actual attendance to it has, in the experience of many, been far overbalanced with joy and peace in believing and obeying, and they have been enabled to prove true the words of the blessed Jesus, when He said, "He that honoureth me, him will my Father honour." Pardon me, my brother, and remember me as your's in the best relationship,

JOSEPH WORTLEY.

Boston, Nov. 11th, 1872.



## MR. GODWIN, OF GODMANCHESTER—A SKETCH.

RECENTLY we had an opportunity of hearing Mr. J. Godwin, the pastor of the Baptist Church at Godmanchester, in the county of Huntingdon. On his appearing in the pulpit, one could not but think of "the claimant." Mr. Godwin is a gentleman of equal, if not even of greater, corporeal proportions than Sir Roger. He has a corresponding bold, loud voice; and occasionally, when he warms with his subject, displays an amount of energy and animation that could scarcely be expected from a person of his age and bulkiness. He is one of the last of the line of preachers amongst whose fellows might be classed the late William Gadsby, John Kershaw, and John Warburton. Not that for depth of thought, and "opening up of the mysteries of the Gospel" could we think of placing this good man on a parallel with either of the Johns, or William of Manchester: still in manner, appearance, and mode of expression, there is a similarity. But we must not forget that Mr. Godwin is fast approaching the completion of the allotted "three score years and ten." "If I live till next February, I shall complete my seventieth year; and I have been expecting for the past fifty years to die suddenly." Such were the words of the speaker in his opening remarks at the Tabernacle on the Sabbath morn; and from subsequent observations, it would appear he has been no stranger to affliction and sorrow. On three or four occasions, while engaged in preaching, Mr. Godwin has dropped suddenly in the pulpit. He mentioned one time specially, when, surrounded by his wife, daughter, and friends—although quite prostrate—he heard the doctor say, "He's gone—he's gone." "But," continued the speaker, "a man can't die when he likes; and I was restored."

"Not a single shaft can hit  
Till the God of love see fit."

In preaching, Mr. Godwin repudiates the idea—or at least, does not recognise the principle—of dividing his discourses into sections or departments. He remarked, "He never yet had heads and tails to his sermons;" and thought, after about forty years ministry, it would be too late to begin now. "Preaching depends upon the power of the Holy Spirit; and without that power accompanies the word, all the preaching would be of no avail." Plainness of speech is another characteristic of the Godmanchester pastor; accompanied often with a solemnity and earnestness, that carries with it the impression of great zeal and ardent desire that the word may arouse the careless and indifferent, while it edifies, comforts, and confirms those who have already believed. In a slow and solemn tone he remarked: "There's a vast number of souls here this morning: we have all got to live and die for ourselves. If we die without having been born again, to hell we must sink. Is there one here in this great congregation will say that he would like to go to hell?" But in the main, Mr. Godwin's discourses are of an experimental character. When convinced of his condition as a sinner, he was for a very lengthened period subject to the "thunders of Sinai." So long and so severe was the law work upon his conscience, that he

was tempted to seek relief in self-destruction. But in the hour of his despair,—after having had a view of the thief on the cross, of persecuting Saul of Tarsus, of Mary Magdalene,—he was led to join issue with the publican, and say, “God be merciful to me a sinner!” Deliverance came. The curse was gone. By faith he was carried to the feet of the Redeemer. A glorious view and inward realisation of God’s free mercy to his soul was enjoyed; love poured into his heart; peace and pardon flowed into his soul like a stream; his mouth was filled with laughter, till he broke out exclaiming, “Oh! that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest.” Very characteristically, Mr. Godwin added, “the people in the village said, ‘that Godwin has gone out of his mind.’”

If we caught the observation correctly, Mr. Godwin is a native of North Wiltshire; and being born of humble parentage, and in a day when School Boards were unknown, his education was very limited; or, perhaps, it might be more correct to say, it was entirely neglected or unattainable. When the Lord called him by his grace, “he could not read a word, and did not know a letter of the alphabet.” This observation brought to my mind the fact that the late James Wells was similarly situated when the Lord called him; and I also remembered what diligence he used to remove those difficulties; and I am tempted to make a slight digression here, and give you a few words by

#### MR. WELLS ON MINISTERIAL INDUSTRY,

as I have the notes now before me. At an ordination service held at Chatham, in the year 1860, Mr. Wells gave the “charge to the pastor.” The second division of that charge was “Ministerial Industry.” Under this head four ways in which a workman might be ashamed were given. “A workman (said Mr. Wells) may be ashamed from want of industry; and if there is a man under heaven that ought to be diligent, it is the minister. But whatever you do in your industry, let the Bible be the centre of that industry. You must read the Bible all through. You ought to be up early in the morning; and if I were your wife you should get up. My former wife, when I began to preach, said. “Now, I suppose you think you are going to be a gentleman, now you are a minister; but I tell you what I think: you used to get up at six, now you ought to get up at four; and if I had my will you should not have a bit of breakfast till you had been through twenty chapters.’ And she abode by that. And if I was inclined to sleep in the morning, she would say, ‘Come, do you know the time?’ and up I must get. She was a sterling good character. And I have worked hard all my days; and I have been blessed with great success. I do believe the diligent soul shall be made fat. Read the Bible through and through, and through, from beginning to end; and the Lord will bless you.”

We think, Mr. Editor, this extract will not be unacceptable in this day; more could have been given, but space forbids. Of Mr. Godwin we write no more now, further than to add, we believe he was well received by the people in London; and although his ministry may not be of a teaching character, and there is not that “expounding of the scriptures” we have been accustomed to hear, still, it was pleasing to find there was an entire absence of that uncharitable and harsh manner of expression, and whining tone, which has become almost “a trade mark” among a certain sect of the cloth.

R.

## THE DUTY-FALSEHOOD OF THE DAY.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER DAVIES,—Love, mercy, and peace, be unto you, through Jesus our Lord—to whom be glory everlasting.

I received your welcome letter, and I thank you much. Very glad the half of you, which was here, has reached the other half in safety and peace,—praise ye the Lord. The dear Lord does wonders for us—does He not?

“Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat His mercies in your song.”

As you intend to try to exalt our precious Lord Jesus in your new chapel, I rejoice in your great success in its completion. I will do as you desire, relative to prayer for you, that the Lord may bless *the truth* you shall of God the Holy Ghost be enabled to preach in it, to saints and sinners.

“Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,  
And crown *thy Gospel* with success.”

I have so been used to serve for these 22 years, without many thanks, that your letter of gratitude for the little, very little, done to your's, seems very refreshing indeed. I am oft afraid I am no use whatever. We have, I believe, one of the largest churches in New South Wales, of the Baptist denomination; but it is very small compared to your great chapels and large churches in England, only about 100 members, and about 250 congregation. About 30 have been added since I came here. It is hard work here, in the *cold* of this *hot* country. How strange! some bodies burn while their souls freeze.

Truly it is a solemn time of gathering home the true labourers—God's real men. Do the labourers go home at sunset? If so, what comes after sun down? *Night*. I fear it in England. But the glorious light will shine into the dark places of Roman tyranny. Perhaps Italy will yet supply England with godly men to preach up Christ, and to cast down Antichrist. God bless England!

I wonder even common sense has not convinced our nation of the emptiness of freewill, human merit, and all the work-mongering nonsense of neology and Arminianism. What has it done in the nation? Made it darker than Rome itself. What a mass of rottenness, and blind hypocrisy, conceit, pride, and villainy! I hope you are right in supposing the people are weary of this cant and awful sham; hoping for more substantial things, as set forth in the doctrine of the grace of God in Christ.

Surely no one of right mind can object to “*Duty-faith*.” It is the duty of devils to *believe God, and Christ*, and they *do their duty*. But if you urge them to *believe they are saved*, you ask them to *believe a lie*; and I am sure, my brother, God will not bless lies either to devils or men. It is the *duty of all men* who hear the Gospel, to *believe God and Jesus*, and they can do it, as well as devils can; and if the Jews had done this, *their duty*, as well as the devils did, Jerusalem and their other cities, would have remained until now. But if you who believe in personal election, divine predestination, effectual calling, the ruins of the fall, particular redemption, final perseverance, as founded upon the covenant enactments of the Father, the merits of the Son of God, and the Almighty operations of the Holy Spirit,—I say if you, who profess to believe these things, urge *all men to believe they are saved*, you ask many to *believe a lie*. My brother, God will not bless this *duty falsehood*—never. Is it the duty of hated Esau to be in God's everlasting

love? In God's election, in His predestination? In his Christ? &c. *Unless it is the duty* of the vessels of wrath, ordained unto condemnation, as sons of perdition, to be *in Christ, in God's covenant love*, to ask them to believe unto their salvation, is to ask them to believe a direct falsehood, which cannot be the Gospel. Think, my brother, before you confound the *dead duty-faith of devils* and men with "*the faith of God's elect.*" Make a distinction, as *all* the Gospel does, between the *duties of the covenant of works*, and the *holy privileges of the covenant of grace*. The two lined sermon of Mr. S. upon Rom. x. 20, 21, is a conglomeration of the two covenants, which God has set as wide apart as heaven and hell. See Gal. iii. iv., Heb. viii. x., &c. Human responsibility in the *duties of the law*, never took one soul to heaven—never will—never was designed. Therefore it was that God opened the covenant of mercy in Christ, by divine sovereignty. *Two lines indeed—two ways to glory?* Grace and works, at last, flesh and spirit, blend after all.

