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THE
EARTHEN VESSEL
AND
CHRISTIAN RECORD
FOR
1880.

EDITED BY
CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

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THE EARTHEN VESSEL

AND

CHRISTIAN RECORD.

Heaven's Standard of Safety.

"THE DOCTRINE OF THE KING MESSIAH."

"To walk with God—to feel His love,
Is the young dawn of heaven above."

THE only truly happy state on earth is Communion with God. After the coming in of the fall, after the death of Abel, the only star that shone forth in the Biblical heavens was "ENOCH." Just in two verses it is simply said, "Enoch walked with God, after he begat Methuselah, three hundred years, and begat sons and daughters," which proves he was no monastic recluse. It does not require a man to be shut up, as a hidden monk, in order to be walking with God. He may be a fond and faithful husband, a kind and careful parent, an industrious mechanic, a successful tradesman; yea, he may fill any post or position in the moral, in the commercial, in the religious society of this world, and yet his heaven-born soul may be in the closest communion with the Lord his God. Hence, after the inspired historian has announced that Enoch begat the longest man that ever did live on this earth, as far as we know, and that Enoch lived three hundred years after Methuselah's birth, and begat sons and daughters; then there is this permanent tablet erected to his memory,—

"AND ENOCH WALKED WITH GOD: AND HE WAS NOT—
FOR GOD TOOK HIM."

It is on record that this Enoch was a faithful prophet; yea, he was what every righteous man ought to be—that is, a bold reprove of the ungodly speeches and unholy theories of ungodly men against Christ, His Gospel, and His people. Enoch walked with God! not with men—not with the spirit and ever-changing fashion of the times; but "WITH GOD!" And this he did by faith; and he "obtained this testimony, that he pleased God." By grace alone, amid floods and flames, in a measure, with God, in Christ, have we walked, "Knowing no man after the flesh."

The highest attainment of grace in this world is soul-communion with the LORD GOD ALMIGHTY. The saved sinner's fellowship with his Maker is the climax of the soul's privileges on this side of the Jordan. How is this merciful state reached?

First. There is a firm persuasion in the fact, that such a mercy is granted unto the justified.

Secondly. There is the soul's longing for it.

Thirdly. There is the realisation of it, and the soul's delight in it.

Lastly. The fruits—the benefits flowing therefrom.

In commencing another volume—the forty-first of the **EARTHEN VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD**—it was suddenly pressed upon my spirit, that this theme—this most blessed privilege—should be urged upon the attention of all who would read and think of it. It is no public, no association matter. It is a personal, an individual, a private, a spiritual,—yea, it is an essential, a safe, and a soul-exalting, faith-establishing, mind-enriching, heaven-meetening blessing.

My reader! Art thou living in soul-communion with **THY LORD!**
See to this!

After spending more than sixty-five years of my life in connection with the printing-press; after, between fifty and sixty years have been passed through in preaching the Gospel; after carrying on this work for forty years,—many are thinking it is quite time I retired from a work so constantly demanding the energies of both body and of mind.

But what am I to do? I am, as yet, *alive!* My heart is still in the work. From Monday morning to Saturday night, letters, papers, books, appeals for help, and other things, pour in upon me, and a still small voice stimulates me to go on as long as I can; and if every one of my readers would put forth a little exertion to spread our circulation still further, it would be a help and encouragement to me. If all who can afford it would have a few extra copies, and send them hither and thither among their friends, we might have thirty-thousand readers instead of ten or fifteen, whereby more of the Lord's poor might be helped, and more influence might be exercised on behalf of the grand old Gospel, which not a few know it is my soul's delight to publish and to preach.

One fact I may mention: there is not another publication issued in this or any other country that carries forth so much information touching the Churches of the Lord's order as does "**THE EARTHEN VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD.**" This is a well-known truth. There may be more ably-conducted serials; but for the poor lovers of God's Gospel, for the zealous adherents to Christ's commands, for the children who are anointed by the Holy Ghost to see the ancient order of the New Testament Churches, there is no monthly, no weekly, no issue at all, which so faithfully exhibits the real condition of our Gospel Zion as "**THE EARTHEN VESSEL**" has done for these forty years. We know it is but an "**EARTHEN VESSEL,**" but thousands have declared they have found some spiritual treasure therein; and this has enabled them to go on their way rejoicing.

Ten thousand-thousand praises would we give unto the God of all grace for His goodness unto us. We might have been left like Spira. When he was near his end, and sinking in the dark, his friends called upon him to believe. He said, "It is as possible to drink up the seas at one draught." He cried, "You call upon me to believe. I tell you I cannot. Oh, now? I cannot." "Faith," saith old Mayhew, "is a foreign plant, and of Divine extraction. It is not a slip out of Nature's garden. It is a flower from the paradise of God. It is the gift of a **DIVINE BENEFACTOR.**" That faith was implanted in my soul that blessed Sunday morning, in 1828, in Monastery-street, Canterbury,

when, being fast asleep in my bed, a voice spake to me, saying, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." I sprang out of bed. I fell on my knees. I cried, "Lord, fulfil this promise in me."

There were three promises applied to my soul that morning, which were like a three-fold rooting of a holy faith within me. "CHRIST SHALL GIVE THEE LIGHT" was the first. Then I took a little Testament, and I walked on the Dane John, and, lifting up my heart to heaven, I said, "If it was THEE, O LORD, who called me this morning, do speak again." Then came into me these words, "Whosoever believeth that JESUS is the CHRIST is born of God." I said, "I do believe that JESUS is the promised Messiah, therefore I *am born of God.*" That was like a second promise.

I walked on—how I cannot tell—until I came to the Countess of Huntingdon's Chapel; and I went in, with a secret hope He would speak to me again.

[WE SHALL NEVER BE TIRED OF HEARING HIS VOICE.]

Sat me down in the Chapel. But, there was no one there! I mused, and waited. A few came in. Out of the opposite vestry walked a tall gentleman, in a black silk gown; he ascended the pulpit, I never saw that gentleman before nor since; but, I have said to myself, "If ministers are to bring their sheaves in their arms, surely that man will know and gather me up before the great white throne in the solemn day, for never before had I the Gospel—the Christ of the Gospel, the salvation of sinners as revealed in the Gospel, the glory of God, and the kingdom of CHRIST, as promised to penitent believers—never before had I known what it was for the SPIRIT to pour the Gospel into my soul, as it came in that morning. It opened every vein in my heart, and I heard, and received the Word, and was like a fountain of waters. What the minister read, I know not. How he prayed, I cannot tell. But when he read his text, it was as though he looked right into me, and he said, "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.

It is impossible to describe the effects of that sermon on me that morning. All came into me with such assurance, power, and heart-melting, and the whole place was so filled with the glorious light of Heaven, that every dark fear was banished, every sin blotted out. "*The good work*" was most feelingly and minutely described. HE who begun it was exalted, and extolled, and made very high, and the promise was, HE would FINISH what He had begun. I left that Chapel weeping for joy, as, I think, I have never done since. Sirs, three great promises were written by the finger of God on the fleshly table of my heart, that morning; there they are, and for twelve years from that time, I went on growing in grace, in knowledge, in devotion, in earnest work. Those three promises form the basis of my faith. Christ is *my Light*. Christ is the Messiah, and through Him I am born of God. CHRIST is the beginner and the finisher of the good work. He in my soul *that work begun*, and, until the great day shall come, He will carry it on, and finish it completely, and for ever.

Since that beautiful, that heavenly Sunday morning, fifty-six years and more have rolled away, and as I dare to review them, the lines will speak in me—

THE EARTHEN VESSEL

“How oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from Thee, my God,
But everlasting is Thy love,
And Jesus seals it with His blood.

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

Those lines are more than poetry to me. But no one man's experience is to be *the* standard by which to try all others. By no means. I have read many biographies in my time; never any two exactly alike; no two in the whole Bible are the same. How different was Abraham from Moses! How diverse was Peter from Paul! And so all through the family; the results are the same. Somehow, at some time, the law, in the hands of the Holy Spirit, takes a sinner, and so convinces him of his sin, that he trembles in his soul before the eternal God. I often lay myself before the Almighty now! *He knows I do!* And there, as before “God the Judge of all,” I confess all my sins. There I cry out of my soul's repenting feelings, “O God, be merciful unto me! O CHRIST, wash me in the fountain of Thine atoning blood! O HOLY GHOST, sanctify me wholly! reveal in me, apply to me, the wondrous merits of the ever-blessed Redeemer; say unto my soul, O blessed Triune God, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST, say with unmis-takable unction, “I AM THY SALVATION!” And although when the Sun of Righteousness doth arise and shine upon my soul, every fear, every folly, every sin is clean out of sight; yet in the cloudy and dark day how awfully grand is that verse of Watts, where he says:—

“Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this load of guilt remove,
And Thou canst bear me where Thou fliest,
On Thy kind wings, celestial Dove.”

HEAVEN'S STANDARD OF SAFETY is written—in different lines—all through “THE BOOK.” It is in every one of the prophets. It is in Christ's teaching over and over again. It is in the inspired writings of the Apostles. It is in the Gospel of God, plain as daylight. But the ETERNAL SPIRIT alone can reveal and apply it to the soul in trouble. That great English writer, Thomas de Quincey, said: “Frightfully perplexed to this hour am I as to what constitutes the so-called appropriation of the benefits of Christ's death. Never could I get any one to clear it up to me. They talk all about and about it, but never clear it up. Often have I discussed the question with my mother, a clear-headed, thoughtful woman of evangelical feelings; but she would utterly fail to comprehend my difficulties. ‘My dear child,’ she would repeat, ‘you have simply to trust in the blood of Christ.’ ‘Very well,’ I would reply, ‘I am quite willing, but what does this trusting mean? How am I to know exactly what to do? Upon what must I specifically take hold to support me when flesh and heart faileth me, in the hour of death, and at the day of judgment?’”

Ah! oh, my soul, here are three things so common. First, a soul in trouble, afraid of death, and of the Judgment Day; and although a wise philosopher, could get no one to make clear to him how he

could be saved. Secondly, he heard many talk all about it, but they were in a fog, and in a fog poor Quincey remained. Thirdly, he applied to his mother. Her naked exhortation left him as confounded as ever. Thousands have the naked exhortation and are none the better. When a soul is alive to a sense of its danger, then, as Farrar cried out in the Abbey the other Sunday—

“ THEN, NONE BUT CHRIST CAN HELP US.”

Nothing! No, nothing, but CHRIST, the ETERNAL CHRIST OF GOD the co-eternal, the co-equal Son of the Father, in truth and love. Nothing but this Good Physician, brought into the soul by the revealing power of the HOLY GHOST can give the guilty conscience peace or wash away the stain. The *Churchman* says:—“ The Church is a glorious thing; but it will not do to thrust the Church or Church ordinances between us and Christ; if we do we shall only deceive ourselves by the traditions of men. The Bible is a blessed gift; but it will not do to thrust the Bible between us and Christ, for without His present Spirit, and without the direct contact with His personality, the Bible will be for us but a dead book. The true Bible is that which Christ writes on the fleshened tables of our hearts.”

There may be but few anxious, sighing, heart-rending cries going up to God for His saving mercy to be manifested in them; but, as they are the Lord's “ hidden ones ”—as they are timid, retiring, God-fearing ones, we cannot tell how numerous they may be. For their soul's help, we ask them, as the first step toward genuine communion with God, to consider the Scriptural character of the saved soul's standing before the Almighty. In that choice little Epistle written by John to an elect lady, after some sweet greetings, John tells her, that “ many deceivers are entered into the world: ” then, after exhorting the whole family to “ look to themselves, ” he brings in the testimony which is of all things most vitally important, as *the INSPIRED TEST of our condition*. Look at this with clear and careful consideration! The beloved disciple says, “ Whosoever transgresseth, and abideth not in THE DOCTRINE OF CHRIST ”—“ the doctrine of the KING MESSIAH, ”—such a one, John declares, “ HATH NOT GOD. ” That, to a tender heart, when the soul hangs swinging between a little faith and much terrible fear, is an alarming element; because it supposes some have professed to be in possession of the doctrine of Christ, but, in time of temptation, have fallen away, have stepped off from that line of grace. They did profess to be partakers of, to be in possession of “ the doctrine of Christ ! ” but they gradually, or suddenly stepped off, slid off, renounced, did not abide in the doctrine of Christ; and thereby proved, saith John, that they “ HAD NOT GOD ! ”

Oh, England! as a Christian nation, does not this come home to thee?

The Articles of the Church of England had “ the doctrine of Christ ” plainly and positively engraven in them? Has not the Church of England transgressed, and ignored the essential foundation principles of the “ faith of God's elect ”?

The “ Independents, ” as they were called, had the doctrine of Christ in their creed. Are they not boldly denying that doctrine now?

The old-fashioned Baptists before Gill—and some of them after Gill—held fast by the doctrine of Christ. Have they not departed

from it? Is not England now under a cloud? Is the Lord God of Truth and Righteousness making bare His arm in our midst? Have not the Churches descended into a kind of amphitheatre, wherein every kind of enticing entertainment is produced to obtain the people's money? Fifty-five years ago the Catholic Emancipation Bill threw the gates open to Rome. She has been coming in upon us like a flood.

Leaving the nation, turning away from the Churches, are there not some who can lay their hand upon their hearts, and appealing to the Searcher of all spirits, can say, "Lord, Thou knowest, grievously as we have sinned against Thee in the outer man, Thy covenant, Thy Christ, Thy revelation of divine truth, has been continued in us?" By grace of Thine own giving and maintaining, we have been preserved in the doctrine of Christ. The walls of a house may be weak, and storms may sometimes shake them, but if built upon a strong foundation they cannot be blown down. The best of Christians, in themselves, are weak; hurricanes and whirlwinds will shake them; but Christ Himself has built them upon the Rock of Ages. He hath taken them into union with Himself. Christ is the only true soul-winner; and the Word says, He is righteous, He is a Tree of Life, and He is wise; wise to know who to win, how to win them; and, as the margin says, having won them, He will take them. Love will cement them together. Then, when married to Christ, dark nights may come, Satan's roarings may make even faith to shake, and hope may tremble; but LOVE will face all her foes, and triumphantly she will exclaim:—

"WHO SHALL SEPARATE US FROM THE LOVE OF CHRIST?"

Since LOVE first entered thy soul, Have any waters ever yet quenched it? Have any floods ever yet drowned it? No! It is everlasting love. It is the divine nature: it cannot be destroyed.

But the armies of foes LOVE has to face, how she leads the Christ-loving soul up into communion with FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, are for future chapters, if the purpose and providence of God will hold up

Your obedient and grateful servant,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury Road, South Hackney, London, E., Dec., 1884.

The Lord give thee all a New Year's blessing in CHRIST, and if we are called away this year, may we know it to be the happiest year we ever knew. Amen.

"JESUS OUR BROTHER."

A SHORT SKETCH OF RECENT AND REMARKABLE CONVERSIONS IN SOUTH RUSSIA.

"And they, also, if they abide not still in unbelief, shall be grafted in: for God is able to graff them in again."—Rom. xi. 2.

PAUL'S declaration concerning Israel, that "Even so, then, at this present time also there is a remnant according to the election of grace" (Rom. xi. 5), has been remarkably confirmed within the last few months by the conversion of a large number of Jews in South Russia, which has been brought about by circumstances of an extraordinary nature; a few facts concerning which will, doubtless, prove interesting

to the readers of the *EARTHEN VESSEL*: for surely all Christians should feel a special interest in God's ancient people, seeing that it has pleased Him to make them the channel through which we Gentiles have received all our blessings, either directly or indirectly. For instance, "Unto them were committed the oracles of God" (Rom. iii. 2), and the whole of the New Testament Scriptures also were written by inspired Jews. Further, we read in Rom. ix. 4, 5, "To whom pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises; whose are the Father's, and of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever. Amen." Again, are we not by grace closely related to each other? for, while they are the literal seed of Abraham, we are the spiritual seed. But to my narrative.

Joseph Rabinowitz, a lawyer, residing at Kischinew, in Bessarabia, South Russia, a man highly esteemed by his own nation, has been a prominent figure in aiming to alleviate the sufferings of his brethren, and to raise them above their present low condition. During the cruel and disgraceful persecutions which broke out in 1882, against the Russian Jews, he came forward as an enthusiastic supporter of the project to repopulate Palestine with Jewish colonists. In pursuance of this object he visited the Holy Land, that he might be in a better position to forward his project. While there he became convinced that Jesus of Nazareth was their long-rejected Messiah, the Son of God. "And this deep impression," as Bishop Titcomb observes in the *Times*, "was not produced by any influence of Christian missionaries, but entirely by the force of circumstances," or, as we would rather express it, by the power of the Spirit. He went to Palestine with this motto, "Palestine for the Jews;" but returned with the more blessed one, "Jesus our Brother," declaring that "the key of the Holy Land lies in the hands of our Brother Jesus." His brethren were, doubtless, anxiously looking for his return, expecting that he would come back with some scheme to deliver them from the yoke of persecution and place them once more in their own land. Instead of this, the strange proclamation, "Jesus our Brother," meets their astonished ears. What follows? We might expect to hear that he was disowned and hated by them for his bold confession of Jesus as the Christ. But no! The same Spirit which had worked this mighty change in him while visiting the scene of the life of the blessed Redeemer, had prepared the hearts of his brethren to receive his message; and thus it has come to pass that more than two hundred families have believed on Jesus and confessed Him to be their Messiah. They have not, at present, formally joined any section of the visible Church, but have formed themselves into a communion, under the name of "The National Jewish New Testament Congregation." They also call themselves "The Sons of the New Covenant."

In closing, I will give a few of the articles of their belief in which they confess their faith in Jesus, omitting those which are occupied with doctrines received by all orthodox Jews. They are as follows:—

ART. 9.—"I sincerely believe that the Creator, blessed be His name, has through His great lovingkindness, raised up a horn of salvation in the house of His servant David, the Righteous Branch, the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ of Bethlehem, and that He reigns over the House of Jacob for ever, and of His kingdom there shall be no end.

10. I sincerely believe that, according to the will of the Creator, Jesus our Messiah was oppressed and afflicted, and that He poured out His soul unto death for the sake of our salvation, and that He rose from the dead, and sitteth at the right hand of His heavenly Father. 11. I sincerely believe, that in accordance with the counsel of the Creator, our forefathers hardened their hearts, sinned and rebelled against their Messiah, Jesus of Nazareth; and that it was (so permitted) in order to provoke other nations to jealousy, and bring reconciliation to the whole world, that they (the Gentiles) also might believe in our Lord Jesus through the preaching of the evangelists of peace, whom we drove from our midst to the end, that the whole earth might be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, and that He might be the King of the whole earth. 12. I sincerely believe that there will be a resurrection from the dead, when it shall please our Heavenly Father, even as He raised up and revived our Lord Christ, who was the first fruits of the resurrection." Nevertheless, when it shall turn to the Lord, the veil shall be taken away (2 Cor. iii. 16).

H. B. CARROW.

Leyton, Essex.

NOTE.—The materials for the above sketch have been principally gathered from the *Jewish Intelligencer* (J. Nisbet and Co., Berner-street), and anyone desiring further information can obtain it by ordering the July, September, and October numbers of that magazine.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

"Thou hast been my help."—Psa. lxxiii. 7.

ADIEU ! old Eighty-four,
You've quickly passed away,
With many hundreds more,
While we're preserved to stay.
And as we bid the year adieu! [through.
Give praise to Him who brought us

In sickness, grief, and pain,
Thou did'st in mercy shine,
Renewed our strength again,
And shall our souls repine?
No, we would each Thy name adore,
For dangers past in Eighty-four.

With millions round the throne,
Thousands their joy now share,
Who gladly bade farewell,
And left the closing year;
To gain the everlasting prize,
And claim their mansions in the skies.

Lord, grant the coming year
To trembling souls may prove
More than their doubts and fears,
All blessings full of love.
And sinners bring subdued by grace,
To sing Thy praise and seek Thy face.

A glorious harvest raise,
Thy work on earth revive,
May millions sound Thy praise
With us thro' Eighty-five.
And as we sweetly journey through,
Thy presence often, Lord, renew.

Should we be called to go,
Gladly our souls would rise
From this vain world below,
To mansions in the skies.
And take our flight to Canaan's shore,
Where time and years will be no more.

To range the heavenly plains
With all the hosts above,
Where Christ exalted reigns,
In majesty and love.
And spend, from sin and sorrow free,
A vast eternity with Thee.

THOMAS EDWIN MOORE.

7, Salmon's-lane, Limehouse, E. Dec., 1884.

THE LIFE OF HONOURED NINETY-THREE.

“DIED IN A GOOD OLD AGE ; AN OLD MAN, AND FULL OF YEARS.”

IT is with heartfelt sorrow for the irreparable loss, that I send you a few particulars touching the call by grace, and leadings in providence of my beloved father, JAMES JEFFS, of Thanet Place, Hounslow, who fell asleep in Jesus, Sept. 10, 1884 in his 93rd year.

The greater part of the following was penned by himself. He wrote :—I was born at Ivinghoe, Bucks, July 13, 1792; brought up strictly to the Church of England, attended the Sunday-school, learned the Church catechism, was confirmed; nevertheless loved sin and worldly pursuits; was never more happy than whilst playing at cricket, at which I was considered clever, consequently was led into worldly companionship. My mind, so completely absorbed, would leave everything else for a game. I was in the choir, but through the clerk refusing to lend me a tune-book, I left, and with persuasion went with a friend to chapel. Yet still my much-loved games were uppermost, until the second Sabbath in August, 1815, I went, as usual, in the morning to chapel, when Mr. George Clark preached from Jeremiah viii. 20 : “The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.” The Lord sent home the word. I knew there was no evidence of my being saved, so believed myself LOST! I went home in great distress, sat down to dinner, could not eat. My burden was heavier than I could bear. “Lost! Lost!” sounded in my ears. Fell upon my knees in my bedroom, but did not know how to pray. Could only say, “God, be merciful to me a great sinner.” Went into the field in great trouble, begging the Lord to have mercy upon me. Again went to chapel in the evening. All appeared against me, only the curse of God resting upon me. I was in this sad state of mind for months. My health gave way. My body was greatly reduced. I was unable to tell my trouble to anyone. Continually would go into the field, under the hedge, or in the barn, poured out my soul to God to save me, a lost sinner, fearing lest any person would hear my cry for mercy, knowing I had offended God. Could hope for nothing but frowns and banishment from His presence for ever.

Having roamed about one evening until over-fatigued with cries and tears, in deepest distress, I laid down under a tree. Suddenly the lines of the hymn, “Streams of mercy never ceasing, call for songs of loudest praise,” came with sweet power. Oh, that night I never forgot. The more I prayed and cried, the more came “streams of mercy,” until my soul was happy, and filled with love to my Saviour. Yes! “He, to save my soul from danger, interposed His precious blood.” I tried to give Him all the glory who had done such great things for unworthy me. One of the deacons was anxious to propose me to the Church; but I thought God’s people were too holy for such a worthless sinner as myself to unite with. I knew JESUS had commanded the ordinance of baptism, and was Himself baptized in Jordan (Matthew iii. 13, xxviii. 19—20), told His disciples to teach all nations, and baptize them in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and also said, “Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.” How clear! Therefore felt it would be a privilege to follow my Jesus in that oft-despised ordinance. I knew my parents would oppose, as

they disliked Dissenters, especially the Baptists, and they were strict to the Church of England. I carried my burden to the Lord, asked Him to appear for and teach me the right way. The answer came powerfully, "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up." This set my mind at liberty. With much weakness I went before the Church, and on Christmas morn, 1816, was baptized, and the same day added to the Church. It was a happy day, the hymn being sung, "Hinder me not, if Jesus lead, I'll follow where He goes." Precious Jesus! how sweet it was to follow Thee. Mr. Geo. Clarke's ministry was greatly blessed to my soul. In 1817 I took a companion, who was truly an helpmate. One day, being seized with cholera, doctor pronounced my life to be in imminent danger. "There remaineth a rest for the people of God" supported me while passing through much pain. After a partial recovery, from request, Mr. Clarke spoke from "The Rest," which was a Bethel season, looking for the rest to come. After our first child was born my dear wife desired that we should kneel down and dedicate her to the Lord, ask for grace to be given to train her in His fear. He heard and answered our many petitions. At an early age manifestly began the work of grace in her soul. She was fond of making poetry. When only eight years of age, wrote:—

"Jesus can our wants supply ;
He can make us fit to die ;
When we die on Jesus' breast,
We shall from our troubles rest."

She was baptized at the early age of 14 years, joined the Church, Old Brentford, where she continued an honourable member until death released her of bodily sufferings, although she was happy in the Lord. Our next children were twins. I really did idolise them. But our Saviour saith, "From all your idols will I cleanse you." So He took one when one year and a half old. I was most rebellious. But bless the Lord, a Mr. Wake came with a message. In his sermon said, "Ye have taken away our gods ; what shall we do ?" I knew it was my case he described. My soul was now humbled. Submission was given in this severe trial. The Lord in Providence now removed us to Brentford. I begged most earnestly that He would direct my steps, and take me amongst His own people. On the second Sabbath in January, 1824, I went to the old Baptist chapel, Old Brentford, corner of North Road. Whilst hearing the sermon, my attention was rivetted, as if someone had spoken to me. "This people have I formed for Myself, they shall show forth My praise." My heart said, "Then, dear Lord, make me at home with this people," which He did, never feeling more happy than when with them, which was 60 years in January, 1884. It has been my privilege to attend fifty-seven anniversaries.

For a long time I could not see my way clear to have my membership removed from Ivinghoe: still, I sat down at the Lord's table with them, until, my dismissal being sent for, I was received into the Church the first Lord's-day in June, 1832. Some years after, was chosen deacon ; and upon the decease of our clerk was requested by the Church to give out the hymns in 1871. Truly, "I have loved the habitation of Thine house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth."

"There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God, my Saviour, reigns."

There I have fed on Jesus' word, and held communion with my Lord. Many blessings have been showered upon my soul, through the preaching from the lips of His servants, especially our pastor, Mr. J. Parsons. Sometimes it has been a word of exhortation; oftentimes, reproof or rebuke. Many times have I gone cast down, burdened with sin. Overwhelmed with trouble, my steps well-nigh slipped, when "Ere I was aware, my Beloved brought me into His banqueting house; His banner over me was love." "Yea, I sat down under His shadow with great delight. His fruit was sweet to my taste."

"By faith in Christ I've walked with God,
With heaven, my journey's end in view;
Supported by His staff and rod,
My road's been safe and pleasant too."

But to continue. My wife again had twins; one of which the Lord saw fit to take to Himself, as He had done previously. But this time I dared not dictate, having before experienced that "the rebellious dwell in a dry land." Therefore, spread the matter before the Lord. It was a sharp dispensation; yet I was resigned and said, Thou hast given and Thou hast taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.

I had for some time now resided at Hounslow, when a severe trouble overtook me. I engaged to take a farm, and soon proved the person who let it had no right, as four different people demanded rent of me. Therefore I was soon involved in a lawsuit. My burden was too heavy for me to carry. I wanted my Jesus to plead my cause. Again and again I cried, "Lord, do direct my steps." Many meetings were held to settle the dispute. Law expenses were very heavy. At length a final settlement was arranged for the next day. I wept bitterly, and cried more earnestly, "O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me." The word came with power and in much assurance, "Fear not, I will be with Thee." I went to meet them in His strength, relying wholly upon His aid, feeling satisfied He would appear and deliver me; which He did: for from that time all was amicably settled. Oh, how I did praise and bless a prayer-hearing and answering God for His delivering mercy. He made crooked things straight, and rough places plain.

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

In the course of years we had three more children given to us. Each of which, as soon as born, did we take them, as we did the others, by faith, and plead that Jesus would embrace them in His arms of love and mercy as His own, and make them meet to be partakers with the saints in light. So, dear Father, may parents and children rise at length to heaven's eternal bliss. I have been spared to witness two out of the three chosen deacons of Christian Churches; the third a member, with myself, at Brentford. As no Baptist cause had ever existed in Hounslow, I was anxious the Baptists should not be excluded. Therefore, about the year 1837 I opened a room, earnestly imploring divine aid, the Holy Spirit being manifestly with us. So, after the morning service at

Old Brentford, I drove round for years and fetched the ministers to preach in my room on Sabbath afternoons, who were supplying at the different Baptist causes; then took them back in time for their evening service. The Lord honoured the step, and when the Independents agreed to invite the same supplies to their chapel, Sabbath morning and evenings, I promised to give up service in my room while they continued having the same ministers, and in 1849 a few friends were formed into a Strict Baptist Church. So my desire was complete, I had the satisfaction of seeing a Baptist cause raised. They have now a nice chapel, and the blessing of the Lord resting upon them.

Another sore trial awaited us. My beloved wife was taken with paralysis, and never quite recovered, partially lost the use of one side and arm. I murmured; but, one day, promiscuously picked up a leaf from an old Bible, which softened my heart. "I was dumb and opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it." Then followed, "Fear not, I have redeemed thee; when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." After that, she was spared to me over nine years, and when the Lord took her, she left a sweet testimony behind of the faithfulness of her loving Saviour.

In my eightieth year, I was returning from Old Brentford, after our prayer meeting, a thick fog and frost had set in, as nearing my home, some person had inadvertently thrown water across the road; it froze to a sheet of ice; my horse slipped up and rolled over; I, with my daughter and grandson, were thrown from my conveyance, which broke my thigh. Whilst being conveyed in a chair, providentially, the doctor passed, and with consent, went back to the surgery for his partner. Upon my reaching home, both doctors were ready to attend to me. My sufferings were very great, while setting the bone, having a stiff knee, which needed to be straightened before applying the splint. Yet my mind was composed; yea, happy! My Jesus was with me; the promise was applied, "My God shall supply all thy needs." Not a wish but was answered with, "I will supply all thy needs." Being compelled to lay upon my back in bed nine weeks, I found it good to be afflicted. What happy seasons I then enjoyed! I had sweet access in prayer, and held fellowship with my Lord. Christ was first and last, and Christ was all in all to me, bless His dear name. He has supplied all my needs to the present.

(To be continued.)

ABOUT GOD'S MINISTERS.

LETTER II.

"The work of the ministry."

MY DEAR ENOCH,—You perceive the ministerial office is called a "work," and none but God can form, make, mould, furnish, and spiritually qualify the workmen. All who are formed, &c., by any other means, or from any other source, are counterfeits—possess what literature, polish, or powers, wisdom or knowledge they may. And if the plain, plodding, grace-taught people of God hear them, they soon discover, by their quick scent, keen appetite, and spiritual understanding, that they have not been coined in the Gospel mint. How awfully solemn

to mimic, by man's making, the grace-made, God-sent ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ. "What shall be the end of these things?"

The ministry of the Gospel, therefore, being a "work," the workman requires gifts and ability, which God only can bestow. Such as spiritual life in his soul, spiritual love in his heart, and spiritual light in his mind, together with a sound head, a sanctified heart, and a strong memory, and, like "the living creature" in John's vision, he will require eyes within to see himself, eyes without to see others, eyes behind to look at the past, and eyes before to look for the future; he requires sound judgment in things that differ; a door of utterance, to pour out the truth pent up in his heart, with much of the sanctifying grace and rich anointings of God the Holy Ghost. The grace he has is his own; but the gifts bestowed, whether few or many, great or small, are for the benefit of the people of God. His work lies in private reading, specially the Scriptures, but not exclusively so, deep-thinking over what he reads, close meditation on the person and work of Christ, and the truth as it is in Him; digging into the Word of God for the literal and spiritual meaning thereof, and to discover the harmony between the Old and the New Testaments, with earnest prayer at the throne for the divine teaching, leading, and guidance of the Eternal Spirit.

The next part of his work lies in the public proclamation of eternal truth, where physical and mental strength are both required. It is a sweet pleasure when you have food, to place it on the table, but sometimes very perplexing to get the food to place there. But this my Enoch will find out by degrees. An experimental knowledge and enjoyment of God's blessed truth will make you bold, warm, and earnest in your contention for it, and not unfrequently you will feel your weakness and nothingness, together with your utter unworthiness and insufficiency for such a solemn and important position, saying, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

Doubtless you are assured of your call to this great and mighty work, if not with an audible voice, yet with a solemn impulse on the mind—an unwrought desire to publish the name and fame of the Lord Jesus Christ, portions of Scripture often laid upon the mind, made precious to the soul, and opened up so sweetly to view, so that you have been on fire within, and longed to let it blaze out. Thus God sovereignly gives to whom He will ministerial grace "To preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."

Sometimes you have trembled at the thought of preaching, from a deep-felt sense of your inability for such an unequalled work, and have said, "O, my Lord, send, I pray Thee, by the hand of Him whom Thou wilt send," "I cannot speak, for I am a child," &c. Much exercise of soul and agitation of mind, with looking to the Lord for His direction, has been the result.

At another time you have had a sweet persuasion in your soul that it was of the Lord—that He would be with you and, by His Spirit, enable you to "speak forth the words of truth and soberness, so that you have longed for the time to come to "Lift up your voice like a trumpet."

More on this subject in my next, but for the present, Adieu.

Yours in Jesus,

T. STRINGER.

"BE NOT SILENT TO ME."

(Psalm xxviii. 1).

WHAT words are these I hear, still, small, but cheering,—	[rest;"]	Gladden the burdened heart of every bearer,	{land is heard.
"Come unto Me, and I will give you I hasten to Thee, Lord, downcast and fearing ;	[breast!]	Till the sweet sound throughout the Yea, speak to me alone, of Jesus only,	
And O Thy whisper calms my troubled		O, Jesus, speak Thyself, words sweet and full ;	[lonely,
The words of friends may fail, but Thine can never!	[time]	For fears enchain my soul, so dark and And the frail lamp of life burns low and dull.	
And here with safety may I rest till Shall fade away into a bright for ever ; For other words have ceased to cheer but Thine.		Ah! speak to me of heaven—the yonder glory,	[to be;
And when the busy toil of life increases, Speak to my inmost soul at early dawn; Till the whole term of my career ceases: O speak to me of love from night till morn.		Where the glad song resounds, I long Tell me of love divine, "the old, old story,"	[me.
And while Thy grace attends the humble hearer,	[word]	O favoured ones, and how He lives for My needs are urgent, come, O sweetest Saviour,	[apace;]
Lord, may the echo of each cheering Churchyard, Waltham Abbey.		The night is near, and life ebbs out O satisfy me early with Thy favour, Till I shall come and see Thee face to face.	

W. WINTERS.

"FOR THE DOUBTING AND THE FEARING ONES."

[The Doctor's Comfort Failing! Her Times of Holy Heavenly Triumphs! The Last Assault of the Enemy! Her Agonising Cries—"I am Lost!" It is well for living Christians to read such faithful records as the following, that they may learn a little of what it is to pass through the valley. Each of us must, individually, come into the article of death. WHAT THAT IS, NO ONE CAN TELL. Faithful testimonies like the following call us, if we can listen, to consider our latter end. God help us to be honest to our own souls. Amen.—C. W. B.]

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
ELIZABETH MILBORNE,
RELICT OF THE LATE JOHN MILBORNE,
WHO ENTERED INTO REST, OCTOBER 15, 1884.
AGED 68 YEARS.
INTERRED IN YEOVIL CEMETERY.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."—Psa. cxvi. 15.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—I send you a short account of the illness and last days of my late beloved mother, knowing you will be interested, and trusting that some may be in a measure comforted, especially some of the doubting and fearing ones, for my dear mother had been such for many years—at times much cast down, because she could not read her title clear. How often was she comforted by reading the accounts of some of the tried children of God; but, as will be shown, she was able to rejoice, and died triumphantly. She was ill for twelve months before taking to her bedroom entirely, and was much exercised; could not take home any passages of Scripture as comfort, feared they were not for her. She earnestly prayed that the Lord would be pleased to shine in upon her soul, to give her some sweet token of

His love to her, and when some direct and suitable passage would come to her unexpectedly, she would say, "*Ah, but it is too good for such as me!* Such a poor vile sinner." She was much impressed just before her serious illness with Hannah's prayer, and she carefully studied and wrote out the following passages as bearing upon her ideas of the subject:—"Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your request be made known unto God." "And Mary said, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord.'" "But my horn shalt Thou exalt, like the horn of a unicorn." "I shall be anointed with fresh oil." "That I may shew forth all Thy praise in the gates of the daughter of Zion." "I will rejoice in Thy salvation." "But I have trusted in Thy mercy, my heart shall rejoice in Thy salvation." "We will rejoice in Thy salvation, and in the name of our God will we set up our banners." "The Lord fulfil all thy petitions." "And my soul shall be joyful in the Lord." "It shall rejoice in His salvation." "Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the gods; who is like Thee, glorious in praises, doing wonders." "O, Lord God, Thou hast begun to show Thy servant Thy greatness and Thy mighty hand; for what god is there in heaven or in earth that can do according to Thy works, and according to Thy might." "He is the rock, His work is perfect, for all His ways are judgment; a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is He." "Among the gods there is none like unto Thee, O Lord, neither are there any works like unto Thy works." "For who in heaven can be compared unto the Lord; who among the sons of the mighty can be likened unto the Lord?" "O Lord, God of hosts, who is a strong Lord like unto Thee, or to Thy faithfulness round about Thee?" "Unto thee it was showed that thou mightest know that the Lord He is God, there is none else beside Him." "For who is God save the Lord, and who is a rock save our God?" "How long shall they utter and speak hard things, and all the workers of iniquity boast themselves?" "Your words have been stout against me, saith the Lord; yet ye say, What have we spoken so much against Thee."

Her constant desire was to rejoice as Hannah did, though so often like Hannah was—a woman of sorrowful spirit. At first she anticipated restoration to health, and often spoke of the time when she should be better, and go out again, and only occasionally did she speak of her departure with any composure. She would many times say how she wished she could see the country once more and enjoy the fresh air; but as she was suffering from a complication of diseases, her health would not permit of any change save from one room to the other for two or three months. In April she was much depressed, so low and desponding; said she had no hope for herself beyond the grave, and on my entering her room, she said, "Oh! my beloved child, Sophie, I want you to be with me when I die!" I told her I had no doubt, if spared, I should be; but I did not think it would be yet. I talked to her and tried to cheer her, and on leaving her she said, "Oh, my dear child, pray; pray earnestly for me, that the Lord would be pleased to appear for me if it is His divine will." I told her she reminded me of Hannah. She said, "Yes, I am like her—sorrowful." She prayed most earnestly in our presence, and recited a verse of Kent's. The doctor tried to comfort

her by saying she had lived a godly life, and surely when she died she would go to a better world. "Ah, doctor (she replied), none of my good works will save me; it must be CHRIST *alone*." On the 24th I went to see her, and found her very cheerful after three weeks' sad depression, without a smile. She said, "Oh, my dear Sophie, the Lord has appeared for me! He will not leave me to sink! He will never leave me nor forsake me; I KNOW HE WILL NOT." She then tried to sing, but her once musical and sweet voice had become so weak and shaky that I felt quite overcome to hear her, and earnestly desired that the adversary might not be permitted to distress her any more.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PAUL IN TWO CHARACTERS.

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON BY A. E. REALFF.

Preached at Potter Street Baptist Chapel, Harlow, on Sunday Evening, Sept. 9th, 1883.

"I was alive without the law once" (Rom. vii. 9). "The life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God" (Gal. ii. 20).

THE Scripture speaks of the unregenerate as "dead in trespasses and sins" (Eph. ii. 1). Some are *manifestly* so, for they are wholly swallowed up of sin. Their daily life is one of evident sin, and they are dead to every better feeling, influence and motive. But others, equally dead to God and heavenly things, are very different from these. They possess a certain kind of life; they are not so wholly stupid and besotted and ignorant as the rest. Many of these are virtuous characters—nay, in a sense, highly religious. But there are two kinds of religious life specified in the texts, and illustrated by the experience of the Apostle to the Gentiles.

I.—A LIFE OF MORALITY AND MERE PROFESSION.—The apostle says, "I was alive without the law once." Now, from a moral and social standpoint, this kind of religious life is certainly to be preferred to the other state, inasmuch as intelligence is surely better than stupidity and ignorance, temperance and sobriety than drunkenness and gluttony; respectability than uncleanness; virtue than vice. But from a spiritual and heavenly standpoint it is really no better, for men in both these conditions are unregenerate, carnal, and therefore at enmity with God. This will plainly appear if we consider some of the characteristics of this kind of "life" as illustrated by the Apostle Paul.

1. *He says he was alive, but it was without the law.* We do not understand from this expression that at that time he was living a lawless life. Far from it. He was well instructed in all the *minutiae* of the Mosaic ritual. Initiated from his very infancy, religiously brought up, and educated at the feet of Gamaliel, he was a Jew of the Jews, a Pharisee of the Pharisees. Thus, when making his defence before King Agrippa, he says: "After the most straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee" (Acts xxvi. 5). And when writing his Letter to the Church at Philippi, he says: "If any other man thinketh that he hath whereof he might trust in the flesh, I more, circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews;

as touching the law, a Pharisee; concerning zeal, persecuting the Church; touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless" (Phil. iii. 4—6). He was all "alive" to the law as far as knowledge of the letter of it could make him alive, and full of zeal for its propagation; yet he was without the law as to any spiritual application of it to his heart and conscience.

2. *He was self-righteous* He had a righteousness while in this state; but, when enlightened by God the Holy Ghost, he calls it his own righteousness (Phil. iii. 9), and despises it as worthless in respect to God and heaven and the salvation of his soul, and such indeed it was. This was the righteousness of all the carnal Jews:—"For they, being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God. For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth" (Rom. x. 3, 4).

3. *He was disobedient.* He heard of Jesus, yet he did not submit himself unto Him as the Son of God, the Messiah. Far from it. He hated the very name of Jesus of Nazareth, and would by no means speak of Him as the Christ of God. More than this, he "persecuted the Church of God and wasted it." Hailing both men and women who believed in Jesus, he dragged them to prison, and was exceedingly mad against them; and when the blood of the martyr Stephen was shed he stood by and consented unto the bloody deed, holding the garments of those who stoned that blessed man to death. The sight of this holy disciple did not move him, not even his heavenly countenance, "as it had been the face of an angel;" no, nor yet his gracious words: "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." His disobedience to the Christ of God ended in his being a cruel persecutor of the saints, a murderer of Christ's sheep, breathing out threatenings and slaughter in every direction. "I was alive without the law once." Ah, yes; full of life indeed; but not the life of God; not spiritual life. His life was that of a merely external and carnal profession. True, it was accompanied with much earnestness and zeal of a sort; it was even a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge. No man who possesses real spiritual life is self-righteous, disobedient, murderous. Many mere professors in our own day are exceedingly zealous, but their zeal does not spring from right motives, nor is it exercised in a right direction. Mahomedans, Papists, Ritualists, Arminians, and Salvationists, are all full of life and zeal, but alas! their zeal is not sanctified nor acceptable to God. Praise the Lord, His people know of a better religious life than this, which is—

II.—TRUE SPIRITUAL LIFE. "The life which I now live, I live by the faith of the Son of God." What a change took place in the apostle when he was taught by the Spirit to see the spiritual meaning of the law of God! "When the commandment came sin revived, and I died." Until that time he had been full of carnal life and zeal; now he "died," all this being crushed within him. While blinded by sin and Satan he thought he was righteous, because his life was free from vicious practices and scandalous offences. But when the law was brought home and applied to his conscience he began to see that he was a dreadful sinner in heart, motive and thought. He sank under the bright flashes of

Sinai, and died to all his old righteousness. He fell dead, as it were, at the feet of Jesus; for he saw then that he could do nothing for his own salvation, and confessed himself the chief of sinners. Like the Pharisee in the temple, he had not before seen himself as God saw him. Pride had blinded his eyes. A carnal religion always puffs up the soul with pride, whereas a spiritual view of God's law invariably humbles the soul in the dust. Satan cares not how great a show of religiousness and zeal a man may make, nor how many ceremonial acts of piety he performs, so long as his religion is of a carnal and flesh-pleasing sort. Oh, how much of this kind of religion have we in the present day! The Apostle says, now, "For me to live is Christ," 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." This is true Christian or *spiritual* religious life, and it presents a striking contrast to the former. Before entering into this life in Christ, the Apostle passed, as all God's people do, more or less, under the power of the law. This is what the old Divines call "law-work," and is the avenue through which the Holy Ghost leads the elect out into life, and liberty, and joy, in Christ Jesus; and until then they know nothing of real, spiritual life. This is distinguished from the life of a mere empty profession by certain marks.

1. *It is supernatural as to its origin.* It commences with a Divine birth (John iii. 3, 1 Peter i. 23). This is the work of God upon the soul, and is altogether above and beyond mere nature, even at its very best. In Saul of Tarsus we beheld a perfect specimen of a natural man and natural religion. In him we have an illustration of natural religion in its very best form and dress: "I was *alive* without the law once." And what is nature at her best? And what is natural religion worth as a soul-saving power, even when cultivated to its highest perfection? *Nothing at all.* Let this apostle declare it for himself: "But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith" (Phil. iii.).

2. *It is distinguished by repentance, faith, and obedience.* "The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God." *He* is nothing now, and *Christ is all.* This is his language after becoming divinely illuminated: "Lord, what wilt *Thou* have me to do?" He had been doing his own will, now he "repents in dust and ashes," and henceforth becomes the willing servant of the Lord Jesus.

To what was it owing, that the Jewish writers should have such lovely and great ideas of God, and such just notions of the worship due to Him, far above anything which we meet with in the writings of the greatest lights of the heathen world; every one of which either patronised idolatry, or fell into errors of worse consequence? Can it be accounted for by the force of natural or human assistances? No, the eminent philosophers of Athens and Rome equalled them, it is certain, in natural abilities, and exceeded them confessedly in the superstructures of acquired knowledge, and all the advantages of a refined education. It must be therefore owing to some supernatural or divine helps; and none but He, in whom are contained all the treasures of wisdom, could have enriched their minds to such a degree, and furnished such a vast expense of thought.

Reviews and Criticisms : An Introductory Paper.

IS THE DEVOTIONAL PART OF OUR PUBLIC SERVICES USUALLY PROFITABLE ?

THE present state of our Strict Baptist Churches calls for such an enquiry, and is such that it becomes every pastor and every Church member to look well into the subject. That there is something seriously wrong with us, as a body, is obvious. Our decline of late years is so marked that, we take it, there cannot be a divided opinion on the subject. By the thoughtful and discerning amongst us, we believe it is admitted, and deeply lamented, that a great and serious wrong exists somewhere. The question is—What is that wrong ? or, in other words, What is the cause of our decline ? What is the terrible disease which lies as a canker, eating away our very vitals ? We must have clear and definite conceptions of the nature of the malady before we can apply the remedy. Our own conviction is that a combination of circumstances, and a plurality of causes, have brought us into our present position. And, it is our candid opinion, that if those active causes are still allowed to work and go on unchecked, and if certain known faults which exist among us are yet neglected, they will work greater mischief in the future than they have done in the past. We do not intend in this paper to go in search of NEGATIVES, or it would be easy to show that it is not because we are destitute of "the truth" and right principles. No! thank God! We still have TRUTH and RIGHT on our side. But still, it must be admitted, there is a falling away; and though we have men valiant for the truth of God in our ranks, yet "the truth has fallen in our streets," and the "old paths" are being greatly forsaken. These are sad but glaring facts, which cannot be denied. "Is there not a cause?" And is it not high time to ask—Why are the people forsaking us? Is ALL the fault on the other side? Are WE entirely blameless?

At the outset of these "Reviews and Criticisms," we wish to press upon the attention of our own ministers and people this question first: "Is the devotional part of our public services what it ought to be? Is it what it might be? Are there not great defects, but remediable defects, in this part of our sanctuary service? But while we direct attention to the various faults which present themselves in the public prayers of the sanctuary, we are not insensible to the sacredness of the subject which seems almost to repel criticism. Nor do we lose sight of the fact that there are two elements, or two parts, in the public services of God's house—the DIVINE and the HUMAN. It is the "human" agency we bring under "review." And further, we are prepared to admit that whatever faults belong to the public prayers of a minister, they are not only less likely to be known to himself than to other men, but less likely to be known to himself THAN OTHER FAULTS OF HIS OWN.

We can well understand how ministers who lead our public devotions are liable, insensibly, to get into the faults we are about to indicate, not from any spirit of indifference to the subject, but from the force of habit and example. And the fault, once contracted, may be continued in and practised for years, perhaps, through their attention not being called to it.

Taking the order of our public services in general, they comprise four parts, viz.:—

1. The public prayers.
2. The reading of the Scriptures.
3. The preaching of the Gospel; and
4. The service of sacred song.

We are being more and more impressed that it would be for our benefit, as a body, if each of these parts were separately brought under a proper and healthy review, leading on to the review of other important matters. But whatever we may be led to do in the future, we do not intend in this paper to attempt to review the whole of our sanctuary service, but confine ourselves SOLELY to the public prayers offered in connection with the regular services of God's house. We repeat the question—"Are THEY just as they should be? or even as they might be?"

1. The first fault to be mentioned is the undue length of the prayers offered, both in our public worship and at our social prayer meetings.

(To be continued next month.)

YE CLOUDS OF THE VALLEY, BEGONE.

WHEN care like a torrent o'erpresses the
mind, [find;
And nowhere on earth can true happiness
Thus afflicted the soul doth in misery
groan—

Ye clouds of the valley, begone.

The saint, brought to Jesus, delights to
obey, [loved to stay;
And sees the blest pool where his Lord
Opposing objectors, he treats thus with
scorn—

Ye clouds of the valley, begone.

Does indwelling sin like a monster ap-
pear, [fear;
And make the believer to battle with
He cries out, when peace from his bosom
is torn,—

Ye clouds of the valley, begone.

Notting-hill Gate, W.

Sometimes from God's house he is
tempted to roam, [home,
Or, lukewarm, remains like a pris'ner at
Lively faith, stepping in, a cry upward is
borne—

Ye clouds of the valley, begone.

'Mong the many things here that, per-
plexing, oppress,
Adversity often doth sorely distress.
Faith for this cries aloud, "There's a
brother that's born,—

Ye clouds of the valley, begone.

The law with its terrors doth sometimes
assail,
And Sinai's thunders o'er all doth prevail.
Says the soul, when at last views of
Calvary dawn—

Ye clouds of the valley, begone.

W. C. B.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

Charles H. McKenzie's Volume is designed to show Charles Dickens was a believer in the Eternal God. "Intense in his hatred of shams, especially in sacred subjects, Dickens threw all his powers into the portrayal of a certain class of hypocritical professors of religion, exhibiting the characters in all their repulsiveness. On this basis an accusation has been brought against him of sneering at Christian truth and holding up its adherents to ridicule. It is this accusation which Mr. McKenzie has set himself to refute." We detest all kinds of "pretensions" in religion. When our work came out, over forty years ago, entitled, *Am I in Christ?* Old Father Read (the right-hand deacon of the late great John) said, "The man is either a terribly tried and deep-taught man of God, or he is the vilest hypocrite that ever Satan thrust upon the Churches." On being appointed to preach the anniversary sermon at Knowl Hill, Master Read went down to hear us. We knew nothing of it. The text that morning was—"Why should a living man complain? A man for the punishment of his sins." Master Read came forward in a Christian spirit: honest and full of genuine sympathy. But it was written in the earth that the editor of "*E. V.*" was a hypocrite. Upon the strength of that writing the wealthy Churches have acted. Consequently, "the poor" Churches—the needy children of God

—have had our services; and, in freely, lovingly serving them, we have been happy. never sensitive of any envy or jealousy towards the more exalted of the Lord's ministers; but we confess most distinctly that, with Dickens, we abhor and detest all Gospel Pharisaism, all hypocrisy, and cant of every kind; and the cringing down to Popes for the sake of pulpit patronage, is to us worse than the conduct of the Staffordshire man who robbed us of £250 at one stroke. No hypocrite, so living, so dying, can escape the final denunciation of "God, the Judge of all!"

Vanity v. Value.—The Suffolk Press has produced a sermon from the lips, or the pen, of Mr. Samuel Cozens, a new sermon, headed "REDEMPTION!" It is a noble, a lofty, a truthful contrast between all the glory of the world (which is, at best, but a vain and short-lived shadow), and that eternal blessedness, that perfection of unspeakable glory, to which the Church of Christ is redeemed. Mr. Samuel Cozens has lost none of his mental, none of his meditative, none of his ministerial powers. We felt, in reading this grand discourse, he had received a new inspiration; even the Huntingdonshire detective could find no flaw here. Free from all creature motives, we must urge every lover of God's salvation, every defender of Christ's redemption, to send to Mr. S. Cozens as much as they can afford for

copies of the well digested discourse, especially as it is published to remove the debt on Zoar Chapel, Ipswich, where Mr. Cozens stately ministers. The price is twopence.

The Gospel Magazine for December closes another year of Dr. Doudney's work as the editor of a rich spiritual monthly which has contended for THE FAITH since 1766. It is a merciful demonstration of the Eternal onward permanence and progress of the Revelation God has given us of His counsel and His care of His own people.

John Dixon's "Discourse on Law and Grace" should be well circulated. This pleasant minister and writer has done his best to circulate the tidings of God's way of saving sinners. This "discourse" is a ripe effort of a good man, who has passed his fourscore. Get it of Robert Banks, Racquet-court.

The Amateur Gardener. A tasty, pictorial, well-conducted penny journal. Published by A. Grover, 13A, Salisbury-square, Fleet-street. To lady gardeners, to invalids, to all who have flowers inside or gardens outside, this is a superior and elegant instructor. We are gratified to find the highest of all themes introduced here in a sacred, quiet spirit. On the Passion flower the editor brings in Fletcher's poem. In Christian families *The Amateur Gardener* must be a favourite. On the Passion flower Fletcher said—

A tree was first the instrument of strife,
Where Eve to sin her soul did prostitute ;
A tree is now the instrument of life,
Though all that trunk, and this fair body's suit ;
Ah, cursed tree, and yet O blessed fruit !
That death to him, this life to us doth give :
Strange is the cure, when things past cure
revive,
And the Physician dies, to make his patient live.
Sweet Eden was the arbour of delight,
Yet in his honey flow'rs our poison blew ;
Sad Gethsemane the bow'r of hateful night,
Where Christ a health of poison for us drew.
Yet all our honey in that poison grew :
So we from sweetest flow'rs could suck our bane,
And Christ from bitter venom could again
Extract life out of death, and pleasure out of
pain.

The Gift of Speech Proves the Fallacies of Evolution.—Such is the title of "Axiom VIII." in a pamphlet carrying on its front the following title:—"The Law of Species: An Exposition of the Fallacies of Evolution. By Edward Poulson, of the Rotunda Hospital, Dublin," &c. London: Houlston's; price twopence. Well worth three times the money. Mr. Poulson has not entered upon this work without qualifications. It is no abstract throw-off, like many pulpit orators (?), who have neither research, experience, argument, or proof, in their declamations.

Mr. Poulson spreads his table well, and no man of an enlightened, enquiring mind will regret making himself acquainted with this able treatise. We have been in the "reader's closet," in the "sub-editor's study," in the "Reporters' gallery," even standing by the side of the Archbishop of Canterbury (Sutton, we think), taking down his charge to his clergy. In all these watchings of the world's works, we have been often amazed at the uprising of the most absurd theories promulgated by men of science and of collegiate attainments. We thank Mr. Poulson for his deliberate and gifted testimony. Where ignorance, bigotry, and conceit have been thrown to the wind, this piece of literature will find glad some friends.

One Year's Preventive and Rescue Work. "St. Giles's Christian Mission." To take convicts when they leave the prison, and clothe, feed, instruct, and employ them; to save them, if God will, from adding sin to sin. Mr. George Hatton, 12, Ampton-place, Regent-square, will be glad to see you, if you can help him in such a work of practical charity.

The Whole World!—Rev J. Battersby minds his own business; which is, instrumentally, "to take forth the precious from the vile," and to "rightly divide the word of truth." We know of no man—we pause! We know, and read, a multitude of men; but we know of no one who is enabled to use "*the Sword of the Spirit*" with more clearness, decision, and irrefragible argument than does the Vicar of St. James's, Sheffield. C. W. Stidstone, 23, Moorgate-street, London, is the publisher of volumes and sermons.

The Sack and its Treasure.—Mr. Ebenezer Wilmshurst, the publisher, of 10, Paternoster-square, has issued another enticing volume for young people. If God is pleased with these narratives to touch young hearts, to warn them; to work saving grace in them; to preserve them from being led astray; a merciful end will be accomplished. The best of men can but sow the seed. God only can the increase give. The pictures, the paper, the printing and binding of this shilling "Sack" are all that can be desired.

The Slighted Commission; an Essay on Baptism, Showing how General Baptist Ministers Practically Ignore the New Testament. By Philologus. Nottingham: Published by Thomas Creswick Nichols, 69, Bentinck-road. Price 3d., post free 3½d. We believe this bold, outspoken Philologus is no other than Thomas Creswick Nichols himself. His father, the noble John Nichols, once of

Chandos-street, and for many years the editor of *Zion's Trumpet*, was not only a printer and publisher, but a sterling Gospel preacher, and a valuable pleader for the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society. He has long since gone to his rest; but his works do follow him. His son Thomas, after looking into, and lodging for a while with some other religionists, returns to his first love; and seeing how extensively, how almost entirely the "commission" our ever-adorable God and Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, gave to His disciples on leaving them, when returning home to His Father, witnessing and watching sorrowfully how this grand, last commission of the Son of God is slighted, yea, ignored and cast away—this Thomas Creswick Nichols having reached a mature age, having his mind, his faith, his convictions rooted and grounded in the Word of God, he has come forth with an elaborate essay on baptism, which we think should be read, marked, digested, and well-considered by all who profess to be the true and obedient disciples of the Saviour of their souls. We know this will only excite the anger of those who turn their backs upon Christ while they profess He is "ALL-IN-ALL" to them. We are aware that Baptism by immersion is a kind of laughing-stock to many. Nevertheless, let us give this friend a fair hearing, and if he is raised up to resist the tide of an anti-Gospel flood now pouring into our land, let us pray that his solemn essay may not fall to the ground.

WILLIAM TYNDALE.—The translator of the New Testament into English was born May 8, 1484. The four hundredth anniversary of his birth is commemorated by a statue erected in the Thames Embankment Gardens. We are in possession of strong evidences of the vital, spiritual, Christ and truth-loving characters of Wycliffe, Tyndale, Luther, and a succession of their kind, which some of our readers may be edified in perusing.

THE LARGEST BOOKING-OFFICE IN THE WORLD.—The "death-train" is running night and day. The chariots of fire require no steam-engine. Christ, Enoch, Elijah, and a multitude no man can number in heaven understand and explain that singular Scripture, "Or ever I was aware, my soul was set upon the chariots of the willing people" (see the margin). All in Christ, living and dying in the Lord, are carried by the angels into the bosom of love. All despisers of Christ who practically say, "We will not have *this* Man to reign over us," are carried by the *death-train*

down into outer darkness. It is through a dismal tunnel all the way. No coming out into the light! Oh, it is a solemn thing to live and to die in sin, in unbelief, in enmity against God, and to be without any saving knowledge of Him! How busy the world is with everything but the one thing needful! Theatres are full! hospitals are full! prisons are full! penal servitude dungeons are full! God have mercy on the people. May His ministers be as flames of fire. May His saved people be as wrestling Jacobs. May many seriously ask the question, "Shall I ascend in the chariots of fire to the glory-world, or descend in the *death-train* to black despair?"

The City Diary for 1885 is now 22 years of age, and is increasingly approved. All persons connected with, or interested in, the City of London keep this annual in their desk. Messrs. Collingridge, of *City Press* Office, Aldersgate-street, have improved upon it every year. From the same firm we have, in elegant and useful style, *Old Jonathan's Annual and Almanack*. The Annual must be seen to be appreciated. We can neither paint nor print any true representation of the well-known *Old Jonathan*.

"A Friend" brings us a volume, bound in scarlet cloth, gilt lettered, entitled, *The Baptist Almanack for 1885*.—Young friends who wish to present their minister or their laborious deacon with some useful token of their esteem, cannot obtain anything more valuable for reference or study as is this strongly, handsomely-bound volume of "The Baptist Almanack," to be had for one shilling of R. Banks, Fleet-street.

ORIGINAL LINES FROM THE SUFFOLK POET.

"He is the Rock; His work is perfect" (Deut. xxxii. 4.)

O FOR a heart in tune to sing
The glorious conquest of my King;
His work is perfect, just His ways,
And all His dealings claim my praise.

Faith hails Thee, Rock of Ages, blest;
In fiercest storms on Thy dear breast
Hope finds her anchorage secure,
For Thou my tempest can endure.

Shipwrecked and driven to Thy side,
Weeping, I cry, O hid' me, hide;
O, cast not to the foaming wave
That rolls beneath, in mercy save!

Fix'd on this rock, let billows roll
With all their fury o'er my soul;
The riven side of Christ my Lord
A perfect shelter will afford.

Arise, my soul, and sing the song,
Eternal ages shall prolong;
A never-ending theme is this,
In Christ my Rock perfection is.

O Rock Divine, Thy work and ways
Demand our highest notes of praise;
Here they are feeble, but ere long
We hope to sing one perfect song.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

MEN THAT I HAVE KNOWN.

SEPTIMUS SEARS.

Septimus, when I first knew him, was a greatly afflicted man—a mere skeleton, dressed in a pale skin without much under-clothing of flesh. Indeed, he was such a poor creature, that it almost seemed as if the skeleton would fall to pieces, and his head was literally held up with an iron prop, or stay. But though so much afflicted, he was buoyant. Buoyancy is a characteristic of the Sears family—a bearing up under difficulties. *Nil desperandum* was the moral axiom of all the Sears'. I know they are strong believers in Shakspeare's theology—"There is a divinity that shapes our ends." I wont say that they accepted this as the disciples of Zeus bowed with a callous irony to the inevitable, but believing that the hand of God was somehow in all things evolving good out of evil to those who trust in Him, they found comfort in their affliction. Such comfort, indeed, as those who have no belief in "the divinity that shapes our ends" can experience. The believers in chance and fortune, and luck, have nothing solid and supporting to fall back upon in the time of adversity and affliction. But the man who believes in God, says, "What He appoints is best." This is the man who says in affliction, "Thy will"—"Father, Thy will be done." "When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

It seems to me that some are endowed with a good deal of moral patience. I think Job must have been, for he said, "He performeth the thing that He appointed for me, and many such things are with Him." But you say he cursed his day. True, to show us that there is no patience in our afflicted flesh. He blessed God in his heaviest afflictions, because faith carried Him up from the things seen, to the unseen Hand "that conducts the strange vicissitude." Indeed, he saw the hand of God in it, and blessed the hand that gave and took away. I have just derived some comfort from Job's rebellious feelings when he cursed his day, for I was in such agony of body the other night, that I was tempted to curse my existence, and the vile thought flashed through my mind that hell could hardly be worse. The fire that melts the gold reveals the dross. And I find that these boiling, melting fires of affliction bring out the vile dross of murmuring, and fretting, &c. No, there is no patience in our afflicted nature. The *patience of hope* is the gift of God. I thank God most heartily for the book of Job, and for the book of Jonah. For I have seen my vile self, and my better self in Job. And I have been in a moral hell with Jonah. In 1866, I fell in a deeper hell than Jonah's, for I could not look again. And one night I shouted in the agony of despair, "Lost! lost! lost!" My poor afflicted wife said, "No, dear, you are not lost, you are found. It is Satan's temptation; He who hath delivered, will deliver

you." I exclaimed, "No, I am lost, lost." And so I felt:—

"From fear to hope, and hope to fear,
My shipwreck'd soul was tossed,
Till I was tempted in despair,
To give up all for lost."

It is with the hope of comforting some tempted soul, that I refer to that season of deep sorrow and sore temptation, when God was silent at the words of my roaring (Psa. xxii. 1).

Septimus seems to have had a deep experience. And having said something about the same in language that displeased the Editor of the *Standard*, he was severely criticised, and thrown overboard. No doubt God's hand was in that. And doubtless many of the present generation bless God for "the Sower and the Seed." And we hope that many of the rising generation will be greatly blest through the works which He originated.

In saying this much, we are not committing ourselves to all Mr. Sears' opinions. We speak of him as a gifted man, and godly minister of Christ, as we believe he was from the power that attended his ministry. I think I heard him preach his first sermon in London. However, more than forty years ago I heard him in Tottenham-court-road, from the eighth verse of the eighty-fifth Psalm: "I will hear what God the Lord will speak: for He will speak peace unto His people, and to His saints; but let them not turn again to folly." The leading thoughts of the preacher were, that God's children came to the house of God to be spoken to, and that God comes to speak peace to their troubled hearts. And when He speaks to them, it takes them away from folly. "I will hear what God the Lord will speak." Not what the man shall say, but what the Lord will speak, and seal home by His Spirit on my heart. "He will speak." Faith keeps the ear of the soul up to the mouth of God. "He will speak." Listen, soul. I cannot recollect much of the sermon, but the text was written on the tablets of my heart and mind by the tongue that was as the pen of a ready writer. And as I believe that the text fastened into the mind, as a nail in a sure place, by the power of the Spirit, through the testimony, is the best proof of the genuineness of a minister's credentials, I cherish the memory of Septimus Sears, as a man of God.

There are some living to-day who heard that sermon, and they will agree with me that it was a simple, and savoury discourse, full of godly feeling, and experimental knowledge—of such godly feeling and experience that we get but little of now-a-days. Too many of our modern preachers reach the pulpit, as some men reach the bar. They study Divinity and the Bible till they become preachers, as some study law and read law books till they become pleaders. As some become clear and clever advocates by their

close application to the principles of Jurisprudence, to the science of law, so others by a similar process of application to the doctrines known as Calvinistic, acquire so much borrowed light as to pass them as luminaries in the professing Church. It is as easy for one man to learn doctrine, as it is for another man to learn law. Paul says, "I will know not the *speech*, but the *power*." It is not a man stating the truth, but so stating it that you realise the *savour* of the knowledge of Christ in his statement. God help us to look after the power. So prays

AMICUS.

BROSELEY AND BARNSELEY.—I have had the pleasure of speaking twice during the last two months for the friends at Broseley. I believe that it is a very hopeful cause, they are certainly a generous and truth-loving people. I hope in their efforts for their chapel they will meet with good success. I saw David Smith, of Bilston, whom I love in the truth. Bless his heart, he is full of action for God and His truth. I hope he will be encouraged at Bilston, and I could wish that all our hopeful Davids might not have to ask, "What have I done?" of their elder straight-laced and hard-hearted brethren. But rather let the elders say to the younger, "Let no man despise thee." Paul and Timothy may live, Cain and Nabal may die, if God be glorified in us. Peace be within our walls and prosperity in our palaces. Although I am a poor trumpet I seem always to be full of work; and sure I am I am never so happy as when I am over head and ears in it. Our beloved people at Barnsley are not wearied of me after fifteen years with them. The stream in my soul has not run dry: still fresh waters come. I begin to think the Lord must have sent me, for when I think I have done bubbling up it comes again. Praise the Lord.—J. TAYLOR.

CLERKENWELL.—It is now about 32 years ago that C. W. Banks, John Foreman, and Mr. John Hazelton preached at the opening services of Mount Zion, Chadwell-street. Since that time he (Mr. H.) has had a continuous, successful career as pastor; the Lord has endowed him with a studious mind, and not having his hands fettered with business or editorial pursuits he has been enabled, by the grace and Spirit of God, to apply himself to the meditation of the Holy Scriptures. His people and those who hear him from time to time certainly derive benefit therefrom, as he discourses on the person and work of our dear Redeemer. On Tuesday, December 16th, annual service was held, and Mr. Hazelton was surrounded by many brethren in the ministry and lay friends, among whom were Messrs. Anderson, Box, Clarke, Dearsly, Griffiths, W. Hazelton, Meeres, and Reynolds. Mr. Hazelton in the course of his remarks said that since he had been there many whom they once knew in the Gospel ministry had been summoned to their long and happy home, and that brother Meeres and himself were the two oldest pastors in London, and was glad to see his

brother with them once more and should like him to speak. Mr. Meeres briefly referred to his last visit there and of his being taken suddenly ill as soon as he reached his home, but he was thankful to say—although he had been given up by medical men—that he was able to take the whole of the services at his own place, and proceeded to give a warm-hearted address from the words, "Whom have I in heaven but thee?" etc., in which he grew emphatic as he spoke of the boundless love of God towards such unworthy creatures as we are. Mr. Styles was unable to be present through affliction.

A VOICE FROM SHEFFIELD.—We have gone the length and breadth of Northern England, and we know that the Gospel Our Lord and His apostles preached is much cast down. Still, there are a few in Sardis, and the following will show brother Joseph Taylor is one of them. He says: "We did some good out-door labour at Barnsley during the summer months. God gave unto us a most signal victory over the sceptics, the story of which I will write you in full, and let you have it presently. Bad trade has told its tale upon our neighbourhood and people. Is not this the Lord's hand upon us for our desperate departure from Him? Can we suppose He is asleep, or gone a journey while the world makes haste to get rich, and the professedly religious people conspire together to ignore, explain away, or despise His own Word, given unto the nations, alas! for the disputers of this world! Hath not God made void the wisdom of this world? Is He not confounding those at ease in Zion, whose itching ears turn from the Spirit to the flesh? Truth and judgment are strange things, distasteful and unsought for, while flowery speech, smooth language, an eloquent tongue, excellent parsonic appearance, command the attention of modern worshippers. All sorts of Arminian sects and parties. Plain Jesus Christ, plain Peter and Paul, Plain words of God, plain man-humbling, and God-exalting truths despised. Ah! that bespeaks a great falling away, so much that if it were possible they shall deceive the very elect. What can we do but live in the Spirit, walk in the Spirit, wait for Him who will come and will not tarry, and do our best with simple trust in the power of God, and the sovereignty of His grace. He will save, and by whom He will. Paul is nothing, Cephas is nothing; but God in Paul, God in Cephas, God in rams' horns, giveth the increase and pulleth down the spiritual Jericho. Bless His name for evermore. Amen.

"Nearer, nearer, to the goal,
Onward speeds thy weary soul,
From the portals of thy home.
Oh, hear Him bid thee welcome,
See His arms extended wide,
In his heart thy soul to hide.
Heaven's for thee dost thou see,
What a bright eternity?"

Yours for ever,
JOSEPH TAYLOR.

IPSWICH.—On December 10th, tea and public meeting took place at Zoar Chapel to inaugurate an effort for the removal of a debt of £300. The meeting was very successful. The ladies gave 26 trays. A large number sat down to tea. An old member said they had never seen anything like it at Zoar before. Chapel full at the public meeting. Earnest speeches were delivered by the pastor, Mr. Cozens, and by Messrs. Bland, Kern, Whurlow, and Cordle. Profits of tea, collections, and donations, amounted to over £50, for which the pastor asked the friends to stand up and sing:—

“Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.”

And then pastor Haddock, of Somersham, concluded with prayer. The meeting was thoroughly earnest, harmonious, and happy, and the people's gratitude was again expressed by singing,—

“All hail the power of Jesu's name.”

I ought to have said that many sincere regrets were expressed at the absence, through affliction, of Mr. Weston, who was expected to preside, and of Messrs. Houghton and Cowell, who were announced to take part in the meeting. Mr. J. Cowell kindly sent £5; if 50 more kindly follow his example we should be free indeed. Thanks were given by the pastor to the ladies, friends, and ministers. In his speech the pastor said, “I have dotted down some few of the discouragements that I have met with. Almost the first person to whom I mooted my intention to make an effort to get rid of the chapel debt, said, ‘You can't do it.’ My reply to that was, ‘Can't do’ never did anything worth talking about. People who think they can't do never do what they can. Another, from whom I expected some encouragement, said: ‘You have begun at a bad time.’ My reply to that was that the wall was built in troublous times. Paul commends the Corinthians for the liberal contributions that came from their deep poverty. To give God a little when your pockets are full is not a thankworthy act, but to give Him much from a little, to give Him the contents of your pocket, as the poor widow did, is something noble. If some modern Christians had lived next door to that woman no doubt they would have told her that she had acted very imprudently, and they would ask, ‘And what will you do now you have given away all your living?’ ‘Do,’ says the widow, ‘what you have never learnt to do, trust the Lord.’ ‘Honour the Lord with his substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase: so shalt thy barns be filled with plenty and thy presses shall burst out with new wine.’ Those were the words of a man whose father honoured the Lord with his substance, and devoted his wealth to the building of a house for God. David gave his wealth to the temple and God gave his son riches exceeding much—exceeding the much that David had given to God. The barns of the people were emptied when they neglected God's house (see Hagga). Showers of blessings come upon those who are true to the claims of

God, but curses wither the enterprises of those who rob God (Mal. iii.). How few of us act up to the song we sing:—

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

Our divine Lord says, ‘Give and it shall be given you, full measure, pressed down, and running over.’ Remember, ‘the Lord loveth a cheerful giver.’”

STOKE ASH.—**DEAR MR. BANKS,**—Perhaps it would interest your readers to hear how the Lord blessed us at Stoke Ash, through the preaching of the Word by one whose voice has not long been heard upon the walls of Zion. It may encourage them still to pray that the Lord of the harvest would be pleased to send forth more labourers into His vineyard. Through the death of a relative, our pastor's steps were led to Aldringham. On Lord's-day, Nov. 16, he preached in the Baptist Chapel in that place. On the same day, the newly-ordained Aldringham pastor, Mr. H. B. Berry, came and preached to us. “Berry!” some thought, is quite a new name for a Baptist minister. Such questions as—“Do you know him?” and “Do you like him?” passed from one to another. We had not to wait long after Mr. B. ascended the platform before such interrogations could be answered—Blessed with a large amount of original thought, and lifted up (we think) above the fear, the opinion, and the applause of man, he was enabled to preach to us three old-fashioned, substantial, God-glorifying Gospel sermons. Christ was uplifted, sinners warned, saints had their own image portrayed before them, and were once again enabled rejoicingly to say, “I am my Beloved's, and He is mine.” Many felt it good to be there, and were stimulated to thank God and take courage. Thank God for another display of His faithfulness and power. Take courage, knowing still OUR GOD is in the heavens, and His kingdom ruleth over all. Still,

“He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve His might.”

Still he is able to raise up, qualify, and send forth men, who, in preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ, shun not to declare the whole counsel of God. May we see much of His going forth in our midst in the near future, causing our hearts to rejoice, and in the midst of our joy all the glory we would ascribe to Him, to whom alone it is due.—**P. BARRELL, Braiseworth, Dec., 1884.**

LIMEHOUSE.—On Thursday, Dec. 4, our baptistry at Elim was opened for the third time in twelve months, when, after sermon on Acts xxii. 16, four young friends, who had given satisfactory evidence of their faith in, and love to, the Lord Jesus Christ, were baptized by the pastor, F. C. Holden, making 14 during the last twelve months.—**F. C. H.**

A NEW CHAPEL FOR STREATHAM.

Under exceedingly unpropitious circumstances—as far as the weather was concerned—was the little iron chapel in Hambro'-road opened on Thursday, Dec. 11. This small church is under the pastoral care of the venerable Mr. Ponsford, who would take this opportunity of most heartily thanking the numerous friends, one and all, who so kindly forwarded donations in reply to the collecting cards; so that the place has been opened quite free from debt. The neighbourhood is new, the roads being in an unfinished state, the cause is comparatively new, and the chapel is new, so that it cannot be truly said that this aged servant of God is building on another man's foundation. May God grant that this effort, begun in hope, may become a home for many a child of God, a place where His honour is upheld, His truth proclaimed, and His name loved and adored by the living in Jerusalem.

On the opening day a sermon was preached by Mr. C. Cornwell, of Brixton Tabernacle, who dwelt on the proclamation of the one true and everlasting Gospel of the grace of God. It was preached in Mr. C.'s plain but forcible manner, and was most heartily appreciated; after which the friends sat down to a comfortable tea, which was kindly given by generous-hearted donors. In the evening, Mr. J. S. Anderson occupied the pulpit; and although the audience was not as large as one would have wished, his discourse was listened to with earnest and devout attention. His text was from 1 Kings vi. 7, on the noiseless building of Solomon's temple, and one point is specially worth mentioning in this day of sensationalism. "I cannot possibly bring myself to believe," observed Mr. Anderson, "that men shouting, women dancing and jumping, drums beating, and banners flying, can have the least sympathy with the work of God the Holy Spirit." His further temperate but truthful remarks on the silent work of God the Holy Ghost were capital, and worthy of a place in this magazine did space permit. In conclusion, he hoped the cause there commenced would go on silently and surely, and be the means, in the hands of God, of bringing many souls and daughters into the visible temple on earth—namely, His Church.

For the information of friends who may be visiting or residing in the neighbourhood of Streatham, we may say that Providence Chapel is situated in Hambro'-road, at the bottom of Natal-road, almost facing the Common, and about ten minutes' walk from Streatham Station. Denham's Selection of Hymns is used. R. B.

CLAPHAM.—Services in aid of Sabbath-school connected with Ebenezer, Wirtemberg-street, were held on Tuesday, Dec. 9. Mr. J. S. Anderson delivered a sermon on—"For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands," &c. He referred to the exalted position of the once crucified ONE, and of His present employment on behalf of His chosen as Advocate, Intercessor, Mediator, Forerunner, &c. Christ

entered into heaven. He has gone there to prepare a place for His redeemed. In the evening Mr. J. E. Hazelton presided, and gave a spiritual address on certain necessary qualifications for Sunday-school teachers. Mr. Anderson spoke from "Instead of the fathers shall be the children." Messrs. W. Hazelton, Cornwell, W. H. Lee, Dearnly, James Clarke, and E. Beazley poured out streams of living waters. Mr. H. Hall, the pastor, gave a fatherly address to the children and young people who filled the gallery. We sang the benediction and closed. The new schoolroom is most inviting in appearance and comfort.—J. W. B.

THE ETERNITY OF THE DOINGS OF GOD.

OLD FRIEND CHAS. WATERS BANKS,—I have known for more than 40 years that you love to tell all the world when any evidence of the Lord's saving power is seen. You know, as a traveller for a large firm, I am all over the country at times; and when business is done I hunt through the streets to find a lighted up chapel or church; then when gas says, "Service going on now!" in I venture. Oh, the artificial apes I often see and hear. Early in December I was returning from the West, and a telegram called me to England's delicate garden—the pious town of Cheltenham—where Joseph Flory resides, and other notables. Having to pass the mansion where John Broom, Esq., resides, I rang the bell to inquire if the valiant veteran was yet gone home. "He is gone to Bethel, sir." Off I went. As I entered, Thomas Bradbury was reading his text, "I know that whatsoever GOD doeth, IT SHALL BE FOR EVER! Nothing can be put to it: nor anything taken from it; and God doeth it that men should fear before Him." Well, the works of God in salvation were proclaimed truly. I have not forgotten that season.

D. P. B.

POPLAR.—Special services were held in Bethel Chapel on Dec. 9. Mr. Bradbury preached; Mr. J. Crutcher presided in the evening. Mr. F. H. Noyes, the pastor, read a brief report, which showed that the church was healthy, though poor; small, yet rich in faith. The church had increased from 28 members to 40. Ten members had been added during the year. Speeches were made by Messrs. Buttery, Holden, Sears, Lynn, and Lovelock. A letter from Mr. C. W. Banks was read, stating his inability to be present on account of the protracted illness of his beloved wife. All present heard the letter with regret. I think it would be well if a day could be set apart for public prayer for the welfare of Mr. Banks in his domestic trials, and for the prosperity of his Church. Many might meet for a short time some part of the day in Speldhurst-road Chapel (by permission of the beloved pastor and deacons). Anything I could do to enhance the interest of my dear old and valued friend, Mr. C. W. Banks, should not be wanting. God bless brother Noyes, prays W. WINTERS.

**BIRCH MEADOW CHAPEL AND
THE LATE MR. THOS. JONES,
BROSELEY, SALOP.**

WHEN we were first informed that a paper had been found amongst the late Thomas Jones's MSS., requesting that "no tombstone or tablet" be erected to his memory, we felt a little disappointed. We thought that such an honourable life, so long and lovingly and faithfully devoted to the cause of God and truth, and to many philanthropic movements, was, at least, worthy of a record in a tablet of marble. But a very happy thought occurred to his hosts of warmly attached friends, the carrying out of which has put another phase upon the matter. It was decided to thoroughly renovate and improve the old chapel where he so long and wisely preached "the Gospel of the grace of God." This has been done in an excellent style at a cost of £460. It now stands a pleasant and useful tribute to the loving memory of the dear man of God who has gone on before; and a sanctuary of the Lord for those following after. Nearly the whole amount has been magnanimously subscribed by the late Thos. Jones's admirers and friends. The collections at the re-opening services were £22 10s., leaving only a deficit of about £20 which, it is hoped, will be raised by the end of this year (1884).

The re-opening services took place on Sunday, Nov. 23rd, when Mr. S. K. Bland, of Ipswich, preached two eloquent sermons to very good congregations. The preacher also conducted a very interesting children's service in the afternoon. The choral portion of the services was efficiently rendered by the choir, under the leadership of G. Adams, Esq., of Wolverhampton. On Sunday, Nov. 30th, the pulpit was occupied by Mr. George Banks, who also administered the Lord's supper in the afternoon, and made some encouraging remarks to the Church. A prayer and thanksgiving meeting was held after the usual evening service, when several brethren heartily blessed God for His abundant goodness to them.

It is only right to say the committee, under the indefatigable efforts of the secretary, Mr. A. Shinn, have carried out the entire work of renovation in a spirited manner, and have achieved excellent results. Mr. Bland acted as architect, and rendered his services gratuitously. May Birch Meadow Chapel in its new attire long be the sphere of an active Church life, the abode of truth and peace, and the birthplace of many souls. Thus will the name and fame of the late Thos. Jones, and of his divine Master, be best handed down to posterity.—GEO. BANKS, Willenhall.

HARWICH.—"What place might you be enquiring for, sir?" "The chapel called 'Ebenezer,' where my old friend, Mr. Dyer, was once the minister; but now our well-known and universally-esteemed Chelmsford townsman—Josiah Cowell, Esq.—is, I believe, lovingly preaching the Gospel to the people; and, on this Dec. 4, 1884, a meeting of his friends is to be holden?" "Quite right, sir; I am going there. Come with

me!" "I must first post my letters. Is that the chapel?" "It is." "I hope to be there in a few minutes." Found a cheerful and full assembly. I kept in the background, quietly watching the proceedings. It was evident the hearts of the people were all intent upon encouraging the heart of their minister (Mr. Cowell), who, one said, had been a "providential present to this people, and now they are quite set upon proving to him their appreciation of his services." Mr. J. Grice, a deacon of the Church, came forward, and in a manly, forcible, and affectionate address, presented to Mr. Cowell a solid silver inkstand, elegant in every way. An illuminated address, framed and glazed, with nearly eighty names attached, was presented by Mr. F. Everard. To my agreeable surprise, our honourable neighbour, Mr. Sanders, then presented Mr. Cowell with an ivory and silver penholder and gold pen; all spoke sacred words. Mr. Cowell behaved like a gentleman, as he always does, in gracefully acknowledging the presents. We all united in singing—

"With heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to Thee commend;
His person bless, his soul secure,
And make him to the end endure."

SOMERSETSHIRE.—"Traveller" has been all through this delightful western county, and we have been there several times in different parts, but New Testament Baptists have little ground here. A celebrated fruit-grower says:—"Here is the ideal (do you admit that new-fashioned term?) of such a pastor as we require. His name is 'Tom Putt!' Of attracting appearance! having useful qualities! fit for any purpose! and will keep for any length of time." "Where can I hear him?" "He never speaks! The name of a Somerset apple is 'Tom Putt!' Now, we have no pastor nor minister. We meet! we sing! we read! we pray! We often feel happy in the divine service; but a 'mouth' through which the Lord the Spirit would speak to us is the desideratum. We esteem brother George Kellaway, of Yeovil; we can but love the South Chard 'shepherd'; John Huntley, of Bath, is still an earnest witness; but they are all a long way from us. We want a man—'Putt!' Where can we find him—juicy, durable, and honest?"

NEW CROSS.—It is "Zion!" A monument raised up! Happy place, where glory from the Divine presence shines. Happy people, who sit down under His shadow, and find His fruit satisfying to their souls! Happy pastor! who upheld in the contemplation of the mysteries of godliness, is favoured to stand forth in the midst of a goodly throng and unfold the great plan of salvation. While the eternal Spirit giveth utterance to the speaker, and openeth the hearts of the hearers, profitably to receive the truth in the love of it. Mr. Anderson baptized seven in December. Thus school, Church, and congregation, rejoice together.

CHELTENHAM.—On going down to Cheltenham the other day, it was quietly hinted I might be at good John Broom's funeral, or hear his funeral sermon. Instead of this, the venerable and devoted brother was in the Chapel, quite alive, reading out the hymns; and his cheerful wife and the choir, singing a sacred anthem of praise unto the Lord. He appeared as much "the happy John Broom, of Bethel, Cheltenham," as ever. Illness, of itself, kills no one. Look at that giant of a man, Samuel Foster, of Sturry, he has been in his bed and bed-room, over thirty years, always suffering. Go to Thaxsted, see John Diloston's good wife; blind, bed-ridden, and a sufferer at eighty-six. She cannot die. Many more we might mention. But, the old Montrose Dr. Campbell, went quietly to bed the other night; he called for no illness, no doctors, no nurses; he laid down in peace. In the morning, they could not find him. "Knock at the door!" They did! No answer. They tremblingly drew near the bed. There lay the outer man, cold, stiff, lifeless: the doctor was gone. Oh, to be living a life of faith on Christ, every day! Then departing to be with Him will be glory for ever. But what "glory" is I never yet could tell. I wish good John Broom could get "a man after God's own heart" to fill, by the power of the Spirit, the souls of the people, and also the seats with the people. W. Holt says, "The Strict Baptists lack a something yet," and for the want of it, God cannot work. For thirty years we saw God's work everywhere. But now, one of our travellers declares the pulpits are filled with artificial and shallow preachers! We sing on:—

"O, to Grace! how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!"

ON THE WING.

WHITESTONE, NEAR HEREFORD.
—**DEAR BROTHER C. W. BANKS,**—I feel thankful to our God and Father for His goodness to us as a Church. We thank you for sending us Mr. William Price: he came to preach for us as soon as we invited him, he has been preaching for us ever since. The Church invited him for three months, which time was up Sunday, November 23. We held Church meeting on November 13, then the Church gave him an invitation for six months longer. The Church is anxious for him to stop with us. He gave us seven references: he said he should not like to accept our invitation without our writing for them. We received the seven replies. They are all very good, could not be better; the Churches all round Bath were sorry to lose his services; this they ALL SAY. It is our united prayer to God that He may apply the word with power, for the comforting and building up of His children, and for the gathering in of those who are yet among the wandering sheep, so that they may be brought into the fold: this, we know, must be the work of the Holy Spirit, and for this we pray, and we feel encouraged: the chapel is well attended. Bless the Lord,

we have peace now, and the Church is united; thanks to our God. Brother Godsall sends love.—**JAMES LEWIS.**

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES,

Like a flood, is carrying the people away into the swelling waters of man's excitement and pre-eminence. At a Scotch gathering the other week, the Dundee minister said he "remembered when the first organ was introduced into a Church in Glasgow, and, two or three weeks after, that Church was burned. They came to the conclusion that that was just the disapproval of Heaven for the introduction of such an innovation." Major Macleod argued, "That organ music in Church was idolatrous, because an organ was an image, being an imitation of the human voice"; and went on to add that "they sent missionaries to the poor Tartars, who prayed to God by means of a windmill, which was no whit worse, he thought, than praising by an organ." On Sunday, November 23, 1884, St. George's Church, Glasgow, was totally destroyed by fire. An organ, costing £1,000, was built in it only a year ago.

Old Aaron says, "I do not go to hear music, but to have my faith confirmed in the atoning blood, in the rising and interceding power of the One glorious Son of God, who is one with the Father, and with the Holy Ghost." I am a sinner—a believing sinner, and my prayer is:—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power."

Cromwell, when dying, asked his chaplain if a man once in Christ could fall so as to be lost? "No!" said the chaplain—"never!" "Then," said Cromwell, "I am happy. For I was in grace in Christ once, I know." We feel the need of being in Christ daily! As to the attractions to draw the people we must leave to the Popes and prelates.

PECKHAM RYE.—The Heaton-road friends had very pleasant meetings Dec. 11. I was helped to say a few words in the afternoon on the song of all songs. In the evening the pastor, Mr. J. Wilkins, presided, and read connective pieces for the choir on the desire of all nations," which was ably performed by a goodly number of young friends, under the conductorship of Mr. J. R. Raymond. The services were happy, orderly, and scriptural.—**W. WINTERS.**

SOUTH HACKNEY.

THREE ANNIVERSARIES IN ONE.

On Thursday, 20th Nov., at Speldhurst-road Chapel, some friends met the pastor at a tea and social meeting to commemorate the fifty-third anniversary of his ministry of the Gospel; the forty-first of his ministry in London; and the fortieth of his editorship of the **EARTHEN VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD**, the leading organ of the Strict Baptist denomination.

Notwithstanding wet weather several old

friends rallied round the pastor, and the most notable events of the evening were the speeches of the chairman, James Mote, Esq., and the veteran, Thos. Stringer, both of whose interesting reminiscences (which have run concurrently and sympathetically with the pastor's for many years), were received with much pleasure. J. J. Fowler, the secretary of Speldhurst-road Church, gave a brief statement of the present position of the Church—showing that the pastor had been carrying on the work of the ministry at Speldhurst for some time at a pecuniary loss to himself of about £1 per week, which proves that it is a labour of love. Brethren J. E. Elsey, Lewis, and Griffiths, assisted at the meeting. On Lord's-day, Nov. 30th, I do not know whether in conjunction with the treble anniversary or no. C. W. B. preached from a treble text (Psa. lxxx. 3, 7, and 19), each verse commencing with the words, "turn us again," dwelling principally on the final verse, where the appeal is made to the "Lord God of hosts." Some expressed their conviction after the service that the pastor had not preached so powerfully for some time. May the prayer of the text go up from many hearts who need a revival, and be answered in their happy experience, and in that of—

A LONDON SPARROW.

[Yes, dear "London Sparrow," mine is a *labour of love* indeed. On a certain Monday (I expect before you was born, it being very many years ago), when I was bringing out a new edition of Dr. Hawker's "Commentary" (in Spettigue's office), for the late Frederick Silver, Esq., on a certain Monday ever memorable to me, when, in the dinner-hour, all the men were gone out and I was left quite alone, a power entered into me and I fell prostrate on the floor; and there and then I was led most awfully to enter into a covenant with the Almighty that, if He would seal home the pardon of sin in my soul, I would never hold my tongue (as long as this life should last) in publishing His free grace salvation to the sons of men. As soon as I recovered myself and arose from the floor, full of amazement at what had occurred, Samuel Foster came into the office, and he said, "I have come up from Sturry to see you—to take you this evening to hear Mr. George Abrahams." I was exceedingly surprised. I never said a word to him of my wrestling and covenant making with God, but I told him I had given up all hopes of hearing men, for they all, to a man, preached Christ as a Saviour of sinners, but when they came to deal with sinners they sent them all to hell without mercy. However, that evening, Samuel Foster dragged me to Jewry-street to hear Geo. Abrahams, who knew nothing of me nor I of him, nor had he the least idea of such a poor wretch being there, only he thought there must be one in soul trouble. That very night, the Lord came down and filled the house and my soul with His glory. All my rags and wretchedness were removed, pardon and assurance were given. I must not enlarge here. Since then my covenant with God

has been sharply tried, and is now; but it has never been broken. Love to Christ, to His Gospel, to all His work in my soul, is a mighty power. All through England and Wales I have gone publishing "grace." Ministers, men, women, editors, and people, have fought hard to destroy me; my faith, my hope, my love, are sharply tried. I feel as though I had not one in all the world who can sympathise with me; but "this is my comfort in my affliction," Christ's own Word comes into me, and often doth it quicken me. My soul's petition laid at the feet of our Great High Priest is that I might "finish my course with joy."—C. W. BANKS.]