Mr. S. is a good man; God blesses the truth he preaches, and forgives the very shocking self-contradiction which beclouds and darkens his otherwise honourable testimony. He is the most inconsistent preacher I ever read—hence his theology will never last—never; it must divide in minds self-consistent—half will go to the Arminians, who live under the *duties of the law*, and the *better half will go to the hypsters, who live and move under the privileges of everlasting love and the sure mercies of David*. If you sit upon two stools, one will fly one way, and the other the other, and leave you to fall between. *The duty-faith stool will fly to Mount Sinai—the faith of God's elect to Mount Zion*—leaving poor old Andrew Fuller to sit desolate, in the middle of the desert of Arabia. Poor silly old man, he bridged the gulf between the *flesh and the spirit*, the law and the Gospel, works and grace; and thus led on the apostacy of our noble denomination; which has become a very dunghill in theology, carnality and hypocrisy. I speak of what I have seen and heard myself, in the colony, having past up from youth through these ranks.

I was led here alone—as to man—prayerfully to divide between the covenants from Genesis to Revelations. God showed me the *dividing line, and the confusion fled*. There is not a Gospel *promise, precept, or invitation* in the whole book but what *is confined to special character—such as will not fit all men*. How then can they be general? Mark the great model preacher's order—

"Blessed are ye poor." "Woe unto you, rich."  
 "Blessed are ye that mourn." "Woe unto you that laugh."  
 "Blessed are ye that hunger." "Woe unto you that are full."  
 "Blessed are ye persecuted." "Woe unto you, spoken well of."

"He filleth the hungry soul with good things—but the rich He sendeth empty away." How can we be God's mouth, if we take not forth the precious from the vile, in this description of character, the one under Gospel invitation and blessing—the other under law duties and the curse? I write in loving reply to yours; you must blame yourself if I hurt your feelings; your much reference to *hypsters* and *duty-faith* led me thus to reply. If by the word of God you can tumble in theology into the lake of Geneva, do it, and I will bless God for its departure. Let God be true, and me and every one who contradicts Him, be a liar. With fervent love to you and your's, for Jesus' sake, I remain your's in Him,

DANIEL ALLEN.

## THE OLD TENANT AND THE NEW PROPRIETOR.

A LETTER FROM A FATHER TO A SON,

*Who had been recently called by Grace under his ministry and left home subsequently for Employment in London.*

MY DEAR SON,

7th November, 1872.

I hope I feel a sacred pleasure in writing, to you, as my dear son, not only in the ties of the flesh and in nature's bonds, which at longest must soon break and be dissolved for ever, but in the bonds of the Gospel, and in the ties of everlasting love; for I trust you have been hewn from the Rock of fallen human nature, and dug from the pit in which the whole human race of Adam lie till quickened and raised by the invincible power of God the Holy Ghost. Yes, my dear lad, if you have been brought to see and feel you are a sinner, lost and quite undone by union to Adam the first, and by actual sin, and transgression, and to see some beauty, worth, adaptation and suitability in Jesus the Great Son of God: if his wondrous Person has ever fixed all your love; if His wrought-out and imputed righteousness is your only shelter from the righteous vengeance of a Holy God; if his precious atoning blood has ever been *precious to you*, — and if you have ever been helped once to cast your Anchor, Hope, into his completed atonement, to know and most certainly feel, that you are and must be for ever a wretch undone without His sovereign grace—why then, I do not *think*, but *know* your election of God, for the Gospel of Jehovah's rich grace has come not in word only, but in power. And of you it may as truly be said, as it was once of the idolatrous Ephesians, "And you hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." Among such ye also once talked and walked and were at home, swimming in your element, sin, and delighting in the same according to the course of this world; which is, you see and know, a downward course, a rapid course, and a certain course to hell; and I verily believe, such is the awful infatuating power of sin, and of the wicked one in whose arms, alas, the poor unconscious sinner lies, and by whom he is captive led, that no power short of that which is divine could arrest and reverse the sinner's course.

"None but a power divinely strong,  
Can turn the current of the will."

It would be easier to stop an express train, and send it back in the opposite direction with a straw. But this great work God and glory does; the prey is taken from the mighty, and the lawful captive is delivered; the strong man armed surrenders to the stronger than he—his almighty Conqueror, Christ, who first conquered and bruised his cursed head upon the cross by his blood, which demolished his throne, sin; and now conquers him in the heart, and casts him out of his dirty and defiled house by His almighty arm; and where darkness reigned and the devil dwelt secure, now light and Christ come, and the first thing discovered is the solemn fact, "Behold I am vile." Unclean, Unclean, and full of sin, and he who takes possession finds the house all in ruin; he builds it all anew, creates a clean heart, makes in the town of man-soul a thorough revolution. The old tenant is ejected, and the new proprietor, the rightful owner, takes the castle—and comes to reign and live on the premises—and from that period a warfare begins that will not terminate till the house itself is taken down, for in the walls of the old house, and all about the outskirts of the premises, the

plague remains, and the old inmates of the castle are allowed to live and crawl about, and even, headed by the devil, to try all their strength to regain their former position but "*grace reigns*" is written over the door, and the proprietor and purchaser of the premises will never allow the same to be taken again either by force or fraud; he has permitted them *to assail*, but has declared they *shall not prevail*, for he alone who has taken possession, cleaned and furnished the house, can protect and keep it in safety.

These things to you, my son, would once have been worse than death. You would have thought, if not said so. What do these things mean? these things are not discerned by the natural man. O no, the Lord openeth the eyes of the blind. Now therefore you see *where you are*, and where your *fellow sinners are*. At one time, yea, and not long ago, I should have feared your going to London, and plunging into such a scene of things as you have; there would have been everything congenial to your depraved heart, in sin and vanity, but I know now you can no more relish these things than a fish could dust, or a sheep mud and dirt. Every creature is at home in its element—the sinner in sin; the bird in the air; as the fish in the water; as the sow in the mire; as the duck in the puddle. Angels and saints are fitted for another sphere—their element is holiness, godliness, and love. Sin lives in the saint, but the saint cannot live in sin, that is, in the love, delight, and practice of sin.

O what wonders God has done for us, as a family, during the past year, as a God of Grace! How often have I prayed my God to give you grace, and felt if He did so it would be more than *giving you a world*, and has He done it? O yes, I trust he has; for I am sure he never would have shown you what He has, if He intended to destroy you. Well, my dear boy, the great work being done within, expect the opposition of your old master. Don't be surprised if he should meet you sometimes, as he did Christian, stradling all over the path, determined to stop you in your course, or swallow you up; but beware especially of him when he comes in *his white robes*. He is a *serpent still*, and has done wonderful mischief in his garb as an angel of light. An experienced old angler he is, having had near 6000 years' experience as to the baits that *will take*. O depend upon it he has got a bait for every fish, he knows all our weak parts, and those are the parts he attacks. May God give you grace to resist him; not in your own strength, for that he esteems as rotten straw, but stedfast in the faith, looking to Jesus. The more you discover your own weakness the better, because the strength of Christ is made perfect in his people's weakness. "The conies are a feeble folk, yet make their nest in the rock;" the little worm when it crawls into the mountain is hid, and is as strong as the mountain itself. If favoured to creep beside Christ as a worm, and see Him die for you, you will gather strength. This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith. How is that? Very simple is the answer. Faith sees and realises more in Christ than in the world; His beauties and charms therefore eclipse all earthly charms. Look at the sun in its strength; it dazzles your eyes, and makes everything else look dark; so, looking at the glorious Sun of Righteousness, dazzling, yet transforming is the sight. Endless charms are ever unfolding and revealing; thus we become dead to the world.

Now, just a word or two of advice and caution as to your walk and conduct. Be more concerned *to walk than to talk*. Let your light *so*

*shine* before men that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven. It is "*your light*"—not because *you kindled it*—all *self-kindled* lights soon go out, are soon puffed out, or will eventually go out with a stench in death—"Our lamps are gone out;" but if the light is kindled by God, *it is yours to show*, it is not to be hid under a bushel or bed. The world will expect to see, and they have a right to expect to see, a difference in the Christian: they may sneer at first, but they will *respect consistency*. It is an important thing to be *uniform* in our conduct, the same from January to December, not by fits and starts; that is the right *practice* that springs from *principle*, and the *only principle* that will *produce godly and consistent conduct and good fruit, is the fear of God*. Take a leaf out of your father's book, keep every one around you in their proper place. Beware of joking and jesting; the world will applaud and then condemn for such conduct. Watch and pray. Carry your lamp with you; the word of God in your heart. Don't forget you are a mariner, exposed to dangers, pirates and storms. Consult your compass very often, and keep your eye not so much upon the waves and clouds as upon the skilful Pilot at the helm.

May the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the angel of the everlasting covenant who redeemed my soul from hell, and has led me and fed me all my days, bless, save and secure the lad, is the earnest, constant and affectionate prayer of Your loving Father, G. B.

## THE TWO SIDES OF A CHRISTIAN.

BY GEORGE PUNG, BAPTIST MINISTER, COTTENHAM.

**A**H, how every circumstance, and every event, and every turn in life's pathway admonishes us of our mortality and the brevity of our earthly career, of the instability and uncertainty of all things connected with this mundane state! To the Christian at times all is confusion, all is chaos. Flesh is the prolific soil of a thousand trials; and what an awful festering sore and boiling pot old human nature is; and how often the child of God cries with Paul, "Oh, wretched man that I am." Yes, there are times when the saint feels much more of the influence of the old man than of the new man. Full of darkness and heaviness, the soul infested with hellish thoughts, and inclinations to that which is evil, and tendencies to that which is wrong. Instead of being able to read one's title clear, by the reason of the light possessed,—there is nothing but darkness, bondage, and captivity—no happy life; no sweetness in prayer; no holy softening of heart; no heavings of the fountains of the deep; no sun; no moon; no stars; the heavens like one great arch of brass; the earth as iron; Satan roaring; Sinai threatening; conscience accusing; signs all gone; no footprints; no way-marks; no high heaps; no songs, either night or day; Jeremiah's lamentations are experienced; where are the old joys says the soul? old evidences; old promises; old tokens; the days when all seemed summer; the whole earth a jubilee; every tree, every bird, every hill, every dale, all things, animate and inanimate, seemed then one sublime vast symphony unto the Lord. When the soul thought she heard the music of heaven, and the angels and the spirits of the just join in one glorious song unto the Lord, in fact she could almost see into heaven, and felt sure of going there. But now, all these bright, and happy sensations are gone; those dear soul summers are passed away, and

winter is come instead, and the experience of the soul is one vast frightful Sahara, where no inhabitants are to be found but the Pelican, the Bittern, the screech Owl, the Leopard and the Bear; and here the soul wonders where the scene will end, and asks, "is His mercy clean gone for ever? Hath He in anger shut up his tender mercies? will He be favourable no more?" and the soul concludes that its religion is a farce, and says, have I been looking, longing, hoping, and trusting all these years, only to be miserably disappointed at the last! Alas, alas,

"How can I bear the piercing thought,  
'What if my name should be left out,  
When Thou for them shall call?'"

These are some of the bitter things the soul writes against itself. Under these circumstances boasting is excluded, and phariseeism is kept in abeyance, and all these heavy weights of sorrow, and this felt sense of worthlessness, poverty, and shame, destitution, and beggary, fills one with perturbations and self-loathings. Its here the soul sees its own desert of hell, and quite agrees that all God said of sin is right, and most readily admits that salvation is and must be all free, sovereign and unmerited grace, and that if ever it goes to heaven it will be by an act of pure favour based upon the sacrificial provisions of Calvary.

Thus when the old man has again been reduced to its native nothingness, shame and degradation, and the inwardly taught man brought into a blessed harmony and uniformity with God's revealed and applied mind and will, *then* the Spirit again disperses the darkness, dissolves the bondage, changes the wilderness into a fruitful field, and the dry land into springs of water; the parched ground now becomes a pool, and in the habitation of dragons, where each lay shall be grass, with reeds and rushes: out goes darkness, fear, dread and doubt; in comes the sweet influences of the Pleiades, which cause most blessed meltings of the spirit; peace comes in like a river, and Christ's righteousness like the waves of the sea: thus inundated, the drooping graces of the spirit revive, and the soul is made to look like the garden of the Lord; now the eyes are washed in milk and made clearly to see the precious Lord in his new covenant character and suretyship engagements; now comes the mountains of the soul in the royal chariot of free-grace, paved with love for the daughters of Jerusalem; it is here the most blessed secrets are unfolded on either side; here the man of God sees the difference between a dead, dry, national religion, which so many hold—and a religion of the heart, which passes through many changes, but at which changes the children of the bond woman mock. A little while ago and there sat the soul in the wilderness, under the influence of Satan filled with fainting and weariness attempting with peevish despondency to give itself up to what it conceived to be its hard and irremediable fate, and to bear its lot in sullen silence; but now the Beloved has made his appearance. What a change; the otherwise insurmountable obstacles are taken away, all the false and ill-grounded fears are overcome. Oh, what a transformation! Oh, how blessed—if only for a short time, thus to know and feel the sweet, unctious influence, and overcoming power of the dear, the sweet, the precious Emanuel! Well, these alternate seasons of sunshine and sorrow, grief and pain, liberty and bondage, will be the lot of all God's elect more or less so long as it is the divine will they should sojourn in the vale of tears as way-faring men, with this consolation "it is only for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."



## WHAT WAS IN THAT CUP?

## CHAPTER XXIX.

“Solace thyself with loves—if CHRIST be thine;  
Gall into honey—water into wine  
Converted are : now Marah tasteth sweet;  
And welcome comes indeed the winding sheet !”

“This is life eternal, to know THEE, the only true God; and JESUS CHRIST, whom Thou hast sent.”

“Oh ! then, my soul, suck sweetly here, and crave it !  
An Heaven 'tis to hope it : *what* to HAVE it ?  
Thus, time's a space, lent from eternity !  
A globe that rolls with swift celerity :  
As it is true that ALPHA 'tis who *lends* it,  
So, 'tis as true, OMEGA 'tis that *ends* it.”

THE knowledge of CHRIST—as revealed by the FATHER, through the SPIRIT—is the crowning of all knowledge; and, as we are exhorted to edify and to comfort one another with the knowledge we have of HIM, I cannot close this volume without a brief testimony of the sacred sweetness I have realized of the presence and fellowship of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST.

Many months have rolled away since I wrote my last chapter under this heading. Some friends have not been pleased because the chapters have not been continued. Will they bear with me and forgive me, when I remind them of the solemnities of this year, One thousand Eight hundred and Seventy-two! It has been a year of solemn ministerial deaths; and many of the Lord's beloved ones have been also called home. To make room for memorials of the dear departed has been my desire: hence there was little room left for my own feeble testimony.

Moreover—all this year I have been much employed in travelling, and in preaching. New spheres of labour have been opened up to me; and with a willing heart I have gone into them—and of the Gospel of the grace of God I have spoken as well as I could. But, alas! how often (as Cennick says),

“I count it long since I received  
A visit from the Lamb.”

One soft and holy vision of His most Heavenly Person having been granted unto me, I will briefly record it; deeply feeling, however, that it is quite out of my power to communicate the smallest measure of that savour and unction with which the visit referred to was attended.

Before going to the Lord's table on the evening of the first in November, I had sat down at the Lord's feet; and silently asked Him to give me some word to carry to the church unto whom he hath permitted me to speak the words of truth and peace. I had not waited long before these words came into my mind, “And grieve not the HOLY SPIRIT OF GOD, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.” With some soft and pure feelings of love to the Lord and His people I spoke of “*the day of redemption* :” then of “*the Sealing of the Spirit* :” and, lastly, of the sacred exhortation, “*Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God*.” There were many souls gathered together; and I realized the help and blessing of the Lord; for which I did feel most comfortably grateful.

The next morning I set off for Essex, and spoke at Southend, and

Rochford, where we made a collection for the widow of the late pastor, William Newman. And returning home on the Wednesday morning—being engaged to marry two friends—I was almost so overcome with the sacred presence of the Lord that I could scarcely proceed. After this, on retiring to seek for something for the week-evening service, I had such silent and heart-melting views of the tenderness of the LORD JESUS, as it is quite impossible to define or describe.

It was in the fiftieth of Isaiah's prophecy, I saw Him coming forth in all those gentle and sympathising ways, whereby He opened His heart and mind so freely, in order that He might draw forth the faith and confidence of His people, that they might unreservedly trust in Him. The words that served as a key to the whole of the chapter were these, "*therefore have I set my face like a flint, and I know I shall not be ashamed.*" There is, first, the stern decision of CHRIST, in full view of all the agony, the work, the sorrow, the bruising, the hell, the death, He had to endure : and there was the firm confidence as regards the result—"I know that I shall not be ashamed." It was to me as though He opened up all His mediatorial character, in all its different branches ; and as He unfolded the mysteries thereof, my soul admired and loved Him, and enjoyed such clear and close communion as our frail words never can convey.

As a Jew, He speaketh to his own kindred. They charged Him with having cut them off. He asketh them, Where is the bill of your mother's divorcement, whom I have put away ? No such bill, says he, can be found. "Behold, for your iniquities have ye sold yourselves ; and for your transgressions is your mother—that is your whole estate—put away." CHRIST will not have it said, that He casts any away that come unto Him : it is sin, it is unbelief, it is foul and impenitent transgression that separates, and ultimately sinks guilty men in despair.