STRATFORD.—One of the most beautiful buildings in our denomination is Gurney-road Chapel, in Leytonstone-road, Stratford. The pastor, John Hunt Lynn, is a Gospel minister of good parts. The contractor, Mr. Mortar, is deserving of great credit for the stability and taste he has displayed in the erection of the noble edifice. The gross cost of the building alone is estimated at £1,169. This sum does not include seating, furniture, back buildings, lighting, &c., which, added to the debt £751 more, making the entire outlay £1,920. From this sum £350 has been paid, leaving a balance at the opening services of £1,425. The £350 includes £120 discount, and £25 kindly given by Mr. Mortar for the baptistry. The chapel will comfortably seat 470. It is hoped friends will help to defray the debt. The treasurer is Mr. Cannings, 22, Chatsworth-road, Stratford, London, E. The opening services on Lord's-day, Nov. 23, when Mr. Charles Hill preached the sermons. On Tuesday Mr. Thomas Hull preached an experimental sermon. In the evening W. Beech, Esq., presided. Mr. W. K. Squirrell prayed. I. C. Johnson, Esq., made the opening speech; short addresses were given by pastor, J. L. Hunt, J. S. Anderson, W. K. Dexter, W. Winters, F. C. Holden, P. Davies, W. Hazelton, J. Mote, F. G. Burgess, and H. C. Dallimore. The songs of praise were well conducted. Mr. R. E. Sears concluded by prayer the happy services of a long-to-be-remembered day.—W. WINTERS.—[Mr. John Hazelton was to have preached on the next Sunday, but illness prevented. One of our correspondents writes: "In the absence of Mr. Hazelton, John Hunt Lynn preached on 'Mount Moriah,' from the time of Noah to the time of our Saviour, the best sermon I had ever heard Mr. L. preach."]

BRIGHTON.—On Monday, Dec. 15, a public thanksgiving service was held at Salem Chapel, Bond-street, preceded by a tea, in order to acknowledge the Lord's great mercies to us as a Church and people, and to express sincere thanks to those friends, both in the Church and outside, for the noble and generous help they had given, enabling us to be rid of the incubus of a debt of £250, a debt contracted a little before the present pastorate commenced. A vote of hearty thanks was accorded to the contributors and

collectors, special reference being made to our brother, J. H. Stephens, as secretary and treasurer to the fund, and through whose indefatigable efforts in a great measure this desirable object had been realised. A surplus of £3 of the amount collected was set apart as a nucleus for a repairing fund, thus making provision for any future expense to be incurred. A very gratifying incident took place just before the happy meeting closed. At the suggestion of our liberal friend, Mr. W. L. Payne, that a collection be then made in order to inaugurate a poor fund, himself starting it with £3, this was warmly acceded to by the congregation, and the sum of £7 14s. was realised. A fund has thus been formed for the benefit of the Lord's poor, which we hope may be well sustained. Thank God, we are free of debt, leaving us free not to settle down on our lees, but to gird up the loins of our mind for further toil and future labour. Oh, for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit that a rich harvest of spiritual blessing may be speedily reaped! Brethren W. L. Payne, Virgo, Greenyer, Boxell, Stephens, Reed, Turner, Hinckley, and the pastor, who presided, taking part in the proceedings of the evening, all at the close heartily singing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

PRESENTATION TO MR. JOHN BUSH AT KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

Had that dear man of God, Mr James Wells, been spared to witness the recognition which one of the members of his Church received on Wednesday evening, Dec. 3, 1884, at Providence Chapel, Kingston-on-Thames, his heart would have been warmed. For the past three years brother Bush has supplied us, his word being clothed with the Spirit's power, being blessed to the conversion of poor sinners from nature's darkness into God's marvellous light, and to the loosing of those that were bound. The Lord blessing his word so abundantly, as a thank-offering the Church and friends subscribed to present Mr. John Bush with a suitable memento in the shape of seven volumes of bound books and a purse of sovereigns.

Brother Lowrie, one of the deacons, in making the presentation, after tea had been partaken of, spoke of the goodness of the Lord in having kept and preserved them as a Church of Jesus Christ, and said it gave him great pleasure to have to perform so agreeable a duty that night. In accepting the kind acknowledgment, brother Bush said he knew not how to thank them, and that he had had many trials in his ministerial career, but he trusted that the hand that had helped him hitherto would help him in the future. Brethren Lambourne, Batchelor, Chalcraft, and James Smithers spoke to the goodness and mercy of the Lord in blessing brother Bush's testimony, and it transpired that during the time he (Mr. B.) had supplied 23 had been added to the Church, 14 of whom he had baptized.

In the evening our brother preached from the well-chosen words of Paul, "Having obtained help of God, I continue to this day."

It was a good and refreshing time. Trusting that the Lord will continue to bless us with a spirit of love, so that we may be able to say feelingly—

"My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains:
There our best friends our kindred dwell,
There Christ our Saviour reigns."

W. J. BRIGHT.

Emma-cottages, Kingston, Surrey.

GREAT YARMOUTH. — BAPTISMAL SERVICES.—Lord's-day, Nov. 30, was a red-letter day to the cause of truth meeting at York-road. The beloved pastor, Mr. J. Muskett, preached a Christ-exalting sermon from Rom. vi. 3, 4, after which three sisters followed Christ in their Lord's appointed way, Mrs. Calver, Miss Winter, and Miss Rainer, the latter the eldest granddaughter of the worthy deacon, Mr. E. J. Pittock. It was a solemn season of sacred joy. A large gathering assembled to witness the time-honoured ordinance of our Lord. May He grant that many more may be constrained to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, giving all needed grace to wear His armour to His honour and glory, and the mutual well-being of the Church. The Church has been cheered by the many visitors who, during the past season, have gone in and out amongst them, practically showing their living interest in this cause. The Lord bless the worthy pastor and people, increasing them with all the increase of God, that while they have to record from time to time the gathering home of the aged, their hearts may be cheered by seeing the ranks filled with precious living stones to adorn His spiritual temple in time and eternity. So prays
A WATCHER.

GUILDFORD. — Afflictions have been serious in many places. Our beloved brother, John Bonney, has been quite down in bronchitis. We can, we do, thank the Lord, he was enabled to preach for Mr. Mitchell, who has been laid aside three Sundays. Mr. Bonney preached for Mr. Mitchell four times, and Mr. Billing twice. We actually sit like Mordecai, in sackcloth, weeping outside the gates, while my lords Free-will, Duty-Faith, Open Communion, and "reasonable," "plausible" theories walk into the palaces, and the fathers and the mothers who built and paid for these places are turned out. We know we are made the laughing-stock of the gentlemen who ride over us. One thing comes before us every day. It is the constant outcry for more money, by those parties who have adopted the popular, accommodating schemes. Our work is to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked; and practically to comfort the bed-ridden, the dying, and the worn up, faithful old men, who never sold the truth; and all friends to God's poor family, will help us as the Lord moves their hearts and hands to this work of Him who said, "GO YE AND DO LIKEWISE."

"THE BOOK OF LIFE!"

SECOND LEAF.

"When I can read my little clear
To mansions in the skies."

Who can do that? To myself I say, the coming of the Word of God into the soul who is in and under the fear of God is like unto a remedy applied to the wound of a soldier who was shot down on the field of battle, but was not killed; and as he lay bleeding a skilful surgeon came and extracted the bullet, stopped the bleeding, healed up the wound, raised the man, had him carried to the hospital tent, where he was cared for tenderly; but the bullet had injured a bone, and the poor fellow suffered all his life from an injury which no one could see, but the soldier himself did feel it keenly.

Many thousands have been cut off by the wars. Some, like Arthur Baker, were never any the worse for going into such dangerous engagements.

Many *professed* soldiers of the cross are fine fellows. They never had a wound or a bruise or a scar in all their lives. They have mental, meditative, ministerial powers. They can *talk* of battles, of being wounded, but there it ends.

The other day when I had seen my partner looking most painfully, panting hard for breath, and struggling and sighing, I turned away into a solitary room, and sat me down in sorrow. Presently these words came with a healing, a helping, comfort, "Turn us again, O Lord God of hosts, cause Thy face to shine, and we shall be saved." Those words came like a healing balm. First there was my faith expressed, "O Lord God of hosts;" secondly, there is my prayer of faith, "Turn us again, O Lord God of hosts." I said I am thankful for that "*again*." Thirdly, there was the answer of faith, "Cause Thy face to shine." That will prove my prayer has entered into the holiest of holies; that shining face will show His anger is turned away, and now He comforteth me; and that shining face will lead to the assurance, and to the confidence of my interest, and I shall gladly exclaim, and feelingly know, that

"WE SHALL BE SAVED!"

Then Psa. lxx., with only its five verses, became a perfect mirror to my soul; but it is too gloomy to go into now. It may form my third leaf if I live. Apart from all individual experience,

THE BIBLER IS THE BOOK OF GOD—
THE BOOK OF LIFE,

and it has been revered by the highest heads, as well as by the holiest hearts, the world ever had.

King Edward VI. was once engaged with some companions, when he wished to take down something from a high shelf. One offered him a large book to stand upon, but, perceiving it to be a Bible, King Edward refused such assistance with indignation, and reproved the offerer, adding, "It is unfit that I should trample under my feet that which I ought to treasure up in my head and heart." At his coronation, when three swords were brought as signs of his being

king of three kingdoms, he said there was one yet wanting. And when the nobles about him asked him what that was, he answered, "The Bible!" "That book," said he, "is the sword of the Spirit, and to be preferred before these swords. That in all right ought to govern us, who use the sword by God's appointment for the people's safety. He who rules without the Bible is not to be called God's minister or a king." When the young king had said this, he, with the greatest reverence, commanded the Bible to be brought and carried before him.

What will scoffers, what will the authors of new theologies say to this? Let us stand up for God's Bible!

"WHO IS AMONG YOU WALKING IN DARKNESS?"

So low like a balrush I lie,

So weary, yes, weary of all;

So cast down, I only can sigh,

My faith is so feeble, so small.

I'm weary of self. Oh, how true,

I'm helpless, I'm sad, I'm cast down;

I stand sorrowful; what can I do?

I fear that my Father does frown.

My heart seems as hard as a stone,

I can't pray, think, or read as I would;

It's in sorrow I sigh, or I groan,

Oh! give me to pray as I should.

I'm cast down, I'm weary, I'm low,

No helper comfort can find;

But tho' I'm all this, He doth know,

And relief He will give of some kind.

If He knows, it cannot be wrong;

It is that to Him I should go;

Some comfort He'll send me ere long,

Tho' now I'm in sorrow and woe.

I've now see some light in the way;

The worldling oft travels at ease,

His path like a bright Summer's day;

God's people walk just as He please.

He is near, tho' short be my sight,

That I cannot trace Him around;

He can turn my darkness to light.

And my sorrows—not one could be found.

But why should a murmur I breathe,

His path was much harder than mine;

No helper He had to relieve,

Forbid, Lord, that I should repine.

Oh! help me to trust all on Thee,

To have all my sorrow and grief;

And all will be well I shall see,

For Thou, Lord, wilt give me relief.

North London. I. S. T.

THE STONE IS ROLLED AWAY.

MARK XVI. 5.

THE widow mourns her faithful partner dead,

Her light of life is gone;

Her daily care—how shall her bairns be fed?

To heaven she lifts her eyes.

A faithful One above, He hears her pray:

Her load is gone—the stone is rolled away.

The mariner upon the main

With fearful eyes beholds,

And in his storm-tossed barque the hurricane

Drives him to God above.

The Lord who stilled the tempest is his stay;

His prayer is heard—the stone is rolled away.

Believer, whatsoever thy lot

While in this wilderness,

A faithful God still reigns, who changes not,

He loveth at all times.

Your cares are His: to Him you may always

Your burden bring—the stone is rolled away.

Notting Hill-gate, W.

W. C. B.

Deaths.

We sympathise very deeply with our friend, Mr. Abijah Martin, of Reading, whose beloved wife was removed hence by a rather sudden death in November last.

Miss Hannah Fowler, the only sister of J. J. Fowler, Esq., the Secretary of the Speldhurst-road Baptist Church, left this country for a better, Dec. 11, 1884, aged 80.

Another gracious saint of God passed from earth to heaven in the person of Martha Mulliner, at the advanced age of 85. She breathed her last breath on Dec. 4, 1884, steadfastly relying on the arm of her loving Lord, whom she had followed in humble Christian faith for upwards of sixty years. During the last few years of her life she resided at Needham Market in the abode of the beloved pastor of Crowfield, Mr. James Dearing, who was a witness of her triumphant death. Mrs. Mulliner always rendered willing help to ministers and friends when visiting the cause at Crowfield, where she resided nearly fifty years, and in which happy homestead I myself found a warm and welcome reception. The words of the Lord which comforted her soul in death were:—"Fear not, for I am with thee." How sweet thus to die!

"She sleeps in Jesus and is blest,
How sweet her slumbers are."

W. WINTERS.

Alice Wells (widow of Mr. John Wells, and youngest daughter of the late Mr. Charles Vane, of Warren House, Helling, Kent), sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, July 21, 1884, aged 28 years, leaving three dear orphan children. At one time she had many fears respecting her interest in Jesus, not having passed through the deep troubles which many of God's children have. Afterwards, however, she was called to endure a great light of affliction: out of all the Lord delivered her: she left a pleasing and a satisfactory testimony of her acceptance in the Beloved.

Also, Frances Vane (mother of the above A. W.) entered into rest, leaning on Jesus the Rock of her salvation, Nov. 22, 1884, aged 83 years. She was baptized and received into the Church at Enon, Chatham, by our beloved brother and former pastor, Mr. Thos. Jones, in Feb., 1851. Since the death of her husband, in 1871, she has mostly resided with one of her sons at Tonbridge, where she exchanged earth for heaven. She was favoured with a calm and peaceful state of mind, so that her fears respecting the article of death were all removed, and she longed to be at home with her dear Saviour, to bow at His feet and crown Him Lord of all.—J. C., Chatham.

THE WIDOW OF THE LATE DAVID WILSON.

From Oundle to St. Neot's, from thence to Boston, from Boston—to succeed that experimental and faithful preacher, Mr. Burnham—to London, the late John Stevens travelled in the ministry. Our wonderful God-Man, the Lord Jesus Christ, wept at the grave of Lazarus, and as we have read the brief memoir of that eminent saint, Mary Wilson, the relict of that lovely servant of Christ, David Wilson, written so sweetly by our friend Mr. Sharpe, we enjoyed the flowing down of precious dewdrops from a wounded spirit which doth mourn intensely over the loss of such gracious souls as David and Mary Wilson, whom we have known for near forty years. We must not indulge in a review of the past three-quarters of this century, wherein we have known many—very many—blessed saints and servants of the Lord, and have welcomed them to our humble home, and for them have travelled and preached for over fifty years. They are all gone home. Wo-

aro as one left alone in the wilderness, while the hosts of bold and brave men, who have recently sprung up, have little or no knowledge of us.

Weaned from all this world below,
Up to glory we would go,

If for us a seat is there prepared. Please to read the following memoir and lines of love:—

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—A mother in Israel has fallen to-day, but only as relates to the body, for the immortal spirit of our friend and sister, Mrs. Mary Wilson, the beloved widow of the late David Wilson, has not fallen but gone up to be for ever with the Lord, whom she loved so much. Her daily walk and conversation for many years has been an evidence of her Christianity. Like Enoch she walked with God. Some look at last words of dying saints and lay stress thereon, but when, through exhaustion of the animal frame, and suspension of power to speak, a person of 65 years, like Mrs. W., is just about to exchange time for eternity, we are not surprised they did not say much upon their deathbed, for we know they cannot; but we know our sister lived a life of faith upon the Son of God, and with Job could say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" or with the Apostle Paul, "We know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," etc. Mrs. W. was a truly godly woman, a lover of good men, and a succourer of many, for as much as in her lay she ministered to the necessities of God's faithful servants, many of whom were known to her and by her, and on this account, when they have been passing through Boston, have called upon her and profited by her conversation while she has prepared for them a cup of tea, etc. I have frequently heard her speak in loving terms of you and of Mrs. Banks. She loved the EARTHEN VESSEL and the truths it contained, and was a subscriber to it for more than forty years. She was ardently attached to Mr. J. Bolton, her last beloved minister, who buried her last Saturday by the side of her late husband, and preached a funeral sermon on Sunday evening, Nov. 16th, on which occasion Mr. Bolton dwelt upon the qualities of the palm tree, as recorded in Psalm xcii., it being suggestive of the religious life and experience of our departed sister. She was a believer in God's care as vouchsafed in His particular providence. Not long before she died she said to me, "My God will supply all my need according to His riches in glory, by Christ Jesus." And He did supply her need to the last, for like the widow of Tarnash her "barrel of meal did not waste," neither did her "cruise of oil fail." She gladly received the Word as preached by brother Bolton, and could take the cup of salvation and call on the name of the Lord. She is now beyond all want, having fully proved the covenant love and mercy of Jehovah. She died, Nov. 10, in the embrace of her precious Jesus, and is now at God's right hand, where there is fullness of joy and pleasure for ever more. Yours in Jesus, J. SHARPE.

That rich, valiant, Calvinistic veteran, the Dean of Gloucester, Henry Law, has just got his release from the cares of this world, and is gone to his seat in the heavens. We have known him by his writings for many years.

Mr. W. Chamberlain, Baptist minister, very suddenly entered into rest, Oct. 5, 1884, in his seventy-fifth year, at Southampton. We may briefly review his life in a future number.

Mrs. Pang, of Corner Hall, Homel Hempstead, ran a thorn in her thumb. Her blood became poisoned. Death soon removed her hence. She was sister to the late Henry Hutchinson.

Heaven's Standard of Safety.

CHAPTER II.

"If (?) sin be pardoned I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside."

HOW CAN A MAN KNOW THIS FOR HIMSELF?

IN the night season, when, for aught I knew, death might be putting its finishing stroke on one who, for many months, has appeared to be in the grasp of "the last enemy"—in the night season when waves of grief were passing over my soul; in such a night season, the words came quietly unto me—"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord impuleth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile." This is the meetness for communion here, and for glory hereafter.

Such a man is twice declared to be "*blessed*." In the Almighty God, such a man is blessed secretly. In Christ, the eternal Son of God, he is blessed essentially. In the Holy Ghost, and by His grace in the man's soul, he is blessed experimentally. In, and by the Gospel of God, the man is blessed confirmingly; and by the indwelling of divine truth he is blessed visibly, separating him from the world, and constraining him to walk with God, to live a life of faith upon Jesus Christ, and to lovingly obey the commandments of the great God and our Saviour—"IMMANUEL, GOD *with us*."

This is "GODLINESS." Religion is now a large, well-paying, and much-coveted profession. There is much *outside work* going on now. Fitness for heaven, and a soul's assurance of entering into glory, is *INSIDE work*. So the Almighty speaketh of a new heart, a new spirit, a conscience purged from dead works—a heart-broken, a spirit-wounded, and a soul-sighing out for the living God. Some, like myself, are saying—

"I know not what may befall me!
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes;
And o'er each step of my onward path
He makes new scenes to rise;
And every joy He sends me comes
As a sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me,
As I tread the days of the year,
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future His mercy shall clear;
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

So I go on, not knowing,
I would not if I might;
I would rather walk in the dark with God,
Than go alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith,
Than walk alone by sight."

When I came to the table of the Lord the last time, I felt in no

hurry to speak. It would be well if more silence was observed there! More time to gather up one's thoughts, and, by God's help, to fix them on the "Man of sorrows" who said—"This DO in remembrance of ME!" There is too much of man's talk at these times. "Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat." Give the people time, then, to examine, to search inside, and, if possible, to see how matters stand between the Eternal God and themselves.

One word was gently, feelingly, breaking up in my mind—"He set His face *steadfastly* to go up to Jerusalem." He had his feelings and His fears too. He foresaw all that was before Him: the passover scenes, the work of Judas, the awful conflict in the garden of Gethsemane, the mockery, cruelty, the hypocrisy, the spiteful treatment at Pilate's bar; the journey from thence to Calvary; His being stretched on the Cross; the nails in hands and feet; the being raised on high; the feeling *absence* of His FATHER!—all was before Him. He was a *man* of most pure, keen, and intense feeling. His *nature* trembled; but He was in the RIGHT. He had entered into covenant with His FATHER, and, *can* He now turn coward? Coward? IMPOSSIBLE! He always *was*, He *is*, He *will be*, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Yesterday—before time began—He engaged to magnify His FATHER'S law; to show that it was holy, just, and good. This was His *first* work. *This* had taken Him thirty years to manifest; and so perfectly, so entirely, so completely had He accomplished this work, and so practically had He devoted Himself to death, as shown in His baptism by John in Jordan, that (reverently I venture to think) GOD could contain HIMSELF no longer. All the heavens must be thrown open! the HOLY GHOST must come down and sit upon the now baptized Law-magnifier, and the Father Himself speaks aloud, in tones indescribable—"THIS IS MY BELOVED SON, IN WHOM I AM WELL PLEASED!"

Christ, our Lord, called the work He had to do His "FATHER'S BUSINESS," and the first part of that business was to

"FULFIL THE LAW AND MAKE IT HONOURABLE."

This He had done! and all heaven approved it well. Thus the way for RECONCILIATION was prepared on God's part.

When the prodigal came home, the father did not say to his son, "You must go and get some clean clothes before I can take you in!" No! the first thing he did say was, "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him!" What, was the best robe in the house waiting for his return? Yes! Would it fit him? Yes! So Christ prepared the robe of righteousness first of all, and put it into His Father's hands, and it was ready for the angel to bring it out whenever the ransomed prodigal returned. Surely Isaac Watts must have been inspired to write those ever-memorable lines—

"And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.
The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
My hope, and every grace,
But Jesus spent His life to work
The Robe of Righteousness!"

How delighted the doctor was as his faith realised the reality of being

thus clothed for heaven. He seems really to look himself up and down, and then he breaks out—

“ Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed
By the GREAT SACRED THREE!
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all Thy powers agree!”

Oh, precious Law-fulfiller! help me for myself to say—“ Amen!”

It was a choice moment with me the other early morn (when my bronchial companion was calling me to severe physical conflict) that my thoughts still ran upon the subject of “ Communion with God,” and Paul’s stern, decisive verdict came up, “ Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His!” When death is undressing man’s soul of its mortal clothing the spirit of the man often comes out more freely than ever. So I saw in the Saviour’s last hours the remarkable elements of His Spirit which must have their existence in that man’s soul who is favoured to hold communion with His God. My reader, see well to this! It is not thy talking about anything and everything, yet *nothing* to God, in public, that denotes thy soul’s communion with Him. There must be, as in the case of thy Lord, what I term “ *the acceptance of the cup,*” or his entire acquiescence with God in all things, which the Son of God expressed after that unexampled, unexplainable conflict, when in such plaintive and affectionate terms He cried, “ Oh, My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me!” If anything could have moved the Almighty Father to have reversed the order, to have broken His covenant, to have forsaken His chosen people, to have thrown His promises to the winds, the appeal from His own beloved Son (now rolling and weltering in His heavy, agonising bloody sweat, this piteous cry) was enough to cause the Father to change His mind. But God’s will was purposed from eternity,

“ *Strong in the love of order.*”

And that will altereth not, therefore, though an angel is sent from heaven (and Gabriel never had a more sacred mission than that) yet no voice came to withdraw the cup. Justice is inexorable! Nothing can turn His strong hand away! “ The soul that sinneth, it shall die!” Jesus Christ, the Son of God, hath now taken the sinner’s place. “ The Lord hath made to meet on Him the iniquity of us all,” and the Son must and did, “ bear our sins in His own body, up to, and on the tree.”

Here I am arrested in amazement, and I ask two questions ere I proceed any further. Was this, may I call it, unsuccessful cry and appeal of our Jesus to show the deep reality of His humanity? As a man He felt: as a man He feared; as a man He cried and was strengthened; but His appeal was not so much to His Father’s heart as to His Father’s will, and the impossibility to remove the cup from the Son proves the Father’s faithfulness to His people and to His promises. Then, again, was that cup, the cup of wrath, due to the sin of all the people the Father had given to Him? Doubtless it was. And did He take the cup and drink it to the very dregs as a Substitute? Ah, He did, or He could never have cried with a loud voice, “ *It is finished.*”

If, sirs, the doctrine of universal redemption be from heaven, if it be God’s revealed and accomplished truth, if the Son of God fulfilled

His Father's law for the whole world, as poor mortals mean by "world," if the Saviour shed His precious atoning blood for the whole family of Adam, then I ask,

"HOW CAN ANY ONE SOUL BE LOST?"

The pulpits of Rome and of England ring with the bells of a universal salvation offered to all, and that the soul's salvation depends on the man's acceptance of that offer; which teaching of men is opposite to divine revelation; and divine revelation says,

"Let God be true and every man a liar."

In the religious world, man's creeds are man's shackles.

Man by Man's faith is bound,
But few indeed are sound.

"God alone is mighty in unshackled freedom." I know well what it is to be afraid of God's election! I know what it is to weep and strive against it! I know what it is to have it poured into my soul even under the ministry of Master Costen; and I know that being once poured in, nothing could ever pour it out. Lovingly it has dwelt in me for over fifty years. And though all men seem to "speak in paradoxes, when labouring to expound God," yet I know that the Son of God is come, and He hath given me an understanding to know Him that is true; and (by life, by love, and by faith) I am in HIM "that is true;" even in His Son Jesus Christ;" and with John I affirm, "This is the true God, and this is eternal life!"

Not in a vaunting spirit, but in decision for Gospel freedom, to all religious society leaders I say, with the proverbial philosopher:—

"If truth must be sacrificed to unity; then faithfulness were folly;
If man must be obeyed before God, the martyrs have bled in vain."

The first element to be found in the soul, then, holding communion with God, is the acceptance of whatever cup of affliction, or of sorrow, may be appointed by God for that soul. Without any internal rebellion, there must be the full and frank submission. "Not my will, but Thine be done!" How this came so deep into my soul I will just state. It may be a word in season to some severely tried children of God. On Sunday evening, January 11, 1885, I had been preaching on the words, "*The lame take the prey.*" I had been happy in the morning; but in the evening I felt miserable in chapel. I came home to a scene of terrible domestic affliction. To see her who had made my home a little palace for over thirty years, now for over six months sinking, wasting, and expressing a wish to be gone, when I want her more than ever; to see my home desolate, and all around me most painful; caused me to retire to my solitary chamber with a gloom of misery. I fell on my knees, and besought the Lord to remove from me every murmur, every species of rebellion, every atom of dissatisfaction; and, in a moment, I said, "Lord, I accept all these afflictions—my son's long illness, my wife's terrible heart-sinking, my chapel burden, and other things. I accept them all as the cup prepared for me; as the chastening needed by me. I accept all, and I say, "*Not my will, but Thine be done!*" I saw Jacob was by the Angel, by the wrestling man, by the God of his help, made lame by the touching of the hollow of his

thigh. Yes, he was made to halt. I saw that halting of Jacob to be analogous to Paul's thorn in the flesh; to David's sword in his house; to Peter being assaulted and sifted by Satan. I saw, I felt in every sense that I was *lame*; and I fell beneath the stroke; surrendering myself, my all, to God's holy will. The submission of Christ to His Father's will fitted Him to meet His foes at Pilate's bar; to bear His cross; to endure it unto the end; and the soul's submission to the Lord's will in all things, opens up the gates of spiritual communion with Him, before whose throne we hope to stand without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. There was another element in the Saviour's spirit in His last hours. It was expressed in that much-meaning cry—"FATHER! *forgive them*; FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO!"

Man is not a forgiving creature. Fallen humanity has not in it a disposition to forgive; but, if a man hath aught against his brother, he is forbidden to come to "*the Table*" until he hath gone and become reconciled unto his offended or offending brother. There cannot be any living, abiding, spiritual, soul-communion with God in that breast which carries an unforgiving spirit against any of the brethren in Christ. As far as I know my own soul's state and condition, I carry an unforgiving spirit toward no creature in all this wide world; although there are not wanting a multitude of people who have for many, many years done their utmost to slay me; yet, in my inmost soul, against none have I the shadow of a desire to wound or injure them.

"Communion with God" is Heaven's Standard of Safety. The judgment day will show that nature's gifts and classical trainings which make room for men here in the world, are not SAVING MERCIES. The thirty-second Psalm has two distinctly different voices, two different persons are speaking. David plainly shows how he came near to the Lord; then we see how the Lord came near to David, and how mercifully the Lord took charge of David for the future. When David nestled down under the wings of the mercy-seat, saying, "Thou art my Hiding-place! Thou shalt preserve me from trouble," then the Lord, saith, "I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way thou shalt go;" and, as the margin renders the next line, "I will counsel thee; Mine eye shall be upon thee," &c. There is real communion with God; there is the safety of the blessed man; and there is a sublime, a holy, a secret joy which is far beyond all externals of a mere noisy, a soul-starving, a spirit-deceiving formation.

I must restrain myself from any further remark, only beseeching my readers to put no confidence in man, to build upon no external excitement. With the beloved disciple may we know "Our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ." Then we shall be prepared to sing:—

" Oh, blessed souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er!
Divinely bless'd, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.
Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is FOUND IN GOD alone!"

There is no antinomian, abstract Calvinism in this ! There is no empty boasting, nor vaunting; no laughter or levity here ! If I never penned

another piece for the EARTHEN VESSEL, I feel I could lay me down without any regret for thus contending for THAT SECRET MAIN-SPRING of the soul's peace and of the Church's prosperity. May God's ministers be the subjects of these "dwellings on high," and the people be led to the same; so prayeth,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9. Banbury-road. South Hackney, Jan. 13, 1885.

THE MEN IN THE LAND OF SHINAR.

[A bold-looking little book came strutting into our office, on whose banner we saw in large type, "A Call to Christian Unity." As books of various sorts and sizes visit us almost daily, sometimes many in one day, we take but little notice of them: but that lamblike minister, Pastor Walter Brown of Colchester, having sent us the following letter, we have more largely referred to the "Call" than we intended. Let us read Walter's letter first.]

UNION, NOT UNIFORMITY.

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

DEAR SIR,—I have received by post, in common doubtless with many others, a tract or pamphlet called "A Call to Christian Unity," in which an effort is made to bring all Christians into one body by adopting the creed of the persons who have sent out the pamphlet here referred to. In this pamphlet all are desired to give up and discard their creed or confession of faith, and embrace this new, or perhaps better said, old idea of union by giving up all love for, and close cleaving to truth.

Those persons really ask under their plausible plea for unity, each and all the heaven-born and heaven-taught family to give up all they have learned by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, and ignore the wide and eternal distinction between a real, living Christian and a formal and spiritually dead professor of the name of Christ. This should never be. Indeed it never can be. Union is most desirable when it is a union of life with life. In this case there is profit and communion. Union and communion with the members of Christ should be sought for at all times. But the union of the living with the dead would be but a formal one; there would be no communion. If it be a uniformity in *mode of worship* that is sought after it is a matter of little account. What could uniformity of worship and ordinances benefit either the performers or the onlookers, or the outside world, when there was no union of life and principle as its main-spring and foundation? The advocates of this kind of union and uniformity are generally those persons who have everything in common but nothing in particular as their creed, and they wish others to be as uncertain as themselves as to what is truth.

There is a glorious and eternal union of the real Church of Christ which is both revealed in the Word of God and felt in the hearts of His people, notwithstanding the absence of uniformity among them. We have felt real union of heart and oneness of Spirit with some of almost every Church, so called, that either has or does exist on the earth. Let us not confound uniformity among men with this spiritual unity of the family of heaven, which is of God, and can never be

destroyed. There is uniformity, made and enforced by law, in the Church of England, but there is little or no unity in her camp. Opposition and bitterness is most rife in it, and is more likely to extend than diminish. Neither the Rulers nor the Bishops can alter this state of things, for this law-bound Church is not of God. But, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity" (Psa. cxxxiii. 1). There is the *relationship* first, and then the unity. This is God's order. Men would make a brotherhood by uniformity and by various unions. Let us seek union and uniformity as much as possible, but let it be among the household of faith and the "redeemed of the Lord. We should follow peace with all men, but we are not to make a confederacy with any by the sacrifice of truth or a good conscience.

However, there is a great need of a closer fellowship and a deeper regard one for and with another among those who are one in heart, and are joined in the one body of the Lord. Very many are grieved at the want of brotherly sympathy and forbearance one with another, both as individuals and Churches. This lack must be followed by a loss to all. Thank God there is a real unity and a measure of charity; but charity does not abound. Oh, for more charity! Charity, or divine love, is the greatest of the divine gifts and graces. We hold the great truths taught by the Lord and His apostles. These are dear to us. Can nothing be done to revive that strong affection one for another which marked the saints of old? They loved each other; they corrected each other, and forgave each other. One needs great grace to reprove a brother in a proper way; and great grace is needed to take the reproof, and thank the faithful brother who gives it. This should be done: it is the command of the Lord. Why is it not attended to more than it is? Is it not because we are wanting in brotherly love—or, more correctly speaking, brother-love? It is more brother-love that we want. Any and every union among Christians, when brother-love is absent, will prove to be worthless. "This is My commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you." "Ye are My friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you" (John xv. 11—13).

WALTER BROWN.

[Ah! Walter Brown, you have done well, so far; but you can do nothing with these modern Babel-builders. They are for doing business in their own way. They see the hills of Popery, of Episcopacy, of Presbytery, of Independency, of Arminianism, of Baptism; and on every hill they hear the cry, "The temple of the Lord are we!" At length, some, calling themselves "*Brethren*," find a "*plain*" in the land of Shinar"—*i.e.*, "a fore-part"; "a bright look"; "a lustre." Oh, beautiful plain! Ah! *here*. "Go to, now, let us make brick, and burn them *thoroughly*." Yes; no fanciful stuff! *thorough brick*. The Pope shall fling away his mitre and feigned majesty, and come and sit down on one of our stools, like a good boy, and all the cardinals with him. See! how demure they sit! The Archbishops of Canterbury and York shall come, and all the other bishops, deans, and doctors, in white round frocks, they shall bow down, too. Those full-made Drs. Parker, Dale, and others; Donald Fraser, C. H. Spurgeon; Hazlerigg:—"the Pope of the North;" a large company—with John Wesley's Bible and the Wesleyan creed all torn up—shall come and sit down in the plain!

all having "one lip," "one language," "one speech." Then, all being come together in the plain, three gentlemen make

"A CALL TO CHRISTIAN UNITY,"

The object being to "build a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven!" That is *their* business,

"Which they have imagined to do!"

No MAN, with a head on his shoulders worth having, would ever have set about such "a call," or such a work. We are awfully afraid that the day is come when Satan is transformed into an angel of light, and that in all directions he is raising a crusade against GOD'S ETERNAL TRUTH! But—glory be unto our Lord God Almighty—the mandate has been proclaimed, the "COMMAND OF THE KING" has gone out into all the earth; it has stood the test of fire, faggot, sword, dungeon, and deaths of every kind.

"THE GATES OF HELL HAVE NOT PREVAILED AGAINST IT."

Nor ever will they. Mr. Durban! Mr. Todd! Mr. Wood! listen! Let a poor shipwrecked mariner simply tell ye, No "*Christian unity*" can be formed but that which stands in

1. The Holy Ghost's regeneration of the soul.
2. The Holy Ghost's revelation of the Christ of God to that heaven-born soul.
3. A genuine, continued, entire repentance towards God.
4. A living, God-given, Holy Spirit-wrought faith in the Persons and powers united in the Covenant of Grace.
5. A relationship which originated, as expressed by our adorable Lord when, in His sublime, matchless prayer, He said: "O FATHER! glorify Thou Me WITH THINE OWN SELF, with the glory which I had with Thee *before the World was*. I have manifested Thy name unto the men which Thou gavest Me out of the world. THINE THEY WERE, and THOU GAVEST THEM ME! and they have kept Thy Word."

You gentlemen may go on "calling for a Christian unity" until the Millennium comes; but you will call in vain, except it be the unity of Messrs. Durban, Todd, and Wood. That delightful young prophet Zechariah is a dear friend of mine; and he says that poor man, with heart and hands and eyes all bleeding—which he was inspired to speak of in Zech. xiii. 6—is not the Christ of God personally only; thousands of His poor disciples have suffered like Him. If "one say unto Him, What are these wounds in Thine hands? He answers, Those with which I was wounded in the house of My friends." "The house of His friends" was the Churches of "our faith and order;" and they stabbed the poor fellow in His hands, so they thought He could do nothing. I do not think such poor wounded men will come into your unity. Then the typical repentance of Jerusalem is true, in measure, of every age. At any rate, it is coming true now. "The land shall mourn apart; *every family apart*; the family of the house of David apart, and their wives apart," &c. Godliness layeth between God and the soul. The outer forms of worship are become various. Leaders of sects and parties, propounders of creeds and articles, are numerous. Writers on "Old

Theology," "New Theology," are crowding into the market. But CHRIST will go on gathering His "other sheep" unto Himself, until the last one is gathered in. Then will

THE DOOR BE SHUT.

Those inside with the King will form a Christian unity of endless duration. Of those outside I only say, God forbid among them should be found your Christ-loving servant—C. W. BANKS.]

"FOR THE DOUBTING AND THE FEARING ONES."

(Concluded from page 23.)

SHE often repeated some of her favourite hymns from Kent's selection, and when we commenced a line she would repeat a whole hymn, so well did she remember them. May 1, she appeared very much worse; the doctor did not give any hope of her; to all human appearances she was fast sinking. She was full of conversation when able to speak; she would say, "Come, Lord Jesus, in all Thy beauty, in all Thy glory, I want the Lord to shine in upon my soul if He is about to take me to Himself. Jesus is precious. I believe Jesus will shine in upon My soul. Oh, that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest.

" 'Mine eyes shall see Him in that day,
The God that died for me,
And all my rising bones shall say,
'Lord, who is like to Thee?'

"Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus, take me to Thyself, take me to Thyself. Lord, save me or I perish. Cast me not off. Other refuge have I none. Leave me not, neither forsake me. A very present help in the time of trouble. All my hope is in the blood and righteousness of Christ. The Lord Jesus is precious unto my soul and will be all through. My mind is at perfect peace and rest with God. My Jesus hath done all things well. Not one thing hath failed. He feedeth among the lilies. The Lord is abundant, faithful and just, faithful, faithful for ever. He pardoneth all our transgressions and sins." To her youngest son who, we thought, she did not hear enter the room, she said, "I hear him, I hear him. God bless you a hundred-fold." To her eldest grandchild she said, "God bless you, my darling Bessie." To her eldest son, when he entered the room, she said, "I am going home to CHRIST! For me to live is Christ, to die is gain. Good-bye, William, I trust all my dear children will follow me to glory. There is nothing impossible with the Lord, even now He may raise me up again, but it is better to die and go to glory." To her youngest daughter she said, "Do you think the Lord will raise me up again?" She replied, "There is nothing impossible with the Lord." "No," she said, "but it is better to die and be with Christ, for ever with the Lord. Amen, so let it be, I wish the Lord would take me, it will be all glory. I shall never, never sin." In the afternoon she said, "The Lord has not seen fit to take me yet, but He has given me calm resignation to His divine will. Fear not, worm Jacob, the Lord hath redeemed thee. 'We know that we have passed from death unto life because we have loved the brethren.' The

Lord hath done all things well. The Lord hath done all things well. The Lord hath done all things well." At even she said, "How much longer do you suppose? I hope I am not impatient. He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind. He is a rest and a rock. How long this tabernacle (meaning her poor body) is coming down. Grace triumphant reigns. What a mercy that Jesus should love poor sinners.

"There shall I bathe my weary head
In seas of endless bliss;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

"Him hath God the Father given me! me!! who gave Himself for me! me!!"

Mr. Varder, her dear minister, whom she greatly loved for the truth's sake, came and spoke to her and prayed most feelingly with her, and she appeared to most fully endorse all he said, and wished him good-bye, and we thought her dying; but the Lord's ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts, and at 8 p.m. she rallied a little and again took a little nourishment and afterwards slept. Early on Sunday morn she sat up in bed and took some tea, &c., and said, "Let this the Lord's-day be a hallowed day, and oh, that this sick chamber may be sanctified, that the Lord may bless us with His presence, Hannah's Lord; this rock is our God, our God." I said to her, "Not their God, but our God!" "Yes," she replied, "our God." She then repeated Kent's lines:—

"Preserved in Jesus when
My feet made haste to hell;
And there should I have been,
But He does all things well."

"These light afflictions which are but for a moment worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. How very dark the weather is, but it's quite in keeping with me. I cannot bear light talking, I want to talk about the better things."

After this attack she rallied sufficiently to be helped in the next room occasionally, and very soon the adversary was permitted to set in upon her for quite three weeks. Her exceeding and painful depression with never a smile, only agony depicted upon her countenance, yet with no actual bodily pain. Dropsy had set in. She would say, "*Oh, I am lost, I am going to die of dropsy, and where will my soul be?*" and nothing we said or read appeared to comfort her. She feared to sleep lest she should die and be lost; it was most distressing to be with her. She groaned and cried with sorrow of soul day and night. Her niece tried to comfort her by reading that sweet hymn, "Tell it all to Jesus;" but she could not take comfort; and her dear sister read to her and talked with her, but all to no purpose, until the Lord in His own good time delivered her, when her dear pastor Mr. Varder came in with words of cheer, which at last the Lord enabled her to lay hold of, and very seldom after that was the enemy of souls permitted to distress her long; but often upon visiting her she would speak of the lovingkindness of the Lord, and expressed a desire to meet again with the Lord's people, and on a return to health to sit down at the Lord's table with His people.

The dropsy gradually increased and she was obliged to remain in bed through August and September, and in October we knew and felt

she was not long for this world. She would occasionally converse most sweetly and would request her devoted servant (her nurse) to read the Bible to her, and would explain parts of it to her and expatiate upon them. On the 12th of October I felt certain a great change was taking place. She was much weaker and her appetite failing her, and she could not converse long, and slept often; and Mr. Varder, on praying with her in the afternoon, saw she was much worse, and on Monday we all felt she was gradually but surely sinking. She spoke but little, and was restless. On Tuesday morn at eight she appeared to have given up the world and no longer mentioned earthly matters, but appeared to be enjoying the glories which awaited her. She broke out, as strength permitted, with praises and rejoicing; and from 8 a.m., on the 14th, till 3 p.m., it was indeed a privilege to be there; and though I had to listen intently, her articulation being so weak, yet I gathered her intense joy by her last words, "Dear Lord, dear Lord! Precious Jesus! I cast myself upon Him. Glory! Glory! Oh, my soul, my soul! Oh, happy, oh, happy, precious Jesus, Thou art ready and willing to receive sinners. Oh, angels, oh, angels, oh, angels! Our hope, our righteousness. A refuge, a refuge. He can't refuse. Be my Judge, Jesus, be my Judge. Oh, Jesus, Jesus, blessed be my God, He won't leave me. What He's doing all along. The glory of the glory-man. The glory of the Sonship. Love to Jesus. Why are you destitute, oh, my soul? I heal diseases. I will bless thee. Whose hands bless, wherewith He hath healed us. Oh, my precious Jesus. Oh, the sin that made Him bleed. Oh, blessed Jesus, Saviour divine. Oh, rejoice, thou dust. The Bible is the Saviour's delight. My dear Jesus. The Lord is my Shepherd. Precious Jesus. My Righteousness. Oh, what a friend I have in Jesus. Precious Jesus. He has always said, 'As thy day so shall thy strength be.' Yes, I shall have the inheritance with the heirs, the heirs, the heirs! Ah, I shall. After death a blessed resurrection. They are citizens. Hallelujah!" after which the sentences could not be understood. She called the name of her youngest son and was informed he had been telegraphed for and when he would return; but on his arrival she was too weak to express herself, but pressed his hand, and afterwards sweetly slept away, and at half-past six on the 15th of October, quietly breathed out her soul to Him that gave it. "Absent from the body and present with the Lord."

E ver at rest, farewell all pain,
L aid down till Christ bids rise again;
I n heaven hymning with the throng
Z ion's noblest, sweetest song.
A ll toil, soul travail, now is o'er,
B efore her Lord for evermore.
E ternal praise is hers to know,
T he crown is placed upon her brow,
H er joys unceasingly shall flow.

M ade perfect by His cov'nant blood,
I n Him she hath for ever stood,
L ed on through all her doubts and fears,
B rought out midst many sighs and tears.
O ft thought she could not realise
R edeeming love beyond the skies;
N ow she has reached that blest abode,
E ver adoring Christ her God.

A GOSPEL LETTER FROM O. S. DOLBEY TO
C. W. BANKS.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Another year has passed away, and you have been enabled to attend to your editorial and ministerial labours notwithstanding your age, family afflictions, and chapel difficulties. Surely underneath you are the Everlasting Arms, and the unfailing promises of our God, which are all yea and Amen in Christ, are daily being fulfilled in your experience, so that you are a living witness to the faithfulness of God in Christ, and that

“Whom once He loves, He never leaves,
But loves them to the end.”

There are not many who have stood on the field of strife upwards of half a century; and if you have received many wounds and scars, as the result of many severe conflicts, it is no wonder; for who is there among the mighty ones in Israel that has not? Paul could say, “I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus.” Truly, they were marks of honour, and external manifestations of what he was prepared to suffer for his Lord and Master, whilst at the same time they were evidences of the enmity of his adversaries against the truth of the Gospel.

The Apostle speaks of being crucified with Christ, and doubtless he was, as were all whom He represented, for the Church was in Him by eternal and secret union; chosen in Him, blessed in Him, and at last judicially put to death in Him, so that the truth of God might eternally stand. “The soul that sinneth shall die.” But surely the Apostle means more than this when he says, “I am crucified with Christ.” To my mind his language is indicative of what his enemies would do if they could but have their own way; for as they had rejected, cast out, and crucified the Master, even so would they do with all His followers, and especially His public servants; hence they said, “Away with such a fellow, it is not fit that he should live.” Thus to all intents and purposes they crucified the Son of God afresh in the members of His mystical body. “Therefore, they had the sentence of death in themselves, that they should not trust in themselves, but in God who raiseth the dead.” “For we which live are alway delivered unto death for Jesus’ sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh.” Thus the Christian minister is a reproduction of Christ, in miniature at least; agreeing with what the Apostle John saith, “As He is so are we in this world.” But it is a sweet thought that our adorable Lord, though crucified, survived His crucifixion; as it is written in the prophets, “He shall prolong His days:” and again, “With long life will I satisfy Him.” It was because of the certain fulfilment of these and other kindred passages, together with the inward consciousness that He was equal to the great work of His people’s redemption, that He said to His sorrowing disciples, “I will see you again and your heart shall rejoice;” and sure enough it was so, for the risen Lord appeared to His disciples, and said unto them, “Peace be unto you,” and He showed them His hands and His feet; then were those disciples glad when they saw the Lord.

Let us now look for the counterpart of this in the crucified servant of the Lord. After he had said, “I am crucified with Christ,” he

immediately adds, "Nevertheless I live." Yes, brother, it is true; you, and your rejected brethren along with you, live; and the secret of this is found in the Saviour's words: "Because I live, ye shall live also." Our days are prolonged for further testimony, that we may instrumentally strengthen the things that remain that are ready to die; and so ministerially be a vivifying power in the midst of the dry bones who are saying, "Our hope is lost, we are cut off for our parts." Therefore, the Lord God bids us prophesy and say in His name, "Behold, O My people, I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel." Such are God's words of grace, and they are so astonishing to the tried, harassed, devil-driven child of God who has been laid in the pit, in darkness, in the deeps, and afflicted with all Jehovah's waves, until he cries: "Thou hast put away mine acquaintance far from me, Thou hast made me an abomination unto them: I am shut up and cannot come forth, mine eye mourneth by reason of affliction; Lord, I have called daily upon Thee, I have stretched out mine hands unto Thee. Wilt Thou show wonders to the dead? shall the dead arise and praise Thee? Selah. Pause, my soul. Shall Thy lovingkindness be declared in the grave? or Thy faithfulness in destruction? Shall Thy wonders be known in the dark, and Thy righteousness in the land of forgetfulness?" To every question put by the tried soul, we may give an answer in the emphatic Yes. "For wonders of grace to God belong," and from darkness, forgetfulness, death and the grave, yea, from the very belly of hell our God will bring all His eternally beloved, chosen, and redeemed people. And they shall come, and they shall sing in the heights of Zion, and they shall flow together to the goodness of the Lord, for the wheat, and the wine, and the oil, and the young of the flock, and the herd, and their soul shall be as a watered garden. Into the goodly land of Gospel Canaan shall they come; and being made willing in the day of Jehovah's power, and obedient by His constraining love, they shall eat the good of the land, and their soul shall delight itself in the abundance of peace procured by the honourable means of the Saviour's blood-shedding. Thus from Eschol they shall gather their grapes, and pressing them by sweet meditation, they shall drink new wine from the cup of salvation, and still call upon the name of the Lord. "Therefore, seeing we have this ministry as we have received mercy, we faint not; but have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the Word of God deceitfully, but by manifestation of the truth, commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God." But we have this treasure in

EARTHEN VESSELS.

Like the lamp in the pitchers, held by the army of Gideon. Still the pitchers must be broken in order that the light may shine; therefore, we must expect to be knocked about, and broken up by painful experiences, until self is entirely lost sight of, and blotted out of the book of our remembrance. It is the heavenly treasure in the vessel that must be the Alpha and Omega of our ministry. Christ is all and in all. Let us seek to lift Him up, for He is the centre of attraction to all who by the Spirit know Him, and unto Him shall the gathering of the people be. Whatever may be said of the formalist, the hypocrite, or of the nominal professor, it is still true that the real Christian cannot

do without Christ, for He is the Soul of his soul, the Life of his life. To those who are in a spiritual sense poor and needy, helpless and undone, the Gospel of the grace of God is still good news; and if we are so honoured by our God as to be intrusted with a message of covenant mercy to any obscure soul in a corner of this wilderness, let us run with alacrity and delight, knowing that "in the keeping of God's Commandments there is great reward, and in loving service rendered to the least of the brethren, there is a serving of the Lord Christ."

I sincerely hope, dear brother, that you may still be upheld by the sworn God of Israel, and prove by daily experience that He will not leave you until He hath performed all things that He hath promised. That your VESSEL may suffer no wreck, or ever be permitted to carry any other cargo than that of free grace truth, in doctrine, experience, or practice. That your *Cheering Words* may go forth in tens of thousands to encourage both old and young. That your ministry may be full of savour by the Holy Ghost, and your warfare end in glorious triumph,

Is the sincere prayer of,

Yours in the Christ of God,

O. S. DOLBEY.

Slaithwaite, January, 1885.

THE LIFE OF HONOURED NINETY-THREE.

(Concluded from page 16.)

HERE my beloved father stayed his pen, with the idea of my writing further statements. But we went to Hastings for change, being his usual custom to spend a few weeks during the Summer. I was especially anxious this year for him to go, so as to use every possible means that he might be spared yet longer to us, as previously he had always returned home so much benefitted in health, but proved this was not the Lord's will: He had otherwise determined to take him with Himself to reign. For him to die was gain. His enjoyments had been great for a long time. Last Winter, when ill with bronchitis, he said,—

"I soon shall hear the Archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound rejoice."

Another time.—

"I want to see my Saviour's face,
I want to stand complete in Him."

"Yes, I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness." As the weather became warmer, he was nicely in health, and able to ride twice to Brentford for morning and evening services on Sabbath days. The first Lord's-day in June, while at the ordinance, was in ecstasy of joy; upon his return home could not take his bread and milk, but remarked, "Oh! if you only knew what I have this eve enjoyed, it is a foretaste of what I shall soon realise; my soul is filled to the brim, His converse was sweet to hear." This happy state of mind continued. He awoke one morn with much emphasis, saying,—

"My heart beneath His smile has lived,
And part of heaven possessed;
I'll praise His name for grace received,
And trust Him for the rest."

Another time, "Can you expect to have me much longer? I want to join in the everlasting song, and crown my Jesus Lord of all":—

"And sing with rapture and surprise,
His lovingkindness in the skies."

He was taken ill while at Hastings. Nothing serious for the first few days was imagined, no immediate danger was entertained, until the day previous to his decease, when bronchitis came on, and Mr. Hull hearing he was ill called in, when the following conversation took place: "I am so glad to see you, Mr. Hull, I want to tell you of one of the happiest days of my life. The first Sabbath in June I was favoured, while at the Lord's Table, with such sweet communion with the dear Lord, that I was quite overcome. They gave out that precious hymn,—

"Jesus invites His saints to meet around His board,
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold communion with the Lord."

It melted my heart to think He should give me a place among His saints. I felt I was a pardoned rebel, and could by faith see my Saviour on Calvary's Tree, shedding His precious heart's-blood for me, washing away all my sins and transgressions—His precious love filled my soul to the brim. As the candidates were being received, while the Articles of Faith on Believers' Baptism were read, I had such a view of the blessed Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Ghost set forth that I never experienced before. When looking at the bread and wine, O how precious I felt my dear Lord to be, I felt sure He was very near to me, and that Father, Son and Holy Ghost were witnessing all that was being done." Then he said, "Mark, Mr. Hull, 'none but pardoned rebels hold communion with their Lord.' I may never see you again here, but I shall, as a pardoned rebel, meet you in glory," &c.

As the evening approached, his symptoms were more alarming, everything possible to relieve had been done without avail. Fearing the Lord would not hear our many petitions for his restoration, reminded him how many times the promise, "Fear not," had been sealed home to him. He replied, "Yes, those blessed fear nots." I then begged him to pray for restoring mercy, that he might be spared and brought home again safely. He put up his dear hands, and was in most earnest communion for some time; then looked at me with a sweet smile, calmly and softly said, "Thy will." Some time after, upon asking him if he felt quite happy, he answered, "Yes, yes!" when he was unable to speak again, I asked if he felt the Everlasting Arms of love and mercy supporting, and if still quite happy. In response, he nodded his head twice over, as if to assure me all was well with him, then pressed my hand very tightly. His breathing became gradually easier, about half past six o'clock a.m. quietly passed away to be for ever with the Lord, where he had longed to be, September 10, 1884, after one week's illness.

The blow is a heavy one—came at such an unexpected time. May the Lord sanctify this bereavement, and grant submission to say as he did, "Thy will." He was brought home and interred in Ealing cemetery, September 15, where a numerous company of ministers and friends gathered to pay their last tribute of respect to the dear departed one. Many times he had expressed the desire that if a few remarks were

made after his death, they should be from the text, "There remaineth a rest for the people of God." The request was fulfilled, Mr. Parsons spoke from the words to a full congregation, September 21.

EMMA JEFFS.

Thanet-place, Hounslow, November, 1884.

[The late Mr. Jeffs was a saint indeed. I knew him for many years. At intervals I was privileged to feel the Spirit of his Lord dwelt richly in him.—C. W. B.]

JACOB AND THE WAGGONS.

(GENESIS XLV. 25—28.)

POOOR old Jacob disbelieved the words of his sons when they returned and told him that Joseph was yet alive, but when he saw the practical counterpart, the waggons, we read he revived and said, "It is enough," Joseph is alive. I think there is some analogy to this in the present day. Gospel talk is not heeded by the multitude, partly, humanly speaking, because it is so little accompanied by Gospel practice. Methinks that Gospel practice will be more sure to cause an awakening around us than any amount of talk alone. Let the world see the waggons of love and unity, and the broad-wheeled waggon of self-denial, moving about more often and freely among us, and let us banish the baneful waggons of selfishness and malice, and by this, under the divine blessing, we shall more surely reach the indifferent masses. It is not for the want of talk—nay, the world is flooded with it—but for the want of a greater manifestation of Gospel practice that the world is as it is. W.

Baunds, January 5, 1885.

[There is more matter for consideration in this short suggestive paper than in many of our sermons. We leave it to speak for itself.—C. W. B.]

ODE TO MARTIN LUTHER.

"The just shall live by faith."—Rom. i. 17.

HAIL, mighty Man! immortal fame's
Attached to thine illustrious name!
The Hero of Thy day,
Who nobly taught that man by faith
Might triumph over sin and death,
And gain a glorious day
In that bright world, where sorrows shall
For ever fade away.

Hail, mighty man! by God decreed,
That Martin Luther should be born,
He from thralldom man has freed—
Of despotism sborn!
Hail, mighty Man! the world's renown
Is far too small for Thee,
Who spent Thy life that man might own
The rights of liberty.

The Reformation's glorious theme
Shall live till time is o'er;
That man who shares thy blissful boon,
Shall be oppressed no more.
The tyrant's yoke for ever gone,
From aught but memory past;
Freedom of thought shall reign alone,
Whilst time itself shall last.

Hail, mighty man! thy deeds proclaim
The tribute due to thee;
Unrolled upon the scroll of fame,
Thy name will ever be;
Till sun shall set to rise no more,
Our thoughts will cling to thee;
The faith which taught our souls to soar,
Shall hail Thy memory.

HENRY COLE.

Reviews and Criticisms.

IS THE DEVOTIONAL PART OF OUR PUBLIC SERVICE
USUALLY PROFITABLE?

(Continued from page 23).

To dishearten any young minister, who has received his commission from the throne, and who goes forth in the name of his great Master, to deliver the message of mercy to poor lost sinners, is certainly not our aim in these papers; in fact, it would cause us the greatest pain to discourage any poor trembling penitent who in the bitterness of his spirit tries to lift up his heart to God in prayer. Far be it from us to put any stumbling-block in the way of real earnest praying souls. That is not our object in these "Reviews and Criticisms." But to direct attention to certain practices which prevail in some quarters; and, if possible, to remedy faults, which have grown into injurious habits, to the injury. we think. of the spiritual interest and profit of our public services. Therefore, let our young men guard against the formation of the censurable habits we indicate; for habits once formed are not easily broken and rectified. Let them especially be on their guard against the *bad* habit of long prayers in public. It is the excessive long prayer we condemn. There can be no justification or even excuse for such tremendous long prayers in our public services.

Perhaps no man is entirely conscious of his own length in prayer; and is more likely to err on the side of length than on that of brevity. Men, while engaged in prayer, become to a certain extent insensible to the lapse of time. The mind becomes absorbed in elevated thought and therefore less capable of adjusting its movements to definite limits than in ordinary cases; and there are doubtless seasons when the Lord favours those who pray with "a wrestling spirit," so that they hardly know how to leave off. To censure such praying we certainly do not mean; but our souls long for such hallowed and benign seasons when in the house of God; for those who join in such prayers are seldom if ever wearied. But it sometimes happens that the prayer is spun out to the greatest length when the man has the least to say.

Let it be distinctly understood, then, that it is the tremendously long, unprofitable, and often unmeaning prayer, we bring under "review;" for in some instances the prayer is continued so long, that it wearies and becomes positively oppressive by its undue length and rambling emptiness. Such prayers are not simply useless, they are positively injurious; they defeat the object of public prayer, for they spoil rather than promote devotion. Whitfield is said to have rebuked a brother for this fault, by saying, "You prayed me into a good frame, and you prayed me out of it." The same rebuke would apply to many in our day. Let those who lead our public prayers bear in mind it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to sustain in the minds of the people a spirit of devotion, and keep up and maintain a proper interest during a very long prayer. He must be a man of most extraordinary gifts and rare abilities who can do it. Such cases are of rare occurrence.

A prayer before sermon may vary from ten to twelve, or even to fifteen minutes, but should *never* extend to half-an-hour. John Newton said, "The chief fault of some *good* prayers is that they are too long." If that is true of *good* prayers, then what shall we say of indifferent and *faulty* prayers? We do not say that men ought to pray by the *clock*; but they ought to have some regard as to the length of their public prayers; for it is far better the congregation should wish the prayer had been longer, than to spend half the time in wishing it were over. The errand at the throne is soon done when it is the heart's real, solemn, earnest pleadings for its own and others' felt wants.

There can be no justification, for instance, for such praying—if praying it can be called—as the following cases, which we do not present in their worst forms. They are rather undercoloured than otherwise, and such, or similar cases, we fear are but too common.

The first was in a country chapel, at one of our Autumnal anniversary services. The afternoon service commenced at *three o'clock*, and after the singing of the opening hymn, a *minister* of some repute, just in that county, "stood up for to read and to pray." He read a long chapter in a dull, monotonous tone, and commented on the chapter, as it is called, at great length, and then went on to pray at great length, too. The prayer was just about as empty and heavy as it well could be; but he kept on, notwithstanding, till the *clock struck the hour*. Then he closed that—What?

Well, he left off, and came down out of the pulpit. The people looked wearied out under this long, dull, uninteresting part of the service. It was so long and cold that it seemed to weary and *chill* the whole assembly.

The second case was at a "Harvest Home" service in another part of the same county. Several ministers were present—one of them a thorough good man, but one who had the stupid idea that he must always stand full twenty or twenty-five minutes in a public prayer, was asked to read and pray before the sermon. He went into the pulpit and read Psalm cvii., and then commenced the prayer. After continuing in prayer "a long time," he was seen to open his eyes and to shade them with his hand, and to look intently at the clock, keeping on praying (?) meanwhile; but finding his time was not yet up, he went at it again, and wired on some time longer. After a while he looked at the clock again, and now, finding his time "was fully up," he closed, and said, "Amen," to the great relief of many.

The third case we instance was a much younger man, and a settled pastor in London. On the Sunday morning that we attended the service there was a fair congregation; but there was a kind of pedantic style, and such a jaunty air displayed throughout the service, that we were not at all favourably impressed. The pastor sung, it is true, and sung lustily, too; but his singing reminded us of a French "*Rondeaux*." The reading of the Scriptures, too, was very tame, and altogether unimpressive. It was that rattling on sort of style, which seems to crucify the very life and pathos of God's Word. But the prayer—what of the prayer? Well; the young man has much to learn, and judging from what we heard and saw, we feel sure the young man held himself in such high esteem that he could not brook to be told of a fault. But such *preaching* prayers are not the requirement of the day. For the best definition and description we can give of *that prayer* is to say he **PREACHED** us a very long prayer—just a little short of twenty-five minutes.

It may be said these are extreme cases, and of unusual occurrence. No! Such instances of long prayers, we are sorry to say, are not rare. But they are most objectionable, on many grounds; yea, more, they do us harm as a body. Let us take the first case cited, and ask ourselves these two questions:—

First.—Are the people likely to come to such services a second time?

Second.—What is the direct tendency and spiritual effect of such prayers?

Our answer is, They tend only to spiritual *bondage*, and are calculated to chill and to bring about barrenness of soul. It is a mistake, we repeat, to suppose that a devout frame of mind is kept up in the minds of the people right through to the end of an excessively long prayer. As a rule, long prayers become dull and unprofitable; they weary the mind, and become oppressive to the people, and thus *check*, rather than enliven, devotion.

2. The second fault we mention is this: The trying to pray for everybody and for everything, in every public prayer.

Some men seem to think they must of necessity bring in all the topics of prayer, and "go the whole round," every time they stand up to pray. This is a great mistake, and a practice producing serious damage to the interest of our services. Men need not go all round the world, or even "from Dan to Beer-Sheba," every time they pray in public. Some things must be omitted at one time, and some at another, while others can only be slightly alluded to. A young man, in the employment of one of our deacons, and attending the same place of worship as his master—wearied, it may be, with the labour and the late hours of the week—fell asleep in his seat one Sunday morning before the minister had finished what, in this case, was properly called, "The long prayer." His companion sitting next to him gently touched him to awaken him, when, in a low whisper, the sleeper enquired, "Has he not done yet?" "No," was the whispered reply; "he has only just got to Jerusalem, and praying for the Jews." It will not be supposed that we object to a minister praying for the Jews. No. Pray for the Jews, by all means, when the mind is led by the Spirit to do so. For we do not ignore the Spirit's work in connection with prayer. But is such praying as we have referred to "praying with the spirit and with the understanding also"? (1 Cor. xiv. 15).

3. Another great fault in the public prayers of the sanctuary is the praying in prayer, and also the prayer which brings so much information to the Deity.

(To be continued.)

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

The Mysteries of God: a series of Expositions of the Holy Scriptures. By Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S. London: Hodder and Stoughton. We admit some are led by the Holy Spirit much farther into a knowledge of the grave mysteries which are revealed in the Word, or hidden in the types, metaphors, and prophetic writings of the favoured seers. We also know that faith is a daring penetrator into the deep things of God. Having travelled through the writings of many of the first class commentators, we have never met with any who have been led into such high ground as the author of this very striking volume appears to have been carried. Dr. Liddon has lately given a learned exposition of the term 'mysteries,' which exposition has an electric light in it. It was a careful defence which a young minister threw around himself the other day, when, on being ordained, he declared he would not attempt to preach on those mysteries which he did not know for himself. He would keep within the bounds of his own SPIRIT-WROUGHT experience. Mr. Philip Henry Gosse has brought much mental power with him in working out these expositions; but we dare not climb the height he has reached. How far we may go with him in a further notice of this profound work we cannot yet affirm.

"JONAH'S ANTHEM." Oh! it is a marvellous mercy to be, in any soul purifying manner, identified with the glorious work of JEHOVAH'S salvation. What a thought! None but an infinite mind could have given birth to it. What a plan! None but the wise and incomprehensible God could have drawn it. What power could carry it on to perfection? shall we that perfection see?

Laying at the Bottom of the Ladder and Listening. In short chapters. Sacred moments may be occupied in meditation on them. Was there ever a better place on earth to lay down in? It is where mother laid me. It is the only safe place to lay your offspring. Further notice if the wind blows that way.

Outside of Divine Inspiration, and In the Realm of Human Opinion. A CALL TO CHRISTIAN UNITY. An address to all denominations, sects and churches. Ah! human opinion has an immense mass, a growing, diversified, naturally clever, much conceited, self-willed, cross-grained wilderness of oppositionists. There is but one element of unity amongst them: that is a very ancient one, "they only consult to cast Him down from His excellency." That eternal throne of divine sovereignty

on which throne of divine excellency His Father placed Him long ere time its chequered course began. The address which we have received demands much consideration. We would examine its different departments; we cannot now. Here is one instance of cruel criticism on the Baptists. A clever Clifton writer says:—"If the Baptist Churches are able to shake themselves clear of the ghastly day-dreams of John Calvin, and conform their ministry to the *scientific spirit of the age*, they may yet be in the van of human progress." Mark the two leading sentences which will call forth the plaudits of tens of thousands of the present-day religionists. First: "The ghastly day-dreams of John Calvin." Second: "The scientific spirit of the age." Those two sentences are the powers now carrying the people to an idolization of mental progress; or, into the school of a merely natural evolutionism. Soul safety is nowhere to be found but in a vital union to God-in-Christ by the Spirit. I say, Not John Calvin! Not John Wesley! but Jesus Christ. "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world

"TO SAVE SINNERS!"

"Of whom," each for himself may say "I am the chief." The enmity of the heart against God's sovereignty flows out in that poisonous sentence: "the ghastly day-dreams of John Calvin!" The so-called Baptists are ignoring that name as far as possible.

BOOKS, &c. Table loaded. Many waiting. Mr. Palmer's *Welcome*, for Wycombe, is well sustained. We send it off to a sick-chamber. The verse is true in our heavy domestic trial, it says:

"Saddened? No! not saddened,
By scenes of darkest woe,
I should be, if I knew not
That Jesus loves me so!"

Life and Light throws a hard blow at the poor countryman. He made us think of the *flame flowered heath*. We could have a few words on this countryman, but we are busy now, aiming practically to comfort them that mourn. The Bible speaks of three schools of professing Christians. Some are *all head*—beady, high minded. Others, *all heart*, knowing the plague of their own heart. Poor fellows! They often mourn. A third are *all feet*. They "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." They are spoken of as "blessed doers of His commandments," they have right to the tree

of life. They walk up to, and go in through, the gate into the city. Eusebius tells us why John was called the *Divine*. We suppose the writer referred to belongs to that class. But we pause here. The November *Australasian Particular Baptist Magazine* comes over to us regularly. It is well conducted. The *Christian Warrior* is the title of Mr. J. S. Anderson's poem in January issue of his *Silent Messenger*. We believe the following lines are eternally true:—

"The foe may wound, but cannot kill
The secret life, do what he will:
'Tis bid with Christ in God,
Nor death itself, nor grave so dark,
Can ever quench the "vital spark,"
In souls redeemed by blood."

There always shines out a vital spark in the poems by J. S. A. "*Calvin of blessed memory!*" so spake that luminous, literary thinker, reader, speaker, pastor of the Islington Baptist Church, Philip Reynolds, in the course of his attractive and well worked-out sermon, which is now published, entitled, *The Christian Sabbath*, which, for twopence, can be had of the author, 85, Avenell-road, High-bury. The wish may be wicked, but it would whisper, "If Philip had a comprehensive outer-case, like Thomas, once of Snow's-fields, or a long metre embodiment, equal to William of Waltham; if he had a constitution of iron and a voice like Bell Harry, the little smothered up Islington sanctuary would not long hold our prim Philip. After all, the lady to the poet perhaps was correct:—

"*The mind's the standard of the man.*"

Philip is a printer; and that tells for something in his composition. We must not indulge. Mr. Philip Reynold's sermon, *The Christian Sabbath*, is historical, critical, intellectual and a little spiritual. If his deacons and people would issue his sermons frequently, the anti-hypers would find we are not all namby-pamby platitudinarians. We thank you, Philip, for sending us your choice sermon.

"Where is the Almanack Shop?" "What did you say?" quoth a city policeman. "Why, my woif has al'ys been a chapeler. I aint. When she was going off to a better country, she said, 'Richard! when you've got my fen'ral over, go to live with our married Jane, in London; and go and hear Spargoon, he'll tell ye some truth; and go to Jem Wells's Tabernacle. There you will be told all truth.' Now, stop, Mr. Policeman, I have a ache in my heart to go where my old mate is gone: but our Janey is a Romanist, and she wont tell me. So I

axed a man, and he said, 'If you get the almanack it will let you know all about the places.' The almanack shop, master, is in Racquet-court, down Fleet-street. Them Banks's sell *Protestant Dissenters' Almanacks, Congregational Almanacks*, with Dr. Parker, just as he looks when he sings,

"I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world."

"Yes, friend, step in this penny 'bus; stop at Racquet-court; give twopence, for the *Baptist Almanack*, and (can you read? 'O, yes.' Well, then,) they'll set ye up. Rather late in the day for an old'un like you to be converted. I heard a bit of a sermon the other night, when I was on duty, and the parson said, 'HIS MINISTERS'—I wondered who he meant. At last he cried out, 'Beware of men! for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light; therefore, it is no great thing if his ministers also be transformed as the ministers of righteousness. Whose end shall be according to their works.'" "I say, please, Mr. Policeman, arn't all parsons good uns?" "That's not my business." "Ah! but see, I never thought about my having any soul 'til my poor dame was dying, and then she sung, O, like I never heard, and 'um said, 'That's her precious soul singing!' Now, I ache to be loike her." We got police a wife one day, he does not forget us.

There are more than one Dr. Kennedy—or was. The Dingwall Dr. Kennedy was a worker of no mean order. Many years ago he delivered his first sermon in the open air, and at once acquired the reputation, which he never lost, of being a popular and attractive preacher of the Gospel. He was a laborious worker, frequently preaching ten sermons in the course of a week. He had nothing to aid him in the working out of his sermons but the Bible and Concordance, yet he could "retain for hours" the undiminished attention of audiences numbering several thousands, assembled in old Highland churchyards on the hill slopes, while he preached to them. There have been some men in former days, and such power had they that they could fasten the people to their preaching for hours together.

Drops of the Night. By David B. Garnham. London: R. Banks and Son. To be had of the author, Ingleside, Cotland's-road, Bournemouth. Price 1s. 4d., free by post to any part. We only wish we could give this book to our readers entire; but that we must not do, that we cannot do. It is a bunch of grapes from Eschol. You may take a grape at a time. All are precious.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

PASTORS, DEACONS, AND SUPPLIES.

ADMINISTERING THE LORD'S SUPPER.

To the Editor of the "EARTHEN VESSEL."

DEAR SIR,—In December E. V., a correspondent asks—"What is law and order in reference to administering the Lord's Supper?" By "law and order," I suppose your correspondent means, What is the teaching of the New Testament? As Strict Baptists recognise no other rule of faith and practice, and no lawgiver but Jesus Christ—who, Luke tells us, gave commandments unto the apostles (Acts i. 2), and also the Holy Spirit, to teach and guide them in all things pertaining to His church and kingdom (John xiv. 26; and xv. 26)—I was a little surprised at your answer to the above question—viz., that when a Church is without a pastor, but has a minister to supply his place—one, we presume, the Lord has commended, and who ministers with spiritual profit to the Lord's family, yet he must not preside at the Lord's Table—that being a deacon's proper work in such a case. I ask, is it really so? Will the Word of God support that view? Unless the deacons are also called to minister the Word—what were deacons appointed for? What is the nature of their office. Clearly to look after the temporal wants of the Church (Acts vi. 1—4). If the Lord's Supper were simply an earthly meal to feed the poor, then certainly it would be the deacon's office to administer it. The Holy Ghost appointed them this business (Acts vi. 3); but if the Lord's Supper is a spiritual and heavenly ordinance, as I solemnly believe it is, then I think the Scripture is plain—it pertains to the minister, whose office is spiritual, to administer it. The Holy Spirit has not only defined, but clearly maintained, the distinction between the temporal office of deacon and the spiritual office of minister (Phil. i. 1; 1 Tim. iii. 1—8). Can Churches consistently set this aside, and alter the Lord's order by a Church rule? That order is evident. The deacon is the Lord's temporal servant, to serve earthly tables (Acts vi.), but the spiritual, as the names of his office shew—viz., minister (Col. i. 7), elder bishop (Titus i. 5—7), leader or guide (Heb. xiii. 7), overseer (Acts xx. 28). He is called to serve at heavenly tables, to feed with spiritual bread (John xxi. 15—17). The fact that one brother may be called to both offices only confirms my argument. All deacons are not so called. Ignoring this distinction is subversive of truth, and contrary to the Lord's own institution, and neither "law nor order." Plymouth Brethren will approve it. Like Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, they contend against what they call a one man ministry, and laugh at us Baptists for maintaining it, although the Lord ordained it so from the beginning; for Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Samuel, the prophets and apostles, yea, the blessed Master Himself, were all "one-man ministers." If

wrong, will some correspondent kindly set me right; only let the arguments be drawn, not from commentary or custom of Churches, but the Word of the Lord only.—Yours in the love of the truth and hope of the Gospel,

JOHN BONNEY.

[It is quite possible to hold very different views on special subjects. In religion, in the Gospel, in theology, I never was "a liberal." Never went with "the times." Brought up in the Church of England, cut down and sentenced to death by an old Wesleyan, called out of the "belly of hell" by the Lord Himself, confirmed and comforted by the Countess of Huntington's ministers—at least by three of them—and after this progressive training, on one memorable morning the ordinance of baptism to be administered to repenting believers before entering the Church was made clear to me from our Lord's own words. Then that blessed man of God, Mr. Henry Christian, pursued me until he was the means of my being baptized by the devout William Matthews, and received into full communion with the Baptist Church in the city of Canterbury. At that time, I knew nothing concerning the different sections of so-called Baptists, which I hear of now; such as "General Baptists," "Union Baptists," "Pre-existerian Baptists," "Open Baptists," "Strict Baptists," &c. I was a Baptist after the Pentecostal order, and I have never been any other. I am not moved by anything, nor by anybody, from being a Baptist. I was never happier in my life than when I knew nothing of other sects or denominations. I have always seen that flesh and blood are opposed to immersion. When the Canterbury Church had no pastor, the good deacon administered the Lord's Supper. Surely, if a man is worthy to hold the office of a deacon, if he must conduct meetings for prayer, preside at Church meetings; if he is qualified to visit the sick, to examine candidates, etc.—if with all these offices he is known to the members of the Church as a good, a godly, a spiritual brother, he may, when no pastor is over the Church, break the bread to his brethren and sisters! I do not put the deacon down as a mere table furnisher. The good deacons are the captains, the mates, the steersmen, and the watchers of ministers, of members, and of congregation. They are important and valuable men if God and grace have duly qualified them for their position. Baptism is an ordinance outside the Church, and any Philip, or other evangelist, may baptize a repenting believer: but the Lord's Supper is an ordinance *inside* the Church. IT IS A FAMILY FESTIVAL. Every true New Testament Church is a family of Christ's own disciples; the children of God's grace, who have by grace and faith become united in heart and soul, and meet at the table of the Lord to "remember Him." I am a New Testament conservative. From the Word of

God I cannot stir a quarter of an inch. Mr. Spurgeon can do as he likes, Mr. Bradbury can do and say as he pleases, and many more, and I am not to judge them. I can only walk in the light given to me. I have seen men deny all their professions, and they seem to prosper. So I am dumb. The supply system has become a very popular system, and every Church claims to do as it pleases. "The Lord's Supper" has always been to me a peculiar solemn season, and I do think, until a man has been tried, proved, used of God, honoured in the Word, and duly set apart to the pastoral office, he will not feel justified to stand in such a sacred work. Mr. Archer sends me Mr. Dickerson's verdict, which is Dr. Gill's, word for word, so also answers the *Standard*. They all follow Dr. Gill, saying, a man who can occupy the pulpit is qualified to break bread at the Table. I only add, I feel there is an amazing difference. But, I stand aside for awhile, for I know not of any absolute law laid down to guide in the matter; but I do know our Churches will proceed according to their own judgment. Let us weigh the question a little.—C. W. B.]

FORMATION OF A CHURCH AT KILBURN.

Five years ago the Church meeting at Mount Zion, Hill-street, Dorset-square, took Ebenezer Chapel, Kilburn Vale, as a mission station, and from that time till the present it has been generally known and recognised as a branch of the Dorset-square Church. It was now thought the time had arrived to form it into a distinct New Testament Church, and Tuesday, Jan. 13, 1865, was set apart for that purpose.

In the afternoon Mr. Adams, of Riding House-lane, read Rev. ii., and offered prayer. Mr. Shepherd then delivered a very powerful and Scriptural address on the constitution of a Gospel Church, at the commencement of which he said he entered upon the duty now before him with mingled feelings; he was about to lose some of his old friends, and that caused pain; on the other hand there was cause for rejoicing in seeing and knowing that the cause of Christ was extending. For the sake of order we shall take a text, which you will find in 1 Thes. ii. 14, "For ye brethren became followers of the Churches of God," etc. These words are particularly applicable to those who to-day are to be formed into a Strict Baptist Church in this locality. The New Testament recognises local Churches as distinct from an ecclesiastical hierarchy. God Himself was the monarch of the Mosaic dispensation. The oracles of God were handed down by the Jews of that period. The Jewish nation was typical of God's elect family, and the covenant which He entered into set forth this fact. When Christ came and finished all that He had to do, the thing was entirely changed. The Mosaic dispensation was not abolished till Christ had accomplished the work for which He came. When He had completed that, the great work of atonement, He was no longer straightened; He then said, "Go ye into all the world." Hence-

forth the Church is not national; there is no difference between a Jew or Gentile—no advantage or disadvantage, for neither circumcision or uncircumcision availeth anything. The Church formed at the day of Pentecost is the one which we have left us for our guide—there was none before it, there has been none since—we have no other. "That which ye have already hold fast till I come." If we only look between the covers of the New Testament there we shall find the mould for a Gospel Church, and they were unquestionably Strict Baptist Churches. We do not like the appellation, "Strict," but we are compelled to use it in contradistinction to those who have departed from the one and only New Testament order: the term Christian Church would be preferable and ought to be sufficient. In regard to preaching I wish we could follow Peter's first sermon, it was a model, brief and to the point—repentance and baptism—it was also imperative. Baptism is symbolical of our faith, sprinkling is not; we go down into the water, we are buried in the water, we rise up out of the water, setting forth the death, burial, and resurrection of our dear Redeemer. "And they continued steadfast in the apostles' doctrine." We have no business to receive any to communion who have not been baptized. It matters not to us who introduced open communion and sprinkling, and such like, there is not a text in the New Testament to warrant it, and I defy anybody to produce one. No other Church can be a Church of God; no Church can be a Church of God that dishonours Christ, and he who dishonours the Christ dishonours the Father.

Mr. Shepherd then read the articles of faith and practice to be observed, and asked those who were about to be united in Church fellowship to signify their assent by standing up. He (Mr. S.) in further addressing them said, "You have given your assent to the articles of faith and practice, and your consent to be bound together as a New Testament Church; I pray that the Lord may cause each of you to be as a lamp in this locality; not to live to yourselves, but to scatter abroad the Gospel of the grace of God, and may your future be more consecrated to His service." After giving the right hand of fellowship to twenty-eight brethren and sisters they were declared to be a Church formed after the order of God's Word in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and, as you have elected three brethren (E. Beazley, J. Harris, and G. Haxell) to the office of deacon, I ask those brethren to rise; and in speaking to them individually, Mr. S. remarked:—Brother Beazley, I feel you have made a sacrifice in leaving Mount Zion. We have long worked together; I always found you ready and willing to serve the Church there, and I feel a kind of pang in parting with you. You have done it, I know, for the furtherance of God's cause, may He—yea, He will—reward you. Yourselves and your two brethren must keep a watchful eye over the cause, especially those who are advanced in years and the young and tender plants.

The ordinance of the Lord's Supper was then administered to about 200 brethren, John Box and Philip Reynolds taking part.

At the evening meeting Mr. Shepherd was called to the chair, read Psa. xlviii., and Mr. Wilson prayed. "My sympathies," said the chairman, "have always been here. For some time, once in the week, I preached here. This is an increasing locality, and I have learned that the principles of free and sovereign grace are not in favour here. Don't be surprised at this; but adhere to the truth. I maintain that every declension from the truth leads to infidelity. Your mission is to hold out the lamp of truth, to publish it; and I do pray that you may be instrumental in your efforts, and that the place may be too straight. Do not despise the poor, for you and I have lived long enough to see that most of the Lord's people are of the toiling class."

Mr. John Harris, who has been preaching here for some time, then said: I thank you all, dear friends, for the great esteem and sympathy manifested to-day. We have much to thank God for during the past year. The Lord has blessed His own Word, prayer-meetings have been soul-refreshing seasons. We want to live at summer heat from a true principle of love. I feel that my ties at Hill-street are very strong, and those of us who have been united here to-day from that good old Church, feel that though divided in body, we are not severed in spirit; and though we are few and small compared to them, yet we have the same God at Kilburn as they have at Mount Zion, Hill-street, and unto Him we look for help. Mr. Eley told us he had many very pleasant opportunities in this place while speaking in the Lord's name, and in coming up here the words which fastened on my mind were, "Pray without ceasing," and urged the importance of unity at the throne of grace. There is no success where there is no prayer, and further impressed on those who were members to be in their places at the appointed time, and not wander off to other places.

Mr. Porter, who had occasionally spoken to them, congratulated them on the proceedings of the day. Mr. Mayhew followed in the same encouraging strain. Mr. P. Reynolds prayed that the bond of union that day formed might be cemented by God the Holy Spirit. You have the Church spoken of as a family, but look at it as a vessel. You have this day been launched; may your elders take well to the oars. The Master commands you to pull straight for the shore of eternity. Use all the means at your disposal, God's blessing will follow.

Mr. Beazley: I thank our heavenly Father for this blessed meeting. I feel the severance from Mount Zion, where I have been in fellowship for forty-four years; but this movement, I believe, is for the glory of God. I love His service, and desire to say, with dear Paul, "Whether we live, or whether we die, we are the Lord's." We are in the wilderness, on the ocean of time; but we have a glorious Captain, and by His blessed guidance we shall be safely steered in the haven of rest. I have learned to-day that I

have lived in the affections of my brethren and sisters at Mount Zion. We should never have known each other but for that great and matchless grace which has saved us eternally. We are believers in the blessed Trinity. I cannot explain it; but, blessed be God, it is as clear to the sight of faith as noontide splendour. May the glory of the God of the Hebrews be our only Object in establishing a cause of truth in this locality. Amen.

The chairman pronounced the benediction. Although the weather was inclement, the chapel (which will hold 300) was full in the afternoon. There were friends from Hackney, Holloway, Hoxton, Pimlico, and various other parts, to encourage by their presence the new cause.—J. W. B.

WHITECHAPEL.—Special services were held in Little Alie Street Chapel on Jan. 20, to celebrate the second anniversary of Mr. R. E. Sears' pastorate in that place. A truly blessed sermon, full of weighty thought, was preached in the afternoon by Mr. John Hazelton from John xx. 17. I do not know the day when I found the Word so solemn and refreshing as on that occasion. Mr. Hazelton spoke sweetly on the relationship of Christ with believers as the elder Brother, and the peace which He left behind on the day of His ascension to glory. Bless God for the privilege of listening to such a sermon from the sincere heart and lips of a man who (to a more or less degree) feels and experimentally knows what he says. After the sermon, the friends adjourned to a large schoolroom in Rupert-street, which soon became filled, and where tea was provided. This is anything but a pleasant locality, but there are many precious souls in it who love the truth as preached by Mr. Sears in that clean and truly comfortable chapel, which is so full of interesting detail of past history. W. Kennard, Esq., of Croydon, presided, and read 2 Tim. ii., after which Mr. F. H. Noyes offered fervent prayer. Mr. Sears, the pastor, made a few remarks relative to his two years' labours in Little Alie-street. The chapel had been restored in a most excellent manner, which made it appear almost like a new one, at a cost of £821. He had received twelve candidates into the Church, 9 by baptism, and every association connected with the cause was healthy and in good working order. It is now generally well known that Mr. Sears edits a monthly four-paged magazine called *Life and Light*. The friends of Christian Churches will do well to circulate it. There is a short article on "Infant Salvation" in the January number of the present year, which is well worthy of a reading. All I can say is, Write at once for copies of Jan. and Feb. to R. E. Sears, 50, Grove-road, Bow, E. If you have no money, he will give you a few. Mr. Meeres was helped to speak on Christ the solid foundation of the Christian's hope. W. Winters made some remarks on immortality. Mr. J. S. Anderson spoke on the solemnity of life and death. Mr. J. Harris dwelt on the necessity of fidelity and industry in the work of the ministry. Mr.

W. Hazelton enlarged on the help laid on the mighty one, as God's greatest act of love. The collections for the pastor amounted to £22. May the Lord bless brother Sears, his family and his Church, with all needful aid. —W. WINTERS.

FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF MR. J. L. MEERES AT BERMONDSEY.

It was very gratifying to witness so large a number of friends rallying round, and the cordial spirit manifested towards that honoured servant of Christ, Mr. J. L. Meeres, on the occasion of his completing his fortieth year as minister of New Church-street, Bermondsey, on Wednesday, January 7, 1885. All the agencies of the Church united to make the occasion memorable, and the result of the day's collections were for the pastor, which amounted to over £20. The ladies provided the tea, &c., free, and forty bright new shillings were given by the Sunday-school (representing the number of years of Mr. Meeres's ministry), and presented to him by Miss Vincent, a little girl of about four years, and all did their best to show their affection to one whom the King of kings has delighted to honour.

Mr. Meeres is not the man, physically, he was before his illness, twelve months ago; he is, however, enabled to take all the home services, and it is true to demonstration that, since his affliction, the Church and congregation have been more united than ever in prayer and practice for their pastor's welfare. Everybody knows that Mr. J. L. Meeres is a loving man, and he has a loving people. On this occasion the chapel was quite full in the evening. Mr. Firminger, and several others from Nunhead-green, as well as friends from Dorset-square, Spelhurst-road, Jireh, Chadwell-street, Soho, Surrey Tabernacle, &c., were present. The pastor presided, and in a very brief address told us he came there the first Lord's-day in January, 1845, but was not recognised as pastor till two years after, and was not allowed to "break bread" to the Church until he had been publicly ordained to the pastoral office. [*How different now!*] A Sunday-school was soon formed, then a Benefit and a Burial Society. These have worked exceedingly well. I had (said Mr. Meeres) a very sweet promise from the Lord when I came, "I will be with thee in all places whithersoever thou goest." With that the Lord brought me here, kept me here, and I hope to stay here till He says, "Child, come home."

Mr. Bennett took a review of the past 40 years, and enlarged upon the words of Paul, "If in this life only we have hope," &c.

Mr. Dearsly: All that we say about our brother Meeres we desire to say to the glory of God. Christ has made him what he is, both in his home and Church life. All that 40 years is an expression of God's mercy towards him, and to all the members of the Church I say, Encourage him. Brother Meeres had a very special promise when he came, and he knows that, though heart and

flesh fail, God's promise never will. He hath said it, and He will do it.

Mr. Mead: I have not had the pleasure of a long acquaintance with our brother; short though it is, my heart is endeared to him and you, and I congratulate him and you on being for so long a period united by the Spirit together. The Lord, in early life, convinced our brother of the folly of sin, and made him a wise teacher. He knows what he affirms; you, as a Church, ought to be thankful for this. Many can testify that through the atoning work of Christ by the power of the Holy Spirit, he has healed many a wounded conscience. There is that remedial power in the Gospel that will meet the case of every poor, needy sinner. There is no wound but the balm of Jesus, by the Holy Spirit, can heal. As an ambassador, our brother has occupied the highest position in this time state. He has adhered to that Gospel which the Lord first revealed to him. Our brother has been very kind to the friends at Nunhead, and it is only right that I should be here to acknowledge it.

Messrs. Griffiths, Beazley, and Hall followed, testifying of the goodness of the Lord to our friend Meeres. One very pleasing feature in the proceedings was the reciting of some verses by Miss Bolton (a scholar in the school), composed for the occasion by Mr. Vincent, the superintendent, which will be found in *Cheering Words*. Messrs. Taylor, May, and others, took part. In the afternoon, Mr. John Box, of Soho, delivered a sermon appropriate to the occasion from Acts vii. 37. J. W. B.

SUTTON, ELY. — In the EARTHEN VESSEL for November we read, with some degree of pleasure, of a certain dove, whose hap was to alight in this neighbourhood the same evening as we commemorated our Harvest Thanksgiving. This dove carried our thoughts back to a *Cœur de Lion*, and rapidly brought the present period. Very hopeful were his anticipations respecting our future state. It might be somewhat more gratifying to the unknown dove to learn that the new minister is invited to proclaim the love of Jesus throughout the year 1885. Also might be still more cheering for him to hear, that on the 6th January a special meeting was convened for prayer and praise, and after seven had taken part in the service, one of the friends presented the new minister (H. E. Sadler) with £4, as a New Year's gift. Independent of this unexpected, generous gift, he has also received gifts privately. Most heartily would the receiver thank all friends, and praise Him who alone can open and no one can shut.—H. E. S.

RAUNDS, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE. — Our Baptist school held New Year's service Jan. 4. The service was conducted by Mr. Fuller. Bibles were given to those that had attained the age of fourteen during the year; prizes to the children that had attended the best. We sow in faith, and we are praying the Lord of the harvest to cause it to grow.

GRAVE CHARGE AGAINST SOME PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

On Lord's-day, January 4, and Monday the 5th, special services were held at Providence Baptist Chapel, Glemsford, to commemorate the goodness of God in Providence and grace. Mr. J. Crown was the preacher. His text was 2 Cor. i. 10. He spake three times. In the morning he treated upon past mercies, "Who hath delivered us from so great a death." In the afternoon, present mercies, "And doth deliver." In the evening, future mercies, "In whom we trust, He will yet deliver us." In the evening we had the pleasure to listen to a precious strain of Gospel truth, as, by the help of the Holy Spirit, the preacher was enabled to set forth the sovereign, distinguishing grace of God, and salvation by a precious Jesus Christ.

On the Monday a social tea was given to a good number: harmony prevailed. It was pleasing to hear and receive the hearty greetings of the friends in general. At public meeting brother Firbank (who preaches the Gospel at Haverhill), led us to the throne of grace. There, in a humble and solemn manner, he supplicated the Lord's mercy. The pastor, who presided over the meeting, expressed a wish to make a few remarks—first negatively, and then positively. The purposes for which we were *not* met, and the purposes for which we *were* met. He believed the line he laid down would be strictly observed. He remembered with deep regret meetings of like character he had attended, and at those meetings he met with men of truth, bold defenders of the faith; but so far forgot themselves that, instead of exalting a precious Saviour, they offered grave insults to the Divine Being by indulging in frivolous, flesh-pleasing anecdotes, more suited to a play-house than the house of God. Now, said the speaker, we are not here for levity, witty expressions, nor flesh-pleasing remarks, nor are we here to eulogise each other; but we are met this evening with a prayerful desire to thank and praise our God for the manifold mercies we have received at His hands. Mr. R. Rose then gave a brief outline of his seven years' pastorate at this place. Upon taking a review of the past, he felt it a pleasure to be able to say that from the commencement to the present period we have lived, prayed, preached, and worked together in union, brotherly love, and Christian concord. Not many have been added to membership. The great and good Shepherd has brought in some; more are waiting His time, whom He must bring. The congregation is increasing, and those who love and fear the Lord give practical proof that they love the brethren also.

Mr. J. Crown gave us some encouraging remarks from "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Mr. G. Firbank followed, and brought up the rear in his accustomed sound declaration of Gospel truth.