Then He speaks of His coming : "Wherefore, when I came was there no man ? When I called was there none to answer ?" Because you, Jews, scribes, and Pharisees did reject me—was there none left for me ? Ah ! there were many. When I called Peter, James, and John, did they not answer ? When I called Zaccheus, did he not fly unto me ? When I was revealed to Saul of Tarsus, did he not fall at my feet, and become a most devoted ambassador for me ? And so now.

"When Jesus calls, the soul doth hear :  
His voice createth life and fear ;  
His love doth draw them home."

He speaks of His omnipotence : "Is my hand shortened at all that it cannot redeem ? or have I no power to deliver ?" Can any poor wretched sinner's case be too bad—too hard—too far gone for Him ? Shall sin, and Satan—shall the world—the powers of Antichrist—or the delusions of the flesh, carry a soul so far away, and sink it so deep in ruin, that JESUS cannot save and deliver it ? Banish for ever the thought. It has been written and proclaimed for thousands of years, "He is able to save to the uttermost, all that come unto God by Him." Some boast of their unblemished reputation. The elder brethren are angry, when God Almighty, in the boundlessness of his compassion, runs out to meet—to embrace—to weep over—to welcome—to clothe with the best robe, and to make merry over the returning prodigal. Then John, and Samuel, and hosts of the elder brethren, feel angry, and will

not come in. Listen to them, "Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed at any time thy commandment ; and yet thou never gavest me a kid that I might make merry with my friends."

To three things most honestly and heartily we say, " GOD FORBID ! "

" God forbid that we should so write or so speak as to give the smallest license to sin ; especially in those who profess the Christian name ; more particularly in those who minister in holy things. Our churches of late have been awfully shaken with reports of the base deeds of some who stood in the front of the ranks. " The mystery of iniquity doth already work."

" Deceived by the father of lies ;  
Blind guides cry, Lo here ! and Lo there  
By these our Redeemer *us* TRIES ;  
And warns us of such to beware."

Again ; we say, " God forbid " that we should ever disrespect or disparage a pure and holy life : an " unblemished reputation ! " If a man keeps himself for forty or sixty years from the paths of the destroyer, he has the honour and comfort of it ; and if the Lord by His preserving grace and power, holds a vessel of mercy up, as Joseph and Samuel, as James and John, and many more, have been holden up ; it becometh us to be thankful for that display of mighty power : but, in the third place, we say " God forbid " that we should build the slightest hope of heaven upon the most spotless morality that ever mortal man can wear.

Saul of Tarsus could declare himself to have been "*blameless!*"—but for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, his Lord, he counted it all as dung. And the Saviour's solemn judgment demands severe examination—" So the last shall be first ; and the first last ; for many be called, but few chosen."

Two states are dangerous : priding ourselves in *our* excellency ; or, rebelling against the Lord in despondency. Jesus comes forth in the fiftieth of Isaiah, to tell the most unworthy, " His arm is not shortened at all ! "

In another view of Him, I discovered His mediatorial *qualifications*. Listen to Him here. He says, " The Lord hath given me the tongue of the learned that I should know how to speak a word in season to Him that is *weary*." Poor, weary, over-burdened, downcast soul—I can tell thee, the truth of this I have proved many times. So, again, lest you think He will not hear you : He says, " the Lord God hath opened mine ear ; and I was not rebellious : neither turned away back." The sights and sounds from the wretched sons of men in the miry clay, might cause the holy soul of the Redeemer to loathe and turn from them ; but, no, His blessed ear was opened to receive even the groans and sighs of the most miserable of men, when, by the Spirit of the Lord, they were turned unto Him. Look carefully at the Divine method ; the Holy Ghost secretly touches the rebellious sinner's heart, and turns the eyes of the soul upward to Jesus : Jesus looks and listens : the sighs, and cries, and groans of the poor guilty one, enter into the ear and heart of Jesus ; and He pleads the mourner's cause : and as Thomas Hardy asks,—

" Can the great Surety plead unheard,  
Or fail Jehovah's oath and word ?  
Vile thought ! my soul in hope abound,  
Though prostrate in abasement found."

Next to His mediatorial qualification, Jesus speaks of His endurance of awful sufferings: "I gave my back to the smiters; and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair; I hid not my face from shame and spitting! "For the Lord God will help me; therefore shall I not be confounded."

Here Jesus speaks as a man: as the Days-Man. He saw the burden was so heavy—the curse so dreadful—the avenging sword of justice so full of fire and wrath—the death so indescribably awful—that, as man, He could never go through it; but He knew His Father's engagement and power, as well as His own; therefore He set His face like a flint; He did gird up Himself to the battle; and He had the assurance He should not be ashamed. It implies if such a thing as failure could take place—if He did not finish the work His Father had given Him to do—then, to see the holy law of God lay unfulfilled, and in dishonour; to see the sheep His Father had given Him, not saved; to see those who had gone into heaven through faith in Him, turned out: to see his own Mediatorial crown and kingdom in ruins; and, worse than all, to meet His Father's frown, and to witness even the angels in grief, would be shame and confusion to **THE GLORIOUS SON OF GOD**. But, His confidence was well founded. He trusted in the Lord, and was not confounded.

His own ministers and people—in faith—may adopt the same words, God is their Strength, their Shield, their Sun—their Salvation. His promise secures their grace according to their day. Therefore, in the strength of the Lord—with opposition on every hand in view; with trials, and the approach of death before me; with all the unknown terrors, and unmasking of dissolution and of the eternal world, I say, believers in **JESUS**—let me say—"the Lord God will keep us—therefore we shall not be ashamed."

One word; and I bid you all farewell for this year. In the midst of all their humiliation—suffering—and sacrifice the Redeemer saw before Him—seeing He should complete His work—conquer His foes—glorify His Father—and save His people, He calls upon us for two things. First, He says "*Let us stand together!*" If foes will meet Him He is prepared; but to His friends He saith "Let us together stand, and when any of you in darkness walk, trust in the Name of the Lord, and stay upon your God."

Reader and friends—every branch of the professing Church is dividing:—our own churches are sleeping; but if we truly fear the Lord; if we obey the voice of His servant; then, although in darkness we now do walk, a very little while and we shall cross the narrow sea; and then the glories of the Saviour's person; and the realities of His work and worthiness, will be known and enjoyed by us beyond all we now can think or believe. Then, may it be found that my eight-and-twenty years' work in this branch has not been in vain: then may we meet where jealousies, strife, and all weaknesses, shall give place to pure love, true knowledge, perfect worship, and everlasting praise. So prays your Servant in the Gospel,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

56, Queen's Road, Royal Crescent, Notting Hill, W.  
November 7, 1872.

## PRODUCTIONS OF THE PRESS.

"*The Word—the Uttered Mind of God.*" We believe it was Trapp who said of the Bible, "the leaves and letters are but the shell; the meat is inside: if you cannot open the shell, you will never find the meat." Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, in his new work called, *The Interpreter: or, Scripture for Family Worship*, has given us the shell in a handsome form: a royal quarto Bible, printed in a new, clear, bold type, on a superior rolled paper, will, when bound, make a piece of furniture as rich and as useful as can be possessed. As a wedding or family portion, we cannot imagine anything more precious. Not to look at merely—not to lay as an ornament in the parlour, is this *Interpreter* intended. Nay, that would be wilfully shutting out the light which this holy lamp is intended to give; that would be hoarding up the food which the living soul must have every day, if its health, and strength, and meekness for the harvest home is desired. This is a kind of heavenly cupboard. It is to be opened every morning and every evening; and in it will be found a double portion of bread, meat, and wine for every day in the year. The second title is expressive enough: it is "*Selected Passages of the Word of God for every Morning and Evening throughout the year, accompanied by a Running Comment, and suitable Hymns.*" Arranged and Annotated by C. H. Spurgeon." Published in shilling parts by Passmore and Alabaster, to be completed in twenty-one monthly parts; for less than thirty shillings, the family may have a solid, sacred, and useful chaplain in the house—constantly unfolding to them the hidden and deep treasures of the new covenant of grace, as expressed in both the Old and New Testament. The first part of this excellent *Interpreter* is now before us; and by the first of January it can be had in any part of the kingdom. Some of our readers may look a little shy at the "Running Comment" by C. H. Spurgeon. A gentleman told us recently, he heard a minister in a chapel at Bexley Heath, declare most positively, the Holy Ghost could not work in a man's soul unless he became a total abstainer. No such false verbiage will be found in the volume now under notice. We have carefully examined the first part; its comments are brief, but as faithful and as illustrative as could be desired. Next month, we shall give (D.V.) another notice of the *Interpreter*, with some proofs of its correct and elucidatory expositions.

The late Mr. George Abrahams once sent for that eminent carver in wood, Mr. E. Benton, and requested him to make a solid oak frame for a fine portrait of Martin Luther: on the top of the frame Mr. Benton was to carve an angel, with a trumpet in his right hand; and an open Bible in his left hand. This Mr. Benton accomplished to the perfect satisfaction of Mr. Abrahams; we suppose that noble representation of Luther, and that expressive figure of a faithful minister is still in the possession of the family. The thought occurred to us that the angel on the top of the frame has become a kind of example which C. H. Spurgeon aims to follow: for while in his right hand he holds the Gospel trumpet, with his left hand he is now giving the people an open Bible: so far at least opening its grave mysteries as the Spirit of God may open them to him: and to this new enterprise he tells us he has been called by several intelligent and zealous Christian men. Dr. Fletcher's Family Devotion will hereby be partially eclipsed. We have done a little for forty years by writing, publishing, travelling, and preaching; but this master-piece of authorship, in connection with his "Treasury," his "Trowel," his pastorate, his preaching, his college, his orphanage, and all the other branches of his work, declares C. H. Spurgeon to be a most persevering and fruitful labourer.

*The late Rev. J. J. West*, of Winchelsea. Mr. Frederick Davis (successor to the late J. Paul) has issued "Nine Sermons on different Subjects" by the late Mr. West, in one sixpenny volume. It may be justly said, these discourses are full of extraordinary experiences by an altogether extraordinary man. Of his latter end, as yet, we can obtain nothing reliable.

*Seven Sermons* by the late Mr. George Murrell, of St. Neot's. London: Fred. Davis, 1, Chapter-house-court, St. Paul's, E.C. So well-known, so justly esteemed, was the late Mr. Murrell, that we need only notice the cheap issue of some of his best London discourses to ensure their circulation. A simple sweetness in delineating the glory and grace of Christ characterised his ministry.

*The Pathos of Life: or, Touching Incidents Illustrative of the Gospel.* By W. Poole Balfarn. Alabaster and Passmore. Mr. Balfarn has just sent forth this new book, which, in many respects is a suitable companion to his first beautiful book, "Glimpses of Jesus:" in

that he sets forth the Master in His life on earth. In *this*, he sets forth the life of the Master in His saints; hence, we have "Glimpses of Jesus" still, but in a very different way; for in this last vol. we see Him amidst the sufferings, trials, weakness, and work of His people, shewing what His presence and grace can do in His afflicted members. Mr. Balfour believes that the gracious and sanctifying testimony of the Gospel as thus seen, will prove more convincingly the reality of our holy religion, than all the word-arguments men might use. The range of subjects extend to over one hundred; the incidents are told in prose and verse. They will not be read without profit by any who love truth, and who can appreciate good poetry. As Christmas is near, let those who wish for a good wholesome book to present to a friend, buy the *Pathos of Life*.

*Central Africa!*—Dr. Livingstone believes Central Africa will be redeemed from its savage barbarity—and, like England, will be civilized and blest with the Gospel. This belief is founded upon some special promises concerning the universal reign of the Redeemer: but in such case the second glorious Advent and the Millennium are evidently far in the future yet.

*John Knox's Life* has been written again; and the Free Church of Scotland celebrated the tercentenary of the death of Knox on Nov. 24, 1872. From all they have written and said of good John we may gather up enough to build him a literary monument even in our pages.

*"Scientific Skylarks"*—is a twopenny tract, (issued by Houlstons, and written by Edward Poulson,)—worthy of the careful study of all who are searching after the knowledge of their Maker, Creator, Redeemer and Friend.

*The Protestant Standard*; published in Sydney by W. C. Wearne, is a fearless and truthful journal. We perceive in its columns poetical and other contributions from Pastor Daniel Allen. We hope Protestantism is a tree, with deeper root—with trunk more solid—branches more numerous, and fruit more genuine than it appears to be in England. Atheism, Puseyism, Romanism, and Ritualistic tendencies have almost taken our Protestant life out of us.

*"Jesus? or, The Jesuit?"*—The November number of the *Monthly Record* has some dreadful notes of warning to English Protestants; but, as far as our experience goes, professed Protestants are doing their utmost to cry down all warnings; and to cry up "Peace, Peace, where there is no peace." We heard that solemn

word the other night—"Be still; and know that I am God: I will be exalted in the earth. Things to us are distressing.

"God is His own Interpreter,  
And He will make it plain."

*Another Blow for the Baptists.*—Mr. James Grant has allowed some one signing himself "*Malachi*"—(in his *Christian Standard*)—to hurl a useless but unjust blow at some Ministers in the Baptist Churches. "*Malachi*" says—"Some, I am told, of the smaller Baptist Chapels, hear a preaching, Sunday by Sunday, of the Divine decrees and of human powerlessness; all which is true, and yet being only half the Truth, is a lie." This *Malachi* says, this is what he is *told*. We have been intimately acquainted with the smaller Baptist Churches of this kingdom, for nearly forty years. We have preached their anniversary sermons, we have communed with, and listened to multitudes of their ministers and people, but we cannot recollect ever meeting with any man whose ministry was so isolated, and abstract, as *Malachi* describes. We are painfully persuaded that our ministers are far from perfect—either in their ministry or their manner; but we do not believe the charge of only preaching divine decrees and human helplessness can be established either by *Malachi* or anyone else. We were amazed to see *Malachi's* letter in Mr. Grant's paper at all. It advocates what is termed the Fullerite system of preaching—which to us is a man-made system of contradictions. If the Holy Ghost had ever revealed to this self-styled "*Malachi*" the secret of the Lord, the mystery of the covenant of grace, the entire harmonious Gospel scheme—*Malachi* would never write such another letter. With *THIS Malachi* we wish to say something more presently.

*Warning Words.* *The Gospel Magazine* for November, and the weekly issues of the *Christian Standard* contain papers on the floods of error everywhere breaking in upon the Protestant Churches of England. We have seen for the last quarter of a century that there is scarcely any difference between Romanists and the professed Protestants of the day. It is awfully painful to read the reports and letters we are receiving of the deadly state of ministers and people. If we dare to speak a word of warning at any of our meetings, up jumps some conceited novice, and endeavours to use the extinguisher. Our fears are heightened by facts. Mr. James Grant is furnishing some heart-breaking exposures of the blasphemies now enunciated from the pulpits, and encouraged by the people.

## OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

### ENON CHAPEL, CHATHAM.

Special sermons in connection with the recognition of Mr. Edgerton as pastor of the church were preached on Lord's Day, Oct. 20, by Mr. H. Myerson, of Hackney. On the following Monday a tea meeting was held, to which 120 sat down. The recognition service commenced with a hymn being given out by brother Casse; prayer was offered in a very impressive manner by Mr. Thomas Jones, of Artillery-street.

Mr. EDGERTON then gave an account of his conversion, call to the ministry, and subsequent steps, with a statement of doctrinal views, of which the following is an outline:

Dear Brethren and Sisters,—You are expecting to hear from me some account of God's dealings with me, which to the honour of His name I gladly give. I was born in humble life, of poor parents; my early days were mostly spent with my father's mother, who strove, as far as lay in her power, to educate and improve me. In the providence of God we were removed from Camberwell, where I spent my early days, to reside with some distant relatives of my grandmother's who lived in Hackney, and who for many years were constant attendants at Shalom chapel. During the years previous to this I had lived a thoughtless, sinful life, destitute of a knowledge of God, and under no instruction calculated to give me any insight into the Gospel. I was possessed of a clear, powerful, treble voice, and being led by some companions one Sunday evening to St. Paul's church, Lorrimore-square, Walworth, I was much attracted by the beautiful singing, also the surpliced choristers, and other ritualistic mummeries. After a time, I proposed myself for the choir, and was accepted. Upon our removal to Hackney, I sought for a church of a kindred character, but could find none, although many have sprung up since. I remember well walking to and fro Sunday after Sunday to Walworth, so firmly and so insidiously had those Popish vagaries worked themselves into my mind. One Sunday evening I was asked by the person my grandmother resided with, to go with her to chapel; I went, but young as I was, I sneered at that which after ritualistic display seemed so mean and contemptible. Still I kept on attending, and listened attentively to the words of the preacher. At last one Sunday evening, upon the occasion of the funeral sermon of Mr. J. Cartwright, which was preached by Mr. Myerson from Rev. xiv. 13, the Holy Spirit convinced me of my state as a sinner; never shall I forget the words of the preacher as he showed forth the sinner's awful doom. I left the chapel conscious of my guilt, and that night for the first time I sincerely cried to God for mercy. I was kept seeking the Lord for that blessing; the manifestation of the pardon of my guilt and the time came, for upon one occasion I was reflecting upon my past life, when such an overwhelming feeling

of joy came over me that I cried out aloud

"Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend."