I should like to have said more, but feel I have already exceeded the allowed space.

Cavendish.

ROBERT PAGE.

[We believe brother Robert Page to be a good and godly worker in the vineyard, and feel grateful to find at the end of a seven years' apprenticeship, he and the people are lovingly determined, in God's strength, to go forward together. God shall bless them].

MR. HORTON'S SETTLEMENT.

January 15 was a very blessed day, as realised to the joy of many hearts at Salem chapel, Windmill-road, West Croydon, on the occasion of the public recognition of Mr. William Horton. Salem is a neat and pleasant sanctuary. The interior is fitted up with new seats, the building stands well, is surrounded by a thick population, which, I hope, will prove encouraging to the new pastor. In the afternoon Mr. G. W. Shepherd delivered an address on the nature of a Gospel Church, every word of which was Scripturally true. Mr. Horton was asked by Mr. Shepherd to state his call by grace. Mr. Horton gave, in a solid and interesting manner, an account of the Lord's dealings with his soul. He was the son of godly parents, the subject of many prayers long before he was taught to pray for himself. He attended Sabbath-school about three miles from Maidstone, and, by perseverance he became a teacher in that school. He was early apprenticed to a coppersmith at Maidstone. He attended Providence chapel; was spiritually blest by the words, "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." He was baptized in March, 1843. In the August following Mr. Horton removed to London as a mechanic, settled down at Jireh, City-road, where he became a deacon. From Jireh he was transferred to Soho; was greatly blest under the late Geo. Wyard.

Mr. Shepherd expressed his satisfaction of Mr. Horton's call by grace, and requested him to tell the friends how he was led to open his mouth in the name of the Lord.

Mr. Horton stated that the work of the ministry had been a very gradual one with him. In 1847, being employed in Long-acre, he was sent by his master, with other men, round the coast of England to erect various lights in the chanuel of the sea. It was during his six weeks' stay on the Norfolk coast that he was obligated to speak in the name of his Master in a chapel in that county from the words, "Lord, help me." After which he was sent to Lowestoft, where he preached; afterwards at Beccles, at which place his sermon was blest to Mr. John Pell, who eventually became pastor of Soho chapel, but was snatched from his work in the prime of life to be for ever with the Lord.

Mr. Shepherd desired Mr. Horton to declare the doctrines he intended to preach. This having been done to satisfaction, Mr. J. Cullingford, a deacon, was requested to express the reason of the Church for making choice of Mr. W. Horton as their pastor. Mr. Cullingford being at one time at Brighton heard of Mr. Horton as an excellent preacher, who was moveable. Prayer was then offered by the Church for the Lord to direct them in selecting a pastor. Mr. Horton paid them a visit on request. His ministry was much

appreciated, which led to his settling in their midst. Mr. Shepherd united the hands of pastor and deacon, which, with "All hail the power of Jesu's name," brought the afternoon meeting to a close. We enjoyed tea together.

In the evening W. Kennard, Esq., presided in the place of Mr. W. Beach, who was prevented being present from illness. Mr. J. H. Dearsly offered the recognition prayer. Mr. J. S. Anderson delivered the charge. W. Winters addressed the officers of the Church. W. Burgess addressed the Church. Mr. Dearsly gave goodly words to the congregation. Mr. Kennard brought the meeting to a close with some timely remarks to pastor, deacons, Church, and congregation. This was the happiest day I ever spent at Croydon. That the pastor elect and his loving people may be united and successful is the hearty prayer of

W. WINTERS.

NORFOLK.—"A Grandson" of that venerable and sterling patriarch, Mr. Robert Harvey, writes to a paper nearly as follows: "I notice you refer to the death of H. Jones, a veteran Welsh minister, wherein it is stated that he was, just before his death, the oldest minister in the world. This is somewhat incorrect, as there is now living at Kenninghall, Norfolk, a Mr. Robert Harvey, in his 93rd year, who has been a minister for 73 years in the Strict Baptist denomination. I would like to add he is in good health."

THE ROMISH PRESS.

We suppose the writer of the article reviewing, and aiming to cast contempt upon the EARTHEN VESSEL, forwarded us a copy of the same, with a most ungentlemanly inscription. We could only "pity the poor blind," and, in silence, leave the paper and introduction to sink into oblivion. Such, however, is not the feeling of the zealous Protestants. Books and papers are coming to hand. We retire awhile, and rather allow others to come to the front. When they have borne their testimony we may notice the article itself. Here is one of our volunteers; let us listen to him this month.

To the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I copied the following valuable article from Mr. Spurgeon's "Flashes of Thought," a book I have read with much pleasure and profit. After reading the article alluded to, I thought it ought to be printed by itself and circulated by thousands for the good of the Church and our beloved country. I wished again and again I had the means to publish and circulate it, but well knew I had not. In a moment I had a *flash of thought*, and that is, this excellent and much needed testimony in our day could easily be circulated by its insertion in the VESSEL. If you feel, after reading it, as I did, into the VESSEL it will go for certain. I am, my dear brother,—Yours in Him.—B. TAYLOR.

Pullham-St.-Mary. Nov. 4. 1884.

PREVALENCE OF POPERY.

Not many streets from the house in which we are assembled you may have your candles, and your incense, and your copes, and your albs, with all the other pomps and vanities of the detestable idolatry of Rome. That Romanism, against which Latimer bore testimony at the stake, has been suffered to hold its mummeries and practise its fantastic tricks in the name of this nation, until it counts its deluded admirers by tens of thousands. That monster which stained Smithfield with gore, and made it an ash-heap for the martyrs of God, has come back to you; the old wolf that rent your fathers, and tore their palpitating hearts out of their bosoms, you have suffered to come back into your house, and you are cherishing it, and feeding it with your children's meat.

Once again the harlot of Babylon flaunts her finery in our faces almost without rebuke. Do not tell me it is not Popery, it is the self-same Antichrist with which your fathers wrestled, and a man with but half his wits about him may see it to be so: and yet this land bears it, and rejoices in it, and crouches at the foot of a priest once more. Our great ones, our delicate women, and dainty lords, are once again the willing vassals of priest-craft and superstition: and amid all that, if any one speaks out he is assailed as uncharitable, and abhorred as a troubler in Israel.

Is it nothing that God has favoured this land with the Gospel? Must all her light be turned to darkness? Must all the gains of the valiant men of old be lost by the sloth and cowardice of this thoughtless generation? In days of yore men like Knox and Welch in Scotland, and Hugh Latimer, and John Bradford, fought like lions for the truth, and are we to yield like coward curs? Are the men of oak succeeded by the men of willow? The men who cried, "No Popery here!" now sleep within their sepulchres, and their descendants wear the yoke which their fathers scorned. Shall not God visit us for this? I would that a voice of thunder could arouse this slumbering generation. I am for liberty of conscience for every man. I would have by all manner of means the Catholic as free to practise his religion as any one else. I would have religion left to its own native power for support, and would allow no Church to offer to God what it had taken from an unwilling people by the legalised robbery of church-rate and tithe; but, above all things, it we must be doomed to have an Established Church; I pray God it may not for ever be a den of superstition and the haunt of Papistical heresies. If the Church of England does not sweep Tractarianism out of her midst, it should be the daily prayer of every Christian man that God would sweep her utterly away from this nation; for the old leprosy of Rome ought not to be sanctioned and supported by a laud which has shed so much of her blood to be purged from it.

BELTON.—On Tuesday, December 30th, 1884, a social tea and public meeting was held in connection with the Baptist cause

at Belton, Uppingham, Rutland. Tea was provided in the old parish schoolroom, which was well filled. After tea, public meeting in the chapel, the chair being taken by Pastor W. Rowton Parker. J. G. Nash, of Ashley, spoke on Love—the love of Christ the prevailing influence of the Christian's life; H. Bull, of Barrowden, followed on Work the outcome of the love of Christ within; W. Skelly, of Gretton, spoke on the joy and triumph of the Christian in whom the Lord has wrought all His works; W. Simms said a few impressive words on the vital principles of the Christian life; the pastor closed with a few remarks showing how the several addresses of the various speakers, without any previous arrangement, dovetailed one into the other, evidencing the mind of the Spirit, and showing, also, how in all things our covenant Lord works the purposes of His own will. "All things are of God." A refreshing season was spent. At the close of the evening meeting a collection was taken, which, together with the proceeds of the tea, was applied to the Church funds. The trays for the tea were given by the ladies of the Church and congregation.—From W. ROWTON PARKER, Pastor.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—Jan. 5th, Preston Davies held special services in his chapel, in London-street, between Norbiton and Kingston. W. Winters preached twice for the inauguration of the building fund. There is a long-standing debt on the chapel of £285. Efforts are being made to remove this burden. God help them. Any little help will be thankfully received either by the pastor, Preston Davies, No. 1, Draycott-st., Sloane-square, Chelsea, or Mr. James Page, Margaret Villa, Fairfield West, Kingston-on-Thames. Mr. P. Davies has laboured with this Church for many years past. Perhaps the Church and Sunday-school were never more healthy than now. Mr. Preston Davies is no novice either in spiritual or literal education. He is far in advance of many in the fast going days of this nineteenth century. In nearly one hundred different Churches Mr. Davies has preached before his settlement at Kingston. I hope as his labours have been appreciated during the past quarter of a century in so many sound Churches, they will continue to be fruitful now that he has found a settled resting-place with a loving people in one of the most pleasant spots in the country.—W. WINTERS.

LIMEHOUSE.—New Year at "Elim." The friends met for a social tea. The cost was paid by the ladies. The proceeds augmented the general funds. A good attendance. The evening was spent in prayer and praise, mingled with addresses by pastor and deacons. During the evening our brother Kemp (who has for years filled the two-fold offices of deacon and precentor), was at the close of a suitable address by brother Baldwin (a fellow deacon and our treasurer), presented with a purse containing ten guineas, which had been quietly and

cheerfully subscribed by the friends, as an expression of their Christian love and high appreciation of the able and efficient manner in which the singing had been conducted. Brother Kemp was taken by surprise; and, in a few sentences expressed the pleasure he had felt in being able to render services which were so well appreciated; expressed his thankfulness for this manifestation of their good feeling; his willingness to render better service in the future if he could, and hoping the friends would help him to the best of their ability. Brother Turner, deacon and energetic secretary, with others, were enabled to speak to the spiritual edification and profit of the people. The meeting closed by singing "Blest be the tie that binds," and as it was the 1st of January it was felt to be a good beginning of the New Year.—F. C. HOLDEN.

READING.—The friends of Oxford-road Chapel held New Year's meeting, on Jan. 7. Mr. J. R. Wakelin presided. Mr. Varney offered earnest prayer. Mr. Wakelin gave an encouraging address. W. Winters cheered the friends with good words. The chairman presented a purse of gold to Mr. Thomsett as a token of love to their late pastor. Mr. Thomsett acknowledged the same in a grateful speech. It will be remembered that Mr. Thomsett has been a great sufferer for some time, which has necessitated him to resign his charge. His last sermon was sealed with power to one who is now about to join the Church. Mr. A. Martin, one of the deacons, has been plunged into a sea of trouble in the almost sudden departure of his fond wife, who has left behind a small family. Mr. Martin is an energetic Christian officer and parent; but the severe blow (the most severe that any man could have on earth) has almost prostrated him. I pray the Lord to support him and all his.—W. WINTERS.

SUDDEN DEATH, SUDDEN GLORY!

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Since I last wrote I have had some soul trouble. In addition to a bad foot, and chest worse than usual, I am called to painfully sustain the loss of a dear and much-loved brother in Christ. I was last Saturday greatly dwelling upon spending a joyful day on the Sunday with my beloved friends, being the first Lord's-day in the New Year. The sad news came to my ears the next morning that on the Saturday, about one o'clock at noon, our friend dropped down dead. This quite unnerved me for the day. Oh, my dear brother, I have lost an excellent friend in that dear man; his prayers were such as can never be forgotten. Only the Sunday before this sad occurrence he was praying in the chapel in an unusual way for me, the deacons, the Church, and congregation; and on the same day when I came down from the pulpit, he came and grasped my hand with tears in his eyes, and said, "I know, sir. I know I am the subject of the things you have been preaching." Little did I think this was the last grip of the hand from one so dearly beloved. Some of our friends told me they thought our brother seemed like one

close by the gate of heaven while he was praying. Little did they think he was so close to the heavenly regions of light and joy. This friend was a seal to my poor inbours nearly forty years ago. I preached in a village called Brockdish, about three miles from Pulham, and, as he said, he came out of curiosity to hear me, when it pleased the Lord to send the Word home to his heart. This brought him among us, and here he has been a bright and shining light to the time of his entering into the joy of his Lord. In that very parish two more precious souls were given me; both had been very shocking characters. One went home to glory a long time ago. He sent for me in his dying illness, and told me what great things the Lord had done for him, under the sermon he heard me preach, and since that time. He said when I took my leave of him, "I am as sure of going to heaven, sir, as though I was already there." The other friend, now a very old man, is living in America. He stood a loving member with us several years, and used to thrash in a barn, with only a piece of dry bread sometimes, that he might be enabled to give all he could to the cause of God at Pulham as an acknowledgment of what the Lord had done for his precious soul. He left England because he could not support his large family. And now, my dear brother, I have not told you all my grief last Sunday; for soon after I heard the news of my poor friend's sudden decease, I received a message from Dickleburgh, to say the beloved wife of my acting deacon, Mr. Batho, was very ill, and could not continue long, being in the last stage of consumption. Our dear sister wished to see me as early as possible. O, what heavy tidings were these for a poor weak thing like myself, who am failing more and more in both bodily and mental powers! What a heaviness seized my spirits! A mist and horror of darkness seemed to fall upon me; yea, fearfulness and trembling took hold upon me, and I said, here are sorrows, changes, and trials; and billows on billows seemed to roll over my head. The old enemy came in upon me like a flood; I could not see my way at all clear before me, and I sighed and groaned inwardly, saying within myself, "Am I, after all, deceived? Is my religion only vain and formal? Have I the shadow, but not the substance; the form without the power? If I am indeed right, then why all this darkness and hardness of heart? Where is now supporting grace, to bear me up under these troubles?" I tried all I could to look to Jesus, and so cast anchor, and wished for day.

I was carried on the Monday by friend Eisey and wife, to see our dear dying sister, Mrs. Batho, a good, old-established Christian, and let God be praised for the truly solemn and profitable time spent in that sick room. My dear sister had no great light and joy; no such manifestations as some of the Lord's people are favoured to talk about, but she told me she was resting on the Rock of Ages; she knew whom she had believed, and she said she thought that at eventide it would

be light; but if not, she could safely trust herself in the hands of her loving Lord.

I will now only add we had an excellent meeting when the widows met at my house to take tea the day after Christmas-day. We had a spirited prayer-meeting in the evening. I had by my side my old friend Dunn, over 80 years of age, and the first man I ever baptized, and him I called old Simeon, in my address at the meeting; and the widows I looked upon as so many Annas, all looking for the consolation of Israel. That evening will never be forgotten. To Father, Son, and Spirit be eternal praises given.

Your affectionate brother in Christ,
B. TAYLOR.

Pulham-St.-Mary, Jan. 9, 1865.

PULHAM-ST.-MARY is a pleasant village. Ah, in the Summer time; but on Lord's-day, Dec. 21, I found myself at Harleston once more. Now, Harleston is three miles North-west of Pulham sanctuary, "but a few years ago there existed a Baptist cause at Harleston; the chapel is now turned into cottages, and the pastor gone home to glory. So off I started to hear the ven. Benjamin Taylor, and as I enter the chapel he is just ascending the pulpit, and looks as well as when I last was at the chapel, over 12 years ago; but I see a change in the congregation, so many familiar faces absent, gone home, gone home! But dear Benjamin was as of yore. Oh, what a petition to precious Jesus! As a child speaking to its Father. Then came the text, "Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light, who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son" (Col. i. 12, 13). How blessedly he spoke of the three sister graces of the Holy Spirit—Faith, Hope, Love. But I must not give my shorthand notes of the sermon here, or it will be too long for this part of your valuable magazine; but this I must say, dear Mr. Editor Banks, that if any one wants to hear friend Benjamin preach, it must be at his own chapel, or at his mission-room services in the villages round Pulham. I only wish, as a man, there were many, many more Benjamin Taylors, for not only is he loved and respected by his own flock, but by many more outside the pale of the Baptist circle; and why? Although in every way afflicted, yet his noble character and conduct (for over 40 years in these parts) is and has been in every way what a Christian minister should be before the world. I once heard a gent of the Church say, "There is no man I can trust like Mr. Benjamin Taylor, of Pulham."—FROM SODOM TO ZOAR. [We have sad thoughts of Harleston, near forty years ago, when the late Mr. Langham was the minister; he finished his course well at Scurrie-street. His dying breath was life to some souls; but poor Mason, and the Church under him, went out one dark night. Oh, sin, what hast thou done?]

WANDSWORTH.—THE SUN SHINES AT WEST HILL.—On Lord's-day, Dec. 21, 1884, the friends meeting here for worship were led to rejoice over the goodness of the Lord manifested towards them. The pastor (Mr. Jas. Clark) preached appropriately from "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." Three believers were led through the watery grave, being respectively husband and wife, and a young girl aged seventeen. The latter in very early days became a scholar in Stoke Ash Sabbath-school. While there a sermon by the pastor (Mr. C. Hill) was sent home with power to her soul, causing her to cry, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner," also leading her to seek shelter in the clefted Rock of Ages. Being led in the Providence of God to Wandsworth, she has been constrained to cast in her lot with the people here. This is the third time the baptistry has been opened during 1884; eleven have been baptized, and four received from other Churches. The Lord be praised!—E. L. B., Putney.

BRIXTON.—In this beautiful tabernacle was held, January 13, tenth anniversary of the Sunday-school. A sermon was preached by Mr. Thomas Stringer. After tea a public meeting was held. Thomas Carr, Esq., presided, and Mr. John Taylor prayed. Mr. Carr called Mr. Gray to read a report of the school, which was done in a very able way. Mr. Gray is deserving of great credit in rendering so explicit an account of the school during the past year. The school has lately much increased. The teachers are all members of the Church. Mr. C. Cornwell is superintendent. The school is healthful and happy; nothing but the pure Word of God is taught. Mr. Cornwell and Mr. Gray are restored to health, and the cause is steadily growing. The collections on the school anniversary amounted to £17 0s. 1d. That is greatly in excess of former years; and not only so, but between £40 and £50 have been collected in the cause during the past month for charitable purposes. Bless the Lord for such evidences of hospitality. Mr. Carr made a capital speech, full of sound wisdom, the spirit of which was caught by the brethren J. Taylor, J. Bennett, E. Griffiths, F. C. Holden, W. Winters, W. R. Lee, and C. Cornwell. The doxology and benediction closed the service.—W. WINTERS.

SLAITHWAITE, YORKSHIRE.—On Saturday, January 3, our Annual Church Meeting was held; a good number of the members came together to hear the statement read of the financial position of the Church, and to transact any other business relating to the interests of the cause. The members and some of the friends in the congregation then partook of a substantial tea; after which a meeting was held, presided over by the pastor, Mr. O. S. Dolbey. After singing and prayer, Mr. Dolbey spoke of the "Days that are past." And in doing so he referred to the shortcomings of which we were all the subjects. This was a matter of deep regret and self-abasement before God. Then he

dwelt upon the great favours which our covenant God had bestowed upon us, which were matters for much thankfulness and praise. Mr. Samuel Gunn, one of the deacons, in a few well chosen words, showed us how the work of God in the material creation was made to glorify its Divine Author, by being sanctified to contemplative minds, as it had been in his own case, to the awakening of an inquiry after God; the which inquiry was met by the application of the words, "Thou hast both seen Him, and He it is that talketh with thee." Mr. Joseph Hirst, the senior deacon, then obeyed the Chairman's call, and said in reference to the Church of Christ, "That there his best friends, his kindred dwell, there God his Saviour reigns." It was because of this he delighted to meet with them; unfeigned love to the brethren brought him there. He then gave a short account of the Church's history, remarking that it was said fifty years ago, we should come to nothing. Many have been looking for our destruction, but by the help of God we continue to this day, and are as likely to continue, yea, even more so than when we first began. The past year had been one of success in every respect. The congregation had been larger, the receipts of the pews surpassed former years; there was peace in the Church, and what was best of all, they had the Gospel of God's grace preached to them in its purity, and God blessed the word, so that signs followed. These things he considered did not look much like the going down of the cause, but its advancement. Mr. Joseph Bolton was then called upon, who expressed the pleasure it gave him to meet with the people of Providence Chapel. He had heard many reports about this people, but found them far better than he anticipated. The Gospel of the grace of God had either got fast hold of Mr. Dolbey, or else he had got fast hold of it (a voice, "It is both"). He then gave the words, "But my God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." The people of God were needy, even David, though a king, could say, "I am poor and needy." There were temporal needs, but bread should be given and water should be sure. Spiritual needs were felt by God's people, and all these should be supplied. The believer had a God, and He would supply them. The rule according to which He would give supplies was, "His riches in glory." And the medium through which those supplies came was Christ Jesus. Mr. Stansfield, from Ossett, came up with the words, "The days to come." Remarkings, that in the days to come, whatever the saint might lose, he should never lose his God, for this God is our God for ever and ever. We know not what may befall us, but known unto God are all His works, and in the days to come it will still be the privilege of the believer to ask wisdom to direct, and power to support. In the days to come God will never forsake His people. None can turn His heart away from them, for He is in one mind. He will be faithful to His promises, He will open His secrets and show His covenant, making

known unto the heirs of promise the mystery of His will. In the days to come the Holy Spirit will glorify Christ by revealing Him to His people. What a mercy it is there is a Christ to reveal, God's Christ, a Spirit to reveal Him, even God's Spirit, and a people unto whom this revelation is to be made, even the people of the living God. After a few more words, relating to the communion the saint should have in the days to come, which was the fruit and effect of union to Christ, he concluded a very spiritual and earnest address, by saying that it was a source of great pleasure to him to be among them once more, beholding their order, and seeing the harmony and peace which prevailed. The doxology was then sung, and after the benediction the people went reluctantly to their homes, feeling that the presence and power of the Lord had been graciously given; so that whatever may be said of the Strict Baptists in Slaithwaite, it is evident that there is still life in the root. No believes yours, in the faith of God's elect,
—A RAM'S HORN.

HADLEIGH.—On New Year's Day we held our Members' Annual Meeting. About eighty partook of tea. Evening meeting at 6 30, presided over by pastor B. J. Northfield. Brother Pilbury prayed. Treasurer's report was a most pleasing one, showing a small balance in hand, the enlargement and improvement of the place having, with other expenses, all been paid for. Brethren Keen, Watson, Sewell, Miller, and White, spoke words of gratitude to God, and encouragement to ourselves. The pastor stated during the evening, that since his labours amongst us (now about four and-a-half years) fifty had been added to the Church—thirty by baptism, and twenty by transfer, &c. Signs of blessing were still in our midst. Harmony and peace were still experienced by us. Our united prayers are for God's honour and the continued welfare of this part of the Redeemer's kingdom, which has after years of trials and depression, been so signally blest. The Lord grant it for His name's sake.

NEWTON ABBOTT.—"How can you understand this? When you preached here one week night, the parson's wife said '*there was nothing in you*;' but, from that day until now, some always declare that night's sermon was made a blessing to their souls; and I know mine was unalterably knitted to you that very night." [When parsons' wives think highly of their own husband's ministry, they can seldom hear any other preacher. However, surely the Lord took us there to be the means of keeping them out of a low place. Our correspondent says, "The cause of Truth is still maintained here. Seasons of refreshing are experienced. The Lord is good to the souls of His people." The door was opened by us there for Mr. Ward, and others: and it satisfies us to know, that neither the new neighbour, nor the change of ministers, have buried the truth in oblivion.]

ELTHAM.—First anniversary of formation of the Church in Baptist Meeting Room, on Tuesday, January 6th, was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord to the friends assembled. Mr. Winters delivered a glorious sermon from Mal. iii. 16, 17. After tea, at public meeting, Mr. Brooks (deacon) presided. Mr. Weeks sought the divine blessing. The Chairman then spoke of the mercy of God manifested to us during the first year; three had been added by baptism; peace and unity reigned, and God's faithfulness to His Word that His name shall continue as long as the sun, and that all generations should call the Redeemer blessed. Mr. Winters, Mr. Squirell, W. Hazelton, and Mr. J. Parnell, expounded the Word. Mr. J. Copeland and Mr. G. Buttery, having supplied the cause during the year spoke of the pleasure they had in being present, wished the cause every blessing in the name of the Lord. "O sing unto the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together."

A NOTE FROM MR. S. FOSTER.

MR. C. W. BANKS.—My dear brother in the Lord, companion in tribulation, fellow sufferer, and fellow heir of the grace of life; may great grace rest upon you, grace to sustain you, grace to bear you up and comfort you, while passing through the fire and water. I hope you are able this day to go forth in the name of the Lord, preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ Jesus, and may the Lord bless His own Word to many souls. I hope, if the Lord will, dear Mrs. Banks is better; I hope the Lord will restore her to you, to the family, and to the Church. The November *Cheering Words* is very good, my heart was cheered and comforted in reading "The Churchyard Pioneer." It was very sweet to me. I hope the Lord will strengthen you to continue your narrative. I believe the Lord will bless it to many souls. I hope the Lord's people who have the power, will do all they can in circulating *Cheering Words*. The Lord bless it to many! Let us work while it is day. I have been worse and suffering more, I am ill, in much pain; I have had much to oppress my spirits, but still through mercy I am sustained. Last Lord's-day these words were very sweet, "He is faithful that promised." Yes, I can set to my seal, that God is true, and faithful. Tribulations abound, my brother. Our warmest love in Christ.—Amen.

SAMUEL FOSTER.

Sturry, Canterbury, Nov. 9, 1884.

BAPTISMAL SERVICE.

In the town of Hertford, on November 30, 1884, a solemn evening service was held in the ancient Baptist Chapel, recently improved, and re-named "Ebenezer," originally called "Bulls-barn Meeting-house." The Apostolic practice was carried out by the immersion of a Christian sister. Mr. R. Bowles, the respected pastor, with his accustomed ability, preached an appropriate sermon, based upon the words, "Nevertheless, what

smith the Scripture" (Gal. iv. 30). The leading points were as follows:—1. What saith the Scripture upon the necessary qualifications for baptism? 2. What saith the Scripture upon the proper mode of baptism? 3. What is prefigured or set forth thereby? 4. What is incumbent upon those who submit to it? After the service, the newly baptized, and some of the friends, retired to the Parsonage house adjoining for special fervent prayer (offered by the Sunday-school Superintendent, and an aged minister, a visitor on the occasion), for the divine blessing to rest upon the candidate, and for the prosperity of the cause. The service was crowned with the presence and blessing of Zion's King.

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

ORIGINAL "ALL HAIL!"

CORONATION.—Cant. iii. 11. *Duncan.*

ALL hail the power of Jesu's name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

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

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixt this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the Fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David, Lord, did call—
The God Incarnate! Man Divine!
And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

"T'WAS SHARON'S ROSE THAT BLED."

WELL pleased to see the roses bloom,
The muse demanded why
Should some the lily white assume,
And some the crimson dye?

The cause was sought, but all essay
Were vain to this intent,
Till faucy, wrapt in ancient days,
Pourtrayed the strange event.

Now where the tree of knowledge grew,
In Eden's hallowed ground,
A bed of roses struck the view,
And fix'd it all around.

Large sweets diffusing through the vale,
The mossy beauties spread
Their milk-white bosoms to the gale,
Nor yet assum'd the red.

While Adam strung the manly nerve,
To dress and keep the ground,
His bride, well pleas'd her Lord to serve,
Would range the garden round.

To cull the fruit, and tend the flowers,
And mark their early bloom:
Each morning roses shield his bowyer,
Which breath'd a rich perfume.

This fairest spot she oft survey'd
With an attentive eye:
And here her transient visit paid,
To reap a fresh supply.

One morn—a fatal morn it was—
She paid her usual suit:
But, ah! from hence destruction rose,
She coveted the fruit.

Hied on by Satan's false pretence—
The worst and first of foes—
She dared to break the feeble fence,
And trod upon the rose.

Unarm'd she stretch'd the impious hand,
Th' alluring sweet to prove,
Regardless of her Lord's command,
Regardless of her love.

Th' injured rose beheld the theft,
And wounded, hung its head:
The snowy hue its blossom left,
And blushing, turn'd to red.

The foliage wept a dewy shower,
'That spoke some strange event:
Eve turn'd and saw the bleeding flower,
And wonder'd what it meant.

Awhile she stood and gazed thereon,
Till, trembling, she withdrew,
Unconscious that she trampled on
The fairest flower that grew.

Here fancy paus'd, and truth began
The wonder to disclose:
A nobler form than flower, than man,
Was couch'd beneath the rose.

This only trodden to the ground,
Dishonour'd, blusht a red:
'Twas Sharon's Rose that felt the wound,
'Twas Sharon's Rose that bled.

Th' atrocious deed no sooner done,
To view the Sufferer stood,
In purest white His Godhead shone,
His Manhood bath'd in blood.

And hence the roses now unite
To exalt the Rose that bled:
This means the justifying white,
And that th' atoning red.

The muse their graces sought to prove,
And growing beauties eyed.
Till lost in wonder and in love,
She kiss'd the Rose, and died.

Oh, may my soul these blessings share
In the decisive hour;
And in my bosom ever wear
This sweet, this lovely flower.

Bridgnorth, 1850. M.

GUILDFORD.—Mr. Billing, and six other members of the late Cornelius Slim's Church, left that place because they could not sanction the Church becoming Open Communion. Mr. Mitchell received them into the Church at the Old Baptist Chapel in Guildford, the first Sunday in the New Year.

Birth.

On November 25, at 27, Lorn-road, Brixton, the wife of Mr. Francis C. Pattison, of a son.

Deaths.

THE LATE MRS. MARY COLE WAKELIN.

On December 27, at Worthing, passed away to her eternal rest one who had closely followed her risen Lord for nearly sixty years. Called by divine grace in early life, Mary Cole Wakelin made it her chief business to "make her calling and election sure," and to her was made good the promise that "an entrance should be ministered unto her abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of her Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." After a period of great anxiety concerning her soul's salvation, she was, under the ministry of Mr. George Coombe, of Soho chapel, brought to realise her interest in the finished work of the Redeemer. She was baptized at Soho chapel, we believe, September, 1833. In after years she was led to unite herself with the brethren who sat under the ministry of Mr. Wigmore, at Rehoboth chapel. With them she remained until a few years ago, when she removed to Burgess-hill. Finding there in Mr. Ashdown one like-minded with herself, she decided on uniting herself with his little flock, retaining her membership with them until her death. Although residing in Worthing for the last two years of her life, and feeling the infirmities of advancing years, she nevertheless was very rarely absent from the ordinance, journeying to Burgess-hill in all weathers, and in spite of all difficulties. One of the most pleasing features in her character was the steady determination with which she ever set the interests of God's house and truth before her own. She was never so happy as when worshipping in the sanctuary, or distributing to the necessity of saints. Many an aged disciple will have cause to mourn the loss of one whose heartfelt sympathy was always manifested in the most practical form.

Having exceeded by some years the period of life allotted to man, and "knowing whom she had believed," when the summons came she was ready to depart and be with Jesus. In her last hour she was kept in perfect peace. All fear of death was taken away, the enemy was not permitted to annoy her, and her only dread was that any exclamation of impatience should escape her lips. The Lord, who had been her hope in life, was her support in death. Firmly she said,—

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesu's blood and righteousness:
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesu's name.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

Almost her last words were, "Come! come! Patience! patience!" and then very shortly afterwards, without a pang, calmly, peacefully, and trustfully, she literally fell asleep in Jesus, having nearly completed the seventy-sixth year of a life remarkable for its holy consistency. She was interred at Highgate on January 1, the funeral service being conducted by her two former pastors—Mr. Adams, of Rehoboth chapel, and Mr. Ashdown, formerly of Burgess-hill, now of Zoar chapel.

Mr. John Brown, a beloved and respected deacon at Bethel, Newton-st., Hoxton, entered into his eternal rest on December 27, 1884. He had been an honourable member for about 20 years, and but a short time prior to his departure gave a precious testimony to his interest in the covenant love and faithfulness of our Triune Jehovah.

On December 27, 1884, at Brooklyn-cottage, Southdown, Great Yarmouth, after a long affliction, William Hartwell, aged 86 years, late of Stepney-green, London.

We have known for years what it is to see the smittings of death in our own family, and in the various circles of our friends; but surely that appointed stern enemy never cut into our dear friendships as of late. Mr. J. Sharpe, once of Spalding, lately a member of the Church under the pastoral care of brother John Bolton, went to his office on Friday morning, January 16, in his usual health, was suddenly seized with a fit, and in twelve hours his mortal part was a lifeless corpse. We cannot give further notes this month. Alas! the strong men, the saved and the wise ones in Zion, are being called away from us.

That original, honest, real, Christian and village preacher, Mr. Maberry, of Bethel chapel, Cheltenham, left the earthly house the end of 1884, nearing his 81st year. His remains are laid in Bethel burying ground; the brethren Joseph Flory and Townsend officiated. We had a long conversation with him in Cheltenham last May. His Spirit-taught soul gushed out with many precious unfoldings of God's mysteries. We expect a memoir some day.

The widow, Mrs. Sandall, of South Stoke, after being kindly, affectionately nursed by her most invaluable and beloved daughter Hannah, and her niece Emma, for a long, long, painful illness, quietly, peacefully breathed her last on January 18, 1885, at a great age. How long, in some cases, will the silver cord hold body and soul together! Our helpers have enabled us to help a little; but now the afflicted orphans need substantial help. In their very long and arduous nursing their constitutions are fearfully weakened. We have for months seen and experienced the distress arising out of the protracted wasting of one so dear to all around.

On January 16, 1885, Mrs. Hephzibah Stevens, widow of Mr. Joseph Stevens, and eldest daughter of the late Mr. Elijah Packer, of Horsleydown, quietly passed away, surrounded by her family. Thus, after a few days' illness, she left the world where, for 62 years, she had been an inhabitant. Shortly before she entered her eternal rest, her youngest sister Hannah (your daughter-in-law), had a very pleasant conversation with her.

"Day by day, the voice saith, 'Come!
Enter thine eternal home;
Asking not if we can spare
This dear soul it summons there.
Had He asked us, well we know
We should cry, 'Oh, spare this blow!'
Yes, with streaming eyes should pray,
'Lord, we love her, let her stay.'
But the Lord doth nought amiss,
And since He hath ordered this,
We have nought to do but still
Rest in silence on His will."

The funeral took place on Thursday, the 22nd. A short service was held at the residence of the deceased, West Dulwich, when Mr. Gotch officiated. The mortal remains of the deceased were then removed to Nunhead Cemetery, and interred in the family grave, J. T. Cole officiating at the grave. Love to all, from your affectionate son—CHARLES.

The venerable James Daws, of Guildford, finished his race here last December. He had been a village preacher all round the Surrey hills for many years. We expect to have his memoir shortly.

W. G. Lewis (son of the once popular Zionite Church at Chatham), died at St. Alban's in January, at 63, from cancer in the throat.

Heaven's Standard of Safety.

CHAPTER III.

IN SEASONS OF DANGER.

"Hear ye the rod! and Who hath appointed it!"

Alone with God! waiting for His power!
Oh, sacred time! consecrated hour!
The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray;
My unassisted heaven is barren clay,
Which of its native self can nothing feed:
Of good and holy works Thou art the seed,
Which quickens only where Thou sayest it may.

AH, it is time, good people, that we did hear God! During the last fifty years there has been, it may be, too much of the abstract hearing of *men*. At least, an excited *resting* in hearing the voice and the verdict of men.

Is it saying too much to affirm that now, God has been coming, is coming to us, with the rod? The thrones of the nations are trembling! Russia says, "Make more instruments of war!" Our beloved Queen has been shaken! Her ministers are all in confusion. "England has much need for patience and prayer just now. For some time past it had seemed as if England were indeed in that decadence which Prince Bismarck believes has already overtaken her. The call of duty no longer rang in our ears as the clarion of God—wrapped in ease and luxury and in unbelief we were losing faith both in England and in all that had made England great. The individual seemed so helpless. But a man was raised up who for twelve long months displayed in the sight of the whole world the heroic virtues which our gainsayers believed were all but extinct. General Gordon has demonstrated before all men the might that lies in the arm of a single Englishman who has faith in his country and his God."

To myself, in a home of affliction, yea, with afflictions all around, how timely and how true come the slaughtered General Gordon's words. "Writing to his sister on March 11, 1884, he said: 'Remember, our Lord did not promise success or peace in this life. He promised tribulation; so if things do not go well after the flesh, He still is faithful. He will do all in love and mercy to me. My part is to submit to His will, however dark it may be.' That was the philosophy of his life, and 'however dark' it might be, that strong faith shone ever before his eyes like a pillar of fire in the dark and desolate wilderness."

Our deep heart-prayers and our inspired desires are often prophetic forerunners of things coming upon us. No dark mind will believe it! No dead soul knows anything of it. It is a deep that coucheth beneath. "By his knowledge" (at work secretly in the soul) "the depths are broken up." Have you secret, strong, up-heaving sighs to God? Be ye sure then He is coming in some form.

I read of Gordon: "Over and over again he said before he went out on his last great mission: 'I would give my life for these poor people of the Soudan. How can I help feeling for them? All the time I was there, every night I used to pray that God would lay upon me the burden of their sins, and crush me with it instead of these poor sheep. I really wished it and longed for it.' And now his prayer and longing have been realised."

But this martyrdom of such a man is to me like the Almighty shaking HIS ROD OVER THIS LAND!

From his sick chamber, that very devout man of God, Benjamin Taylor, writes:—"My mind is daily occupied with the state of things. Oh, poor England! poor England! I see thine enemies daily gaining power over thee, which will shortly complete thy ruin. Thine enemies are these: pride, covetousness, drunkenness, and fulness of bread. Oh, poor, blind England! thou art stripping the country, starving the land, and encouraging Popery! This may be my last testimony for the Lord; ultimately Dagon must fall before God's ark."

Not in England only, in the Western States we have had cyclones which ravaged the country and destroyed property and lives. In Europe we have the dynamitards, the Socialists, the Nihilists, the Anarchists and the Communists. We were in daily peril of our lives; we may be blown up the next moment. Jesus said it would be so in the last generation.

Then there is the Mohammedan power, which has for so long trodden down the millions of the East. A short time ago there was the Arabi revolt, now the Mahdi is raising a wave of fanaticism, and striving to kindle a flame from the smouldering embers.

"The fat and the strong" may boast and laugh, but I tremble. Then the words came, "Yea, in the shadow of Thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast." There is a time of danger and of distress referred to. "*These calamities.*" There is the only place of real safety pointed out, "In the shadow of Thy wings."

David's calamities are all left behind. Saul, who was then pursuing David, is gone; and the man after God's own heart is safe in glory. But David was full of fear. Yet he had faith in God; and to Him he cried, to the Lord he fled; there he hid himself; then he was safe. The Lord delivered Him; and twice he extols the Lord very highly. "Be Thou exalted, O God, above the heavens; let Thy glory be above all the earth."

This will be the issue of all the calamities which befall the Church of Christ, or the true Christian, "the Lord's glory" will be seen above all the earth. It is admitted on all hands—so far as I have seen or heard—that this great nation is in great danger. Calamities have overtaken her. All her men, and her money, too, are being carried into Egypt, and other nations are watching her movements. England has a cloud hanging over her. Whether it will burst upon her, or be carried away, the Lord alone can know. Whenever a nation has fallen into idolatry, she has sooner or later fallen into decay. England has been sinking into idolatry for the last fifty years. Her churches, her chapels, her priests and her preachers multiply rapidly; but is the Word of Truth, the Gospel of the grace of God, fairly and fully declared? Is

the Lord magnified? or is it man's gift, and his eloquent greatness, the chief attraction of the time?

There are three wonderful facts which come up before my mind in thinking upon these calamities. The first is the beautiful law which God gave unto all Israel, demanding their allegiance, their worship, and their sympathy. You read this as quoted by Christ—in answer to a certain scribe, or lawyer, who came tempting Him—as to which was the First Commandment. Immediately Jesus answered him, “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart (that is, with all thy affections); with all thy soul (the word soul there does not mean that substantial, unperishable, invaluable treasure in man: it speaks of that power which produces and governs the appetites); with all thy mind (all thy powers of thought and contemplation); and with all thy strength (every loving, thirsting, thinking, acting power shall be full of love to the Lord thy God); and thy neighbour thou shalt love as thyself.” To add force to this, Christ said, “*There is no other commandment GREATER THAN THESE.*” No, not in the whole moral or ceremonial law. God has a right to claim this allegiance. But now, in the second place, see how man has gone from that commandment. The world is almost full of bold blasphemers, of idolaters, and of Christ-denying scoffers. Hence come these calamities.

Were ever those great commandments obeyed in any person before Christ came? Never! not entirely and perfectly. The Son of God came obeying them perfectly in His *nature*, in His practice, in His preaching, in the whole of His life. And this perfect obedience He makes over to His redeemed people; so that both Himself, and all His, will in glory be the perfect obeyers of the heavenly and divine law. The Church is His neighbour, whom He loves as Himself. In all times of danger and distress, a true believer will be led, as the Psalmist here, or as Christ in prophecy, when drawing near to the end of His sufferings, exclaimed, “Yea, in the shadow of Thy wings will I make My refuge, until these calamities are overpast.”

The mercy-seat was a blessed symbol of our Lord Jesus Christ. On which were the cherubim of glory. By the express words, “in the shadow of Thy wings,” I understand the revelation which the Holy Ghost makes of the intercession of the blessed Son of God before His Father's throne. Faith takes the soul near to Him in prayer, and the poor affrighted soul finds at times some safe retreat, some rest in its nearness to the throne of grace. There, under this holy place, “in the shadow” of the Precious Redeemer's intercession, the soul gathers strength. It comes out boldly: “I will cry unto God Most High, *He performeth all things for me!*”

See, here is strength and light. Strength of faith, “I will cry unto God Most High!” He is above all the stars, above all the planets, above all the hosts of fiends that fill the air. Above all men, and all heathen, and all foes, He is Most High. I will not look down upon the changing fickle things of time, I will cry unto God, who is Most High. Then, here is light—“What God?” Why, “He that performeth all things for me.” Ah, David saw how God took him from the sheepcote, God made him to conquer Goliath, God delivered him out of the hands of Saul, God set him on the throne. In the light of the mercy-seat he could see that God had, and God would perform all things for him.

So Christ could say that—and, here, in the shadow of the Almighty wings, you may prove your calling of God, here ye may test your relationship, here you may realize your adoption, here you may see you are safe in His hands. Here, at the mercy-seat, you may find prayer to be very hard work, you have so many infirmities, and you bring such heavy loads; but when the Spirit helpeth your infirmities, it is as though the wings stretch out and come down to cover you, to embrace you, to raise you up in such communion and confidence, that, whatever dangers surround you, the power of faith is such that the soul is satisfied, "He will send from heaven and save you, His mercy will deliver you from all the powers of darkness, and in Him you will be secure. Ashamed of your unbelief, the soul cries out, "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed, I will sing and give praise." The title of this fifty-seventh Psalm expresses the very essence of grace in a man's soul. The title means,

"DESTROY ME NOT!"

Grace leaves the soul to fear destruction, and to long for salvation.

The ancient fathers put this Psalm to be sung or said on Easter Sunday, because they believed it was the experience of Christ on the cross, when His soul cried out on behalf of His Church, "DESTROY IT NOT!" And when raised up,—

"The holy triumphs of His soul
Did death itself outbrave."

And He sang, "Be Thou exalted above the heavens; let Thy glory be above all the earth." England may be scourged, but Zion will be exalted, because where Christ is she must for ever be. In the tent of sorrow, at 9, Banbury-road, South Hackney—like a poor sparrow—sits

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

ON THE VERGE! CROSSING THE RIVER!

WE cannot help ourselves. Records of the departure of many of the Lord's choice ones come pouring in. How remarkable it is. The old, worn-up veterans cannot go home yet, while godly men "in the prime of life," as men talk, are taken from us. In the Midland Counties a little while back no young man was more valiant or better qualified to preach the Gospel than was

OCTAVIUS LLOYD.

We met with him at Birmingham, at Shrewsbury; at Cheltenham he was much beloved; at Bilston, and at the causes and Churches of heaven's revealed salvation, Octavius was a savoury, a well-taught and nicely-qualified messenger of God's grace. It has been our privilege to minister to his necessities in some little measure for several months past. His letters to us are full of holy life, of divine love, and of spiritual eloquence. His much-sorrowing widow, with the children, are now without any earthly bread-winner or true companion. Mrs. Lloyd has favoured us with an account of her husband's last moments, which are as follows:—

DEAR MR. BANKS,—I have been very low in mind since I saw you, and weak in body, or should have written you sooner. I have thought much of your dear wife's sufferings and the sufferings of others. How mysteriously deep and past finding out are God's ways and dealings with His children! I think it is wonderful, dear brother, how you are strengthened to bear so many burdens for the sake of others. You have been a pillar of the truth now for many years, to support, comfort, and edify the Church of God; but soon you too will be gathered home to the fathers in rest and peace, to go no more out for ever. Oh! what an infinite mercy to be found among the number who are saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation! I give you a few recollections of my dear departed husband's long illness. It is four years ago this February since he came home from business for the last time; for weeks he kept his bed, and for months his chamber, and all thought the time of his departure had come. One night he had these words filling his soul with joy and peace, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?" The doctrine of the resurrection was very sweetly opened up to his understanding. He said he could clearly see there was no death to the believer in Jesus; he said it will be only changing places. Now we see through a glass, then face to face. He thought the Lord was about to take him, and prayed and longed to be gone; indeed, to judge from his experience and his bodily condition, it seemed the spirit was only waiting the whisper, "Come up higher." But the Lord's time had not yet come. He did not expect to be raised up again to preach the Word, yet he was spared to preach one hundred sermons after that. The last was at Cheltenham, where again his life was despaired of; but the Lord in mercy brought him home, and spared him to me for thirteen months.

Nothing very serious was apparent till the last week of his life. For some weeks previous he was often tried and perplexed with doubts and fears as to how it would be with him in the swellings of Jordan. Sometimes he would say, "It's been dry work, dear, to-day; no word! no look! no touch! no whisper from my Lord, neither in reading or praying!" On the whole, he was so much favoured, that I often coveted the same gracious experience. One night, some few months back, he awoke me up, and said, "These words have come so sweet to my mind," and repeated them again and again, "So that we may boldly say. The Lord is our helper." The promise was fulfilled, and Jehovah's faithfulness marvellously manifested toward us in providence and grace. We often sang of divine goodness, and rejoiced together in the fact that—

"This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as large as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end."

HIS FEW LAST DAYS.

At the beginning of the week he said, "I shall soon, my dear, take my last long journey." I answered, "No, not a long journey. 'Absent from the body, present with the Lord'—only this veil of flesh between." Three nights before he passed away, I heard him in prayer, evidently enjoying felt communion with the Lord. In the morning he said, "I have had a sweet visit from my Lord; He came down into my soul, and drew my soul up to Himself in holy nearness, pouring in the precious promises. He kissed me with the kisses of His lips"; adding, "I would not change places with anyone in the whole world." On Friday he said to the doctor, "I am only waiting the Lord to take me, but I must wait His time."

On Saturday I was watching, fearing the end was near, when a friend called to see him, and read Psalm xcii. My dear husband asked him to engage in prayer; our friend not complying my husband said, "Then I will try and offer a few words;" when, to our astonishment, he poured out his soul with great liberty and freedom for about ten minutes, for the family, the Church, and his own dissolution; blessing God for all the way He had led him; most of all for His blood and righteousness, which were his only hope in life and death. He often repeated:—

"Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fall,
O, may my last expiring breath
His lovingkindness sing in death."

The following day, the Sabbath, a great change was apparent, though perfectly

free from all discomfiture: he slept much of the morning. I asked him if he was happy. He said, "Yes," with a smile, and presently I heard him say, "Hallelujah! hallelujah!" About half-past four o'clock he raised himself up in bed; as I held him, he said, "Pray for the light, glory, and majesty of heaven to shine into my soul." I uttered a few words, when he loudly said, "Amen! amen! amen!" laid himself down and was gone. I thought to have had a few words with him, but all was over. "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." May my last end be such, is the desire and prayer of the unworthy writer,

JANE LLOYD.

Mrs. Lloyd's youngest son, a fine, happy-looking lad, ten years of age, must be got into some orphan school. Can any friend help us? C. W. Banks will be glad to hear of anyone who can help him. His address is, 9, Banbury-road, South Hackney.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST TO HIS CHOSEN.

BY PASTOR W. ROWTON PARKER.

"Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth."—Sol. Song i. 2.

THE book in which these words are found is one that is seldom read by some, and is lightly esteemed by others, and that because they regard it as merely a love song; but to the truly sanctified and grace-taught soul it is, as its title imports, a "song of songs," the depths and sweetness, and preciousness of which excels all others.

The expression "song of songs" is a common form of the Hebrew superlative. We meet with similar forms of expression in many parts of the Hebrew Scriptures—for instance, in Ezek. xvi. 7, "Thou art come to excellent ornaments," is expressed in the original as "ornaments of ornaments." And so, too, in Gen. ix., when Noah awoke from the stupor which had been occasioned by the wine given to him by his son, he said, "Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be," by which he clearly meant to say, his lot should be the most servile, he should be a very slave. And elsewhere we have expressions such as these: "King of kings," "Lord of lords," "God of gods," "heaven of heavens," and the like; and here "song of songs," which, without doubt, means of all songs the most excellent.

Now, is it any wonder that this song should be so described, seeing that Christ is the theme: the love of Christ to His chosen ones; and in return their love to Him. Herein lies its superiority, its point, its preciousness. Truly, it may be said of this book—as, indeed, of all the other books of the Bible—if Christ were absent its beauty and preciousness would be gone; yea, and I am sure that I shall only express the true sentiments of every grace-taught soul, when I say, to the true child of God no other theme can by a possibility equal that of the love and loveliness of our adorable Lord Jesus. No wonder that the Church, in the song before us, should exclaim in rapturous delight, "Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth."

But, then, alas! there are kisses and kisses—all kisses are not of the same order. For instance, there are kisses which are the expression of mere animal passion; low, and partaking only of the low animal nature: and there are kisses which are the kisses of deceit; "The kisses of an enemy are deceitful," said the wise man; by kisses such as

these the professedly loved ones are betrayed. So Job took Amasa by the beard to kiss him, while at the same time he slew him with the sword.

So Judas, when he came to Jesus in the garden with an armed band, he gave them a sign, saying, "Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is He; hold Him fast. And forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, Hail, Master; and kissed Him." But, thank God, there are also kisses which are the expression and manifestation of true affection; and such are the kisses of our text—they are sweet and precious manifestations to our souls of the deep and unchanging love of our ever precious and loving Saviour.

It was this that the patriarchs and prophets of the Old Testament longed for—the sweet manifestation of Christ; and it is this which all New Testament believers desire more and more as they drink into His Spirit, realise His grace, and learn for themselves His preciousness.

Our text sets before us three great truths, which it will be well for us carefully and prayerfully to consider. First, that the truly regenerated soul desires *personal* dealing with a *personal Christ*: "Let Him kiss me." Secondly, that it is close and loving contact with the Lord Jesus that the grace-taught soul so ardently desires—"Let Him kiss me with the *kisses of His mouth*." And then, thirdly, the regenerated soul, having tasted the sweets of Christ's love, desires yet more and more of it, repeated manifestations, deeper draughts, continuous tokens of the same love—"Let Him kiss me with the *kisses of His mouth*;" not one kiss merely, however sweet, but repeated, continuous kisses of love.

But first, we say every truly regenerated soul desires, above all else, *personal* dealings with a *personal Christ*—"Let Him kiss me."

No truly sanctified soul can ever be satisfied with anything less than Christ Himself; Christ, and Christ alone, can meet the deep, deep needs of his soul. If to any man or woman the Lord Jesus Christ is only an abstract notion, an ideal fancy, or a mere doctrine, then assuredly such an one is an utter stranger to the true love of Christ, and the soul-renewing joys which spring therefrom. If we would know anything of the exceeding preciousness of Christ we must receive Him into our hearts by living, childlike, simple faith as our own personal Saviour. This close and sweet connection is clearly taught in the text before us—"Let Him kiss me." He may Himself be full of love and preciousness. He may be the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely, but this can avail me nothing unless I have for myself a realised and personal interest in and contact with Him. Though He lavish His great love upon others till their cup runs over with His goodness and grace, yet I am in nowise benefited or blessed if He be not mine. Here, then, is a vital question for us all—What is the Lord Jesus Christ to us personally?

Beloved, whether we be saved or lost, blessed or accursed, heirs of heaven or candidates for hell—all depends upon what Christ is to us! We all know that His riches are unsearchable; but, then, do we so appreciate the riches of His grace and love as to count all beside as "dung and dross"? Do we esteem the riches of the world as nothing, and less than nothing, when compared with Him? He is "King of kings," but do we so realise His divine Majesty, as to let Him into every part of our daily life, leaving in His hands all our concerns, both great and small, that He may order them just as He sees best? Are we content to be anything or nothing, just as shall be most for His glory?

He is full of truest sympathy and His love is unchanging; but do we make Him our constant friend, guide, and counsellor, taking to Him continually all our joys and sorrows, our hopes and fears, cares and needs, knowing of a certainty that He is wise and good, loving and true, and that He is on our side, and with us always, so that—

“ Under His shelter all is well,
And love alone supreme.”

Again, Jesus is the only life of His people; in Him they live and have their being, and in Him alone they are accepted before God the Father. Well now, is this our true position? Is self crucified and slain? Are we so completely surrendered to Christ, and subdued by His grace, as to be able to say, with Paul, emphatically and truly, “I live, yet not I; but Christ liveth in me.” If this be so, then are we truly the elect of God, and His Spirit bears witness with our spirits that we are His children.

This is not the case of all who profess and call themselves Christians. Would to God it were! but, alas! there are many that bear the name of Christ, who pursue their business with avidity, while they only give to God the odd moments, and the fag ends of their lives. No wonder that such persons should have to complain of their leanness, no wonder that they should not be able to enter into the ardent spirit of the text: “Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth.”

In Holy Writ we are admonished to seek *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and this was the spirit of the early Christians. *First* and *foremost* they were *Christians*, and worldly concerns were made to take a secondary place; but now it is no uncommon thing to hear professing Christians saying—as an excuse for not attending the means of grace, or the neglect of some Christian duty,—“I have not time;” “I am too busy.” Alas! alas! for such, may God have mercy on their souls. In apostolic times everybody could see at a glance that the disciples were Christians. Whatever else they might be, or not be, they were Christians; they had been with Christ, and His love and Spirit was manifest in them. But now many who profess Christ follow the world so eagerly that, practically, Christ is left out of their life. A great deal of the religion of the present day has no Christ in it—except in name. With very many Jesus is not supreme, He is not the living, vital power of the life; His wondrous love is forgotten, or ignored, or unknown. Surely the bare thought of this should humble us in the dust and make us to hide our faces in shame. After such love, such mercy, such wondrous grace as He has shown, surely we ought to be captivated in all the springs and powers of our life and being,—

“ The willing slaves of love divine.”

Blessed Lord! the power is all Thine own. Come, reveal in us Thy mighty, all-constraining love, and that love shall mould our life, shall thrill our being, and make us truly the people of God set apart for His name. “Come, kiss us with the kisses of Thy mouth,” so shall we know and realise our own personal interest in a personal Christ:—

“ Thy love shall make our hearts to glow
With love divine:
And chief of good I then shall know,
That Thou art mine.”

(To be continued.)

“SEEK YE OUT OF THE BOOK OF THE LORD.”
 THE MOTTO AND LIFE WORK OF THE LATE JAMES DAWS
 FOR FIFTY YEARS.

A MEMORIAL BY JOHN BONNEY.

“What amazing grace by some is found!
 It saves the life! it heals the wound!”

DEAR MR. BANKS,—I felt persuaded you would like some account of an old soldier of Jesus Christ, who, like yourself, fought in the Lord's battles for half a century; also it may interest your readers to hear of the Lord's dealings in grace with such an one, and how it fared with him when called to walk through the valley of the shadow of death, and of what divine consolations sustained him when summoned to appear in the presence of the King Immortal.

The thoughts of death are attended with fears and shrinkings when the sight of Death's Conqueror and the atoning blood are clouded by unbelief. Reminiscences of past sins, failings, and shortcomings, darken the prospect with gloomy apprehensions; but if the heart is cheered by the sweet savour of a precious Jesus, and His Spirit bears witness with ours, then faith rises like the sun from behind a dark cloud, and we can join feelingly in the song:—

“Oh, may my last expiring breath
 His lovingkindness sing in death.”

Doubtless, you knew the venerable James Daws, formerly of Woking, lately of Guildford. He died Lord's-day morning, December 21, 1884, aged 78, having followed the Lord for fifty years, and served in the Gospel at many of the Strict Baptist chapels in this locality. He was buried—in certain hope of a glorious resurrection—on December 24, at the cemetery of Stoke Guildford, by Mr. Edward Mitchell, of the old Baptist chapel, Castle Street.

James Daws was a rough diamond, but a sparkling one—not with the knowledge and wisdom of this world, but with the grace of Christ, the wisdom from above. That text seemed to be written on his heart: “Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly.” It was also written on his life and conversation. Constantly meditating upon the Word of God, his tongue was like the pen of a ready writer. Latterly, these lines describe his state:—

“Musing on my habitation,
 Musing on my heavenly home,
 Fills my soul with holy longing,
 Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.”

The following is compiled from personal knowledge, from information by others, but chiefly from an account of the Lord's dealings with him written by himself.

James Dawes was born in the parish of Woking, in 1807, of poor and honest parents, but strangers to God and godliness. When thirteen years of age, whilst engaged as a footman, he dreamt he was sinking into the ground—down, down, till he heard the cries of the lost in hell. This alarmed and troubled him; he bought a Bible, broke off outward sins; but efforts to reform soon failed. He returned to his

former ways, but could not continue in them; he had a wounded spirit. For thirteen years he spent his days sinning and repenting, striving and reforming, harassed and tempted; he sunk deeper and deeper into soul trouble. Ignorant of the Gospel, he did not know what he wanted, he longed for someone to tell him. He knew what sin was, he felt it, got no rest on account of it. He knew God was holy. He attended church, heard nothing there to meet his case. It came to his mind to go to Horsell Chapel. The text was, "Draw me, we will run after Thee." He never heard any man speak like it before; he crept out of the chapel like a guilty culprit; thought they were all God's people, and would wonder at a miserable wretch like him coming there. He went again, got a little encouraged, then sank lower in his feelings. The preacher spoke of Elijah telling his servant to go and look seven times; he thought he would go to chapel seven times. A discourse from Job x. 12, "Thou hast granted me life and favour," &c., raised his hopes; but he soon sank in sorrow; he had the fear and dread of having sinned against the HOLY GHOST. When he attempted to pray horrors and distress seized him, so that he dared not remain on his knees; terror and fear hunted his steps. He wondered what the end would be, and thought he would like to know the worst; he felt he was a lost man, expecting to be called before the Judge, and hear the fearful sentence, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire!"

It was now thirteen years since the Holy Spirit convinced him of sin, righteousness, and judgment to come. Vain were his attempts to make his rest in the world. Sin he found a venomous beast; efforts to shake it off by his own strength utterly failed. Writing afterwards, he said, "Jesus had not yet showed me His pierced heart and side." So he passed through a long season of deep soul trouble.

It was all dark with James Daws. "Weeping may endure for a night" (Psa. xxx. 5), but the morning was about to dawn; the Dayspring from on high was to visit him in his night of sorrow, and chase away for ever the shades of Sinai's darkness. How true! how precious! how suitable, seasonable, and certain is the Word of the Lord: "*Unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise, with healing in His wings.*"

"JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING."

James was now employed threshing corn in a barn. Towards evening he had gathered up his corn, and began to sift it: he was alone, full of sorrow. He burst into a flood of tears, and cried, "Lord, save, or I perish!" That cry went up to heaven, entered the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. Almighty power answered, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Light and love, peace and joy, flowed with the words into his soul. Sin and guilt, unbelief and darkness, fled like mists before the rising sun. Sorrow was exchanged for joy, sighing for singing; that night he went down to his house justified. Opening the Bible in the evening, the Lord (with sweetness and power) applied these words to his soul, "Seek ye out of the Book of the Lord, and read: no one of these shall fail, none shall want her mate; for my mouth it hath commanded, and His Spirit it hath gathered them."

James says, "I was so overcome with the love of my Lord Jesus; I thought I should soon be with Him in glory. Next morning I went to

my work, leaping and praising God. My cup ran over; but heaven was not so near." The Lord indeed was come, faith was come; but James had to travel on in the strength of that meat for fifty years. "Seek ye out of the Book of the Lord." This was a life motto for James Daws. He would sit up half the night to read the Word of God. The Lord had so graciously manifested Himself: the love of God was so shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost, he thought he should never sin again. His enjoyments were great. The words were opened very sweetly to him; but James says, "What is a poor sinner if left by God?" After a time pride began to work; he secretly thought he knew better than the preachers, and could teach them. "Oh, the long-suffering of God," says James; "I had to prove His word true, 'The haughtiness of man shall be brought low.'"

One preacher alluded to a man being overtaken with drink after his call by grace. James says he thought it was impossible; he felt he should like to pull the man out of the pulpit for saying such a thing, so dishonouring to God. He had yet to learn Peter's lesson, as Cowper put it:—

"Beware of Peter's words; nor confidently say,
'I never will deny Thee, Lord,' but 'Grant I never may.'"

William Gadsby, it is said, once cut off two of his hearers, one overtaken by drink, the other by sleep during prayer. An old Christian told him, "Perhaps ye'll be drunk and asleep one day yourself." He was a prophet. William had walked one day some distance without food, calling at a friend's house, he accepted a glass of ale, walking on he began to stagger, the ale flew to his head, he felt drunk; reaching home, he retired and knelt down to pray, and fell fast asleep on his knees. He recollected the two hearers, and learned by experience, "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted" (Gal. vi. 1).

James Daws fell into the very sin he had denounced. He said, "I was induced to go into a public-house when I left off work one evening with my mates; I took too much drink; the morning came, the preacher and this text came into my mind together, 'Judge not, for with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged.' Oh, the horror of my mind that day! I felt my hope was lost, that it was a dreadful thing to sin against God. Hardness of heart followed; I could not pray, dared not look at the Bible for three whole days. I feared that I should be banished from the presence of God for ever. Oh, the goodness and longsuffering of God! I opened my Bible again, when these words were powerfully and sweetly applied to me, 'My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord,' and 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth,' &c." Thus peace returned and his cup of joy was again full. He beheld Jesus standing in his place and Justice pouring its vengeance on His head, as the Surety to bring him from the pit of despair. He saw it cost the Lord His heart's blood; he felt astonished at the cost and the worth of that blood.

That night, he states, he had a dream. He saw the heavens opened and angels with harps blessing and praising God, and indescribable glory. One of the angels told him what he saw was prepared for him; but he must go and tell his friends what great things God had done for him.

He pondered this in his heart, wondering what it meant. He had been going here and there where he thought the Gospel was preached, but mostly to Horsell Chapel. He spoke to a gentleman who used to visit him in his soul trouble, a Huntingtonian. He said, "Go where you feel most at home." He replied, he felt most at home with the Horsell friends: they were Baptists. His friend said they were in error. James said he thought they were right, but if the Lord would make it plain to him, if it was through fire or water he would follow Him. He was led to ask counsel of the Lord, and he says the Lord mercifully held him by his word. His soul was often blessed at Horsell, and he cast in his lot among them, and was baptized, as he saw the ordinance was the Lord's own institution. He much enjoyed the Lord's presence in the ordinance, and sang heartily when he came up out of the water,—

"Glory! honour! praise and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jesus Christ is my Redeemer,
Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord."

He then states that though persecuted and sneered at for being dipped, he was favoured with much intercourse with the Lord, and his soul was often melted at His wondrous love to one so wicked and vile. He walked in the light of the Lord, who, he says, gave him grace to believe that his sins were imputed to Christ, and Christ's righteousness imputed to him, and that he stood in Christ complete and justified, as though he had never sinned at all; and with the Psalmist sung, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

(To be continued.)

A LOVING TESTIMONY IN MEMORY OF THE LATE MR. JEFFS.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—May He who ever hath the dew of His youth enrich your soul with those droppings of divine love for the personal comfort and strengthening of your own soul, and the living edification of His people to whom you are called to minister, both by press and pulpit.

I was very pleased to find among the cargo of Gospel stores in this month's EARTHEN VESSEL that you had continued the account of that aged and God-honoured Christian, James Jeffs, of Hounslow, and that without the clipping, cutting, and curtailing of facts worth treasuring; things worth knowing, as they illustrate the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ displayed in every blood-bought child, but so developed in the trial, test, and triumph of such an one as Jeffs the aged. I could wish that the memorials of such a life were fully treasured up, to be told to the generations following. He was indeed no ordinary man. Great grace bestowed upon him was ever exercised to the glory of the Giver. Being dead, he yet speaketh. What a living example to every godly parent is found in the dedication of their first child to the Lord! What a beautiful picture as he and his beloved companion kneel before the Lord, "asking for grace to be given them to train her in His fear"! That petition was indeed answered beyond what he could have *thought*,

though not *desired*. The aged saint has lived to see the grandchildren of that child being brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; taught by their godly parents in the Word of the Lord. Yes! his children's children, even to the fourth generation, rose up and called Him blessed.

It was my happiness, in the Providence of God, to become acquainted with the family at a time when, tumbled up and down in my soul, I was seeking rest and finding none. The Lord be praised that ever my steps were directed to Brentford at such a time. The cordial welcome to the house of God of me, a perfect stranger, by his beloved grandson, the present minister of the Gospel at Staines, has resulted in the vital union with the various branches of that family, death itself will not dissolve, being formed in Christ, who is our Life. At the time the dear departed broke his leg, in his eightieth year, it was my privilege to go to and fro to visit him. Never shall I forget the seasons spent with him. Faithful words of counsel, and the tenderest encouragement, with many a prayer that I might rejoice in the Lord as my Salvation, always told his kindly interest in me.

It was on one of these visits a verse he quoted to me was made by the Lord such a precious word in season to my soul. I think he told me he read it on a tombstone:—

“Life's uncertain, death is sure;
Sin's the wound, and Christ's the cure.”

Here is indeed *multum in parvo*, the Gospel in a sentence; yea, the ruin and restoration of Zion—a whole paradise lost and regained.

Thus did that dear saint point my wounded soul to Christ the Way, the Truth, and the Life. If his memory to ME is so precious, what must it be to those who were bound to him by Nature's ties, and lived with and around him, constantly receiving the aged Christian veteran's counsel and blessing. We wonder not at their grief, while sorrowing not as those without hope; they love him so well that if tears would bring him back they would pray to be kept from shedding them, knowing he hath gone to receive all he sought and wished below, “everlasting conformity to his living Lord.”

The Lord graciously support each of the bereaved, and give them grace to follow the loved one as he followed Christ. As I think of them the beautiful lines of Dr. Hine are mine for them:—

“Oh, think that while you're weeping here,
His hand a golden harp is stringing,
And, with a voice serene and clear,
His ransomed soul, without a tear,
His Saviour's praise is singing.

And think that all his pains are fled,
His toils and sorrows closed for ever;
While He, whose blood for man was shed,
Has placed upon His servant's head
A crown that fadeth never.

And think that, in that awful day,
When darkness sun and moon is shading,
The form that, 'midst its kindred clay,
Your trembling hands prepare to lay,
Shall rise to life unfading.

THE EARTHEN VESSEL

Then weep no more for him who's gone
 Where sin and suffering ne'er shall enter ;
 But on that great High Priest alone,
 Who can for guilt like ours atone,
 Your own affections centre.

And thus, when to the silent tomb
 Your lifeless dust, like his, is given,
 Like faith shall whisper, 'midst the gloom,
 That yet again in youthful bloom
 That dust shall smile in heaven."

Dear brother, may your foretastes of that rest be many, and that victory very precious, in which He shall say to you, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Yet the youthful writer may be called before the aged reader. Oh, for "more grace" to live the life of faith in God's dear Son, then shall death be blessed; for to die in Him is to sleep where there is no curse.

I trust you are better than when you last favoured me with a line, and supported under your thorns in the way by the shoes He has given you to tread them, and the promise made yours, of speedily leaving them all behind to be "for ever with the Lord."

With Christian love, yours in covenant bonds,

EBENEZER MARSH.

Pastor's Lodge, Laxfield, Feb. 2, 1885.

P.S.—Without commenting on anything brother Bonney has written, may I ask through your magazine, what is the law of the land in relation to the question? Does not the administration of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper give the administrator, by law, a hold upon the pulpit?

Lines composed on reading the account of James Jeffs in the
 EARTHEN VESSEL:—

Rest! aged Christian veteran, rest;
 No more shall sin disturb thy breast;
 Peace is proclaimed, the victory's won,
 The Conqueror to his Lord hath gone.

Oft hast thou told us of the love
 That brought thy Saviour from above,
 To take the traitor's place and die,
 And by His blood to bring them nigh.

His covenant victory rolled in blood
 Oft drew thy soul in praise to God;
 The living wonders of His grace
 With rapture filled thy soul in praise.

'Twas thy delight to hold in view
 The grace that sought and found thee too;
 The best employment of thy days
 Were spent in thy Redeemer's praise.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,"*
 This—this was e'er thy choicest theme:
 Oft hast thou longed thy Lord to meet;
 And cast thy crown at His dear feet.

* His favourite hymn.

Well, He hath heard thee, bid thee rise
To nobler praise above the skies,
Thy seat prepared in waiting stood
Near thy Redeemer, Saviour, God.

Angels give place—a child has come,
Through all thy ranks prepare him room;
He has a song to sing which those
Unsaved by blood can never know.

Hark! worthy the Lamb that died, he sings;
All praise to Thee, O King of kings,
This ransomed soul shall never cease
T' extol the glories of Thy grace.

Imagination fails to paint
Thy glorious conquest, happy saint;
We only this at present know,
Thou'rt with thy Lord and like Him too.

E. M.

Reviews and Criticisms.

IS THE DEVOTIONAL PART OF OUR PUBLIC SERVICES USUALLY PROFITABLE?

(Concluded from page 54.)

SOME men take up much time in the first part of their public prayers in complimentary language; they compliment the Deity at great length; forgetful that mere compliment cannot be well-pleasing to Him. In any other case it would appear to be nothing but a lot of fulsome flattery. To compliment the Almighty on His wonderful eternity and great possessions, and to tell Him all about His many perfections; or to run over in a wordy, stringing-together fashion His moral attributes, is not *prayer*. *No!* Such men seem to be instructing, or at least informing their Maker, instead of asking blessings at His hands. There can be no apology for such a practice as this.

The other great fault we now allude to is the *preaching* in prayer. There can be no excuse for the *didactic* prayer. How absurd to give the fragments of a discourse, or to preach a code of doctrines, or the outlines of a sermon in prayer. Not long ago, at a great association gathering, a leading minister, so called, favoured the people *in his prayer* with all the leading parts and outlines of a sermon he had preached on the previous Lord's-day. Some thought it wonderful! One old woman said, "It was as good as a sermon." It was a sermon, in fact, only somewhat disguised. The formal *divisions* only were concealed. It took close upon half-an-hour in the delivery, and was no doubt considered a great performance by some. *But*,—Well let us leave that, and go on to another sad fault in some public prayers. Such as

4. THE NEWS-BEARING PRAYER.

It is to be lamented that so many have fallen into the objectionable habit of winding into their public prayers common *news*, or certain pieces of intelligence they wish to convey to the people. This practice has been carried to such an extent in some quarters that the people naturally look for it, and expect a certain amount of *news* during prayer time. But how degrading this practice! What greater insult to the Majesty of heaven can be conceived than that of a minister who assumes the attitude of prayer, and outwardly to all appearance takes his stand at the throne of God, and professedly addresses the Almighty in pleading terms for sinful man, and yet in reality deals out to the people scraps of news, bits of gossip, and nice little tit-bits of information? What greater prostitution of his sacred office! or what more degrading to the pulpit than this? It is injurious to the people and damaging to us as a body. Look at its bad effects. The pernicious and baneful effect of this practice is twofold:—

First.—It creates a corrupt taste, and produces a vitiated appetite in the minds of the people.

Second.—It is hurtful to our ministers.

To indulge in this practice is the sure way to harden the heart. Its direct tendency is to *damage*, if not to destroy, that pure spirituality of mind so desirable in the public prayers of the sanctuary. It cannot be otherwise than deadening to the spiritual sensibilities.

It is also hurtful to those ministers who are free from censure in this matter. It brings them into disfavour and places them at a discount with some people.

It is a *fact*, that a woman, a forward member in one of our principal Churches, once took upon herself to reprove her pastor for this very omission, and she was supported in it by one of the leading deacons. The reproof was administered in some such style as this. It was about the time the minister's wife was likely to become a mother:—

"How is it, sir," said Mrs. K——, sharply, "that you never tell us anything in your prayer about your wife? Our former pastor always used to pray for his wife when she expected, &c.; but you never let us know a single thing in any of your prayers. He always used to mention where he had been preaching during the week, and who he had seen, and what had happened. But you, sir," she said, angrily, "never tell us anything: we never can get to know anything from your prayers about anything or anybody."

It is said some ladies go to church to look at the new bonnets and to see the latest fashions; and it would seem that some people go to chapel to hear in the minister's prayer the latest *news*.

Some persons have been so accustomed to this sort of thing that, like Mrs. K., they are greatly disappointed, poor things! if the minister should omit to inform them in his public prayer as to his own movements, or what may have happened in his family, or with any of the congregation during the week.

Two remarkable instances of this news-telling in prayer occurred lately. The first was at an evening missionary meeting, when the pastor in his opening prayer entered into all the details and explained to the people all the leading facts and particulars in relation to the meeting; he even went into personalities, and mentioned by name two ministers who would have attended the meeting, but were stricken down with a certain disease, the nature of which he explained, and also informed the people that one case was very serious, while the other was only a slight attack; so there was hope of this brother's speedy recovery, &c.

So all devotion had to be *suspended* while the pastor treated the meeting with this batch of news. One thing, it obviated the necessity of his giving the information in his opening address. Perhaps we are to regard it as a time-saving process. Take the other instance. A deacon—and a *good* deacon too, and some may think that is saying a great deal—a deacon stepped into the vestry just as the minister was about to go into the pulpit to preach an anniversary sermon, and said, kindly enough at the time, but it may be without consideration, "You'll just name the collection, sir, in your *closing* prayer; just stir 'em up at the last, like." The minister in this case objected. The poor deacon looked the embodiment of amazement. "What!" he exclaimed, "not remind 'em of the collection!" "Not in prayer," said the minister, firmly. At the close of the sermon the minister gave notice of the collection, and pleaded with the people for a good one; but he did not allude to it in his closing prayer. The omission gave offence, and that minister is not likely to be invited to THAT place again for some time to come.

Fifth.—Then there is the showy, flowery, and poetical prayer. Some prayers are completely spoiled, and rendered unprofitable and almost unintelligible by their *prettiness*. Instead of multiplying examples, as we might easily do, we would simply ask, What does a congregation suppose a minister to mean, and what does he mean, when he prays, "That we may snatch the banner from the fallen; and gather up the light from the altar, and go forth with lamps of dazzling brightness, and roll back a world of midnight darkness to show the sparkling splendour of Him who gathered up all the wrath, that piled around the throne and bore it beyond the boundaries of creation, and then amidst the undying shouts of angelic triumph bore back to the new created brightness of that throne His ransomed millions"? Extravagant language! say you. Yes, truly so. And what meaning is there in it? Its fallacy and error is so glaringly apparent, that it needs no criticism. Such miserable failures in attempts at oratory only show the folly and littleness of the man. The florid style in prayer is of all styles the most repugnant and objectionable, because it brings the prayer down to a mere human performance

intended to show up and set off the MAN and his splendid parts; and the performer in this case can never conceal from the minds of a discerning people that this is his intention. It reminds us of a horse dealer, who brings out and *trots* his horse he wishes to sell to the highest bidder. But what thoughts or views of the Deity can these men have? Do they suppose that the Infinite Mind can be tickled and pleased with a few of their fancy "*flowers*"? Is the florid prayer, or the stale and faded flowers of human rhetoric, so pleasing to the Almighty? "The sacrifices of God" are not flowers, pomp, poetry, and display, but "a broken spirit." It is remarkable how little starch or show of any sort it takes to spoil a prayer. Let a man put his flowers and poetry into his "love letters," but not into his sermons and prayers. What a glaring impropriety is that style of praying which gives a few words or sentences and then a verse of a hymn, then a few more words and another verse of a hymn, and so on right through the prayer, alternately. It is a kind of ringing changes with poetry and prose, poetry and prose. It is not only a most objectionable style and barren practice; but it is so lowering to the dignity of the man, and to the sacredness of the sanctuary service. Can God be entertained and delighted with mere poetry, or any such human productions? Let us SING our hymns to the praise of His great name, but let us not drag them in to fill up the void places and empty spaces of a barren prayer.

Sixth.—In concluding our "Reviews and Criticisms" on this subject, we refer, in the last place, to the SCOLDING and fault-finding prayer. Some people do all their PELTING and most of their scolding in their prayers. The prayers we sometimes hear in the vestry and at the prayer-meeting are aimed at the minister. These men "tell the dear Lord," but in very doleful language, about some supposed defect in "His dear servant;" and they go on in most bemoaning strains about the sad state of things in the Church and the great lack of prosperity, etc. Now, all this is sheer deception, for these words are not intended for the Almighty, but are directed against the minister. It is in reality *pelting* the minister, not with stones, but with words; not openly and manfully, but in the guise of prayer. What solemn mockery! Such practices ought not to be allowed. We should bring members guilty of far less crime under Church censure, perhaps excommunicate them. And if a minister were to make but one false step, or even to appear to do so, we should visit him with the severest punishment; he would be a marked man for life, perhaps expelled from the body, never to be forgiven. And yet these *pelting* and fault-finding prayers, so withering to the spiritual vitality of our Churches and destructive to our prayer-meetings, are tolerated. Men guilty of the foulest mockery and the meanest and most contemptible cowardice are allowed to remain (some of them in office) to help pull down and surely work the ruin of our Churches.

Reader! do not dismiss the subjects of these "Reviews" off-hand, and hastily conclude there is nothing seriously wrong. If you are a minister of truth, and are in the habit of leading the public devotions of the Lord's people, we ask you with all candour to look at the faults indicated, consider the matter, and look at the glaring faults which obviously exist. And when you have well weighed the whole thing you will agree with us that it is high time the subject was brought under review, and a remedy sought for evils so injurious to our spiritual interests as a body.

[The subject for "Review" next month will be "Our Public Meetings."]

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

"THEY LIVED UNKNOWN, TILL PERSECUTION DRAGGED THEM INTO FAME, AND CHASED THEM UP TO HEAVEN."—A still, stoic-like young doctrinalist, asked me, "And who, sir, was St. Dorothy?" I will tell you. She was—

One of Nature's choicest beauties!

One of Grace's noblest trophies!

One of God's faithful virgins!

"Few amongst the saints (saith the editor of that superior paper, *Amateur Gardening*) appear so constantly amongst

the flowers as St. Dorothy. She was a virgin of Cesarea, who served God day and night."

What worse than brutes have in this world gained power!

The governor of Cesarea, whose name was *Fabricius*, a cruel persecutor of Christians, heard of the genuine piety and beauty of Dorothy, and ordered her to be brought before him. She came. The governor asked, "Who art thou?"

She answered, "I am Dorothea, a servant of Jesus Christ." He said, "Thou must serve our gods, or die." She answered mildly, "Be it so; the sooner shall I stand in the presence of Him whom I most desire to behold." Then the governor asked her, "What meanest thou?" To which she replied, "I mean the Son of God, Christ, mine espoused! His dwelling is Paradise; by His side are joys eternal; and in His garden grow celestial fruits and roses that never fade." Then the governor, overcome by her eloquence and beauty, ordered her to be taken back to her dungeon. There were two sisters, Calista and Christeta, who had once been Christians, but had forsaken the faith to escape the threatened torments. These were sent to Dorothea, to persuade her to serve the gods of Cappadocia. But she converted them back to the Christian faith, in which by her persuasion they were resolved to hold firmly. The governor commanded that these should be burned, and that Dorothea should behold the sacrifice. But she moved not. Fabricius then commanded that she should be tortured and beheaded, and as she went forth to death, a young lawyer approached, and mockingly said, "Send me, fair maiden, fruits and flowers from the garden to which thou art going." And she answered meekly, "Thy request, Theophilus, is granted." When she came to the place of execution an angel appeared bearing a basket of apples and roses. She said to him, "Carry these to Theophilus, say that Dorothea hath sent them, and that I go to the garden whence they came." Mrs. Jameson adds, "St. Dorothea is represented with roses in her hand." When Cowper wrote the "Winter Morning Walk" he thought of martyrs and patriots of a later date than Dorothy, but his lines are appropriate to the present theme, and will make a suitable finale to the present discursion:—

Patriots have toiled, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly: and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic
muse,

Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times, and sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever daring brass
To guard them, and to immortalise her trust;
But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,
To those who, posted at the shrine of truth,
Have fallen in her defence. A patriot's blood,
Well spent in such a strife, may earn indeed,
And for a time ensure, to his loved land
The sweets of liberty and equal laws;
But many's struggle for a brighter prize,
And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim,
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar, and to anticipate the skies.

Yet few remember them. They lived unknown,
Till persecution dragged them into fame,
And cha-ed them up to heaven. Their ashes
flew—

No marble tells us whither. With their names
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song!
And history, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this. She execrates indeed
The tyranny, that doomed them to the fire,
But gives the glorious sufferers little praise.

No, no! the world knoweth them not.
But beyond all criticism, all dogmatism,
all naked arguism, and proud self-I-ism,
we exult, we gladly discover and exhibit
the pure gold of Heaven's unsullied
grace. Hence, while from the throne
down to the Arminian hosts, there is a
silent sneer cast upon

THE MARTYR GORDON.

We praise the Lord that in England's
army there was a man, a thorough
Christian man, a man of faith, who-
could honestly say, "I am quite alone,
and like it. I have become what people
call a great fatalist—viz., I trust God
will pull me through every difficulty.
The solitary grandeur of the desert
makes one feel how vain is the effort of
man. This carries me through my
troubles, and enables me to look on
death as a coming relief, when it is His
will. . . . It is only my firm con-
viction that I am only an instrument
put in use for a time that enables me to
bear up; and in my present state, during
my long, hot, weary rides, I think my
thoughts better and clearer than I should
with a companion." I, too, am quite
alone; and as I sat the other Sunday
afternoon alone, not a word, not a
thought, not a text—no, nothing. I
simply sighed out, "Lord, I am expected
to preach presently; do, do speak to me,
and in me, and for me, one word." Then
in a singular way came Paul's words,
"That no man should be moved by these
afflictions; for yourselves know that

"WE ARE APPOINTED THEREUNTO."

I saw there was not one true man in all
God's book but had afflictions sooner
or later. I have had them, and would
glorify God in these fires. My desire is
to give in the EARTHEN VESSEL a liter-
ary memorial of the lamented general,
if God will.

LOOKING OVER THE HEDGE.—Two men were going on at express rate. One said, "Bigotry is not dead, nor dying. But it is weaker than it was even twenty years ago. Those men who came out from the National, and formed a party, and gained an amount of popularity, are all gone but one, and he is not (never was) very powerful." Warmly asked the other, "Were not they good men, and faithful men, and useful men?" No

doubt; but I cannot think, I never could see the permanent good they effected. I will review their history, because I firmly believe they caused divisions; against such the Eternal Spirit witnesseth. It may be in this battle against bigotry I may be slain. Be it so. I am much grieved at Gordon's slaughter; but such a work began with Cain slaughtered by his own brother; and, in some way, that murdering power has gone on. See it in the prophets. In John-the-Baptist, in James-the-less, in Paul, in Peter, in myriads of the blessed saints; and the tongue of envy, of jealousy, of cruelty, is the sharp murderous sword of this day; and you must not rise in a fleshly spirit against it. The only question is, "How do you endure this kind of chastisement?" Old Lawrence Saunders said, "I feel no more pain in the fire than if I were in a bed of down. It is as sweet to me as a bed of roses." So I only sigh out, "Let me but hear my Saviour say, 'Strength shall be equal to thy day;' then I rejoice in deep distress, leaning on all-sufficient grace." I dare not entertain a murmuring thought. I envy no man—not even the king of their printing-press, nor any one of his generals. If we are found in Jesus' hands, not one soul will be lost.

JOHN WADE, once of Uppingham, had a large library of ancient theological works. He said to me, "Since the sixteenth century divinity has gone into consumption." We now have only shallow surfaces. Small weak minds are satisfied. John Wade was a very deep thinker, and grave writer on the secret work of the Spirit. His work on "The Baptism of the Spirit" was a most excellent treatise. He built a chapel, and invited me to preach at (or near upon) the opening of it. My first singular visit will come in CHEERING WORDS, I expect.

If Christianity is to Maintain its Hold on Thoughtful Men.—The difficulty which man-made and self-made ministers have to deal with is this, "How can the Gospel be modelled, framed, modified, shared, and suited, to meet the tastes, the reasonings, the ideas, and the fancies of thoughtful men?" John Hunter, of Hull, has been giving his congregation some sermons to unify the various conflicting systems of men. When our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ was giving His last promises to His own disciples He spake unto them these solemn words, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments," which commandments include all the doctrines of grace and

godliness which He had taught them; and knowing that of themselves they could not do this, He immediately adds most positively, "And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another comforter, that He may abide with you for ever, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him; but ye know Him, for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." This was a promise, a prophecy, and a precaution. The Comforter will come; He will abide with you, and if ye love Me keep all the commandments by His power which I have given unto you. When men leave Christ's commandments, when men turn from the essential teaching of Christ, when they can sail on the broad sea of universality, when they ignore our totally fallen condition, our impotence in salvation matters, they turn their backs upon Christ, upon His commandments, upon His Gospel; they get into difficulties and into dangers. We are pained to the heart to see every day some poor scribe issuing his new faith, his new theology, his "reasonable religion." It is to us a system of fraud upon the people who are caught by them. See David Davis now preaching from the paintings of famous artists. What next? Where and when is the Holy Ghost acknowledged?

A Death in the Desert. By the ancient Browning.—Such might have been the departure of Enoch. God, it may be, sent an angel and took him home. Oh, I think I see the angel embracing him, while Enoch undergoes the change, dropping the dull mortality in some desert, and carried up into Abraham's bosom! Who can tell what Enoch's experience was then? Elijah's departure was also from a desert, and Christ Jesus took His disciples away up into a mountain called Olivet. I will die in a desert; so will you, dear reader. In departing we become weaned from all that this world contains. I have been gradually getting into this desert, and all around me seems farther off than ever.

"Oh, may my last expiring breath,
His lovingkindness sing in death."

THE NATURALLY HISTORICAL (PRESS AND PULPIT) PHILOSOPHERS OF OUR DAY.—C. Piazza Smyth, in his little volume on *New Measures*, &c. (R. Banks and Son), thus designates the present people's leaders. The *Times* calls this "an age of materialism," &c. There are many witnesses against the popular writers and speakers. It is time for honest, serious souls, to "take heed who and what they hear."

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

A FREEHOLD STRICT BAPTIST CHAPEL IN ONE OF THE LARGEST CENTRES OF OUR METROPOLIS.

WE have been favoured with a letter from Mr. John Box, the pastor of Soho Baptist Church, in Oxford-street, of which the following is an exact copy:—

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Believing that many of your readers feel interested in the well-being of the Church of Christ worshipping in Soho chapel, Oxford-street, W., may I ask you kindly to call attention to the advertisement appearing on the cover of your issue for the month of March, giving information respecting the *last services* to be held in our time-honoured sanctuary.

After due and prayerful consideration the remainder of the lease has been sold to the freeholder, and, after an occupancy of sixty years, the Church with the congregation will remove from the present spot to the Large Hall, Albert-rooms, Whitfield-street, five doors from Goodge-street, Tottenham Court-road, pending the erection of a new chapel.

The leases of the chapels occupied by our denomination in this locality have been, of late years, rapidly expiring. It is, therefore, our desire to embrace the excellent opportunity afforded us in the unlooked-for providence which has led to our present position, and endeavour, under divine blessing, to establish the Strict and Particular Baptist interest in this important and expensive district of the metropolis. The effort, however, will entail upon us a charge far beyond our individual capacity as a Church. Some £5,000, in addition to the sum now in the hands of our trustees, will be required, and should any of your readers feel sympathy for us in making this effort, its practical expression in the form of donations to our fund will be highly valued, and most gratefully received by, dear Mr. Editor,

Yours in fraternal bonds,

JOHN BOX, *Pastor.*

80, Grove-lane, Camberwell, S.E.,

February 17, 1885.

Five thousand pounds may appear a large sum to be raised; but when it is to secure a good, a substantial, a freehold Baptist chapel to the Strict Baptist denomination permanently, and from which they cannot be ejected by the expiring of a lease, it certainly appeals to the present generation to make such an effort as shall secure the opening of the said new and noble West-end temple for

the worship of our ever-adorable Lord God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, free of all monetary encumbrance; and we venture to propose that the sum be raised in the following four-fold order:—

1. *The London and Provincial Pastors' Contribution.* We have a number of highly-respectable, well-to-do pastors in our Churches in London, in the suburbs, and in the Provinces, who have had the privilege—the blessed and exalted privilege—of standing for many years with their people, and receiving from the people excellent stipends. Let such a worthy and honourable man as Mr. William Winters be solicited to act as collector of the pastors' contribution to the Oxford-street Temple Building Fund. We never received a stipulated stipend at any time. During the last ten years we have scarcely ever received sufficient to meet all the heavy current expenses on Speldhurst-road chapel; but we will not be behind any of the pastors in our contribution, if they will come forward and let the people see they can and will give something to the cause of Christ, when the object is so deserving as the one now in contemplation. We know it is a by-word with many people that the pastors never give anything out of their well-lined purses. Let us prove such an assertion to be untrue, at least for once. Every pastor can and ought to make a sacrifice, and contribute something.

2. Let there be the *Deacons' Contribution.* If all the deacons in our Strict Baptist Churches only gave a trifle each to the Deacons' Contribution, it would hurt no giver; but the amount thus given would be considerable, as each deacon might collect something from the members of the Church for whom he is favoured to hold an office so useful, and of such immense importance.

3. *The Peoples' Contribution.* Outside the pale of our Church membership there are hosts of quiet but genuine believing people. Get one outsider of repute to collect from the other outsiders, and there would be a spirit of emulation at work between the members inside and the hearers outside, each striving to outvie each other.

Last of all, the *Itinerants' Contribution.* Let each itinerating minister have a collecting book, with the understanding that each contributor shall write his or

her name in the said itinerant's collecting book, and authorise such itinerant minister to pay over to Mr. Archer the sum he has thus collected at least once a month. Thereby every transaction, be it only a penny or a pound, will be open and above board, whereby a noble enterprise may be cheerfully carried on to completion, and Mr. John Box and his people may go into their new temple, and sing at their opening service,—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

If some few responsible gentlemen could be nominated by Mr. Box to act as a working committee to see the organisation faithfully conducted, a victory over the debt of £5,000 might be accomplished, a lasting honour would crown the Strict Baptist body, and prove to all the Churches that they are a people to *walk the truth* as well as to preach it.

This suggestion has originated alone with myself. Not a soul has either blown in a whisper, or sent a line on the subject. If, because it comes freely from me, it is blown upon, it must be so. In all business matters there must be a *system* adopted. Here is a systematic scheme, each department acting in faith, in charity, in a spirit of emulation; and so acting from such a motive that at the last the great and Almighty Judge may say to each contributor,—

"YE DID IT UNTO ME."

The Lord Himself knoweth no other motive has in this case prompted the writer,
C. W. BANKS.

The Lord send prosperity to our brother John Box and his people, although this suggestion is never further noticed.