After some short season of steady and peaceful growth, I seemed to get into a cold and worldly frame. I made acquaintance with some youths at the chapel who were ignorant of divine things. I began to spend my evenings with them, and once was tempted, and fell under it, which I shall never forget. In my early days I was not forbidden the theatre, and I was passionately fond of it; my companions urged me to go to see some feats of horsemanship at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. I complied; next I was urged to go to the theatre, and I was ensnared. Next we absented ourselves from chapel, attending with some newly formed acquaintances occasionally at the Wesleyan chapel, Hackney-road. My soul was in darkness; I felt, if I die in this state, how can I meet God? I continued thus for some time until at last I was enabled to break through the snare, and fill my place again in the House of God. Some time after this I met with her who is now my wife. I began again to feel calm and happy under the ministry; but through the force of circumstances, a number of us were directed to Bethel chapel, Old Ford, then under the ministration of Mr. H. G. Maycock. I heard him to profit. My soul was wondrously blest under his ministry, and I was at last baptized by him in Mr. Stringer's chapel, Stepney, and my wife that now is was baptized one year after. We continued with them at Old Ford. Ultimately we removed with them to Hope chapel. I was happy in the church and constant in my labours in the Sunday school; and my labours were, I trust, owned of God. And now I will give you some of the leading features in my call to the ministry. I was first asked to address the Sunday school, which I did frequently. My mind was much exercised for many months upon the subject of the ministry; but I was like Mary, who kept all and pondered it in her heart; often have I felt the force of the Apostle's question, "Who is sufficient for these things?" and my soul trembled; without some token from God such a step I could not seek to take. I went one evening to the church meeting, and one of the deacons, a brother whom I shall ever love (it was brother Beeliff—still deacon of Hope chapel), he arose and said, "We have observed the talent of our brother Edgerton, and we believe he is raised up by God to stand in the ministry. I propose that he preach before the church, so that we can judge as to his qualifications. I was surprised, yea confounded, for I knew nothing of the matter previous to this. However, I spoke on alternate Monday evenings for three months, then preached two trial sermons, and they bade me God speed. My first place was Woburn Green, where I laboured many times with great freedom.

Afterwards, through C. W. Banks, I went to Tring; I accepted a three months call, then six months, with a view to the pastorate; ultimately I became their pastor, and laboured among them nearly four years. My ministry was largely blest at Tring to the conversion of sinners; yes, I have many there who are my joy and crown of rejoicing; and never shall I lose sight of God's goodness to me there. But the struggle was too great for them with a heavy debt upon the chapel, and I was forced to leave. My steps were directed to Chatham: you gave me a three months' invite, then six, with a view to the pastorate. I could not see my way clear to accept the office at the end of that term. I promised to serve you for one year; I have done so; now you call me to the pastorate again. I accede to your request. God has owned my work among you; may He go on to do so, and may this little one become a thousand, and this small one a strong nation. The longer I live the more I feel the solemn character of the ministry. Only God can make a true minister, and God must keep him when he is made. I am weak and helpless, and often am led to those sweet soul-reviving words, "we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us."

As it regards my views of truth, I am not an Arminian, and I bless God I am not an Antinomian. I am a believer in God's choice, Christ's special redemption, the Spirit's irresistible grace, and the certainty of a godly life in proof of grace received. I contend for Baptism as the way into the church; but love all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. I strive to preach Christ to all, but offer him to none, and I sincerely pray that God may bless the word to the saving of many precious souls.

Mr. T. JONES followed with a weighty address upon the design of the Gospel ministry, and the duty of the church in relation thereto. He gave the pastor-elect the right hand of fellowship, and in a most impressive manner spoke upon the solemn position of the minister and his flock.

Mr. MYERSON spoke upon the pastor's hope, joy and crown of rejoicing, in his usual earnest manner.

Messrs. Casse and Oliffe (deacons) delivered addresses. Several anthems were sung by the choir during the evening; collections were made, and £7 7s. was ultimately presented to Mr. Edgerton as an expression of love and sympathy. Thus ended a happy meeting; all joined to praise God for his grace and goodness; many hearts were gladdened, and warm hopes entertained respecting the future of pastor and people. Glory be to God on High. Amen.

#### THE LATE MR. JAMES MORLEY.

ON Saturday evening, Oct. 12, this brother in Christ peacefully fell asleep, aged 66, after a few days illness that confined him to his room. On the Tuesday previous he was taken, and then expressed it as his opinion that he should not recover; and he said he longed to go "to be with Christ, which was

far better." He had peace in believing, and overflowing joy in reversion; his faith in death's conqueror banished all fear of death from his mind. For some years he stood an honourable member of the Baptist church in Snowfields, then blest with the pastorate of that dear and honoured servant of God, Mr. George Francis, and afterwards united with the cause in Trinity chapel, Borough, until the changes in the ministry induced him to leave. For some time he attended with our late brother Wells at the Surrey Tabernacle, and elsewhere; occasionally visiting his old home at "Trinity," where he still felt warmly attached, and recently resumed his attendance, and approving the testimony to the truth borne by the present preacher, Mr. W. K. Squirrel, desired to reunite with the church, and was unanimously received on the first of September; the last time he was present was at the prayer meeting within a fortnight of his decease, when it was remarked by the writer (who little thought it would be the last time he should ever hear his voice), how devotional, savoury, and consistent, were his utterances; more than thirty years has he been acquainted with him; and more than thirty years was engaged with him at a preaching station in Kent-street, Borough. To the end of his pilgrimage he was enabled to maintain a devoted and consistent profession of Christ, always showing an ardent desire to communicate to others that which he had received; and although that desire was not to its full extent gratified, the words of the Lord to David might be truly applicable to him in his earnestness to be useful as an humble builder in the house of the Lord, 2 Chron. vi. 8, "Thou hast done well that it was in thine heart." In an apparently comfortable sleep without a struggle or a groan, the spirit fled to the realms of the blest, quite unperceived by the anxious watchers by his side: he has left a widow, two sons, and four daughters to lament their loss, which is his gain. His mortal remains were interred on Saturday, October 19th, at Nunhead cemetery, at the request of his mourning widow and family, by the writer of this brief memoir. F. J. HUDSON.

SOUTH HACKNEY.—Speldhurst road Special services were held Oct. 27 and 29, 1872. Sermons were preached by C. W. Banks, E. Langford, and Mr. Fountain, of Sharnbrook. The public meeting was presided over by James Mote, Esq., of Wallbrook. Mr. R. Minton, of Chadwick-street, carried our prayers and hearts to the throne of grace. Many of the churches were represented by brethren present. We noticed Brethren W. Mumford, sen., W. Symonds, of Old Ford; Charles Longley, Hitchcock; J. Lee, of Bow; Walter James, of Jireh; B. Woodrow, of Pimlico; Ireson, of Camden Town; and many other good friends to the cause. Mrs. Thielton, Mrs. Mumford, and a devoted band of lady friends provided a first-class tea. Mr. Fowler, the secretary, reported progress, shewing the financial position. Mr. Mote conducted the meeting with admirable skill; so effective was his ap-



peal, and so liberal friends, that the current debt of £60 was quite cleared. Addresses were given by ministers Thomas Jones, W. H. Evans, Willis, Griffith, C. W. Banks; and Mr. Thomas Austen returned thanks to God for his goodness. The church in Speldhurst road has some good persevering officers; but the chairman expressed the desire of all their hearts, when he prayed the Lord might send them a pastor after his own heart.

**CAMDEN TOWN—MILTON HALL.**—We noticed the friends of Mr. D. Gander had taken Milton Hall, to which they have removed. They opened it Lord's-day, Sept. 29th, by a special prayer meeting at 10; at 11, brother Edwin Langford preached from the words, "I will give peace in this place; saith the Lord of Hosts." He enjoyed great liberty, and the people were blessed. (Mr. Gander supplied for him.) In the afternoon, at 2 o'clock, a special prayer meeting was held for divine help, and for Jehovah's blessing on the Sabbath school. We had a soul-refreshing meeting in the evening. The pastor preached from 1 Kings viii. 10, "the glory of the Lord filled the House of the Lord." The following Wednesday, Oct. 1st, at 3, brother Anderson preached. We had an excellent tea; about 110 sat down. At public meeting, Brother Minton, the long-standing and highly esteemed deacon of Chadwell-street (Br. Hazelton's), in a very earnest and pathetic manner implored the divine blessing upon pastor, church, and congregation. Brother George Webb, whom we were glad to see (as it looks healthy to see neighbouring ministers intimate), first addressed the meeting on the necessity and advantages of union. Brother Langford, on "Show me a token for good." Br. Howard wished the choicest blessings might attend Brother Gander's ministry, and gave him some good counsel in the form of two acrostics:—

G o	G o
A nd	A nd
N ow	N ow
D eclare	D irect
E ternal	E nquirers
R ealities.	R ightly.