CHATTERIS.—The annual prizes, to the value of about £10, were distributed to the Sabbath-school children in Zion Chapel, on Wednesday, Jan. 28. bre hren Dexter and J. Jull gave the addresses; tea was served to about 300. Public meeting in the evening; the chapel was full; Mr. Dexter on the benefits and blessings which the nation received through Sabbath-schools; Mr. Jull on the future of our Sabbath-schools; and our pastor, Mr. A. B. Hall, on the position and prospect of Sabbath-schools, rendered it an enjoyable evening. The report of the school showed it was in a flourishing condition; there was a good balance on the right side. The Lord is still mindful of us and we are looking up to Him to constrain many of His people who are in our midst to come forward and declare what great things He has done for their souls. Our mission stations are well sustained, and at Primrose-road Hill we have a Sabbath-school of 100 scholars.

"HE GENTLY LEADS MY SOUL ALONG."

The experience of one of the Lord's children in passing from darkness to light. Written with earnest prayer and desire that it may be the means of good to some who are still in nature's darkness.

BY ELLEN SIBLEY.

Sarah H——, a native of a village in Essex, lived in a state of nature, as others, desiring not the knowledge of God, until about April in the year 1883, when the Lord laid upon her His afflicting hand, and she was obliged to keep to her bed. It was then that her mind became greatly distressed, and so filled with fear, she knew not what to do, nor could she describe what it was, nor the reason of it. This went on a few weeks, in the meantime something within seemed to say, "Don't trouble, it will be all right soon." This gave no peace, on the contrary, it made her feel more miserable; she could get no comfort anywhere, night or day. One day (having got down for a little time) she was obliged to go upstairs alone, and on her knees cry out, "God, be merciful to me a sinner, or I perish." Still all was fear and darkness, and her thoughts and feelings often were, Oh, that I had my dear mother to speak to, then all would be well—but she was gone to glory a year or two before. One day she thought she saw all her sins laid before her, and a large book wherein they were written with black ink, but one part was all white; she could not understand what this could mean, but since, she has had a hope that it meant her name was written in the Book of Life, and the white part where her sins were blotted out. The pastor of the Strict Baptist Church visited her, when he asked her several questions as to the state of her mind, to which she answered as well as she could; but she was afraid to let him know her feelings, in case she should not be right. On leaving her he said, "Well, if you are not raised up again, I shall tell the people your soul is gone to heaven." This greatly surprised her, as she dared not hope herself that she was one of the "elect vessels of mercy." However, what the pastor said gave her a little comfort, but soon afterwards the enemy set in again, and her distress was so great for two or three nights she was afraid to go to sleep in case she should wake up in hell.

Again, Mr. Smith, the pastor, visited her, when she told him of her fears, and he said, "Be not afraid; for I feel sure it will be well, and God will in His own time make it clear." This was the means of some little comfort, and the Lord gave a sweet promise. "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Those words were some encouragement for hope, but she was afraid they were not for her. After a few days the Lord sent another sweet promise, "Thou shalt be Mine." After receiving these promises she felt as though a great weight was taken from her mind. A Christian friend coming in, she told her what

promises she had received from the Lord, when she said, "Surely that is enough?" but the poor tried one still wanted more evidence. Again Mr. S. visited her, when he enquired how the case stood with her now, she replied by telling him the promises God had given her, and that they had been the means of a little comfort. He repeated the text, "God sent His only begotten Son into the world to save sinners," and said he felt sure she was one on whom the Lord would have mercy. She was greatly comforted for a time from this, but again darkness set in, and again another sweet word was applied, "Jesus is my Redeemer upon the rock." This, she said, cannot be for me, it is too good.

About this time, in the middle of the night, she laid afraid to go to sleep, when the enemy appeared to her and seemed to be coming towards the bed on which she lay, but he had got his chains on; this greatly distressed her, for she imagined he was after her. She turned her head away, and on looking again he was gone, the Lord would not permit him to hurt His child; but her mind was so filled with terror she dared not go to sleep, she could do nothing but cry to God for mercy. The next promise the Lord sent on the following day was, "Knock at the door and I will open it." She answered, "Lord, I hope I have knocked." This cheered her and took the fear of the night before away. Soon after the above, one night, before going to sleep, she prayed she might dream about the Saviour. She awoke in the morning and said within, "Oh! dear, I have not dreamed as I wanted." She looked towards the sky, and presently saw a most beautiful sight, as it were our blessed Saviour, who had a robe on and looked most lovely, and with Him were a multitude of angels and someone kneeling before Him. She said, "Can that one be me? it looks like me!" and she felt it was. After looking some little time, enraptured, she took her eyes off, and on looking again the sight was gone; but the joy in her heart was beyond description, she hardly knew if she was in the body or out. And then another word of comfort came: "Jesus, lover of my soul." "This," she said, "is enough," and felt it so at the time. After a day or two another blessed promise: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and with loving-kindness have I drawn thee."

Mr. S. again visited her, when she told him of the beautiful sight she had seen and the promises the Lord had sent her. He said, "They are sweet, and truly we can say the Lord has heard and answered prayer on your behalf." I might here say the visits of our dear minister were a great source of comfort to this tried and afflicted child of God, and still continue to be so. During this week of joy within she felt somewhat better in body and had a great desire to go to the house of prayer, but on the Sunday morning did not feel so well and the old enemy, who ever goeth about like a roaring lion, said, "Ah, it is no good for you to think about chapel, for you won't be able to go," when immediately these words dropped like honey into the soul: "Thou art weak in body but strong in the

Lord." She was enabled to get up and prepare for chapel, and will always remember the sweet time she had whilst there. She almost forgot her bodily sufferings in the joy of hearing the sweet sound of the Gospel. After this the Lord sent other precious words: "There is a fountain opened for you." On asking a friend what it meant, she said, "Why, I think it means the fountain Jesus has opened for you." Then, after a day or two, another word came: "Thou hast chosen the good part which shall not be taken from you."

Continuing to feel the sweetness of God's promises and joy within, her mind began to be exercised somewhat upon baptism, and she felt a strong desire to honour the Lord by showing to the world her love to Christ and her faith in Him; and whilst thinking upon it these words came with sweetness: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Soon after this Mr. S. again visited her, when she told him of the promises she had received and of her desire to be baptized and join the Church below, he rejoiced and asked if he might name her to the Church, and propose messengers to be appointed. She was almost afraid to say "Yes!" but felt it must be so, knowing the Lord had done such great things for her. It was soon after this she was worried by some one saying, "You know your father won't allow you to be baptized, knowing how weak and ill you are." She felt afraid to mention it to him. One morning, as she lay thinking upon it, something within said, "Ask your father's consent when he comes home to breakfast." Which she resolved, by God's help, to do. Accordingly, on his coming home, she said, "Father, I have a question to ask you." He replied, "Oh! what is that?" She said, "That you will give your consent for me to be baptized." He answered, "Yes, if you think you are right in doing so, if you get a little stronger"—and could not say any more, as the tears began to flow. She could only thank God and take courage and pray Him to strengthen her to go through it. On the following Sunday she was enabled to go to chapel, and had a sweet promise to rest upon, "Fear not, I am with thee." The enemy during the next week worried her by saying if she was baptized, as soon as her feet touched the water, it would stop her breath; when she said, "That don't matter, I shall get to heaven the quicker." And the dear Lord sent this word of comfort and encouragement: "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord." At the next Church meeting Mr. S. mentioned her as wishing to be baptized and join the Church, when messengers were chosen and appointed to visit her, which they did, and she told them as much as she could of the Lord's dealings with her soul, but feeling very weak and suffering from head-ache was not able to say very much; but they expressed themselves quite satisfied with the work of grace in her heart. On their leaving she said, "Well, I have not said much, but I hope what I have said is what the Lord put in my heart." They smiled, and said, "That is all we want to hear." She quite expected to go before the

Church on the following Sunday, but another young friend, about the same time, had a desire to join, so it was thought best for both to go the same time, and after waiting a month she was strengthened to go before the Church and relate what God had done for her soul, although with some amount of fear and trembling, feeling weak in body; but with one consent all showed satisfaction with what they had heard.

During the following week fears set in that what she had said, and what (D.V.) she was about to do, should be wrong, and Satan insinuated this thing and the other thing, especially one day on looking out of the window and seeing the rain coming down, she thought, "I hope it will not rain on Sunday," when immediately it was as though the enemy looked over her shoulder and said, "Ah! you think you are going to do it, then, don't you?" She replied, "Yes, I hope so." The Lord was good in still making the promise sweet: "Fear not, I am with thee."

On the Sunday morning (first Sunday in the year 1884), all fears were removed and her heart felt light and cheerful, and these sweet words came with power, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." She was greatly helped, both in body and soul, and on arriving at chapel a friend asked if she would not sit in the vestry part of the time, but she said, "No, not if I can help it." The same friend took some little refreshment in the vestry for her, but her joy was too great to eat or to keep out of chapel. When she was sitting during the service in front of the baptistry, she saw some weeping, and thought, "They must be silly to weep for me, I wish they would weep for themselves." On Mr. S. taking her hand and leading her to the water's side, he said, "I remember when I first visited you I thought you were on your dying bed, and I then said if you died I should tell the people you were gone to heaven, but God has blessed you to come forth and publicly show to the world your love to Him." On going down into the water she said, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," which Mr. S. repeated loud enough for all assembled in the chapel to hear: "Yes, safe in the arms of Jesus." On coming up out of the water the joy of the dear afflicted one was great, the strength and power of Almighty God made clear and manifest. In the afternoon these words from one of Rippon's hymns came with sweetness to her soul,—

"When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?"

She felt it indeed to be a time of happiness and joy, especially when being privileged to partake of the Lord's Supper. The next morning, on awaking, she found herself sinning,—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

And during the week promises continued to drop into the soul. But on the next Sabbath she felt cast down, when these words were applied, "Thou hast fulfilled thy holy promises," this cheered and comforted her once again.

Soon after the above these words were on

her mind: "There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," and she thought within herself, How I should love to hear a sermon from that text, but did not mention it to any one. On the next Sunday the words were still on her mind, and when at chapel, Mr. S. being in prayer before the sermon, she thought, Oh! how I wish he might be led to take that text, and sure enough when he gave out his text it was, "There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." On hearing it her feelings of joy cannot be described, and all through the sermon she hardly knew where she was, "whether in the body or out of the body." The Lord was pleased to favour her to attend His house of prayer occasionally, although not able to walk there through weakness, until about three months back, when her bodily weakness became greater and she was again obliged to take to her bed, which she has not been able to leave since. The Lord has graciously favoured her with a humble and patient resignation to His divine will. When a friend one day asked her if she had a desire to be raised up again, her answer was, "No, I feel I can leave all things in His hands, I am only waiting His time to take me home, and my desire is to be submissive to His will. At times fears, doubts, and darkness veil the mind, but many sweet and precious promises have been given to comfort and to cheer." One day, having much of the Master's presence, she had a strong desire to do something for Him, but felt she could do nothing; if she was strong and well could do something. Whilst thinking and pondering over it she thought some one sat on the bed and said distinctly, "Write out your experience, that others may know." She answered, Yes, but, Lord, Thou knowest I cannot write, and even if I could I am too weak and ill to do it now. When the same voice replied, "There is ———, she will do it for you." It still kept on her mind, and on naming it both to her friend and the minister they agreed it must be from the Lord, and felt it must be as she wished. Much more might be written of the Lord's goodness to her since taking to her bed, but we forbear to write more, hoping and praying what has been written may not have been written in vain. And to His most blessed name, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, shall be all the praise. She desires to conclude by saying, "Tis grace has kept me to this day, and will not let me go."

BELTON, UPPINGHAM, RUTLAND — Sunday evening, Jan. 25, Pastor W. Rowton Parker preached a special sermon on Temperance, in connection with the Baptist Total Abstinence Association. Founding his remarks on Matt. v. 30, Gal. vi. 2, and Rom. xiv. 13, he proceeded to show that the first was a Gospel warrant for the inebriate to cut off his darling sin, the second a Gospel command for the devout follower of the self-sacrificing Lord to help the helpless, and the third a Gospel admonition to every right-minded person desiring to have a conscience void of offence towards God and man.

ABOUT THE MINISTRY.—III.

"Preach the word."—2 Tim. iv. 2.

MY DEAR ENOCH.—The Lord fits and qualifies His servants for their various ministerial positions in His house, and all is by special appointment. We read of "Captains over thousands, captains over hundreds, captains over fifties, and captains over tens" (Deut. i. 15). All these different captains, with their different qualifications, have their different work to do in the building of the house of the Lord, and it is sad and painful if the captains over thousands and hundreds look coolly and contemptuously upon the captains over fifties and tens because they are considered *little men*, and it is equally wrong and unwise for the captains over fifties and tens to look with shyness and envy upon the captains of thousands and hundreds because they are considered *great men*. Be thankful, Enoch, if you are made useful to ten in the kingdom and service of our Lord Jesus Christ.

One man will never be able to do another man's work; even if you put on the clothes of another man you would bungle at his work. You will always look and work best in your own clothes. Do not mimic. In a material building different implements or tools are employed: a saw cannot do the work of a plane, nor a hammer the work of a chisel, nor a gimlet the work of an axe, &c., but all work together to complete the building. Just so is it spiritually in building up instrumentally "the Church of the living God;" and whatever part of the work you may be qualified and appointed to do, you will feel your need of being "endued with power from on high;" also as a ministerial capital to trade with under divine teaching you will require a good knowledge of the Holy Scriptures in their historical, doctrinal, experimental, and practical meaning.

Your mind will seldom if ever be at rest, especially if you become a settled pastor, if otherwise you may have a little respite, but never yield to laziness since you are called to *work*. Loiterers exhibit but very little concern for the progress and prosperity of the building in any way. And when you announce your text do not mumble. Speak out plain, that your audience may not be puzzled to find it; and in dilating on your subject always endeavour to ascertain the company your text keeps in the Holy Scriptures for confirmation of the truth you advance. Perhaps you will open your text sentence after sentence, or word after word, as it lays before you; or should you feel more desirous and disposed to open it systematically, do not have too many divisions nor subdivisions, or your hearers will be more perplexed than profited. Aim at simplicity, soundness, and solemnity, and endeavour to get a clear Scriptural sight of your sermon right through, so that the end will correspond with the beginning. As you well know that many sermons by many preachers, like the pail of good milk, are upset at the end, which will taint the whole discourse and render it very unpalatable to those who can taste words; and Gospel words are very sweet,

savoury and soul-satisfying to the poor and afflicted people of God when well seasoned with the name, fame, obedience and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. By the help and anointing of the Eternal Spirit try to be very familiar with the Holy Scriptures, so that when preaching you may not keep your hearers waiting while you turn over the pages of the Bible for confirmatory quotations of the truth you may be advancing. "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of truth." Fill your sermons full of Christ and the truth as it is in Him, and no surrender to please either prince or peasant. You will have various sorts of hearers, some crooked ones, some curious ones, some crabbed ones, some criticising ones, and some (perhaps very few) congratulatory ones. When you quote authors name them, or some will say you puff it off as your own, and will call you dishonest. Booksellers and great readers are quick of apprehension. When Paul preached in his own hired house "some believed the things which were spoken, and some believed not;" so will it always be till time shall end. Still go on with the "yea and amen" Gospel, and the Lord bless thee. But for the present farewell.

Yours in the faith,

T. STRINGER.

A PEEP INTO THE EDITOR'S STUDY.

[A Perfectly Gratuitous Note.]

"What CHEERING WORDS are these,
Their sweetness who can tell?"

This couplet forcibly struck my mind the other day, after paying a hasty visit to the beloved editor, Mr. Charles Waters Banks. I saw him in full editorial work in his cosy study, which is often to him, when in secret prayer, a *sanctum sanctorum*. He was outwardly adorned in his morning costume, and by his cheerful smile and loving grasp of the hand, he showed that he had the inward adorning, like Daniel of old—namely, an excellent spirit. This cheerfulness was enhanced in value by the fact of the great weight of domestic and personal affliction under which he lives and labours, and the heavy expenses in connection with his chapel, which he has constantly to combat with and to meet from his own hard-won means, without the slightest remuneration for his preaching. It was like my impudence, but as the venerable scribe was in happy conversation about the Lord's love to his soul and his hope of future glory, I could not keep my eyes from vaguely gazing on the surroundings of his literary domain, a room as brief in space and as full as the living and loving *dominus* constantly inhabiting it. In front of him and on all sides were heterogeneous masses of MS. for publication, over which he had been poring without the aid of spectacles; also bills on anniversaries, periodicals of various order, in glorious, disordered heaps, texts of Scripture, sent by kind friends, overlapping each other above the mantelpiece and in close proximity to a small full-length wood-cut of GEORGE WHITEFIELD, who

stands preaching, like a second Prometheus confronting the Jove of the 18th century, or as St. Paul preaching at Athens, and which heads the editorial chair. On my left, in a chair, were theological works, English and German, also a dictionary of the old lexicographer N. Bailey, not to be equalled by Johnson or Nuttall of to-day; but preserved in order (as many delicate men) in glass cases, were the choice works of Dr. Gill, edited by Dr. Doudney, W. Huntington, and others of the Puritan type. In front of the editor lay a small cluster of postal orders ready to be sent off to various poor saints in affliction and deprivation. The editor at once drew from his left side an account book containing all entries of money received, whether small or great, from kind donors, to be disposed of by him to the Lord's poor, with the names of those who were recipients of the bounty, and the respective amounts to each. This account-book, with numbers of others of the same order, the worthy editor said he should leave open for anybody to look over when he was gone home to glory. Just as Mr. Banks was speaking with deep parental feelings of his afflicted son, Mr. Robert Banks, and of his ever ready and loving son, John Waters Banks, his daughter Mrs. John Dunham (who attends to her dear afflicted mother and comforts her fond father, the editor) brought me a cup of strong tea, which was as unexpected as it was pleasant, and speedily left the room. Mr. Banks told me his heart's love to Jesus, which made my bosom glow as those who walked to Emmaus, who only had one heart between them. I found the visit, though very short, refreshing. I would ask others to look in when near, but would exhort them not to stay long, as long protracted visits generally end in gossip, and literary men like Charles Waters Banks have no time to waste.

Waltham Abbey. W. WINTERS.

[We had not the most distant idea that brother Winters would so minutely describe his visit to us—so unexpected and so brief; but, as he has sent us his review of our "House of Commons," we will give our friends the opportunity of reading his thoughts.—C. W. B.]

CHRISTIAN UNION IN HER ROBES OF LOVING-KINDNESS.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—You will be pleased to hear that I am somewhat better than usual, and yesterday I was enabled to go through the two services with a great deal more ease and liberty. I feel the cold, and was afraid it would prove a great hindrance to my speaking; but I got on first rate, for I had three friends with me in the pulpit—two bottles of hot water, and the Master, and so I was livened up amazingly. The word I was enabled to preach was made a blessing to my own soul and to the souls of the people, the oil running from the great bowl into the old Pulham pipe, and through the pipe into other pipes, so that the light of Israel was seen to fill the sanctuary.

You will be pleased to hear that the love of Christ in my dear people abounds more

and more. Here is another proof of this, for yesterday they presented me with a nice New Year's present, a thing I did not and could not expect, after the heavy debt incurred for cleaning and painting the chapel. This debt was cleared off in a few weeks, and, to my astonishment, a present was ready for me as though we had had no debt at all. What is it a few poor people cannot do when God and their hearts are in the work? It may well be said of the Corinthians, that "the riches of their liberality abounded out of their deep poverty."

Because of much weakness and pain, my old man, for some time past, has been crying out, "Give up, give up, take thine ease, and rest the remainder of thy days;" but the new man, that is all for Christ and the Church, and my friends and brethren here, all cry out, "Go forward in the Master's work, and let not thy hands be slack." From this you may easily guess as to all the rest. No more at this time.

Your affectionate brother in Christ,
THE OLD PULHAM BISHOP.

Pulham-St.-Mary, Jan. 26, 1885.

HOMERTON.—On Jan. 27, Mr. John Bennett and his friends at Homerton Row held their New Year's Meeting, which was prefaced by a substantial tea. The pastor, Mr. Bennett, presided over evening meeting, and spoke of his being preserved in the truth for forty years, and of his conscious need of divine help in preaching the Gospel of Christ. He had continued to sow the seed faithfully, and in due time it would, no doubt, spring up. Mr. C. Cornwell on the restoration of the soul; Mr. J. Clark on the good Shepherd; W. Winters, W. H. Lee, and F. C. Holden, delivered words of peace, and the chairman brought the meeting to a close. May God prosper brother Bennett and his loving deacons and friends prays W. WINTERS.

KENT.—Standing in a road, says I to a boy, "If I keep on this way will it bring me to Pluckly?" "Don't know!" An elderly lady comes up. Ask her the same. "Yes, sir. Why, sir, wasn't you here when the Irishman was minister at our chapel?" "Yes, ma'am, and he took me round to see all the sick people, and made me read and pray with each." "Ah, after him came Mr. John Kingsford, then Mr. Samuel Banks, now, for full twenty-five years, we have had Mr. Robert Young Banks. I was one of Mr. Sedgewick's people, but he, dear man, is long gone to glory. This, Jan. 26, is our annual meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Banks will take tea with all the people, and a purse will be presented unto him, expressive of the strong union they feel toward him, and of the benefit they have derived from his long ministry to them. Will ye come? we expect a large and happy gathering." "I wish I could, but I must be on my way. Has Mr. Banks settled down here, then, to finish up a long, steady, useful life?" "Oh, yes, he lives now in Turk's farmstead. A very favoured man, sir."

SURREY TABERNACLE BENEFIT SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the "EARTHEN VESSEL."

DEAR SIR,—May we venture to trespass on your space by asking your kind insertion of the following in your next number? Owing to long continued indisposition Mr. Robert Banks felt it necessary, at the close of last year, to resign the position of secretary to the Surrey Tabernacle Benefit Society, a position he so ably filled for many years. At the meeting held on Tuesday, Feb. 3, for the election of his successor, the following resolution was passed: "That a testimonial be presented to the late secretary, Mr. Robert Banks, in recognition of his long and faithful services to the society."

As so many of your readers are members of the above society we are sure you will kindly allow us to appeal to them through your columns, and we trust that every member reading this will contribute towards the fund.

Yours faithfully,
(The Robert Banks' Testimonial Committee),

J. S. CARPENTER, 38, High-street, Boro'.
C. CORNWELL, Brixton Tabernacle.
F. HARBERT, Venner-road, Sydenham.
F. C. HOLDEN, 78, Malmesbury-road, Bow.
THOS. HUDD, 237, New Cross-road.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by either of the above, also by Mr. Albert Boulden (treasurer), 31, Union-street, Boro', or by Thomas Knott (the newly appointed secretary), 139, Alscot-road, Bermondsey, S.E.

GAINSBOROUGH.—Sunday, Jan. 18, W. Rowton Parker, of Belton, Rutland, preached two sermons by special request at the Particular Baptist Chapel: morning subject, "Under His wings," evening subject, "The two-fold challenge" (Isa. xliii. 6). Monday evening Mr. Parker delivered a lecture on "President Garfield; or, from Log-cabin to White House." The lecture was listened to with very great interest; Mr. Stephen Gray presided at the lecture; collections were taken on behalf of the funds of the church.

HASTINGS.—Come in! how long have you been in Hastings? "The first time I entered Hastings was in the spring of 1827, exactly 58 years ago. There was no St. Leonard's then, only the printers in George-street, young Harry Bailey, and Mr. Ransome and his two sons. Master Fenner was the faithful pastor there." "Well, sir, the fashionable preachers here have all that nature requires. They have flowing audiences; but it is all death; self from first to last. My heart pains me to see such crowds attend the Star of the Sea; the Catholics are fast gaining ground. The tabernacle in Cambridge-road, where good, plain men come, is far from full; but at Ebenezer, where Mr. Hall is, there are many. Fifteen years ago, Mr. Hall was a weaver, now he is a well-accepted Gospel preacher." "I will try and hear him."

HOW SHALL WE MEET HIM?

HARK! 'tis the trump of God
Sounds through the realms abroad!
Time is no more.

Horrors invest the skies,
Graves burst and myriads rise,
Nature, in agonies,
Yields up her store.

Chang'd in a moment's space,
Lo! the affrighted race
Shrink and despair.
Now they attempt to flee,
Curse immortality,
And view their misery,
Dreadfully near.

Quick reels the bursting earth,
Rack'd by a storm of wrath,
Hurl'd from the sphere.
Heart-reading thunders roll,
Devils, tormenting, howl;
Great God, support my soul,
Yielding to fear.

O, my Redeemer, come,
And through the fearful gloom,
Brighten the way!
How would my soul arise,
Soar through the flaming skies,
Join the solemnities
Of the great day!

See! see! the Incarnate God
Swiftly emits abroad
Glories divine;
Lo! lo! He comes! He's here!
Angels and saints appear!
Fled is my every fear;
Jesus is mine.

High on a flaming throne
Rides the Eternal Son,
Sovereign august!
Worlds from His presence fly,
Shrink at His majesty,
Stars, dash'd along the sky,
Awfully burst.

Thousands of thousands wait
Round the judicial seat,
Glorified there;
Prostrate the elders fall;
Wing'd is my raptur'd soul,
High to the Judge of all,
Lo! I draw near!

O, my redeeming God,
Wash'd in Thy precious blood,
Bold I advance;
Fearless I range along,
Join the triumphant throng,
Shout in ecstatic song
Through the expanse.

HERTFORD.—Mr. Robert Bowles held his New Year's meeting Jan. 29; a sermon was given by Mr. Realf, of Harlow, and a right good sermon it was. After tea Mr. G. Lovelock presided; Mr. W. Tucker, of Hitchin, offered prayer; and a more solemn prayer I never heard. Mr. Tucker has been much afflicted, but is greatly restored. Mr. Lovelock gave several earnest addresses during the course of the meeting; Mr. R. Alfrey spoke on the Holy Spirit's work in the soul; Mr. Gilbert, a good deacon, presented his pastor with a purse of £15, the gift of the friends with whom Mr. Bowles has laboured for the past quarter of a century. Mr. Bowles gracefully acknowledged the gift, and then addresses were given by Messrs. Realf, W. Stringer, John Sampford, and Salmons.—W. WINTERS.

THE ORIGIN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER, AND THE OFFICE OF DEACONS.—No. 1.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—As you have introduced the subject into the pages of the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, respecting the proper persons who should administer the Lord's Supper in those Churches which are destitute of a settled pastor, by answering the enquiry of "One who loves law and order" in December number, and which answer has brought out the approval of another correspondent who thinks your "plain, pointed, and scriptural" remarks, quite conclusive to all who read them; and as you have kindly notified that any further communication received by you shall be attended to, I feel desirous of expressing my views upon the subject, as I know there are brethren beside myself who were not fully satisfied with your answer upon the subject, consequently cannot endorse the view of your latter correspondent as to the conclusiveness of your answer. It may be "plain," and also "pointed," but as to its "scriptural" authority, I think you must agree with me when I assert that you do not give us one New Testament scripture to support your "plain" and "pointed" reply, and it is the absence of this that causes dissatisfaction in our mind; for I do hope I can sincerely say that I love to have the Word of the Lord for my standpoint and guide in all matters concerning both the doctrines of distinguishing grace, and also the form and order of Church-government, as divinely instituted by our Divine Head and Lawgiver in Zion, the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the head over all things to His body the Church, the fulness of Him who filleth all-in-all; and I should be very much pleased and grateful if you, or any of your brethren in the ministry, or any godly deacon, or any godly person, can produce a single Scripture from the New Testament which embodies the practice, or establishes the law and order that the deacons are the proper persons to preside at the Lord's Table in the absence of a settled pastor.

And now, if I am not trespassing too much upon your valuable time and space, I will briefly state the views which I have formed from studying the New Testament upon the subject, and we find that when our Lord Jesus instituted this blessed ordinance, or supper, that He administered it only to His twelve apostles, notwithstanding He had above one hundred disciples in addition to the apostles that believed on Him, and it is evident that our Lord intended this ordinance to be observed and maintained in His Church, down to the end of time, though the frequency, or stated periods of administration is left open, yet, "as oft as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come." Again we find, that after our Lord had risen from the dead, He appeared unto the eleven who had gone away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them, and He commanded them to "go and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the

Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." And I have not the shadow of a doubt upon my mind, that the ordinance of the Supper to be administered by the apostles, was included in the all things, as much as the ordinance of baptism. And that is a most remarkable Scripture to my mind—viz., the second verse of the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles: "Until the day in which He was taken up, after that He through the Holy Ghost had given commandments unto the apostles whom He had chosen:" and I maintain that those commands equally apply and belong to every man whom the Holy Ghost shall quicken and qualify for the work of the ministry, and anoint thereunto down to the end of time; and it is a noteworthy fact, that when the apostles received their commission to preach the Gospel, and administer the ordinances, there were no such officers known as deacons, they had not then an existence in any official position, consequently could not possibly receive Divine authority as such to minister in holy things. And this leads me to make a few remarks upon the circumstances which necessitated the institution, or adoption of the office of deacon, and the special work for which they were chosen. We find that after the ascension of our Lord Jesus, the promise of the Holy Ghost was verified on the day of Pentecost, whereby three thousand souls were added to the Church. And in the fourth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, we find the number of believers had increased greatly, as we are told there were about five thousand men. And it is well for us to remember that in those days it was not fashionable, or popular, to make a confession of Christ; that it involved the odium of being cast out of the synagogue, with all its terrible consequences, persecution, confiscation of goods, &c., so that numbers were rendered destitute, which threw upon the apostles the burden of daily administration to the necessities of the saints; and how mighty was the grace of God in its operations in the hearts of its recipients! We read that they had "all things common, for as many as had houses or lands sold them, and laid the money at the apostles' feet, and great grace was upon them all."

But this daily administration grew too much for the apostles to attend to, which led them to call the multitude of the disciples together and to declare unto them that it was not reason that they should leave the Word of God and serve tables; "wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business;" not preaching the Word, or administering the supper, but attending to the secular affairs of the Church, in order that they, the apostles, might give themselves continually unto prayer and the ministry of the Word. And hence we find the apostles travelling from place to place, as they were led by the Spirit of God, preaching the Gospel and administering the ordinances. And it is

definitely stated in the twentieth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, that the Apostle Paul visited Troas, where he abode seven days, and upon the first day of the week he preached, and broke bread with the disciples, and it is evident, beyond dispute, that he was not their settled pastor.

Much more might be said from the Scriptures upon the subject, but what I have advanced I think ought to be sufficient to satisfy any unprejudiced mind, if not, I would say, "Search the Scriptures," and see if these things be as I have stated, as they are not my words, but the testimony of God's Word, which is given to us for our "edification and instruction, that the man of God might be thoroughly furnished unto all good works." And now may grace, mercy, and peace be yours to enjoy, from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ, through the anointing of the Holy Ghost, is the prayer of yours in Him,

BENJAMIN BRAIN.

January 27, 1885.

[We must not add to this long exposition at present.]

MR. WARD'S SETTLEMENT AT BETHESDA CHAPEL, NEW-ROAD, SOUTHAMPTON.

In this largely populated town, some sixteen months ago, a very neat and commodious chapel was opened and dedicated to the worship of a Triune Jehovah. The services were conducted by our brethren G. W. Shepherd and R. E. Sears. The chapel was erected in the firm belief that God, who had influenced the minds of some to come forward in the great work, would attest His seal of approbation upon the efforts put forth to establish a cause of truth in the midst of abounding errors. We have found that the Sanballats and their combined hosts are still in existence, and their cry still the same, "What do these feeble folks?" Feeble indeed they are, in and of themselves considered; but, like Gideon's army, they often prove, to the discomfort and overthrow of their enemies, the truthfulness of the poet's words,—

"The weakest saint shall win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way."

Having obtained help of God, we continue to this day, and hope still to go on in the strength of the Lord God Almighty; for blessed are all they that put their trust in Him. Our hearts aspire upward with a desire to praise the Lord for His merciful kindness to us, and whilst gratitude flows out to our covenant-keeping God, we would not be unmindful of the kind help afforded from Sabbath to Sabbath by His servants, our dear brethren who are called to labour in their Master's vineyard.

The Lord has been pleased to answer the fervent desires of His people in sending one (Mr. William Ward, late of Carmel chapel, Pimlico, London) amongst them on whom the Spirit of truth manifestly appeared to rest. Eventually, after a period of probation

had expired, during which the Word was attended with much unction and power from on high, the voice seemed to be heard, "This is he; arise and anoint him." Fervent entreaties for divine guidance was sought, a Church meeting was convened at which it was unanimously resolved to give Mr. Ward an invite to take the pastorate over the Church, to which, after prayerful consideration, he cordially assented, being led fully to endorse the sentiment of the Church, believing that the Lord's directing hand had been demonstratively seen in the whole transaction. The united prayer of pastor and Church is that the union now formed may be a lasting one, and accompanied with showers of blessings from Him who hath said, "In blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thee."

It is our pleasing duty now to report that on Lord's-day evening, January 25, our beloved pastor was favoured to immerse four candidates upon a profession of faith and love to the Redeemer. The service was of a solemn and imposing character, witnessed by a large and attentive congregation. The text, "His baptism." After a few leading and important observations relative to the divine commission, and the mode, the word "baptism" was very ably and blessedly set forth in an alphabetical order, thus: B, born of the Spirit; A, accepted in the Beloved; P, purchased by blood and power; T, translated from darkness into light; I, interwoven into fellowship and communion with all the rights and immunities of a Gospel Church, based upon everlasting union with the Lord Jesus Christ; S, sanctification through and by the Holy Spirit's work upon the heart; M, meetness for the kingdom of glory.

On the following Lord's-day evening, prior to the administration of the Lord's Supper, our pastor gave the right hand of fellowship to each of those we had recently baptized, at the same time addressing them most affectionately and practically from the words recorded in Ruth iv. 11, "Be thou famous in Bethlehem," enjoining in his remarks the all-important features of promptitude, punctuality, prayer, and perseverance, very essential points to be maintained by all who wish the prosperity and advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom; and now, in grateful remembrance of all past favours vouchsafed, we would take encouragement from the gracious promise of our God, "Ye shall see greater things than these." To Father, Son, and eternal Spirit be all praise ascribed. Amen.

RUSHEY-GREEN.—C. W. BANKS,—DEAR SIR,—In our West Kent district of Forest-hill, Catford, and Sydenham, we are sadly destitute of places of truth. We can from our centre look around Nunhead, New Cross, College-park, Lewisham, and so on to Croydon, Balham, and Brixton; but the circle is large, and its nearest edge is three miles distant, which precludes as frequent

attendance as is desired. We have a new Bible Christian Church in Stanstead-road, Forest-hill, dedicated to St. James, and the managers and leaders of this new Church have called a minister from the West of England to preach to them, whose ministry is of the broadest Arminian type that suits unbumbled man; a religion whose root is as rottenness (doctrinally, at least), and whose blossom will go up as dust. On November 23, 1884, the above-named place of worship was opened, the preacher being Mr. W. Wheeler, of Lee. The friends, about a dozen in number at present—enough to save a doomed city (Gen. xviii. 32)—meet for prayer every Lord's-day afternoon at three o'clock; also on Tuesday evening at seven. On Lord's-days Mr. Wheeler preaches morning at 11, and evening at 6.30; also on Friday evenings at 7. Gadsby's Selection is used. Thus you will see that we have many things to thank the Lord for, five of which may be mentioned. 1. We have a *pastor*. This is more than many Churches can say, and, perhaps, more than they want to say. 2. We have a *place* to meet in. True, it is not very grand, and not much decorated; but it suffices. *The house of God* may not be a structure skilfully planned, with Gothic architecture, high and grand. It may not be a building made with any hand, and yet be a place of worship. 3. We are not without *proofs* of the Master's presence and favour, which is the soul of all service and the best of all blessings. 4. We have *peace*, sweet Gospel peace, in our hearts and in our midst; and 5. We find a *prayerful* concern for the salvation of precious souls, and a desire to be useful to the perishing. With Christian love, truly yours,—A BROTHER.

GOOD WORDS.

DEAR C. W. BANKS,—I rejoice to know by this month's VESSEL that you have been raised into a different atmosphere to what you appeared to be at the close of the past year. Then you could not say, "Not my will, but Thine be done." But it appears that your Father has begun the year well with you. He has caused you to dwell on high. You could not then stir a step, nor can we if we look at circumstances, and at our surroundings. Peter could walk on the water while his eye was fixed upon Christ, but when he turned and beheld the wind and the waves he began to sink. Oh, may it be yours, my dear sir, if it may be the Lord's will to spare you during the present year, to live near to Himself, to look off from all things that are of a circumstantial nature, for they are all in His hands. He knows what is best for us, and if it is for our soul's profit that things may not be according to our natural wishes and desires, that troubles and trials attend us, depend upon it they are all most needful, not one is in vain. So believes one who has in times past been exercised with these things. "I was brought low and He helped me, and because He has been my help, therefore under the shadow of His wings will I rejoice."—W. M. C.

CLERKENWELL.—The thirteenth anniversary of Mount Zion Chapel Sunday-school, Chadwell-street, was held on Sunday afternoon, February 8, 1885. Mr. Reynolds, of Providence chapel, preached an excellent sermon in the afternoon from Isa. lxxv. 20. In the evening Mr. Hazelton, the pastor, preached from Rev. xix. 8. On the Tuesday evening following, the annual tea and public meeting were held; Mr. Hazelton in the chair. Mr. Anderson moved the adoption of the report, and addressed the meeting on the school in its relation to the Church; Mr. Reynolds seconded the motion, and delivered an address on the school in its relation to the children; Mr. Hall addressed the meeting on the school in its relation to the parents; and Mr. Moxham on the school in its relation to the teachers. Although £18 was due to the treasurer, yet after the collection a small balance was in hand.

BOW.—On Tuesday, January 20, brother Cornwell preached at Mount Zion. After tea Mr. Baldwin presided over evening meeting. Messrs. Steed, Rundell, Holden, Bennett, Cornwell, and pastor Lee spoke. During the year we have bought the chapel for £800, and trust deed for £23. During 1884 we have repaid the friends who lent the Church £110 free of interest, £71 10s., leaving £38 10s. We are prospering in spiritual things. Thirteen added during the year. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.—W. H. LEE.

CHATHAM.—New Year's services were held at Enon chapel, Nelson-road, on Lord's-day, January 18. Brother E. Beazley preached. The Lord enabled His servant to speak with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, soul-comforting, heart-warming, God-glorifying, and discriminating truths. On following afternoon, at three o'clock, brother J. Wilkins, of Peckham (being his first appearance at Chatham) preached. The Lord grant that his earnest words and New Year's wishes on our behalf may be productive of much good, in the health and prosperity of our souls. Tea and public meeting followed. Brethren Shaw, Gilbert, and Wilkins, gave practical addresses.

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

Chatham.

J. C.

OUR HAPPY CHURCH AT HARWICH.

The good hand of our God has been with us during the year that is past, the dew of heaven still resting upon this Eastern branch. Of this I can honourably and happily take many faithful witnesses to record. Thus the cause has been well sustained and congregation increased. Four additions have been made to the Church, one by baptism. Here peace prevails, and

the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, duly and regularly administered, has been occasions of special and sweet communion. Excellent anniversary sermons were preached by that good man of God, Mr. C. Suggate, pastor of Halesworth, and moderator of the Suffolk and Norfolk Baptist Association. Much encouragement has also been derived from the many and valuable presents made to the pastor in token of love and esteem. The chapel has been renovated, new cushioned throughout, and a town-made clock put up. The Sunday-school still prospers, and which, though only established three and a half years, numbers over 130 children, and in carrying on this anxious and arduous undertaking Mrs. Cowell is well supported by seventeen zealous teachers. When all belonging to this important auxiliary to the Church are gathered together, the sight (so new to Harwich) is touching in the extreme.

The only serious drawback to our greater progress is the state of my bodily health. This has been sadly impaired of late, and which sometimes necessitates apprehension as to my future continuance in the public service of God's house. But I am much comforted by the loving sympathy and fervent prayers of my dear and concerned people, and refreshed in spirit to know also that such Christian solicitude is not limited to this locality, as the following kind and welcome extract of letter will show.

JOSIAH COWELL.

"MY DEAR BROTHER, MR. COWELL, —I am pleased and thankful that you are again able to use your pen in the old, vigorous style, and that your organs of speech are once more in tune for the service of the sanctuary. We have not ceased to pray for you in public and in private. We have felt in doing so much freedom, and the belief that your work was not yet done. We can now sing on your account, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.' Blessed be His glorious name for ever, and let all the people say, Amen.

"Yours fraternally,

"SAMUEL COZENS.

"Zoar chapel, Ipswich, Jan. 26, 1885."

MAIDSTONE.—The anniversary services of the Sunday-school of Providence chapel took place on Sunday, February 8, when a sermon was preached in the morning by our pastor (Mr. G. Webb) from "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast," &c. (1 Cor. xv. 58), which was especially suited to the teachers and friends engaged in the work, urging upon all the necessity of bringing up the children in the good old paths. In the afternoon the pastor of our neighbouring cause (Mr. G. W. Thomas, of Boro'-green) spoke to the children in His usual interesting manner upon the ark; afterwards, at teachers' meeting, he gave an address on Sunday-school work, and in the evening preached a very cheering sermon from "But think on Me when it shall be well with thee." &c. (Gen. xl. 14). Many

friends said it was a day well spent. On the following Wednesday tea was provided for scholars and friends, and we were favoured with a large company. After tea a public meeting was held. Mr. Potter, leader of the Bible-class, asked the Lord's blessing. Mr. G. Webb, who occupied the chair, spoke upon the growth and unity existing in the Sunday-school, feeling assured the good work of grace was going on amongst our young. The secretary (Mr. Calver) read a very satisfactory report, which showed an increase of 21 scholars and one teacher through the year, and a balance in hand of £8 9s. 7d. The superintendent (Mr. Walter) then made some remarks respecting the attendance of scholars, and willingness of teachers who assist in the school, believing they had one end in view, and that was to see the young folks grow up to walk in the ways of the Lord. The recitations then took place; our young friends did well. Hymns were sung for the occasion, and prizes were afterwards distributed, twelve scholars taking two, the extra prize being for finding out a Bible question every week during the year. The chairman then presented Miss Calver with a purse containing 50s., subscribed together by friends, for presiding at the harmonium. A vote of thanks was given to Mr. G. Webb for so ably taking the chair, and also to the superintendent. The Benediction being pronounced, a very happy evening was brought to a close.

IPSWICH.—BETHESDA.—DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Having obtained help, we continue, looking unto Jesus. Our pastor and his wife (Mr. and Mrs. Kern) on January 23, 1885, reached their silver wedding-day. Some of the friends joined together and presented them with a silver tea-service as a token of their love, and in appreciation of their services in the cause of God at Bethesda, which for many years has been a favoured corner of God's vineyard. They were both very pleased and cheered by this love-token from their dear friends, which they can look upon as long as they live as a proof that there are those who love them for the Masters sake. We hope and pray that other pastors and their wives may be cheered in a similar manner on like occasions. Wishing you every blessing, I remain, yours in the truth, —A. E. GARRARD.

NOTES OF MEETINGS.—By J. W. B.

The good work of the Infants' Friend Society, in connection with Mount Zion chapel, Hill-street, is still progressing, and reflects no small amount of credit on the assiduous activity of its committee. The abodes of misery visited by these ladies, and the help they have been enabled to render to the needy, and the opportunity afforded for reading the Word of God and of speaking in His name, have united in making this work a labour of love. The forty-seventh anniversary was on January 27, 1885. The interest in the society's welfare does not diminish, but increases, not only by the very

admirable committee of ladies who conduct its affairs and carry out its objects, but by the Church and congregation who, to a great extent, supply them with the necessary funds. The report was read by Mr. C. Wilson, which told of some pleasing though sorrowful incidents. The subject for the speakers was "Christian Workers." Mr. J. L. Meeres, who had attended (with one exception) every annual meeting of the society, gave a most earnest, clear, outspoken, zealous address from "The love of Christ constraineth us," and in the course of his remarks said: Beloved, to speak of this line would take all the year round. Thousands of minds have been enriched by it, yet it is not exhausted. We cannot soar to its height. We cannot fathom its depth, nor measure its breadth. Millions are now bathing in its sweetness in the mansions of eternal glory; and we ought not to be grieved when we know our brethren and sisters are gone to be with Jesus. Ah! what have we if we have not the love of Christ? What myriads has it stopped in their mad career? One step more and they would have been in perdition; but the love of Christ held them, and there is no strength or support anywhere else for a poor sinner to lay hold of. Our sisters here have been constrained through the love of Christ in carrying out the purport of this Society. It is ours to sow beside all waters, knowing not which shall prosper. He loved us. What for? He gave Himself for us. What more could He give? He endured all things for us so that when we get home we shall sing, "Unto Him that loved us."

"Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sov' reign grace."

Messrs. W. Hazelton, J. S. Anderson, J. H. Lynn, Sears, and others, took part. Mr. Shepherd presided.

The fourth anniversary of Mr. Dexter's parsonage at Dacre-park, Lee, was held on Tuesday, February 3. There was a large company to tea. Mr. T. Whittaker offered up prayer for the cause, the pastor, and the universal Church of Christ. The chairman expressed the pleasure he felt in visiting Dacre-park, and of uniting with the Lord's people both in the sanctuary and in private. Messrs. J. Hunt Lynn, Anderson, Shaw, and I. C. Johnson, Esq., J. P., gave spiritual addresses. Mr. Dexter was pleased to say they were still holding on to the grand and good and only principles of the Gospel. Eleven had been added to their number during the last year; they were looking for and hoped to see others soon cast in their lot with them.

At Bethel chapel, Hoxton, New Year's services were held on February 8 and 10. Sermons were preached by Messrs. Green, Sears, and Squirrel. Mr. Upsdale (of Stratford) presided. Mr. Squirrel gave a sound Gospel address on the word, *Father*. None can call God Father apart from a living faith, a faith in the atonement, which brings us to the termination of all self-righteousness. This will produce happiness,

and prepare the believer for that eternal rest when he will leave dull mortality behind. Mr. Steed desired to give a word of encouragement to his brother Green, and hoped he would still abide by the Gospel of the grace of God. Mr. J. E. Eisey said the joy experienced by those who, as favourites of God's love, have cause to rejoice for the great things He hath done for them. Messrs. Warren and Kingston gave cheering words. Mr. Green expressed his thanks to the chairman and ministers for their presence. The cause here has lost three valued deacons and staunch supporters during the last year, yet they are hopeful and pursuing.

MR. S. K. BLAND ON ROME.

In March, 1884, a Strict Baptist Mission Room was opened at Framlingham for the preaching of the everlasting Gospel, in connection with the Particular Baptist Church Meeting at Laxfield. During the year the Lord has favoured us with some tokens of His divine blessing. Either a preaching service or prayer meeting has been conducted every Sunday and Wednesday evenings; the pastor preaching twice during the month; seven villages being attended monthly besides this branch, prevent him being oftener there; several brethren have rendered help. Our brother Bland, who is ever ready to lend a helping hand in the cause of Christ, came over Thursday, January 29, to deliver his thoughtful and interesting lecture on Rome. The room seats about 150; it was crowded. After a graphic description of the journey to Rome, the lecturer led us among the ruins, within and surrounding the famous city, with well collected views and diagrams. Grateful praise filled many hearts as the lecturer at intervals paused to open up the contrast between our position as followers of Christ and those who through seas of blood have passed to reach the throne of God. Our distinctive principles in their primitive purity were forcibly dwelt upon by the lecturer. Several diagrams of ancient baptistries, showing by their magnificence what value was set upon the Christ instituted and honoured ordinance. A vote of thanks was heartily accorded to our brother Bland for his interesting and instructive lecture and liberal kindness in the helping hand rendered to the effort of the cause of Christ to spread the truth as in Him in this town. May this desert yet rejoice, this wilderness blossom as the rose, pray
A. WATCHER.

Our Tombstones.

THE LATE MR. JAMES TURNER, SUDBURY.

James Turner, for many years a member of the Ebenezer Strict Baptist Church, New street, Sudbury, entered his eternal rest, Feb. 2, 1885, aged 72. Interred in Gistingthorpe Churchyard. The last year, through bodily affliction, he was not able often to get to the house of God: but whenever I had the opportunity of visiting him, found it good to meet with one of the Lord's favoured ones. It was with him, as it is with many of the Lord's chosen people to whom He giveth much of His grace and faith - He also gives them trying paths to walk in, and

it may truly be said of our departed brother, He walked by faith, not by sight; his hope rested on nothing less than Jesus' blood and righteousness. When looking back at his past history, and what the Lord had done for him, he would often repeat that beautiful hymn:

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Saviour die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?"

The deacons, brothers Scott and Alston, with many of the friends, visited him during his illness; he would tell them how he was harassed, but he did not lose his hope. He loved his brethren and sisters in the Lord. The Church has lost an honourable member and liberal supporter, a praying brother, and faithful believer in the truth, who loved the grand old Gospel. He wanted no new inventions. "Thus saith the Lord," he desired to hear. The last I heard him say was, "That blessed Saviour! All by grace!" Brother Alston called to see him the Friday before his death; read and prayed with him. The Lord had appeared for him. On Saturday he was seized with a stroke and laid unconscious till the Monday, when the Lord was pleased to take him to Himself. Mr. Hudson preached his funeral sermon the following Sunday.

Haverhill.

W. HUDSON.

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Green, widow of the late James Green, of Stockwell-road, Brixton, fell asleep on Wednesday evening, Feb. 11th, 1885. The deceased was a member of the congregation worshipping at the Surrey Tabernacle, and a sincere lover of the late James Wells, under whose ministry she sat for many years. In her last illness she was favoured with an assurance of her interest in the glorious person and mediatorial work of the Lord Jesus Christ, and anticipated the prospect of entering her eternal home. Her mortal remains were committed to the silent tomb by Mr. Thomas Braabury, in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. She has entered into rest, but left her sorrowing children to mourn their loss, and many friends who deeply regret her departure.

That once useful and beloved servant of the Lord, Octavius Lloyd, after some years of decline and suffering, departed (at his residence in Birmingham) January 18, 1885, aged 45. We expect some encouraging details of his departure by his sorrowing widow.

William Leach, once the minister of Northampton Baptist church, for whom we preached and had some (surely it was) true Christian fellowship, has gone home lately. His son, Edward, who wrote for our *Gospel Times*, fled away to glory some years since.

Mrs. Jane Boys, many years a member of Bethesda, St. Luke's, and of Zion chapel, New Cross-road, fell asleep after suffering 2 years from paralysis, 27th January, 1885, in her 78th year.

THE LATE MRS. BATHO.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Our sister, Elizabeth Batho, the wife of our acting deacon, was, with her husband, received into our communion from the Church of Christ at Otley, Suffolk, on Jan. 29, 1860. She departed this life, Lord's-day morning, Feb. 1, 1885, aged 67 years, and was interred at the Baptist Chapel, Pulham-St. Mary, Norfolk, on the following Friday, at which time the few thoughts as under were delivered.—Yours, etc., B. TAYLOR.

IN MEMORIAM.

How soon is our appointed time passed away! Here we spend a few fleeting days, and they are gone. How solemn the words of the poet:—

"Time! what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days, how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star."

Truly solemn is the thought, "We are soon cut off, and we fly away." Fly away! Yes, the arrow

which was recently in the quiver is gone; it has pierced the air and sky and has entered into the invisible world; and like the eagle has left no trace of its flight behind by which its mysterious passage can be known. Another Scripture which strikes us is equally solemn: "We all do fade as a leaf." Another leaf has dropped, which we see in the remains of our sister departed. Another leaf has fallen and we are about to commit that leaf to its mother earth, with the solemn announcement of, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." We are compared to "a drop of the bucket." Behold the falling silver, crystal drop. It has fallen on the earth and has disappeared. We shall see it no more, for we are "as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again." See the sparkling drop fall from the clouds into the sea! It is lost in the depths of the mighty ocean. It is but a poor little insignificant drop, we confess: but is it really lost? Is it become extinct? Has it really perished? Oh, no, for though only a drop, it forms a part of the waters of the mighty ocean. Our sister is indeed hidden from us, she is lost to us, yet not lost, but only just gone before. She is lost to our sight in the vast body of the glorified in heaven, of which body she forms a part. Our sister is dead; and yet she is not dead, for Jesus says, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." Our sister has entered into peace and rest; she will here sleep sweetly. Her dust will be precious to her Redeemer, while her happy spirit will be walking in the land of uprightness. Being "absent from the body she is present with the Lord." And is all converse at an end between our bereaved brother and his companion in life? Shall not his mind fly to heaven; and by the eye of faith shall he not see his beloved partner beckoning him to join her in the ranks of the blessed?

"Hark! they whisper—
Angels say, Sister spirit, come away."

The union of our brother and sister on earth was wrong in the flesh, but much stronger in the Spirit. Pause, my soul, and ask, "What is death?" Simply a state of sweet sleep and repose. Stephen fell asleep, and the saints are said to sleep in Jesus. Death, then, is only the porter that opens the door and lets out the soul into a state of everlasting rest and happiness. Mark the words of Jesus: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth! yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." Our sister was blessed before she came into the world, being in the covenant of grace, being one of God's elect, and having her name in the Lamb's book of life. She was blessed when she came into the world, for God, at His own appointed time, called her by His grace, and put her among the living family. She was blessed at her departure out of the world; for she sweetly realised the words of the psalmist, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

I will only add now, some few days before our friend departed she told me she felt dark in her mind, yet she was resting on Christ, the Rock of ages, knowing well in whom she had believed for so many years. She said, "Although I feel satisfied as to my interest in Christ, yet I should like much to have a manifestation of His love to me once more before I die; and who can tell:

'At eventide it may be light.'"

It was so; for after this she was happy to the last. And now may the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God our Father, and the comfortable communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all, now, henceforth, and for ever. Amen.

Death's Gradual Process.

Long as I live I'll mourn the loss
Of one so sure the gift of God.

AFTER thirty-two years' most intimate acquaintance (I write as in the presence of that God whom I fear, and whose eye is ever upon me) my inmost soul saith: "A model of a truly valuable wife; a friend to the poor; an inside, silent Christian—one who declared true love is to be known, not by the words of the tongue but by the works of the heart and of the hand—and a long martyr to suffering, is gone from me. Gone from time for ever!" "Truly," said a friend, who had known her for years, while looking at her face as she lay in her coffin, "there is the end here of a remarkable woman!" No professed perfectionist; no angel; no self-righteous one was the partner of my sorrows, and the sharer of my mercies. Nay, her abhorrence of evil, of cant, of hypocrisy, of presumption; her utter contempt of any cloke or caricature; of any empty or stereotyped pretension, would either be frowned upon with a scornful silence, or it would bring out the fire of a just and high indignation of every ungeniue or unholy assumption. We well agreed in the conviction that even in much of the religious poetry, or hymnology, there is frequently more flower, more extravagant flourish, than Scriptural fact, or true spiritual soul-travail. I write not to exalt the creature, but to testify to the true grace of God, which was gradually developed as her years, her sorrows, her conflicts increased. As a rule we mourned apart, sighed apart, prayed apart, and, in no small measure, thought upon heavenly things *apart*; but, when the door of utterance was given, we found a singular agreement in such things connected with religion, which we seldom hear any mention made of. She was a close reader, a deep thinker, a little talker, a writer of letters to her dear friends—which were numerous—full of hearty affection and of solemn reference to eternal realities. In her true heart she would say, with Rutherford:—"Let our Lord's sweet hand square us and hammer us, and strike off all kinds of pride, self-love, world-worship, and infidelity, so that He make us stones and pillars in His Father's house." Through many different schools of discipline was she led during the sixty-one years of her life here; but the most intensely severe ordeal she ever knew was the last eight months of her existence in this world. Before I review that solemn and, in every way, painful period, I give the following epitome as read by Mr. Thomas Stringer at the end of her funeral sermon. We all know my blessed, my now absent wife, would not have had any funeral sermon at all; but, to pass over in silence an event of such solemnity, would have been unkind to the friends. Mr. Thomas Stringer delivered a Scriptural discourse in a grave and humble spirit; at the close of which he read the following epitome of her experience:—

"No testimony we can give will be of any use to the departed now.

"I will only give a few lines, as in the sight of God, respecting

those indications of saving grace, which were discovered by myself during the period of 31 years.

"Mrs. C. W. Banks was to me a most valuable wife. I cannot attempt to enumerate the many excellent qualities of her character as a wife, mother, and friend. I will only give a few words upon her Christian character.

"When only a young girl she was taken to hear Rowland Hill. His text was: 'Prepare to meet thy God.' It sunk deep into her heart. A few years after she went into Wales, and on going one Sunday into a chapel, the minister took the same text: 'Prepare to meet thy God.' She always said from that time a change was wrought in her.

"The late Mr. John Stenson, of Pimlico, baptized her; and she was a member there for years.

"Subsequently she joined the Church at Unicorn-yard, and was much beloved by a number of the females there, with whom she worked most zealously in the Dorcas Society and in the interest of the cause generally.

"She had many seasons of illness; and the loss of three of her very lovely children almost broke her down. Unfortunately she saw a man crushed to death under a waggon in the city, and the physicians ascribed the failure of the heart to this dreadful shock. That eminent physician, Dr. Scott, thought her continuance here, after that fearful sight, was a miracle. She was remarkably reluctant to talk about her religion; fond of being alone; of reading good works; but she had in early life seen so much of presumption and hypocrisy, and in her married life she had seen her husband suffer so severely from mere professors, that she became jealous and fearful of almost all. Where she saw a genuine, sterling principle of faith and godliness to such persons she became deeply and permanently attached.

"All who really knew her always esteemed her as a Christian, whose motto was, 'True love is a sincere and steady worker, not a noisy, boasting talker.'"

I come to the closing months of her most painful illness. When taken, early in last July, she told me she should never get over that illness, and she said, "I am not afraid to die." She began to give instructions, and to prepare to depart. There were seasons when her natural affections would cling to us, and she would say, "I do not wish to leave you, and I cannot realise a fitness to go away." I fondly thought that indicated she would not die. Seasons of darkness and great depression came over her, and then she said but little. She would ask me if I could pray for her. I always told her I could, and I did pray that the Lord would comfort her soul, and would be manifestly with her.

As she came on in the affliction, she would ask me if I could wish her to live and suffer—a question I could not fully answer. She gave her daughter Minnie every instruction concerning funeral, and all things she wished attended to, with as much deliberation and calmness, as though she was going on some pleasant journey. To her nurse she became exceedingly attached. In the night seasons she sometimes was very happy, and opened her heart most affectionately, freely, and with comfortable confidence.

The nurse has written the following few lines; and to those lines

nothing more can be added:—"Only a night or two before she departed, on bidding her 'Good night,' her husband said, 'I do hope you will get some comfortable sleep this night.' Then she looked hard at him, and in a firm, clear voice, she said, 'Yes! presently they will bring my coffin and lay it there. Then they will put me in it, and I shall have a long sleep then. No more sleep here.'" The nurse says the lines she so much enjoyed were these:—

*"I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, MY JESUS, 'tis now."*

The nurse adds:—"I do not think there was a night for the last fortnight of her life but what she said those lines, and in the evening as she died in the morning, she said, 'Say those lines, those pretty ones.' I said the first three, and before I had finished the third line, she said, *quite loud*, 'MY JESUS, 'TIS NOW.' Early in the morning she said to me, 'Let the dead bury their dead;' and then, in a few minutes after, she looked very hard at me, and said, '*For ever with the Lord.*' I said, 'Amen,' and she answered, '*So let it be!*' The second night before she died she had a very happy night. During that night she prayed that she might be taken soon, and repeated the whole of the Lord's Prayer, and said, 'Rock of Ages, cleft for Me,' a greater part of it, and '*Dear Lord, remember me,*' and the verse commencing 'The dying thief rejoiced to see;' but for a while she could not say it; so I said a line; but she said, 'That is not right.' Now you say it after me, and *then she said it*. She always said, 'MY JESUS WILL DO ALL FOR ME: I must leave it to Him.' Mostly she was very happy of a night; and she also told me she was a person that said a very little about religion. She hated anything like 'cant;' but there were two sermons during her life which struck her very much. When quite a girl she went to what she called Rowland Hill's Chapel, and the text was 'Prepare to meet your God.' She said, though a child in years, it made a great impression on her. And then she said, in Wales she went into a little quiet chapel, and, strange to say, the same text was given out and a very similar sermon was preached. It so struck her that she thought she must have made some mistake, and imagined that she heard it; but on looking in a book connected with Rowland Hill's Chapel, she found on a certain Sunday that same sermon was preached, which was the same day she had heard it as a child. She said she never forgot it, and from that time she had felt a change in herself, although she had never told only a very few. She said, 'What I used to enjoy most was *Sacrament Sunday*: for Mr. Banks did always such things in such a solemn way.' She always said she did not trouble about Mr. Banks much, as she knew he would be taken care of; for he was a good man, and there was a good angel always watching over him."

As her outward man decayed her inward man became stronger and stronger, until quietly, without a groan, or sigh, or struggle, she fell asleep.

THE FUNERAL.

In a new grave the remains of Mrs. C. W. Banks were laid on Tuesday, March 3. Mr. William Moss, of Peckham, conducted the

funeral in a satisfactory manner. Nothing could be more solemn or in accordance with the mind and spirit of the departed. As she said so expressly to me, they brought a substantial shell covered with black cloth, and her wasted frame was laid therein, and she looked like one calmly asleep. Then a strong polished oak coffin was brought, and the whole deposited therein was carefully laid in the grave. What my thoughts and feelings were in leaving my precious treasure there it would be impossible to define.

At the deceased's request, Mr. William Winters, of Waltham Abbey, kindly officiated both in the chapel and at the grave. Oh, these death-scenes are terrible to our nature! These partings are cutting even to the soul. They cast a cloud over all the follies of time! In the abstract sense, I say, "Death—repulsive king!—thine iron rule is terrible!" Many times the philosopher asketh, "*O death, what art thou? to what ledest thou?*" It led us to the open grave. My sons, John and Samuel, went with me; also my grandson, Robert Fergusson Banks; the husbands of my two daughters, John Dunham and W. Tehan. Our friends, the Christian brethren, John Mumford, F. Jacquery, Ambrose Griffiths, David Stanton, our deacon, &c., with many other friends, who saw the laying of the body to rest was done as becometh those who mourn her loss beyond the conception of any.

On the following Sunday morning, I said, I cannot help myself; I cannot get away from the circumstances by which I have been surrounded for so many months. Therefore, I ask you to look for a few moments at 2 Cor. v. 2, 3. There are three different atmospheres.

I. *The natural*. "In this we groan."

II. *The Supernatural*. "Earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven."

III. *The Intellectual*; or, the Voice of *Sanctified Wisdom*. "If so be that being clothed, we shall not be found naked."

It is quite natural to groan in *this house*. Man's body is compared unto and is called a house. A house has various departments, and is generally the work of some clever architect and builders of various sorts. Timber must be prepared, bricks, stones, mortar, glass, iron, paint, and other things, must be had, prepared, adjusted, joined, and so on, before you get a house. What a fine piece of workmanship is man's body! In the natural sense we are His workmanship. "He hath made us, and not we ourselves." But it is an earthly house. It stands on the earth, it lives by earthly things, and it will presently return to the earth. "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." The best man here only dwells at present in an earthly house.

A house is for somebody to dwell in. It is a sad thing to have houses and no one to dwell in them. Now, this house is a dwelling-place for the *soul*. See how Paul distinguishes between the *house* and the *inhabitant*! We know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle were dissolved, WE (What "*We*"?)—"We have a building of God. A house

"*Not made with hands! eternal in the heavens.*"

What "*We*"? "THE SOUL and all her family!" This earthly house is for the soul and all her family to dwell in here. Has the soul a *family*? Indeed she has, and if she lose any one of them she is imperfect if not unhappy.

I speak of the Christian's soul. It has a spiritual life, which takes down the windows, lets the light and air of heaven into the whole house. "The scales fell from Paul's eyes;" then Christ, the Light and Glory of God, shone through the whole of that house. Then the soul has a beautiful child called Charity. Paul draws her full-length portrait in 1 Cor. xiii. But not in every case does this child come up to its inspired photo here given. But it is a poor, empty house where CHARITY is not to be seen!

That parable of the wheat and the tares points to the inside of this house.

JEZREEL AND JEZEBEL

are very opposite characters; yet they are sometimes to be found, to the grief and amazement of the soul, in the same house. Jezreel—that is, "the seed of God," comes into the soul and sows the good seed of life, of love, of faith, of hope, of a good conscience, a contemplative mind, and other good graces. But in some dark and dangerous night Jezebel steals in and sows the bitter seed; and when these bad seeds spring up you are ready to cry out, "Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in thy field?" My soul, my heart, my conscience is thy field! "From whence then hath it tares? And he saith, An enemy hath done this!" And this makes the soul to groan. Oh, dreadful days, nights, and years of groaning in this house!

The supernatural. Our fallen nature never of itself earnestly desires to leave the old house. But when nature is crucified, crushed, dissolved, bruised, and broken down, when some little foretaste of holy joy with Christ is given to the soul, then it doth earnestly desire to leave the frail tabernacle, and to be clothed upon with "our house which is from heaven." I could like to dwell on this. To me every word is so full of meaning. Look at it.

"OUR HOUSE WHICH IS FROM HEAVEN;"

and the strong expression,

"CLOTHED UPON WITH OUR HOUSE WHICH IS FROM HEAVEN."

Here is happy *proprietorship*. Not a hired or leasehold, but your own house, prepared and provided expressly for you. It is our house which is from heaven. Not only is it of heavenly origin, but it comes down to meet the soul on its flight from the earthly tabernacle. As the chariots of fire came down to Elijah; as a cloud came to receive the blessed Saviour on His return home; as Stephen saw the Son of God waiting to welcome him home; as Paul was caught up; as John heard a voice calling him to come up higher; so the house from heaven receiveth the souls of the redeemed; and the white robes clothe, comfort, and convey them safely home.

The voice of wisdom says, "If so be that being clothed we should not be found *naked*." A soul may be clothed with its sins or its self-righteousness, but these will be but nakedness and shame. Nothing short of being found IN CHRIST, redeemed by His most precious blood, justified in His own righteousness, represented and accepted in His own person, COMPLETE IN HIM!—nothing short of a vital and eternal union to CHRIST, can be any house for the soul to dwell in before the throne of God!

This event which I never thought to see, this separation, this being *left*, has cast a gloom over me which I cannot describe. It is like the winding up of all earthly connections with me. My children all married! My beloved partner gone! My Robert in much affliction! My only sister living in England cut down with a stroke which takes from her the use of all one side. It is a serious time with

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9. Banbury Road, South Hackney. March 11, 1885.

A kind neighbour has sent me the following lines:—

“*In Memoriam.*”

ONLY crossed the river
A little while before;
Resting now with angels,
On the sinless shore.
Weary days all ended,
Restless nights all passed;
Pain and suffering over,
Sweet rest gained at last.
Earth exchanged for heaven,
Night for cloudless day;
Joy instead of sadness,
Tears all wiped away.
None to say, “I’m weary;”
No sad cry of pain.
Mingling there with loved ones,
Ne’er to part again.
Sorrow fled, and sighing;
Pining sickness o’er.

Death hath no dominion
On that peaceful shore.
Sunshine, but no shadow,
In that land is known;
All in peace abiding,
Near the eternal throne.
Glad songs and unceasing,
No discordant voice;
All in perfect harmony,
In one Name rejoice.
O land, pure and abiding,
How oft we long for thee!
How fair and incorruptible
Thy mystic joys must be.
What wonder if we covet
(While in the world we stay)
The undefiled inheritance,
That fadeth not away.

J. H.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST TO HIS CHOSEN.

BY PASTOR W. ROWTON PARKER.

BUT secondly, it is close and loving contact with the Lord Jesus that the Spirit-taught soul so ardently desires: “Let Him kiss me with the kisses of *His mouth.*”

We send our love greetings over distant oceans and continents when loved ones are separated from us. But the Lord Jesus Christ is always personally present with His people. The omnipresence of His love annihilates space: “Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.” Space cannot separate between His loved ones and Him; and as space cannot do it, so neither can any power: “Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, distress, persecution, famine, nakedness, peril or sword? Nay, in all these we are more than conquerors through Him that loves us.”

His love is seen in the rich provision which He has made for the constant help and comfort of His chosen. Is not the Bible full of promises exceeding great and precious? All these are drafts on the bank of sovereign grace, and shall be fulfilled in the experience of His people whenever they are presented in faith. Hence the constant attitude and life of every truly devout, longing soul is that of craving

the Lord to come near with new tokens of His love: "Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth." Ah, truly, my soul revels in the thought of this infinitely loving One, and bows in reverence at His dear feet. Oh, that all who bear His name might know *personally* the height and depths, the length and breadth of His love, till lost in its fulness, and wholly in Him.

This love of our Lord Jesus is no passing emotion, but it is real, intensely real to Him. Oh, that it was as intensely real to us—a living, glorious reality, a fact not to be questioned, a true and vital experience. Full well I know that none but He can make it so; but, blessed be God, He has power to accomplish this miracle of grace in us, yea, He does accomplish it in all them that are truly His; whose souls are led to cry out with red-hot desire, "Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth."

"Nearer, my God, to Thee.
Nearer to Thee."

Is the constant cry of the renewed heart; nothing can be closer, nothing can be more real than is the sweet connection between the soul of the sinner saved by grace, and the precious Saviour by whom he is saved. All such are one with Christ and with the Father. "I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one." This is not dry doctrine merely, but it is a vital fact; a fact which the soul who truly loves the Lord experiences for himself. The truth has a hold of him, and he has a firm grip of it; actual and vital contact and union with the Lord Jesus is his own realised position, and in this he delights, and the more he experiences it, the more he longs for its development and increase. Hence the cry, "Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth." I know there may come seasons of darkness and depression, but still the true child never loses the Father's love, nor can he ever altogether lose his love to the Father; they are one, bound together by a bond which cannot be broken; the habitual life is one of sweet communion and loving fellowship.

But finally, the truly regenerated soul, having tasted of the sweets of Christ's love, desires yet more and more of that love which passeth knowledge. "Let Him kiss me with the KISSES of His mouth."

Mark well the plural; it is not one kiss, but many, repeated and renewed, and again repeated, a continuous outflow and onflow of His love. We all know how human friendships often grow cold, how uncertain at best are earthly joys, and that everything of earth satiates; but it is never so with the love of the Lord Jesus Christ. His love never satiates, never cloy, never grows less, or loses ought of its sweetness or preciousness. But the more we know of it the more we want to know; the more we prove it, the more intense becomes our longings for a larger measure, till we are swallowed up of love. I appeal to you, beloved, you, I mean, who have tried and proved it, is it not really so? Are you not oft and again constrained to sing with the poet:

"O love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die, to prove
The greatness of redeeming love.
The love of Christ to me."

Ah, yes. Sure I am if you have experienced anything of the love of Jesus, you have found it to be no common love which you could compass, or gauge, and perchance come to the end of it! But like its source it is infinite and unchangeable. It is transforming, renewing, and quickening, in its influence and effect; it is omnipresent love, and is ever over us; it is omnipotent, and makes all things work together for our good; it hedges us about on every side, so that no real harm can come near us. It is omniscient also, and numbers the very hairs of our heads, yea, and takes note of every little detail of our daily life. *No* thing is too small for its notice; *no* need or circumstance too great for its help; *no* moment of our life, *no* place in which we may be found, is too remote or trivial for its all-pervading care. Blessed be God, it is under us to hold us up, it is over us to shield us from harm, it is around us on every side to defend us from danger, yea, and it is grandly and eternally *true* that

“ Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.”

Oh! to have our whole soul bathed in this love, and filled with it, and carried away with it.

When our soul is thus alive to Jesus, and filled with His love, then all half-heartedness and cold indifference, goes out of our religious life, and we are on fire with a zeal that is consuming. No longer do we fear of losing anything by faithful service of our loving Lord; nor are we ashamed to own Him, but out of a full heart our cry is, “ Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth.” As I have already said, this craving desire is the outcome of intercourse with Jesus—close, constant, tender, confiding intercourse. The more we look to Jesus by the eye of faith, the more beautiful does He appear.

And as we hearken to the “ still small voice ” the music of His love becomes more and more sweetly precious. Yea, all true contact with Christ reveals His loveliness in increasing measure, and as we look and wonder and adore we become more and more like Him, “ Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image as by the Spirit of the Lord.” This is no idle dream of the imagination, but every word, touch, and look of Christ is a powerful reality to the Divinely quickened soul. Come, then, my brother, make Jesus a sharer in all your joys, He will listen and smile, and enter into all, with a sympathy which none but He can show; and straightway, at His smile and touch, your joy shall swell, and swell, and swell, till your cup runs over with the rich abundance of His love.

Aye, and make Jesus a sharer in your troubles, and trials, and discomforts, too; tell Him how they burden you, how heavily they weigh you down, and how your spirit is crushed by their weight, and He will sweetly lift the burden, assuage their grief, and carry the sorrow, till all the pain and care is forgotten in the sweetness of His presence, and the fulness of His love. Whatever may be thy care or distraction, out of the depths of thy aching spirit cry mightily unto Him, and the pressure of His hand, and the love of His heart, and the sweet healing tones of His voice shall banish the pain, heal the smart, and strengthen the soul with energy divine, till brave and strong you shall stand unmoved till the day breaks and the shadows flee away. This is no freak of fancy, beloved; no play of words, but it is a divine

reality, and what if I say it is the birthright of every true-born child of God? Therefore it is we preach unto you Jesus crucified—perfect God and perfect Man—Jesus Prince of Love,—

“Whose presence makes our paradise,
And where He is is heaven.”

All hail! Thou precious Christ! Thou God of Love! whose power transforms sinners into saints, chases away sorrow with joy, and fills all heaven with glory everlasting, rest and peace.

Surely, beloved, our souls must go out to Him with vehement desire. The language of our hearts must be, “Let *Him* kiss *me* with the kisses of His mouth;” for nothing but this sweet intercourse, this vital contact, can ever meet our needs, or satisfy our souls. Grant us this, dear Lord, and to Thy name be glory for evermore. Amen.

“KNOWN AND READ OF MEN.”

THE PECULIAR FEATURES OF A RIGHTEOUS MAN.

NOT to exalt the creature, but to show how the grace of God in some cases shines forth conspicuously even in this careless, cold, and controversial age, do we gratefully give the following notes of a funeral sermon preached at Zoar Chapel, Ipswich, Sunday, March 15, by S. Cozens from Psa. cxii. 6, “The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance,” for MR. ROBERT BOLTON, who went home to glory March 10, 1885.

After an exposition of the text under two heads: first, as applying to Christ; Christ, “the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance,” “His name shall endure for ever;” secondly, as applying to all those who are righteous in Him—the preacher said, our dear departed brother, Robert Bolton, was a very godly man, mighty in prayer, holy in life, spiritual in conversation. He was no ordinary Christian. He was cheerful without levity, and serious without acerbity. He was deeply sympathetic and kind, without ostentation. He was widely conversant with the teachings of Christ and possessed much of the spirit of the Master. He was Christ-like, too, in his vehement abhorrence of every false way of pharisaic pretensions. He was a faithful friend, even to the wounding of a friend, if he thought that proving a fault would cure it. He will leave a memory behind him. What a mercy to live a life that becomes a memory in death! There are monuments in our graveyards the names on which are obliterated and the memory of the dead in which is forgotten. There are unknown and unmonumental graves containing those “blessed dead,” whose names are familiar to us as household words. The lives of the worthies who died in the faith of joys to come are more imperishable than the mighty pyramids of Egypt, which contain the great ones of antiquity, whose names have not been transmitted to us. It is not a grand sarcophagus, a granite coffin, and a pompous tomb that perpetuates the memory of the dead; but a life adorned with godly fear and Christian virtues. The tomb-stones in our graveyards tell us that no man likes to be forgotten: the righteous never will be, “for God Himself takes charge of their memorials.” The righteous must be had in everlasting remembrance, because their character is everlasting. The righteous man departing carries his character with him into eternity. What Moses was in the mount with

God, that he was fifteen hundred years after in the mount with Christ—viz., God's righteous servant; and what Elijah was before Israel in Carmel, that he was nine centuries later, before the disciples, on Mount Tabor.

The wise man says, "The memory of the just is blessed," and a blessing. We have known some just men, who are now with the spirits of the just, whose memory is blessed: for we remember the blessedness of their fellowship. We found blessings in their communion that make their memory blessed. Their memory is a blessing because their godly life is inspiring and provokes us to emulate that which was inimitable in them. Dear Bolton was a pattern saint. There are not many who live so near to God and express in their lives the power of pure religion. Perhaps some of you will say, "You saw him in his best clothes." I think I did: and I am glad that he had some "best clothes" to be seen in. Some have not "a change of raiment;" they are never seen but in "filthy garments." Our brother had his filthy garments, and he loathed them, and the Lord clothed him in the robe of righteousness and in the garment of salvation, and under a sense of these gracious favours he clothed himself with humility, and his character was as clear to us as if he had been arrayed, like the glorified spirits in heaven, in white linen.

Now let us look at some of the characteristics of the brother whose memory we cherish.

1. Our brother was a good man. Human goodness is the expression of divine goodness. The goodness that makes us good will be seen in our goodness to others. To do good and to communicate is perfectly natural to the children of that "Father of light from whom every good gift and every perfect gift cometh." Goodness flows from those who are filled with goodness as freely as water flows from a living fountain. "A man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth good things." And our brother brought forth many good things—things that did us good. His godly conversation was always profitable and instructive. The realized goodness of God has a mighty influence upon our social life. The kindness of God makes us kind. "Be ye kind one to another." Kind is kinned, and none but the kind are "kindred in Christ." I do not believe in any religion but the religion of kindness, of love in kindness. Our brother was kind. He belonged to the society of the good Samaritan. He loved his neighbour not with a lip-love, but with a hand-love, and he was ever ready to do a kind act for any who needed his helping hand. I believe that some people got him to do things for them that they might have done themselves, and he knew it, but he would say, "Let it pass."

2. I have said he was mighty in prayer. When he prayed you were at once arrested by the solemnity of his manner, and the earnestness of his words. He did not rush bawling into God's presence as if He were as dead asleep as Elijah said Baal was. He did not approach God in bold, and flippant, and ostentatious language, as if God were capable of being flattered by high sounding words. He did not preach to us in his prayers as if God's footstool was a place for the rehearsal of our beliefs. Every word he uttered seemed full of godly fear, and came trembling with emotion from his heart. There were two things in his prayers, a deep penitent confession of sin in the flesh and a

firm faith's grip-hold of Christ by the fountain of His blood. You hear some people pray and you cannot tell whether they know anything of themselves or of Christ. They speak to God as though He were a terrible Being only to be feared, and not as to a loving Father who is to be trusted and loved. Brother Bolton's prayers did us good, we never heard him without being refreshed in our souls, and encouraged in our work: for if he got a blessing through the word preached, he was sure to thank God for the blessing, and to pray for him who was the instrument of its conveyance. If the word is blessed the minister is encouraged in his work by the prayers of those who have been blest.

3. Our brother was a true disciple, and a close follower of his divine Lord. He sat at His feet continually, and followed Him very closely into the green pastures of ordinances. He was always early in his closet, waiting for the service. He did not come to chapel because it was a duty, but because he loved to come. It was not a little thing that would keep him from the house of God. Since the days of David, no man ever said with more fervid lips, "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

4. Our brother was a doer of the Word. He was not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the Word. Deeds, not words, reveal the man. He was a close reader of the Bible. There was no part of the Scriptures but what was familiar to him. The Bible was his Book—his daily companion. It was the man of his counsel, the lamp of his feet. Of all books the Bible is the best, the most profitable. It is simply because it is God's Book that the wickedness of man rejects it; and for that very cause the Christian loves it. Our brother read it to profit, for he illustrated its holy teachings in his life.

5. Our brother was a critical hearer; not hypercritical, not unduly critical; but he had a circumcised ear, and a clean palate. And as the mouth tasteth meat, so his spiritually educated ear tasted words. He referred all he heard to the law and to the testimony; and if what he heard was not according to these standards, he rejected it.

Happily, my views were in accord with his, and he very heartily expressed his gratitude for the benefits he received from the ministry, by bringing or sending to us the first-fruits of all his increase. We had the first ripe fruit. The first apples that were gathered—aye, the first of everything of fruit and vegetables. And so long as there were fruit and vegetables in the garden, we had a basket full every Friday. I wished him again and again not to do so, but nothing that I said stopped the weekly supply. It was a free-will offering of gratitude for the benefits of free grace received. Grace made him gracious, and honest to his own conscience. For he would say it was his duty to "honour the Lord with his substance, and with the first-fruits of all his increase." If all professing Christians were actuated by the same sense of obligation, the ministry and the institutions of religion would be amply provided for. I am not speaking as if I lacked anything, for the Lord has always kindly provided for me, so that I have lacked nothing. Still, I know there are ministers who are sorely tried, and in great difficulties from the miserable penuriousness of the people to whom they minister. Too many modern professors are imitating those apostate Jews, who gave to God the lame, the blind, and the sick, and then God took away the candlestick and left them in darkness. Men

are afraid of the coming darkness. But they don't see or won't see that they themselves are, by their conduct, removing the candlestick. Your candlestick will go, as other candlesticks have gone, and then you will cry with the foolish virgins, "Our lamps are gone out." Ah, me! it must be so, for the Word of God says it shall be so. The midnight is sensibly stealing upon us. And yet, as of old, many are saying, a little more sleep and a little more slumber. That is, a little more carnal ease, and then the alarm of midnight.

You will say I want to alarm you. No, I do not want to alarm those believing souls and loving hearts, who are holding fast their confidence, and waiting for their Lord. And as to others, they are too hardened, or too fast asleep to be alarmed by the words of my feeble lips. They will sleep on till they wake up to find that the day of this dispensation is past, and the door is shut against them. When once the Master of the house has shut to the door, no amount of knocking will give them admittance. "I never knew you" will send them away. "Depart." It is only giving them back their own words, "Depart from us."

From a letter received from his son, Mr. Thomas Bolton, I learn that our brother was baptized in Bethesda Chapel thirty-eight years ago, by Mr. Pooch. He told me that before hearing Mr. Pooch he had been in great darkness and distress, but under his ministry he came into the day of salvation, and into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. That he was a freeman in the city of God, and in the household of faith, was palpable to all that knew him.

His son tells me that on Sunday, March 1, he attended Eden chapel, Cambridge, three times, and remarked in the evening what a happy day he had spent. On the following Tuesday evening he attended the prayer meeting, and engaged in prayer, which was enjoyed and talked about by many. On the Wednesday he had been gardening all day. After taking tea with Mrs. Deeks, a good woman, and the wife of a good Baptist minister, he returned home by about seven o'clock, soon after which Mr. Jull called, and spent an hour with him, and remarked how many of the friends had enjoyed his prayer the evening before. After Mr. Jull had left he took a small lamp and went into the yard, then came in again, and as he was stooping down to the fire, he staggered and fell. His whole side was paralysed. Looking at his wife with a beaming face, he said, "Don't be frightened, the Lord is good." Soon after he became unconscious, and passed away with a happy countenance from this vale of tears to his Father's home.

It was his wish that if anyone spoke upon his death he should like these words: "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch." I had my text impressed upon my mind before I got this information. We should watch over ourselves, over the uprisings of evil, and ask God to subdue our iniquities, and then we may say with the great mother in Israel, "Oh, my soul, thou hast trodden down strength." Watch against the devil; he is ever vigilant. Be ye vigilant; for your adversary the devil "as a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour." Watch for the coming of the Lord, for He will come in an hour that ye think not. I can imagine that that text was a living power in him: "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch." God grant that we may watch as he watched, and be ready when the Master calls, as he was, and die as happy as he died. God bless the widow and the fatherless. Amen.

"SEEK YE OUT OF THE BOOK OF THE LORD."

THE MOTTO AND LIFE WORK OF THE LATE JAMES DAWS.

A MEMORIAL BY JOHN BONNEY.

(Concluded from page 80.)

WHEN concerned about his soul he had given up a young woman to whom he was attached. He felt he could not marry one who did not fear the Lord, and now after some years, he says, he asked the Lord to seek a partner for him, with whom he could be one in divine things. The Lord granted his request in the person of Mary Ann Heathorne, and both saw the Lord's leading in the matter, and their union was blessed. She was a good wife, and a kind mother, and a tender nurse in his last days. They were united over forty years. Before he died, he said, "I have prayed to the Lord to provide for you, and He has told me He will;" and surely the Lord did, for the pension the husband had received within a week of his decease was made over to the widow, which was not a usual thing. The Lord hears prayer still; His name is still "Jehovah Jireh"—the Lord will see to it, the Lord will provide. James Daws was called to preach the Gospel. He might have been only a ram's horn, but a ram's horn gives a certain sound, and for living souls is better than a silver cornet bearing the college stamp, and on which any tune can be played, except free grace and Jesus Christ and Him crucified. These two tunes are considered old-fashioned; they do not suit modern ears. Gospel publishers, so called, don't keep them in stock, but I believe these were the only tunes James knew. They suit the old-fashioned hymns,—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,"

And—

"Jesus, I love Thy charming name,

'Tis music in my ear;

Fain would I sound it out so loud,

That earth and heaven might hear."

And though I never heard James preach, I am told he did sound it out loud, like the old woman that sat upon Rowland Hill's pulpit stairs, and sang through her nose; but sang so loud that Rowland said, "Don't make that noise, my good woman." "It comes from my heart, sir," she replied. "Oh, go on, go on, then," said Rowland. So I believe the preaching of James, if noisy, came from his heart. Christ was in his heart the Hope of Glory, and His Word was upon his tongue. The grace of God, the love of Christ, His pierced heart, and precious blood, were the themes he delighted in, with the power, application, and witness of the blessed Spirit and His grace manifested in the life and walk of Zion's sons and daughters. He preached at Mayford, near Woking; at Ripley; Horsell; Old Baptist Chapel, Guildford; the Barrackfield Chapel, Guildford, lately Cornelius Slim's, but now stolen from the Strict Baptists, and perverted to Open Communion; also at Chertsey; West End Chobham, and Stanley Green, near Guildford, all in the county of Surrey.

He was laid by with age and infirmity for the last five years. For twelve months he kept his bed. The Lord supplied his wants by a pension from the Poyle Charity of Guildford. He suffered but little, but gradually decayed. His mind was clear. The Lord he felt precious

to him. He was mostly cheerful and lively in the Word and things of God. He had a good hope, though occasionally harassed and oppressed by Satan—under the hidings of the Lord's countenance—yet he did not surrender his hope to the enemy, or cast away his confidence in God: he knew whom he believed, called upon His name, and waited for His appearing.

James Daws seemed to have read little beside the Word of God. Mr. Billing of Guildford (who constantly visited him, and shewed great kindness to this aged pilgrim, and since to his widow) told the writer he remembered James when employed as a drayman at Woking; how he always carried his pocket Bible—he had often seen him reading as he went his country rounds. A son of God by gracious adoption, though a servant of brewers and publicans. The Scripture was his delight. I once met a lady at his house who had come to visit him; she told me Daws was formerly in her employ, and when at work in the garden, if she had occasion to go to him, down would go his spade into the ground, and he would give her quite a sermon, firm as a rock in relation to the Truth. Who ever visited him, whether Church-goers or Dissenters, they had the Word of Truth from him, respectfully but unflinchingly, and they esteemed him for his honesty and faithfulness.

The Holy Spirit gives grace to every man severally as He will (1 Cor. xii. 11). James Daws was not John Bunyan's Mr. Fearing, rather like one Mr. Greatheart, he delighted to speak encouragingly to any seeking, trembling soul where he perceived in the spirit or character the marks of the Lord Jesus. To a desponding sister he said, "Keep your eye on Jesus!" unlike some preachers, mere imitators of great and good men in the past, who imagine they have a commission to search God's children and find out hypocrites; they think they only know how to preach, yet every text they take they wrest and distort to fit some theory or vein of their own experience; if it was an experience of Christ and the gracious workings of the Holy Spirit, manifestations of the riches of grace to a poor sinner, then we wish such God-speed; but, alas! it is often the experience of the workings of sin and Satan, the risings of the flesh, the power of unbelief, the darkness of the mind, the barrenness of the soul, and this so called Gospel is set before the lambs and sheep of the Lord Jesus—waters fouled by their own feet, green pastures trodden down. Let such measure themselves by this standard: "He whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God" (John iii. 34); not a record of their experiences, temptations, and exercises of mind which they presumptuously substitute for the record God has given of His Son, as if believers and gracious seekers could feed upon the preacher's flesh or their own. Christ said, "*My flesh is Meat indeed.*" This is the food God has provided, what Christ did in the flesh, what He is, and what He said. It is a solemn denunciation upon some: "They shall feed upon their own flesh" (Isa. xlix. 26). False prophets were very fond of prophesying their experience (Jer. xxiii). The Holy Spirit's injunction was, "Preach the Word" (2 Tim. iv. 2). "I have given them Thy Word," spake Jesus. "Sanctify them through Thy truth;" "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God;" "My brethren are these which hear the Word of God and keep it." Jesus did not preach the exercises of His soul, but the Word of God, the Gospel. Peter did not preach his experience at Pentecost, but the Word of God (Acts iv. 31).

A man who preached like Stephen (Acts vii.) would now be called a "letter man," a term used by a celebrated preacher, but a perversion of Scripture, though many follow him like sheep through a gap, blindly, not even knowing the meaning of the word.

Paul uses the word "letter," meaning the law, the ministry of death, in contrast to the Gospel, the ministry of life, as any intelligent believer may see by comparing Rom. vii. and 2 Cor. iii., reading the whole chapters. Paul was better taught than to apply it to a godly man who preached the doctrine of Christ in the words of God, following God rather than man (Phil. ii. 16). Again it is said, You must preach what you have tasted, handled, and felt. There is no such Scripture. From 1 John i. we learn John saw and handled his beloved Lord. He knew He was a real Man, he heard His words, received the grace of them in his heart, he knew He was really God. But John does not fill his epistle, as some do their discourse, with his personal experience, but rather with the teachings and words of Jesus Christ.

James Daws in his measure (like John) had a gracious experience of the Word of God illuminating his mind and sanctifying his spirit; therefore he spake not in words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth, knowing that souls are born again, not of a corruptible mixture of experience, a confused muddle of flesh and Spirit, nature and grace, but by the incorruptible Word of God. He knew the power of sin, the depravity of the flesh, but did not delight to talk about it. Precious blood was his theme; and though assailed by the enemy, his bow abode in strength. The sufferings of his Lord he constantly and feelingly spoke of; a deep sense of his own unworthiness pervaded his spirit. The great condescension and love of Jesus to him often moved him to tears of gratitude. "Ah, I shall see him, I shall see Him," he would exclaim. Whenever the writer visited him he had some portion of Scripture to speak of, upon which he had been thinking. He seemed to be always meditating, and praying for the Lord's ministers and people. His knowledge and readiness in quoting Scripture was wonderful, as those that knew him can testify. I write honestly when I say he was full of the Word of God, full of Christ, full of the Holy Ghost and faith.

A little before he died he gave me a little discourse on the grace of Christ, from the words, "Children, have ye any meat?" Referring to his own death, he pointed to his body and the bed he lay upon, quoting the words, "He is not here, He is risen." The night he was taken for death his wife wanted him to have a candle in the room. "No," he said, "I've got a better light than that." About his last words were, "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, not to me only, but to all that love His appearing."

Yours, in the hope of eternal life,

JOHN BONNEY.

THE LATE MR. ELIAS GRIFFITH.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—The Master has visited us at Brixton, and removed from our midst one who has for upwards of fifty-three years stood on the walls of Zion, and faithfully preached the glorious Gospel of salvation by grace. Elias Griffith was called home to glory

on Wednesday, the 4th instant. He arose in the morning in his usual health, never very robust, and after being missed by his wife for some time, she went into their usual sitting-room, and, being blind, called him, but receiving no answer, she asked the landlady of the house in which they lived to look for him, and he was discovered lying on the floor, stricken down by a sudden attack of apoplexy (this was about 10 a.m.) from which he never recovered or gained consciousness until his happy, ransomed, and redeemed spirit took its flight, shortly after six o'clock the same evening, to be for ever with the Lord, and to behold that God and Saviour which for over 53 years he had preached.

That he died in faith we fully believe, and he now lives in the full realisation of all the blessings and happiness he has by faith been looking for these many years. He was 75 years of age when he died. He had been married 53 years, and was a preacher of the Gospel when he married. He had only one child, out of six, living when he was called home—a son now fifty years of age. His widow has been blind for four years. He was formerly a master tailor in the army, and was for some eight years abroad in Gibraltar and India. His surviving son was born in Gibraltar, and whilst in the celebrated rock and in India he served his heavenly King by proclaiming the grand, glorious, and precious truths his soul loved. He came first to Brixton in September, 1880, and he preached for us several times, both at the old Tabernacle in Russell Street, and also in our present chapel, and the truth as proclaimed by him was always savoury. He last stood in our pulpit on Sunday, February 15, in the morning, and preached from the words, "We would see Jesus" (John xii. 21); and on Sunday, the 1st instant, he preached for brother Clark at West Hill, Wandsworth; so that he may be said to have died in harness. He and his wife joined the Church at Brixton Tabernacle soon after our removal to Stockwell Road, and they were greatly beloved by all. He was a praying man, he was a believing man, and he was a loving man. He loved all God's children, and had always something sweet and precious to say to cheer and comfort the hearts of those cast down or in trouble, and to encourage the young, and help the aged. And he has now gone to claim his mansion prepared for him on high.

He often expressed a wish that when his time came to depart the dear Lord would not permit him to lay long; and his wish was granted. Oh, what a kind and loving God is ours! At the Sunday-school anniversary in January last, I asked him how he was, and his answer was, "Brother, I am very tired, I want to go home to my dear Lord." He has gone; and may we, dear brother Banks, like him, die the death of the righteous, and may our last end be like his.

His remains were buried at Tooting Cemetery on the 6th instant by our pastor, brother Cornwell, awaiting the resurrection morn, and in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection.

Trusting that the gracious presence of the dear Lord is felt by you, and that you and I, and all God's people may realise that in His presence is fulness of joy, and that when we are called to pass the river the Everlasting Arms may be beneath and around us, and that we may with our last expiring breath sing His praises and take up the song in a brighter and better world, to Him that hath washed us in His own precious blood. With heartfelt love to you, I remain, yours, in the bonds of the Gospel,

GEORGE F. GRAY.

Reviews and Criticisms.

OUR PUBLIC MEETINGS.

OUR Public Meetings are more numerous in London and in large towns than in the rural districts, therefore our remarks in this review, unlike the former reviews, must refer more especially to London, though not exclusively so.

It is an obvious fact that our Public Meetings are not anything like so numerously attended as they were in former years. Yet there is a marked improvement in the nature and tone of our Public Meetings. Of late, we have witnessed with pleasure a steady growing improvement in their general character, and a spirit of earnestness and truth often pervades them. There is less levity, and at many of them good, sound, solid speeches are delivered, calculated to produce spiritual good, and to be of general benefit.

What then, say you, is the cause of the decline and falling away in the attendance? No doubt, for one thing, *we are reaping the harvest of a former seedtime*. Our predecessors are not altogether free from blame, and without fault in this matter. Sober-minded people took a dislike to the KIND of meetings so common a few years ago, and absented themselves therefrom, and as yet have not been won back to them. Yes! many of our people still stand aloof from our Public Meetings, from the damaging effects of the following *three* things:—

1.—The excessive levity so often indulged in at those meetings.

2.—The fleshly element so largely imported into them. And

3.—The ill-concealed jealousies of some of the ministers engaged at them.

The *people* have eyes and ears, and a *thinking* apparatus too. They see and hear these good and holy men at "our public tea meetings," they hear them praise and bless one another, when all seems to be love, and with smiles they repeat, "My dear brother," "My dear brother," which to all appearance is sincere, and is so warmly and fondly uttered. And the PEOPLE also hear what they say, and see how they act towards one another when away from the meetings, and behind each others backs. They do not *always* say "My dear brother" *then*, but something else. It is no use to shut our eyes to the fact, these practices have produced their effects, and sober-minded, judicious people turn away from these things with disgust. But we are glad to believe a reformation has set in; let it be pushed on with spirit and with determined vigour. Let our ministers lay aside their narrow jealousies and pursue a reformed course, and dare to be honest to one another, still holding with a firm grasp the banner of DISTINGUISHING TRUTH, and we shall not only retrieve lost power, regain lost ground, and win back the distanced absentees, but we shall gather in a new element, and fresh materials to fill up "the waste places of Zion."

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

Saintship. A sermon by Mr. P. Reynolds at Providence Chapel, Upper-street, Islington. "Originality" is from heaven. "There is nothing new under the sun," but where God in Christ is "all things are new." In heaven there are "fountains." A fountain is the source, or spring-head, of a river. The pure river of water of life, as clear as crystal, was shewed to John. He saw it proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. It is significantly termed "a pure RIVER of WATER of LIFE." Not mere human or natural life, but spiritual, eternal life. Wherever this river cometh it giveth life. The superlative, the unspeakable happiness of the saints in glory, in one particular, will be "The Lamb which is in the midst of the

throne will feed them," divinely satiate, and satisfy them. Not only so, but He doth lead them unto LIVING FOUNTAINS of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. A true minister of Christ, one in whom dwelleth the Spirit of God, is at times favoured to drink of these living fountains even here a little now and then; and as "reflection is a flower of the mind, giving out wholesome fragrance," so by much nearness to God the anointed messenger is filled with the upper springs, and souls enlightened from above become refreshed, edified, and comforted by the original flowings forth of such a ministry. Master Reynolds, like a watchman on the walls, hath two ears. His right ear is open to the voice and teachings of God; the left

ear is open to catch the sounds of men on the earth, who would, if possible, deceive the very elect. Such a minister is of great value. He will not allow the theory of "the Survival of the Fittest" to pass without exposing its anti-scriptural, self-righteous, Christ-denying delusion. Mr. Reynolds says: "When God seeks His saints, He goes into the midst of the devil's camp and takes the most valiant soldiers belonging to Satan's body-guard. Then, holding these trophies of divine grace in His hand right in front of the devil's face, He shouts, "These are Mine, and they shall be Mine when I number up My jewels." There is much in this "saintship" sermon of a discriminating character, calculated, by the grace of God, to deliver souls both from despondency and from presumption. As we draw near our journey's end we increasingly feel the work of the ministry is, of all vocations, awfully grand, terribly solemn—a work, we think, many should neither run into, nor continue in, unless the broad seal of the divine approbation be manifestly stamped on their work.

Abide in Me. A New Year's address by Ebenezer Marsh, pastor of the Church at Laxfield. Sunken in sorrow one night alone, we sat down in the chamber where for so many months there had been a continual warfare between a strong constitution and a diseased heart, where Death often mocked us by allowing the constitution to rally, and even the sufferer, with her abiding affection, uttered words of hopeful expectation of recovery; but only to sink immediately into a deeper experience, which would bring forth the patient conclusion, "I must die, and leave you here!" In that chamber we sat down under a cloud of doubt, of feeling uncertainty, of strong unbelief! Yet, in such a desolate state, we knelt down and cried unto the Lord Jesus, as the sinner's Friend, to grant us some relief and some rest. That bitter soul cry was heard, was answered, and early in the morning, waking up suddenly, one seemed to ask, "Can ye cast away your faith in God?" "Oh, no!" "O God, my heart is fixed, it is fixed, and though lost, I feel I would sing, and give praise unto Thee." "Can ye cast away your faith in CHRIST, the Son, the eternal Son of God, the sacrificed Lamb of God?" "Oh, no, never!" "Can ye cast away your faith in the blessed SPIRIT of God?" "No! Most emphatically my poor sinking soul exclaimed:—

"Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood,
And bear Thy witness in my heart
That I am born of God."

Then, as though faith was to me like Elijah's mantle, I took it, and said, "I will wrap myself up in God, in the covenant of God, in the Christ of God, in the Spirit of God, in the promises of God, in the stupendous providence of God, whereby, for near eighty years, I have seen that—

"His providence unfolds the Book,
And makes His counsels shine,
Each opening leaf, and every stroke
Fulfils some deep design."

"Ah," I said, "I see, nature's eye never can catch even a glimpse of the things God hath prepared for them that love Him; but—

"God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit."

So I found rest in my soul, and in a bundle of books and letters came a neat pamphlet with this title, "Abide in Me," by E. Marsh, of Laxfield, which, like a pomegranate, budded forth, whispering—

"When thy heart is sunk in sadness,
And thy cares like billows roll,
This shall turn thy grief to gladness,
Jesus Christ sustains thy soul."

Ebenezer Marsh's address comes out of an active, studious, sanctified mind. He has had four years' happy work at Laxfield. May the Lord give him forty years more, then crown him in glory for ever. We thank him for sending us the address.

Self-Sacrifice! Not Self-Interest! Not Self-Seeking! "Master" Wellton's sermon on "Life or Death" is a piece of almost unparalleled divinity in these times, when "sight! sense!! and self!!!" are the prevailing powers in the generality of mankind. I fell into a murmuring spirit because I could not see the soul going up into the glory world, until the late Bishop of London sent one of his midnight frowns into my very soul, as though he said (quoting Wellton's words), "Are you one of those who would materialise the heav'nies as well as the earthlies? Do you crave the eye of sense? The highest truths are ever those which eye hath not seen nor ear hath ever heard; they are whispered by the Spirit of God to the hearts and consciences of those who do His will. Yes, and the truest blessing is theirs, not who have seen and believed, but who, although they have not seen, yet of His infinite mercy have believed. This thought is worth a thousand. Have faith in God. Believe on (though all the powers of Nature oppose it); work on; pray on until the day break and the shadows flee away.

"And with the morn those angel faces smile
That I have loved long since and lost awhile."

Think again, Is death only so much loss, so much sorrow? Has God but one blessing only—the blessing of life? or is there healing, too, in the wings of the Angel of Death? Shall we shrink from the thought of death, and cover our eyes with our hands to hide its horror? or shall we welcome it as the angel of the All-merciful, and say, in the spirit of Frances, ‘My sister, Death’? This is the question I put to you, when men’s hearts are saddened, and their hopes dismayed, by the thought of gracious holy lives poured out like water upon the sands of the immemorial desert, and of that *one* life for which many of us would gladly have died—a life which has seemed to transcend the limits of race, or creed, or colour, and to be the property, as it was the pride, of all mankind.” General Gordon’s blood—shed so cruelly in the awful highways of Khartoum—will cry—not for vengeance—but for victory over the slavery, the fanaticism, the desolating delusions of the Moham-medan powers. Never think that death is the end of anyone’s career. I stand by the bed of the man who has spent his whole life in accumulating riches. I see another filled to the eyes with pride and self-esteem. Both would be called Christians. They are going to the Judgment. We must leave them with the Judge of all the earth, who only can do right. Oh, sirs, “self-sacrifice, under God, has done more for the attainment of Heaven’s holy purposes than millions of self-assertors ever dreamt of. The testimony of “Master” Weldon is worthy of much attention. “Ever and again, in the attaining of some consummate good, it would seem to be expedient that one man perish for the people. It is the sense of this expediency or necessity which animates the lines of classical antiquity that tell in such rude, large, expressive characters as an early age was able to read and understand that it is self-sacrifice, after all, which is the supreme force on earth—not self-interest, nor self-assertion, but self-denial—and the supreme act of sacrifice is death. Hence it is that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church; nay, that no true Church can be founded without its martyrs; for it is not the faith for which men are always ready to argue, though the chain of argument be ever so cunningly forged, it is the faith for which they die that fills the world: for if death is the issue of life, life is much more abundantly the issue of death. ‘Verily, verily, I say unto you,’ said the Saviour—and all the ages of history witness to His words—‘except a

corn of wheat fall into the ground, and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.’ This, then, is the sovereign service which human souls, if God so will, may some day render to the creed which shapes their being: they could not aid it much in life, but they may die for it. Is it not this, the power of the supreme self-sacrifice, which has illuminated and immortalised feeble human life from the monk Telemachus to the abolitionist, John Brown? What could they have done—the poor lone monk of ancient Rome, the struggling trader by the Kansas border—each for the cause he had at heart, although they had spent life’s every energy in the service of it? But he died for it, and he shed his blood for it, and the gladiatorial shows were doomed, and the emancipation of the slaves had begun. Is it not this, too, which has been the crown of stately characters, so that without the sacrifice unto death they could not have been all that it was fated they should become! As when Socrates drunk the hemlock in the prison, and Sir Thomas More bade his judges a long farewell, hoping still, he said, to meet them merrily in heaven, and going forth to the scaffold as to a banquet. Yes, and here, too, the divine life is the archetype of all true lives—the shadow of the cross seems to rest upon it, even in Bethlehem. As you read the record of the Gospel, do you not feel, does not your heart instinctively tell you, that that sad, sacred life can only have one end, and that end the sacrifice on Calvary? Can you imagine such a redemption wrought out except through the shedding of blood? Could holiness or beauty of living, could any conceivable assertion of gracious power have availed to cancel human sin, except through death? ‘Without shedding of blood there is no remission;’ the loss is the price of the gain; the agony is the warrant of the ascension; the cross is the earnest of the crown. The sense of this great universal principle that blessing is the fruit of suffering, and must be so, although the suffering seem most hopeless and most purposeless, is far more deeply graven on human hearts than men suppose.” Sorrowing but believing hearts who can suffer for Christ may ponder over these words. Like Samuel Foster, and others we are favoured to help. Always suffering a mysterious physical martyrdom, yet always praying for the Saviour’s saints and servants. Dying, yet they live. The death we have, and do sorrow over, becomes more sanctified as, by faith, we look not at

things seen and temporal, but at things not seen with the eye of sense, but which are eternal.

Australian Particular Baptist Magazine for February contains a precious pomegranate on the coming of the Holy Ghost to the seeking sinner, the grounds upon which He comes to us, and the abiding of the Comforter. Upon this last question our brother Daniel Allen (who has been very ill) comes forth clear and confirming. He says of the most sacred and blessed Spirit, "He does not stay a few years, as the dear humanity of Jesus did, and then depart and leave the poor soul with whom He dwelt alone to grope his way to heaven. No. He abides, and leads His temples up to glory on high. We have wondered how it is that He so constantly abides with us, in all our sins, corruptions, and passions. But this we have seen in our illness, He did not come to dwell with us because of the absence of these, for these did abound in us when He came. He viewed us in Christ when He entered us at the first. Sinless in Him, the Spirit saw us then; sinless in Him, He views us now. This is the reason why our sins do not alter His abiding with us." This assertion must be true. It will not make that soul in whom the Spirit is careless of sinning. Oh, no; but it may remove many a dark cloud from fearful souls; it may explain much experience that has been perplexing. We do praise God for brother Daniel Allen.

The Silent Messenger, by J. S. Anderson, notes the departure of our friend Westover and of Mrs. Jane Boys. Of the latter it is said:—"Mrs. Jane Boys was brought up among the Huntingtonians, and sprinkled by the celebrated 'coal-heaver' when a babe. She used to attend the ministry of the late Mr. Abrahams in the City-road. When we settled as pastor at Bethesda, St. Luke's, in 1857, Mrs. Boys became a hearer, and about the end of that, or the beginning of the next year was baptized and received into the Church. She was convinced that the baptism of believers by immersion is the only Scriptural mode, by hearing Mr. Abrahams argue against it. About two years after we came to 'Zion,' our friend followed, and has been in our fellowship since June, 1806."

The Garden Oracle. Mr. Shirley Hibberd's "Year Book" is a volume loaded with every kind of useful instruction for farm, garden, and all out-door amusement and employment.

BRIGHTON.—Mr. Thomas Lawson, minister of Providence Chapel, has had "a banner" given to him; and his friends

are helping him to display it out of love to God's new covenant truth. *The Report of the Brighton Sovereign Grace Gospel Mission* is recently issued, and by it the Sussex true Israelites are called upon to contend earnestly for THE FAITH which the eternal Son of God hath revealed so plainly to us. All who know and love the Lord should come to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

DR. STANFORD has come forth again, as from the dead, and in his first sermon he made a pleasing effort to find out *where* heaven really is. He had a kind of astronomical ladder; but some could not derive any clear evidence where to find this *Holy Jerusalem*. Not we can only say,—

"Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul."

It is beyond the knowledge of any creature here; but as the angels carried Lazarus into Abraham's bosom, so we hope to find them waiting for our discharge, for our quitting this earthly home of our tabernacle. It is to nature—to nervous, fearful, sensitive nature—when Faith's visions are neither clear nor certain, then it is a very deep question, "Where, then, shall my soul be found?" To my soul I say, "If HE has been thy Deliverer, thy Saviour, thy Comforter here; if now He really is thy *only One*, will He forsake thee then?"

"There is no need for faithful souls in doubt to fear and fret;
Thy God is thine for ever, and never can forget.
Remember Him, cling close to Him. If thou forget Him not,
Thy soul in safety lives, for thou shalt never be forgot."

William Dell's Trial of Spirits is come forth in a second edition, to be had for threepence of A. M. Robinson and Son, Brighton. (R. Banks & Son, Racquet-court, Fleet-st.) We have read Dell's writings for more than 50 years, and in this peculiar matter know no one so discriminating. Such piercings and dividings cause us to ask, "Who will dare to be a preacher, if God Himself, by a power no mortal can resist, doth not command thee?" The Lord search us, and try us, and prove us, we pray. *We only wish His will to do.*

A series of small letter leaflets of 16 pages, neatly printed on tinted paper, has just been issued by Robert Banks and Son. The subjects are chosen from our woods and forests, the title of No. 1 being "My First Violet," No. 2, "The First Primrose." The price 6d. per dozen..

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

ABOUT THE MINISTRY.—IV.

"A good report maketh the bones fat."—Prov. xv. 30.

MY DEAR ENOCH,—I consider you now as a trumpeter in and of Immanuel's army, which is a very solemn and responsible position to occupy. You know it is written, "For if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?" Literally, should a retreat be sounded instead of an advance, or *vice versa*, the whole army would be thrown into disorder and confusion, and great destruction would ensue. Much mischief in the professional Church is done nowadays by the bungling hugglers who sound free-will and duty-faith notes instead of free grace and divine faith notes, so that confusion abounds almost universally.

When the ark was solemnly inducted into the holy oracle in the temple, the "hundred and twenty trumpeters and the singers were as one to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord" (2 Chron. v. 13). How sweet it is when sermon and song are harmonious, "Blessed is the people who know the joyful sound."

You know, Enoch, that the old tunes are nearly extinct, and new ones substituted for them. Are they better ones? Verily not. Give me the old ones still. So, as the old trumpeters die off, the old "joyful sound" becomes almost inundated with the jargon sounds of awfully erroneous notes by the men of the age. Still God will keep up a living and a standing spiritual ministry in His Church till time shall be lost in an unbounded eternity. This was beautifully typified by the lions, cherubim, and palm-trees carved on the walls and doors of the temple. They were carved in to show duration.

Now, as the majority of God's people are "the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom," and are not much acquainted with the height and depth, length and breadth of literature—if you should be a man of letters and human learning, deal very sparingly with it when preaching the Gospel, or most of your hearers will gaze and stare and wonder what it all can mean. The strains of eloquence, the power of elocution, nor the flowers of rhetoric will never feed hungry souls, nor comfort mourners in Zion. Use great plainness of speech, aim at simplicity with godly sincerity. Come like Paul, "not with excellency of speech," but with a determination to know nothing among them (in salvation matters) save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

Really, Enoch, in these days when mere lads emanate from the parson manufactories crowded with fleshly pride and creature ostentation resembling "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals," full of loquacity, "speaking great swelling words of vanity," as if they wanted to tell us how many stars there are and what they are made of, with little or nothing of "the glorious Gospel," it

makes one tremble for them and grieve for the crowds that hear them. The following lines are truly applicable to all such aspirants:—

"Go, wondrous creature, mount where science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Go, teach the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old time, and regulate the sun.
Go, mount with Plato to the Imperial sphere.
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair:
Go, teach eternal Wisdom how to rule,
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool."

Luther used to say, "When I preach to servants, masters, and mistresses can understand me, but when I preach to masters and mistresses, servants gaze and wonder what I mean." That bright star William Romaine once preached for that quaint and wonderful man of God, John Berridge, at Everton, in Bedfordshire. After service Berridge said, "Brother Romaine, my people are mostly poor and illiterate, and your language is beyond their reach." "Wherein?" said Romaine. "Oh, you said omnipotence, omniscience, and omnipresence. Had you said God can do everything, God can see everything, and God is everywhere, they would have understood your meaning." But a hint to the wise is enough. How wonderfully plain, but O how precious are all our Lord's disclosures as recorded by the four evangelists. And some of the greatest and most sublime truths are contained in monosyllables, as in John xiv. 6. Doubtless you are familiar with the fable of the frog and the ox. The frog ambitiously distended itself to equal the size of the ox, and thereby lost its life.

Be content, then, in your own sphere of usefulness, and bless God for what He has done for you, and for making you what you are, "a faithful minister of Christ."

Yours in the best bonds,
T. STRINGER.

STRAIGHT AND STRONG SPEAKING.

From an Ipswich journal sent to us, it appears the atheist has visited that town, which caused a certain clergyman's remarks to be much criticised. The same journal says:—

"It may be of some interest to know what are the views and feelings of Dissenters on the subject. The Rev. S. Cousens, a Baptist minister of Ipswich and the author of several works, in the course of his sermon on Sunday evening, March 8, alluding to the visit, remarked: 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.' This was a modest fool; he kept his atheism to himself in his own heart, but in our day we have blatant fools, who say with their lips, 'There is no God'—braggarts who say with their pens, 'There is no God.' Atheism is no longer a secret locked up in the hearts of a few moral abortions. We have it now published from the press in the most unblushing manner in

millions of papers, pamphlets, and books, as well as from a thousand platforms, and some Christians—at least, some calling themselves Christians—are not ashamed of being associated with these God-defying and God-insulting infidels. Mr. James Youngman the other evening said he claimed for every man the right of his belief. Admitting the justice of his claim, we deny that a man has a right to say 'There is no God,' for that is not a belief at all. It is not right for a man to say 'There is no God,' for it is morally pernicious to the life of society, and it is blasphemously insulting to that God who requires that all men shall acknowledge and honour Him. You may associate with such men. If you do, I hope you will keep away from me; I want to have no association with people who can associate with infidels and atheists. Some would divorce religion from politics. You cannot, for Christ has bound the two tables of the law together. 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God and thy neighbour as thyself.' You cannot separate religion and politics, for by the Author of all pure religion kings reign and princes decree justice. You cannot, for 'He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God.' It was when the kings and rulers put the Lord God out of their politics that calamities came upon the people, and the kings went to a dishonoured grave. 'O beware, lest you provoke the Lord to anger.'

To this we may add the following:—

M. Hegard, professor of philosophy in the University of Copenhagen, has until recently been the apostle of atheism in his country. He has, says the *Semeur Vaudois*, just published a second edition of one of his works, and this is what he said in the introduction:—"The experience of life, its sufferings and griefs, have shaken my soul, and have broken the foundation upon which I formerly thought I could build. Full of faith in the sufficiency of science, I thought to have found in it a sure refuge from all the contingencies of life. This illusion is vanished; when the tempest came which plunged me in sorrow, the moorings, the cable of science broke like thread. Then I seized upon that help which many before me have laid hold of. I sought and found peace in God. Since then I have certainly not abandoned science, but I have assigned to it another place in my life."

We fear the false outcry of multitudes of parsons goes far to strengthen the hands of infidels. Almost every pulpit sounds out "*Christ came to save a LOST WORLD!*" The atheist asks, "Where is the proof?" The *material world* is a splendid witness to the wisdom, the power, the faithfulness of God. Look at the seven branches of the material world:—

1. The earth goes on producing.
2. The seas continue rolling.
3. The firmament overshadowing.
4. The air life giving.
5. The sun warming.
6. The moon smiling.
7. The stars twinkling.

None of these works were ever lost yet! I would tell the atheist Christ came to save a people out of the world. And our proofs of

the assertion are to be found in every age, in every clime. "Ye see *your* calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called. But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty," &c. "That no flesh should glory in His presence."

Here I can stand, and find thousands of witnesses. Here I am looking for a glorious hope, wherein no failure will be seen.

C. W. B.

CHELTENHAM.—At our dear old Bethel, Arthur Baker has been preaching and lecturing. Oh, Mr. Banks, we do pray for a minister who can say, and prove its truth, to us, "I AM SURE" (there is the divine confidence of a God-wrought faith in his mission) "I am sure that when I come to you I shall come in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ." Full to overflowing of the love of Christ to the souls of lost, of seeking, of hungry souls! I think there is no position on earth like that of a man in whom the Spirit of God is, who is so full of Christ, so concerned to glorify Christ, so labouring to be useful in bringing souls into union with Christ, that they only live, only labour for, only seek that one object. We are called "Religious Cheltenham." But I ask, "Whose religion?" Old Richard Witson says "I'm for the *Standard*." Our Master Draper says, "I'm for Spurgeon." My next-door neighbour is for "Pope, priests, and praying out of purgatory." I am for no party, but "the called, the chosen, the faithful," and in the heaps of collegiate and free-will culture the Lord's own are hidden. Oh, for a burning and a shining light in old Bethel.—X. Y. Z.

"FREELY YE HAVE RECEIVED."

BELIEVER, thy salvation rests alone
Upon the merits of the Risen One,
Whom choirs angelic ceaselessly adore,
Whom ever lives and reigns for evermore.
Sparrows to empires are His constant care;
Your life in all its parts too has a share.
No wealth can show the sum He paid for thee,
'Twas His own life-blood on the accursed tree.
Redemption then to you is freely given,
And you shall with it boldly enter heaven,
Without a spot or blemish on your soul,
Freed from the taint of sin in part or whole.

"FREELY GIVE."

Shall He who has thy ransom fully paid,
Who hath so richly given you His aid,
Look down and see His cause on earth require
Your effort, and your hands so quickly hire?
Did Jacob's plan your willing heart engage,*
You'd give, and seldom difficulties raise;
A *tenth* would solemnly be laid aside
Of what the Lord had seen fit to provide.
A privilege the cause of God to aid,
As well as duty that will be repaid
In blessing. He even will reward from heaven
A cup of water in His name that's given.

Notting Hill-gate, W.

W. C. B.

* Gen. xxviii. 22.

PRESIDENT SEARS'S ADDRESS AT METROPOLITAN STRICT BAPTIST ASSOCIATION MEETING.

The greatest gathering of the year in connection with this Association took place on Tuesday, March 10, 1885, in Mount Zion, Hill-street, Dorset-square. Forty-two Churches in London and the suburbs belong to the Society, which was founded fourteen years ago in Soho Chapel, Oxford-street. To-day it may be said to be a well-established institution, having for its object unity among the ministers, deacons, Sunday-school superintendents, teachers, and members of those whose faith and practice are according to the New Testament, and who are designated and known as "Strict Baptists." If the Association in any little measure succeeds in infusing the spirit of love where it may not appear to exist, and of strengthening it in every cause of truth, one must wish them God-speed. Another object is to assist by lending money, free of interest, to those who are struggling, as it were, for life; in this way the Association has done much good.

At the meeting in the afternoon the president, Mr. R. E. Sears, read and expounded John xv., and Mr. Clinch offered prayer. Then came the reading of letters from the Churches which were considered on the whole of an encouraging nature, giving the following aggregate statistics: baptized during the year, 142; number of members of the forty-two associated Churches, 3,419; teachers in Sunday-schools, 413; scholars, 4,458. Mr. J. S. Anderson was the honoured instrument of baptizing the largest number (29). Hill-street, Dorset-square, has the highest number of members (412). This concise summary of statistics will serve to show that those who hold and contend for New Testament ordinances and practice are not so weak and feeble as some enemies to the truth have tried to make out; for, beside the above, in the same area, almost as many more Churches could be named holding and practising the same principles. With such men as Squirrel, W. Hazelton, Reynolds, Moxham, Elsey, Copeland, J. H. Lynn, Bush, and many more that could be named as "growing," the Strict Baptists are not very likely to be "swept off the earth" just yet. Praise the Lord! At the evening service Mr. J. L. Meeres prayed for the conversion of sinners, and for God's blessing to rest upon the services of the day.

Mr. R. E. Sears, after referring to his early association with Mount Zion, his being brought there in infancy, his call by grace, his uniting with the Church and Sunday-school in Mr. Foreman's time, and of the attachment he still felt for the place and people, proceeded to deliver his inaugural address as president for the year, and in the course of his remarks said, I have been chosen to this office by my brethren. I am a Strict Baptist; at Antioch they were called Chretians; considering all things it is a great honour to be a Strict Baptist. God helping us, we mean to walk in the good old paths, and we hope our banner may never be stained with the mud of error. Every believer should be a Baptist, and every Baptist should join a

Church. Sunday-school teachers and tract distributors should work in harmony with the ministry. The Christian ministry is a divine institution, it is a work that needs close application; the minister must not be a loiterer, but a labourer. It is a great and important work, the Master must be the model. His work is to expound and preach the Word, and to administer the consolations of the Gospel; without an experimental knowledge of it no man can preach it; to be able to say, "I know in whom I have believed," will give a tone to the ministry; a man may be highly gifted and cultivated, but without grace he is only a futile instrument. The love of Christ constraineth a minister in his work, and helps him to rise above all trying circumstances. The minister needs intense devotedness; everything must be subordinate to it; it is nothing to him what others do, he has his work, and that he must do. All earnest men have had their reward; a Christian minister not in earnest is a great anomaly. A minister should be simple. What simple words are used in that sublime chapter, John xvii.! Shallow minds may amuse empty professors with smooth words; a Baptist pastor (so called) said recently Abraham's offering up his son Isaac was a mistake. If there is a mistake, such a man has mistaken his calling. Read the grand old Book in the light of the cross—there is no other way that it can be read. A minister should preach doctrine, experience, and practice. Professors who differ from us differ from God. We long for the conversion of sinners; in our congregations we have young and old, and our aim is to exalt Christ. To gain the ears of the people we must, by the help of the Holy Spirit, get into their hearts. "Brethren, pray for us," is the language of God's ministers to-day. We believe in the power of prayer, it is the Christian's strength; more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of. Make giving a part of your religion; if every member gave according as he received, there is every reason to believe there would be prosperity. It cometh not by the sensationalism of a pretended Non-conformity—prosperity comes only by the Lord Jesus Christ. "Preach the Word," then, by the blessing of God the Holy Ghost victory will be sure. Mr. Sears concluded his comprehensive and pithy address by hoping and praying that by God's blessing the Association might prove to be an increasingly useful institution.

Mr. J. S. Anderson gave an address on "a sacrifice worth presenting" (Rom. xii.), and Mr. S. K. Bland on "a blessing worth seeking." Both would be read with unmistakable interest by the readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL, but I have, I know, already trespassed on your increasingly valuable space.—J. W. B.

SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

DEAR SIR,—A question upon Sabbath-school government seems to urge the necessity of deciding upon one of its phases which must often recur to the minds of teachers therein. It is in reference to the matter of order. Pope

says, "Order is heaven's first law." This thought embodies a truth which is useful in conducting all our mundane services aright in the cause of God. Restricting the idea to the practical one of "How to secure order in a Sabbath-school class," we notice first its importance. Until order is effected no substantial benefit can be relied on. Everyone, with any experience of Sabbath-school management, is agreed upon its desirability, but differ as to its accomplishment. Let us suppose an instance of frequent occurrence: the class assembles, the preliminary opening of the school is conducted without hindrance, and up to this point all goes well. The attendance is marked and the lesson commenced. One, or it may be two, unruly spirits develop themselves. Their object is to defeat the aim of the teacher who has come with a right spirit to do his best. An uphill struggle continues as to the maintenance of order. In the end the unruly spirits, by exhibiting a pertinacity worthy of a better cause, prove themselves "masters of the situation." The following Sabbath the same disorder is continued, and so on throughout the year. The question naturally occurs to the reader, Why is this allowed? The answer is simple. If these unruly ones were expelled their sympathising classmates would voluntarily absent themselves. Adequate means of punishment not being at hand, as regards the upper classes, misconduct is maintained. This is a practical question, and one that I am sure lies very near to the question of Sabbath-school usefulness. If, therefore, it were ventilated in your pages by the experience of others it would be a valuable contribution towards a settlement of this vexed question. In conclusion I may add my own opinion and leave it for the consideration of others whose views may be helpful towards forming a correct method of procedure. Assuming the teacher has prepared himself with a subject and is anxious for the spiritual welfare of those by whom he is surrounded, the first point to establish is order. To secure this, if those who have persistently and successfully baffled him in his attempts are expelled, and the sympathisers have left, then the class will have dwindled down to two only, for example. He will then have ability to go through with his subject comfortably to himself and with profit to those. Then, it appears to me, the question is decided in the best manner. Thus the Word of God is to a certain extent received, and the likelihood of spiritual profit is enhanced. I am aware that in opposition to this course it appears to some so undesirable the class should be broken up that they have gone so far as to declare that it is most important the attendance of these unruly ones should be continued, for they, by their conduct, show they most stand in need of Sabbath-school instruction. Yours very truly,

W. C. B.

LAXFIELD.—The annual meeting of teachers and friends of Sabbath-school was on Thursday, Feb. 26. After tea a meeting was held, presided over by our pastor. The

report of the school was read by our worthy superintendent, Mr. H. B. Scace. Unlike many reports, its clear statement of facts was mingled with that spiritual life, love, and interest in the Master's work which warmed the hearts of those privileged to listen to it. The school is somewhat decreased in numbers, many having left the neighbourhood. There are, however, 145 scholars in regular attendance, with 18 teachers. Our beloved superintendent on the girls' side continues to hold her weekly Bible-class on Tuesday evenings. Miss Packard, of Framlingham, also conducts a senior Bible-class at noon each Lord's-day. Both are growing. The Holy Spirit crown their efforts with blessing. Our beloved brother Seaman was the first speaker after the reading of the report. As usual, his heart grew warm, and, as he was helped to give expression to those things he had been pondering therein, we did not fail to catch the heat. Each of the other deacons followed with words of encouragement to the teachers, put forth in such a manner that declared, if not actually engaged in teaching, they had a living interest in the work. May the Church of Christ never overlook this important branch of Christian labour. Several other brethren followed with well-timed remarks. Our brother, Dr. Read, interspersed a most excellent speech on "The Bearing of the Moral upon the Spiritual Training of our Youth," with an account of the early training of our beloved Queen. Our brother was afterwards called upon to hand to each teacher that valuable little work of brother Cozens on "Teachers and Teaching," which he did with a good word to each, fitly spoken. The Lord greatly bless our beloved brother and sister Scace, with each of their band of teachers, in their Christian work among the young. Several votes of thanks having been cordially passed, we parted at the mercy-seat, there to be parted not, feeling it to have been a meeting blest with the presence of the Lord. May unity of heart and action result from this meeting, and unto our Lord shall be all the glory.

SUTTON, ELY.—On February 24 our Sunday-school Winter treat was a joyous day to all. Everything appeared to smile upon us. We were favoured with a sunny, peaceful day. At four o'clock the scholars met for tea. The little lambs reminded us of a grove of trees loaded with singing birds, in the time of harvest. When tea was over, each child received two oranges, the donation of a kind friend in the congregation. In the evening the teachers and scholars gratified us with excellent recitations, dialogues, and singing. Mr. Flavel and the minister gave some good practical thoughts to the friends. Our kind friend, Mr. W. Papworth, one of the superintendents, presided. Although the entertainment lasted three hours, yet there was great interest shown to the last. The great congregation gave a liberal collection toward the School fund.—HENRY E. SADLER, Minister.

**"WELL! AFTER THAT, I KNOW NOT
WHAT TO SAY."**

Slain! not on the battle field,
But by the hand of Judas!

What can ye say, John Thomas? Be
silent while we sing,—

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will."

"Well, Mr. Editor, when I look at the abundance of temporal favours showered down on some gifted and easy-going pastors and peoples; and then hear and know of such a man as Gordon, cut down by the hands of rebel wretches, I feel dumb-founded, and tremble with amazement."

Do you know there was a Novatian bishop—
from whose spirit it may be our severing,
severe, slaughtering party, received their
unction—unto which Novatian bishop, Con-
stantine said,—

*"Get a ladder and climb up to heaven
by yourself."*

Do you know, John, the martyrs who
were most bruised, awfully bled, and fatally
torn, were those who had not the name of
Christ on their lips, but the Spirit of Christ
in their hearts? Against such men and women
the spirit of enmity, of cruel torture, of
Satanic malice, was always extremely violent.
I have lately reviewed the lives of

**"THE FIRST SEVEN MEN AFTER CHRIST
AND HIS ELEVEN."**

They were types of the variety of character,
and of condition of men, to the end of time.
But we must wait, John, as Daniel did:
"I beheld"—a long prophetic look—"until
the thrones were cast down." The thrones
of all the wicked nations, and they are yet
very many:—popish thrones, pulpit thrones,
political thrones, legal thrones, yea, all Anti-
christian thrones; then "the Ancient of Days"
will sit, His whole appearance as white as
snow. When the judgment shall sit, the
book will be opened, etc.

Oh, John, how shall we stand then? Have
not the prophecies concerning Egypt been
fulfilled to the very letter? They prove those
prophecies to be of divine inspiration, and that
God is faithful to all His Words, though to us
it seemeth long. Is England to be crushed
for interfering with Egypt? When General
Gordon knew in himself he had not God's
sanction in going out to the doomed nation,
was it not a pity he went at all? Or is
England to be God's power in giving the
Gospel to a nation so dark and dreadful?
While our immensely grand armies are going
out, it may be to the slaughter, we hold our
breath.—C. W. B.

WHITECHAPEL.—LITTLE ALIE-ST.
March 5, 1885, sixty-eighth annual meeting
of our Sick Visiting Society was held. Mr.
T. J. Stevens, secretary, read the report. The
visitors had made 301 visits to 75 cases; £30
2s. had been distributed. The work has
proved to those engaged the meaning of that

Scripture: "It is better to go into the house
of mourning than to the house of feasting."
The committee have been called to scenes of
abject poverty and distress; and in relieving,
and in reading God's Word to them, they
have felt comforted, and have reason to
believe that the message has been blessed of
God, even to the conversion of some. Mr.
R. E. Sears presided, and addresses were given
by brethren Archer, Parnell, W. Waite,
Thomas, and others.—J. W. B.

SOHO—On February 18, the forty-third
annual meeting of the Sunday-school at
Soho chapel, 75, Oxford-street, W., was held.
Mr. Box (pastor) read Psa. cxliv. A report
showed the school was in a healthy and prosper-
ous condition. Mr. Squirrell gave an
address, and Mr. Shaw spoke on the "great-
ness of the work, the doctrines taught, and
the means." Mr. Sears showed the need of
earnest prayer, and a few words of encour-
agement from Mr. Wakelin brought the
meeting to a close. Several hymns were
sung during the evening by teachers and
scholars.—J. E. F.

CHRIST, THE ETERNAL ROCK.

When my heart is o'erwhelmed with a sense of
my sin,
And strange are the conflicts experienc'd within:
When I am near fainting, 'tis then that I cry,
"Oh, lead to the Rock that is higher than I!"

When Satan's suggestions come home to my
heart,
And he says in the Lord I've no portion or part,
My refuge seems lost, and it forces the sigh,
"Oh, lead to the Rock that is higher than I!"

I search all my heart to find if 'tis true,
What Satan suggests, and oh, what a view!
I sink in despair, and while sinking I cry,
"Oh, lead to the Rock that is higher than I!"

In myself there's no hope—oh, where shall I
look?
I'll search for instruction in God's Holy Book;
And here such a sinner's encouraged to fly
To Jesus, the Rock that is higher than I!

Then let the storms blow, and the tempests
arise,
Which shall mingle old ocean with yon azure
skies;
I fear not their rage, but exultingly cry,
"I'm safe on the Rock that is higher than I!"

What though I am guilty, and helpless and
weak?
My Jesus has stores of the grace that I seek;
I'll cast me upon Him till troubles pass by,
For He is the Rock that is higher than I!

No other supporter I ever shall need,
Though I am as weak as a poor bruised reed;
In life and in death He is all my supply,
And is the bless'd Rock that is higher than I!

When Death's icy hand shall be laid on my
heart,
When from all that is dear upon earth I must
part,
To heaven I'll turn with a joy-beaming eye,
For there is the Rock that is higher than I!

And when in that brighter and better abode,
And blessed with the presence of Jesus, my God,
With songs above seraphs I'll joy as I cry,
"Oh, thrice-blessed Rock that is higher than I!"

C. H. F.

POPLAR.—We held special services in Bethel on March 3, Mr. J. Wilkins preached, Mr. Charles West, of Erith, presided in the evening; the pastor, Mr. F. H. Noyes prayed; Mr. Belcher spoke on unity; Mr. West was excellent in his graphic utterance of Christ, the way to heaven; Messrs. W. Hazelton, Wilkins, W. Winters, Copeland, Holden, and Evans were all on Gospel truths. Mr. Noyes's report showed the Church and congregation under his ministry to be steadily progressing. The Church numbers 44 members; last year 12 persons were added and 3 this year have joined the Church. £100 are required to clear the chapel debt. May the Lord open some friend's heart to wipe off the balance and free the Church and pastor from undue anxiety. God grant it for Christ's sake.—**W. WINTERS.**

AUSTRALIA.—Our wise, faithful, and devoted brother Allen has been ill. We do pray, deep down in our souls, that his health may be established and restored. He is concerned to know of the state of our chapel in Speldhurst-rd. All through the eight months' suffering of our now departed, but much beloved one, we were enabled to preach to our people. The schools and Bible-class are more hopefully successful than ever. Some zealous spirits are at work there. Afflictions, poverty, deaths, and sorrowful circumstances have surrounded us. We never passed through such scenes of domestic grief before. It has pierced us through and through; but we have hitherto proved that as our day so has been our strength. Nearly all appeared to stand aloof; but though clouds and darkness have been round about, yet at times we have been enabled to commit all into His hands. Brother Daniel Allen has written us most truly Christian-like and charitable. We thank him. The £5 he sent for poor old ministers has been distributed. March 17 saw the last of it. A full list of where it has gone will be sent on to brother D. Allen at once.

LEICESTER - SQUARE (48, LISLE-STREET).—Third annual meeting took place on February 27. Sermon was preached by Mr. E. Beazley. In evening at public meeting Mr. J. Hand stated the objects of the meetings held every Friday was "to pray for the prosperity of Zion and the blessing of God on her ministers." Financial statement being read, the meeting was addressed by brethren Adams, Baldwin, Boulton, Box, and Beazley.—**J. E. F.**

HEREFORD.—All is going on well at Whitestone. Mr. Goddall informed me that he does not remember for some considerable time seeing more people there than last Sunday. Praise the Lord! He is with us! That makes our heart glad. Can you come down in the summer? [If the Lord will.] The path, ah, how true, as Job says, "There is a path the vulture's eye hath not seen;" and that is the path the Lord appoints His children to walk in. It is a secret, lonely, trying path, but it leads to God.—**W. PRICE.**

HANTS.—The first baptizing service at Poulner, near Ringwood, since 1879, took place on March 1, 1885. The pastor (G. Diffev) had the pleasure of baptizing his youngest son. Good attention was paid to this solemn service. Pastor Diffev gave us a sound discourse from Mark vii., "And Jesus said unto them, Full well ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own tradition." The folly and also the sin of those who practise infant sprinkling was dealt with, and denounced as being a tradition of man and of Popery, which was unknown for nearly four hundred years after Christ; but about that time came into practice by those who cared nothing about the command of the Lord. The pastor also spoke of the duty and privilege of every Christian person to thus show their love to Jesus by keeping His command, also to make a public profession before many witnesses. We would humbly hope that good seed was sown in some hearts, to bear fruit to life eternal in time to come. In the afternoon the newly baptized was received into Church membership at the Lord's Table. It was a blessed time of joy to all, to see that the Lord had been working at Poulner, and an especially blessed joy to know that the last of the pastor's family had been brought into the fold of Christ. That this token for good may be but as the droppings before the showers of blessing which shall descend upon the pastor's work and labour of love at Poulner, is the prayer of—**A LITTLE ONE IN JESUS' FOLD.**

KENSINGTON HALL.—The Church and friends who worship God in connection with the ministry of Mr. R. G. Edwards celebrated their anniversary on March 10, when Ezekiel's vision of the cherubim and wheels was expounded by that much-afflicted man, the pastor. The congregations were numerous, and the people realised a spiritual relief and comfort in the services.

ONE MORNING.

FAVoured A. J. WARD.—I had set down in Nature's valley to weep out my sorrow. I never did before understand David when he said his tears had been his meat day and night. While thus tears were my meat a something drew me to look at the seven mysteries wherein is found our salvation.

Christ in God.

Christ in the covenant of grace.

Christ in all parts of your "creed."

Christ in your conscience.

Christ in the Church.

Christ in your charity.

Christ in all your associations with the chosen and called family of God.

If these themes filled the hearts and sermons of the preachers there would be little room for either the enemy or for unbelief.

Who can furnish savoury, sound, spiritual papers on these essential principles? Send them to

C. W. BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney.

BATH.—On Wednesday evening, March 4, that bold champion for the truth as it is in Jesus, Mr. Thomas Bradbury, preached a powerful sermon in Bethel Baptist chapel, Walcot-street, from Isa. xii., setting forth the sovereignty of Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The Lord's all powerful call to His people, the favourites of His choice, separating them from the world that lieth in wickedness, and speaking into their soul with spiritual power great and precious promises to strengthen, to help, and to uphold them against the world, the flesh, and the devil, all this with the right hand of His righteousness, even through the glorious perfection of Christ. Mr. Bradbury has preached here five or six times since this place was opened. Proof was given of the esteem which is manifested towards him by a goodly number of lovers of real sound truth who rallied round him from other places besides the friends at Bethel. Many in the company were strengthened and built up in the glorious truths of the Gospel. We hope (if the will of God) some may have been awakened from a death of sin to a life of righteousness, who shall yet be made known as the called of God, and to His precious name be all the glory.—P. H. R.

SWALLOWFIELD.—On February 22 we went from Swallowfield, and arrived at Hartley-row in time to commence the service at 2.30. After singing and reading, we endeavoured to enforce the teaching of the Master's words, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." Two sisters in the Lord Jesus then came forward to testify of the work of grace within by observing the ordinance of baptism in the manner by which the Lord Himself was pleased to honour it. We are much indebted to the friends at Hartley-row for granting us the use of their chapel, and also to our aged sister, Mrs. Snuggs, for providing the friends a refreshing cup of tea. May God, in His rich mercy, send a man to Hartley-row who shall be the means of gathering a people to praise His holy name.—R. DANIELS.

DEDICATED TO THE "EARTHEN VESSEL."

"EARTHEN VESSEL," spread thee well!

Messenger of truth divine:
Far and near salvation tell,
Be a beacon bright to shine.

Shine on many a darkened heart,
Shew them of their ruin'd state;
By God's grace new life impart,
Make them love the truth they hate.

Heal the broken, contrite soul,
Pour, as 'twere, on oil and wine:
Make the wounded spirit whole,
Joy to make the face to shine.

Say some word to those in sorrow,
Buffeted with life's cold blast:
To look forward to that morrow
When all anguish will be past.

"EARTHEN VESSEL," God be with thee,
Bless thee as in days of yore;
Boldly casting light around thee,
Herald truth from shore to shore.

North London.

I. S. T.

A WORD FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

MR. EDITOR.—Lord's-day afternoon, February 15, was a special time with the school at Bethesda, Ipswich. The scholars who were entitled received their prizes. Two special prizes were given for finding Bible references; another special prize was given for good behaviour during divine service through the year; also our superintendent, Mr. E. A. Garrard, was presented with six volumes of "Barnes on the New Testament," as a token of our love and esteem. We are, as a school, going on in peace, with signs of the great Master's blessing resting on us.

We should like to suggest, as a step in the right direction, that in future our pastors, deacons, members, and friends, should take a more lively interest in all our Baptist Sunday-schools. If sometimes some would come into the school and say a few kind words to the teachers and scholars, or come and take a class when they find one with the teacher absent; this would encourage and stimulate both superintendent, teachers, and scholars. Or if some of the friends offered to give a special prize to those who might answer certain Scripture questions, or learn and repeat certain given portions of Scripture, and thus prove that their love for the young, and their interest in the young is real, true, practical, and Christ-like. Wishing heaven's choicest blessing may rest on all who try and carry out the above suggestions—I am sincerely,

A LOVER OF THE YOUNG.

[A little loving service in the direction herein suggested would be as the dew of heaven upon many hearts. Do not forget these hints.—ED.]

CUBBERLEY.—Mrs. Chaplin, one of the oldest members in our Church, was buried March 16, aged 85. Friend Bethel, she lived and preached the Gospel in her life and walk, in her character and conversation, and though blind and afflicted for many years, her faith and her fellowship with the Lord was sustained. With the ransomed in glory she beholdeth the King in His beauty. Oh, what joy!

WANDSWORTH.—On February 24, the Church at West Hill celebrated the fourth anniversary of their opening. The interior walls of this chapel were never plastered, and it was thought by the friends to be incumbent upon them to make the walls and window-mouldings equal in appearance to the excellent benches and pulpit; they are now determined and united with their beloved pastor, Mr. James Clark, to commence the work as soon as funds will warrant them to do so. Mr. Clark was exceedingly unwell that day. I trust he will soon be restored to health. He stated that he would try and get £20 toward the needful work, if the rest of the friends would take cards and do what they could. The cards issued for that purpose will be called in about the beginning of May. In the afternoon Mr. J. S. Anderson

preached a solid sermon; in the evening, Walter Howe, Esq., presiding, made a suitable speech, and promised to help the friends in their forthcoming operations. Mr. C. Cornwall gave an address on Christian faith; W. Winters on the Lamb; Mr. J. Clark on the cause of Christ; Mr. R. E. Sears led us into the land of Canaan; Mr. H. Hall dwelt on the Gospel feast with delight, and deacons Cooper and Tomline made proper speeches. The Lord be praised. Amen.—W. WINTERS.

CLAPHAM.—The good old saints at Rehoboth, Bedford Road, held 28th anniversary on March 10; sermons by W. Winters and W. H. Evans. Dear brother John Meadows was unable to be present on account of illness. The gracious Lord bless him with all the deacons and friends at Rehoboth, who by the help of my God I will serve with greater punctuality some day in the days to come. I was happy with them and hope ever so to be for Christ's sake. Amen.—W. WINTERS.

PRESTWOOD.—On Monday last the choir of the Zion Baptist Chapel Sunday-school, gave an evening of sacred song illustrating the life of Elijah. This was preceded by a public tea in the schoolroom, a large number of friends partaking of the same. The evening meeting commenced at half-past seven, under the presidency of the Mayor (A. B. Weston, Esq.), by singing the well-known hymn, "All hail the power of Jesu's name." Mr. Palmer (pastor) then offered prayer, after which the chairman in a few remarks introduced the choir to a large and appreciative audience, the chapel being full. Mr. H. Groom very efficiently presided at the harmonium, and Mr. S. Groom gave the connective readings in a clear and distinct manner. The names of the violin players are: First violins, Messrs. T. East and A. Free; second violin, Mr. G. Kingham. At the conclusion of the piece the choir sang two anthems, "Cling to the Bible" and the "Evening prayer." The programme was gone through in a most efficient manner, much to the satisfaction of all present, the chairman remarking that the choir must have taken great pains in preparing it. Mr. Oakley proposed, and Mr. Ives seconded, a vote of thanks to the choir for coming to give the entertainment. This having been carried, Mr. S. Groom acknowledged the vote on behalf of the Prestwood friends. A similar vote was accorded to the chairman, on the proposition of Mr. Palmer, seconded by Mr. R. Collins, sen. The chairman having responded, the meeting closed with the Benediction. A collection was made on behalf of the Sunday-school purchase fund, the effort, with the profits of the tea, realising about £13.

LOWER HALLING — EBENEZER.—The baptized Church of Christ in this locality have now a neat and commodious place for public worship in a rising neighbourhood: quite a new town is being built, and we hope the Lord will send lovers of truth into the

new houses, so that the new chapel will be filled with living souls. There are some waiting for the Lord to say unto them, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, why standest thou without?" Some are waiting for signs which they have no grounds to expect. The Word says, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments," but oh, how sadly it is neglected by many that do love Him.—F. P. P.

BORO' GREEN.—On March 15, we exchanged pulpits with brother Thomas; truly pleased to see the Lord is blessing the Word amongst the people; the congregation is much increased; the pool has been opened several times; peace is reigning, souls are comforted, sinners are convinced, and signs are following the proclamation of a free grace Gospel. Give God the praise, and crown Jesus Lord of all.—F. P. PATTERSON.

TOTTENHAM.—The special services as announced in these pages, to inaugurate a Sunday-school, were held at Welbourne Hall, High Cross, on Feb. 22 and 24. On the Sunday morning Mr. W. Winters preached in the morning, notwithstanding wet weather, to a full congregation, evidently gathered out of more than curiosity. Mr. E. L. Styles in the afternoon discoursed, not by any means to empty seats, upon his favourite theme, Sunday-school teaching; followed in the evening by his pastor, the venerable William Flack, whose sweet comments and earnest exhortations upon the same subject were listened to and fully appreciated by a crowded, anxious, and attentive audience. —On Tuesday, 24th, at 3 o'clock, Mr. John Box preached a sermon worthy of himself and of the great and grand cause in which he is heart and soul engaged. After tea W. Kennard, Esq., presided at a public meeting, which was addressed by brethren Flack, Squirell, Evans, Wilkins, Styles, Waite, House, Hazelton, and Wakelin. From all quarters we hear that the whole affair was a success in the best and holiest acceptance of the term, and we trust is an earnest of great things for the new cause at Tottenham.—HENRY DREW, Deacon.

HOXTON.—The 12th anniversary of Mr. W. James' monthly prayer meeting was held on March 6, at Jireh Chapel, East Road. The meeting was founded twelve years ago by Mr. C. W. Banks, when five of us met for reading the Word of God, praise, and prayer, up to the present time. Mr. W. Winters preached a sermon in the afternoon, at 3.15, from 2 Tim. ii. 7, 8, "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." A good number was present to hear the grand and solemn sermon. At 5 o'clock a good number sat down to tea. In the evening, at 6.30, a good number assembled, a public meeting was held; Mr. W. Waite, pastor of Jireh Chapel, took the chair. The meeting was opened by singing; the chairman called on brother Rayment to open the meeting by prayer; then the chairman read the first

seventeen verses of Luke xviii., and expounded; then told the friends the object of the meeting, and how long it had been carried on; then called on F. C. Holden, then E. Beazley, H. Hand, W. H. Lee, J. Parnell. A vote of thanks by Mr. J. W. Banks to Mr. W. Waite for presiding, also to pastor and deacons for the loan of the chapel, was seconded by E. Beazley. A vote of thanks was proposed by W. James and seconded by Mr. Stock for the ministers and the ladies for their kind assistance at the tea. Everyone seemed to be perfectly satisfied. The meeting closed by all heartily joining in singing that grand old hymn and that grand old tune, Miles Lane, "All hail the power of Jesu's name."

STOKE ASH, SUFFOLK.—On Lord's-day, March 1, we gathered around the family board to partake of the emblems of a dying Saviour's love. It was a sweet, sacred, solemn, happy season. A few words from our pastor's lips led us to admire and rejoice over the faithfulness of the Lord. Mr. Hill told us it was an anniversary day with him, for it was just forty years since he first became a pastor, forty years since he went in answer to the call from the Cranford Church. He well remembered some of the feelings that passed through his mind, he did not think then he should hold out more than six months, but he was nevertheless constrained to go and preach, consoled by the thought that when his subjects were exhausted and he could get no further he could give up, but now forty years he had been a pastor connected with the Suffolk Churches, forty years as pastor the Lord had borne with and led him in the wilderness, and now he was left with a little strength for a little more service, the Lord permitting. Again the Lord has blessed us as a Church. On Lord's-day, March 15, Mr. Bland immersed in the name of our triune God three brothers, and a sister who in early days was convinced of her state as a sinner, as she listened to the late Mr. S. Collins, as he read a portion of the Word of God: after eight years seeking, praying, watching, and waiting, it pleased the Lord to shine in upon her soul, bidding all the clouds vanish, by sweetly whispering, "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price, even with the precious blood of Christ." Then with the poet she could rejoicingly sing,

"The time of love is surely come,
Now I can clearly see
Not only that Christ shed His blood,
But I can say for me."

For this addition we thank God and take courage, trusting others will soon come, saying, "Come, all ye that fear God, I will tell you what He hath done for my soul."—P. BARELL.

DALSTON.—The little sanctuary at Forest Lane, Dalston, is a very unique, comfortable place of worship, the twentieth anniversary of which was held on Tuesday, March 17. A sermon was preached in the afternoon by Mr. Dearsly (formerly the pastor), who presided at the public meeting in the evening,

and said he felt quite at home, and it seems not very likely that we are to be altogether separated. My hope is—and I am constrained to believe it is not a forlorn hope—that more prosperous days are in store. The cause was not commenced in a factious but in an evangelistic spirit; our hope and faith and love is in the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. Mr. Bennett spoke of Jesus, His character and work. Mr. Henry Myerson delivered some truly spiritual and practical words on "To do good and communicate." Mr. J. E. Elsey, speaking of anniversary meetings, said the best meeting is when the Lord meets with a poor sinner; "I am fount of them who sought not after Me." It was the case with Saul of Tarsus, it was the case with you and I if we are called by His grace: if we do not meet Him here we shall not meet Him hereafter. The meeting of Jacob and Joseph was a happy one, and no doubt they rehearsed the righteous acts of the Lord: the father and prodigal son was a joyful occasion; but the best meeting of all will be when we reach that land where we meet to part no more. Mr. Osmond took a twenty years' retrospect and prayed that the Lord might "direct their hearts into the love of God." Mr. Porter dwelt on "The memory of Thy great goodness." Mr. Henry Mobbs gave a touching address on "No night there." Mr. James and others assisted in rendering the meeting a joyful one—J. W. B.

LINES

Written after hearing a funeral sermon by Mr. F. G. Burgess from Psa. lxi. 2.

GREAT God, to Thee we cry.

Our only source of strength.
Lead us to Christ exalted high,
The Rock of our defence.

Our hearts are overwhelmed,
Pain and distress we feel;
Our fainting souls, dear Lord, sustain,
Our wounded spirits heal.

Afflictions heavy press
Along this thorny way.
But in the Lord our souls shall rest
A long eternal day.

To Thee our hiding-place,
To Thee, the sinner's Friend,
To Thee we come with our complaints,
And on Thy help depend.

Thy arm can us support
Midst every trying hour,
For Thou the Strength of Israel art.
Omnipotent in power.

Thy power controls the waves,
The seas obey Thy voice;
Thy hand restrains the tempter's rage,
And bids our souls rejoice.

Thy name, great King of saints.
We do desire to love;
Thou art our Fortress and our trust,
Our Hope for heaven above.

Our Refuge from the storm,
Our Friend to whom we call.
Our gracious Saviour and our Strength,
Our Lord, our God, our All.

St. Neots, Feb. 8, 1885.

JOHN

CLOUDS OF DARKNESS.

Clouds are gathering dark around,
Sorrows press on every side;
Want and sickness doth abound,
Wicked plotters near us hide.

Thousands of our brave have perished,
Fighting in a distant land;
Those by England highly cherished,
Never more to raise their hand.

False religion boldly swaying,
Thousands breeding none at all:
Is this not God's voice now saying,
"England's pride must have a fall"?

As a nation do we seek Him?
To His name ascribe our might:
Ask His guidance, bow before Him,
See we're nothing in His sight?

Do we keep the Sabbath holy—
Day of rest for man and beast;
Not to spend in pleasure solely,
Vain amusement, jovial feast?

We've done evil now before Him,
Oh! how widely we've transgress'd;
As one man then kneel before Him,
Humbly seeking to be blest.

I. S. T.

North London, Feb. 13, 1885.

SURREY TABERNACLE.—On Wednesday, March 4, Thomas Stringer was once more able to address the friends worshipping at the Tabernacle. It was a pleasure to see his manly form again in the pulpit, and to hear his fine voice speak forth the truth he so much loves to proclaim. We have had faithful words from brethren Josiah Morling, Bush, Welland, Varder, R. Fraser, and J. B. Wise. We expect brother Dolbey to be with us again in April.

WHITECHAPEL.—**LITTLE ALIE-STREET.**—Mr. R. E. Sears has determined to get together the young men in the neighbourhood of the Chapel. On Lord's-day afternoon, April 12, at three o'clock, he will commence a Bible-class for young men over seventeen years of age. We wish him every success in his new effort.

THE LAST OF "SOHO."

The Church worshipping at "Soho," Oxford-street, having disposed of the remainder of the lease under advantageous circumstances, which may be reasonably looked upon as an interposition of Providence, held their closing services on Tuesday, March 24, 1885, having to give up possession on the following day. This well-known sanctuary (not as it now appears) was erected about 1824 for the late Mr. George Comb, who was a compeer of the late Mr. John Andrews Jones. Mr. Comb was a most decided Trinitarian, and a faithful preacher of the Gospel. From what one can recollect of him from one's infancy, he (Mr. C.) was a plain, unadorned looking Christian minister, of the Puritan type; what he was in outward appearance, such was he (according to repute) in "walk and conversation." After seventeen years labour in the pastoral work

he passed to his eternal rest, February, 1841. Since that time, George Wyard, John Pells, and Joseph Wilkins have filled that office. Now, and for the last thirteen years, Mr. John Box has gone in-and-out among the people acceptably. Of the present pastor (Mr. John Box), there is but one opinion and feeling—that of universal love and esteem. The origin of the church dates back over a century.

Richard Burnham, the author of "Ye Virgin Souls, Arise," and numerous other favourite and familiar hymns, preached to a few people in Church-street, Blackfriars, and after moving about from place to place, he and his followers settled down in a Chapel at Edward-street, Soho. God blessed his ministry, and at this time he (Mr. B.) became a Strict Baptist, from reading the Word of God. Among those who were called and baptized by Mr. Burnham was the late Mr. John Stevens, who succeeded him in the pastorate. About the year 1813 something occurred which created a division, and a chapel was built on this ground in the year 1824 for this Church; and after many changing scenes and vicissitudes it continues to this day, and that, too, in a spirit of unity.

The congregations were large, encouraging, and cheering at each service, and in the evening the place was over full. The morning service was opened by Mr. Squirrel in prayer, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Noyes, Shepherd, and Adams, and prayer was offered by various brethren. In the afternoon Mr. John Box preached the last sermon in the chapel, from the words, "And the Lord will create upon every dwelling-place of Mount Zion, and upon her assemblies, a cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night: for upon all the glory shall be a defence" (Isa. iv. 5). After paying a tribute of respect to the memory of Mr. George Comb, and the blessing attending his stern and measured sentences; the stately and revered manner of Mr. George Wyard, and the fruits following the powerful appeals of John Pells, Mr. Box went on to speak of the glory of God, and the various assemblies on which he brought the text to bear, which took a practical as well as spiritual form, and concluded his sermon by saying there is a reality of perfection in true religion, which is the gift of God's Son through the power of the Holy Spirit; there is a barrenness and dearth without it.

The evening meeting commenced at 6.30, by singing:—

"Kindred in Christ, for His dear sake,"

and Mr. Sears offered prayer. Mr. Box said, Beloved friends, it is really to myself, deacons and friends, a gratification to welcome you here; it is a token of your sympathy and presence; and after giving a history of the Church (briefly referred to above), told us we feel the Lord's presence in our midst. There is not a jarring note in the church and congregation, never had an unkind look or harsh word from any, and never one un-

pleasant church meeting, and the Lord was blessing His own Word.

Mr. Fulkner gave a financial statement, which showed a sum in hand towards the new West-end temple of near £5,200.

Mr. Anderson spoke of Soho as a consecrated spot to many a soul. God has made it so. I am glad you do not want another Gospel, nor another pastor, and if your pastor lives to see the new project accomplished, he will have served no small end. The friends here have been blest with a public spirit, and we hope ere long to see the pleasing result. Messrs. Dexter, Parnell, Evans, and Thomas gave words of congratulation and good wishes. The closing hymn was,—

"Come, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise," &c.

There were a great number of ministers present, among whom we noticed Messrs. T. Stringer, Dearsley, Waite, Taylor, Oakey, T. Casse, of Chatham, &c.

J. W. B.

LINCOLN.—In this grand cathedral city, so high on the hill, lives a man of spiritual and truthful knowledge. He has been a walking and speaking witness for Christ's Gospel for many years. A long and heavy affliction has been on him; but he is restored, and his heart beats with love to the Lord. His address is, W. Simpson, 32, Sincil-bank, Lincoln.

TOTTENHAM.—**HIGH-CROSS.**—Mr. Thomas House continues, under the smile of the Lord, to be very useful in this newly-organised Christian Church. On February 22 and 24, special meetings were held with a view to establish a Sunday-school. Many friends are willing workers in the cause, both in the Church and in the school, and a large field of usefulness appears to be opening for the foundation of a thorough good Strict Baptist institution. God grant it success, for Christ's sake. Amen.—**W. WINTERS.**

WEST BRIGHTON.—Our anniversary services on Tuesday, March 17, 1885, at the Providence Baptist Chapel, Haddington St., proved to be a very solemn occasion. Mr. Gray preached in the afternoon from the words, "Come hither and hear the Words of the Lord your God." He was divinely led into the subject. We regret to say he was unable to remain to the meeting through indisposition. The following ministerial brethren gave instructive addresses: Messrs. Masterson, Read, Boxell, Virgo, Greenyer, Turner, and Guy. Our worthy chairman, W. L. Payne, Esq., allowed each speaker fifteen minutes. Before brother Boxell had concluded he complained of a violent pain in the chest; he partially recovered and reached home, and remarkable to say he spoke from the words, "Thy God reigneth" (Isa. lii. 7), and at one o'clock the next day he passed away to his heavenly home. With our departed brother we can say, Sudden death was sudden glory.—**THOMAS FREEMAN.**

GOOD FRIDAY.

CHRIST ON CALVARY.

"And when they were come to a place which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him."—*Luke xxiii. 33.*

Is this the Man, God's only Son,
By whom all things were made,
Who spake, and all beneath the sun
His sovereign power obeyed?

Is this the Man whom prophets saw
By vision's eye divine,
That all the glories of the law
In Him should meet and shine.

Is this the Man whose silent power
The water turned to wine,
To prove that blessings He could pour—
Immutable, divine.

Is this the Man whose kindly voice
The broken heart did bind,
And proved that all who trust in Him
True consolation find?

Is this the Man whose gentle touch
Diseases foul could cure;
Whose enemies confessed that such
Displayed Almighty power?

Is this the Man whose powerful voice
Not Death itself could raise,
When by authority He braved
Lazarus from the grave?

This is the Man, behold the Man
Whom Pilate's lips confessed,
I find in Him no fault at all,
And not of guilt possessed.

Then why on Calvary should He hang,
Such cruel death to share?
To feel the smart of every pang,
His every limb to tear.

That you and I might never feel
The force of wrath divine,
His dying groan each we did heal,
And pardon wrought divine.

Then we'll with gratitude repay.
Forgetting all beside,
That ever memorable day
When Christ on Calvary died.

HENRY COLE.

28, Elm-grove, Brighton.

Our Tombstones.

Mr. John Rayment's youngest daughter has recently lost her husband by death, leaving her a widow and four young children, without any provision whatever. Mrs. Hall, of 81, Choumert-road, Peckham, is also left a widow since February 10, with five little children. Small-pox hurried her husband off in a few days, leaving her without the slightest support. To meet these most distressing cases we can do but little as yet. That happy pastor, Wm. Barnes, who saw Buck-street chapel for forty years full

of people, drinking in his discourses, died suddenly at Leighton, in his 74th year.

At 2 Westmoreland-villas, Oldfield-park, Bath, Catherine, widow of the late Thomas Price, aged 62 years. She calmly fell asleep in Jesus on March 18, 1885. For some time she had been a member at Ebenezer, Widcombe-street, Bath, and profited under the ministry of Mr. John Huntley. Her remains were interred in the Lower Bristol-road Cemetery on March 19, an appropriate address being given by Mr. John Huntley. May my end be like hers.—W. PRICE.

A VISIT TO GLEMSFORD, SUFFOLK. DEATH OF DEACON BROWN.

There is something pleasant in visiting the scene of one's former labours, to see old faces, and hold fellowship with those we have been associated with in connection with the cause of God and truth. Intermingled with the pleasure there is something painful. The faces and voices of some are seen and heard no more. The last enemy is no respecter of persons. He comes to the young and useful, as well as to the aged and worn-out. It is well for us ever to remember that this enemy is subject to Him that liveth and was dead, and is alive for evermore, and rightfully holds the keys of hell and of death. Till He bids we cannot die. Surely, "man is immortal till his work is done."

After repeated invitations I, in February, paid a visit to Glemsford and its neighbourhood. The good Lord very graciously helped me through eight services. It was very gratifying to meet with brother Robert Page, of Cavendish, who is the honoured servant of the Lord at Providence chapel, Glemsford. He, in connection with brother Firbank (who, for some time past, has been labouring in word and doctrine at Haverhill), still conducts services in the unpretentious-looking little palace at Cavendish. It is to be hoped they will continue to unitedly proclaim God's everlasting Gospel there: for, alas! we are afraid there is but very little of it to be found elsewhere in the village. We rejoice there is some salt there; but some whom we knew are gone to their long home.

At the old cause, Glemsford (now called Ebenezer), the good Lord has much favoured them. The late alterations and improvements in the chapel are excellent; and, what is infinitely greater, the Lord is with them in His saving power. The testimonies of His servants have been blessed to the ingathering of living souls, who, we hope, will be useful and ornamental in the cause. The congregations are excellent—better than for several years past. The singing is good, and the Sunday-school numerously attended; there is also a spirit for hearing the Gospel.

Mr. George Howard, the aged deacon, although not often able to get so far, was there on the Lord's-day. Although in his eighty-ninth year, his deep resonant voice fills the place when giving out the hymns. It did one good to hear him give out with much pathos that sweet hymn of Dr. Watts (73, Book II.), one verse of which is—

"Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er Thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of Thy love."

Mr. Samuel Brown, the other deacon, left this world for a better one on high the Friday previous. A complication of diseases brought about his dissolution after a few weeks' sufferings. Speaking to a friend in the early part of the time, he observed that if the turning of a straw would alter matters, he would not do it, as he felt the Lord would do what was best and right. He was much supported during his

painful affliction. When the writer called, a day or two before his death, he was only able to whisper, "Good-bye." His mind was calm, and his last words were, "I want to see Jesus," and within about five minutes his request was granted.

"How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest;
How mildly beams the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast."

For nearly 39 years he had been a member of the baptised Church of Christ at Glemsford, having been brought out from the free-will Independents at Cavendish. A minute in the Church book states that he gave a pleasing relation of the Lord's dealings with his soul. His walk and conversation has been in accordance therewith. In 1871 he was made a deacon by the unanimous consent of the Church, which office was honourably filled by him. He was a peace-maker, and a lover of the grand old doctrines of distinguishing grace. No fickle friend was he. If an attachment was formed for the truth's sake, it was firm and lasting. He was loved by the Church, and respected by all who knew him, which was largely evinced at the funeral. He was buried in the Cavendish Churchyard, the service being conducted by the writer. Hundreds of persons were present. The loss is keenly felt by the godly widow and family, and by the Church, as also on the farm where for many years he had acted as bailiff. His age was 68 years. That the word of the Lord may be fulfilled, "Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth," and that the widow's heart may be comforted by Him who is the ever-living Husband, is the heartfelt desire and prayer of

Over.

JOSIAH MORLING.

On Tuesday, March 17, suddenly, Emma, the beloved and deeply lamented wife of Mr. Turner, Superintendent of the K Division of Police, and deacon of Elin Baptist Church, Limehouse, by which Church and people her loss will be deeply felt, as from its formation she has been a very useful and honourable member. Her end was peace, and we know that our loss is her eternal gain.

DEATH OF MR. THOMAS BOXELL.

The Church and congregation of Mighell street Baptist chapel have to mourn the loss of their beloved pastor, Mr. Thomas Boxell, who was called suddenly home to be with Jesus on Wednesday, March 18, 1885, at one o'clock, aged 61 years. Our beloved pastor was taken, as he had often expressed a wish to be, in his work for the Master, while speaking at the anniversary meeting at Haddington-st., West Brighton, on the Tuesday, from the words, "The Lord reigneth," when he said he had a severe pain in the chest, went home, and after a night of great suffering, told his old friend and brother, Mr. Virgo, he would leave all concerning the chapel in his hands, and he was to act as if he were dead, showing he felt the battle was nearly fought, though no one realised that his end was near. His closing words to brother Virgo were, "I am perfectly resigned to the will of my heavenly Father," and an hour and a-half afterwards his Lord said, "Come up higher. Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." His remains were interred in the Extra-Mural Cemetery on Wednesday, March 25.—GEORGE VIAGO.

Mr. Palmer, the truthful and charitable minister of Desford Baptist Church, has recently and suddenly been called home, when, to us, he seemed most needful for the Church on earth.

“What is Sound Doctrine?”

MR. THOMAS STRINGER'S FIFTH LETTER ON THE MINISTRY
AND MR. W. PARKS'S PROTEST AGAINST “FALSE PROPHETS.”

“For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine.”—2 Tim. iv. 2.

MY ESTEEMED BROTHER ENOCH,—The Apostle Paul, endued with a prophetic spirit, spake or wrote the above sentence more than eighteen hundred years ago—which awful prediction is fulfilling daily. But what of that? Deadly, disastrous, dreadful, and destructive as the now “damnable heresies” around us are, “SOUND DOCTRINE” is, must, shall, and will be maintained, and fully preached by all grace-made, God-sent ministers of Christ; and by them only. I am sorry to say that such preachers form the minority in the present day, to which fraternity I believe my Enoch belongs, together with your unworthy servant. Let us ask, What is sound doctrine? I reply that Bible authority alone can supply us with a correct answer, and that the Trinity in Unity is the grand substantial basis of the whole. Yes, Enoch, this is the great archetypal, or origin, of all the glory and blessedness of the Church of the living God, both for time and for eternity. The three distinct personalities of Father, Son, and Spirit, in the one Divine essence, is a most profound deep: and that equality, infinity, immensity, and eternity, belongs to each Person in the one, great, glorious, incomprehensible Jehovah, whose Almightyness, self-existence, and independence is known only to Himself! We, as creatures, shall get no further than to “the acknowledgment” of this amazing and wonderful mystery, world without end.

According to the general tenor of the Holy Scriptures, and the analogy of faith, the HOLY THREE, in eternal counsel and covenant compact, planned, purposed, decreed, and determined the everlasting salvation of the Church of God. Out of the countless millions of Adam's descendants, God the Father was pleased, of His own sovereign will, to choose, or elect, from all eternity, from every people, and kindred, and tongue, and nation, “a number which no man can number” to eternal salvation. These are emphatically called “God's ELECT!” In an everlasting covenant, or mutual agreement between the three Persons in the one indivisible Jehovah, the Son—the Lord Jesus Christ—became responsible to God for their redemption from their fallen and ruined condition in Adam, from sin, Satan, the curse of the law, death and hell; to restore, to reconcile, to justify, to purchase and to save them, of and in Himself, with an everlasting salvation. To accomplish this grand and glorious object He, in the fulness of time, assumed a body prepared for Him by the miraculous power of God the Holy Ghost, perfect, pure, holy, and utterly impeccable.

Thus He became God incarnate; “a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;” “the mighty God; the everlasting Father; the Prince of peace.” And, in His complex majesty, power, and glory, He commenced, continued in—through a life of persecution, despisings, rejec-

tion, derision, mockings, revilings, and hatred—and triumphantly finished the great work of eternal redemption for all the election of grace. His sinless, perfect, obedient life being adequate to the rigorous claims of God's holy laws, He thereby fulfilled those claims, endured its tremendous curse, and freed His people from its eternal condemnation. By His voluntary, vicarious sacrifice and atoning blood He met and fulfilled all the uncompromising demands of inflexible Justice, quenched that flaming sword in His own most precious blood, and delivered His people from the impending stroke for ever.

In His perfect and obedient life He wrought a spotless Robe of Righteousness for His bride, His *HEPHZIBAH*. This beautifying robe He puts upon her by imputation; gives her faith to embrace it; to wear it, and to call it her own. In this splendid dress she is justified from all things; constituted "all fair." "The perfection of beauty" prepared and ready for the grand solemnization of her marriage to "the Prince of peace" at the last day.

By His infinitely precious pardoning blood she is cleansed from all sin and is for ever "complete in Him." God's elect being loved with the everlasting love of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, written in heaven and ordained to eternal life, at the time appointed in God's eternal purpose, the eternal Spirit, according to covenant engagement and office, regenerates them, quickens them into spiritual life, by His invincible grace and almighty power. They, then, by His convincing work in their soul, and the administration of God's holy law to their consciences, feel, see, know, and confess that they are scarlet and crimson coloured sinners, in thought, word and deed; and are solemnly assured that without Christ and an interest in His sufferings and death, His blood and righteousness, they are and must be eternally lost. Repentance is wrought in the soul with earnest cries to God for mercy, for peace, pardon, and salvation. Neither can they rest until the dear Redeemer grants them some sure and satisfactory assurance that He has put away their sins by the sacrifice of Himself, reconciled them to God by His blood, and that in Him they are chosen, justified, sanctified, pardoned, blest, and saved with an everlasting salvation. Not of works, by grace they are saved. Works are renounced by them in salvation matters, they love and perform them as being ornamental to their Christian character, but grace, grace, sovereign grace, is the high and constant theme of their great and glorious salvation.

These things, dear Enoch, comprise "sound doctrine." The Bible contains sound doctrine throughout. Some parts seem more prominent than others, as Eph. i., ii.; Rom. viii., ix.; 1 Peter i., ii., etc., together with the sovereignty of God the Father, the substitutional work of God the Son, and the sanctifying grace and work of God the Holy Ghost. These things teach and preach with Bible authority. But do not expect a flowing, fashionable, flashy, freewill congregation, or you will be greatly disappointed, for "the time (is) come when they will not endure sound doctrine."

Yours truly, in His Majesty's service,

T. STRINGER.

We had personal fellowship with the late Mr. Parks, of Openshaw—a man of a loving, kind spirit; but as bold as a lion in defence of God's

revealed truth. We ask for a careful perusal of the following undeniable and useful protest against everything false in religion:—

MR. PARKS'S NOBLE PROTEST.

"*False Prophets*," indeed, have risen up amongst us! I do not wish to speak harshly of any body of men, especially of those who are blameless in their outer walk, but when their teachings, though moral, are in direct antagonism with those of the New Testament, I, for one, am constrained to uplift my voice against them! It is high time that some one should speak out! I would to God that some one more able and influential than I would do it: but when men who "seem to be pillars," are either silent, or speak so feebly and pointlessly against this wrongdoing, I must open my mouth boldly in defence of "the Gospel of the grace of God," and defy all gainsayers!

High Churchism is one of the most prominent forms of false prophecy in the present day! Its "altars," its crosses, its candles, its incense, its consecrations, its priesthood, its Sacramental efficacy, its fasts and festivals, its decorations and idolatrous practices, its will-worship and voluntary humility—are all in actual antagonism to the word of the living God.

If any truths may more plainly be read in the New Testament than others, they are these—viz.:

The worship of God is spiritual.

The religion of Jesus Christ is severely simple.

"God is a Spirit," says Jesus Christ, "and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship Him" (John iv. 23, 24). And the apostle writing to the Colossians seems to blot out all legalisms with a few strokes of his pen (Col. ii., *passim*). It appears clear to me that Christ dealt a death-blow to all ritualism for all time when He expressed Himself as is recorded in the 4th of John's Gospel: ay, to the very ritualism that God Himself had invented for the instruction of His Church in her babyhood. As an old author has well observed, "those things" (the rites and ceremonies, the fasts and festivals, the sacrifices and symbols of the Jewish dispensation) "were the playthings of the Church when she was young; but now that we have become men, we have put away childish things."

Christ Jesus is the substance of all those shadows. Retaining them, or inventing others, then, must be highly erroneous, if not something worse in God's sight.

"We walk by faith," says Paul, "not by sight" (2 Cor. v. 7). Ay, "Christ Jesus, our wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption," is the great

"Object of faith, and not of sense,"

and there is not a syllable in the New Testament Scriptures to warrant the idea of helping men's devotion by material symbols!

One is at a loss to account for the obliquity of the vision of those parties who delight in the sort of worship I am condemning, for it must be clear to any unprejudiced and reflecting mind that the New Testament does not afford the remotest hint in favour of it. What is the explanation? It is this—viz., High Churchmen are wishful to do good. They want to make people religious. Their observation tells them that they cannot get hold of people's attention or affection by the use of abstract ideas or arguments. The mind of the multitude is dull and unmetaphysical. It wants things of sense, and high churchmen suit themselves to the circumstances of the case.

"Pictures are the books of the unlearned," was the saying of a close observer of human nature. These men see its wisdom, and act accordingly.

For the life of me I can invent no other excuse for those I condemn in the most unequivocal terms. But then come the questions—"Does the end justify the means?" "May we do evil that good may come?" And chiefest of all—"Is the soul of fallen man to be converted to God by pictures, or candles, or crosses, or embroidered garments? Is it God's plan of calling His people by music, or decorations, or sensuous services?"

Perhaps High Churchmen will answer, "We don't do these things for these ends, we do them to honour God."

Honour God! (I exclaim) by dishonouring His Word! Oh, shocking thought! Absurdity of absurdities!

But what about the dogma of *Sacramental Efficacy*, or that innate virtue of baptism, and the Lord's Supper, when administered by an episcopally ordained priest? What about the *special presence of the Lord upon the "altar,"* so called?

What about *apostolical succession*?

Are not all three figments of Popery? Can any of them be proved by Holy Writ? I answer in the presence of God, and the world at large—**MOST CERTAINLY NOT!** It is an outrage upon the Word of God, and an outrage upon common sense, to attempt to maintain any one of them!

Of course, in an address from this place, it is impossible to expose at large the fallacious reasonings of those "false prophets," but let it suffice to remind you of four simple facts—viz:

1. Baptism by the Holy Spirit is the only baptism that saves.
2. Wherever two or three are gathered together in Christ's name there He is in the midst of them; consequently He cannot be more especially present in the glorious cathedral than He is in the unlicensed barn.
3. There having been two popes at one time, each of whom consecrated bishops, and each of whom hurled anathemas against the other, the succession, if it ever existed, must be broken; and consequently, it is not in the power of any living man to trace his succession to the apostles.
4. Any teaching that tends to invalidate the great key-doctrine of justification by faith only, is an accursed heresy; for we have inspired authority for the anathema (Gal. i. 8).

So much for the "false prophets" of the High Church school. We will now take a glance at Arminian Evangelicals in our Church. Are there any "false prophets" amongst them? I answer, many! You stare in astonishment. You thought that as these men were loud in their protests against "High Churchism," they must be all right. But it by no means follows. A man may oppose a score of heresies and be himself a heretic! And as long as it can be proved that any parties opposed themselves to any truth of God, so long must such parties be classed amongst the "false prophets."

Now, it is a fact that nearly all the "Evangelicals" in the Church of England are imbued with Pelagianism, or Arminianism, or Free-willism (call opposition to the doctrines of Sovereign Grace by what name you may). "Evangelicals" are perhaps amongst the deadliest enemies of a free grace Gospel.

Oh, beware, my hearers, of "false prophets!" The Arminian Evangelicals are more dangerous to the spiritual people of God than even High Churchmen! These latter can hardly impose upon those who are well up in the doctrine of justification by faith only; but those Evangelicals, with their highly elaborated "form of godliness" (for they profess to be eminently holy), are amongst the most subtle, and, consequently, fearful deceivers of God's family! "Beware of false prophets!"

TWO STRICT BAPTIST WORTHIES—JOHN GILL AND JOHN BRINE.

BY WILLIAM MACDONALD.

THE small town of Kettering in Northamptonshire has the honour of being the birth-place of the celebrated John Gill, and of the now less known John Brine. Both were men of mark in their day, and both were eminent ministers of Christ, and both belonged to that unpopular denomination known as Strict Baptists, which is only called *Strict* to distinguish it from *loose* Communionists.

The first of these worthies—JOHN GILL—was born November 23, 1697. He had the advantage of a superior education, having been placed in the grammar-school of his native town by his parents, who, though in humble circumstances, wished their son to have a better education than had fallen to their own lot. His parents were dissenters of a very pronounced type; and not only dissenters, but Strict Baptists. After a while, as a student at the grammar-school, young Gill was

required to attend the services at the parish church; but as his parents very properly would not allow him to do so, nor was it his own inclination, he was obliged to leave the school, continuing his studies in private; and such was his aptitude for learning, that in a short time he had attained to considerable proficiency in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages.

When he was about the age of twenty he began to preach at a small place called Higham-Ferrars, in connection with the Baptist denomination, and his services were much appreciated, and, what is more, much owned by the Lord. In 1719 he removed to London, and took the pastoral care of the Church which assembled at Horselydown, Southwark; which Church removed in 1757 to a new chapel which they had built in Carter Lane, near London Bridge, and not far from the old place of worship. Here he continued to be pastor till his death, which took place on the 14th October, 1771, he having had but one pastorate during his life, and this pastorate was for the long period of close upon 52 years. The Church is now under the pastorate of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, but it has long abandoned the apostolic order, and adopted the unscriptural practice of Open Communion.

In 1748 Gill received the degree of Doctor in Divinity from Marischal College, Aberdeen. During his whole pastorate he was most energetic in his exposure of error and false teaching, through the press and from the pulpit. Many of his writings were, however, but for the day, and so have passed into oblivion; but there are others that will remain standard works as long as the language in which they are written shall endure. Two of these may be named:—The “Body of Divinity,” and his “Exposition of the Scripture;” a most masterly work which has never been, and probably never will be, surpassed for its profound erudition. As the work of one man the book is truly a marvel.

This great work was originally given to the public in a series of discourses from the pulpit, and was published in sections, extending from the year 1728 to 1766. The first section published was that of the Exposition of the Book of Canticles, upon which he had preached 122 sermons. Then followed three thick folio volumes on the New Testament, which were succeeded by the Exposition on the Prophets; and the remaining volumes were published at intervals until the whole was completed in 1766. It is not asserting too much when we say that no man single-handed ever brought to a successful issue such a gigantic undertaking. The learning displayed, especially as concerns the Rabbinical writings, is truly amazing. Dr. Gill was, perhaps, the greatest Hebrew scholar the world has ever seen; in addition to which he was deeply acquainted with several Oriental languages. It may safely be affirmed that his “Exposition” is a deep mine, and is most invaluable, not only to the minister of the Gospel, but also to all who love the truth in sincerity.

As a preacher, Dr. Gill was clear, solid, and truthful. Nothing, as far as he knew, at all contrary to the mind of the Spirit ever found utterance from his lips. He was too plain for many, and hence his preaching was not attractive. He was sound and judicious; qualities which rarely suit the multitude of professing worshippers. One of his critics says:—“He abstained from personal addresses to sinners, by

inviting them to the Saviour, and satisfied himself with declaring their guilt and doom, and the necessity of a change of heart. It is not surprising that the congregation declined under such a ministry. His steady refusal to have an assistant or co-pastor operated also injuriously on the welfare of the Church" (Cramp, Bapt. Hist., 443). The fact is, Gill was too honest to his charge to *prophecy smooth things*. What more could he do than warn sinners, and point them to Jesus the Saviour? If there were more of this sort of preaching in these days, there would be less building on sand.

He was a faithful witness of the Lord Jesus Christ. A short time before his death he said to his nephew, "I depend wholly and alone upon the free, sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love of God; the firm and everlasting covenant of grace, and my interest in the Persons of the Trinity, for my whole salvation; and not upon any righteousness of my own, nor on anything in me, nor done by me under the influence of the Holy Spirit; not upon any services of mine which I have been assisted to perform for the good of the Church; but upon my interest in the Persons of the Trinity, the free grace of God, and the blessings of grace streaming to me through the blood and righteousness of Christ, as the ground of my hope. These are no new things to me, but what I have been long acquainted with—and what I can live and die by."

The writings of this great and good man collectively are about 10,000 folio pages. His was truly a life of industry and consecration to the Lord.

We now turn to the lesser luminary of a very dark and worldly age. In his day JOHN BRINE was, after Dr. Gill, the most eminent minister in the Baptist denomination. He first drew breath in the year 1702. Early in life he was placed in a woollen factory, where Gill also worked. Brine had not the same educational advantages as his more learned contemporary, but as regards Scripture and divine truths he derived his knowledge from the same Tutor—the Holy Spirit. Brine was a man of perseverance. He looked forward to a successful literary career, and every obstacle seemed to vanish before him, so that he became very proficient in the course he had marked out for himself. He married a judicious woman, who did not bring him any dowry, but who brought him a copy of Hutter's Hebrew Bible, which he prized most highly.

Having entered the ministry, being truly called to preach the everlasting Gospel, he was engaged as pastor to a Church in his native town; afterwards, however, removing to Coventry; for he thought, and he was right in the conjecture, that he could more advance the Master's cause by so doing. Leaving Coventry he came to London in 1730, and preached at Curriers' Hall. His position in the metropolis as a Baptist minister soon became second only to Dr. Gill, whom he succeeded in the lectureship held at Great Eastcheap, and he also officiated in turn at the lecture in the Baptist Chapel, Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate Street.

Many of his sermons were printed, and largely circulated; a proof of their great popularity in their day. On extraordinary occasions it was he who was generally requested to preach, and as a preacher he could always be depended upon for a sound Gospel discourse. He was always eccentric in his habits and manners, and is thus described by a contemporary:—"He was in person, short and thick; and he had rather a

strange countenance, which was not calculated to prepossess a stranger in his favour; but his manners were very much those of a gentleman."

Brine was a deeply-taught Christian, and of much experience in all things pertaining to divine life. He was considered an extremely high Calvinist; and, as such, many looked upon him with disfavour, and some with positive aversion; for even many good men put him down as an Antinomian, which truly he was not, but quite the reverse, for his daily life was a pattern of every Christian virtue, and no man lived a more Gospel life than did John Brine. He published about forty separate pieces, which are now neglected and forgotten, many of them being on passing topics, but there are some which merit a better fate than neglect and oblivion.

There is very little more known of this worthy man. He died in February, 1765, and was buried in Bunhill Fields, Dr. Gill preaching his funeral sermon, which contained but very little biographical matter concerning his late friend and co-worker.

Both Brine and Gill were too plain-spoken for those who desired a Gospel suited to their own carnal requirements; and so they were neither of them at any time very popular as preachers, as some understand popularity. But they suited the humble believers who had the Lord for their portion; and if the whole counsel of God which they declared were unpalatable to some hearers, the fault lay not with the preachers, but with those who had no heart for the truth. Many people like to be thought religious who would be offended if plainly told they were wretched and undone sinners. Brine was indeed a true ambassador for Christ, and he faithfully warned his hearers that if they did not repent and believe in Christ they could not be saved; but he was far too truthful to tell the people they could repent and believe of themselves. Having faithfully warned sinners, he then left the matter with the Lord; and thus, having delivered God's message, *he* could do no more: it was the Spirit's work to apply it with power, and this power he well knew did not belong to him. Both Gill and Brine preached the Gospel pure and unadulterated, and we have much reason to bless God that He has still many faithful servants whom He has called to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation, labouring in the same holy cause at this present day.

Lower Edmonton, April 8, 1885.

SEE THE GENERATIONS PASSING AWAY.

"O proud lad! boast not of thyself, nor of thy standing; I have seen, heard known many like thee; but the sentence over them has been heard, 'Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.'"

IN my antiquarian studies I take a little walk backward, I see myself in 1842, one Sunday morning earnestly seeking to find

A DOOR OF MERCY

open anywhere. I found myself in what was called "Snow's Fields." There was a plain, quiet-looking chapel; I went up in the front gallery, nearly all the pews were empty, and very few worshippers. I saw an anxious-looking singing clerk: this was Thomas Pillow; and up in the

pulpit there sat a little almost doubled up old gentleman, that was George Francis, who would not leave off preaching until obliged to. A singular service.

Some year or two after I went into Snow's Fields again, on a week-day.

WHAT A CHANGE!

There was the bold John Foreman giving Thomas Stringer his charge. Happy days, I thought, for Thomas. Now where is Snow's Fields? where is Thomas Chivers? where the lamented Lawrence?

THE LATE MR. THOMAS CHIVERS.

We knew Thomas Chivers when he was a strong young man, in the East India House, and when he was a deacon at the Borough Road Surrey Tabernacle, when he was ordained Pastor of the Church in Webb Street, Bermondsey New Road. We were with him all day; the Ministerial George Moyle, John Foreman, James Wells, and others, led on the services of that day. Those days, those ministers, and nearly all the people have passed away, and many "soon expect to die."