He was glad we had gone on steadily, and hoped it would still be so by heaven's blessing; (Amen). Brother Nugent then gave the friends a few sweet remarks on the wonders of Providence; and related what happy seasons he and Mr. Gander enjoyed in the South Western Railway trains, as they travelled together, and *picked each other's bones*, when they were both itinerants. Brother Kempstone spake of the power of the Gospel as moving, soothing, satisfying; also of Christ being known in union with his Church, savingly, reconciliatory, supremely. Brother Hunt spoke more particularly to the people, and wished them to encourage their pastor by 1, their presence; 2, their prayers; 3, their purse. After singing and prayer, closed one of the happiest meetings we have attended for some time. The preaching was good; the tea was good; the attendance was good; the speaking was good; the collections

were good: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." **ONE OF THEM.**

**ASKETT.**—On October 20th, a good congregation assembled to hear Mr. Wilkins preach on behalf of the Strict Baptist Mission. Text, Matt. xxviii. 19, 20. The sermon was full of Gospel truth; hearts were made to rejoice: at the close Mr. W. gave a short account of the mission work; it seems the Lord is at work at home and abroad. I trust greater efforts will be made by the various churches holding the same Gospel truths for the support of the mission. As a church, we have been without a pastor for some time. Mr. Collett having supplied us with acceptance, the church has given him six month's invitation. May the dear Lord bless, preserve, and keep him: feed, uphold, and prosper him; he seems earnest and zealous. The Lord only knows the heart. I wish to record the death, so unexpected, of one of our members, Mrs. Samuel Grange; she filled up her place three weeks ago, and for anything we knew she was in her usual health. In the course of the following week she complained to her husband how poorly she felt: and medical aid was called in. Some hope was given; but the disease made rapid progress. I called to see her on the Wednesday previous to her death. When I entered her room, with a countenance beaming with calm serenity she said, "I thought you would come and see me!" I said, "How are you?" She replied, with Christian confidence, "I know Him in whom I have believed; when He has tried me He will bring me forth as gold." This was verified, for her sun went gradually down. On the following Monday I called; the sun had well nigh set. Surrounding the bed was her sorrowing partner, daughter, and her eldest son. We wept together as we watched the short breathing of the saint. Soft and gentle was the hand. One gentle sigh the fetter broke. We scarce could say she was gone; but it was so; the happy spirit at a quarter past four o'clock took its flight to a more congenial home above. May my last end be like her's. Our dear departed sister has left behind a devoted and sorrowing husband, also eight dear children, to mourn the loss of one of the fondest mothers. May the Lord sanctify this sudden event to their soul's good! May the earnest prayers of a devoted mother follow them till they are brought to Christ. We, as a church have sustained a heavy loss, but it is her gain. The words, "Be ye also ready," sound loudly in my ears. Yours in Jesus, **JOHN READ.**

**ORPINGTON, KENT.**—Our ministerial brother, W. Willoughby, is nearly worn out, has been laid down in extreme affliction for a long time. No hope of his recovery. Without the help of friends, his wants cannot be supplied. Many young ministers know this. Will they speak a word for him? Send help for him to good John Sales, Anglesea Road, St. Mary's Cray, Kent. Pray for brother Willoughby; and pump as well as pray.

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The formation of this church took place about the commencement of the century; since then many vicissitudes have been experienced in relation to the cause of God in this place; but to-day it presents the charm of a peaceful dwelling, agreeable inmates, and pleasant and thriving employment. Among the several pastors of this people, a slab near the pulpit records the memory of John Morris, who held the pastoral office of this church twenty-one years. If length of service is any testimony as to qualification, he cannot have laboured in vain. On the occasion referred to Mr. W. Palmer discoursed from "We preach not ourselves, but Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your for Jesus' sake." The preacher p

the grand theme of the Christian ministry, Christ Jesus, as the origin, light, beauty, fulness, and excellence, the entire whole of the Gospel: Tea was provided, good in quality, and actively and abundantly distributed. The evening service commenced with Mr. Huxham in the chair. Mr. Jull supplicated the divine blessing; Mr. Newby (late of Bethesda, Lever-street), then expressed his appreciation of the appointment of Mr. Huxham to the Pastorate. Having been a deacon in the house of God for nearly forty years, Mr. Newby has had a goodly experience in church matters, and the warmth and savour of his remarks must have reverberated in the hearts of every believer in the place, and in none more so than the pastor, coming as they did from so valuable and tried a friend. Mr. Gray addressed the people on the immutability of the covenant. The services were much enlivened by the excellent singing. In taking farewell of this corner of the vineyard, we cannot but think the lines have fallen to our brother in pleasant places, and that he has a goodly heritage. May pastor and people together seek the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace: and riches and honour, might, majesty and dominion, and salvation, shall be ascribed unto God Most High, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen.

PITSEA.—Friday, Nov. 15, 1872.—Old Pitsea church stands on a little mountain table, with only a few old trees to keep her company. She looks wintry, weary, and forlorn. I could sympathise with the poor old church, for after travelling, and talking, preaching, and walking in these flat Essex lands for three days, I am now as much sunken in spirit as Abraham when he had to return to his own place; and yet as I climbed the hill which creeps around the church-mountain, I thought of that word, "Her foundation is in the holy mountain," and that Church which the Eternal God gave unto Jesus, is founded in the indescribably holy attributes of the Lord God Almighty; and "the Brightness of the Father's glory" said, "the gates of hell shall not prevail against her!" The truth of this is proved by the two-fold fact, that opposition against the Church is everywhere seen—and yet, she lifts her head above it all. I have found in this journey some precious souls, some spiritual minds, some discerning and decided believers at South Green, at Wickford, and in other places: some of them have been sorely tried; they are in the fire and in the water too; but the Lord will bring them into the wealthy place. Early on Wednesday morning, left home, travelled with Deacon Cartwright and Pastor Hunt to Brentwood; then in a wagonette to South Green. It was the fourth anniversary of Jehovah Jireh Baptist chapel, which was built by our brother Joseph Bull, and is a neat, complete, and honoured house for the glory of God. In a little Strict Baptist church is therein the Gospel has been preached by ministers Anthony Smith, R. Howard,

W. G. Smith, Battson, and some other good men. Joseph Cartwright is now supplying with pleasant acceptance; he never enjoyed sweeter freedom in the Gospel in his life; and until the end of this year he is the chosen minister of South Green church, if his life and strength are continued. I realized in my soul the solemnities of the Gospel in preaching; the singing was with the heart; brother Hunt's sermon on the Garden; and brother Cartwright's prayers, were full of sacred life. Two devout sisters, Mrs. Champion and Mrs. Abraham Bull, have commenced a Sunday school. If the triple blessing is continued—if in this pretty little South Green that three-fold figure is found in its growth, "a fountain of gardens, and well of living waters, with streams from Lebanon," it will be the scene of gladness and gratitude, not to the builder only, but unto many who with him will sing,

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound!"

Yesterday, through pouring rains, went to Wickford, where once dear Moses Miller lived; in Wickford Independent meeting I spoke last evening. This morning the floods were out; I could not leave. At noon, Mr. and Mrs. Champion kindly sent me on to Pitsea: some water was still out, but our merciful little donkey took us safely through. "Thanks be to God," saith C. W. B.

SHOREDITCH.—Brother William Lodge's Anniversary of Providence chapel, Cumberland street, Curtain road, was held November 10 and 12. Sermons were preached by W. Lodge and Joseph Warren; a full house assembled to take tea, and to unite in the public meeting, over which brother Lodge presided with Christian cheerfulness and gratitude, asking the ministers to address the meeting on the words, "Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free," &c. Prayer was made by brother Gander. J. Warren, C. W. Banks, H. Myerson, W. Crowhurst, Osmond, and others, with the excellent choir, unitedly assisted to render the meeting one of the best "Providence" has yet enjoyed. We are favoured to announce that, although the position and the place are much against the comfort of the people, still the church and congregation under brother Lodge move on in faithfulness and peace.

#### BEXLEY HEATH, CRAYFORD, &c.

We lately visited the healthy hills in these parts. Our churches have been disturbed by the open-table system. Ministers who are not prepared to suffer, are perplexed to know how to act. Some people will be open, others will be close. If a minister has any faith in the New Testament; if he has any conscience—any godly fear—he must abide by the New Testament order; but if a minister is simply the hireling of the deacons and the members, he must obey his masters, or quit their service. Alas! brethren, the system of hiring ministers to preach Christ's Gospel is a dangerous anomaly.

**SPALDING**—Glory be unto the Lord, our brother John Vincent is much favoured in the ministry; Love Lane Church enjoys peace; and hopeful signs are seen. Brethren do rejoice with us, and pray the Lord to let us realize that in Isaiah xxix., "Is it not yet a very little while, and Lebanon shall be turned into a fruitful field; and the fruitful field shall be esteemed as a forest"—A FRIEND WHO LOVES LOVE LANE AND ITS PASTOR.