About 43 years ago he first became concerned about his future state; this anxiety greatly increased, and after going about to hear one and another for some time without getting what he needed, he at last went into the old Surrey Tabernacle, where, under the late Mr. James Wells, his soul was set at happy liberty while he (Mr. W.) was preaching from the words:—"Men and brethren, what shall we do?" After a while Mr. Chivers was united to the Church, and sat under Mr. Wells' ministry. Eventually he became deacon, and while holding this office he began speaking in the Master's name. Almost the first pulpit Mr. C. stood in was Mason's Court, Shoreditch, where, at that time, the editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL used to preach on Sunday afternoons and one evening in the week, and get "supplies" for morning and evening. Mr. Wells being taken ill, the deacons of the Surrey Tabernacle came to Mr. C. W. Banks, and asked him if the supply engaged at Mason's Court could come to the Surrey Tabernacle. This was arranged, and Mr. Chivers went the same Lord's-day to Shoreditch.

In the year 1852 Mr. Chivers was elected to the pastorate of the Church formerly meeting in Snow's Fields, Bermondsey. The lease of Snow's Fields being out, they moved to a chapel known as the "Paragon," Webb Street, Bermondsey New Road. A poetic reference to the removal of this old Strict Baptist landmark was inserted in vol. ix. of the EARTHEN VESSEL, with the following somewhat quaint addenda by the editor:—

"Although Snow's Fields is down,
And pastor Francis dead,
In "Paragon" * of old renown,
We've Chivers in the stead."

Mr. Chivers' ordination to his first pastorate here took place Monday, December 27. 1852. Mr. William Allen, Mr. James Wells, Mr. John Foreman, and others who have long since gone home, took part. The report of the ordination was prefaced by the following full-toned editorial remarks in the EARTHEN VESSEL, vol. ix., p. 46:—

* Afterwards called Ebenezer.

"THE ORDINATION OF MR. THOMAS CHIVERS.

"The ordination or recognition of a man as a minister of the everlasting Gospel, and as a pastor over any people, is an event of deep interest to the Churches of Christ. God the Father chooses—God the Son redeems—and God the Holy Ghost quickens, raises, qualifies, and renders useful the man whom Heaven hath ordained to be an under-shepherd among the chosen sheep. When, therefore, a man is brought forward as one that is to be set apart as a minister of Christ's Gospel, all the living in Jerusalem will be concerned to know what marks and evidences of the divine life and of heavenly authority are to be found in him who is thus held up as one of Zion's faithful watchmen. In the case of Mr. Thomas Chivers we can furnish some evidences of genuineness and sincerity, not only from observations, but also from a little work just published by James Paul, entitled, 'The Ordination Day;' being a faithful report of the day's services connected with the settlement of Mr. Thomas Chivers as Pastor, &c., over Ebenezer Chapel, Bermondsey New Road, on Monday, December 27, 1852."

After some years Mr. C. left here, went to High Wycombe, thence to Clapham, where his earthly career finished.

Thomas Chivers' illness was of short duration. His last sermon on the last Lord's-day in March, was from the words:—"All are yours, ye are Christ's," &c. The time is said to have been a very solemn and sacred one. The following week an attack of bronchitis gradually wrought on his weak frame, and he breathed his last Saturday, April 11, 1885. Shortly before he yielded up his spirit to the God who gave it, he exclaimed somewhat emphatically, "I know whom I have believed; and I know whom I have preached."

The funeral took place Friday, April 17. The *cortège*, (comprising a hearse and eight mourning coaches), left the residence of the deceased a little before one, and proceeded to the chapel, Courland Grove, where a service was held. Mr. J. S. Anderson presided over the services of the occasion, Mr. James Clark gave a short address. Mr. Clark ascended the pulpit and spoke somewhat as follows:—

"My dear friends,—With mingled feelings we are here assembled; while with the greatest earnestness and sympathy, we would pray for God's sustaining power to rest upon the widow, the family, and the Church, yet would we rejoice in the fact that our brother's redeemed and ransomed spirit is at rest. There is no question so momentous as that of life and death. It is an unspeakable consolation to know that those who are blest with His grace are 'gone before'; this must be a source of comfort to all at this time. 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.' We can with all consistency apply these words to our departed brother. Glance at his life. I think all who knew our brother can say his life was a godly life; he realised what it was to hold sweet communion with the Lord Jesus Christ; he knew that his salvation was all of sovereign grace, and the result of redeeming love; his dependence was solely on Christ Jesus, so beautifully expressed by the poet.

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

"It was a very important and essential matter with our brother. God made him a Christian man and a Christian minister, and doubtless

there are some here, as well as in other parts, who can bless God for the words that fell from his lips—and to some who are gone home, and our brother has now gone to join them. It is a blessed thing to be a child of God, but that does not exempt any from the hand of death—death is no respecter of persons—all have to succumb to it. All our brother was he owed to sovereign grace; thank God, though his body is to be laid in the grave his spirit is in glory. God removing His own ministers shows us that He can do without any of us. This is the first time the Church here have had to experience this trial—but it is a glorious consolation to know that while we die, God lives. ‘Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.’ God’s children die in the Lord; there is one knot that death cannot untie—living in union with the Lord they die in the Lord. Our brother’s affliction was painful, but he knew whom he believed. Do we know it? Happy is he that can say this. As a man of God he knew whom he believed; as a minister he knew whom he preached. Such an one is blessed in death, because death brings them into union with the Lord. ‘That they may rest from their labours.’ When a servant of God is taken from earth to heaven he enters into rest, he then realises most complete satisfaction. Everything of earth is of an alternative character, night and day, cold and heat, etc., but there it is rest and eternal enjoyment. Don’t think too much of the darkness—there is a bright future, take consolation from the fact that Christ rose from the grave and is gone to heaven as the first-fruits of all His redeemed. What a comfort for the family and all concerned. Think of our brother’s present happiness. I thank God that I knew enough of him to know that he is now before the throne of God; no tongue can express the splendour he now enjoys there, and with him every ransomed spirit is pure as the crystal sea.”

After a few expressions of sympathy for the widow, family, and Church, Mr. Clark closed his address. Mr. Anderson pronounced the benediction, and the procession reformed and wended its way to Nunhead Cemetery, where near a hundred people had assembled. After the coffin was lowered in the grave, Mr. Anderson asked Mr. Wilkins to give a few words, and the last rite closed.

Mr. A. Vine, one of Mr. Chivers’ deacons, sends us the following sketch:—

Our late beloved pastor, Mr. Thomas Chivers, came among us at the latter end of 1879, and after preaching for some time was settled in the pastorate in June, 1880. The Church at the time of his first preaching was in a low and almost desolate state; but his message was heard with such acceptance that numbers were soon joined in fellowship with it, and, notwithstanding various adverse circumstances, is at the present time tolerably large in point of numbers. Several have removed in providence out of the district, and many deaths have taken place, but few indeed have lapsed through non-attendance—thus showing the hold his preaching had upon them. Several were brought into Church fellowship by baptism; and it is noteworthy that two of the present deacons were the first male members he baptized after his settlement, and stand as living evidences of the power of God’s grace and his spoken work in God’s hand. It is also a noteworthy fact that the very last member he admitted into fellowship was his own grand-daughter, and

the very suitable remarks he made on that occasion went far to prove how graciously God had dealt with his family, in bringing them into a saving knowledge of their interest in the great Redeemer's work.

It had been observed by all that for some time our beloved pastor had been preaching far beyond his bodily strength, and it showed how graciously the Lord supported him when it is known that he never once gave up until compelled by his last and fatal illness. Although all could see that he was very weak, yet few indeed but those intimately associated with him knew how weak and frail he really was; and could they have seen him after he had finished preaching would hardly have thought him the same person. He took a severe chill on March 31, and when the anniversary services were held on Good Friday, April 3, was unfortunately compelled to be absent. Deep and heartfelt regrets were expressed by all present, and many and earnest were the petitions put up to the great Master that he might be very speedily restored. But God saw otherwise, and although none thought his end so near, yet it pleased the Lord to take him to Himself on Saturday morning, April 11, about half-past six o'clock. His spirit passed away full of peace, resting upon and trusting in the finished work of His great Redeemer. His malady was such that he could bear but little conversation, but two of his deacons saw him a short time before his death, and his words to both were, "I know in whom I have believed, and I know whom I have preached." And so it is, having realised his Master's presence and help in his work below, he is now gone to that happy land he so often spoke of to receive the crown, to bear the palm, to strike the harp, and to sing everlasting praises to Him who had loved him and washed him from his sins in His own blood. He has fought the good fight, he has finished the work, he has kept the faith, and is now sat down at the right hand of God. His last sermons were based upon Isa. l. 10 and 1 Cor. iii. 22, 23, and were a striking close to a ministry extending upwards of 40 years. He was essentially a man of truth, contending earnestly for the doctrines of free and sovereign grace, and for the faith once delivered to the saints, and there can be no doubt that he has heard the Master's welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The memorial sermon was preached on Sunday, April 19, by Mr. J. S. Anderson to a large congregation, the chapel being filled in every available part. The sermon was based upon Job xiv. 14, and was full of sweet consolation and encouraging hope to the bereaved family and Church.

HEAVEN'S STANDARD OF SAFETY.

CHAPTER IV.

"I kill and I make alive! I wound and I heal: I, the Lord, do all these things."

WHEN wast thou thus killed?—feelingly, conclusively dead to everything beneath the sun, as forming any ground of your soul's acceptance before the Lord God Almighty? To Nature, that must have been a painful process to Saul of Tarsus, to be led into a condition where he counted all things as dung and as dross, even the things that had been of real gain to him: to count them all as less than nothing

for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord. "For whom," he says, "I have suffered the loss of all things." The divine purpose had permitted this Saul of Tarsus to attain to a very high state of self-righteousness: he was a young man of superlative excellency. His prospects in the Jewish Church were of the highest order. But, when killed, he calls himself "the chief of sinners;" "less than the least of all saints." Yea, he chargeth himself with three of the most cardinal sins:—"a blasphemer;" that is, "a sinner against God:" "a persecutor;" that is, "a sinner against the Church:" and "injurious;" that is, "a sinner against mankind in general." Surely, this man must have been killed to all outward pretensions, possessions, and prospects. A hard death this to die! The process of this killing has appeared to follow me all my life: so that there is not one single act, attainment, or work, but the sentence of death has been stamped upon the whole.

When I saw my partner wasting and dying; when I felt such strange and solemn conflicts within my own breast; when my aged sister was cut down in helplessness with paralysis, immediately after the funeral of my dear wife; when the bronchitis came in upon my sorrows, and laid me once more on a sick bed;—a fear that God was about to enter into judgment with me came haunting me. I called up all my journies, which took me in nearly every part of England, Wales, and borderlands, and in none of them could I see any case where I had either received or given offence to any one soul. Preserving mercy had always held me safe, sound, and clean; so that once more I did feelingly, inly, sing—

"'Twas grace which kept me to this day."

Still, that horrible black cloud which did so mysteriously once overwhelm me, came up with all its undefinable terrors, under which I feared, cried, groaned, and was tempted sorely. After a while, a voice inside of my soul, softly said:

"Buried are all my sins
Beneath the atoning flood!
Now, every thought and every act
Shall waft me home to God."

Never had I heard, read, or seen the foregoing lines in any form. They continued repeating themselves in me, as though spoken by someone for me. The black cloud was scattered!—the dismal fears passed away! A calm, a quiet, a hopeful peace was resting on all within. Then, a little dream passed over my mind. It was a cheerful vision in which I saw—

First (on my left hand) a man on a bed in a dying condition. He said nothing; he appeared passively sinking.

Secondly, there came suddenly down from the skies a young man, a beautiful young man! No words of mine can convey the slightest idea of the spiritual, physical, heavenly appearance of this young man. He appeared full of life, of energy, of authority, of power, of activity, of haste, as though

HE HAD MUCH TO DO!

Elihu tells us that in dreams and visions of the night; in slumberings upon the bed, God openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction. Surely it was so with me. I noticed the attire of this beautiful young man. He had on no Aaronic, no priestly, no white, iron-collared,

parsonic dress; he came in a working-man's dress; so clean, good, and spotless; still it was as though

HE WAS ONE OF US!

I never had a full front-face view of Him; He came down with His back to me, and He set His left foot close to the dying man's bed; with His left hand He pointed to the dying man's face. As though He was THE MESSENGER, the Interpreter, He said, "Deliver him from going down into the PIT,—I have found an atonement!" His right hand was stretched up to heaven. The whole appearance of this young man appeared to me to sound forth those four lines of heavenly meaning, which once the Son of God uttered, when He said:

"I came forth from the Father."

"And I am come into the world."

"Again I leave the world."

"And I go unto the Father."

Everyone of those lines Christ has fulfilled; and in their fulfilment lays the whole of Zion's salvation. And so firmly doth it stand that nothing can shake, break, or weaken it.

Now, of this vision of the dying man upon his bed, of the Messenger coming to deliver him, of the effects of the deliverance, some lessons of life have flowed out; but clouds of affliction, at present, prevent more from

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

THE GODLY MAN'S CONCERN ABOUT LIVING AND DYING.

BY BENJAMIN TAYLOR, MINISTER OF PULHAM-ST.-MARY, NORFOLK.

"Oh, spare me, that I may recover strength before I go hence, and be no more" (Psa. xxxix. 13).

IN looking over this Psalm two things have struck my mind. The first is what David says to himself; the second is what he says to the Lord his God. The first is what he says to himself: "I will take heed to my ways, I will keep my mouth with a bridle." He was doubtful about himself, and afraid he should go wrong. Every real child of God is suspicious, yea, very jealous over himself, and dare not in any wise trust himself; he has a poor opinion of himself, feeling by painful experience that he is more likely to go wrong than to go right. God says to him, "Consider your ways," and all real Christians take heed to the divine command and say, "Let us search and try our way." How many of us do really search our ways, examine them, and see what they are? How many of us try our ways by the touchstone of God's Word to see if they are right and pleasing to God? Every sincere and godly man says with David, "Oh, that my ways were directed to keep Thy statutes." He says, "Show me Thy ways, and cause me to walk in them." Another thing the Psalmist says is, "I will keep my mouth with a bridle." But what sort of a bridle? Some make their own bridle, and say, "I will be good, and I will sin no

more; I will pray, read the Bible, attend God's house, and be zealous and holy." Our carnal nature, which may be compared to an unruly horse, soon breaks this bridle. You have made many vows and promises in your own name and strength, and you have broken them all.

I know of no bridle that will keep us in proper bounds, only one, and that is God's bridle—the implantation of His fear in our hearts. God has three governing instruments by which he keeps His people in their right place. He has a whip for the horse, to chastise us when we err from His ways; and His holy Word is a whip and a spur to us to quicken us in our slow and slothful movements heavenward. He has also a bridle for the ass, when, like that creature, we become stubborn and unruly, and want to have our own way, when we want to set up our own will in opposition to God's will. He has also a rod for the fool's back, when we become vain and proud, and think of ourselves above what we are. Man, indeed, is a wonderful creature; if God did not bridle him what is it he would not do? The King of Assyria in his rage and fury ran with all speed towards Samaria, saying, "I will sweep them all up, the king, and all belonging to him; they shall be only a mouthful for me; I will ruin them at once." But God says to this unruly and mad horse, "Stop, you are not going any further; you shall not destroy My people. I will put a hook in your nose, and a bridle in your mouth, and turn you back by the way you came." So true it is, "The wrath of man shall praise Him; the remainder of wrath shall He restrain."

Sin is like the raging ocean, it would soon overwhelm us; but God says, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." Satan, like a roaring lion, would devour us; but God has a hook for him, so that he cannot accomplish his infernal purpose. Pharaoh was a great enemy to the children of Israel, and thought to ruin them. We find him full of himself, glorying in himself, swelling in his great I, and threatening what this great I will do. Says he, "I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil, I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them." But all his threatenings end in smoke. He is bridled, he is hooked, he is quickly overthrown and drowned in the Red Sea. Says the Lord, "Who would set the briars and thorns against Me in battle? I would go through them, I would burn them together." My brethren, fear none of your enemies, for "Who is he that will harm you if ye be followers of that which is good?" How easily can God hook the great Leviathan! He has a double bridle for every furious, proud, boasting foe.

The second thing we notice in this Psalm is what David says to the Lord his God. Look at the fourth verse: "Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is, that I may know how frail I am." Not many people ask the Lord to teach them concerning their end, only godly persons, who know and feel what sin is, and are greatly troubled in their minds about their true state in the sight of God, want to know about this. They say, "How shall I do in the River Jordan? When I close my eyes in death, shall I open them in another world, and see Jesus as my own Saviour?" Says the exercised child of God, "I am concerned about my end, because I am all the day long puzzled about myself, to know who and what I really am before a heart-searching God. I feel to be nothing but sin, darkness,

and confusion in myself. Mine is a dark and uncertain path. Oh, what barrenness, what hardness of heart, what worldly-mindedness! and the more I strive against these things, the worse I seem to be." Ah, it is then you cry out, "O spare me, that I may recover strength before I go hence, and be no more."

Here is in our text an earnest prayer for two things. First, that life may be continued. Secondly, that strength may be recovered before the day of death.

First, here is an earnest prayer that life may be continued. The poor, trembling soul says, "I wish not to die yet because I do not feel sure just now that I am in the right way. I do not see any signs, no sweet promises come home to me; and there are no sweet whisperings of the Spirit in my soul. I want still to live that I may know more, feel more, and love more. I want the time to come that I can pray with some life and energy, think more copiously on divine things, and hate sin with more of an intense hatred. I want, before I die, to be in a much better state of mind, and I want to feel that I have in my soul a greater resemblance to the heavenly world." Mark poor Job's desire: "Let me alone, that I may take comfort a little before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death; a land of darkness as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death, without any form, and where the light is as darkness." David says in our text, "*Spare me.*" Now, mind the precious promise in answer to this prayer: "He shall spare the poor and needy." Again, the Lord says, "I will spare them as a man spareth his son." And why? Because the Lord says they are "*My jewels.*" There is one main reason to be assigned why God will spare such earnest praying souls. You have it in the precious words of Paul: "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?"

Secondly, David here prays that he may recover strength before the day of his death. We have in this prayer a grand feature of every gracious soul. Here is a deep concern expressed about both living and dying. Real Christians cannot help being exercised about both. The sincere soul says, "How am I living? Is mine a holy life, a sanctified life, a life of faith? Am I really in the right way? Is my soul safe? Oh, what fears I have, what strugglings with sin! Is my hope that which will not make me ashamed in the day of God, or is it the hypocrite's hope which must and shall perish? Is my faith that which purifies the heart, and works by love; or is it that faith only which performs great things, but which is yet destitute of the divine and spiritual life? Are my prayers anything beyond a chattering noise? I seem to come behind everyone else; all my brothers and sisters get before me in gifts and graces, and my worst fear is they will in the end leave me behind; they will go upward, and I shall go downward; they will be saved, and I shall be lost. To be short, I want to know and feel a great deal more to be satisfied that I am a sinner saved by grace." Say you, "I want to recover strength before I leave the world." By this I judge you once had some strength. Oh, yes. I once felt as I now want to feel. I had some meltings down in thinking upon good things. I had meltings down at God's throne; I had meltings down over my Bible; I had meltings down in God's house while sitting under the Word; and I

had meltings down in spiritual conversation with the holy brethren. Now my heart seems almost broke, I have to sigh and mourn, and say with dear Job, "Oh, that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me, when His candle shined upon my head, and when by His light I walked through darkness." Now I have to say with good Toplady:—

" Sweet was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God."

Other words expressed by the poet seem quite adequate to my present case, and I cannot help quoting them:—

<p>"The Lord will happiness divine On contrite hearts bestow; Then tell me, gracious God, is mine A contrite heart or no ?</p>	<p>I hear, but seem to hear in vain, Insensible as steel; If ought is felt, 'tis only pain, To find I cannot feel."</p>
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"Lord," says David in this Psalm, "my age is as nothing before Thee." Do, then, let me live till I can comfortably say with dear old Simeon, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy Word, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." Consider, O poor downcast soul, thy strength is in Jesus thy Head; and if thou recover thy strength, it must be in Him, and you may cheerfully and confidently say, "In the Lord have I righteousness and strength." You feel in yourself that your strength is dried up, so that you cannot lay hold of the things of God as you once did, and therefore you cry out with David, "Oh, spare me, that I may recover strength before I go hence and be no more." Now, what is God's answer to this sincere prayer? He gives a double answer to it: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." Also "My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness." May the Lord own and bless the little which has been spoken in so much pain and weakness, and He shall have all the glory. Amen.

A FAITHFUL MAN.—JOHANN GERHARDT ONCKEN, the leader of the modern Baptist movement in Germany, was born in 1800. When a lad he was led in the Providence of God to Great Britain, and here a few years later, he was converted to God. Persecution for the Word's sake arose, and in 1834 his views on Baptism led to the formation of the Church at Hamburg on New Testament principles, the opposition of the Lutheran clergy was aroused, and assumed serious proportions. When he was succeeded by Senator Buida, the latter sent for Mr. Oncken, and offered him and his family a free passage to America. This was at once declined, whereupon Senator Buida, lifting up his little finger, said, "Sir, do you see that little finger? As long as I can lift it up, I will lift it up against you." "Yes, sir," Mr. Oncken replied, "but I see behind it what you do not see, the arm that moves the universe, and that arm will be lifted up for me." "Well, sir, now we understand each other," and so they parted. Years rolled on, persecutions increased, but fines and imprisonment failed to quench the zeal of Oncken and his band of followers.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

STRAFORD.—GURNEY ROAD CHAPEL. On Tuesday, March 3rd a tea and public meeting were held with a view to reduction of the debt on this new chapel. Our esteemed brother, Charles Wilson, presided, and pastors Anderson, Reynolds, Squirrel, and Lynn spoke with much feeling and to the realised profit of the friends. Readers of the **EARTHEN VESSEL** who noted the report given last January, of the opening meetings, need fuller information as to the financial position. It was then stated that the cost of the building was £1,169. This sum is the contractor's first estimate for the shell, and does not include subdivisions of rooms, draining, lighting, heating, ventilation, platform, seating, &c. The cost to Mr. James Morter, our contractor, was £1,764, to which sum, in the ordinary way, should have been added a profit, say, of 5 per cent. or more. The charge made was £1,683, and of this amount £70 was given by Mr. Morter. The Church's debt on the 3rd March was 1,138, and the proceeds of the meeting amounted to £38, which included the chairman's gift, profits of tea, collection, sundry small donations, and £10 collected by our good brother Jonathan Elsie, thus reducing the sum to £1,100. At this meeting a presentation was made to our beloved brother and senior deacon, James Morter, (who, with Mrs. Morter, are the only remaining members of the Church as originally formed by the late Charles Box and William Palmer), of an engrossed and fittingly-framed vellum, expressing the Church's sense of the Lord's goodness, and of our brother's faithfulness and generosity as its founder, nurse through its infant years, and provider of the old, and builder of the new tabernacle. Our next public meeting will be on the 12th of May, when we hope to welcome a goodly muster of sympathetic friends from sister Churches, and to considerably diminish the £1,100.—J. H. LYNN.

CAMDEN TOWN.—In the centre of a populous and thriving neighbourhood, at the rear of Great College-street, stands what has long been known as Avenue Baptist Chapel. This cause has had a goodly number of changes, but thanks be to God, the truth is still adhered to by pastor and people, and in the present day of change and popularity, much depends, under the blessing of God, for firm abiding in the truth on

the preachers of the respective Churches. And it gladdens me much to know that the Church at the Avenue has selected a pastor in the person of Mr. Burbridge, who is as firm as a rock in the great fundamental truths of God. On Easter Monday a grand gathering of friends met to commemorate the pastor's first anniversary, when W. Winters preached in the afternoon, after which a large number sat down to tea, so generously provided by the friends. In the evening Mr. Burbridge presiding, called upon Mr. Hitchcock to read Psalm xxiii., and Mr. N. Oakey offered prayer. Mr. Burbridge stated that God had blessed his labours during the year, although not to the extent he could have wished; however, ten persons had been added to the Church during the year, and it was hoped that in the course of the coming year a greater number than that would be given to the Church. Mr. F. C. Holden spoke sweetly on the heirs of God; Mr. W. H. Lee was unmistakably clear on the people in whose hearts dwelt the peace of God. Mr. Thomas Steed was fine on the Trinity and the great salvation of God. W. Winters mentioned the Lamb of God, and Mr. W. Beddow dwelt on the sufferings of Christ the Son of God. The meeting was one of the best I have attended of late in London. The collection was, as it should be, given to the pastor. May God long prosper pastor and people at the Avenue, prays, W. WINTERS.

BOW.—How happy I feel to be able to record so successful a meeting as was realised at Mount Zion, Botolph-roads Bow, on April 14th. Never before, I should judge, was the cause here so successful, and which is now sixteen years old, and a prime and handsome youth it is too; under the pastoral care of Mr. W. H. Lee, who is as genuine a soul as ever breathed, may God ever continue to bless him and all his. The pecuniary affairs of the cause, I hear, are most satisfactory, but little should be said on this head lest it should tend to paralyse the hearers' pockets and efforts. A most pleasant and profitable meeting was that to commemorate the formation of the Church, when Mr. J. S. Anderson preached in the afternoon from Col. i. 13 (last clause). In the evening a good staff of brethren were present other than those engaged to speak—viz., Mr. George Webb, who just at present is without a pastorate; he has been long in the work

and needs no words of commendation from me, but should any Churches require information concerning him they can have it either from the Church at Maidstone, over which he was pastor for some years, or from any of the faithful brethren of long standing in the ministry.—F. Noyes, O. Holton, G. J. Baldwin, G. Lovelock, and T. Hitchcock. In the evening Mr. J. Haines, one of the kind Christian deacons of the Homerton Church, presiding, called upon Mr. George Webb to offer prayer. Mr. Haines then made some excellent remarks on the distinctive characteristics of a Gospel Church, agreeable to the point for which the friends had met. Mr. J. Wilkins of Peckham spoke encouragingly on Jesus only. Mr. J. S. Anderson of Deptford dwelt sweetly on our Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. Bush of Surbiton well described the mountains which God has levelled by the person and work of Christ; Mr. John Bennett spoke decidedly of the people formed for God and who are His witnesses. W. Winters don't care to say anything about his say. Sound words of Gospel grace were given by Mr. F. O. Holden, and the pastor, Mr. W. H. Lee, Mr. Henry Lee, and Mr. James Lee were also present and happy. God bless the Zionites of Bow, prays, W. WINTERS. Waltham Abbey.

WALWORTH.—The 13th anniversary services of Penrose-street Sunday-school were held on Good Friday, and were of a very encouraging nature, the only thing that marred the happiness of teachers and friends being the absence of Mr. Piggott, the superintendent, through illness. In the afternoon Mr. O. S. Dolbey preached in the large schoolroom, to an overflowing congregation, a powerful sermon on the "Word of God," from the words, "And in that day shall the deaf hear the words of the book, and the eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity, and out of darkness" (Isa. xxix. 18). In the evening a public meeting was held, when the large room was again filled. The teachers' report showed that the position of affairs was in a satisfactory condition. The various institutions connected with the school, the Band of Hope, and Penny Bank, were prospering, and the debt was reduced to about £2. In consequence of Mr. John Piggott's absence, Mr. Albert Boulden kindly consented to preside. Speeches showing much sympathy with the teachers in the work of the school and with Mr. Piggott in his illness were delivered by the chairman

and the following friends:—Mr. O. S. Dolbey, Mr. John Mead, Mr. King, and Mr. Thos. Green. Collections were made at each of the services, amounting together to £13 1s. 10³/₄d., beside £2 10s. handed in by a friend towards the expenses. Upwards of 240 friends sat down to tea. The teachers have much reason for thankfulness for the help they have received, and hope that much good may result from the services in connection with the anniversary.

CROYDON.—SALEM.—We desire as a Church to record the goodness of the Lord to us in blessings bestowed both in providence and grace. The last Sabbath in March our pastor, Mr. Horton (after a sermon from the words, "Then they that gladly received the Word were baptized") led four beloved brothers and sisters through the God-honoured ordinance of believers' baptism; two of these were special seals, and to each his ministry had been made a great blessing. These, with four others, from other Churches, were received into full Communion at the Lord's Supper, the first Sabbath in April, at which time, as on the former occasion, the Lord's presence was sweetly realised. Our pastor's address was most suitable and affecting, giving to each a choice portion from the Book divine as a motto for their future Christian career. Such was the power with which the Holy Spirit accompanied the various parts of this service that tears of sacred joy were seen to flow from almost every eye. On Easter Monday we held special services; Mr. Dexter preached a compact and excellent sermon from the words of Elihu, "Then He is gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom." After tea a larger company assembled. The happy face of our beloved chairman, W. Beach, Esq., showed how much he felt at home with us and the ministerial brethren. The service commenced by singing "Awake, my soul, in joyful lays," &c. After prayer, the chairman arose and expressed the pleasure he felt in being present and beholding the great improvement which, through the divine blessing, had taken place. He said the object of the meeting was twofold, the spiritual advancement of the cause and the glory of God; also to help the friends financially. The amount expended for the new seats, new platform, and new gas-fittings, was something over £100. Through the kindness of friends and their united efforts, £15 only was needed that day to make up the amount ex-

pended. Pastor R. E. Sears made a discourse upon "Christ, a king; His kingdom, dominion, and territory." His address was listened to with great interest. A speech by Brother Dexter upon Christ's subjects and their loyalty. W. Kennard, Esq., addressed the meeting on "The laws, institutions, rights, and privileges." This brother was favoured with a happy flow of language to take up the different parts of his subject in a most able and telling manner, which ended in the congratulations of the chairman and brethren that he had been helped so to speak. The collection was then made, and the two collections amounted to just £10. The chairman said, although he had given considerable, he would be part of the £5 needed, if the friends would make up the rest. This was followed by Mr. Kennard, our pastor, and other friends, and the amount was realised. The chairman announced that the deacons desired most gratefully to inform the friends that sufficient had now been put into their hands to meet all present demands. Mr. J. H. Dearsley and Mr. Horton gave conclusions. "All hail the power" and prayer brought the meeting to a close; but the chairman said, for the double success of the day, he must call them to sing right heartily "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," which they did, and separated.—**J. CULLINGFORD.**

BISHOPSGATE STREET.—On Tuesday, March 31, the Sabbath-school Anniversary Services of the Artillery-street Baptist Chapel were held. In the afternoon Mr. P. Reynolds delivered a thoughtful discourse from Psa. cxix. 65: "Thou hast dealt well with Thy servant, O Lord, according unto Thy Word." (1) The suggestive denomination; (2) the important testimony; (3) the grateful acknowledgment. In the evening a public meeting was held, James Mote, Esq., in the chair. Mr. Thomas Stringer opened with prayer. Mr. J. W. Cole, Superintendent of Dacre-park Sunday-school, spoke on "the importance and influence of Sunday-school work. Mr. G. Gray showed that Sunday-school work demands earnestness, consecration, and enthusiasm. Mr. W. Hazelton followed with an address on Isa. xl. 11: "He shall feed His flock like a Shepherd, He shall gather the lambs with His arms, and carry them in His bosom." Messrs. J. R. Wakelin and W. Wileman said a few kindly and very instructive words to teachers and scholars. The speeches of the evening were interspersed with singing and recitations by the scholars. Eight girls gave a dia-

logue, entitled, "The Sacred Rivers," and two of the boys a dialogue on the Bible. The meeting closed with the Doxology.—**THOMAS COOPER, JUNR.**

SUTTON, ELY.—A REWARD OF MERIT.—Interesting service was held in our chapel, April 5, it being the day for the annual presentation of a family Bible to one of the Sunday-school teachers for punctuality of attendance during the past year. This is a custom with the Sutton-school, and was originated some few years since during the pastorate of Mr. Samuel Cozens, and has been found to work well, stimulating men, especially the younger teachers, to punctuality in attendance. The presentation was made by the pastor, Mr. H. Sadler; the fortunate recipient being Mr. A. Youngs. The pastor made appropriate address, which the recipient very suitably acknowledged. Short addresses were also given by the superintendents, Messrs. Griffin and Papworth. The children sang several hymns touching upon the holy Book; the whole forming a most impressive service. The friends present seemed much to appreciate the service.

BRIXTON TABERNACLE.—The annual meeting was held on Good Friday to commemorate the settlement of Mr. C. Cornwell, the pastor of this Church. Mr. Cornwell presided, and was supported by several ministerial brethren and friends; among them we noticed the brethren Dearsley, Wheeler, Holden, Osmond, Moxon, and Ponsford, and Mr. Rundle of the Surrey Tabernacle, and the deacons of the Church. After singing that grand hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," Mr. Stringer, of Lynton-road, engaged in prayer, and the pastor then read Psalm xxiii., and addressed the meeting upon the past and present state of the Church and cause, and which made our hearts rejoice that the Lord had done such great things for this portion of His vineyard. Mr. Dearsley then very sweetly spoke upon the Cross of Christ and its precious attractions. Mr. Wheeler followed upon Christ as a Shepherd, Mr. Holden then came up with some very sweet words upon the priestly character of Christ. Mr. Osmond treated us to some very good things upon the words and work of Christ on the cross, and Mr. Moxon spoke very cheerfully upon seeing Jesus; Mr. Rundle and Mr. Ponsford also spoke words of love and comfort. The hymn, "Grace 'tis a charming sound," was sung during the evening, and the meeting closed with the Doxology and prayer.—**G. F. G.**

A PAINFUL NARRATIVE IN A CHRISTIAN FAMILY.

WRITTEN BY A. MARTIN, READING.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—I thank you and all my kind friends for their sympathy and prayers for me in that trial, the death of my beloved wife. It is the deepest sorrow I have ever known. In 1866 we were prepared for a similar change by eight weeks' illness. The chamber was then lighted up with the presence of Jesus—heaven began below. Another trial in 1868, after eight days' illness; it was the bereavement of a precious boy, although of tender age. We had the consolation given us by God in the Scriptures, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven." Thus grace was supplied to us, giving us resignation. Another trial in the loss of my eldest son, recorded faithfully in the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, April, 1880. The grace of God was exceedingly abundant in his closing days and death, but it shook my nervous system; for five years, more or less, nature fretted, notwithstanding the wonders of grace. Ah! now all seems eclipsed by a heavier trouble, even in the almost sudden and silent death of an exceedingly fond wife. I ask the question, "Have I offended against Thee, O Father, that Thou hast shown Thy displeasure by giving me a heavier loss?"

In October last the three children were very unwell; the dear fond mother spent her strength in administering to their needs and in the use of means. God heard our united prayers, spared and restored the children. Scarcely had the sounds of the notes of praise died out, when, on Oct. 27, in the silence of the night, her tender heart woke suddenly. She thought she heard a call from the room above; she immediately leaves her warm bed, and flies to the relief of her dear ones. The coldness of the night struck the fatal chill through her whole system. On the 29th imperceptibly renewed it; on the evening of the 30th, while celebrating the birthday of her darling boy, given to us after our last loss by death, she was taken ill, obliged to leave the family circle, and retire. On the 31st we hoped for the best. On November 1 a change for the worse; sickness commenced, medical aid was sought; to the 4th no improvement. On the 7th a physician was called in. Sickness stayed, only to give place to graver symptoms. In distraction of mind I paced my room, crying mightily to God for help. These words came forcibly to me, "The cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?" I little thought that one of the bitter ingredients in that cup was a separation of the strongest earthly tie. On the 9th matters appeared more favourable. She expressed herself as feeling better; said she felt very comfortable in her mind; "Yes, happy;" but from the precious promises I have received expect to enjoy much more. "I would not come out of this affliction without it; I do long for the services of God's house," but little thought that she would soon be called to join the redeemed throng above. On Nov. 10 we looked on the

brighter side. At night she conversed calmly, spoke of the children, the household having retired to rest. I left her at 11 o'clock, hoping after the quiet of the night to find her better. On the morning of the 11th the nurse called, "Come, quickly, the breathing is changed!" In a minute I was present to lend help. What a shock thrilled through my heart! I saw her feet had already entered Jordan's stream. I said, "She is going!" I spoke once, yea, twice, and a third time, but no response from eye, voice, or hand. Those brilliant eyes were set with the glaze of death. We immediately obtained the doctor. Her sister, who was in the house, the two eldest children, and myself stood round her dying bed, saw her breathe her last at 6.30.

I felt paralysed and undone. Now begins the deeper sorrows of my heart. The adversary thrust sore at me, and harassed me now upon every point, upon what had been done and what had been left undone. Some other treatment, if in time, might have proved successful. Confusion and darkness on every hand, while the words reiterated, "Where is now thy God?" No answer to prayer. "Is there a God? Is there a heaven or hell? Is there any reality in any thing you profess?" My strength failed me. I said, "Have pity on me, O my friends, for the hand of the Almighty hath touched me!" "Call me no more 'Naomi,' but call me 'Mara,' for the Lord hath dealt bitterly with me. My tears become my meat day and night." I said, "Lord, why hast Thou dealt thus with me? Why permit this calamity to overtake me?"

"God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

I have been pressed upon to give a few outlines of the grace of God manifest in the life of my dear wife. A common question is often asked, "How did he die?" I think one has said, "Tell me how they lived, and I'll tell you how they died." My dear mother was an excellent Christian woman, conversant with the Scriptures, and able to express herself, but closed her earthly career silent, being paralysed. My father, whose praise was in many of the *Gospel Standard Churches*, lived to the age of 82 years. His faculties failed, and he died in silence. My dear wife gave full proof of the possession of the divine grace in a life honouring to God, although so suddenly cut off in the midst of her days, which makes it so bitter to us who are left to feel her loss. She was born at Burghfield, near Reading. Her father was highly respected as a farmer, who was known in the Reading Market for 50 years. Her dear mother was taken from her at the early age of 15 years. As she stood by her dying bed one morning, a most beautiful bird appeared in the room, like a bird of paradise. The moment she saw it she exclaimed, "What a beautiful bird!" It disappeared, and her dear mother left this life that morning for the heavenly state. Her dying mother's injunction was, "Care always for your father, and God will bless you." She

was able faithfully to carry this out. On his retiring from business he resided with us for seven years, and closed his career Sept., 1882, aged 85, and was then interred in Burghfield churchyard beside her dear mother, in hope of eternal life.

I cannot pass one solemn event of her life. After her mother's death, as she advanced in years, an attachment was formed between her and a godly young man, with a view to a future union. But, most solemn to reflect, in parting one evening as usual he had to cross the railway to his destiny. As he crossed the railway he saw a train, and escaped it, but not observing a train coming in the opposite direction, he was knocked down and cut to pieces in a moment. This wrought deeply on her mind for months. The Lord deepened His work of grace in her heart, which ultimately led her with a desire to honour Him by a public profession. In July, 1858, this short memoir is written in her diary:—"I with five others went before the Church to tell them what great things the Lord had done for our souls. I trust I can say the Lord was with me, He was to me mouth, wisdom, and utterance. He is a merciful Redeemer! O for a heart to love Him more and more." In the following month, August, another short entry was made—"I made a public profession of my faith in Christ by going through the ordinance of believers' baptism, and found it a delightful service. I felt God supporting me while in the water, but Satan very much tempted me all day, telling me it was only profession; but blessed be God, I proved him a liar." She remained an honourable member of the Christian Church up to her death.

In 1867 the providence and grace of God brought us together. She was spared to me 18 years. A happier home could not well be: a fond mother with all necessities and comforts of life. In the Church she was cheerful, happy, much beloved, and esteemed.

A dear friend, Mrs. B., of London, writes:—"Over 30 years open and free correspondence has passed between me and the departed. How I miss her letters, like David and Jonathan! We have been lovely in life, in death may we not be divided."

The deacons of the new Baptist chapel near the cemetery, in a letter of condolence, kindly offered the use of their chapel to hold the funeral service in. Brother Thomsett was so affected by the suddenness of her death, he did not feel equal to perform the service. We therefore procured the help of our esteemed brother, Mr. John Anderson, of London, to assist. The hearse and four coaches left the residence 2.30, and proceeded to the chapel. Brother Anderson occupied the pulpit, brother Thomsett a lower position, with a table to rest on. Portions of the Word of God were read by the former, when brother Thomsett delivered a very appropriate address upon the words, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Mr. Anderson then followed with an address, remarking that there would be no service held in the cemetery in consequence of the coldness of the weather. The mortal remains

were then conveyed to the last resting-place. Mr. Anderson offered a few words and the benediction. The mourners returned home. It was estimated about 300 persons were assembled. Mr. W. Osmond, of London, was engaged to preach on Sunday, Nov. 23. He improved the solemn occasion in the evening with a sermon to a large assembly from the words, "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." The hymns in the morning were, "Keep silence all created things," "God shall alone the refuge be," "Jesus, before Thy face I fall." In the evening, "My God, my Father, blissful name," "Why do ye mourn departed friends?" "Give me the wings of faith to rise."

Since writing the foregoing I have experienced another change. I was taken ill Feb. 11, called in medical advice, thinking to escape a long illness. On Thursday, 12, I was laid on my bed, and have not left my room yet. For ten days I was on a water bed, the seriousness of my case increased, and I was taken with a sharp attack of rheumatic fever. I was cut off from my motherless children and my business, and became as weak as an infant. About March 1 my friends considered me so ill that there was but a step between me and death, but our heavenly Father heard the united prayers of His dear people, and answered them in sparing me.

In the brief memoir I have sent, my judgment knows that "the Judge of all the earth does right," but I could not feel the grace of resignation to my severe loss. As the Lord has kindly spared my life, I begin to see now and feel deeply humbled that He had a right to do as He would. The fact of my life being brought up from the grave and restored to my circle has laid me very low in the dust, and I am led to exclaim, "How good is the Lord, His mercy endureth for ever!" My heavenly Father has been pleased to visit me, and though oppressed with fierce temptations, He has delivered me." I much enjoyed Psalm ciii., and I have experienced some sweet soul refreshing from on high; in fact, my heart has been enlarged, and I don't know how sufficiently to praise Him for all the goodness that has passed before me in the way. I have been shut out nine weeks (through a relapse) from the services of the sanctuary, but am thankful I am being restored, and hope again soon to resume my duties. But not to weary you, I close this scroll.

The 261st hymn, "It is the Lord enthroned in light," has been exceedingly sweet to me in this affliction.

April, 1885.

BILSTON.—On Sunday, March 22, at Bethesda Baptist Chapel, Broad-street, we celebrated the twenty-fourth anniversary of the Chapel. Two sermons were preached by Mr. A. B. Hall, of Chatteris, to good congregations, in the morning from the second verse of the seventy-fourth Psalm, and in the

evening from the first six verses of the sixth chapter of Zechariah. Collections on behalf of Chapel Fund amounted to £8 10s. 0d.; it was a good day. On the following Tuesday, annual tea and social gathering, about 150 sat down to tea. George Adams, Esq., of Wolverhampton, presided. Addresses were given by Mr. G. Banks, of Willenhall, A. B. Hall, of Chatteris, C. Pates, of Bilston, D. Smith, pastor. Interspersed with anthems by the choir. We trust the Lord is in our midst; some are enquiring the way to Zion, and we hope shortly to have an addition to our Church. The congregation increase. When we look back and trace the way the Lord hath led us, we cannot help saying, Hitherto the Lord hath helped us, and pray that He will still bless us, and the labour of our pastor (D. Smith) with abundant success, and make him the honoured instrument in building up the Church of God, and calling many poor sinners into the fold.—SIMEON LLOYD, *Deacon*.

CLAPHAM.—On Good Friday, April 3, the forty-fourth anniversary of the opening of Courland Grove Chapel was held. In the morning at eleven Mr. James Clark gave a grand discourse, founded on 1 Peter ii. 24, and his remarks were greatly enjoyed by the numerous friends present. In the afternoon Mr. Fuller (of Aylesbury) preached from Ezek. i. 28, very lucidly describing God's covenant with His people, and the assurance of its fulfilment. Mr. J. S. Anderson occupied the pulpit in the evening, and, taking for his text John vii. 37, he gave a sermon which for beauty and simplicity could not be excelled. It was full of comfort to the saint, and encouragement to the poor, thirsty sinner to come unto Christ and buy wine and milk without money and without price. A good company sat down to dinner and tea, but the enforced absence, through sudden and severe illness, of the pastor, Mr. Thomas Chivers, was deeply regretted by all, and was the only drawback to what was otherwise a most enjoyable day. Many heartfelt prayers were offered for his speedy recovery, and hopes expressed that he would soon be in his accustomed place.—V.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

Mr. John Turner says:—“**DEAR BROTHER BANKS,**—Grace, mercy and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ, by the rich anointing of the blessed Comforter, the Spirit of Truth. My long silence might appear indicative of un-mindfulness of you as a servant of the Lord, and of your long and arduous services in the important position which He has called you and honoured you to occupy as editor of the **EARTHEN VESSEL**. But it is not so; and the only apology I can make is, that there is a time for everything. In your August number you noticed in a brief review of my feeble effort to bring under the notice of the living the apostle Peter's affectionate address to the people of God, “Ye, therefore, beloved,” etc. (2 Peter iii. 17, 18), being the substance of a sermon I preached in the

Particular Baptist Church, Lonsdale-street, Melbourne. You also observed that a very little was heard in regard to the work of the Lord and the progress of the Gospel in Melbourne. Although I am not in a position to report any extraordinary progress, yet that word is fulfilled in the experience of a few—viz., “The work or pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand” (Isa. liii. 10). There are a good few in Melbourne who know the joyful sound in their varied stages of experience: from the babe in grace to the father in Christ, and mother in Israel. There are several causes of truth in and near Melbourne with their pastors and teachers. As to the status generally, it is about what it was in brother Paul's time (see Heb. v. 11—14). The little cause over which it hath pleased the Holy Spirit to make me an overseer, is a despised, insignificant few; unworthy of the esteem or respect of the general profession of the day; nevertheless, the Holy Spirit hath supplied the “golden oil” and caused it to flow through the pipe of conveyance to the certain vessels prepared to receive the same, in accordance with His own gracious purposes and covenant of the all-glorious Three One, in convincing the quickened sinner of his or her lost state and condition, by nature dead in trespasses and sins, without one single redeeming quality, and that unless he is born again he cannot see the kingdom of God; that the Spirit alone can give life to the dead, cause the blind to see, the deaf to hear, the dumb to speak; that He alone can apply the balmy, precious blood of Jesus Christ to heal the wounded heart and conscience, declaring sin forgiven, and righteousness imputed, life in Christ and acceptance in and by Him before the Father, supplying the peace of God which passeth all human understanding. My dear brother, above thirty-five years the Lord has supplied and sustained me in my present position, amidst much opposition from friends and foes, through evil report and good report; but having obtained help from God, by His grace I am what I am. He has given His testimony to the word of His grace and seals to the ministry. Humiliation and mortification have been brought about by a path of tribulation by His Spirit's sanctifying. He has honoured me to baptize and to receive into our communion five daughters of my own family, the youngest being over age, two of these are married and have large families, and three are single. Hallelujah! Amen.

36, Condell-street, Fitzroy, Melbourne,
Feb. 18, 1885.

GREAT YARMOUTH—On Feb. 11, at York-road Baptist Chapel, we had a profitable time on behalf of the Sunday-school. We felt rejoiced to see the sparkling eyes of the children when sitting and partaking of an excellent tea: and upwards of eighty friends enjoyed tea with them. Our superintendent, with teachers, did their utmost to make the children and friends comfortable. The public meeting was well attended, and was presided over by our beloved pastor, Mr. James Muskett. Mr. Maskell, of Norwich, gave a hymn

after prayer. A satisfactory report was read as to the conduct and attendance of both teachers and children. The financial statement showed a balance in hand of £1 17s. 10d., which was pleasing to all present. A hearty greeting was read from a friend in London (Mr. A. Grey), urging the teachers to persevere in sowing the seed of truth, etc. The most interesting part of the meeting was the distributing of about thirty-four prizes to the most deserving of the scholars. Our pastor gave a suitable address from Hebrews xi. 26, applicable to teachers, children and friends. A vote of thanks was proposed and seconded by the two deacons to our pastor. A happy meeting was brought to a close by the children singing "God bless our Sunday-school" and "Shall we meet beyond the River?"

MAIDSTONE.—A farewell tea meeting was held at Providence chapel, Mote-road, on April 6, when Mr. Shaw, of Gravesend, gave a very good discourse from Rom. viii. 28. A large company sat down to tea. A splendid seed cake was placed on the table with the motto of "God bless George Webb." The cake was presented to our esteemed pastor, to take to his family now in London. Brother Beecher opened the evening service with prayer. It was quite cheering to see so many friends from neighbouring villages, more especially from Mr. Thomas's Church at Borough Green. There were some excellent and appropriate addresses from the deacons and ministers present—viz., Messrs Shaw, Thomas and Dalton. A very cordial and hearty vote of thanks was given for the ladies who kindly provided such a bountiful tea. Our much respected superintendent, Mr. H. J. Walter, presented to Mr. Webb a bag of children's pence, to the amount of £1 2s., as a small token of love from the Sunday-school. The proceeds of tea and collections, which amounted to £10, was presented to our esteemed pastor as a parting gift from his people.

CLAXTON, NORWICH.—I send account of baptismal service here on Lord's-day, April 5, hoping it may encourage the Lord's people still to press on. I had the pleasure to lead through God's ordinance the eldest daughter of the late J. H. Pawson, whose memory is still sweet to many of the Lord's people, which proves, though our brother has taken his place in the upper world, yet his prayers are not dead; they are answered for his children. This makes ten added by baptism, two restored, and two received by letter under two years, which proves God is still blessing His own truth. When I first came to Claxton I was told that if I preached in the way I was then doing I should empty the chapel of the few that then remained. My answer was, "that was not my business, my Master must see to that; mine was to preach Christ in all His fulness and keep back no part of the price." Now, dear brother, these crickets have to cover their mouths, and even admit that God's truth will win its own way. We have a steady increasing congregation;

an earnest spirit of prayer in our midst; peace in the Church; village station often crowded, and many in our midst who are seeking the Lord, who, we hope, in the Lord's good time, to receive into Church fellowship through the only door—"baptism." Dear brother, I had the honour of knowing you; I can say I love you for your works' sake. May you be spared to us for years, to spread Gospel truth, is the prayer of yours in Gospel bonds—F. J. HARSANT.

WHO IS QUALIFIED
AND AUTHORIZED TO ADMINISTER
THE ORDINANCES?

DR. GILL, DR. GOODWIN, AND OTHER
WITNESSES EXAMINED.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Having in my former epistle shown from New Testament authority what was the practice of the apostles in regard to the administration of the Lord's Supper, and believing that divine authority to be our sole standard in the Church of Christ for law and order, I feel no farther comment need be made, but for the fact that there are brethren in our churches who take their stand upon the writing of man,—good and gracious men, I admit, yea, exceedingly learned men: but good and great men are not always wise, and as Dr. Gill has been quoted as an authority, I think it desirable to examine the doctor's foundation, especially as there are many young men whom the Lord has graciously called to preach His Gospel. and some I find, by their enquiries in the "VESSEL," are a little perplexed in their mind. And I have no doubt there are thousands of the Lord's people in Church fellowship throughout the land who, like myself, had never read a line of Dr. Gill upon the subject; consequently, have only had the Word of God to found our judgment upon, and have not been a little surprised at what appears to us a new light to guide our feet, though certainly one hundred and twenty years has elapsed since this star first appeared in the spiritual horizon, and doubtless he was one of those stars whom our God holds in His right hand, and it is a fact that the most brilliant star is sometimes shrouded in thick clouds. And being strictly conservative in that which pertains to the kingdom of Christ, I prefer the grand old Book to any "lo here" or "lo there."

In referring to Dr. Gill's Body of Divinity, he proceeds to answer some queries relative to the office of pastors; first, whether a pastor of one Church can officiate as such in another Church, or whether he can administer the Lord's Supper, which is a pastoral act, in and to a Church of which he is no pastor. His answer is, he cannot—that is, it is not lawful for him to do it. And as the doctor has given such a bold and positive negative, of course he will follow it up with a "thus saith the Lord," by giving his chapter and verse. Listen to the doctor while he lays his foundation, and we find it to be the Lord Mayor of London, and the Mayors of York or Bristol, and thus ignores the New Testament order as practised by

the apostles. For he says as well may it be asked whether the Lord Mayor of London, whose power as such may be thought to be as extensive as any other Mayor whatever, can exercise his power in any branch of his office in the jurisdiction of the Mayor of York or Bristol, or any other. And I ask, whether it is right to listen to the rules or customs of a worldly institution or corporation, rather than New Testament practice? Judge ye. But I am pleased to find the doctor tells us in a note at foot of the page, that many of his views are borrowed from a little tract upon the subject, by one Nathanael Mather, printed in London, 1698. Again I ask, if it is a pastoral office, as asserted by the doctor, with what consistency can the deacons preside? And here we find the good doctor, when dilating upon the office of deacons, emerging from the clouds and shining forth in the brilliancy of Scriptural authority, as regards the origin, choice, and work of deacons. In speaking of the work to be performed by them who are appointed to this office, he says, "First, not to preach the Gospel and administer ordinances, as baptism and the Lord's Supper;" and therefore, ministerial qualifications are not required of them. And in referring to Philip, one of the seven who did both preach and baptize, he rightly says that it was by virtue of his being called to preach the Gospel. Third, but their principal business is to serve tables, which the apostles relinquished, and gave up to the seven at the first institution of them (Acts vi. 2). As first, the Lord's Table as it is called (1 Cor. x. 21)—that is, at the administration of the ordinance of the Supper—their business is to provide everything necessary for it; as the bread and the wine, and all kind of furniture needful on that occasion. And when the elements are blessed, and the bread broken, and wine poured out, and these given into their hands by the pastor or elder, they are to deliver out to the members. And thus the doctor goes on to describe the various duties imposed upon them by their office, which are too numerous here to record.

And now, as I have also been told by a good brother, that Dr. Goodwin declares in his writings upon the subject that it is the deacons, and the deacons only, who are to preside at the Lord's Table in the absence of the pastor; and having the doctor's works by me, I have read the whole of his treatise upon Church government, consisting of 183 pages, and have failed to find one sentence to that effect, so that I conclude our brother was misinformed, but the doctor shall speak for himself. Speaking of ministers, he says, "Stewards keep some things under lock and key (as the sacraments are solely in the minister's hands), whilst some things are administered less authoritatively by others also; for ambassadors are not only to have personal qualifications, but official power also. Again, he says, "Though gifted brethren may preach or pray, yet ministers alone administer the sacrament; and without them, there would not be 'a whole Church' where-in to set forth the Lord's death."

I will now make a few remarks upon what is the law or custom of the Strict Baptist Churches when destitute of a pastor, and here I feel you have the advantage of me in respect of your large experience in travelling about the kingdom in your Master's work, and I am but an obscure layman, unknown to you personally, although a subscriber and reader of *EARTHEN VESSEL* for forty years, it having been put into my hands by a friend soon after my eyes were opened to see my lost estate, and the cry put into my heart, "God be merciful to me a sinner." It often was the minister of consolation and encouragement in those days, and "having obtained help of God," I have been kept to this day. But to go back to the point in hand, the custom generally is, I believe, to postpone the ordinance from the first to the second Lord's-day in the month, in order to obviate the difficulty of getting ministerial brethren to supply on the first Lord's-day, and I believe if the facts could be ascertained, we should find a very large majority of Churches adopted this policy. In fact, I have never heard of a Church, except the instance you name at Canterbury, where the deacon presided; and I know as a fact that the Church at Zoar, Great Alie-street, which was without a pastor for about fifty years, and had monthly supplies, the minister supplying always presided at the Lord's Table, except when the supply was not a Strict Baptist, which was of rare occurrence; and this practice was observed by the leading ministers in the *Standard* connexion, such as Mr. Gadsby, Kershaw, Warburton, Philpot, Taylor of Manchester, Crowther, Gorton, Tite, and others I could mention, and many Strict Baptist Churches I could name who are not in the *Standard* connexion, who observe the same rule.

And now, just a few words in answer to enquiry, What is the law of the land in relation to the question? If our brother means the ecclesiastical laws of the State Church, we shall find the Church of England does not allow, under any circumstances, men who have not been duly ordained to what is termed holy orders to officiate at the communion table.

In conclusion, it is not the administration of the ordinance which gives the administrator a hold upon the pulpit, but the reverse is Zion's law, "for no man taketh this honour upon himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron." And the man whom God anoints with His holy oil, and commissions to preach His Gospel, has the sole right, as God's servant, to administer the ordinances which are inseparably connected with his sacred office.

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 you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

Yours in Christ Jesus,
April 2, 1885. BENJAMIN BRAIN.

FULFILLING THE MINISTRY.

Being the Substance of W. Rowton Parker's Charge to the Pastor at the Ordination Services at Barrowden, Rutland, March 30.

The preliminaries having been gone through, Pastor W. R. Parker proceeded to give the charge to Mr. Bull, commencing by saying:—I had much rather that this solemn duty had been committed to other hands than mine, but seeing that, Jonah like, the lot has fallen upon me, I shall at once proceed to discharge the obligation conscientiously and as God shall enable me.

The portion of divine truth upon which I shall found my pastoral charge to you, my brother, will be found in the 4th chap. of Colossians, 17th verse, "Take heed to the ministry which thou hast received in the Lord, that thou fulfil it."

It is no part of my duty to make you a minister of Jesus Christ, the Lord alone can do that, and I trust He has already done it, since, from your testimony, He has called you by His grace, and endowed you with gifts necessary for your work.

I am here simply to charge you in the name of the Lord and with all loving faithfulness, that thou "Take heed to the ministry which thou hast (already) received in the Lord, (and) that thou fulfil it." The position to which you are called is one of solemn responsibilities, such as no one has any right to assume unless God has of His own sovereign will and purpose called him to it. It is sweet, however, to know that the truly sent of the Lord is sure of the Master's presence and help in the discharge of his duty. We "go not to this warfare of our own charges."

But should you, my brother, be saying in your heart, "Who is sufficient for these things?" then the answer comes, "Thy sufficiency is of Me, saith the Lord."

"My strength is made perfect in weakness." "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end." "I am with thee, for I am thy God."

Then "Be thou strong in the Lord (my brother) and in the power of His might."

These dear people over whom the Lord has ordained you to be overseer, will look up to you as the minister of Christ for counsel and instruction, for admonition and guidance, for consolation and help. Then "Take heed to your ministry"; "Be instant in season and out of season, reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine." "Giving no offence, that the ministry be not blamed; but in all things approving (commending) thyself as the minister of Christ."

As a minister of Jesus Christ you are called to be—

A SOWER,
A SOLDIER,
AN EXAMPLE,

and a Barnabas, or son of consolation.

A God-sent minister—and that I trust you are—will always be a sower, and the seed he scatters is not the theories or notions of men, but the precious and glorious truths of the

Gospel of sovereign grace and love. Paul said, "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified;" and I commend Paul's holy resolve to you, my brother.

Paul was a great man, and withal a learned man, but all his learning and all his abilities were made subservient to the ministry which he had received of the Lord. All was sanctified of God for the work of the ministry, the salvation of souls, and the glory of God.

I hope, therefore, my brother, since the Lord of His infinite grace has called you to the high and holy work of a minister of Jesus Christ, you will always be careful to sow none but true Gospel seed—the seed of divine grace and electing love. Let all your sermons be full of Christ. The theme of salvation by the substitutionary death, resurrection, and ascension of the Lord Jesus Christ, is one that will never grow old, or out of place, or season. It is the great need of the people, nothing else can meet their necessities; nothing else can ever bless them or do them good. It is the grandest theme that mortals ever knew or angels ever sung. It is into this that the angels desire to look; and as the glorious mystery of redemption is unfolded, the everlasting love proclaimed, and the covenant of sovereign grace extolled,—in a word, as Christ is uplifted the one and only Lord and Saviour of men, the angels who, methinks, form part of the great cloud of witnesses who watch all our labours for the Lord, rejoice; yea, and all heaven is vocal with praise as Jesus is uplifted, the Gospel of grace proclaimed, and the blessings of salvation in and through Christ made known, heaven's benediction on the souls of men.

But, again, a minister of Jesus Christ must also be a soldier—"a good soldier of Jesus Christ." And so, my brother, you must not only sow the good seed of the kingdom of grace, but you must also fight manfully the battles of the Lord. "Therefore, endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." "Take the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God," and with "Thus saith the Lord," go you forth in His name. Give no quarter to sin, either in yourself or in your flock; but "Separate the precious from the vile," and be jealous for the Lord of hosts. The Lord has endowed you with gifts, and I doubt not you are anxious that those gifts should be devoted to the cause of Christ and for His glory. Doubtless He has bestowed upon you these gifts for this very purpose. Intending you for the ministry He has bestowed upon you these gifts—and especially the ability to preach the Gospel—that they should be exercised for the good of men and the glory of Christ. May the grace in your heart, the energy of your being, and the gifts in your head be all faithfully consecrated to the service of your loving Lord and for the good of those placed under your care.

Your office and duties as a minister of Jesus Christ, are set forth in the Word of God; take that as your code of ministrations. "To the law and the testimony, if any speak

not according to these there is no light in them." Preach the Word—declare the whole counsel of God, keep nothing back—whether men will hear or whether they forbear; preach the pure Gospel of grace in all its fulness. "Take heed to the ministry which thou hast received in the Lord, that thou fulfil it." I know full well you cannot convert the souls of men—God alone can do that; but it is your duty to proclaim the truth lovingly and faithfully, leaving the application of the truth to the souls of men to the power of the Holy Ghost, who alone can make the Word effectual. But yet, my brother, being sent by the Lord and speaking in His name, be assured that the Word which He puts into thy mouth shall not return void, but it shall accomplish that which He please, and prosper in that whereto He sent it.

But you have also personal qualifications, if I mistake not,—for are you not a sinner saved by grace?—a blood-washed sinner? Well now it is as such that the Lord has sent you that you may be used of Him to win other sinners to Himself; you are at once a messenger from Him, and a living example of His power and grace.

Paul never doubted the Lord's power to save to the uttermost, after He had saved him. He speaks of himself as a pattern, an example, or model of God's power to save them that believe; and so you, having experienced for yourself the riches of His grace, and having drank from the streams of salvation, go, proclaim the truth, and let your whole life witness to its power.

You are also a saint—all God's children are "called to be saints." You are a tried saint; and you are sent as such to build up the saints in the most holy faith. The experience which the Lord has vouchsafed to you is not for yourself alone, but that you may know how to minister to and be able to sympathise with others.

In the discharge of your high and holy work you will often be called upon to minister consolation to the tried and tempted as well as to the bereaved and downcast, and this you will be enabled to do by the comfort wherewith you yourself are comforted of God. That you may discharge your office acceptably to God, and with profit to your flock, let all your work be steeped in prayer. Depend upon it, my brother, if the closet is neglected, you will be weak. That you may be able rightly to instruct others, seek instruction for yourself—study the Word of God constantly, deeply, prayerfully; you must be a student as well as a preacher; you cannot be a preacher (worth the name) unless you are also a student. I pray you don't imagine for a moment that you are to be no longer a student now that you have left college; you never had more need to study than you have now. I have no sympathy with the man who thinks he can preach such glorious truths as the Gospel contains without close study and prayer. Preach lovingly, preach faithfully, preach the Word—preach the whole truth and nothing but the truth of God.

Those who form your congregations will be very various in their needs, and, therefore, the whole counsel of God must be preached,—doctrines, ordinances, precepts, and practice. Above all, don't preach yourself, but preach Christ and Him crucified, therefore are you sent. I abjure you by God that you preach *Christ*; stand you behind the scene and let your Lord and Master alone be exhibited in all the glory of His grace and the fulness of His love. Be instant in season and out of season; sow beside all waters, and may God grant that you may never grow weary in well doing. You must also labour in faith, nothing doubting. Remember the Gospel which you are sent to proclaim is the truth of God, the product of infinite wisdom, the power of God to salvation to everyone that believeth; it is no new or untried experiment, but a divine verity which God has used all down the ages to win and gather in His own elect.

You may be weak, but there is no weakness in the Gospel you have to proclaim; the Gospel of sovereign grace has never yet failed—never can fail; it is the truth of God and stable as His throne. I repeat, you cannot fail if, being sent of God, you preach His Gospel pure and unmixed. But you must distinguish between the Gospel of God and that which some men call Gospel; there is a great difference between external conviction and true and saving conversion, between the operation of the Spirit of God and the mere excitement of the flesh.

Yours, my brother, is a responsible and arduous duty, truly, but it is a high and holy calling—a glorious work. Oh, then, "Take heed to the ministry which thou hast received in the Lord, that thou fulfil it." "Your sufficiency is of God." "Be thou faithful unto death and He will give thee a crown of glory." May the Lord Himself endow you with all careful wisdom and grace; may He bless all your labours with His smile, fill your own soul with His love, crown your life with His benediction, and at last receive you to glory with the "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Amen.

GAINSBOROUGH.—Pastor W. Rowton Parker again preached here by special request on Sunday, March 22, and delivered a lecture on the Monday on "Lights and Shadows; or, Scenes in City Slums." The chair was taken by Pastor R. D. Wilson, supported by Mr. Bell. A coffee supper followed, which was well patronised, and the proceeds were very satisfactory.

RYARSH, KENT.—GOOD FRIDAY.—Jireh once more was visited by their old pastor, Mr. J. Jull, and the Lord of hosts enabled him to preach two good sermons, upon which occasion the Chapel was well filled. Oh, that we could see it so every Lord's-day; we are hoping and waiting to see a revival. Sometimes we plead the promise: "The desire of the righteous shall be granted."—F. P. P.

THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH FROM JOHN BUNYAN'S TIME TO THE PRESENT.

The Church of Christ at St. Mary Street, Dunstable, is of long standing in the sterling truth of God, and has had many pastors and seen many changes, but still abides faithful to the grand principles of the Gospel. The Church, according to the old Church-book, was founded about the year 1675 (the first Church-book is missing, and a copy of it dates Feb. 25, 1688), when John Bunyan was the most popular preacher of the same county, and from presumptive evidence I should suppose preached to this Church, as one of its earliest members was a Mr. Bunyan, and the noted godly Bedford dreamer lived not a great many miles from "Butt-lane," now St. Mary-street. This early Church was an offshoot of a much older cause established in the Puritan age at Kensworth, a village some three miles distant from Dunstable. Thomas Heyward was the earliest pastor of the Church on record; he died the very same year as did John Bunyan (1688). Brethren Finch, Marson, and Harding were then officers in the Church: and remarkable to say, a Mr. Marson was a prisoner for the truth with Bunyan, and the first person entrusted with the manuscript of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," which he read to his fellow-prisoners with the view of obtaining their opinion as to its publication. The singular descriptions of some of the characters introduced very much disturbed the gravity of his auditors, and at the first reading some of them doubted the propriety of printing it:

"Some said, 'John, print it;' others said, 'Not so.'
Some said, 'It might do good;' others said, 'No.'"

But on reflection, Mr. Marson requested permission to take the manuscript into his own cell, to read it quietly alone, and on this perusal he discovered its value, and strongly advised Bunyan to print it. Well done, Mr. Marson, I hope you were the Dunstable deacon of blessed memory.

Mr. Russell, of London, preached on trial, and in 1690 Mr. Tidmarsh preached for a time. A new chapel was erected in 1704. The Dunstable Baptist records are full of interesting detail during the quiet days "when George the Third was king." Laurence Cheshire was pastor of the old cause in 1817, and in 1818 J. Bailey and J. Stevens preached their anniversary sermons. It was a high day. In 1826 the thoughtful William Palmer, late of Homerton, came from the Church of St. Neots, where he had been a member, and was ordained pastor of "Butt-lane" on July 12, 1826. Mr. George Murrell, pastor of St. Neots, Mr. John Stevens, of London, and Mr. Glover, of Tring, officiated on the memorable occasion. Mr. William Carpenter, now of Irthlingboro', was pastor over the same Church for seventeen years, and was very useful. A new chapel (the present one) was erected in 1849. Mr. Carpenter was universally esteemed at Dun-

stable, and is so to this day. Mr. Inwards, late of Homerton-row, was pastor for some time at the old cause, Dunstable, as was also Mr. James Clark, now of Wandsworth, who was highly useful there and as highly loved for his work sake. Alterations in the chapel accommodation, so much needed, were made, I believe, during Mr. Clark's ministry.

The Church and school at the present day are exceedingly encouraging. There is a neat little manse for a pastor near the chapel still unoccupied. A pastor with plenty of good material in him for sound and instructive preaching, and of unblemished walk, is deeply needed and might do well. The beginnings would of necessity be small. There is, however, one little drawback in the town, in point of business, the staple trade is being gradually transferred from Dunstable to Luton. In the school there are seventy scholars and eleven teachers. Mr. Alfred Kent is the superintendent.

On Lord's-day, March 22, I was privileged to preach the anniversary sermons and address the school in the afternoon. There had been a heavy fall of snow and it was excessive cold, yet from the police report the chapel and vestry was so full that a hundred could not get inside. The behaviour of the scholars and teachers under the management of their superintendent, and the singing of special hymns were excellent. A new school-room is very greatly needed. May friends press forward in this important matter.

On Monday Mr. R. E. Sears, of London, preached in the afternoon from Matt. xiii. 31, 32. In the evening Henry Watts, E. q., of the town, presided, and gave an animated address on Sunday-schools. Mr. Holland, one of the good deacons, offered prayer, and speeches were delivered on school topics by Mr. Gentle, of Stevenage, Mr. Worsley, of Luton, Mr. Sears, and the writer. Thanks were accorded by Mr. Gudgeon to the chairman, and the happy meeting terminated.

On the vestry-door I read the following words, which deserve a niche in "Notes and Queries"—viz., "Please take off your pappans." This gentle reminder to the ladies, I was informed, was painted on the entrance-door during the early pastorate of W. Palmer.

W. WINTERS.

Waltham Abbey.

CITY ROAD.—First anniversary of the pastorate of Mr. William Waite was celebrated on Sunday, April 12. On the following Tuesday afternoon Mr. R. E. Sears gave a sermon. Public meeting was held in the evening, under the presidency of pastor Waite. Gospel converse went on by brethren Evans, Flack, W. Hazelton, Parnell, and Sears. Mr. Waite spoke of the improvements made in the place during the past year; the Word had been blest, additions had been made to their number; his great anxiety was to see souls born again, their harps were sometimes on the willows, but he hoped to be favoured with the grace of patience to wait God's pleasure. The chapel was nearly full afternoon and evening.—J. W. B.

BRIGHTON AND BLACKMORE —
MY DEAR BROTHER,—I cannot refrain from offering you the kindly sympathy of a brother and companion in tribulation and faith of the saints. May the Lord grant you the solace of His presence and the power of His Spirit to comfort and refresh your weary heart in its loneliness. In the year 1853, thirty-two years ago, it was my lot to lose a loved companion, after fifteen month's companionship in joy and in suffering in wedded life; five months of the time was occupied in nursing to her happy and triumphant end the sister of my newly-married wife. Little did I think she would so soon follow. Such are the trials of some of the ministers of the Gospel of Christ. Another announcement of this month brought old things to mind, the departure of the wife of a dear friend, Superintendent Turner. On the occasion of my first baptizing at B—, he came from Wortle, six miles, a youth, to see and hear, and the Lord was pleased to send the Word with power to his heart; so, as he told me twenty-five years afterwards, "I went to chapel that morning a pseudo-Baptist and returned to my home a Strict Baptist." It was with thankfulness I heard his testimony after twenty-five years, on the occasion of my first preaching at Coverdale-rooms. The change in his views led to his leaving home, was, in fact, the turning point of his life, leading on to his present position and usefulness in the cause of truth at the East End of London. I remember the kindness of his dear wife whenever I visited the rooms, which I often did when in London. Another announcement also recalled pleasant memories—the record of the departure of Mr. Boxell, of Brighton. In 1851 I visited Brighton for my health, and very gracious was the Lord's dealings toward me in every incident of that visit. I went as a stranger, and he kindly directed an old friend and fellow-member of mine at Hampstead to leave her home one hour before she intended, by mistake of hers as to the time, so that she met me on my way from the station, and finding I wanted lodgings, took me to some friends of hers, who proved to be connected with Ongar, four miles from Blackmore, and they received and entertained me most kindly for three weeks. On Sunday I went to Mr. Sedgewick's Ebenezer, and sat down with them. On Monday morning I broke my watch-glass and went out to get another; and happening to go into Mr. Boxell's shop, I recognised him as a young man I had seen at the Baptist Chapel, and we conversed together, and he soon discovered I was a pastor from Essex. On the next Sunday I went again; Mr. Sedgewick was ill, and a stranger was in the pulpit. I saw the young man talking to the deacon and looking into the gallery at me. I hastened out after the service, but it was of no use, the young man was at the door, and invited me into the vestry, there I found the deacon. I forgot his name, but he was a dyer. I recognised him as one who had come to me in London seven years before, to take me down to B— for the following Sunday, but when he saw

the *lad* he was afraid, and hesitated in his purpose, and after inviting me to Daniel Curtis's to breakfast, and taking me to some other of his friends at the West End, he told me he had "had a word," and I must go with him; but I then told him I also had had a word in the form of a strong impression that I was not to go, therefore I should not, but be satisfied to go to the little flock I preached to every Sunday at the Hyde, near Hendon. Of course he was disappointed, and returned home without a minister. It did seem singular we should thus meet again after seven years, during which I had been three years pastor of the Church at Blackmore. He asked me to preach in the evening. I said I had come away from home to rest, but as it appeared to be a call from the Lord, I could not resist it. I did preach, and shall not soon forget the occasion. The text was, "Thus saith the Lord, I will yet for these things be required of thee to do it for the House of Israel." That word was blest to the setting at liberty a young man, an accountant, a friend of Mr. Boxell's. He invited me home to supper with his friend, and gave me an invite to go whenever I pleased, which I accepted once afterwards. I then understood all about the broken watch-glass, and how the small things of our lives are as much under the guidance of a watchful Providence as the greatest. I called years afterwards, when Mr. Boxell had removed to the Parade; but he had forgotten all about his quondam friend of a day. We shall meet by-and-bye, when it *may be* (Who can tell?) recalled as among the incidents of our earthly sojourn.—I remain, yours in Him, W. TROTMAN, 2, Darnford Street, Stonehouse.

CLIFTON, BEDS.—A new chapel has recently been erected in this village and a new Church formed on the solid principles of the Word of God. To an ordinary visitor to the neighbourhood a new chapel would seem unnecessary in so small a place; however, there are more than enough people to fill all the chapels in the locality. The circumstances which necessitated the erection of this chapel are the most painful I ever heard of in these days of civilisation. The friends who erected it were driven to do it much against their will, as they preferred to abide in the old cause; consequently they built the chapel with the hope that should the wound ever be healed, they could easily convert it into cottages. The Church formed a short time since originated from the expulsion of five honourable members of the old cause, which is of the rigid *Standard* type. One of these cast-out members had been thirty years in fellowship, another being the godly widow of the late pastor and founder of the cause, Mr. Septimus Sears, of blessed memory, and the other three were old and long-standing members, against whom not a stain could be produced as a just reason for their being expelled. Whatever view other persons may take of the new cause, I believe the movement to be a just one, and which every unprejudiced Christian, knowing the

particulars, must wish God-speed. In all cases of the kind I would prefer to be the persecuted than the persecutor. I hope the whole case will be brought to light in a calm and faithful manner, so that persons who now stand amazed to know which is right may be firmly convinced. The new cause is justified in all its present movements, and God will in the long run prosper the right. I had the pleasure of visiting Clifton on March 24, and speaking in the new chapel. There are many ministers in the surroundings who deeply sympathise with the sorely-persecuted friends, the founders of the new Church. May God prosper them in time and to eternity, prays W. WINTERS, Wallbam Abbey.

IPSWICH.—A GOOD GOOD FRIDAY AT ZOAR.—In the afternoon our highly esteemed brother, Mr. J. Cowell, after giving us a luminous and exhaustive exposition of Isa. xiv. 9-27, and offering prayer, preached a soul-comforting and Christ-exalting sermon from those blessed words, "Christ is All, and in all." "Christ," said the preacher, "is All in Himself," and some precious thoughts were uttered upon the personal glories of Christ. Secondly, the text says, "Christ is All-in-all, in all creation, in all the Bible, in all the types, in all the law, in all the prophets, in all the promises, in all our afflictions," &c. The preacher said, during his late illness he was feeling in a dull and lifeless frame, utterly helpless to think a good thought, when, lo, as if a hand was gently laid upon his shoulder, some one said, "I know the thoughts that I think towards you, it is not your thoughts of me, but my thoughts of you." That thought made our souls leap for joy. After a quiet tea, Mr. Whorlow, a very dear old friend, gave us a glorious sermon on "The love of God." I am too weak to say more than it was the best Good Friday we ever spent.—S. COZENS.

RUTLAND (ORDINATION SERVICES).—H. Bull, having received a call to the pastorate of the joint Churches of Morcott and Barrowden, Rutland, was ordained and publicly recognised on Monday, March 30. T. Barrass preached excellent sermon; a public tea followed, a large company being present. In the evening the ordination service was held, at which Mr. H. Jelly presided. The charge was given to the pastor by the Rev. W. R. Parker, who based his charge on Col. iv. 17, "Take heed to the ministry which thou hast received in the Lord, that thou fulfil it." The Rev. T. Barrass addressed the Church from 1 Thess. v. 12, 13, "We beseech you, brethren, to know them which labour among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you, and to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake, and be at peace among yourselves." Addresses were also given by W. Skelly, T. C. Deening, D. C. Lloyd, C. Aker, and W. Simms. A very enjoyable and profitable season was spent.

HADLEIGH.—Our special services were well attended on Good Friday. The pastor (Mr. B. J. Northfield) preached from Rev. v. 12 in the afternoon. A goodly number partook of tea. During the evening service the choir rendered in a most creditable and well appreciated manner, a piece entitled, "By grace are ye saved," followed by another discourse from the pastor. The day was a very enjoyable one, and many of us could say, "It is good to be here." May the Lord still more abundantly bless this part of His Zion, and to His name alone would we desire to give the glory.

PIMLICO.—It is one of the most delightful things on earth to witness the success of the various Churches of Truth, notwithstanding the half-hearted statements of some who aver that the Strict Baptist Causes are on the decline. Such persons are not real friends to Truth, or they would know better than to suppose that Truth was not successful in its mission according to Divine appointment. I am happy to say that to all visible signs the friends of Mr. J. Parnell are united and thriving in the divinity of the Gospel, and the Lord is blessing the Word at Carmel very much. Several persons, I understand, have just been added to the Church, and since Mr. Parnell's labours in this section of God's one Church, the chapel has been restored, and what is more, the whole cost is now paid off. On Good Friday there were Anniversary Services held in this chapel, and a capital attendance there was to each one. Mr. P. Reynolds exalted Christ in a good sermon in the afternoon, and in the evening W. Winters endeavoured to praise the Lamb of God. Several brethren in the ministry were present, and the day concluded most pleasurably.—W. WINTERS.

IS THIS AWFULLY TRUE?

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—A sad change has taken place in many districts during this last twenty years, many Churches have died out, and the sanctuaries where the Gospel was powerfully preached are turned into music-halls and theatres; and men-made parsons are doing all in their power to rid the laod of all the old school teaching. Mere nominal professors throng our churches, instead of truly, regenerated souls; a majority is thus procured to vote out a God-sent man of truth, and the sitting doctrines of election and divine sovereignty are but seldom heard of. Our young people are not built up, nor rooted and grounded in the truth.

"BERKS."

BORO' GREEN.—Good Friday Anniversary Services were held, being the second year of brother Thomas's pastorate. President Sears preached a soul-cheering sermon, and showed us some good things in connection with the Saviour of sinners. In the afternoon many spoke of the "sweet dew" which rested upon the branch. The ladies provided a good repast for the body. After which a public meeting was held, brother Beecher, Cattel, Patterson, Dalton, and Sears

gave some savoury addresses. The choir rendered some valuable service by singing some sweet melodies. There are but few Churches in so thriving a condition as Boro' Green, in Kent. God grant it may continue.—F. P. P.

SUTTON, ELY.—On Easter Sunday we had the pleasure of giving a handsome Family Bible to one of our Sabbath-school teachers for his punctual attendance throughout the year. This makes the seventh Family Bible awarded to our diligent and faithful teachers. Many came and enjoyed the happy service, which we denominated a Bible service. A gentleman on a visit, who is a London superintendent, attended the service, and who said he had never seen the like in London. Mr. S. Cousins, of Ipswich, was the founder.—**HENRY E. SADLER, Minister.**

BERMONDSEY.—The 69th anniversary of the Sick and Poor Society was held on Easter Monday, at Lynton-road. In the afternoon a sermon was preached by Mr. C. Cornwell from Psa. lxxvii. 2; after which a very good tea was partaken of by about fifty friends, and in the evening a public meeting was held under the presidency of Mr. James Lee, a staunch friend of the society. The secretary read the annual report, showing that over £39 had been during the year distributed, in addition to gifts of coal and flannel. The chairman gave one of his short, earnest speeches, expressing his pleasure at being found taking part in the things of God rather than in the pleasures of sin for a season, and bore testimony to God's faithfulness in supplying grace for the discharge of life's duties and deliverance from all doubts and fears. A spiritual and cheerful tone was imparted to the meeting by Mr. Cornwell, who drew a marked distinction between the poor of this world and the poor of God, who, when led by Him in the way of righteousness, are brought to know they have ever been poor, having lost all in Adam, and are then shown how to become rich. Mr. Cornwell next dwelt at length on Psa. lxxvii. 6, "Then shall the earth yield her increase." (1.) The time referred to was the beginning of the Gospel dispensation; for there never was a person that could possibly refer to, until Christ came. (2.) Divine certainty—"shall." The 33rd of Isaiah is full of the immutable counsel of God. (3.) "The earth." In "earth, earth hear the Word of the Lord," there is no reference to the earth literally. To understand it, substitute the word "flesh"; for the human body of our Saviour, called here "earth," is in the New Testament called "flesh." (4.) "Yield her increase," takes in the whole Church of God which shelters in His righteousness, and whatever the instrumentality, the work is God's. Mr. Elsey upon Psa. xli. 1, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor," referred to three classes of poor: the rich of this world who have no grace, the poor of this world who also have no grace, and the poor of God's people who yet are rich, for Christ is formed in them the hope of glory. Mr. W. Hazelton upon Isa. lviii. 11, "The Lord shall guide thee continually," said He will guide us into hearts that are His own. Though the world is full of sin it does not belong to Satan. God rules and leads His children in paths He has marked out. Mr. Griffiths, among other interesting anecdotes, told of a poor woman found weeping bitterly at a funeral; for with the deceased died the 1s. per week she had long received,—a paltry sum, yet much to that poor woman. Also of one who stood high in the Chris-

tian world, and yet was with difficulty prevailed upon to part with half a crown, so earnestly did he plead poverty, though he died worth £22,000. He also referred to the good formerly done by the "Help-in-Trouble Society," of the Old Kent Road. Messrs. Osmond and Flory also addressed the meeting, and Mr. W. Stringer stated that a donation of £22s. from the chairman, in December last, was a direct answer to prayer. A vote of thanks to the chairman and the benediction closed a happy meeting. Collections, including a handsome donation from the chairman and after donations, £10 17s. 3d.

BECCELES.—The Anniversary of the opening of Martyr's Memorial Baptist Chapel was held on April 3, when pastor G. Wright was with us. In the afternoon a sermon was preached from Isa. liii. 11, by L. H. Colls. Tea was provided in the Town Hall at five p.m.: upwards of two hundred friends sat down. The evening public meeting was held in the Chapel. The first address was given by Mr. Musket, of Yarmouth, who spoke thoughtfully on "Communion." The next was Mr. Huxham, whose words were earnest and weighty. L. H. Colls spoke on "Union in the Church of God"; and after singing the Doxology, these soul-refreshing services closed. Collections and attendances were encouraging; the best feature of the services was the presence of Jesus.—**ONE WHO WAS THERE.**

POPLAR.—At our Sunday-school anniversary Mr. John Vaughan preached, not from but unto "He that goeth forth weeping," &c. This truth was admirably demonstrated by personal incidents, encouraging to ministers, teachers, and parents. Mr. T. R. Wakeling presided at public meeting, and the excellent and telling way in which he spoke to the young who were present justified the opinion formed by some that he was the "king of superintendents in the Strict Baptist denomination." Messrs. Herring, Vaughan, Styles (of Salem), Nash, Brand, Welling, Andrews, and others, took part. The school here is very prosperous.—**J. W. B.**

BRIGHTON.—On Good Friday a tea and public meeting was held in Salem chapel, Bond-street, in connection with the Good Samaritan, Tract, and Dorcas Societies. The reports read by Mr. H. Cole and Mr. J. H. Stephens, were of an encouraging character, showing how heartily the friends were in their efforts to do good, and glorify God, and that the societies were growing. Addresses were delivered by brethren Hinckley, Bead, Stephens, Carr, Guy, and Christmas. The Lord continues to help His people at Salem, and with tokens of His approbation, encourages them to press forward, for He says, "Them that honour Me, I will honour." God bless our dear friends here in their work of faith and labour of love.

WILTON-SQUARE.—At Salem, Wilton-square, New North-road, on Easter Sunday and Monday, the twenty-eighth anniversary of the Church and pastorate was held. Mr. Flack and Mr. Sears preached on the Sunday. Mr. Wilkins on Monday delivered a sermon from the words, "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree," &c. (2 Peter ii. 24), in which the preacher said Christ died as an example. This was visible, as a public Head and the representative of His people. It was vicarious—there was the transfer of the sins of the Church to the Saviour. "He hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." There was individuality—"His own body." He is the Priest, the Victim, and the Altar. Aaron's sacrifice was typical; His own self bare our sins, no helper. Simon bore the material cross, but Christ trod the wine-press alone. It was penal; He takes the curse due to His people. The

Christian is not without trial, but it is not penal. It was complete expiation; reconciliation was made. He was our Redeemer and Substitute. The preacher spoke solemnly of the design of the Saviour suffering, which was for the benefit of His own redeemed family. Mr. Flack presided at evening meeting, and spoke feelingly of the vicissitudes of the past 28 years. Once the place was crowded with anxious, inquiring souls, not so now, though there is much cause for gratitude. The subject for the evening's meditation was "The Resurrection." Mr. Evans, "Now is Christ risen;" Mr. Squirrel, "Christ the first-fruits;" Mr. Wilkins, "Afterwards they that are Christ's." Each speaker was solemn and savoury. Never before has it been one's pleasure to attend a meeting where the subject was so feelingly dealt out and received. A sacred awe hovered over the sanctuary.—J. W. B.

CROWFIELD ALL ALIVE.

At Bethesda, Crowfield, where
There was a good repast,
A number did repair
Upon Good Friday last.
Of blind, and maimed, and halt, and lame,
Who love the Saviour's charming name.
And Berry was the man
Who served one and all;
He, by the Spirit, can
Give food to great and small.
The food he served was sacred truth,
Well suited both to age and youth.
The table was well spread
With milk, and wine, and meat;
And Christ, the living Bread,
To hungry souls was sweet.
And some who had no money came
And bought, and eat, and drank the same.
And there was water too;
The water of the Word,
To which the thirsty go
When longing for the Lord.
This water from the smitten rock
Refreshed the thirsty of God's flock.
He preached experience,
Doctrines, and precept too,
And showed the crooked path
The puzzled Christians go.
And how, unknown, they live on earth,
And yet well known by heavenly birth.
How, dying; yet they live,
How they are chastened oft,
And full of sorrow grieve
When hope's bright prospects lost.
God always chastens every son,
But will not kill the weakest one.
How sorrowful they are
Because they nothing have;
They feel extremely poor,
Yet Christ alone they crave;
In Him alone they do rejoice
With heart and soul, if not with voice.
In Christ they do possess
All things, and will receive
Both grace and glory too,
Though this they can't believe
At all times; yet all things are theirs;
Oh, they are rich, they are God's heirs.
Much precious Gospel truth
Did Berry thus proclaim,
Upon Good Friday morn,
And God did bless the same
To contrite souls who did rejoice,
And praised His name with heart and voice.
Then in the afternoon
We had a little change;
But not from truth to lies,
Though differently arraigned.

The text was part of that sweet song
Which to the Church and Christ belong.

"I have compared thee,
O my love, unto
A company of horses
That in Pharaoh's chariot go."
To the first chapter of Solomon's Song,
And the ninth verse those words belong.

He told of Jesu's love
To His own chosen bride;
Of its antiquity,
And many forms beside.
'Twas love that took her sin, that she
From sin for ever might be free.

Like Pharaoh's horses, she
Is a selected one,
And purchased by the King
At an infinite sum.

And all her members do unite
To serve the King both day and night.
And all are trained to do
Whatever pleaseth Him.

And when and how to go,
And where to bear the King.
As horses are not taught to stray,
So she must keep the good old way.

What all are taught is right,
However hard to learn;
To walk, or run, or fight,
Or stand in face of harm.
They all are taught to fight by Him
'Gainst world, and flesh, and hell, and sin.

Their King, He goes before,
Is a selected one,
Yet they get wounded sore
At times; but even then
Not one gives up, but all fight on,
And shout at last the victor's song.

Berry of Aldringham,
Although not very old,
Yet he can feed a lamb
And sheep of Jesu's fold.
At Crowfield fold they found it so,
Where sheep and lambs together go.

J. FREEMAN.

GOD'S PEOPLE THE SUBJECTS OF FEAR
AND FAILURE.

The nineteenth anniversary of the formation of the Church was celebrated at Bethesda Chapel, Notting-hill Gate, on Easter Sunday and Monday. Sermons by Mr. Mayhew and Mr. James Clark. At the public meeting, J. R. Wakelin, Esq., presided. Mr. Spiro, deacon, offered prayer. Mr. Mayhew briefly related his connection with the cause, which dated from August last, when about thirty attended. Since that time there had been a steady and continued increase. The Bible-class and Sunday-school both kept up their attendance well. Five were applying for Church membership, and the same number awaiting the ordinance of Baptism. He concluded by asking the ministers present to pray for the cause of God here, adding,—

"The path we choose cannot be wrong,
If Jesus be but there."

The Chairman congratulated the assembly on the progress made; he was pleased to see the missionary spirit shown by Mr. Mayhew.

Mr. Branch (Psa. xlviii. 10) said, "There were two congregations—sons of men, and sons of God. The Psalmist's mind went back to Egypt. There was not one feeble person among their tribes. They were brought to Sinai, and led in their wanderings through the wilderness. They realised, experimentally, that they were the congregation of God. This journeying forty years in the wilderness was contrary to nature, but it was to prove them. They soon felt the need of water, they next wanted bread to eat. Again the arm of the Lord was revealed, and He

gave them angel's food. How typical all this is of you and I."

Mr. Clark showed prayer must be sincere. He said, The Syro-Phœnician woman illustrated the earnestness and fervency of prayer. Prayer must be humble, open, and self-renouncing. Mary wept at the feet of Jesus. It is the happiest, best, and securest place on earth.

Mr. Myerson said, On the subject of prayer we must remember Jesus sends all the blessings. Prayer is merely a medium. Our necessity constrains us to pray. The Pharisee did not really pray. He merely eulogised himself. Not an idea he uttered showed he needed God's help. In the country the sun was scorching the corn, and all felt the need of rain. At the places of worship rain was prayed for. All were in a state of anxiety. A special prayer meeting was held. Only one little girl brought an umbrella. Their prayer was answered by a deluging shower, all were drenched, and only the little girl got home dry. Faith must be mingled with our supplications.

Mr. Parnell wished the unsearchable riches of Christ might be here realised. All the prophets and apostles preached Christ, that He was the Author of Salvation. The servant of Isaac put before Laban the riches of his master, and thus do Christ's servants properly set forth Christ, Jesus keeps open house. Joseph did not shut the door against any comer for the corn. From all parts any who came got attended to. So Jesus, any who come needy are not sent empty away.

From the remarks of the Chairman during the evening, it appeared there was a deficit of £15 14s. 10d. due to the Treasurer, towards liquidating which, this day's collections amounted to £6 4s. 4d., so that the friends were encouraged.

W. C. B.

Notting-hill Gate, W.

ALL POWERFUL REDEEMER.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
He doth the sceptre sway;
And to the smallest insect gives
The breath it draws each day.
He marketh e'en a sparrow's fall,
He hears the raven's cry;
Will He not hear His children call?
Yes, knoweth e'en their sigh.
He holds the seas within His hand,
He plann'd the starry sky;
Oh, who His power can understand!
He is a God Most High.

North London.

I. S. T.

Our Tombstones.

To the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEAR SIR,—My attention having been called to a notice in your magazine for April, will you kindly allow space to correct a mistake in the same in your next issue. The notice I refer to says that Mr. Rayment's youngest daughter has been left a widow, with four young children, without any provision whatever."

The first part is but too true, unfortunately for me: for I have lost a dear companion, and our children a loving father: but knowing, as he did, his own delicacy, and belonging to a consumptive family, he made every provision he could for us, in the event of being taken from us, a catastrophe which he always feared would occur. But though I call it a catastrophe, it is only as far as we are concerned, for our loss is his unspeakable gain; and I can sometimes (though with an aching heart, knowing what a blank there is now in my life) thank my heavenly father for the certainty that he has gone to be with Jesus: no more anxieties, no more fears for ever at rest.

For myself and children, though our path must of necessity be very trying, I am thankful to say our wants for a year or two are provided for; and out of love to the best of husbands I beg you to insert this to remove any false impression that may have been caused by the misstatement contained in the notice I refer to, the latter part, owing no doubt to your having been misinformed.

Trusting you are better, I remain, yours truly,
MR. RAYMENT'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

DEATH AND FUNERAL OF MR. JOHN HITCHCOCK, AT WATTISHAM.

The cause of truth in this place has been called to suffer loss in the removal by death of one of its respected deacons, Mr. John Hitchcock, whose immortal spirit took its flight on the morning of Wednesday, March 25, 1885. The deceased had been a member of the Church 39 years, and a deacon about 13 years. The cause was very much loved by him, as there his soul had been blest under the ministry of Mr. Cooper (by whom he was baptized), as well as others who have from time to time declared the Gospel of the grace of God. In his last affliction he was very resigned and submissive. Many were the utterances he made, such as "Christ is all; He is my all." "I'm upon the rock." "What should I do now without Christ?" His last audible words were "Wattisham chapel." He lived to reach the age of 62, and was then taken to "be with Christ, which is far better." May the Lord sanctify the stroke to the bereaved widow and family, and also to the Church at Wattisham. The funeral took place at Wattisham on Tuesday, March 31, in the presence of a very large number of friends. Mr. B. J. Northfield conducted the service in the chapel, after which we proceeded to the grave, where the mortal remains of the departed were deposited "in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection to eternal life and happiness."

On the following Lord's-day, a funeral discourse was preached by Mr. B. J. Northfield, of Hadleigh, from the words, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord" (Rev. xiv. 13). The chapel was filled, and thus many testified their esteem of our departed brother, whom we hope one day to meet in a better world, where there will be no parting, or death.

FUNERAL OF MRS. TURNER, OF BOW.

Mrs. Emma Turner, wife of Mr. George Turner, superintendent of the K division, Metropolitan Police, died in a fit of apoplexy on March 17, in the 55th year of her age. A great loss has been sustained, not only in the family, but also at Elm Chapel, Limehouse, where Mrs. Turner was a consistent, devoted, useful, and esteemed member of the Church, under the pastorate of Mr. F. C. Holden. She was president of a maternal society, and took great delight in visiting and helping the sick, and in other tender ministries. The funeral service was very feelingly and impressively conducted by Mr. F. C. Holden. Many were the expressions of sorrow and sympathy which fell from the large assembly of friends as the deeply affected company separated.

On March 25, 1885, at Greenworth, Barnet (of pneumo-nia), Rebecca Abigail, youngest daughter of the late Samuel Harris.

Marringe.

At Jireh Chapel, Ryarsh, April 6th, by Mr. F. P. Patterson, Horace H. Ridley to Rose Mary Anne Patterson, only daughter of F. P. Patterson the ramshorn preacher.

The Church of God

SANCTIFIED AND DISTINGUISHED.

A SERMON PREACHED AT PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, CLAPHAM JUNCTION,
BY MR. MOXHAM.

“Unto the Church of God which is at Corinth, to them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints with all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, both theirs and ours.”—1 Cor. i. 2.

A LEADING thought of the apostle's in this chapter seems to be the treasures of the wisdom and grace of God as revealed in the great work of redemption. The source of this wisdom and grace is God “the Father which is in secret” (Matt. vi. 6), the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; and all that is comprehended in redemption is of *Him*: this matter is summed up in ver. 30 of this chapter, “Of Him are ye; He is the author of your being, and not only so, but ye are of Him, together with Christ; He is of God made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, redemption, and ye are of God in Christ Jesus.” But Christ is the Fountain of wisdom and grace *unsealed*, in whom it is resident for those who by Him do believe in God; He is their sanctification, and to them the Fountain of holiness and wisdom; they are called to the fellowship of God's Son, as ver. 9, to partake of the *sanctification* which is in Christ, “called to be saints,” to work out their sanctification in their saintship, called also to the *redemption* they have in Him; for both water and blood ran from the pierced side of our crucified Lord—redemption and sanctification. But to open up the text more fully, let us note in the first place:—

I.—The party addressed—the *Church*. The Church is addressed as a unity of persons, and the cause of its unity is intimated—they are of *God*.

The apostle addresses the Church locally, the Church at Corinth; but through her he speaks to the Church at large, the whole of the Church Militant to the end of time. *A Church is a creation*, the handiwork of its founder, and must bear a resemblance to its author, and reflect his character. We read of the synagogue of Satan, and we know it to be like him—it is a lie, and he is the father of lies. The Church of Rome must resemble its head, which the Pope claims to be. Churches are modelled or grouped by the mutual agreement of their members as to certain principles or doctrines; Churches reflect principles, and principles reflect minds, and that is the Church of God which *reflects Him*, which is based on truth, and bears the impress and stamp of that character which belongs to God, who cannot lie. In the Church of God we see a little of what He is, “In Judah is God known;” His way is known on earth, and even to inhabitants of heavenly places, is “known by the Church, the manifold wisdom of God.” The invisible God is known in Christ; “we see Jesus,” and He that hath seen Him hath seen the Father. And where now is He to be seen? Does a child of

His hunger, thirst, or is he sick? and do we minister to those necessities? then we see Him there, we do it unto Him; we admire Him in the saints, and see His glory in them that believe. But this is a spiritual way—a matter for the eyes of the enlightened understanding alone. We know men by their acts, by their words, and by intercourse, and so by degrees we become acquainted with their secret disposition. But we do not approach God that way. You must first know His *secret things*. The secret of *Himself* is with them that fear Him; and so He shows them His covenant. The secret thoughts of His heart, secret purposes of His grace, the secret power of His love, and the secret sweetness of His mercy, these are known by Christ Jesus. He, coming down from heaven, from the very bosom of God, from His presence, as one brought up with Him, is the revelation of all His pent-up fulness of love, grace, mercy, and kindness. Jesus is the secret of God, and the revelation of Jesus makes the Church.

And so Christ said, "I came out from God;" and the Church, the Holy City, is seen by John descending out of heaven from God; as Adam and the woman—an help-meet for him—were both the common offspring of one great Parent, God: so Christ, as Head of His body, the Church, and as the Husband of His bride is, together with her, *of God*. Both He that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified, are all of one—of one God, of one Father, of one eternal Head; for the Head of Christ is God; and, therefore, the "Church of God" has God for her head in Christ. And God speaks of Christ and the Church as thus related, as intimately one: "I lay *in Zion* a foundation;" there is Christ "in the midst of the Church" (Heb. ii. 12), and yet her foundation. Then, again, He addresses the Church, "I will lay thy foundations with sapphires" (Isa. liv. 11). She is there regarded as *in Christ*. The sapphire was an emblem of purity to the ancients, and when God thus speaks of her foundations in the plural, you have the thought of the many-sided purity of Jesus Christ her Lord, who is "the Church's one foundation." There is the lily-like purity of His innocence, the spotless purity of His obedience, the bright purity of His righteousness (that raiment white as the light), and the red purity of His sacrifice; for the saints wash their robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Well, the Church is the "Church of God," even as Christ is the Son *of God*, the Christ *of God*, and the Lamb *of God*. The Head, the foundation of Christ in all His characters and offices, *is God*; and so "Of God are ye in Christ, who of God is made unto us," &c. (ver. 30). The revelation of Christ makes the Church, as He is known in doctrine; as the truth as it is in Jesus, the truth as to redemption, regeneration, and conformity, to him is known in the heart, *Christ is revealed*, is formed there as a fire kindled, which shall burn till the whole glows with the sacred flame. But we pass on to our second head—viz.:

II.—We have the fountain and source of all the Church's blessedness pointed out. The Church of God is a company—the company of "them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus," and the source of their blessedness is not so much God through Christ as *God in Christ*, and their spiritual being is a drop from that fountain.

Now, Christ is made sanctification, and though He is not actually

called the Saint, yet the Word of God implies everywhere that He is the first of the called-to-be saints, first born among many brethren; and as He and they are sanctified in one lump, as old writers put it, He is not ashamed to call them brethren. He is the first in the election of grace: "Mine elect in whom My soul delighteth." He is first in sanctification; the Father sanctified *Him* and sent Him into the world, and *He sanctified Himself* for their sakes, that they also might be sanctified through the truth. He is first justified; He took His people's guilt, and was reckoned guilty with them—numbered *with the transgressors*; He elected to stand or fall with the people given Him of God, and in justifying them He justified Himself. He is the first in resurrection—first begotten of the dead. He is the first to be glorified. God raised Him from the dead and gave Him glory, the glory He had covenanted to give Him, which belonged to Him. Gave Him glory for Himself (John xvii. 1), and for all His people (Rom. viii. 30); and so He is the fore-runner. His conquering name is ours to call upon. We name His name for our righteousness, for our meat and drink, for our riches, yes, for our all. Dear Name! I know you say:

" Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace."

Yes, *Himself* is given to the believer—given to Him as by a covenant of salt, without reckoning how much.

Oh, my friends, are you not glad? Our God has said, "*Men shall be blessed in Him.*" Angels which kept not their first estate were blessed, yes, beyond our conception; but they were not blessed in Him, and they lost that blessedness, and are cursed for ever. We were blessed in Adam—yes, and he was greatly blessed—and so men in him; but that was a cistern which would not hold; he lost the blessing, and brought all his posterity under a curse. We may be blessed in the possession of earthly things, riches, friends, health, happiness; but when the storm of adversity comes, these take wing and fly away as blossoms of the fruit-tree shaken by the wind. But, blessed be God, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, He hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in Him. *Even in Him*, where no foe comes, no fear intrudes, where neither moth nor rust can ever corrupt or thieves break through and steal; your sanctification; all your blessing is where your life is—it is hid with Christ in God.

If you would discover the source of a river, you would not go to the desert or the valley; no, but to some high hill or mountain height. Why are some of you who seek God, and even some of you Christians, so "afraid of that which is high"? Will you go to the deeds or merits of fallen man—to the desert of *yourself*—to find the why and the wherefore of the streams of grace? No, you must turn your thoughts to the everlasting hills, the perpetual mountains of God's love, the *deeps* of His settlements of grace, to His holy purpose in Christ, the provisions of His covenant, and there the fountain bubbles up, and you may trace the river on till you see—

" Jehovah's grace all meet in Christ
As waters in the sea."

God first makes Him most blessed for ever, and so the repository, the storehouse of blessing for poor, needy, destitute sinners. The blessings of God, which are in Christ, are like full breasts of consolation, and they cry out with loud voice the glad message of the Gospel: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, yea, buy wine and milk without money and without price."

Sanctified in Christ Jesus. This is a root-blessing out of which grow many more; it leads to freedom, for freedom comes by the truth, and we are sanctified by truth according to the Redeemer's intercession; it leads to communion with God, for only the pure in heart, the sanctified, can see God; it leads to joy for the Church; and so the believer says in the words of the prophet, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God: for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation" (Isa. lxi. 10). These are the garments that are always white, these are the robes of the sanctified, and this rising joy is the oil that makes the face to shine, "Wherefore rejoice in the Lord, oh, ye righteous, for praise is comely for the upright."

We are sanctified in Christ Jesus *authoritatively* by the will of God: "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification (1 Thess. iv. 3). This infinite blessing begins in the "*I will*" of Jehovah. But see how the will of God is the authoritative cause of our sanctification. The Father sanctified Him by the gift of the Spirit without measure, by committing His will into His keeping, and by making Him the embodiment of truth, and the one person by which we who believe are brought into union with the very life of God. He is of the Father sanctified, made under the law to put away sin, *made perfect, learns obedience*, and is in every thought, word, and act, entirely in harmony with the will of God, and yet perfectly in sympathy with men; all the life, death, resurrection, and glorification of Jesus is of God *made unto us* sanctification. God wrought in Him: He is thus sanctified from the fountain of God's will by God's work in Him. *He is perfectly one with God and yet subject to Him*, and thus *He and they* are made perfect in One, sanctified by *one God, one Father*.

We are sanctified in Christ Jesus—*mediatorially*. He is made an High Priest and appointed to be the Mediator between God and man; but He sanctified Himself for that office by taking up and finishing the work His Father gave Him to do, to obey the holy law and to be an offering for sin; He sanctified Himself for *obedience and sacrifice*, and we are sanctified preparatorily by His righteousness, and conclusively by the offering of His body once for all. And so, though a mediator, He is not simply a medium; we come to God by Him, but we have to do with God in Him; we are made partakers of Him, His sacrifice is complete, but it is not a thing of the past. We need daily washing and the daily experience of the pardon, and peace, and hope, which is by His pain, travail and death.

"Daily I'd repent of sin,
Daily wash in Jesus' blood,
Daily feel His peace within,
Daily give myself to God."

And so to supply this need He lives, a lamb as it had been slain, and we are sanctified meritoriously by and in the Mediator, Jesus; not by our

faith, good desire, holy aspiration or obedient life. No, these are fruits of the Spirit which show I am sanctified in Him, and that no spoiler can approach, no separation can divide, and no enemy deprive me of my interest in Him who is my sanctification.

We are sanctified in Christ Jesus *instrumentally* by faith; sanctification is the inheritance of faith, as the Lord Jesus declared to Paul (Acts xxvi. 18). Yes, "faith which is in Him" is a sanctifying principle. If you have gone into a garden in early Spring you may have observed how fast the weeds grow, their buds, leaves, and stems peep out of the ground in every direction, and if you watch them carefully, it is surprising to see how fast they grow; but some morning you find the frost has been upon them, and its chill breath has cut them down to the ground, withered and wasted them as if by fire. So with our hearts: out of them proceedeth evil thoughts, murders, thefts, lies; pride puts out its head: unbelief peeps out, the secret atheism which is latent there is a root capable of producing a dreadful harvest of all manner of sin, and sad to say it is always springtime to our hearts as they are by nature. What then has kept all this down, cut it off, burnt its head, and stifled its growth? *The Work of God*, faith in Christ: for he that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself as He is pure. And we are instrumentally sanctified by the Word of God, "Ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." Yes, and we are sanctified instrumentally by obedience to the Word. Read Romans vi. 17—22, and you will see this. They who obey the truth sow to the Spirit, and they reap after the Spirit: "Ye have your fruit unto holiness." Faith is passive obedience, and obedience is active faith, these are joined together and ye have, therefore, "purified your hearts in obeying the truth;" and as Christ is *The Truth*, as faith is *in Him*, and our obedience is rendered on the ground that we are justified, or made righteous by *His obedience*, we are in all respects sanctified in Christ Jesus, and in Him alone.

III. In the third place, we have the members of this Church, the sanctified in Christ Jesus, distinguished and pointed out to us. They are distinguished; called to be saints; or, if you will, called to saintship. This is first of all through repentance—"I am come," said Christ, "to call *sinners to repentance*." And what is repentance but a knowledge of our *sinnership*? But they are called to be saints in that way—knowledge of sin first, then knowledge of forgiveness: and a saint is a pardoned, forgiven sinner. When the publican said, "God, be merciful to me a *sinner*"; when the dying thief said, "We indeed suffer justly"; and when you, who know Jesus, from your hearts confessed you were guilty sinners, and richly deserved the wrath of God, then angels in heaven saw that you were called to be saints, and they began to rejoice in the prospect of your presence there by and bye.

A saint then is a sinner forgiven, a sinner saved. Rome calls those whom she has canonised saints, and with many the idea of a saint is that of one in some way apart from and superior to ordinary mortals. people who never erred, who in their lifetime are in some way removed from the many weaknesses, follies, and faults of humanity, and who after death smile calmly in purple, and blue, and gold, in the tall windows of some stately church. But those whom God calls to be saints are not mortals of a superior mould, but are "compassed with

infirmity," and fall into divers temptations; they have to watch against the sin that doth so easily beset them; their constant prayer is, "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe," and they labour to exhibit not their own superior character, but the unobtrusive graces of patience, meekness, humility, and conformity to Christ against the tide and against the stream; they maintain a conflict, and through much tribulation hold on their way through the faithfulness of *Him* that called them. And this is their chief distinguishing mark, here they are pointed out to us; they call on the name of the Lord Jesus, they call on *Him* for help in time of need, they look unto Jesus for light and for salvation, and though tossed about, and often beaten down; on their knees, there they hold on their way, they call on the name of Jesus, for they are "called to be saints." Continuance in prayer is a sure mark of saintship, for the life of faith is a life of prayer. When the growing wheat is beaten down by the storm it raises its head again, and so wherever the true spirit of prayer exists, though it may meet with rebuffs and be discouraged, the praying soul labours on, and just as the running stream hollows out its bed and makes it deeper by the force of its own current, so the spirit of persevering and prevailing prayer deepens desire in the soul, and it more than ever hungers for *Him* who alone can satisfy and give it rest. The desire of the righteous shall be satisfied, so God has pledged Himself.

"——The spirit's yearning
 For sweet companionship of kindred minds;
 The silent love that here meets no returning,
 The inspiration that no language finds:
 This shall be satisfied.
 The soul's great longing;
 The aching void which nothing earthly fills,
 All the desires which on my heart are thronging,
 As I look upward to the heavenly hills."

A praying soul, even if the prayer be but ejaculations and sighs, is never a lost soul. Bunyan represents Giant Despair as wondering why he could not persuade his prisoners to make away with themselves as he had advised; and as long as there is but a ray of hope, a breath of prayer, though a captive to despair, you cannot be altogether given up to it. Cast not away your confidence, pray on still; the weapon of all-prayer is mighty, it is formed in heaven, and will pierce through all that interposes between you and the God that heareth prayer.

"Rocks of *granite*, gates of brass,
 Alps to heaven soaring,
 Bow to let the wishes pass
 Of a soul imploring."

See, then, who they are who belong to the Church of God, who are sanctified in Christ Jesus. The apostle begins high, as high as the Infinite God; but he comes down on a descending scale. *Of God, sanctified in Christ*; and then the outside, mark, the lowest step—the attitude of believing prayer. Christ is theirs who call upon His name; they are Christ's, and Christ is God's. Vast and scattered as are the family of the sanctified, the One Name unites them, they are one. May we be found *in Him* with them. Amen.

"AFTER THIS!"

THINK of this life as a school wherein the children of God are, by the SPIRIT, trained for a more perfect, a more permanent, a more indescribably precious life! Think much of it! Of the resurrection of the body, one says: "What a beautiful figure the Apostle employs when he uses the word 'sown' instead of buried. Do not suppose, the Apostle would say, that when you are consigning the remains of a departed friend to the cold earth, that you are concealing a decaying mass of corruption for ever from your view. That mouldering, decaying body, which in its ghastliness you conceal, is not some decayed and worthless fruit. 'Tis not the fruit, but the seed, the seed from which hereafter there shall spring up a body glorious and immortal, and fashioned after the glorified resurrection body of Christ. You think it strange, you can scarcely believe that the path of glory and immortality runs through the valley of death, and humiliation, and corruption, and shame. But is it much stranger than what you daily witness around you? Is it much stranger that this corruptible and decomposing body should be raised hereafter, and rendered glorious and immortal, than that the dry, and apparently barren ear of wheat which has lain during the winter in the bosom of the earth, and rotted therein, should reappear in the harvest time, a tall, yellow, fruit-bearing stalk, containing in its ear perhaps a hundred grains, exactly similar to the solitary ear of corn that was sown?"

A LETTER TO MY MOTHER.

DEAR MOTHER,—By the help of the Lord I write a few lines, hoping this may find you better than when I last heard from you. A fortnight ago I was in bed when our minister came to see me. I could not go to chapel on the Sunday; but, bless His dear name, He was with me. I felt whatever the Lord's will was it was mine. I must tell you I was reading most of the time, and everything seemed sweet and nice to my soul: I cannot express my feelings. There was such a love sprang up to the Lord that I felt as if I should like to be going to Him.

Oh, dear mother, I had to go upstairs to bless and pray to a Lord like ours. I felt as if I must shout aloud to Him. Many times have I thanked the Lord for afflicting me as He has done. I have said many times, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." For how often I can see the Lord's goodness passing before me in the way! Sometimes I feel so ill I think I shall not be able to go to chapel; but when the Sabbath comes, the Lord makes His goodness to pass before me in such a blessed manner. He makes all things work together for good to His people. I feel to be one of them sometimes, when He comes with such sweet promises, as He did again on Wednesday. He said, "I have redeemed thee, I have washed thee!" Oh, my dear Christian mother, I cannot express my love towards a precious Jesus; but as you have experienced it, you can tell. I do not always feel this love; sometimes I am so dark that I think there is nothing in me that belongs to Christ. Oh, I do so feel my dead state sometimes that I do not know what to do.

About a month ago I was at chapel, and I felt so dark that I dared not look up; and so unworthy that I felt I could lay down and be trod on; but all our minister said seemed for me. What changes in our poor mind when darkness comes over us! But what a blessing the Lord does not cast us off for ever; I know He will come to us again in His good time.

Dear mother, I must tell you a little about Sarah. No doubt you have heard that she became a member with us on Sunday, and was baptized in the name of the Lord. I went to see her; and how glad I was to see it, and to be able to inform you that James was up there to see her go into the water. He came again in the afternoon, and I am happy to tell you that Sarah believes the work is begun with him. He has had something on his mind for some weeks, but he has never said anything about it until the Friday before she was going. He can neither eat nor sleep, and she says he feels such love to her as he never did before. Oh, the Lord's goodness works in a mysterious way!

Oh, if it was the dear Lord's will that I could see John so, how glad I should be; but that is the work of the Lord. I often have to give my case to the Lord; He knows my trouble best, and what I have to bear on account of loving FREE GRACE; if I loved free will, I should be all right with my husband.

One of the employers of my husband does not take any notice of me now because I love the blessed Spirit's teaching. But if they would give me all they are worth, that would not make me love free will. Give my love to the Lord's Christians. Now I must close with my love to you and dear father. I hope he will have all his sufferings on earth; then when he leaves this earthly tabernacle he will be clothed from top to toe, and adorned with Christ's glory and His robe of righteousness! Oh, what a heavenly dress! I long for it; if it was the Lord's will, it would be mine. Now, I must say good-night. May God watch over us all.

With love from your affectionate daughter,

ELIZABETH.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." "I always," said a pastor to me once, "take that text with me into the pulpit." Every teacher of the young in day or Sunday school, every parent craving the best gifts for his children, every worker in God's kingdom of grace—the Gospel harvest-field—will do well to make a similar use of this great truth, as the divine motive and encouragement of all spiritual labour.

THE NEW "OLD TESTAMENT."—We hope to furnish a few notes on this New or Revised Translation of the Bible, for the edification of those readers who have not the means nor the time to examine for themselves. We are thankful to learn that the most learned scholars of this age could discover nothing to justify their attempt to remove any of the foundation principles on which the faith of any Spirit-taught Christian builds.

HEAVEN'S STANDARD OF SAFETY.

CHAPTER V.

“ Preserved in Jesus, when
Our feet made haste to hell,
And there we must have been,
But HE does all things well ! ”

THAT “ young man ” who came down from the heavens and set his foot close to the dying man’s bed has never been out of the visions of my soul since. Call it “ *visionary*,” ye saintly, steady men, if ye please. Of course it was a vision, or a dream, or a momentary phantom. It pleased me wonderfully; such a beautiful, indescribable, elastic, vigorous, pure, all-powerful young man I never saw—nor here, I know, in visibility—I shall not see; but in the silent sadness of my soul I linger over the scene with hopeful pleasure. Then His voice, His words, His message, His proclamation! There was nothing earthly, nothing harsh in His speaking. He softly, cheerfully, with finality, said, “ DELIVER HIM FROM GOING DOWN INTO THE PIT. I HAVE FOUND AN ATONEMENT.” I have since that thought of old George Herbert, who on the Saviour’s Incarnation, says,

“ *He came down undressing all the way,*”

throwing off His robes of glory, and of majesty, and of heavenly beauty! And the attendant angels asked Him, “ What will you wear down there?” He replied, “ There is a body prepared for Me to wear down there!” and it was in that body, exactly like our own (sin entirely excepted), wherein I saw Him.

One of the loving promises which the precious Saviour gave His disciples respecting the work of the Holy Spirit was this, “ HE shall take of Mine, and He shall

“ SHEW IT UNTO YOU! ”

This is the most delightful part of the “ COMFORTER’S ” work here, to reveal the Son of God, the Christ of God, the Covenant Head, the Immanuel, the Law-fulfiller the Redeemer, the Advocate, that Jesus in whom dwelleth the fulness of the Godhead bodily—the final Judge. It is His to unveil and show to poor sinners, as they can bear it, the Great Mystery of godliness—God manifest in the flesh; this is the superlative, the soul-enlightening work of the Divine Spirit now; although so little appears to be written or said of the HOLY GHOST in these times.

Elihu, in Job, says of the man to whom the “ MESSENGER ” came, that his soul was drawing near unto the grave and his life to the destroyers.

What a sad plight the man must have been in! We little know what a poor soul suffers when God enters into judgment with him! When he is chastened with not only bodily pains but with conscience smitings, with soul-agonies, and with the darkest forebodings of hearing the sentence, “ Depart, ye cursed.” “ SIN!” Oh, alarming word! What is it? I said, “ Amen,” when I read a bishop’s description of it, which I quote, and set it out in distinct lines:—

“ Sin is the child of self-will! ”

“ Sin is the terrible Nemesis of abused freedom! ”

“Sin is man’s missing his right arm in life!”
 “Sin is man’s wandering out of the right path!”
 “Sin is man’s defiance of his Maker!”
 “Sin is man’s suicide of himself!”

Let a man be deeply convinced that in himself all this, and more than this is true, and he will understand David’s bitter cry, “The pains of hell got hold upon me, I found trouble and sorrow.”

But, to the poor man, whose soul was drawing near to the grave, and his life to the destroyers. I sat down by his side: he opened his heart freely as he could, and he told me four things distinctly:—

First—as to his fears. His life—that existence which can never end, he felt was “drawing near unto the destroyers.” Ah! who are they? The poor dying man had considered

HIS SOUL WAS LOST!

and that all the sins he had been the subject of, all the sinners he had been the companion of here, would be so many revengeful fiends, who would drag down his soul into endless misery. Oh! the lost soul! What must that be? I cannot attempt to enter farther into his state here.

Secondly, he told me some little light shone upon his spirit by the coming up, and by the application of these words, descriptive of the ALMIGHTY LORD GOD, that HE was “GLORIOUS IN HOLINESS, FEARFUL IN PRAISES, DOING WONDERS!” The nature, the character of the Deity. Not only Holy, not only *Holiness*, but, “GLORIOUS IN HOLINESS”! No language can render this account of the character, of the worship, or of the work of God, plain to the natural mind. All the heavens are resplendent, and shine with a brightness of which we have no conception in this sin-blighted, in this cloud-obscured world. But one fact is convincingly clear to the soul that is enlightened, that not the slightest taint of uncleanness can ever come near that Throne, that Majesty, that kingdom, that company, where the glorious holiness of the adorable Trinity shines forth, unmingled, unmixed, in a brightness inconceivable—“a light that no man can approach unto.”

Then the poor man broke out:—

“Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,
 Can make this load of guilt remove!
 And THOU canst bear me where Thou fliest,
 On Thy kind wings, celestial Dove!”

Thirdly, the next time I was with the dying man he told me of another precious Scripture which had (unsought, unread, or unpremeditated) fallen upon his mind. That first Scripture, touching the character of the Deity, had given him the fear that in such superlative beauty and brightness his poor soul could never be found; while the second Scripture led to a contemplation of the happiness of the saints in glory, and of the *source* of their happiness.

“A lively hope,” or a faint shadow of a good hope beamed faintly in his eyes when he said these sacred words came, “Worship the Lord in the beauties of holiness!”

“I would not lead you to think I had them from the Lord,” said he; “but I had been dwelling upon my misery and woe, when in my inmost soul the words came, ‘WORSHIP THE LORD!’ *What,*” asked

the poor soul, "is in that word, *Worship?*" The word implies an entire surrender of one's self to the Lord. All the powers of the hidden man, of the heart, entirely, absolutely, engaged in the adoration of JEHOVAH. This is the happiness of the ransomed in glory.

It was once said of a lady, that she really "worshipped her husband." They meant, all the thoughts of her mind, all the affections of her heart, centred in him. So the true worshippers of the glorious Trinity in Unity, in their new nature here—but more supremely in their justified and glorified characters above—can say, "Whom have I in the heavens that I desire beside Thee?" There in the "home of our Father"—the worship of the "Chiefest amongst ten thousand"—there the "altogether Lovely"; there where

"THE GOD shines gracious through THE MAN,
And sheds sweet glories on them all;"

there "*worship*" is the purest, and most permanent happiness the glorified spirits ever attain unto.

Forms of worship here on earth, in these frail bodies of ours, appear irreverent, unholy, careless—sometimes shamefully unbecoming. But the living soul's secret worship of the Lord here is one of the choicest mercies, and one of the sweetest evidences of our being one with Christ, and one of the pledges of our ultimate glorification in the eternal kingdom.

The poor man looked feelingly at me, and said: "My soul was cheered with what I thought to point to the *source*, and *place* of the pure joys of those who are favoured to enter the regions of light and of a perfect salvation. So much of meaning came forth into me from the words,

"IN THE BEAUTIES OF HOLINESS!"

Where can those "BEAUTIES" be found, but in the glorified Person of the Prince of Peace, of the King of kings, of the Lord of Lords? Who can tell me what those beauties are? Who can open up the mystery and the meaning of the term,

"WORSHIP THE LORD IN THE BEAUTIES OF HOLINESS"?

"Oh!" said the dying man, "something in, and by those words, almost lifted me out of self, out of all sense of sin, out of this lower world altogether, and set me upon a most mysterious, but peaceful, high-up platform, where the true saints are filled with "ALL THE FULNESS OF GOD."

"I am now a dying old man," said he, "but can ye tell me if ever ye knew what the worship of the Lord in the beauties of holiness could be?"

I answered—after a pause—"In many, many seasons of study, of meditation, of inspiration, I have been mercifully caught up; but there was to me one most remarkable season, of which I never knew the like before or since. I will briefly tell you of it just as it occurred. Some five years ago, the first time, I think, the bronchitis detained me from public service, one Sunday evening I was quite alone in the study, Mr. Fowler, and Mr. Fountain, had been in to see me, on their way to Speldhurst Road. They were gone. No one was in the house but myself in the study, and my wife down in the parlour. As I sat alone in my study,

all in a moment I felt my soul ascending upward in prayer; and, closing my eyes, clasping my hands together, without the slightest knowledge of any word to be uttered by me; just leaving my soul to use any words she could, I began, and went on, as the following lines came up perfectly spontaneous, original and unknown to me, until they came out of my lips; and as they were uttered by me, I appeared to rise up into a life and health-imparting atmosphere, so much so in reality, that when I had done I felt quite well. Without knowing one word that I was about to utter, I cried out,

“O Lamb of God! Almighty King!
 How great must be Thy glory!
 It makes the heavenly choirs to ring,
 On earth we've heard the story.
 How JESUS, Son of God, came down;
 And now, before His FATHER'S throne
 He wears His mediatorial crown,
 While millions, millions, stand around,
 And worship Him with awe profound,
 Their most exalted Saviour!’

As every word came out, I felt to rise higher and higher; and to drink in a new life, so that, to the astonishment of my dear wife, I ran down stairs, and cried out, ‘I am quite well now!’ and repeated the words, with which she was much delighted.”

In those few moments I did appear to worship the Lord in the beauties of holiness; and His power lifted me up so that for the rest of the year I went on with my work gratefully.

My conviction is this, that one element in true worship is a resigned recognition of the righteousness of every revealed attribute in the Deity. I never read this, or heard it, but I firmly believe it. Against nothing revealed of the Almighty will the heaven-born soul rebel. The Justice of God may come with threatenings, with the thunders and flashes of lightning against all our sins, and we may be cast as into the belly of hell, yet, the new born child of God solemnly exclaims,—

“And if my soul were sent to hell,
 Thy righteous law approves it well.”

Surely, even under such dark clouds as have over-cast my sky, the life God has given will try to “look again toward God’s holy temple,” and, “looking unto Jesus,” shall obtain mercy. Wordsworth’s lines are now quoted to soften down the mysterious providence which allowed poor Gordon to be slain. The blame is cast upon an officer, and a writer says:—“If this is how the terrible calamity happened, the cause for sorrow is intensified. But Gordon, we remember, believed in destiny, and that the darkest providences might lead to the brightest and most enduring blessings.

“One adequate support
 For the calamities of mortal life
 Exists, one only;—an assured belief
 That the procession of our fate, howe’er
 Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
 Of infinite benevolence and power;
 Whose everlasting purposes embrace
 All accidents, converting them to good.’

“Already one begins to believe it probable that some of the objects

which Gordon had most deeply at heart will be more widely attained through his death than they would have been had he lived to return and been once more in our midst."

I will, if possible, call and hear of your last word. We are weak, worthless things. God in Christ, and for the sake of Him, who is able to save unto the uttermost all who come to the Majesty of Heaven, in Christ's name, have mercy on us, prays

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury Road, South Hackney, May 15, 1885.

"THE LORD WAS READY TO SAVE ME."

(ISAIAH XXXVIII. 20.)

MEDITATING on this passage, so full of blessed meaning to the child of God, my thoughts seemed to express themselves thus:—What a glorious declaration, full of grace and truth, and with what joy and comfort many a poor saved sinner can look back to the time when these words were verified in their experience. When quickened into life by the power of the Holy Spirit, they were groaning and sighing under the terrible load of sin, and having had brought home to their hearts that they had offended a just and holy God, they felt they were in a desperate and lost condition. But when the Lord begins a work of grace in the soul of His chosen people He carries it on. Now having been thus brought low in soul, the Lord led the poor trembling one to seek peace and pardon, through faith in Jesus. When groping in the dark, looking on the right hand and on the left, to see if there was any way of escape from sin and hell, and seeing none to help or deliver their souls, at the time appointed by God, these seekers after salvation experienced that the Lord was ready and willing to save them. Then joy and comfort flowed into their souls, and they knew what it was to have their sins forgiven, and what it was to know "peace," and to enjoy the smile of God.

Oh, poor, tried, tempted one, are you despairing of ever finding peace and rest to your soul? Keep seeking and praying, you shall not cry in vain; for the Lord will hear the cry of the prisoner, and deliver you, and bring you out of all your troubles in His own good time. The writer can add his humble testimony to the truth of this blessed passage. There was a time when the Holy Spirit convinced him of sin, righteousness, and a judgment to come. Then he felt "none but Jesus" could save him, and he was led to cry unto the Lord for days, (but as in the experience of God's people in all ages, and now), the Lord heard his cry, and led him to see with joy and thankfulness that Jesus had died for *him*, that salvation was "all of grace," and he was led to receive it as the "gift of God," and to rejoice with "joy unspeakable" and full of glory. Then he could sing with the poet:—

"No longer far from Him, but now
By 'precious blood' brought nigh,
Accepted in the well belov'd,
Near to God's heart I lie."

Let those who have been thus "saved by the Lord," and can say, "He

is mine, and I am His," render up their whole selves to His service, and seek to do His bidding, and follow Him where'er He may lead us, till our wanderings cease, and we enter the Heavenly Canaan, to sing "unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father for ever.

May this be the portion of every reader, is the humble hope of one who has been rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven for three months, and who is but a babe in Christ at the present time, but who hopes to grow in grace to full manhood. Amen.

THE GROWTH OF THE GODLY, OR OF THOSE WHO PROFESS FAITH IN CHRIST.

WE have extensive communications from a man of much spiritual knowledge, of sterling grace, and of decision for truth, whose poverty has landed him in a pauper's union in his extreme old age. He has to sleep in a compartment where there are no less than seventy other old men, who are all "the most awful blasphemers," not one truly fearing God. Can such a case be taken as representing the state of the nation at large? Some of the most critical philosophers have concluded that godliness is fast sinking.

"Christianity is as good as extinct," wrote Carlyle, thirty years ago. "The Christian religion," says Professor Ruskin, "is mostly obsolete throughout Europe." "Christianity," says Mr. Henry George, "is dying at the root." And if they mean that in these latter days out of the body of Christ's teaching we have chosen just so much as falls in with our political economy, our particular Church doctrines, our existing social habits, whilst all that is to our minds too liberal, too unconventional, we reject as dreamy and impracticable; if they mean that we have made the Gospel more and more a creed to be saved by, and less and less a code to be lived by—and all this in the face of that last command, as express as any that went before, "Go and teach them to observe *whatsoever* I have commanded you," then perhaps there is a sense in which Christianity is extinct, obsolete, dead.

But that Christianity which comes down from the ETERNAL GOD can never die. So long as there are vessels of mercy afore prepared unto glory; so long as there are "other sheep" belonging to Christ who must be brought into the fold, so long shall the Gospel trumpet be blown, and Mercy will render the instrumentality effective. "GODLINESS," like a river, a pure river of water of life, has never run dry; it never will. Sometimes its current flow has been under the surface of time things; but it has been flowing on, and on, and on, and has never dried up. Mr. Roberts says:—"There was a time when the creed of a God of mercy and of purity was lodged in a single heart—that of Abraham. What chance was there of its spreading? But it rooted itself and lingered, and calmly and slowly grew, till in the time of Moses it began to be half accepted by a people. Perhaps, you say, that they did not greatly accept it, that all they did was simply not to deny it. But in the time of Moses it had become a creed emancipating a nation and giving it a new start, with apparatus of judicial and sacred

laws, a new creed and a new hope. How vastly it had grown by the time of David, when he breathed into the Temple-worship such a spirit of communion with their God. It grew still more under Babylonish captivity, under exile and trouble, till in the time of Christ it was the living faith of a vast multitude. Spread over all the world, how has the creed of Christ grown? The number of the names at Pentecost was a hundred and twenty; before them all the forces of the world; in their hand nothing but the name of Christ and the story of the incarnation. And yet by the end of that century I suppose the Church of Christ numbered half a million. Gibben reckons that it numbered at the end of the third century something like five millions of people. By the end of the tenth century that five millions of Christendom had become a hundred millions of professing Christians. A hundred years ago, Carey reckoned carefully and estimated that Christendom included one hundred and seventy millions of the human race, and probably he very accurately surmised. But to-day upwards of four hundred millions of men give to Jesus Christ the name that is above every name, and build whatever hope of heaven they cherish upon Him, and find in what He was and did whatever inspiration they have of goodness and of duty."

Much over fifty years have we watched the movements, the efforts, the enterprises of men who have professed to have faith in Christ. When we commenced to publish *The Christian Cabinet* (above forty years since) there was not one Christian penny paper as a witness for Christ's Gospel in all the known world. Now hundreds of thousands of so-called Christian weeklies are sent out of London every week. In some form or other the cause of Christianity is espoused. His name shall be great even unto the ends of the earth.

"Soon shall *we* pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all *our* mortal powers must fail.
Oh! may our last expiring breath
His lovingkindness sing in death."

That will be a mercy of mercies to

C. W. B.

THEN "I WILL TRIUMPH WHEN I DIE."

EVERY moment of true happiness in life, of meetness for eternal rest, of perfect freedom in the mansions of glory, all depend on being in and with the Christ of God. A loving heart for the Lord sends the following:—

When in the hours of lonely woe
I give my sorrows leave to flow,
And anxious fears and dark distrust
Weigh down my spirits to the dust:

When not e'en friendship's gentle aid
Can heal the wounds the world has made,
Oh, this shall check each rising sigh,
That Jesus is for ever nigh.

His counsels and upholding care
My safety and my comfort are;
And He shall guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.

My flesh is hastening to decay;
Soon shall the world have passed away,
And what can mortal friends avail [fail?
When heart, and strength, and life shall

But, oh, be Thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I will triumph when I die:
My strength, my portion is divine,
And Jesus is for ever mine.

S. C.

Reviews and Criticisms.

OUR LITERATURE.

As a body, we do not appear to be advancing our literature. If not *quite* at a standstill in this respect, we are at a very low ebb. Even our serial and periodical literature is not what it ought to be, nor what it might be. How is it that we have so few works issued from the press now? Is it that we have not men of literary taste and ability? Or is it that our distinct and distinguishing principles do not require advocating and defending, both from the pulpit and from the press now as in former years?

The Baptist body has produced men and writers of no mean polemical and theological ability; but Gill, and Stephens, and Wells, and Palmer, and many others in addition, are gone to their rest. And have we not living men possessing latent talents in our body *now*, which only require developing? If so, how is it that this literary talent is not brought out? Is it because our young writers have been too often rudely snubbed, and so the fruit has been destroyed in the bud, and we have lost the fruit and harvest of their riper years?

Are we not, as a body, at fault in the matter? We do not sufficiently encourage and support our writers, specially in their first efforts at authorship, forgetful, it may be, that even authors, as such, must have their infancy and youth, and *that* youth ought to be specially guarded and fostered with a sacred care by the entire body. This, we fear, has been neglected, hence we are left with great paucity of literature, and have, in fact, no harvest to reap.

Without egotism, we cannot charge the EARTHEN VESSEL with this dereliction of duty. Its voice has ever been an encouraging one alike for young pilgrims, young preachers, and for young writers.

Other religious bodies can not only produce their works, but can have their books pushed into public notice and circulated in every direction; they find their way in spite of, or notwithstanding their erroneous doctrines and the counter influence of their sentiments, into the homes of our Church members, are read by our young people, and even find their way on to the bookshelves of our Sunday school libraries. Now, why in all common fairness, we ask, should the shelves of our Sunday school libraries be crowded with books containing very questionable, if not pernicious doctrines, to the exclusion of books written by our own men? Such works as Winters' *Boy Life*, and volumes of *Cheering Words*, would not disgrace the bookshelves of our Sunday schools; and they are adapted and interesting for the young to read. Then, again, the writings of S. Cozens, and others, are suitable for our young people. It is a reasonable question to ask why such works as those named, written by our own men, and the writings of B. B. Wale and others, should not be placed in our Sunday school libraries. Wale's *Ministry of the Beautiful*, and his *Last Days of Christendom*, might be read and studied to advantage by many.

I am not aware that a cheap uniform edition of the late Mr. James Wells' writings has ever been published; but why not? Why should not the deacons and Church at the Surrey Tabernacle publish one uniform edition of the writings of their late and still-lamented pastor? By so doing, they would not only perpetuate his memory, but would also help to secure for the use of future generations some of the theological literature of our body.

If the Methodists can have "book stewards" in all their circuits to push and circulate the writings of men in their body in every town and hamlet, why cannot we do something to stir up and develop the latent talents in our *own* body, and then help to push forward the circulation of our own literature, and thus lift up that which is now low down, and place that which to-day is weak and feeble, strong and vigorous in the front—a sound, strong, and healthy literature?

[If our correspondent had stood, as O. W. B. has stood—a responsible and suffering worker at the press, and in the publishing department for quite fifty years, he would know the why and the wherefore of his complaint. We are glad he has opened this door. If we are permitted, and if our correspondent is willing, we can take him into a few secrets in this department.]

"JESUS IS MY RESTING-PLACE."

THE LAST WORDS OF E. A. R. THE POETRY BY M. M. R.

<p>SHED not a tear for me, Oh, weep not that I die; I am where I would be, In "perfect peace" I lie. "The Refuge I have found" thro' grace, And "Jesus is my Resting-place." The storms of life are o'er, The conflict soon shall cease; Doubts interpose no more, "Now I have perfect peace." "The Refuge I have found" thro' grace, And "Jesus is my Resting-place." His precious blood was shed Sin's deadly wound to heal; To that full fountain led, This "perfect peace" I feel. "The Refuge I have found" thro' grace, And "Jesus is my Resting-place." Naught else have I to plead, No other claim to show; In Christ is all I need, His "perfect peace" I know. "The Refuge I have found" thro' grace, And "Jesus is my Resting-place." His free and boundless love First brought my soul release; That mercy still I prove— He gives me "perfect peace." "The Refuge I have found" thro' grace, And "Jesus is my Resting-place." My hope in Him alone, With comfort fills my breast. Upon His victory won In "perfect peace" I rest. "The Refuge I have found" thro' grace, And "Jesus is my Resting-place."</p>	<p>No painful doubts annoy, Jesus is ever nigh. No fears disturb my joy, In "perfect peace" I die. "The Refuge I have found" thro' grace, And "Jesus is my Resting-place." Shed not a tear for me, Weep not that I am gone; I am where I would be, Before my Father's throne! "The Refuge" that I found thro' grace, Jesus, is still my "Resting-place." The bliss I now enjoy, No mortal tongue can tell. Praise is my sweet employ, Heaven's rapturous song to swell. "The Refuge" that I found thro' grace, Jesus, is still my "Resting-place." Then sorrow not for me, Nor for yourselves complain; His glory you shall see, And join the angelic strain, If you "the Refuge" find, thro' grace, And Jesus be your "Resting-place." Oh, listen to His voice! That "still, small voice" of love; He gently guides your choice To rest and peace above. May you "the Refuge" find, thro' grace May Jesus be your "Resting-place." Then, when earth's strifes are past We shall in glory meet; Our crowns together cast At our Redeemer's feet. Jesus, "the Refuge," found, thro' grace, Our everlasting "Resting-place."</p>
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THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

A CHRIST-LIKE MAN WHO WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD.

Strong title that! Not true of all who go about. But of all we know of the late Mr. THOMAS BOXELL, of Brighton, he proved himself to be a man of great motive-power, carrying him forth, not as a declaimer or censorious critic, but as a good husbandman, breaking up fallow ground, and casting in the seeds of holy, practical, Gospel truth. He has been suddenly called away from all below. Reason says we could ill spare him. Be silent. At the end of Mr. Masterson's funeral sermon we find the following succinct epitome of Mr. Boxell's life and work:—

"Our beloved brother, Thomas Boxell, born October 23, 1823; died March 18, 1885.

"It is customary I know on occasions like the present to give a brief outline of the life of the deceased, and were I in a position to do so I should have to give a description of a somewhat remarkable career. For through the Lord's goodness our departed friend was a remarkable man in a business capacity, and was highly respected by his fellow-townsmen. He was a man of indomitable courage, of strict integrity, of unflagging industry and perseverance; and the Lord whom he sought to honour, crowned his endeavours with an abundant success,

and he was never backward in ascribing to this source his position in the world and to honour the Lord with his substance. He was a man with a tender heart, a loving spirit, and always ready to help forward a good cause.

"As a Christian, he was made one by the grace of God. When but a child of four years he had serious thoughts about his state as a sinner, and felt his need of a Saviour. He has been heard to say again and again that when only seven years of age, while sitting on a doorstep in Claremont-place, it seemed that a voice said to him, 'A place in heaven was prepared for you.' This made a deep and lasting impression on his heart, the sweetness of which he never lost. Early in life he was removed in providence to Tunbridge Wells, where he was apprenticed to his business as a watch-maker and jeweller. At the expiration of his apprenticeship he came to Brighton and shortly after joined the Church of Christ meeting at Richmond-street; then under the pastoral care of Mr. Joseph Sedgwick, for whom he cherished the warmest Christian love, which was heartily reciprocated, and the two became firm and fast friends; and this blessed union, which death interrupted for some years, has now been renewed where parting and tears will be for ever unknown. No doubt at the moment of his departure his revered pastor was standing at the gate of glory to salute and to give him a hearty welcome home. The recognition of friends in heaven no doubt will be one of the joys of the place.

"When the Church at Richmond-street, on the death of their pastor, made choice of his successor, in the year 1853, in the person of the late highly-esteemed Mr. Atkinson, our brother, with others, withdrew, and formed the Church at Queen-square, and built the chapel.

"In course of time our brother, Thomas Boxell, found his way back to his old home and loved associations. This, I believe, was in 1860 or 1861, and became a warm supporter of the pastor, and after a time was chosen to the deacon's office, and also became the much-loved superintendent of the Sunday-school. And I am informed by one who well knew him, that he was unquestionably one of the best, the most energetic, talented, and successful superintendents he ever knew. It was his earnestness in the work, and the kingdom of God spirit, that he manifestly possessed, which drew so many around him; and, during his superintendency of the school, the building had to be enlarged again and again, and many of the scholars gave

signs of a change of heart and joined the Church. That was a time of great prosperity at Ebenezer. His heart was in the work, and his anxiety for the salvation of souls was most apparent, and he was ever on the look out for those who had the gift and grace, either for teaching in the school or preaching the Gospel in the villages around. He sought with all brotherly affection and tenderness to encourage those whom he thought might be useful in the Master's vineyard. Thus, our good friend, both by his principles and practice, strove to build up and strengthen the Church of Christ.

"Circumstances, however, arose which induced our brother to resign, which, he believed, would be more for the glory of God and the furtherance of His kingdom. It appeared that our beloved brother Virgo, who assisted at the interment last Wednesday, had had it in his heart for years to begin a mission work in that dark and densely-populated district in and around Edward-street. The question was prayerfully considered; and just at that time it so happened that an old building, which had been formerly used as a music hall, was to be let or sold. After inquiry and prayerful consultation, it was resolved to buy the place and convert it into a house for the Lord. Our now glorious brother Boxell taking a most active part in the affair, and helping forward by his noble generosity. At first the place was opened for a Sunday-school and evening services, quickly a large number of children, also adults, was gathered, and through the blessing of the Lord, evidently attending their efforts, it was resolved to form a Church. This was done, and our brother induced to accept the pastorate, which he held to the day of his death. It is well known by you, dear friends, members of Mighell-street Baptist Church, how earnestly, incessantly, and with great self-denial, your late beloved pastor sought, as in the sight of God, to promote your spiritual and eternal good. You were his first care; he served you because he loved you. He travelled in soul night and day for your benefit and the glory of God. His memory is blessed. It is indeed a painful and mysterious stroke for you, in which we deeply sympathise, and we earnestly pray that you, as a people, may be kept together, remain united in the things of God, and always bear in mind that you cannot more effectually revere his memory than by living and labouring together in order to promote the good work which he and his loved co-adjutors were instrumental in start-

ing. His servants are removed by death, but never forget that 'thy God reigneth.' This was your pastor's last message, delivered at West Brighton, a few hours before he laid down his weapons of warfare for the festal palm and the victor's crown. May you meet him where he now swells the song of redeeming grace and dying love!

WHAT THEY SAID OF PREACHING.—Dean Swift said, "Banging a cushion is not oratory;" Canon Kingsley said, "Distrust violent and wordy preachers wherever you meet them." "Secret prayer makes the powerful preacher," said Beveridge. Dr. Arnold declares that when a man ceases to learn, that moment he becomes unfit to preach; and Archbishop Whatley remarks, "It is not uncommon to hear someone mentioned as having a very fine command of language, when, perhaps, it might be said with more correctness his language had command of him." Archbishop Usher's verdict is this, "Simplicity is the truest mark of a well-trained mind; it takes all our learning to make things plain;" whilst Bishop Burnet's test of a true sermon was this, "It makes everyone go away silent, grave, and hastening to be alone to meditate and pray over the matter in secret." [Very few of this class.]

A Brief Treatise on What Jehovah, in His Trinity of Persons, Has Done for His People, What He is Doing, and What He Has Promised to Do For His Chosen and Redeemed People. By J. Godsmark. London: Printed and published by Robt. Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street, E.C. Also to be had of the Author, 13, Daneville-road, Denmark Hill, S.E. (Price 2d.) Of this singularly choice, chaste, and comprehensive treatise, we only give the first few lines, which read as follows: "The love and abundant mercy of God to His chosen Israel, presents to the renewed mind an inexhaustible subject of heavenly mysteries and blessings, and though we cannot comprehend the eternal and infinite dimensions of the subject, as in the fruition of that divine glory yet to be revealed; nevertheless, divine faith can measure in an extensive degree the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, as the Holy Spirit unfolds to the eyes of our understanding the mysteries of the kingdom of God—the hidden mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, but manifested to His saints by the Spirit of divine revelation. Apart from this revelation, none can know God as the God of *their* salvation." The work of this essential revelation in the souls

of God's elect is defined by Mr. Godsmark in a most intellectual and Scriptural manner in this essay.

Was Joseph Better Than Jesus? The stone of stumbling, and the rock of offence, with all opposers to the revelation God has been pleased to give, is that great Bible theme, God's predestination of His chosen "unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ unto Himself." If these foundation principles are ignored (as they are by the whole race of Arminian preachers and professors) what then can the quickened, the enlightened, the divinely-chastened, the heart-deceived, the sin and law-condemned *righteous* ones do? What hope can they have if not in the eternal, the irrevocable, the never-failing love of God in Christ, which has been shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto them? After which, Job or Jonah-like, they may be tried very severely, but the lively or living hope, the deep-down persuasion that Jesus did once shine into them, keeps them from despair, and holds up a faith that will whisper in the afflicted one, saying,

"THEN JESUS IS FOR EVER MINE!"

To us it appears of little use to preach to the afflicted in Zion, that the whole world is to become manifestly the children of God. What shall I become if not found in Christ now, and in the great day? In Dr. Cox's new essay he says, "If Judas would have accepted forgiveness would not Christ have forgiven him?" There is nothing in Scripture to justify any such a question. And in the following remarks it must be remembered it was to Joseph's *brethren* to whom such compassion was shewn. The preacher asks:—"Did not the brethren of Joseph, after they had been dissuaded from killing him with their own hands, sell him for twenty pieces of silver? Did they ever confess their guilt till their confession was wrung from them by the love of Joseph? And yet did Joseph hesitate to forgive them? Did not his heart yearn towards them? Did he not weep over them with an unutterable joy because he could take so gracious a revenge upon them? Did he not plead with them to forgive themselves, beseeching them not to be grieved nor angry with themselves, since what they meant for harm God had overruled for good? And will any man go about to persuade himself, or us, that Joseph was better than Jesus, more benign, more generous, more tender and forgiving?" Joseph was a grand Old Testament type of Jesus certainly; but it was when starvation

stared them in the face, when they were ready to perish, when they came trembling and seeking—then, after severely trying them, Joseph unbosomed his heart, opened his hand, and freely forgave them. So, thousands of Christ's brethren have proved Him to be "a Brother born for adversity."

The Fireside. Office, 7, Paternoster-square. Some of the best Church of England sermons appear in this well-sustained monthly. In the May number is a discourse on the resurrection, by the Bishop of Rochester, which we have much enjoyed. The last sentence expresses a grand truth, when it declares that, "The living Church of God is the real evidence of the Resurrection. The quickening of the individual soul from vice and selfishness, from levity and flippancy, is the true anticipation of the power of the life to come. We are assured that Christ lives for us, when we feel that He lives in us." And, we may add, in the face of the world's opposition, there is still "a remnant according to the election of grace."

The Pure Truth Mission. The Third Annual Report of this Mission is published. It declares that "this country is flooded with literature of every description of error." Few know this, or have suffered more from this, than ourselves. "The Christian Cabinet," "The Gospel Times," "The Gospel Guide," "The Gospel Atlas," and other serials, we instrumentally originated, and, by pretended friends, were prompted to publish in the interest of Bible truth. It will never be known how we were deceived, or what we suffered, in these efforts. We wish the promoters of "The Pure Truth Mission" all the success the Almighty will grant them. The tracts and leaflets are composed with much plainness, intelligible clearness, and well sustained by Scriptural expositions. We know of no issues equal to them. They can be obtained of Mr. G. Stephenson, the Secretary, 12, Crown Terrace, Anlaby-road, Hull.

"*Common Sense Bible Lessons.*" *South-wark Recorder.* This local—and a respectful note to read the lesson on that Scriptural sentence, "Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father"—was sent to me by post. The object of the writer is to overthrow the Bible doctrine of God's election of *persons* to salvation here, and to glory hereafter. For some time after the Lord had called me to know, to believe in, and to love Him, I was frightened at, fearfully opposed to, the doctrine of God's eternal choice of some persons in Christ. My mother

was a well-instructed scribe, and a lover of the Word of God. With her I argued even with tears against such a principle. I will not refer to the conclusion I came to. A beloved brother—who saw the trouble I was in—asked me if I would go with him to hear a certain old man who preached in his own hired house. I said, "No! I do not like the look of that old man, and I shall not go to hear him." My brother prevailed. I have never forgotten that night. We entered the room where service was conducted. A chemist and druggist, by the name of Luke Spencer, announced the first hymn, "Now to the Lord a noble song."

The singing made the place appear like heaven to me. I did feel the Lord was there. Then the old minister said, "Let us read, for our instruction, the first chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians;" and as he read he expounded every verse. The doctrine of God's election of His people, in Christ, before time, rolled into my soul with such a brightness, beauty, truthfulness, and power that nothing ever could or ever can remove. Whether I am personally included in the election of grace has often been a dark trial to me, but I have, for over fifty years, been fully persuaded that "Whosoever is not found written in the Book of life" will never enter the eternal glory. There is no uncertainty with God. He knoweth them that are His. I have no desire to enter into controversy; but as "Common sense" has indirectly challenged me, I will not be a coward. I hope to say more.

The Signs of Christ's Coming. A sermon by Dr. Pigou. All the theories of the modern prophets are reviewed and rejected by Dr. Pigou; while the visible, Scriptural, and indisputable fore-runners of the great and glorious appearing of the Son of God are produced with a demonstration which reconciles us to much that is painful to all to whom the verities of Christ's own Gospel are very dear. In Dr. Pigou's sermon a light is brought to shine upon the whole of the diversified state of things now growing up around us. We wish all who have spiritual contemplative minds—minds with telescopic eyes in them; enabling them to look a little further off than their own narrow gateways—would read this discourse. It would surely comfort the godly soul with this assurance, that all things are working out that sovereign, that settled, that consecutive, that eternally-ordained covenant, which will bring forth "the glorious appearing of the great God and Our Saviour Jesus Christ."

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

"MORE THAN THE VOICE OF A
MAN."

BY JOHN HIGGS,
OF "LONG ISLAND CITY," NEW
YORK, U.S.

[We could not suppress the inward conviction—say, the hope—that the Spirit of the Lord prompted our brother, John Higgs, to write and to send us the following epistle. Gratitude for it almost overcame us. It came at such a time of soul depression, of deaths and sad afflictions in the family, and a lack of the anointings of the Friend of sinners, all which rendered the following unsought, unexpected review a reviving cordial. May the Lord in His pity and mercy bring us through all, in His time, and abundantly reward John Higgs, such is the soul's prayer of C. W. B.]

DEAR MR. BANKS.—I have felt inclined for years past to send a few lines to you, and then have concluded it was better not to do so; but seeing in the *EARTHEN VESSEL* and *Cheering Words* an account of your bereavement my past feelings have been revived. You speak of yourself as "A poor, solitary, heartaching mortal." If you only had hope in this life, no doubt this would be terribly true. Giving vent to your felt loneliness you say, "My valuable wife called home, children all married off, and away from me." Yes, all seems "a blank, a shadow, an empty place." Job felt the desolation keenly when complaining of the loss of his blessings and mercies; with what a heavy heart he sighed out: "And when my children were about me." The parental feelings of David on the death of the child, and of his son Abalom, broke forth as a running brook; even the blessed Saviour gave proof that He was truly human when He wept at the grave of Lazarus. The partner of your bosom, and companion of your declining years, is hardly taken away from you, rather she is only gone before; according to the number of your years it must soon be said that C. W. Banks has ceased from his labours. Many speak of this world as that of the living; this is scarcely true, certainly it is the world of the dying; that whither your wife has gone is the world of the living, where it is everlasting life. My own mind fails in fully grasping this reality; dying no more, death having no more dominion, for ever present with the Lord. This is the rising sun which sets no more, the everlasting day. The way in which the Lord took away the wife of Ezekiel the prophet, seems sad, strange, singular. "Son of man, behold, I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke. So I spake unto the people in the morning, and at even my wife died." Whatever were the feelings of Lot in his flight from Sodom, as by his side his wife suddenly became a pillar of salt, we know not, all is silent.

It is nearly forty years ago that I read

your book, "The Tree Cut Down, But The Roots Preserved." I was then an apprentice boy. About that time you came to Wallingford to preach on a week evening; on that occasion your manner, reading, prayer, text, sermon, to-day is nearly as vivid in my mind as when taking place. When I entered the chapel you were sitting in the pulpit where but a short time before had been sitting, for the last time, that man of God, the late Wm. Gadsby. In those days, in that baptistry, in front of that pulpit, brethren Albury, Hearne, and myself were baptized, "buried with Him by baptism into death, that like as Christ was raised up from the dead, by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life;" then I trusted I was one with Christ Jesus,

"One when He died, one when He rose,
One when He triumphed o'er His foes."

Yes, in eternal union one. As you sat in the pulpit I could just see the top of your head. When you read the Scriptures your face I saw not. When you began prayer and supplication it was as though the poor publican had stood up with a thousand struggling fears as to how shall I approach the Lord, not lifting so much as his eyes to heaven: what a solemn thing it then seemed for a sensible sinner to come before God. After singing you read your text with such deep solemnity, as though you were still before the mercy-seat, where angels bow their faces. The text was, "He sent from above, He took me, He drew me out of many waters, He delivered me from my strong enemy, and from them which hated me: for they were too strong for me. They prevented me in the day of my calamity: but the Lord was my stay. He brought me forth also into a large place, He delivered me because He delighted in me" (Psa. xviii. 16—19). Then I saw your face, of the text it was of yourself true. Oh, the deep waters of conviction of sin, with the heavy burden of sin and guilt on the conscience, when the powers of hell get fast hold on you. The deep waters of temptation, which had made you, like Peter, weep bitterly, and from the depths, like Jonah, you had cried unto the Lord by reason of your affliction, "out of the belly of hell," cried I. The waters compassed me about even to the soul, the depth closed me round about, the weeds were wrapped about my head. The bottomless depth of darkness, when gloom, despondency and almost absolute despair brooded over your soul, and you said, "I am cast out of Thy sight." Finally, the time and place of your great deliverance. "Thou art more glorious and excellent than the mountains of prey" (Psa. lxxvi. 4).

If I remember rightly it was under a sermon preached by Mr. Abrahams from these words of the Psalmist that the Lord in the greatness of His mercy gave you to realise the blessedness of the text in all its fulness, "He brought me forth also into a

large place, He delivered me because He delighted in me." After the service was over I was standing by the side of deacons Absalom, Bond, and Hall, fathers in Israel, men of long and deep experience in the things of the kingdom, men mighty in the Scriptures; referring to the sermon, one of them said, "It was more than the voice of a man." It had been to them, and many others also, in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. Oh, how many sermons I have heard since then, at their close I have said, "*Only the voice of a man.*" If we turn to the day of Pentecost we may learn what it is that makes the preaching to be more than the voice of a man, it is when men speak as the Spirit gives them utterance. Then whatever may be the spiritual condition of the man who hath ears to hear, which God only can give, he hears the preacher speak in his own language—that is, he hears with an understanding heart. On the day of Pentecost, though the preacher whose short sermon is recorded was only a fisherman speaking as the Spirit gave him utterance, it was mighty through God to the pulling down of the stronghold of Satan; the dead in sin heard more than the voice of a man, and lived; they were pricked in their heart, and said, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Thus as many as were ordained to eternal life believed, faith came by, was given when hearing the Word of God, they were baptized, became members of the Church at Jerusalem, continued steadfast in the Apostle's doctrine and fellowship, died in the faith, and were received up into glory entirely by the Spirit and grace of God. Now whatever may be the preacher's learning, gifts, eloquence and such like, unless he speaks as the Eternal Spirit gives him utterance, in matters of salvation, his preaching is no more than sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. I believe you will not disagree with me in this matter. When by the grace of God (and I trust by the promptings of the Holy Spirit) you launched the EARTHEN VESSEL you nailed to the mast-head your colours, with this inscription thereon, "Salvation only of the Lord." Since then you have been contending earnestly for the truth as it is in Jesus, set by the Holy Ghost for the defence of the Gospel. What a forty years of remembrances of all the way the Lord has been with you in the VESSEL! I thought and feared, with others, at one time, that it was likely to sink; men said you had undertaken too much single-handed, thus you were judged by feeble sense; but, having obtained help of God, you have continued at the helm unto the present day. Ah, what storms and tempests, and days and nights of darkness, when the raging billows seemed as if they would swallow you up, still you clung on, looking and crying unto Him who holds the winds and the waves in the hollow of His hand, believing Him to be all-merciful to hear, and almighty to deliver. How signally the Lord hath often heard and helped you. You have seen the wonders of the Lord in the deep, and His way in the mighty waters; He hath said, Peace, be still, and there has been a great calm. Yes, when

it hath seemed that all around our soul gave way, then He hath been our strength and stay. My own unbelieving heart, even unto the present day, though having had many interpositions of the mercy of the Lord, is still prone to draw its conclusion from human appearances instead of God's promises, which can never fail. Hath He said and will He not do it, hath He spoken and shall it not come to pass? Yes, oh, yes, "As thy day so shall thy strength be." Still there are those who really are the Lord's dear children, redeemed by His most precious blood, who have tasted that the Lord is gracious in their days of darkness, have great fears that, because of their sins, coldness, hardness of heart, and base backslidings, the Lord has cast them off, that He will be favourable no more, that in anger He hath shut up His tender mercies. Oh, what would we often do if it were not,

"Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding."

And now, dear sir, pardon this scribble, and may the Lord, whom you have known, loved, trusted and served so many years, comfort your heart, and remove all your felt loneliness by His continuous manifested presence, by the light of your countenance, and in your heart continue the assurance that you have a home, a happy home eternal, in the heavens.

JOHN HIGGS.

New York, April 22, 1885.

BUCKS.—On my circuit in this county, it has often been my hap to look in at Zion. You remember the happy walk we had—with the gifted minister who once was pastor in "High Wycombe"—to Prestwood, when the conversation all the way was on that part of Hosea where Ephraim is in the school of repentance, and he cries out, "What have I any more to do with idols?" Then the Lord steps in and says, first of Ephraim, "I have heard him, and observed him." It is a mercy to be delivered from every species of idolatry in every sense, and secondly, in our renunciation of them, to be heard and observed by Him, who so fully expresseth His abiding uprightness, His everlasting, ever-living faithfulness when He exclaims, "*I am like a green fir-tree.*" Never did I hear the fir-tree so explained before. From Him cometh all our fruit. No black, no blighting, no withering leaves from Him. But let me tell you Zion, at High Wycombe, now appears to have one of the branches of this green fir-tree in her ministry. Mr. W. E. Palmer, the pastor, is a man who works by Paul's golden rule, "Study to show thyself approved unto (or sanctioned by) God," &c. His second anniversary was early in May. The sermons were spoken out with clear Gospel distinctiveness by that substantial minister, Mr. John Slate Anderson. The appearance and zeal of the friends, the unity and happy fellowship of members and officials all bespeak a prosperity which will not die out.—**NO ONE KNOWS ME.**

PULHAM-ST.-MARY.—I was able to go to our happy Gospel home the first Sunday in May. Pastor Benjamin Taylor was preaching, baptizing, and breaking of bread at Lord's table. His address on "Baptism" was so convincing, so powerful, that I hear others are coming forward to confess their faith in Christ. Death is removing some from us; but for more than forty years, our pastor, Mr. Taylor, has been a living witness for the truth, and has never laboured in vain. In himself, in his dear partner, in his dying daughter, he has sore afflictions; but out of weakness he comes forth in given strength. We hope to see the jubilee of pastor and the place, if God will.

ILFORD.—Our forty-ninth anniversary was held at Ebenezer Strict Baptist Chapel, April 26; Mr. James Flavel preached; we had seasons of sacred joy. We are not un-mindful of favours divine that have been showered upon us as a Church by the glorious Head of Zion. We render our heartfelt gratitude to the Lord of heaven and earth for benefits so freely given. On following day Mr. R. E. Sears preached. He clearly showed the grand doctrinal truth of justification freely by grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus; it was no dry-as-dust talk, but instructive, practical, and most encouraging from beginning to close. Many friends sat down to tea. At public meeting Mr. James Lee was in the chair, supported by Messrs. Flavel, Archer, Elsey, Wheeler, Margerum, &c. Our warmest thanks to all our friends, to our kind brother who occupied the chair, cheerfully assisting us, and praying that we stand fast in one spirit, with one mind, striving together for the faith of the Gospel, so desires J. D. FOUNTAIN.

THE VOICE OF THE LIVING AMONG THE DEAD.

BY AN AGED MAN OF GOD "IN THE
UNION."

The saving knowledge of God, of a deep experience of the warfare, of a watchful review of the working of the wheels of Providence, and of the surface religion of many, these several departments of wisdom are often more clearly, closely, comprehensively revealed to some of the "hidden saints of God" than they are to the public orators, and to the mere professors in our Churches. There is much more knowledge, heavenly understanding, and God-wrought experience in the quiet, reticent, and silent members of the "Mystic Body," than in the officers, the managers, the mouth-and-mind organs of Zion. We would not utter or write one word unkindly of any who take a public stand for CHRIST and for HIS Gospel; but we are in the times of Truth-declension. We are tempted to unveil the present state of things, yet we resist the temptation; and only add, writings have reached us from a poor godly man, of a searching, discriminating, and spiritual character, which we have prepared. We believe thousands will read with solemnity and profit.

MR. JOHN HAZELTON AT LEWISHAM.

One of the most pleasant and busy spots in the suburbs of London is lovely Lewisham. On Lord's-day evening, April 26, I exchanged pulpits with the pastor, and found myself much blest and happy. On Tuesday, Mr. John Hazelton preached a sermon full of Christ from Psa. xcii. 4, and showed some of the great causes for gladness in the work of God, making special allusion to the extent of the work, taking in what Christ had done, what He is doing, and what He will do in salvation matters; also, the rule by which He works, the scene or place of His working, and the progress of His work, with other varied features of interest by which the saints are made glad. Mr. Hazelton is a great sufferer; it is sincerely hoped the gracious Lord will long spare him for the good of His saints here, and grant him a fair measure of strength, that he may labour without so much physical distress. Many sat down to an excellent tea. The evening service was under the presidency of H. Cooper, Esq., who made a very agreeable speech on the happy career of the Church in connection with its beloved pastor, Mr. W. Hazelton; and having stated some of the many reasons for thanksgiving and praise, W. Winters was called upon to address the meeting, who is said to have made a very rosey speech. Then came Mr. James Clark, Mr. F. C. Holden, and Mr. R. E. Sears. Mr. W. Hazelton testified of the blessing of God to the Church during the past year; several were to be baptized. Mr. Hall, Mr. Mountford, and Mr. Fletcher made loving remarks, and accorded a hearty vote of thanks to the deserving Chairman. The collections amounted to £12 14s. 0d. The Lord be praised.

— W. WINTERS.

BETHNAL GREEN.—The half-yearly meeting of Hope Chapel was convened Tuesday, May 5th, 1885. Mr. J. Hazelton preached the sermon. This venerable and profound-thinking servant of the Most High God was enabled to take us into the deep, glorious mines of Psa. ix. 4: "For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised." The speaker led us to view the greatness of the Lord Jesus in His Divinity, the complexity of His Person, Prophetical, Priestly, and Kingly offices; also, that His greatness was superlative and perfect. The speaker took occasion to warn the sinner of the greatness of His wrath. Praise is due to Jesus from us. "I know," said the speaker, "it is a real pleasure to be in debt to my Lord. It is sweet to feel that we shall never be out of debt." The speaker then addressed himself to God's dear people particularly, pointing out to them their wonderful dignity. He said, "If God is so great, it must be wonderful to be related to this covenant God. How blessed to stand related to this great Lord!" The speaker concluded with the perpetuity of all this: "He is the same for ever." The whole discourse was grand in doctrine, rich and sweet in experience. The friends

greatly praised the Lord for enabling His servant to come laden with so rich a repast. A large number sat down to the good tea prepared by the ladies to their credit. J. Upsdale, Esq., took the chair in the evening, and gave us a few reminiscences of his life; they were short, pithy, and sweet. Mr. Griffith spoke feelingly to his subject, "The Lord's knowledge of His people." Mr. Squirrel sent the sparks flying from the anvil as he hammered away at the grand old text, Zech. xiii. 1. Mr. Dexter spoke of "The comforting assurances" (Matt. xxviii. 20). Our hearts were comforted indeed. Mr. Holden led us beyond the end of the world to eternal life. We almost thought we were there. Mr. Copeland offered a few thoughts, and closed the meeting with prayer. The happy countenances of the friends seemed to say, "Surely the Lord is in this place."

SAFFRON WALDEN.—In this aristocratic borough town stands London-road Chapel. Its pastor, Mr. J. D. Bowtell, is an unassuming man of God. Mr. Bowtell excels many in usefulness, as he is able to do good to people's bodies as a herbalist, as well as to their souls as a faithful preacher, through the help of God. On my visit, I found that all the pastors in the town had a comfortable house to live in as a manse but Mr. Bowtell. The friends have £70 towards a pastor's manse, which they have gathered during the past year. Lord's-day, April 19, was the School Anniversary; three sermons were preached by the writer. The little children acquitted themselves exceedingly well in their recitations. Deacon, Mr. Bunting, the superintendent, Mr. Parsonage, the pastor and friends were all happy. One dear suffering saint in the town, Mrs. Whitehead, is still prostrated from debility, in which position she has been a long while. I here thank the friends, Mrs. Furlong and Mr. and Mrs. Bunting, and other friends, for their hospitality and kind expressions during my short stay with them.—W. WINTERS.

CAMDEN TOWN.—I am very comfortable at the High-school; we have nice united prayer meetings; I hope we may see the blessed results. Mr. Dawson is very earnest, very truthful; he preaches the truth, whether men will hear or forbear. He has lately lost one of his eyes, which is a great denial to him, but he is quite cheerful, and says he believes it is for some wise purpose. How good to be enabled to lie passive in His hands, and know no will but His.

WALTHAM ABBEY.—The cause at Ebenezer is progressing, being sixty-one years of age. The anniversary of its formation was celebrated April 23. I here thank all the folks who came to visit the cause and to help it. Mr. Preston Davies, who is well known to almost all Churches of truth, preached a sound Gospel sermon. Mr. Davies was most interesting and explicit on the "Three Divine Persons in the God-head"; especially of Christ as a servant, and

of the Holy Spirit as a Dove. A number of friends took tea. In the evening, Mr. Lambourne, a good Christian gentleman, presided, and introduced the subject of the meeting in a most affectionate manner. Mr. A. E. Realf, of Harlow, offered prayer, to which all present who had spiritual life could say, Amen. I sincerely wish Mr. Realf was more known to our Churches, as he is a spiritually-minded preacher. Messrs. R. Burbridge, E. Casse, Charles Cornwell, W. H. Lee, J. Parnell, Preston Davies, and Mr. W. Tooke, gave precious words.—W. WINTERS.

IPSWICH.—The fifty-sixth Anniversary of Bethesda Baptist Chapel was celebrated on Lord's-day, April 26. Three excellent sermons were preached by Mr. R. E. Sears. The pastor, Mr. W. Kern, gave out the hymns, and assisted in the afternoon. Friends from far and near visited us; we hope they enjoyed their visit. Our brother Cozens closed his place of worship at Zoar and joined us, and a goodly number of his people likewise united in celebrating a high day with us. The collections during the day amounted to £15 10s.

HACKNEY.—The parsons are flying about. St. Thomas's-square has lost Mr. Forsyth; Mr. McAuslane has left the Approach-road Cathedral; Mr. Hebditch goes away to Australia. The Baptists in this Metropolitan suburb stand fast except Mr. Griffith, who prefers visiting some of the country Churches; Henry Myerson is a long-standing, cheerful, and faithful pastor in Shalom; John Bennett seems quite at home in old Homerton-row; in Speldhurst-road, Mr. Kempston has been well received; so has Mr. Gordelier, Mr. Saunders, Mr. Samuel Banks, Mr. Thomas Austin, and others, who, while the old editor has been laid aside, have not allowed the sound of Sovereign Grace to be silent in that, to some, most favoured house of prayer.

GREAT BENEVOLENCE OF NEW YORK CITIZENS TOWARD SPELDHURST ROAD.

When the full list of donations is issued on behalf of Speldhurst-road Chapel, it will be seen that, through the instrumentality of our excellent Christian brother, Mr. Charles Graham (of the firm of Graham and Sons, architects and builders, in New York City), friends on the other side of the Atlantic, have been full of sympathy, of practical charity, and of helpful zeal in preserving a sanctuary built expressly for the promulgation of the Gospel of Christ, and for the due observance of such ordinances as our Lord and His apostles established. With another draft, the following note comes seasonable and consoling:—

MR. CHAS. W. BANKS.—Dear and much tried and afflicted brother, I received the **VESSELS** and **CHEERING WORDS**, with an account of the funeral of your late beloved wife. You have friends three thousand miles

away, anxious to hear of the last kind act, and what was said at the funeral of one that shared your joys and sorrows for many years. But you parted where every husband and wife should part, *at the grave*. I do hope the Lord may sanctify your heavy affliction for your ultimate good, both in the present life and that which is to come, and that great grace may be given you to keep you from rebellion against the arrangements of divine providence, for if poor flesh and blood is left to itself, it does and will rebel; only grace can enable the tried and afflicted saints to kiss the rod, and bless the hand that applied it. One thing pained me in looking over the account of subscriptions received for the mortgage of the Chapel, I looked for a rush of subscriptions to encourage you in the time of your distress. Surely it is a very small recompense for all your labour of love for more than forty years among the Churches, through the length and breadth of the land, labour given willingly, without any expectation of return. Those things are intended to drive you oftener to a throne of grace, to the Strong for strength; for the Lord has promised to deliver, and He will deliver in His own time, and in His own way; not in our way. How often I have asked, and begged the Lord in time of distress to deliver me in my own way, that seemed right and reasonable. He never has once, but has made me wait and watch, that patience may have her perfect work. He has brought me to see and acknowledge that the Lord's way was the right way, although contrary to flesh and blood—that is, to human reason. There is nothing short of the power and wisdom of God can save rebellious man. Paul says, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am the chief." I can truly make one with the apostle in that respect.

Hoping, my dear brother, you may be long spared to the Church of God, and that He may yet make your face to shine; and at last come to your grave in peace.

I have sent you another mite to help along and encourage you in this dark and cloudy day. Dear Brother, I would commend you to God and to the Word of His grace that is able to keep your feet from falling, and your eyes from tears. I expect to be along sometime in June.

Yours truly,
CHAS. GRAHAM.

New York, April 14, 1885.

The following printed note shows the good spirit manifested:—

C. GRAHAM, Esq.,

MY DEAR FRIEND,—When I saw you last and you recounted to me your success in securing such timely assistance for your friend Mr. C. W. Banks, your face wore such a look of satisfaction for what you had been enabled to do, that it did my heart good to look at you; every word you spoke revealed how great would be the pleasure to you if you could continue such timely contributions, and I thought what a privilege it would be to me

to be permitted to add another smile to your already beaming face by doubling my original contribution of ten dollars, which I will venture to herein enclose.

Friend Graham, you are getting old gracefully, that each day that brings you nearer to the end of your works of benevolence, may also bring you a day's journey nearer to the dawn of a permanent youth, is the wish of your sincere friend.

GEO. N. WILLIAMS.

Mount Vernon, New York,
January, 26, 1885.

CHAS. GRAHAM, Esq.,

DEAR SIR,—Your favour of the 25th is at hand, soliciting a subscription somewhere in your native land. Enclosed you will find my check for ten dollars, which you may send your friend with the kindest of wishes for his success in the noble work in which he is engaged.

Yours very truly,

N. A. WILLIAMS.

Saybrook, Ct., November 27, 1884.

Second Subscription for Mr. Chas. W. Banks:—Geo. N. Williams, 10 dols.; Chas. Graham, 10 dols.; John Donaldson, 10 dols.; Thomas Butcher, 5 dols.; Geo. N. Williams, VESSELS, &c., 1 dol.; Alfred Butcher, 5 dols.; Miss Kitty McCall, 2 dols.; Mrs. Rebecca Madison, née Graham, 2 dols.; James Prior, 1 dol.; Thos. Graham, 5 dols.; Mrs. Wm. Harrington, 1 dol.; Frederick Eilers, 10 dols. Total, 62 dols.

We cannot express our gratitude for such spontaneous expressions of sympathy. God only knows how unworthy of such kindness is felt in the heart of C. W. B.

A FATHER IN ISRAEL TO HIS SON.

LETTER VI.

"He that hath My word let him speak My word faithfully."—Jer. xxiii. 28.

MY BELOVED ENOCH,—There is no official position under the sun for weight, solemnity, importance, and responsibility, to equal that of a grace-made, God-sent minister of the everlasting Gospel; he is a steward of "the household of faith," the royal residence of His Majesty King Jesus, and "it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." There are four things which will make him so—viz., an open Bible, a tender conscience, divine teaching, and love to his Master. Without these things, a man with all his classical attainments will only be an unfaithful steward. And oh, Enoch, one shudders at the thought of how it will fare with such a deceiving character when called to "give an account of his stewardship." In your public ministry do not lose sight of that important and conspicuous part of God's eternal truth, which in these days of duty-faith jargon seems almost obsolete in many pulpits: I mean the absolute sovereignty of God, or the line of demarcation between election and reprobation—i.e., the Church and the world. In these days of compromise

and flesh-pleasing amalgamation Church and world are so intermingled that you can scarcely discern the one from the other, and sure I am that as a Bible reader, Enoch, and with your enlightened mind, you clearly perceive the effulgent line of solemn distinction between them, as drawn by the Holy Ghost throughout the entire Bible, and although it is renounced and rejected by thousands of professors and preachers, you must, to be honest and quiet your conscience, preach it fully, faithfully, and fearlessly. Between the seed of the serpent and the Seed of the woman God has put enmity (Gen. iii. 15), and all the evangelical alliances in the world will never remove the sovereign *put* of the eternal, immutable God. The line of divine sovereignty goes on between Cain and Abel, Jacob and Esau, Isaac and Ishmael, the Egyptians and Israel, and so, without particularising in a short letter, Malachi closes the Old Testament line in iii. 18, "Then shall ye return and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not" with the last chapter of his prophecy. The New Testament exhibits the line of absolute sovereignty most brilliantly throughout, John the Baptist begins with the Pharisees "Whose fan is in His hand, and He will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather the wheat into the garner, but He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire (Matt. iii. 12). Then in all the discourses and parables of our Lord with the soul-cheering epistles of Paul, Peter, James, John, Jude, and the Revelation, the line continues in immutable, inextinguishable effulgence, closing with that solemn declaration, "He that is unjust let him be unjust still, and he which is filthy let him be filthy still, and he that is righteous let him be righteous still, and he that is holy let him be holy still" (Rev. xxii. 11). So that you see the doom and destiny of each party is eternally, fixed by that wonder-working God—

"Who knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters His decrees."—*Watts*.

Men's opinions of you will be various, and frequently you will undergo critical examination either publicly or privately. So many of so many sects, societies, and denominations will say so many things in so many ways about you, that you may feel disposed to do, as a man once did—viz., have a board painted with this inscription, "They have said, they do say, they will say—then let them say," and hang it out your door. Go on with your important work, Enoch; be an iron pillar, bend nor bow to no man, but God and His Word only. "Shun not to declare the whole counsel of God," keep back no part of the price, diminish not a word. Now, relative to reading which I hope you love, perhaps I may say to you what dear John Foreman said to me when he gave me my charge at Snowfields Chapel forty years ago, with his two glaring eyes, he seemed to pierce me through, and said, "You must read much, the Bible chiefly, but not exclusively; you may read anything but not preach anything

but God's eternal truth. Make what you read serve as an handmaid to her great mistress, the Gospel." Bless God, I have been enabled to do so all through my ministerial career, go thou and do likewise. Dear old John Ryland said to his son, "Never go into the pulpit without the three great R's—Ruin by Adam, Redemption by Christ, Regeneration by the Holy Ghost." Oh, what a miserable ditty and dismal tale is that (and, forsooth, called a sermon), where these important realities and solemn essentials are left out—preach them, preach them, Enoch, at the top of your voice, and the divine sanction and blessing will rest upon your faithful testimony for God. "Be thou faithful unto death," and then as a reward, not of debt, but of free grace, Thy divine Lord and Master will "give thee a crown of life." "The Lord be with thee."

Yours truly in the Gospel,
T. STRINGER.

MR. JOS. WILKINS'S GRATEFUL TESTIMONY AT PECKHAM. — On Tuesday, May 12, many friends were gathered at Heaton-road to unite in the services commemorating the second anniversary of Mr. Joseph Wilkins's pastorate. Mr. Mitchell, of Guildford, preached. At evening meeting Mr. James Lee presided. Mr. Wilkins said he was pleased to be able to state that at the close of the second year of his pastorate they were at peace, and indeed had been right through the two years; not a murmur of discontent anywhere in their midst. Sunday-school, singing-class, Church and congregation, all working harmoniously; two years of unbroken peace. As regards finance the friends had done wonders; no people in the world could do more for my comfort than have the friends at Heaton-road, and I take this opportunity of thus publicly expressing my gratitude to God and to them. Time can never erase from my memory the numerous practical expressions of kindness which I have here received. Above this, the word has been blessed, and we are working on, hoping ere long to see some come forward to declare what God has done for their souls. Messrs. Mitchell, Shaw, Bennett, W. Hazleton, and Boulton gave little sermonettes. Mr. Wadsworth, one of the deacons, confirmed their pastor's statement, and presented Mr. Wilkins with a cheque for over £16, the result of the collections. Some anthems were sung during the evening by the choir, Mr. Fenner, jun., leading in an admirable manner with the organ.—J. W. B.

PECKHAM. — At Nunhead-green on Tuesday evening, May 12, anniversary of Sunday-school was held; Mr. John Mend, the pastor, in the chair. The cause and school here is in a flourishing condition. On this occasion Messrs. John Box, Squirrel, Clark, and Evans took part. Mr. Firlinger gave a hearty welcome to all visitors; and there was unmistakable evidence of unanimity and Christian feeling in their midst. The neat chapel was quite full.

RIPLEY, SURREY.—After preaching anniversary sermons in this pretty, scholastic, and generally busy village for between thirty and forty years, "the guardian of our health" this year sternly refused to allow us to go, as we wished. Our son, Mr. Samuel Banks, went to Ripley this year in his father's absence. A happy company came together at both services, and we have testimony whispering that his "holy-side" of the Gospel was well received by some at least. We know he is very sincere, devoted, and studious. The Ripley pastor, C. Z. Turner, and his family and friends were found to be as well, as firm, and as happy in Bible truth as ever. That venerable friend to the Gospel, Mr. Green, at a very advanced age still lives, and if God is pleased to raise us above all the shocks we have lately had we may see Ripley again.

WANDSWORTH.—On Tuesday evening, May 5, the annual meeting on behalf of the West Hill Baptist Chapel Building Fund took place. Notwithstanding the unfavourable weather, a goodly number of friends assembled. The public meeting was presided over by the pastor, who explained the reason why he occupied the position assigned him, and that the gentleman whom we had hoped would have filled that post had not been able to favour us with his presence. That sweet hymn, "Kindred in Christ," was first sung, after which the chairman read Psalms cxxi. and cxxii. Brother Reed, from Mr. Holden's Church, was requested to invoke the divine blessing, after which our highly esteemed and senior deacon, brother Tomlins, read the report, in which he shewed the noble sum our friends had raised was nearly £2,000. A few weeks since it was resolved to make a special effort and raise the sum of £100 by the time of this our annual meeting, as this would enable the committee to settle the builder's account—viz., a balance of £55 8s. 3d., also to have the walls of the chapel plastered. The result of this last endeavour has not been futile, as the amount of the cards brought in have shown—viz., £76 18s. 2d., so that we have cleared off our builder's account, and have a balance in hand of £21 9s. 11d. toward the completion of the object in view. After some further remarks from our pastor, Mr. J. Bennett, of Homerton, addressed the meeting. He spoke words of encouragement and cheer to those who had embarked in so good a work at West-hill, and proceeded to tell out some of the precious things of which the Lord's people never grow weary. Mr. J. Parnell came next, and started with a sweet and filial text culled from a rich cluster found in the 3rd Epistle of John, "Wishing above all things that ye may prosper." Our brother dealt out some sound and choice truths, illustrated by facts which had come within the range of his own experience during the course of his labours in the ministry. Mr. Preston Davies addressed the meeting, and politely thanked the worthy chairman for allowing him 15 minutes to speak to the friends convened together. He chose to give as a title to his speech, "Doing exploits." Those who have been

remarkable for such deeds are prominent in the Bible. Who were they? Those who were sensible of their own weakness, and whose strength was in the Lord alone. Mr. John Bush, who for the first time appeared in our midst, next gave an address, which he prefaced by saying it gave him very great pleasure to meet us on this occasion, especially so on our pastor's account, as he felt an attachment to him, and referred to one occasion of hearing a sermon by him, which had left a sweet impression upon his mind, and he had felt a feeling of union and affection toward him ever since. The friends could heartily reciprocate the kind feelings expressed by our dear brother, and hope the time is not far distant when they will have the pleasure of again meeting him in this part of Zion. The Doxology was sung and prayer offered by our pastor, and a very happy and profitable meeting was brought to a close.—B. DREWZ.

CROUCH-HILL.—"The Dowson Memorial Chapel" we hope soon to be erected. We have some good words from Mr. Nichols; but you shall have more some day.—A PARTICULAR.

SHOULDHAM-STREET.—The sixth annual meeting in connection with this time-honoured sanctuary occurred on Lord's-day, May 17, and on Tuesday, the 19th. The preachers on the first day were Mr. J. B. Warren, the pastor elect, Mr. P. Reynolds, and Mr. W. J. Styles; and on the second day Mr. John Hazelton preached a sermon full of Gospel truth, Christian comfort, and spiritual edification. In the evening Mr. John Harris, of Kilburn, presiding, read Psa. cxlv., and commented upon a few of its leading heads. Mr. E. Beazley offered solemn and earnest prayer. Mr. J. Harris spoke of the pleasure he had in being present, and of his agreeable acquaintance with the pastor, Mr. Warren. Mr. Edward Harris, the beloved father of the chairman, and deacon of the Church, read a concise report of the Church's progress during the past year of Mr. Warren's ministry, which was certainly of the most encouraging nature. The cause and Sunday-school, with kindred societies in connection therewith, proved to be in a very healthy condition. Six persons had been added to the Church during the year, and three had been removed to their eternal home on high. Mr. Harris, senior, interspersed the reading of the report with a few timely and genial remarks, which were much appreciated. The subject introduced by the chairman for the evening's discussion was the form of prayer given by Christ in His sermon on the mount. Mr. H. Brown was most interesting on "daily bread;" Mr. J. H. Dearsley expressed some choice words on "forgiveness"; Mr. P. Reynolds was very exhaustive on "Temptation." J. B. Warren (pastor) dealt with "Deliverance" in a quaint manner, brim full of singular incidents of deliverances by providence and grace. The risibility of many present was provoked, except that of the speaker himself. Mr. W. H.

Evans gave some particulars of the "kingdom," which were heartily received, and the writer closed the scene with some discursive notices on power and glory. The collections were good, and the whole of the debt for renovating the chapel was that evening entirely cleared off. The Lord be praised, says—**W. WINTERS.**

THE LATE MRS. ADAMS.

Another saint of God, in the person of Mrs. Adams, of Fair-green, Glemsford, Suffolk, has passed away from earth to her heavenly rest. She was a person of sound Christian experience and of clear judgment in divine truth, and one who had seen many changes in life. She was, however, not easily moved by "frames and feelings," yet she was a good bearer and a regular attendant on the means of grace, which she had long highly prized. In the October of 1831 she, with eight other believers in Christ, was baptized in the open river by her beloved pastor, Mr. Robert Barnes, of blessed memory. Our departed sister had been twice married, both husbands being godly men. The first, a Mr. Prentice, was soon taken from her, and the second she lived with in mutual happiness until within the last eleven years. Like most persons of her peculiar natural and spiritual disposition, she toiled at her work until near the end of her days, and when forced to give up Satan would sorely distress her with doubts and fears about the reality of her religion, but she was often found in secret prayer (which is a sweet proof of vital godliness in the soul), and was at times clearly conscious of the presence of her precious Saviour, being often cheered in the hour of darkness by her beloved daughter, Miss H. Adams, who succeeded in pointing out to her the sweet promise of Christ, and when her quivering voice would respond and sing,—

"How vast the treasure we possess,
How rich Thy bounty, King of Grace."