**STOKE NEWINGTON**—The first anniversary of Mr. J. Hunt's pastorate at Mount Zion was held on October 13 and 15. Sermons were given by the pastor; and brethren G. Webb and J. Wilkins. A peaceful and plentiful tea was enjoyed by a numerous company. R. G. Edwards went to the throne of grace for a blessing. From pastor Hunt's opening address; from Secretary Weight's report; and from the large company present, we thought the Mount Zion of Stoke Newington never was in a more hopeful or growing condition. Brother W. Caunt revived the souls of the people by words of cheerfulness: J. Wilkins took us up Mount Tabor; and R. Howard, C. W. Banks, Crowhurst, Gander, Batson, and others helped to edify the meeting. Our late pastor, J. W. Dyer is at Croydon, like a ship at anchor: his debility is great; but his consolation abounds. Our much-loved brother R. Minton joined to lift Immanuel's praises high:

**EARL'S BARTON**—The Lord is blessing the labours of brother Tooke. Some are coming forward to declare what the Lord has done for their souls. A public meeting was held on Monday, November 11; 130 took tea, provisions kindly given. Our pastor gave an address on "The Tabernacle in the Wilderness and its Furniture;" two things were prominent in the address, namely, the creature was laid low, and Jesus Christ exalted; the collection of £5 goes to the Building Fund. We have raised nearly £60: we have a plot of ground; we now look to the Lord to enable us to erect a chapel upon it. Hitherto the Lord has wonderfully helped us: for years we have prayed the Lord to send the truth to Barton; He heard our prayers; we need a chapel; we appeal to all who love the Truth to help us. We are not closing our own pockets, as all must own when they are told, this being our first year, we have supported our minister from June last until the present, and have raised nearly £60 besides for ground to build on. Brethren help us in this noble undertaking; we earnestly entreat the Strict Baptist churches to take our case into consideration. All donations thankfully received by Mr. Tooke, at Earls Barton, Norths, and will be acknowledged in *The Earthen Vessel*.  
W. CLARKE, Deacon.

**CITY ROAD, JIREH CHAPEL**—Special services were held on Sunday, November 3. Mr. George Webb preached in the morning; Mr. S. Willis (now officiating at Jireh) in the evening. On the following Tuesday,

after tea, a public meeting was convened. Mr. John Hazelton occupied the chair, and in the course of his opening remarks, took occasion to say he had known the church meeting there for some time; and, as a neighbour, he felt considerable interest in its welfare. During the latter part of the life of the late Mr. Jones, the church had a considerable work to do, and since his death they had passed through much affliction. Recent events had been of a very trying nature, and therefore needed all the help that could be given. Mr. William Palmer, who was announced to speak on "The Nature and Author of the Christian's Hope," was absent through indisposition. The programme of the evening was then carried out, and addresses delivered by Mr. Dickerson on "The Object and Ground of the Christian's Hope." Mr. Anderson on "the Excellency of the Christian's Hope." Mr. Bennett, on "the Christian saved by Hope." Mr. G. Webb, on "the Steadfastness of the Christian's Hope." Mr. Griffith, on "the Christian's Reason for his Hope." Mr. Willis brought the matter to a conclusion by a well-timed address on "the Christian's Rejoicing in the Hope of the Glory of God."

**CAMDEN TOWN**—Avenue chapel, Monday, November 11, we had our half-yearly services. In afternoon Mr. Langford gave a clear and searching description of the saint, as made solely by the Holy Spirit, and the honour reserved for such. In the evening brethren Gander, Evans, Caunt, Green, Webb, and Langford gave us some good counsel and encouragement to persevere. We are trying to maintain Gospel truth, and have reason to think that God is blessing us; we desire to wait patiently till He shall send us an under-shepherd, and say to us, "Arise and anoint him, for this is he." THE DEACONS.

**GREAT YARMOUTH**—Salem Baptist Chapel, Albion road. Anniversary was August 11: two sermons were preached by Mr. Kemp, of Glemsford; Monday afternoon Mr. Brand preached; the hearts of many rejoiced: text, "I will beautify the meek with salvation." In school room, kindly lent us, about 100 took tea; then in the chapel we held public meeting. W. Beach, Esq., presided. Mr. Howard, Mr. Kemp, and Mr. Brand addressed the meeting; a spirit of love and unity ran through the hearts of speakers and hearers, we could say, "Surely the Lord is in our midst." Mr. Howard introduced the subject of raising a new chapel for the accommodation of the many visitors that come every year. Our highly esteemed Chairman has manifested a great interest in our cause, and spoke at some length upon what had been advanced by the previous speakers; all deciding that a new chapel was needed in a town like Yarmouth: the Chairman made a very liberal offer; it ran through the hearts of the people; the sum of fifty pounds had been previously offered by one of our kind friends; we are happy to state nearly £200 is promised. Now we make an earnest appeal to the lovers of

truth, to come forward and contribute towards building a chapel on Strict Baptist principles. We are the only Strict Baptist cause in this large town of nearly 40,000 inhabitants. May the Spirit of Almighty God constrain many of our kind friends to come forward and assist us in this undertaking. W. Beach, Esq., of Chelmsford, has kindly offered to become our treasurer. Mr. J. Morton, of Stratford, has come forward to assist us. Contributions thankfully received and acknowledged by W. Beach, Esq., Proxwell road, Chelmsford. Deacons, Edward Pittock, Thomas Burrell. Donations received by E. Pittock, 7, Exmouth road, Gt. Yarmouth; S. K. Bland, London road, Beccles, Suffolk; James Morten, Forest lane, Stratford, Essex; Robert Howard, 4, Lloyds square, Islington; Richard Walter, 3, Glenhall Place, Mill Wall, London, E.

COVERDALE—Anniversary afforded occasion for two brethren to deliver discourses on the Gospel, who are not yet so extensively known as they will be (brethren Kempston and Evans). A critical notice of the afternoon's discourse by a Veteran is in reserve.

ROCHFORD, ESSEX—The congregational church in this town was kindly lent by the minister, Mr. Hayward, and his deacons, to the Baptist friends, on Tuesday, Nov. 5, when special service was holden. C. W. Banks delivered an address: Mr. R. Searle, and other friends assisted; a collection was made on behalf of the widow of the late pastor William Newman. We tender sincere thanks to the Congregational friends, of Rochford for their seasonable kindness.

BATTERSEA—Mission Hall, Speke road, Clapham Junction.—Br. Banks, I write to inform our Strict Baptist friends the cause of God here is prospering: thanks to the name of our gracious Jehovah! The little church came out from open communion, believing Strict to be more Scriptural; it has grown to sixteen souls. Our Thursday night meetings are well attended; on Sunday well filled. The place is too small and very inconvenient; they are at any time liable to be turned out. They have begun a fund to raise a house for the Lord; they are principally labouring men with large families. I ask on their behalf all lovers of free grace and free church order to kindly help this struggling church amidst a population of 50,000 souls. There never has been a New Testament church in Battersea before. We see our brother McCure declines to build; he tended the monies to those friends who came to assist. Would they think it unkind of me to ask them to think of this little Battersea child? They have got £20, and a very favorable offer of a piece of land.

J. B. WANDSWORTH.

Contributions gladly received by H. Clarke, opposite Price's Patent Candle Company, York-road, Battersea.

SOUTHEND, ESSEX.—Special services were holden in our new Baptist chapel, in the fields, leading to Prittlewell, Sunday and Mouday, Nov. 3 and 4, 1872. Mr. R. Searle, late of Two Waters, gave us some of the best Gospel on Sunday. Our chapel was nearly filled with friends to tea on Monday. After tea, C. W. Bauks gave us four short sermons; we sung a hymn between each. Addresses were also given by brethren Searle, E. Benton; prayer was presented by Pastor Sturge, of Dartford; and our hearts were cheered by the presence of friend Bull, from South Green, and several veterans. We hope Christian friends who visit this health-promoting sea-port, will visit and support this infant cause. I am only "an old woman;" but I trust our brother E. Benton will be encouraged. He has gone forth in this work in faith, with prayer to God, and with love to the truth; and we have realized the favour of Heaven. If any blessed faithful servants of Christ come along our shore, we shall rejoice to hear them tell with meekness and with reverence what a Triune Jehovah hath done for their souls." A. O. W.

HOXTON—Bethel Baptist Chapel, Newton street, St. John's road. Mr. W. Osmond, pastor, baptized five believers, October 31, 1872, received nine in all on the following Lord's-day to the fellowship and communion of the church under his pastorate. We found it a happy season. "The Lord be praised."

PECKHAM—The Annual October meeting of the Sunday Schools was held October 28. A beautiful and bountiful tea was served in the spacious school-rooms at the rear of the chapel, of which a large number partook. In the evening a public meeting was holden in the chapel, presided over by Mr. James Stiff, a member of the Metropolitan School Board, and a Sunday School Superintendent. The increasing claim upon the churches to further the cause of Sunday Schools was ably advocated by Messrs Anderson, Balforn, Brown, Dr. Tupper and the pastor. Mr. G. T. Congreve, the Superintendent gave an interesting statement of the progress of the schools; and the good work that was resulting therefrom; and, in conclusion, presented Mr. Creasy, the teacher of the senior boys' class, with a very pleasing testimonial, consisting of a photographic likeness of each youth in his class, taken separately, but artistically arranged in a handsome mount, with the portrait of the teacher in the centre. The chapel was quite full; and the school in the gallery sung most beautifully. The ladies of the congregation provided the tea gratuitously, so that the entire receipts went towards the fund for the erection of the new class rooms.

BEXLEY HEATH—On the twenty-fifth, Mr. Frith baptized five believers a Trinity Chapel.