Having been for the last time attacked by the great foe of her soul's peace, the Lord kindly appeared, and as her spirit was about to depart she lifted up her hand high above her head and said with delight, "Now I am lifted up on high! now am I on high" and sweetly fell on sleep in the sacred arms of Him she had long loved and served on May 1, 1885. Her remains were interred in the old chapel ground, and our brother, Mr. Robert Page, solemnly performed the funeral service, and whose words of sympathy in the Master's name were well received by the sorrowful relatives and friends.

Waltham Abbey. **W. WINTERS.**

CITY ROAD.—Wednesday, May 20, at Jireh, was a gathering of a Christian and social character. Mr. Waite (the pastor), Mrs. Waite, and family, were entertained by the Church and numerous friends to tea on the occasion of their silver wedding. A meeting eventually followed, when addresses were delivered. In the course of the evening Mr. Tickner presented to Mr. Waite, on

behalf of the Church, as a token of their love, a handsome silver tea-pot and China tea-service. This quite took the pastor by surprise. He responded to the gift with grateful acknowledgments. Messrs. Green, Hammond, Pocock, Goulding, and your humble servant, spoke their heart's joy.—**J. W. B.**

BRIXTON.—The term chapel is fast growing into disuetude. "Tabernacle" and "Temple" are becoming the fashion of the times; and, in many places, without any change of religious principles. This is the case at Brixton Tabernacle, Stockwell-road, under the pastorate of Mr. Charles Cornwell, whose faithful adherence to the truth of God has long knitted the writer to him. This tabernacle is a beautiful sanctuary built for God, and as a solid structure it is more worthy of the name of temple, as I have always understood a tabernacle to mean a temporary habitation, or moveable building. George Whitfield, Mr. J. Wells, Mr. C. Cornwell, Mr. Spurgeon, and many more have established the title, and the thing has become accepted. The first anniversary of Brixton Tabernacle was May 12th. Mr. George Webb preached the sermon. The evening meeting was presided over by Mr. G. J. Baldwin. Mr. Gray, the able secretary, read the annual report, which was full of Gospel truth, was well put together, and well read. Mr. Gray's services in Brixton Tabernacle must be invaluable. The financial statement showed a serious balance on the reverse side, nevertheless, the pastor, deacons, and friends, are not asleep, nor unconscious of their position, and the kindness and generosity of the friends must stand as a memorial of God's gracious interposition on behalf of this cause of truth, in bold frustration of the statement of many who say that the Strict Baptists are a do-nothing class of people. The average attendance on Lord's-day in the new tabernacle is quite double that of the old place; also the Sunday-school has greatly increased. At the meeting the sum realised by the collections at the services on Lord's-day and on the Tuesday following, inclusive of £5 collected by Miss Stringer, £20 by Mrs. Cornwell, £22 6s. by Mr. Cornwell, and a gift of £3 by Mr. Gray, amounted to £75 1s. 9d. Praise the Lord, as one old saint audibly expressed at the time. Mr. G. J. Baldwin spoke on various tests of truth; Mr. F. C. Holden touched on heart-thankfulness; Mr. J. Bush dwelt on the exploits of God's people; Mr. T. Stringer testified of the ambassadors of Christ and their great mission; W. Winters drew the attention of the pastor and chairman to his own coat tail, which was like the sensation of a fisherman who had a bite! Mr. J. Hand spoke on the spiritual seasons of the soul; Messrs. G. Webb, Rundell, Gray, and the pastor, gave warm and congratulatory addresses, which all present seemed to enjoy. Health and prosperity to brother Cornwell this is from the soul of **W. WINTERS.**

COTTENHAM.—PRESENTATION.—A meeting was held in the Board School Room on April 27, in connection with the removal of Mr. W. H. Rose from Ebenezer Baptist Chapel. At tea 350 sat down; at public meeting Mr. T. Sanderson, on behalf of the subscribers, presented Mr. Rose with a gold lever watch, a writing-desk, an album, and £2 10s. in money, as a token of their appreciation of his ministerial labours and his devotedness to the welfare of others. He was also presented with an address from the Total Abstinence Society by Mr. W. Graves. Addresses were delivered by Mr. T. Clements, Mr. Rose, and Mr. Flack. There were 800 persons present, and great regret was felt in having to bid farewell to Mr. Rose, who has gained respect from all classes. [We are glad such a demonstration of esteem and such practical proofs were given by the people at Cottenham of their sympathy with Mr. Rose; but why he leaves such a loving people, and whither he is now going, we know not.—ED.]

CHELTENHAM.—Four or five of the old saints, formerly connected with Bethel, have lately been called home. Others are "to the margin come, and soon expect to die." Brother A. Baker has just finished his engagements at Bethel; he hopes now to begin a twelvemonth's engagement at Needingworth, near St. Ives. The Lord be with him, and make his way plain, comfortable, and prosperous. His ministry has been greatly blessed to my soul. He seemed to know all about me, and to read my very heart.

**AGED PILGRIMS' ASYLUM,
CAMBERWELL.—JUBILEE YEAR.**

To the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEAR SIR,—At a recent meeting of the local committee, held at the asylum, the following resolution was unanimously passed: "That in anticipation of the coming jubilee of this asylum—being the first home in connection with the society—the secretaries conjointly be asked to prepare the jubilee report, giving a concise historical account of the rise and progress of the institution, and the work carried on therein. And that this committee take into consideration at an early date the necessary arrangements for celebrating this auspicious event."

In accordance with the above request, materials gathered from the early minutes of the Asylum are being arranged, but I shall be much obliged if any friends conversant in any way with the early history of the Asylum and its promoters can send me any facts of an interesting character bearing upon the subject. Possibly some may be able to bring to our remembrance incidents connected with the honoured men who, fifty years ago, banded together to erect, under God's blessing, this home for aged pilgrims.

Yours faithfully,

29, Marlborough-rd., Wm. JACKSON,
Upper Holloway, N. Sec.

ISLINGTON.—Interesting and impressive meeting was held at Providence, Upper-street, on Tuesday evening, April 28; Mr. James Lee presided. Mr. Willey, in his emphatic way, said, We, as a Church and people, have much to be thankful for. Our pastor preaches the Gospel with savour and sweetness, and God blesses it to the building up of His people. Twelve have been added to our number: congregation better than it has been for years; chapel sometimes filled. Sunday-school, Tract Society, Infant's Friend and Dorcas Societies, all in good working order. It has been a year of heavy affliction to our pastor; but the Lord has helped and brought him through. We are at peace, and everyone strives, in different ways, to hold him up, and he is, at the close of this sixth year, more highly esteemed by us for Christ's sake than ever. Mr. Reynolds confirmed the statement made by Brother Willey, and added, he had much to be grateful to God for, both in the oral and practical expressions of love and sympathy from his people. Messrs. Warren, Wilkins, Mayhew, Lynn, and others took part. A mission-room in connection with the Church at 73, Avenall-road, Highbury, is open on Sunday afternoon for preaching, and on Thursday for prayer meeting.—J. W. B.

THE REPORT OF THE METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION OF STRICT BAPTIST CHURCHES. 1885.

The published Report just to hand (May 8) shows the continued progress of the Association; the constitution of which is thoroughly well based and practicable. The annual meeting, which I was unable to attend, was held in Mount Zion Chapel, Hill-street, Dorset-square, and the inaugural address was delivered by the president, Mr. R. E. Sears, on the importance of the work of the ministry and how it should be done is fresh, vigorous, and thoughtful. Mr. J. S. Anderson's speech, entitled, "A Sacrifice worth Presenting," is faithfully rendered; and Mr. S. K. Bland's concise and suggestive address on Christian unity and love will bear more than once reading.

The arduous labours of the joint honorary secretaries, Mr. John Box and Mr. John Harris, are beyond praise.

The report of the associated Churches is exceedingly cheering when compared with previous years. During the past year 142 have been baptized and added to the associated Churches. There are now 3,391 Church members, 434 teachers, in the schools connected with those Churches, and 4,458 scholars.

W. WINTERS.

Waltham Abbey.

DORSET SQUARE, HILL STREET.—The 38th annual meeting of the Benevolent Society connected with Mount Zion Chapel, was held on Wednesday, May 6. The pastor, Mr. G. W. Shepherd, preached an excellent, sound sermon in the afternoon from Rev. ii. 9. A good number of friends partook of tea in the schoolroom. In the evening Mr.

Shepherd occupied the chair, and having read as the opening lesson Rev. iii., called upon Mr. John Harris, of Kilburn, to offer prayer. The chairman briefly introduced the nature of the meeting, and expressed regret at the absence of Mr. J. L. Meeres through affliction. Mr. T. W. Nunn, Secretary of the Benevolent Society, at the request of the chairman, read the annual report, which was thoroughly well put together, full of godly sentiment, and effectively read. The financial report showed the annual income of the society to be, including balance of last audit, collection, and profits of tea at the last public meeting, £63 17s. 2d., out of which sum £49 5s. had been expended in relieving 110 needy poor in connection with the Church of Christ, leaving a balance of £14 12s. 2d. In addition to this amount, £50 were usually distributed to the Lord's poor at Christmas time out of the communion money. The gifts were distributed with care by the visitors in office, who were well able to speak a word in season of spiritual good to the tried and afflicted poor. The committee consist of the following gentlemen:—Messrs. Barrat, Buckoke, Cobb, C. C. Harris, W. S. Millwood, R. B. Robbins, T. Robbins, Rodwell, Tinson, Wilson, H. O. Sennitt, treasurer, and T. W. Nunn, secretary. With such a body of godly well-to-do persons, it is no wonder that the society is so successful. I personally wish every Christian society had equal strength. Mr. W. K. Dexter made an eloquent address on the first love of the Ephesian Church; Mr. J. Curtis was no less intelligent on the white stone and the new name; Mr. W. Hazelton made a neat speech on the faithful among the faithless of Sardis, and Mr. W. Horton was lucid and masterly on the exhortation to the Church at Thyatira. From the glorious latitude of the previous speakers, Mr. G. Webb and the writer were what lexicographers would call O, or Zero, which means nothing. The meeting terminated in a very happy manner.—W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

NEWPORT PAGNELL.—BELOVED BROTHER BANKS.—As you take a deep interest in Zion's welfare, I know you will rejoice to hear that there has been at last baptizing at Newport Pagnell. On April 26 I had the pleasure of immersing two beloved brethren in the Lord and one sister, who by divine grace were constrained to declare themselves on the Lord's side, and put on Christ by an open profession of His dear name. May the God of Jacob bless the struggling cause and add many precious souls to their number, such as are saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation.—EDWARD BEAZLEY.

KEDINGTON, NEAR HAVERHILL.—The annual services at Rehoboth Baptist Chapel were held on Good Friday, April 3. Two sermons were preached by Mr. J. Simkin, of Stapleford. There is much for the Kedington pastor to take courage from to see a little despised place of truth in a corner of the earth having God's own Word fulfilled,

"Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."—W. H., Haverhill. [We saw the springing up of this many years ago. Our old friends, the instrumental planters, are all gone. To that successful worker, Miss Wallace, we would like to erect a memorial.]

MR. GEORGE WEBB'S CHARACTER.

On his leaving the Maidstone Church, at Easter, a farewell meeting assembled, and a loving testimonial of ten pounds was presented to the retiring pastor. That happy Christian brother, James Lambert, read an address to Mr. George Webb which is expressive of the affection in which the Church held him, although they are not rich enough to support him. The Church at Lowestoft require such a minister, if funds could be raised to give Mr. Webb a good start. In addressing Mr. Webb, James Lambert said:—

"MY DEAR PASTOR,—We are called upon to say farewell to one dear unto us for Christ's sake, for truth's sake, and for the Gospel sake, even the Gospel of the ever-blessed God. Although we cannot see how these things are to work together for our good, and the honour and glory of our covenant God, yet we desire by precious faith to say, 'Not our will, but Thine be done.' My dear pastor, I feel I must congratulate you on this occasion, that although so few have come forward to testify of the power and grace of God upon their hearts, yet you have lived in the affections of those who are united together here in the bonds of everlasting love; and I must say I have never realised so much love, and joy, and peace, and unity, and concord. Nor do I believe this Church and people have realised so much of the comforting power and influence of the word of truth upon their hearts as they have since you have been pastor of this Church. And why? Because you have not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God; because you have not turned to the right hand, or to the left, but you have been enabled to proclaim the glorious Gospel of the grace of God in its simplicity and godly sincerity; and the character I would give you (if I might be allowed to do so) would be, 'A thorough honest, upright man of God, and a sterling preacher of the everlasting Gospel of the grace of God, a real saviour of the Lord Jesus Christ as the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and a blessed comforter to Zion's mourning children.' Now, my brother, in saying 'Farewell,' I would pray God Almighty that has been mindful of you thus far on the journey of life, that He will open a door for you, and make the way straight and plain before thy face; that He will enrich thy soul in the glorious things that make for thine everlasting peace and welfare; give thee seals to thy ministry, and seals for thy hire; enable thee to feed the hungry, to give water to the thirsty, and to comfort the hearts of those that are travelling home to God, and crown thee with loving-kindness and tender mercy, and at last grant thee an abundant entrance into His everlasting kingdom and glory, for Christ's sake. Amen."

CONSOLATION.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—Language could not express my feelings on receipt of your letter, so grieved was I at your affliction. Truly, deep waters are your portion, and the waves and billows roll over you, but still I trust and pray that you have the sustaining presence of the dear Lord, whose you are, and whom you serve. Paul speaks of the afflictions of time as "light afflictions, and but for a moment." We are apt to think them heavy, and of long duration; and so they are to flesh and lool, and yet Paul was

right, they are light and brief when compared with the weight of glory, "the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, reserved in heaven for you."

The present suffering is great; but oh, to know it is the Father's hand that mixes the cup, the Father's love that tempers the fire, and controls and directs all.

"All thy griefs by Him are ordered,
Needful is each one for thee;
All thy tears by Him are counted,
One too much there cannot be;
And if, while they fall so quickly,
Thou canst own His love aright,
Then each bitter tear of anguish
Precious is in Jesu's sight."

May the dear loving Lord reveal Himself very sweetly to your soul, pour the balm of His love and grace into your wounded spirit, strengthen your soul in Him, and give you full victory and perfect peace. May He raise you up yet again, and if it be at all consistent with His will, long preserve you to minister to His saints, to comfort His chosen, till having done all His will below, He shall present you faultless before the throne of His glory with exceeding joy. Most sincerely do I trust and pray that you may be fully restored, and that very soon. Oh, it seems to me your testimony to the truth of God is so much needed still, I can hardly believe but that you have yet a grand future before you here below; as to the glory and blessedness of the future I have no shadow of a doubt for you.

I need hardly say, I shall be glad to have a line from you when you are able to write. Meanwhile my prayer shall be to the God of all grace on your behalf. Tenderly and truly yours in the love of Jesus,

W. ROWTON PARKER.

Belton, Uppingham, Rutland, April 10, 1885.

Our Obituaries.

DEATH OF MR. C. FRENCH, OF MARK'S TEY, ESSEX.

Mr. C. French, of Mark's Tey, passed away from earth on April 16, 1885. He had been unwell for some time, but was usually present at the chapel. The Sunday previous to his death, he was unable to leave his room; but was out again on the Monday and Tuesday. Wednesday he was not quite so well; on Thursday morning he passed quietly away, without a pain or struggle. Thus another of God's faithful and useful servants is taken from us. Our brother has laboured at Mark's Tey nearly thirty years. He had been instrumental in raising a cause of truth, to the comfort and blessing of many souls. During his illness the pulpit has been ably filled, principally by Mr. Bowles, of Colchester; by Mr. Beach, and other friends.

The funeral took place on April 23. The coffin was preceded by Mr. Beach (Chelmsford), Mr. Brown (Colchester), Mr. Bowles (Colchester), Mr. Rayner (Mount Bures), and was followed by upwards of fifty relatives, members, and other friends. Arriving at the Churchyard, it was carried to the grave by the friends, and bore the following inscription: "C. French. Died April 16, 1885; aged 82 years." Mr. Beach read several appropriate passages of the Word of God, and briefly addressed those assembled. He spoke of the good hope he had of the departed, exhorting them to follow in his footsteps. Mr. Rayner closed this part of the service with prayer.

The friends then returned to the chapel, which was well filled. Mr. Beach read Psa. xc., and led us to the throne of grace, praying earnestly for the widow and family, some being present of the third and fourth generation. Mr. Brown gave

an address. He spoke of the blessedness of hearing that voice, as our departed brother had in his own soul, and that he had been blessed to labour in Christ's vineyard. Blessed in life, he was blessed in death, because he died in the Lord; and not only so, he was blessed henceforth, and for ever. May the Lord bless this event to all that were present, so prays

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

DEATH OF MR. JABEZ OSBORN.

The late Jabez Osborn, of Shouldham-street chapel, received the Master's summons to join the Church triumphant on April 18, after having undergone an operation, from the effects of which he succumbed. Thirty-six years ago he was brought to a knowledge of the truth, under the ministry of the late John Foreman, and for nearly twenty-five years was secretary to the Sunday-school at Hill-street. A quiet, Christian man, who lived the Gospel life because he possessed it. He had suffered much in body during the past ten years, but had always a cheerful word for everybody around, and was also respected by all who knew him. His last illness, lasting three days, came very suddenly; but he realised very sweetly that the everlasting arms were underneath, and expressed himself as being quite ready for the change from pain to rest. Many old friends gathered around his grave at Willesden, when his pastor, Mr. Warren, spoke in feeling words, committing his remains to the dust. "Not lost, but gone before."

On April 3, at Westwood, Sevenoaks, after five days' illness and acute pain, borne with much resignation, Zippor Buggs, aged 37 years. Through mercy,

"His hope was built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness."

Truly he was one who came out of great tribulation, and often expressed a desire to depart "to be with Christ."

GOOD OLD THOMAS POTTER, OF CROWFIELD.

"The end of that man is peace."

At Crowfield Thomas Potter died,
At the great age of eighty-four;
And grace his every need supplied
Through life, and in death's trying hour.

He was a worthy member where
Our pastor Dearing long has preached;
With joy, times past, we heard his prayer,
Which prayer the Holy Ghost had taught.

Infirmities, by slow degrees,
Long wasted his poor mortal frame,
Until bronchitis (foll disease)
Commissioned, seized fast hold of same.

The doctor could not break its hold,
This did his skillfulness defy;
Soon his weak body, lifeless, cold,
Upon the bed did senseless lie.

His wife and family mourned their loss,
Their love to him was great and strong;
But this assurance soothed their cross,
His soul is now to glory gone.

In eighteen hundred and eighty-five,
The month of April, eighteenth day,
Our much-loved brother Potter died,
And angels bore his soul away.

We followed him unto the grave,
And many other friends beside,
Where pastor Dearing read and prayed,
And spoke of how our brother died.

Spoke of his life, and of his death,
And of his resting in the grave;
And of His love, and of his faith,
And Jesu's mighty power to save.

And of his fear, and of his foes,
 And of his soul's hard warfare here;
 And of his conquest over those
 That kept his soul so long in fear.

And of the confidence we have
 Our brother will rise from the grave
 Upon the resurrection morn,
 No more by sin to be depraved.

This was a solemn, sacred time;
 Sorrow and pleasure both were found,
 While all that's mortal was consign'd
 Of him we loved, unto the ground.

To rest till the archangel's voice
 And trump of God shall loud proclaim,
 "Awake! ye dead in Christ, rejoice!
 Arise, with Him, thy Lord, to reign."

Divine and holy, spotless, fair,
 His body then will fashioned be;
 And Jesu's glorious image wear,
 In heaven to all eternity.

His waiting spirit then will take
 Possession of his new-formed seat,
 And joy eternal ever make
 His pleasure and his bliss complete.

Loved brother Potter! thou art gone
 Up to thy house above the sky;
 In this we often heard thee groan,
 Satan and sin oft made thee sigh.

Full fifty years thy holy soul
 In this vile house did sigh and mourn;
 But there no waves of trouble roll,
 To mar thy peace before the throne.

Sometimes the tempest was so great,
 You thought you surely must be wrecked;
 You felt in such a dreadful state,
 You no salvation could expect.

Just like a vessel in the sea,
 Thy hope at times was almost lost;
 Sun, moon, nor star, thou could'st not see,
 Then what distress thy soul it cost!

Till He who holds the water in
 The hollow of His wondrous hand,
 To thy poor soul appear'd again,
 Then all was peace at His command.

Not all that earthly friends could say,
 Could make thy sad forbodings cease;
 CHRIST and His Word was all Thy stay,
 His still, small voice, did give thee ease.

Few wrestled hard as you, while here,
 With unbelief, flesh, world, and sin,
 And death, and hell, and slavish fear,
 And infidelity within.

"Who shall deliver me from this
 Vile body of my sin and death?
 If Thou, dear Lord, take me to bliss,
 I'll praise Thee with unceasing breath.

"Thou shalt not hear the last of it"
 (He once was heard to quaintly say),
 Not in some passion's pettish fit,
 But grace-taught prayer that humble way.

And now Thou hast began to pay
 This vow of love in strains divine.
 Thy spirit free from sin-stained clay,
 Sings, "Glory! glory! Lord, is Thine."

He loved a free-grace Gospel much;
 But proud free-will, and duty-faith,
 Fleshly religion—dreadful stuff—
 His grace-taught soul abhorred till death.

He loved the truth in every form;
 Doctrine, experience, precept, too;
 He loved its sacred power to warm
 His poor, cold heart, and make it glow.

He loved the written Word of God,
 And much its sacred pages read,
 Which yielded him soul-strengthening food,
 As milk and wine, and meat and bread.

How often have we heard him say,
 "There is no book like this to me!

Shame, by professors of the day,
 This Book should so neglected be!"

He loved the truth, and beld it fast,
 With single eye, both keen and clear;
 What his strong mind had firmly grasped,
 He did maintain in spite of fear.

The truth he loved by grace he talked,
 Without an outward cause for shame;
 The power of truth helped him to walk
 Before the world without a blame.

The public worship of his God
 He always loved while he was here;
 The preaching of His blessed Word,
 And meetings of His saints for prayer.

Trifles could not keep him away,
 He loved God's earthly courts so well;
 There he could sometimes sing and pray,
 And praise—that he was out of hell.

He was a kind and faithful friend,
 And father in the Church indeed,
 Could comfort and instruction blend
 To troubled souls in time of need.

And in the temple of his God,
 He stood a pillar firm and long;
 As he temptation's path much trod
 He well knew how to say, "Be strong!"

To tempted, trembling, feeble souls,
 Who reel and stagger to and fro;
 Toss'd by the waves o'er rocks and shoals,
 On life's tempestuous seas of woe.

Grace made him humble and sincere,
 And unassuming all his days;
 And sensitive, with godly fear,
 Was always jealous of his ways.

What e'er he thought, or said, or done,
 Was weighed and questioned much by him;
 And Satan oft accused him wrong,
 Declaring that it all was sin.

And that he was an hypocrite,
 He was deceived, and was twice dead;
 And unbelief said, "That is right!
 For such a wretch Christ never bled."

Much inward conflict here he knew,
 Yet God bestowed all needful grace,
 And every foe he vanquished, through
 Him, whom he now sees face to face.

Not many weeks before he died,
 He said all fear of death was gone;
 JESUS, on whom his faith relied,
 Had on his soul with glory shone.

Calmly in death he breathed his last,
 On Jesu's mighty arm he leaned;
 Too weak to speak, his spirit passed
 From earth to heaven, as in a dream.

We miss thee much, now thou art gone,
 Gone to thy loving Saviour's breast;
 To wish thee back, sure 'twould be wrong,
 Back from thy long-sought, glorious rest.

Back from thy mansion in the sky;
 Back from the spirits of the just,
 Back from angelic company,
 Again by sin to be oppressed.

Again on earth to sigh and mourn,
 To wrestle with infernal powers;
 And burdened in this house to groan,
 As now we often groan in ours.

Yea, rather, we would now be glad,
 Thy spirit is from sin set free,
 And never more can he made sad
 By that which so long burdened thee.

And if it is my Father's will,
 Had rather join thy spirit there,
 Where love, and joy, and peace will fill
 The soul, for ever free from care.

T. FREEMAN.

[This rustic, quaint, but faithful picture of a good man, may stimulate some, by God's grace, thus boldly to stand in this evil day.—C. W. B.]

Immortality; or, "Where is He?"

A Brief Outline of

A FUNERAL SERMON ON THE DEATH OF VICTOR HUGO,
PREACHED AT ZOAR CHAPEL, IPSWICH, BY SAMUEL COZENS,
Sunday Evening, May 31st.

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" (Job xiv. 10).

THE preacher read our Lord's discourse on the "Rich man and Lazarus" (Luke xvi.), and said Job was a believer in the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body (chap. xix.). The triumph of life over death is the grand doctrine of Christ risen. Christ plants His cross in the grave, bruises death to death under His feet, and brings life and immortality to light in the soul of the dying thief. He sleeps in the tomb, wakes from His soft slumbers, stands out of the sepulchre, and in the presence of gaping graves and tottering tombstones, sings, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

"Oh, death, where is thy sting?
Oh, grave, where is thy victory?
Oh, grave, where is thy victory?
Thy victory, oh, grave!"

Alexander, who wept for more worlds to conquer and to reign over, is in the grave. Voltaire, who measured his pen against the thunderbolts of Horeb, is in the grave. Dante, who visited hell, and conversed with the damned, is in the grave. Bounaparte, red from a thousand battles, is in the grave. And to-morrow all that is left of Victor Hugo will be in the grave, lying side by side with Voltaire. The grave swallows up all. But the resurrection shall swallow up the grave in victory. "All that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and come forth." The ocean, uttering its mournful requiem over a long lost world engulfed in the flood, shall give back her dead. The Dead Sea, surging over the cities of the plain, shall give up the sinners of Sodom and Gomorrah. From a thousand battle-fields the warriors shall come forth at the trumpet call of the angel. And at the trump of God the congregations of the dead shall burst from their casements, from churchyards, and catacombs, and come to judgment. "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God" (Rev. xx.). This world of ours is one vast sepulchre of death waiting the resurrection, when from ocean's bed, and earth's ravines the men that have been shall be. "And the sea gave up the dead which were in it, and death and the grave delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged," &c. (Rev. xx. 13).

Victor Hugo was a man of marvellous powers, of multifarious talents, a dramatist sparkling with the classic lore of a Shakespeare, a novelist more fascinating than Scott. He was a philanthropist, instinct with the common brotherhood of man; a politician, with the common-

wealth of a Cromwell in his heart. He was indeed a "magnificent genius," and the most popular writer of the nineteenth century. In my young days I read his works with avidity; and I admired him greatly, for I saw in him the tenderness of the child in his treatment of oppressed humanity, and the courage of a lion against imperial impostors. He was a man; but whilst we respect the man, we feel as if the shadow of his death had fallen upon us; for no religious service is to be allowed at his burial. Such service, so full of the teachings of immortality, was absolutely vetoed by him. Probably he had seen so much of the cruelties and impurities of that religion he once professed, that he acquired an abhorrence of religious forms. It is sad to think that a man may be endowed with almost angelic eloquence and vast knowledge, and yet lack the charity of God, and the religion of Christ. We are very liable to be carried away by the powers of oratory, and we excuse a vast deal in a man of rhetoric that we should not tolerate in a man of meaner speech. Their very eloquence disarms criticism.

Poor Hugo! his impassioned sympathy with the suffering, the oppressed, and the down-trodden, filled us with profound respect for his humanity. And without passing any judgment upon him, we will only say, that we should have been glad if there had been some evidences, positive evidences, of his religious character.

"Where is he?" Yesterday he was in France, in Paris, moving among the *élite* in literature, and mixing with the mighty in genius, and the leaders of modern thought. But he and they have parted company. And the place that knew him shall know him no more. He is gone, "Where is he?" One says, "His name shall live." I am not speaking about his name. "Where is he?" You say, he is in his coffin. No, no, the house of man's soul is there, but where is the soul? "Where is he?" Is he among the poets of sacred song? Did he compose psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, so penitent, so prayerful, so prophetic, so praiseful, as those written by Asaph, and David, and Solomon, and Ethan? Is he among the geniuses of ancient inspiration—the mighty seers who unrolled the book of fate to the nations, like Daniel in his interpretations of the metallic image? Had he ever seen Messiah's kingdom surviving, and superceding all the kingdoms of the earth? Is he among the worthies in the better land? Did he ever confess that he was a stranger here, seeking a country? It is not our talents, our books, our works, that will save us. A man may write many wonderful books, and do many wonderful works, and never find sweet rest in heaven. A man's mind may be luminous with all knowledge, and yet be as dark as night for want of the knowledge of the Holy God.

"Where is he?" The question says, He is somewhere. "Where is he?" Death is not, as some suppose, a long sleep, a cessation of existence, but a transition from one mode of existence to another. "Thou changest his countenance, and sendest him away" (ver. 20). "The beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom." Christ is the bosom of the Father's, and the bosom of Abraham's faith and joy: "the rich man also died, and was buried"—with all the pomp of circumstance—"and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments," &c. We learn from our Lord's discourse upon the rich

man and Lazarus, firstly, that there are three worlds that concern us as moral agents: a world of strangely opposite conditions, of good and evil, where the righteous suffer many evil things, and the wicked enjoy many good things; and a world where evil finds its culmination in unmitigated misery. Evil men wax worse and worse, till they reach a torment that nothing can mitigate; and a world where the good are glorified in the bosom of goodness. Like the babe, new-born again in the travail and sorrows, finds rest and comfort in the bosom of love. Ah, sirs, evil is hell-born, and finds its way to its source. Good is heaven-born, and finds its consummation in the Source of goodness. Dives looks up from the devil's world, and sees Lazarus in the angel's world, and prays for his brethren in man's world. Don't forget, there are three worlds—that this life is a preparation for a future state. The rich man little thought that in a future state he would be denied a drop of water from the finger of that very beggar that found more pity from his dogs than from him. And by denying the claims of that beggar, upon his sympathy, he was preparing himself for the full measure of his torment. The sight of Lazarus must have been a great torment to him. Will men, in a future state, see those they have wronged in this life? It is a solemn thought. The man that was rich is the beggar now; the man that was a beggar is the rich man now.

Then, secondly, we see that wicked men and good men carry their immortality with them into the future. Some affirm that the souls of wicked men are mortal, and only the souls of good men are immortal. Man was made in the immortal image of God, which never becomes extinct. Someone said that the natural man was composed of body and soul, and the Christian man only was composed of body, soul, and spirit. We do not believe in the different constitutions of men; that one is constituted of body and soul, and another of body, soul, and spirit. If the Teacher sent from God had believed in the mortality of souls, He would not have put a question like this: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Nor would He have lifted the veil of futurity and given us a sight of the wailing damned. "There shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth?"

If the value and immortality of the soul is not realised in this life, it shall be felt in the hopeless regions of woe. The Saviour's discourse concerning the rich man and Lazarus assures us that immediately after death it is heaven or hell. "The beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom; the rich man also died, and was buried, and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment," &c. Here we find the rich man in hell, and Lazarus in heaven, while the rich man's five brethren were still alive on the earth. The rich man's death was indeed a death; but the poor man's death was a departure to a better world, a passing from the arena to the prize, from the sea of trouble to the haven of rest, from the line of battle to victory, from the toil of life to the crown of glory. Heaven and hell are not figures of speech, for Dives and Lazarus departed to the scenes of truth and reality.

Whatever mortalities are to be found on this side of Jordan, or in the Dead Sea of time, there is nothing mortal in the ocean of eternity. There is no death there. Go into the congregation of the dead, and man's horror of oblivion is seen in the crowded tombs to the memory

of the departed. There is not a monument sacred to the buried dead, from the plainest tomb in the graveyard to the mighty pyramids of Egypt, but what gives the lie to the destructionists. And why those angels' wings over the epitaph? Are they not symbolic of the soul's flight to other regions more spiritual? Even the very grave-stones echo back the teaching in the Church of the living among the dead. The sepulchres, the inscriptions, the cherubs, the evergreens, indeed, everything, from the "passing bell" to the service at the interment, from the departure of the soul till "ashes to ashes" falls with solemn sounds from the preacher's lips, and upon the lid of the coffin proclaims a dreadful future.

Why the "*passing bell*," if there is no passing away into eternity? Why the name upon the coffin-plate, if there be no resurrection of the identical man? Why those angels' wings, if there is no hope of immortality? Why those evergreens, if there is no land of pure delight? And then, thirdly, we learn that the future life is unalterable. Here men's lives may undergo changes, changes from the worse to the better. But there a gulf divides from the possibility of change. "Between us there is a great gulf fixed." Christ is the Bridge that bears us over the awful gulf, from a deserved hell to an undeserved heaven. Are you on the bridge of mediation, travelling home to God? In other words, are you *coming to Christ to get to heaven*? There is no other way. "I am the Way." In that way we shall reach the bosom of Abraham.

HEAVEN'S STANDARD OF SAFETY.

CHAPTER VI.

"He that believeth on Him is not condemned."

TO hear from the lips of the dying man (of whom I have spoken in former chapters) of the fourth ray of light which dawned upon his mind, I waited once more upon him, and as I made my way thither, I was mentally arrested by the spontaneous, sudden, and forcible coming up to my heart of these lines,—

"'Twas well, my soul, He died for thee,
And shed His vital blood:
Appeased stern justice on the tree,
And then arose to God!"

To my down-sunken spirit, the words came with anointing, expanding, and evangelistic savour. They spread out in detail, expressing the whole mystery of Grace. The verse commences with that to which the SPIRIT first leads us to believe, to be concerned about, which is, "MY SOUL!" No one can fully tell out the depth of feeling, the internal agony, the wretched anxiety of the mind, of that poor mortal who experiences the truth of Paul's sentence, "when the commandment came sin revived, and I died!" See the three things, the law of God comes to the soul, *alarming* sin stands up like a host of witnesses against the soul's safety; and the sentence of death is written upon everything within and without.

All this is lightly passed over in these times. It is "*only believe*" and you are safe. There is a grave mystery in the figure the Saviour useth.

"YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN!"

So in the apostle's words, "You hath He quickened, which were dead in trespasses and in sin"—which precedes the *manifestation* of the NEW BIRTH, or the coming forth of the soul into spiritual life. In fact, this great change is drawn out in three lines.

1. "You hath He quickened."

2. "Which were BORN not of blood; nor of the will of the flesh; nor of the will of man; but OF GOD." In those words man's natural relationship is negatived in soul matters; it is "not of blood." All fleshly and all ceremonial powers are helpless. "Not of the will of the flesh," "not of the will of man; but of God." The salvation of the soul, from its root up to its fullest perfection in glory, is of God.

3. "We know we have passed from death unto life," &c. There are the three acts of grace in raising the soul up into life.

A Curate in Stoke Newington has recently been publishing his sympathies with the Arminian and man's free-will theories in the matter of the soul's salvation. In a most solemn manner the Rector of Bewcastle, in Cumberland, has addressed the following letter to the editor of the "*Hackney and Kingsland Gazette*," which I here give verbatim, that it may be seen there are some good men bold enough to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints. The said Rector of Bewcastle, TITUS EDWARD LAUNE, says in his letter.

SIR,—My attention has been called to a letter in your paper by Mr. Richardson, to which I desire to reply.

"The Curate of Christ Church, Stoke Newington, writes in a kindly strain, and I would desire to meet him in a spirit of love. As a minister of our beloved Church Mr. Richardson should remember the 17th Article, which plainly states: 'Predestination to life is the everlasting purpose of God, whereby (before the foundations of the world were laid) he hath constantly decreed by his counsel secret to us to deliver from curse and damnation those whom he hath chosen in Christ out of mankind, and bring them by Christ to everlasting salvation as vessels made to honour;' also the 11th Article, which says: 'We are accounted righteous before God only for the merits of Christ . . . not for our own works or deservings.' The Arminian states that the sinner has to do something to inherit eternal life, prefaced by the words: 'I rejoice to say I hold the same views.' I confess that this appears to me something like rejoicing in our shame, as the Apostle tells us. 'We are dead in trespasses and sins,' and if this statement of the Apostle in Ephesians ii. 1, be correct, the rejoicing of this Curate of Christ Church, Stoke Newington, seems strange, since he evidently has forgotten this verse of his New Testament, as also the official documents of his Church. Let us pray (to use Mr. R.'s own words) that this doubtless young Curate of Stoke Newington, may have the gift of the Holy Ghost, that his eyes may be open to see the truth of God's Word plainly but haply. 'If the blind lead the blind both fall into the pit.'"

On entering the room where the dying man was still awaiting his doom, I rehearsed the foregoing letter to him, which appeared to excite, to alarm, to pain him most severely. I repeat, when I had sat down by the side of the dying man, I read the letter to him which the Cumberland Rector had written. I saw it frightened him. The poor awakened heart of man is always alarmed at the highness, the holiness, the absolute sovereignty of the Almighty. It is so awfully grand, the mind of man cannot attain unto it. I said, "Do you believe that it is BY GRACE WE ARE SAVED?" Oh, yes! Well, grace has its ROOT, grace has its FRUIT, its REVELATION, and its REWARD. The Book tells us all the different acts of grace. Some ministers take their stand on one

of the acts of grace, some on another of the works of grace, but the Bible gives us the grace of God, in its *eternal, external, internal*, and in its *ultimate* perfection.

The root of grace is "*secret to us*," as the Church of England's seventeenth article declares. But that root of grace is fully, fearlessly, distinctly opened up in the Word of God in the divine revelation He has made, which the most literally learned men of this age have been "*revising*," but not in any essential point altering. Yea, the Bible, "*THE BOOK*," is *God's breathing*; it is the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Men of God spake and wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost; and methinks, sir, when the revisers, both of the New and of the Old Testament, assembled to *correct*, or to "*revise*," our translation, a guardian angel, or a company of angels, watched over them; and if any attempt had been made to *alter* in the least any fundamental or essential, any new covenant principle, that attempt would have been secretly overruled, and the decrees of God, the glories of the God-Man, the work of the blessed Spirit, the fallen state of all men, the distinguishing mercy of God in saving His own, *all* these great principles remain untouched, untarnished, unaltered. The guardian angels watched, worked, and so warded off every wrong thought. That

CONFIRMATION

of the truth of God's Word, as originally given to us, is mainly the result of both the revisions of the New and of the Old Testaments. Heaven and earth may pass away, but not one jot or tittle shall fail of the inspired Word of God.

The Christ-sent messenger to us poor Gentiles tells ministers how they are to carry out their commission. He says: 1. "Study to show thyself approved unto God." That is the most important element. First, be sure you have the favour, the approbation, of the Most High. Secondly, then be you such a workman as to fear no shame. Thirdly, "*rightly dividing* the Word of Truth." The preacher says:—"We now need another Luther. Our divines have joined hands with our philosophers, and the two orders of traitors seem determined to get rid of God's Word: the divines set up an evolution of opinions to get rid of God's revelation, and the scientists imagine an evolution of animals so as to depose the Creator. The Lord God is wiser than all these wisecracs, and will bring them to nought. We are in no fear. As well might a cloud of midgets hope to put out the sun as for these boasters to quench the light of the eternal Gospel. He that lives longest will see most of God, and think least of these men."

The poor dying man could stand no more; so again I departed without hearing from his lips of the fourth ray of light which had dawned upon his mind; he earnestly entreated me to see him again, that He might further open his heart.

THE DIFFERENT PARTS OF SAVING GRACE.

As I walked away from the dying man's room—myself in much deep inward misery—these lines met me:—

"The Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she."

"A friendless stranger!" Yes, *that* has been my character, my condition, a long, long time. No one, I think, has ever known my heaving heart-sorrow for these many, many years! No! no one. Inside, outside, oh! everywhere—

"The serpents' brood increase;
The powers of hell grow bold;
The warfare thickens! faith is low,
And love seems waxing cold."

Could ever words express, in transparent gloom, more correctly my soul's cry than these?

"Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain;
And make this blighted heart of ours
Thine own abode again!"

When opportunity offered, I knocked at the dying man's door. He was full of grief; but he wished to hear of the saving grace of God. He said to me, "These words were weaved into my hidden spirit: 'I will have mercy upon them, and they shall be as though I had not cast them off; for I am the Lord their God, and will hear them.' You know I have been as one 'cast off,' cast out, and I have persuaded myself I should be *cast away!* You knew John Wade was in that condition. He told you so. Cast off by God! But let me hear of the different parts of Grace." I said, I must only speak of three parts—Predestination! Propitiation! and Perfection!

"Are you going to give me a lesson on each?"

"No! I will merely show you how the grace of God has appeared in these three departments." But the man was anxious to tell me of the fourth Scripture which had been fastened on his spirit for some days. So I sat me down and paused. He took up his Bible and said, "You know but little of the wretched misery I was in. No one knew any breath of it. But I opened on the fifty-fourth Psalm, and the first line entered into my soul, and I sighed out the words again and again,—

"'SAVE ME, O GOD, BY THY NAME, AND JUDGE ME BY THY STRENGTH.'"

Silence for a moment ensued. Then he went on, "The first word, so large, expressed all I wanted. It is still the embodiment of my every desire. It is to be saved! and only God can save me! But how can He save *me*? The Psalmist says, 'By Thy name!' Now, I thought, what can that mean? God's name is 'Love'; but surely He can have no love for me; else why am I so smitten, so cut down, so bewildered, so full of despair? Then my mind was led to remember how the Lord declared His name to Moses on the second giving of the Law. It is written, 'The Lord descended in the clouds, and stood with Moses, and proclaimed the name of the Lord. The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, and transgression, and sin.' So far," said the man, "the name of the Lord is full of encouragement to a poor benighted soul like mine; but then comes in the stroke of thunder, 'And that will by no means clear the guilty!' Who is that?" I replied, "The wilfully impenitent!" "I trust," said he, "I am not that character. But the second part of the prayer revived me a little. It says, 'And judge me by Thy strength!' 'The strength of the Almighty,' as an attribute, is Omnipotence. It would

crush me in a moment. But one Scripture came so gently to my soul as an explanation, which says,—

“ ‘THE STRENGTH OF ISRAEL WILL NOT LIE!’ ”

Now is not Christ Himself ‘the Strength of Israel?’ He came down in the strength of His God-head and in the strength of a God-given commission. When speaking of the substitutionary work He was come to accomplish, He said, ‘This *commandment* I received of My Father!’ Oh! do tell me if you are sure I am wrong! But so strongly was this impressed on my heart—that God the Father gave strength unto His Son to carry out that new covenant commission, and Christ having completely fulfilled that commission, He gave strength unto His Father, in the perfect fulfilment of His holy law, in the atonement He has made in His victory over death, over hell, over the world, over all the imperfections of His people; and the full acknowledgment of all this was given unto the Son when, in the presence of the glorified spirits in heaven, the Son came to the Father, and took the book out of His Father’s hand. Oh, yes! then ‘Judge me by Thy strength’ means ‘Judge me by the saving work the Saviour hath accomplished in accordance with that covenant and that commission the Father gave unto Him.’ If by the grace of the Spirit I fully venture all my soul’s safety and salvation on Christ, the eternal God, the covenant Head, then I will be judged, not by my work, but by the Mediatorial power of Christ; and surely, then, I shall not be cast away.”

“You have not been in “the school of sorrow,” I said, “in vain. You have learned therein, I think, the same lesson as did one of other days, who said:—

“ ‘I sat in the school of sorrow,
The Master was teaching there;
But my eyes were dim with weeping,
And my heart was full of care.
Instead of looking upwards,
And seeing His face divine,
So full of the tenderest pity,
For weary hearts like mine,
I only thought of the burden,
The cross that before me lay;
So hard, and heavy to carry,
That it darkened the light of day.
So I could not learn my lesson,
And say, “Thy will be done!”
And the Master came not near me,
As the weary hours went on.
At last, in my heavy sorrow,
I looked from the cross above,
And I saw the Master watching,
With a glance of tender love.

He turned to the cross before me,
And I thought I heard Him say.
“My child, thou must bear thy burden,
And learn thy task to-day.
“I may not tell the reason,
’Tis enough for thee to know
That I, the Master, am teaching,
And give this cup of woe.”
So I stooped to that weary sorrow;
One look at that face divine
Had given me power to trust Him,
And say, “Thy will, not mine.”
And thus I learnt my lesson,
Taught by the Master alone;
He only knows the tears I shed,
For He has wept His own.
But from them came a brightness,
Straight from the home above,
When the school-life will be ended,
And the cross will show the love.”

Oh, how every line of the first of these verses did affect him; but he said he had not come to the other verses yet. “No,” I said, “we get to *reasoning* with ourselves. That is as far as man can go, except he jump over into the bald, barren, wintry desert of *presumption*. Between natural reasoning, naked presumption, and the existence and exercise of a living faith there are differences wide and solemn. But very few of

the heart-broken and contrite spirits of God's chastened children can stand up and sing,—

"I'll tell the Father in that day,
And THOU shalt witness what I say,
'I'm clean, just God, I'm clean.'"

"Oh, no!" cried the poor man; "there are many of the high flights of hymnology and of what they call poetry I could never use, or sing, or even believe in. Nor could I ever get any soul-feeding from the proud, the hard, the daring, the speculative preachers I sometimes heard in my younger days. The other day Mr. Roberts was speaking of a man much like me. Mr. Roberts said:—'You cannot by any process of reasoning find God. You can weigh the evidences that go to substantiate the thought of His being; you can, by patient waiting, learn some of the secrets of Nature; but if a man simply reasons, no matter how scholarly the mind, or how cultured the man, he reasons and reasons. I go to him, and say, "Well, you have been reading the Scriptures, you have been reasoning about God." "Yes." "What is your conclusion?" "Oh," he says, "I believe the Book is true; I believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God; I can understand evidence—the evidence of miracle, the evidence of history, external and internal evidence." I say, "Very well, then, are you satisfied?" "No." "What else do you want?" "*I want Him; I want the Christ! I want Him to come into my life. My life is clouded by loss and oppressed by sorrow. I want, not a theology, but a JESUS, a living CHRIST, to come and take my burden. Can I have Him?*" My love longs for His coming. I wait for Him. I close my books, I will put away the Bible; the Book cannot help me. I put away all else; I shut out every human being, and I just quietly wait. *I am waiting for God!*"

"Yes! oh, yes,—

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

We had a long pause.

Then I said, "What is it by which the grace of God is *known* in the living soul?" He said, "It is 'having the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us.'"

We returned to the Scripture which had been as a help to his soul: "Save me, O God, by Thy name, and judge me by Thy strength." "Sure enough," said I, "Christ is the Strength of God in salvation, and He is the Strength of Israel. He will not lie! He is the strong Fulfiller of all the promises. 'A bruised reed shall He not break: the smoking flax ("the dimly burning flame") shall He not quench!'" Often have I said—often has it been said in me:—

"To trust Him endeavour,
The work is His own:
He makes the believer,
And gives him His crown."

I sat a moment. Then I said: "You have instrumentally thrown a heart-elevating light and beauty on two most magnificent Scriptures. When the lovely Son of God was speaking to His Father, before He

went into the garden of soul-suffering, He spake prophetically, and declared how He became

“ ‘THE STRENGTH OF ISRAEL.’ ”

He said, with a holy and happy positiveness, ‘ I have glorified Thee on the earth: I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do. And now, O Father, glorify Thou Me with Thine own self, with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was.’ What astounding, what lofty words! ‘ Glorify Thou Me with Thine own self!’ I can think of that sentence, but dare not attempt to expound it. The Son of God was glorified in the high heavens ere Time’s long course began to run. When the Father said, ‘ I have put My Spirit upon Him,’ Christ was glorified.”

I was about to speak further on that petition of our Lord, “ Glorify Me with Thine own self,” but the poor man could hear no more. I defer all for the present. Like the man, “ I wait for God!” What will He say to C. W. BANKS, now under the Elder-tree, 9, Banbury-road, South Hackney?

THE SEVEN STARS AND ORION IN THE SOUL.

OUTLINE OF A SERMON, BY BENJAMIN TAYLOR,

Minister of the Gospel, Pulham-St.-Mary, Norfolk.

“ Seek Him that maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning ” (Amos v. 8).

TO seek is to try and find out some certain object which is desired, and because of some worth and value in it. Thus, in Luke xv. we read of a man going into the wilderness and seeking the lost sheep. But why did he seek it? Because it was his, and because it was a sheep, and so of some value. Then again, we read of a woman searching the house with a lighted candle to find the lost piece of silver. But why did she seek for it? Because it was hers, and, being silver, was of some worth. Now, if you do in reality seek Him spoken of in my text, it is because He is yours, and is more to you than all other objects. If you are seeking Christ, it is because God hath begun the good work of grace in your heart; for none by nature ever seek Christ with earnest meaning and devotional feeling, only God’s elect, which is plain from Psalm xiv. 2, 3,—“ The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, and seek God.” None by nature, for it is added, “ They are all gone out of the way, they are all together become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one.”

The true nature of this spiritual seeking may be seen in Matt. ii. 2: “ Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen His star in the East, and are come to worship Him.” The wise men, who made this enquiry were sincere and earnest, having their minds lovingly and firmly fixed on the object of their search. The same may be said of the shepherds, whose language, full of meaning and admiration, is, “ Let us now go and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.” First, here is, as you see, a divine revelation made to them; then, from the revelation

they proceed to seek, and go on till they find the object of their search (Luke ii. 15). So it is with every soul in whom there is a divine work. But let us notice what God is here said to do. "He maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning." What is called in my text the seven stars is called in Job the Pleiades (see Job xxxviii. 31): "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" The Pleiades is a constellation of stars, making its appearance in the Spring of the year. It is intended by the Lord to rule this season; and under its sweet and warming influences the whole vegetable creation seems to come up into life and activity.

You have but to open your eyes, my brethren, and you see the buds and leaves and blossoms appear, declaring that Summer is nigh. Now, who can stop this wonderful unfolding and bursting forth of the works of God? Who can bind or stop this resurrection of nature in the works of divine wisdom and skill? Job, can you bind these sweet influences of Pleiades in nature? Job, can you govern the seasons? Can you bind and loose, loose and bind? Now, my brethren, there is the spiritual Pleiades, the spiritual Spring in the soul. This is seen in the Spirit's work in a new and heavenly creation in the soul of every genuine believer. Here the heavenly buds, leaves, and blossoms are put forth, and are seen in hope, faith, love, sanctification, and godly conversation. Who can bind or stop this work of God in the soul? Neither sin, Satan, the world, nor the flesh, nor anything else can do it. It is God's creation, as well as the natural creation; the works are all His; and there is no power over and above His power that the operations of His hands should be bound. The sweet influences of the Holy Ghost are not to be resisted and overcome either by men or devils. Who shall hinder or bind that Pleiades spoken of in Solomon's Song ii. 11, 12: "Lo, the Winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." Turn this into a spiritual form, and the one can no more be bound than the other. Grace is eternal, love is everlasting, and God's work in the soul must go on unto perfection; and living souls, enriched with heavenly graces, must, and shall, grow up into Christ, to the perfect stature of His fulness. Who shall hinder or bind the sweet influences of the spiritual and divine Pleiades in the sinner, being by the eternal Spirit convinced of sin? Who can bind the sweet influence spoken of by our divine Lord in regeneration? He creates by His will, neither sooner nor later than His fixed purpose; and the bound winds in His fists He lets out where and when He pleases. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit" (John iii. 8). This sweet influence of the spiritual Pleiades is seen in its commencement and completion, like the natural Spring, beginning and ending entirely in the power of God.

The whole creation, though full of life and motion, is yet passive in the hands of God; for all that you see in sprouting, budding, blooming, and growing, is nothing more or less than God the Eternal putting Himself forth, and making manifest His glorious power. It is a wonderful work to turn a wilderness into a garden, and to make a good tree out of a bad one, and to make darkness light, and to make straight that which is crooked; all which our God does; and who shall bind these, His

works? or who shall say unto Him, What doest Thou? How sweet are the influences of our heavenly Pleiades in affording consolation to the sorrowful and downcast! When there is a tempest in the soul, and the poor troubled, tempest-tossed sinner thinks he shall perish under the frown of God, only let our Jesus speak a word in the soul; yea, let Him speak one word to the troubled sea within; let Him say, Hush! be still! and there is, in a moment, a calm. The storm and tempest can bind us; but neither storm nor tempest can bind Him. The troubled sea may bind us, and terrify us, but it has no power over Him who rules it at His will. Our God is all powerful, and reigns over all; He can loose and bind, bind and loose; He can shut and open, open and shut.

My brethren, let me now ask you—have you felt the sweet influences of our heavenly Pleiades, the spiritual Spring of God in the soul? Some of these sweet influences may be seen in Gal. v. 22, 23—“The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance.” I do not, just now, ask you if you find Summer in your souls; but I do ask if you find sweet Spring there? Oh, how delightful to feel you have the spiritual Pleiades within! What can be compared with it? It may, however, be such a time of the year with you that you discover nothing of it. You once looked within, and you saw sweet blooming Spring. Oh, yes, you could see you had something of hope, something of faith, something of love; you were getting on well, all was nice and pleasant within and without. You could see something of the buds and leaves of the Spirit, and you had a blooming hope that the Summer would soon burst upon you, as it did upon Thomas, when he could say, “My Lord and my God.” But, instead of this, there came an unexpected change in the sweet Spring season of your soul; all at once there came cold winds in the day-time, and nipping frosts in the night, causing tender plants to droop and hang down their heads, and you terribly felt the effects of this change. Alas! my brethren, it seemed just as though Spring raised your hopes, and then sent you back again into the perishing rigours of stern Winter. Ah! my brother or sister, you thought you were doing mightily well, and everything was so nice and gratifying to your feelings, pleasant within and pleasant without; yet, all at once, a chill passed through your soul, and you began to think you were going backward much quicker than you ever went forward. You thought all must be a delusion, and that you were going back again into all the coldness and hardness of an unregenerate state. This made you cry, and pray to God that He would not let you be deceived, and to put you right whenever you might be wrong. Then again, after a few trying days and sleepless nights, the sun broke out once more upon you. You came once more beneath the sweet influences of Pleiades; you began to soften and melt; there was access to God’s throne; your heart was full, and your mouth uttered things you never before thought of. What liberty you felt! The sweet influences of Pleiades were upon you in reading the Bible, and you could lay hold on this and that portion and say, “It is all mine.” Then, I ask, who could bind these sweet influences of Pleiades?

Let us now say a word or two upon the other part of our text. God not only makes the Pleiades I have been speaking of, but He also makes Orion. Now Job, “*canst thou loose the bands of Orion?*”

The Orion is a constellation of stars which appear in the Winter season. Pleiades is sweet, but Orion is bitter. Pleiades smiles upon us, whereas Orion frowns upon us. This Orion is seen in the cold storms of winter, for he rules this season of the year, and he may be easily known by his bands, or binders, in the water being frozen to ice, and the earth being bound and set fast by the freezing cold. Under the bands of Orion, all nature looks barren and dead, and the sap is gone down from the trunks and branches of the trees. What a change the Winter brings about! And what a change you have felt in your soul! All seems death and barrenness within; nothing springing up of a spiritual and devotional kind, and you are constrained to say, "Surely, I never had any real religion, for, if I had, where is it now?" Alas! my brother or sister, the sap of heavenly meditation, in sweet thoughts of Jesus and spiritual things is, indeed, gone down, leaving you to mourn over a state of hard-heartedness and barrenness; there is no communion with God, nor any felt fellowship with the saints; you are frozen up, and are ready to think it will be an everlasting winter with your poor soul. My brother or sister, be not alarmed; do not despair; for if you ever had Spring and Summer in your soul, a Winter will surely follow, and, perhaps, a long one too. After I experienced Spring and Summer in my soul, there came a most trying Winter, and I thought myself to rank among those with whom perpetual Winter reigns. But, mark you, my friends, the text says, "God turneth the shadow of death into the morning." Just so I found it, for in my wretched state I happened to look into Daniel Herbert's hymns and poems, when, in an instant, the season of Winter was changed into Summer, causing me to jump for joy. I could then, once more, read God's Word, and pray with joy and liberty. The cold is a binder; it binds our hearts, then our hands and feet, so that nothing is done to purpose, whereas the sweet influence of Pleiades says, "Loose him and let him go." May the Lord now bless us with a joyful Spring, a long Summer, and an abundant harvest. Amen.

"THE GLORIOUS SPIRIT OF GOD."

"HE SHALL TESTIFY OF ME!"

IN Peter's first Epistle he addresses himself especially to some of the Lord's people who were sorely tried. Let us notice the manner and the end for which he addressed them. He addressed them in the spirit of affection, of confidence, and of wise counsel.

There is deep affection in the first word, "Beloved!" it meaning they were beloved of God, beloved of himself, and the beloved of many of the saints. It is a mystery and a mercy to know that any man, or any body of men, are the beloved of God. The Scriptures are quite plain in showing that no man is beloved of God in the abstractedness of his own personality. Benjamin, and Solomon, and David are in the Old Testament spoken of as the beloved of the Lord. Of Benjamin, Moses said, "Benjamin, the beloved of the Lord, shall dwell in safety by Him. The Lord shall cover him all day, and he shall dwell between His shoulders." Paul said he was of the tribe of Benjamin, and the Lord showed and proved His love to Paul in exceedingly marvellous ways. Solomon, in Nehemiah xiii. 16, is said to have been "beloved of

his God"; and his God "made Solomon king over all Israel." Yet Solomon fell into terrible snares. Solomon was a type of Christ, as a great King and a glorious Temple-builder; but in Solomon's terrible fall he was a type of Christ in His mystic body, the Church, teaching, as I think, that though the Church was beloved of God, in Christ, yet she fell in the common fall of the whole race of Adam; and that it is possible that even after grace has been given to some of Christ's own redeemed, they may fall, and fall grievously too. Some in one way, and some in another.

Daniel was accosted by the angel as "O Daniel, *greatly* beloved," &c. These instances show some have been declared publicly as the beloved of God; and of John it is said he was that disciple whom Jesus loved! But where is the origin of this term? It comes from God the Father, who of His Son did say, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Hence Paul declares that all the saints are

"ACCEPTED IN THE BELOVED!"

Just in proportion as we can believe we are in Christ; just in proportion as we can believe another is in Christ, so can we feel assured that that man is "beloved of God, and called to be a saint." A spiritual unity of souls in Christ produces the affection expressed by Peter when he saith,

"BELOVED."

Peter comes here (1 Peter iv. 12) with a spirit of *confidence*. It is no half-hearted word; it is a term of fixed confidence when he says, "Beloved!" There is no hesitation of mere hope; no hypocritical assumption; it is a straight, strong, solemn word—"Beloved of the Lord, and accepted in Him." Peter comes in a spirit of counsel, of warning, of consolation, "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial

"WHICH IS TO TRY YOU."

We think, when the sun shines out clear upon us, when all outward things look prospering, that then, surely, we must be "the beloved of the Lord"; but when fiery trials come, one after another, then we fear God is angry with us, and we fear we have been deceived.

Oh! what trials I have had here! Nevertheless, I may say some things have helped me to hope. 1. The Word of the Lord has not been shut up against me. 2. There always have been some friends kind to me. 3. Some, I must believe, have been called and comforted through me, as God's mouth to their souls. I may, surely, say to some, "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you."

In 1 Peter iv. 14, the Apostle shows *how the beloved of the Lord are to be distinguished from the other people, both in*

A HAPPY AND IN AN UNHAPPY MANNER.

They are to be known, in a most blessed manner, in this, that "*the spirit of glory and of God doth rest upon them.*" "The glory of God," or the spirit of glory, means a cheerful, a bright, a beautiful, a clear spirit. As He says, "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold, I will lay the foundations with fair palms. Not I ways so, as I may show, if spared a little longer.

WHO PREACHES THE GOSPEL?—THE FOUR-SQUARE MAN.

“WHERE can I find him?” That is your business. Elihu said—
 “One among a thousand!” Charity will say (perhaps correctly)—“They are much more numerous *now!*” “Can you draw the *inside* and *correct exterior* of such a man?” *No!* but the Divine Word furnishes the different materials, or features, or sacred elements which, in measure at least, make up the man; and the fruits resulting from his ministry prove him to be a man sent of God, at least, in the hidden parts of all to whom “*Our Gospel has come, not in Word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and with much assurance.*” Such souls hear the voice of Christ through the man sent of God to them.

Are you not shortly to enter upon a new sphere of labour—as a minister of Christ’s Gospel?

“Yes! I fully expect so to do.”

Have you not had many new spheres, and have you not been obliged to leave them?

“Truly, I have been in several places in my time; and the same may be said of many others. I will listen to you—if you can describe the man who

“SUCCESSFULLY PREACHES CHRIST’S GOSPEL.”

Sir, I am no prophet, no apostle, no bishop, no doctor of divinity, with any university degrees; but, from the God-given revelation, from the inspired record, and from the observation made of men who have “fought the good fight,” who have “finished their course,” have “kept the faith,” and have been assured a crown of life was laid up for them, and would be given unto them by the Lord Himself. From these sources I get a glimpse of the men who are the holiest, the happiest, and the most blessed men found on this earth. But, have not such men been martyrs, or persecuted and crucified men in the flesh?

Mysteriously true! indeed, many of them have suffered more than can ever be told out. Now, in a few words, let me refer you to the heavenly chart, wherein the man of God is drawn out at full length. Consider what the man must know *he is!* then, consider how the man giveth full proof of his ministry. Of course, the man is a saved and a sanctified man—one in whose soul the Christ of God, the eternal Son of God, as One with the Father, One with the ever blessed Spirit, and One with the Church which was given unto Him, in that covenant which was, and is, ordered in all things and sure—that the Jehovah Jesus has been so revealed, so endeared, so savingly known in such a man’s experience, that he more deeply, permanently, highly, supremely, esteemeth and honoureth HIM, his own Jesus, than any person or possession, any power, or any treasure to be found in the whole universe beside. Whatever such a man may suffer from creature infirmities, from jealousies, from persecutions, from afflictions, from ignorance, or from external circumstances—

CHRIST IS ALL, AND IN ALL,

unto his most precious soul. And to study Christ, to honour Christ, to

preach Christ, to be the Lord's messenger and minister, to gather souls savingly to Christ, and to feed the sheep and the lambs in Christ's fold—these are the richest, the purest, the happiest, the most perfectly satisfying enjoyments such a man can ever be blessed with.

Then, if grace reign, if the SPIRIT OF CHRIST be on the throne of that man's heart, he will be found to be

“A FOUR-SQUARE MAN,”

and of *such* men I have personally known several.

“I shall be anxious to hear your testimony of these ‘FOUR-SQUARE MEN,’ and I would be glad to hear also of some of the men you have known, who have been saved, yet, such sufferers as you declare no one could tell. But, my train is nearly due: I will come and see you on my return journey. In the interim, do not forget ‘A Bruised Reed.’”

Farewell for the present.

MR. DANIEL ALLEN ON GENERAL GORDON.

SOME faint idea of the zeal, talent, and constant labour of the Australian Baptist Minister may be formed by reading the numerous reports in “*The Australian Particular Baptist Magazine*” of his preaching and lecturing in the far apart colonial settlements. We can only give the following as a sample.

Pastor Allen, of Sydney, delivered a Lecture at the Oddfellows' Hall, Port Adelaide, on March 17. The main portion of the lecture was devoted to a geographical description of Egypt, in which the lecturer brought to his aid a number of maps. He also alluded to the status of the country under the Pharaohs, its knowledge of the arts and sciences, and great military power, the latter being used in capturing hordes of slaves. The travels of Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, Speke, Grant, and Stanley were also noticed. A number of Old Testament prophecies were cited against recent historical events, with the view of shewing the truth of God's Word. He could not help telling unbelievers to hang down their heads when they looked at Egypt now, and beheld the wonderful fulfilment of prophecy. The published observations of even Volney, the atheist, upon that country, bore these prophecies out to the letter. Under Roman rule the country became gradually degraded, the process being continued under the Mohammedan régime. The whole Egyptian question was specially important from a Christian point of view. The lecturer then referred to the birth of General Gordon in 1813, and gave a history of his career in China, laying much stress upon his work for that country in the rebellion. His descriptions of the slave trade of Egypt were touched upon, his intimate knowledge of the whole country, and his residence of four and a half years at Khartoum. The whole Christian character of such a soldier of Christ should excite the admiration of the whole of Christendom. They who thought that a soldier could not be a Christian should think of Christ's words to the centurion. He had never felt the loss of any public man so much as that of Gordon. His noble acts of charity amongst the poor of Gravesend when he returned to England showed the heart he possessed. He was proud to look upon Gordon, specially as a brother in the faith, in that he was imbued with ideas akin to Calvinism.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

GOOD OLD SAMUEL RUTHERFORD COME TO LIFE AGAIN.

A volume of sermons in MS. has been buried for many, many years. It has come out to the light; and Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have published it with a preface by Dr. Bonar. We belong to the "book-worm" class, and if mercy enable us, our readers shall have a few of Samuel Rutherford's quaint, Christ-loving, truth-defending, soul-feeding crumbs. Perhaps you want a crumb now. Well, here is a slice of good Gospel bread:—

"Fear not, worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel," and to speak the word with a warrant, he adds to it: '*I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel.*' What ground of comfort were this if it were said by one that could not help?—but the Lord says it.

"There are three sorts that take upon them to comfort under trouble.

"*First.* There are some who can do no more, but only speak a good word to them. And that is but a cold comfort, to speak a word, and no more, to a troubled conscience.

"*Second.* There are some who take upon them to comfort under trouble, and they can do something; but it is but man's help when all is done, and we are forbidden to trust in any help of man (Psa. cxlvi. 3), 'Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.'

"*There is a third,* again, that helps in trouble, who only should take upon Him to help, for He can infallibly help in trouble. But He is a King of His word. He helps indeed where He promises. When God says, 'Fear not,' albeit thou wert compassed about with enemies on all sides, and there were as many devils round about you as there are piles of grass upon the earth, or as there have fallen of drops of rain since the world began, thou needst not to fear; thou may go through the sea then, and the sea shall not drown you, the fire shall not burn you; thou mayst dance on the grave, for the grave shall not rot you. And so this is a well-favoured word: 'I will keep thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel.' What if Jeremiah or Isaiah had said this to them! No, certainly that had not been enough; but the Lord says it, and that must stand sure. Then hang by this word, and this word is added to tell us that a trembling and doubting soul in trouble, it can get no fastening

word, but only that which the Lord speaks. Albeit an angel or a king should say, 'Fear not,' or twenty or thirty thousand armed men should say it, it is nothing; and God grant that we trust no more in men than we do in the Lord at this time. But if the Lord say to a soul in trouble, 'Fear not,' we may trust in that word. A doubting soul it gets no sure word to fasten on until it get God's Word to uphold it. Bind a ship to a rush bush to hold her by! That is but a slim anchor; it cannot hold her when she begins to be moved."

THE FIRST GOSPEL.—In Dr. Ederheim's lectures he asserts "That the origin of Christianity is found in the Old Testament, and demonstrates that both Testaments—the two halves of the Bible, as we may call them—stand or fall together. The word of promise in Eden (Gen. iii. 15), sometimes called the First Gospel, is declared to be the noblest word which could have been spoken to humanity, and to have embraced three great ethical principles—'That man shall receive salvation; that all evil springs from sin, with which mortal combat must be waged; and that there will be a final victory over sin through the Representative of Humanity.' This promise is said to contain initially all that was to be unfolded in the course of the fullest development. Starting from this promise, the idea of the kingdom of God is seen as a prevailing conception throughout the Old Testament." And through the New Testament also; so, in the triumphs of the martyrs, lions, fires, torments of every kind assailed them; but they were more than conquerors through Him. Every Christian who has a living Christ by faith and fellowship in His soul, is persecuted and tried, but not one of the ransomed can ever be lost.

My Sermon Notes. A Selection from Outlines of Discourses delivered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, by C. H. Spurgeon, from Ecclesiastes to Malachi. London: Passmore and Alabaster, 1885. 2s. 6d. Everything, with some rare exceptions, is ready-made to hand in this day. Immense storehouses and warehouses filled with clothing for every part, from head to foot, can be obtained. The divine inspiration of the blessed Spirit—the unction of the Holy One; that mysterious, secret, gentle power which applies Scriptures to the mind, opens them up to the understanding, and breathes forth the substance of the same in burning expressions by words of fire, these blessings can nowhere be pur-

chased—by no mental power can they be obtained. To what extent men may walk in, and work by, “the light of the spark of their own kindling,” we presume not even to guess. Master Dell’s sermons once furnished a popular preacher with discourses for a while. No doubt many pulpits echo with the compositions of those who have fallen asleep. Against which we say nothing. Nor are these remarks designed to offend or injure any one. They come out of Mr. Spurgeon’s preface to this excellent volume of *Outlines*, which, not to ministers only, but to all studious and devout Christians they will prove suggestive, instructive, and perpetually useful for reference.

The Great Prophecies Concerning the Gentiles, the Jews, and the Church of God. By G. H. Pember, M.A., author of “*Earth’s Earliest Ages*,” &c. Second edition, revised and enlarged, with a coloured chart. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster-row, 1885. Price 7s. 6d. This octavo volume of near 500 pages is a library of prophecy in itself. We laid it before a venerable student of prophecy, and he was at once so much interested in the work that he pencilled down in his note-book the title, &c., intending, we believe, to procure a copy. The beautiful “*Chart of Prophetic Times*” is most attractive, exceedingly solemn, and cannot fail to command the special attention of all serious minds. It is in two columns. The first column shows the whole history of the world, including Babylon, Medo-Persia, Greece, Rome, the Western and the Eastern Empires, the mystery of Babylon the great, the ten kings, and Anti-christ; the seals, the trumpets, the seventh trumpet, the vials, the descent of the Lord, the

DESTRUCTION OF ANTI-CHRIST AND HIS WORSHIPPERS,

the subsequent “rebellion of Satan, the general resurrection, and the last judgment.” How such a view of the world (including the idolatries, the darkness, the delusions of Anti-christ, the rebellion of Satan, and the ultimate destruction of all false worshippers) must strike a sensitive and enlightened mind with a trembling awe, with a holy fear, and with an earnest cry to God that, through the adorable person, the mediatorial merits, and the all-prevalent intercession of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, such a sanctified soul may find saving mercy in that tremendous day. The second column in the “*Chart*” shows “the people of God” travel many

stages from “the seventy years of the captivity down to

“THE ETERNAL REST.”

One of the most assuring proofs, express evidences and holy fruits of the continued work and godly teaching of the Holy Spirit, is found in the raising up, the qualifying, and guidance of such devoted men as the author of this work! His patience, his penetration into “the mystery hidden from the ages,” his “rightly dividing the Word of God,” his faithful testimony concerning the Church of God, his “key to all prophecy,” his exposition of the parables, &c., all combine to furnish a consecutive, yet varied stream of prophetic lore of unspeakable value to all who are looking for that glorious hope yet to be realised. We anticipate a further notice of this volume.

Fatherly Chastisement; or, Comfort for God’s People in Affliction and Trouble. By Henry H. Bourn, author of “*Gleanings from the Life and Teaching of Christ*,” “*Christ in the Pentateuch*,” &c. London: S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster-row, 1885. Oh, this is a precious little book! It comes out of the furnace of long, severe, incurable affliction. Mr. Henry H. Bourn, of 9, Grecian-terrace, Clarendon-road, Tunbridge-wells, has long been in affliction. But he has not been idle. As strength and opportunity have been given him, like Ruth, he has, first, travelled with Naomi from the land of Moab to the land of promise, and therein he has been a gleaner in the fields of Boaz. There “handfuls of purpose” have been found by him, and some of them he has given to us in this “*Fatherly Chastisement*” cabinet. We have been in “the gloomy valley of Achor” for many months. It is a dark valley until the door is opened. In this “*Fatherly Chastisement*” Mr. Bourn speaks of some cases, of some believers, who were in “the valley of Achor,” but through the door of hope they were brought to stand upon the “*Rock*,” where a new song was given unto them, and in our perusal our dry, dull eyes became like springs of heart-water, and we resolved to quote a passage or two for the help of those who, though they are believers, their faith is so tried they refuse to be comforted. We are assured in our conscience this volume will be appreciated by many of “God’s people.”

Amateur Gardening. Part 13, June, 1885. Price 6d. London office, 13a, Salisbury-square. It is a good feature in our times that the middle classes and

even some of the more humble are taking great interest in gardens. Our suburban districts are full of pretty villas, cots, &c., with nice, carefully-cultivated gardens. Health and real pleasure are thus combined. The penny weekly *Amateur Gardening* is a delightful, a useful, an intellectual, well-toned pretty and cheap paper.

The Evening! then the Morning! To some this life is all evening. Then, as far as we can see, comes the night of death. Is that the end of all? No! "the morning cometh, a morning without clouds, which will usher in an everlasting day. No night is there. George Cowell, Esq., in the *Gospel Magazine* for June, has a paper on the "evening and the morning being the first day." And, as ever, he writes from the heart in the Word of God. Dr. Doudney, the long-loved and devoted editor, is full of Biblical exposition, faithful to the Word of God. We have turned to the *Gospel Magazine* for June again and again. It is an excellent number. Mr. Cowell's testimony we must quote. The valve of his heart comes up, and out springs the following holy, honourable, honest verdict:—"If we are to have preaching and teaching that edifies the Church of God, we must have the creature laid low, the effects of the fall declared, and then the Holy Spirit's work, testifying of a precious Christ—the promised Comforter, whom our Lord Himself declared was the Spirit of truth, who proceeded from the Father, and who should testify of Him, Christ. Ah! when I hear preaching or teaching that honours Christ, and lays the sinner low, my whole soul becomes fired with joy, and magnifies the work of the Spirit. My own writings, now extending over the lengthened period of nearly forty years, have been to the same tenor, and I have lived to see God's blessing abundantly accompanying my testimony. Why? Just for the foregoing reasons. Our constant points are—the creature nothing; Christ 'All and in all.' The Comforter doing His own work, according to covenant plan and purpose. May God enable us to continue faithful unto the end, and Himself take all the glory."

Jesus in Great Trouble. The Word Only. Two sermons by Mr. P. Reynolds. To be had of him, 85, Avenue-road, Highbury, London. A quaint old critic says: "Our minister is like one of the 'run-rounds.' He always takes the same circuit." After that we took up these sermons, and we said to the critic, "Mr. Reynolds is like us in the olden times. When, in the dark night, the baby cried,

we arose, took flint and steel, and over the tinder-box we fired away until the tinder caught light, and soon the gloom was turned to brightness. Say now, Mr. Reynolds's text is the tinder; he sets the box of tinder before the people; to them all is dark, but the preacher takes the steel in one hand—that is, the gift of God to speak the truth—and he grasps the flint in his other hand—that is, "the unction of the Holy One," which he has obtained by meditation and prayer; and presently on he goes striking the steel with the flint, until the tinder is all a-blaze. It shines out beautifully, and it shines in the people's souls experimentally and testimonially, so that the sermons are neither too long, too tedious, or too dry. The people are edified, and they come and fill the place. We can recommend all people to read these sermons.

What! Has all the World been Deceived? Yes, in a thousand ways. Every man is born with a heart in him, "deceitful and desperately wicked," and unless and until the Spirit of the living God takes entire possession of a man's soul, until the new heart is given to the man, he will be deceived in some things, and will deceive others. A sixpenny pamphlet, printed and published by R. Banks and Son, of Racquet-court, Fleet-street, has been sent to us, with the following bold title: *Did Francis Bacon Write Shakespeare?* We neither know nor care, but if Mr. Francis Fearon, the author of this paper, has correct data, no one can fully believe but that in this case, as in thousands of others, one man does the work, another man has the honour. As a condensed biography of Bacon and Shakespeare, Mr. Francis Fearon, M.A., has produced a striking and interesting narrative. We have read the paper through; it is filled with information.

THE GOLDEN CALF! MOSES' ANGER! THE LAW WRITTEN A SECOND TIME! THE LATE GEO. PEABODY'S MUNIFICENT GIFT!—In a sermon the preacher referred to the ancient Israelites demanding "gods" to be made for them. I thought those ancient Israelites were a "typical people." If so, are there any of their antitypes in existence now? Are any of us worshippers of false gods? Oh, horrible question! Must not attempt to answer it now. The preacher heard them cry out, "Make us gods!" "Make us gods." "Make you what? Make you gods!" "Yes; make us gods." "Why, there is your God up there! You have entered into a solemn covenant. Are you about to blur the image of this

splendid thought of God in your emancipation? Is God's great purpose of making you His chosen people to break and be dashed in pieces against the rock of your stupidity and treachery?" "Make us gods." And these very people that have vowed to serve the Lord worship a golden calf. They might have lived in London. I really think some of their descendants do live still. And Moses came down, as you know; and when he saw it he broke into a blaze of righteous indignation. There are some sights that make even a good man angry, and righteously angry. There are some things so mean that if a man can look upon them without a flame of indignation he lacks some of the highest elements of moral being. "And Moses took the tables of stone and brake them in pieces." Then he said to the people—and that thirty-third chapter is a chapter full of splendid penitence—Moses said: "God has decided that an angel shall go with you, for He will not go Himself." The matter had come to this, and when they heard these evil tidings they put off their ornaments, laid them aside, and said: "Moses, go plead for us, and see if God can forgive us." And Moses said, "I will go back unto the Lord; peradventure I can make atonement for you." My brother, if thy life has become utterly perverted, do not settle down in black despair. There is a peradventure of being right with God again. And Moses went back to the Lord, and the Lord heard him. And all the people came to their doors as Moses went out to the tabernacle; and as he went out the hosts stood in silent sorrow; and Moses went to the Lord and said: "O Lord, this people have sinned a great sin, and they have realised it; they stood in awe as I came out to meet Thee—a nation in penitence. Wilt Thou not forgive us?" And the Lord said unto Moses, "Hew thee two tables of stone like unto the first. Come up in the morning, and I will write it all over again, just as I wrote on the first two tables." Can you think of a course more merciful than this? Can you think of anything done with a more delicate, graceful tenderness? "Bring two tables of stone just like the first, and I will write it over again; I, God, will write over again the very words that were on the first tables that thou brakest in pieces." There is no mercy like the mercy of the Lord; I never find any tenderness like His tenderness. You remember some years ago George Peabody gave half a million of money to the London poor; and I think some eighteen

thousand people are sheltered in the houses that have sprung out of that splendid charity. I remember that when Peabody's charity had awakened England to a sense of his goodness, the Queen of England rose equal to the occasion, and she offered this plain American citizen some title, and he declined the honour. And then she, with a woman's delicacy of insight and with more than queenly dignity, inquired if there was anything that Peabody would accept; and he said, Yes, there was, if the Queen of England would only write him a letter with her own hand; he was going to pay a last visit to his native land across the Atlantic, and he should like to take a letter written by the Queen of England, and he would take it to his birthplace, so that any time if bitterness should arise between those two nations, his countrymen could come and see that letter, and they would remember that England's Queen had written it to a plain American citizen. The Queen of England said she would write him a letter, and she would do more than that—she would sit for her portrait to be painted, and he should take that with the letter; and she put on the Marie Stuart cap which, I think, she had only worn, perhaps, twice since the death of the Prince Consort, and she sat day after day in her robes of State, and the painter painted one of the finest portraits of the Queen that has ever been executed. When it was finished she presented it to Mr. Peabody; and he took it, with the Queen's letter, away to his birthplace yonder. Now, suppose George Peabody, in some fit of forgetfulness, had torn the Queen's letter up, and flung it into the fire, and dashed the portrait down, and broken it to fragments; and suppose that, after that, somebody had told Her Majesty that George Peabody was penitent, do you think she would have written him the letter over again? Do you think she would have sat again for another portrait to be painted, just like the first one? Who can tell? Yet, my brother, our Father in heaven, if you have broken the tables of your covenant with Him—and I cannot help thinking that even in this congregation there may be some human soul with a broken covenant lying across its life—God help you, brother, to bring your broken heart to His feet, and He may renew the covenant. I am not without hope that God will give me some souls even in this service. Oh, you of the broken vows, you of the desolate altars, you that have given up hope, you that feel as if your

life had become one dark, terrible blank—my brothers, there is a living Christ, a God of mercy, a Father in heaven. May He draw you, and deal with you as with Ephraim of old, of whom God said, "I have seen his ways, and I will heal him."

WAITING FOR YOU. *Christ and Elisha*. "He Touched the Bones" is the title of Mr. Battersby's sermon preached in London last April. It is instructive, showing forth how Christ was practically, prophetically, savingly, beautifully, working out salvation all through the ages before He became incarnate. Elijah and Elisha were two of the Old Testament representatives of the justice, power, majesty, grace, and saving mercy of the Son of God. What a glorious wind-up or ending of his earthly career was Elijah's being carried into heaven by chariots sent on purpose to take him safely home, after a life of trial and of sacred service here. Are not the souls of the saved saints as expressly sent for and as safely carried home as was Elijah? To be sure they are. You cannot see until you leave this dull mortality, the chariot waiting for you. If "precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints," we may be sure their ascension homeward is a glorious one. What scenes of supernatural delight must be witnessed by "the spirits of the just made perfect."

"Millions of angels flying
Their Maker's will to do."

But enough! Mr. Battersby's sermon can be had of C. W. Stidstone, 23, Moor-gate-street.

Estate of a Soul Lost. The Final Judgment. Its Place. Its Time. The Rule of Judgment. The six hundred pages by Thomas Taylor, filled with arguments the most weighty, solemn, and useful to all men come to us, demanding serious thought, and convincing, deeply impressing, and opening up scenes which are but little considered, we fear. Oh, to our own souls, to all souls, we can but re-echo the old text, "Deceive not thyself; let no man deceive thee." We hope to let Thos. Taylor be heard.

Victor Hugo! The Paris weekly, in a long defence of the late poet, says: "His heart remained fresh and simple to the last. To the very end, and even in the delirium of sickness, he held fast his faith in God, in the immortality of the soul, and in the greatness of man's destiny. Undoubtedly, in the later part of his life, Victor Hugo was bitterly unjust to all forms of positive religion, but it was because he failed to distinguish be-

tween them and their pitiable parodies in the Ultramontaniam of the day. But from the depth of his heart he always honoured Jesus Christ, from whose teaching he caught the spirit of these touching lines—

Weeping souls draw near, never fear,
God will weep.
Ye who suffer, come: here is room—
God doth heal.
Ye who halt through^h fear, welcome here;
God doth smile.
Ye whose life's brief^h days^h slides away,
God abides.

Whence but from the Gospel had he drawn that inspiration of kindness, charity, pity, which is so striking a feature of his character?"

AUSTRALIA.—Mr. Daniel Allen renders the *Australian Particular Baptist Magazine* of painful interest by his papers on the "Origin and History of the Particular Baptist Denomination." Through seas of blood, through fires of persecution, through such horrible scenes of slaughter as cause one's heart to sicken and be more than sad, has the Church of Christ and millions of the ancients "who kept the faith so pure of old," had to storm and suffer. We know but little of the trial of faith compared with the multitudes who were cruelly driven to dreadful deaths for conscience sake. We cannot dwell on those times. We are allowed to worship God according to that order shown to us in the Word; but the divine power we have grievously felt to be waning and weak, for many of the years through which we have come. We must forbear further notice on the dark mysteries in the past, in the present, and looming in the future. "Pastor Allen," of Sydney, is quite a Strict Baptist Bishop in the Australian colonies. To travel 3,000 miles and preach day after day, and week after week, is no trouble to him. With his pen, his practical charity, his pulpit and platform expositions, he proves himself a workman of which no one who knoweth his honest, his earnest, and his ministerial powers will ever be ashamed. His consoling letter to us has just come to hand, for which he has our heart's gratitude.

The *Gospel Magazine*, for May, has a grateful and retrospective paper on the venerable editor's closing of his forty-fifth year's editorship of that ancient witness for heaven's revelation, which is so filled with the things which accompany salvation. Any further notice of this grandfather of monthly magazines would ill-become a poor little boy like ourselves.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

PRESENTATION TO MR. SHAW, OF GRAVESEND.

On May 19, 1885, the eighth anniversary of Mr. F. Shaw's ministry at Zoar chapel, Gravesend, was celebrated. In the afternoon Mr. J. S. Anderson preached a savoury sermon to an unusually large congregation upon Isa. xxxv. 1. A large company sat down to tea in the school-room, which was tastefully decorated with choice plants and flowers, supplied by one of the members. A public meeting was held in the evening, over which the pastor presided. Excellent addresses were delivered by brethren Cornwell, Anderson, Dalton, and Dexter. This meeting was about the largest and best that has been witnessed for some years past in Zoar. It was the more interesting for the following reason—no element of discord has for years been occurrent, the ministry is being blessed, additions are being made, and Christian love is in the ascendant. Some sisters thought this would be a fitting occasion for the people to express their love to the minister, not merely by words, for—

"Sounds which address the ear are lost and die in one short hour.

But that which strikes the sight lives long upon the mind."

So a subscription was commenced, and all, from the poorest to the most well-to-do, put something, and each gave with pleasurable readiness until £20 was forthcoming. This sum was put into a handsome purse, with a list of the names of the subscribers. It fell to the lot of the writer of this notice, as senior deacon, to present it to the pastor. This he did with a speech, of which the following remarks formed a part:—

"It is said in the Word of God, 'I will give you pastors according to Mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding.' It clearly appears that pastors are God's gifts to His people. I have sometimes pictured to myself the state of society. If pastors and ministers were taken away, and all places of worship closed, what a blank would appear! Many now who lightly esteem the Gospel ministry, and are often absent from their chapels, how then would they value these privileges by the loss of them? If, then, pastors are God's gifts how highly should we esteem them for their work's sake. We should not try 'to starve them out.' Shame on such who are of such a mind! Pastors need encouragement. They are subject to many trials, from Satan, the world, self, false friends, and avowed enemies; therefore they need the sympathy and the prayers of their flocks. The encouragement they ever need is twofold. (1) Spiritual; (2) Temporal. Spiritual! If they have no manifest proof of usefulness, no additions to the family, no conversions to God, God-sent ministers cannot be satisfied, and no stipend, however considerable, will compensate the want of spiritual progress.

But in the present case work is being done, and therefore the minister is encouraged. Temporal! It is a thing to be remarked that ministers are like other men. They must have something to eat, they must wear clothes, they must have some place to live in, and if the means to obtain these are withheld, the temporal encouragement is wanting. I call your attention to that tablet on the wall. 'Let him that is taught in the Word communicate unto Him that teacheth in all good things.' Having this in view, it affords me great pleasure, my dear pastor, to be entrusted with the duty of placing in your hand this very handsome purse, which indeed is not an empty one, but contains, as you will find, twenty sovereigns and a list of the names of those who have contributed. You will value the gift, I know, not so much on account of the intrinsic value, as on account of the Christian feeling which prompted the friends to make the presentation, and I trust you will enjoy health and strength to continue in the good work to which our God has called you."

Mr. Shaw, not having had the slightest intimation of what was on foot, was taken by surprise completely, and instead of giving out the hymn that followed, Mr. Anderson did it, which gave our pastor time to collect his thoughts for a speech, which he afterwards made in appropriate language, thanking the friends for their kindness, and recognising therein the Lord's goodness to him.

It was not until after the presentation was made that the above-named brethren delivered their various addresses, in which they alluded to the circumstance, congratulating pastor and people on their peace and prosperity. Thus a happy day was spent. Collections after the services were good; these to defray incidental expenses.

I. C. JOHNSON.

A LODGING-PLACE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Once, only once, during the last forty-five years, have we been permitted to visit the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society's Almshouses at Camberwell, and that was through the benevolent kindness of the late Mr. E. Butt. On that occasion, on the platform with the late Mr. James Wells, we were allowed to speak a few words on behalf of this useful institution. Frequently we are applied to to help some of the most worthy of the Lord's children into this resting-place for the aged and worn-up veterans; but knowing that all the influence for admission is locked up in the hands of the wealthy, the respectable, and the righteous ones, we never intrude, knowing well the contempt which would be poured upon all such applications. We require "A Poor Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society." We have a small one in our own hands, the affairs of which are conducted, and have been carried on by our own

family, in our own house, free from all salaries and office expenses, and a list of 94 recipients is on our ledger; but we cannot fully meet the necessities of all who seek our aid. Still, we refuse no application, if it is a genuine case. "Elder-tree Cottage," in Banbury-road, South Hackney, has long been a refuge for the distressed, especially in the life-time of our deeply-lamented Mrs. C. W. Banks, whose soul's delight was to minister to the necessities of the poor of every kind; and our postal people well know how, nearly every day, we send off help to widows, orphans, and afflicted saints in all parts. We boast not; but we greatly rejoice in the honour thus conferred upon us. When the mother of the beloved wife of Joseph Doring, Esq., lay near her end, in one of the rooms of the Camberwell Asylum, we were permitted to visit her once. We praised God for such a clean, quiet, and truly comfortable lodging for our aged friend, while grief at the thought of her solitary and sad position pained us deeply. We must notice that the

SEVENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
AGED PILGRIMS' FRIEND SOCIETY

was held in Exeter-hall on Monday, May 18, 1885. Mr. F. A. Bevan presided, and a number of the most honourable gentlemen advocated the claims of this organisation.

Mr. J. E. Hazelton (the only son of that exalted D.D., Mr. John Hazelton) read the report. The *City Press* says from that report it appeared that the institution was Protestant and undenominational, and the committee therefore confidently appealed to Christians belonging to various sections of the Church of Christ to sustain its present widely-extended operations. The qualifications of candidates were but three—poverty, old age, and vital Christianity. Commencing 78 years ago with three pensioners, at the present time 1,076 were on the books. During its existence the Society had granted pensions to upwards of 4,600 of aged poor, and had distributed amongst them more than £172,000. In the four asylums of the institution 180 of the pensioners are accommodated. The committee had to report an increase in every department of the receipts, the sum total of subscriptions received being £2,676, while the donations had been £722, making, with £4,704 15s. 1d. accruing from legacies and other subscriptions, £10,586 9s. 9d., and a balance remained, after paying expenses, of £583 18s. 6d. The committee desired especially to refer to the princely liberality of Mr. J. T. Morton, who has again bestowed munificent gifts upon the pensioners and approved candidates. Upwards of 3,760 yards of excellent flannel have been distributed.

Canon Hurst moved that the annual reports of the Society, the Asylums, and Homes, be adopted, printed, and circulated. This was seconded by Mr. T. Bradbury, and carried unanimously. The remaining resolutions were: "That the widely-extended character of the Society's operations gives it a powerful claim for increased sympathy,"

and that "with a view of placing the various funds of the Asylums and Homes in a position commensurate with the many claims made upon them, this meeting would commend the proposition to largely increase, by means of small annual subscriptions, the contribution-lists of these important branches of the work," which were carried.

On the following evening a sermon in aid of this Society was preached in the Church of St. Magnus-the-Martyr, London-bridge, by Rev. J. Battersby, M.A. (vicar of St. James, Sheffield), from "Gather My saints together unto Me; those that have made a covenant with Me by sacrifice" (Psa. lvi. 5). The rev. gentleman appealed on behalf of the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society. The collection amounted to £10.

We wish the Society much prosperity, and that many more of the "poor of the flock" may, by its instrumentality, find the downhill of life smoothed a little. Old age is, in itself, not so very desirable. Nature must feel the departure of kindred friends, the wasting of strength, the drying-up of means, and the bouncable, cold, hard appeals of "Well! old boy, how are you?" We ever did reverence old age. We would run long and fast to cheer the aged child of God. But our young, proud, and puffed-up are not so. I may say,—

"Came Sorrow to me on a certain day,
Saying, 'I come to stay awhile with thee;
And with her saw I Pain and Misery
Enter my house, companions of her stay.
Wherefore I cried, 'Hence—get you gone
away!'

But, like a Greek, she, guileful, answer'd me
With this, and that, and why it so should be.

Then, as I look'd, came Love, all wan and grey.
In new black raiment with his sad looks
vying.

A mourning fillet round his brows he had,
And, certes, he, unfeigningly was crying;
So that I asked, 'What ails thee, foolish lad?
And he replied, 'Sore is my heart and sad,
Sweet brother mine; our dear one lies a-
dying.'"

THE ROBERT BANKS TESTIMONIAL
FUND.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I know enough of you to hope that you will be able to find a place in the July *VESSEL* for a few words anent the above subject.

"We none of us," said Mr. Dolbey, in commencing his last God-honouring sermon at the Surrey Tabernacle, "like to be forgotten; we like to be remembered by our friends," which is certainly a truism, even if circumstances do not always bear it out. When affliction does overtake us, how the tender sympathy and affectionate regard of kind friends gladdens our heart! how it sends a thrill of sweet pleasure through our soul when we see we are remembered by those with whom, when in health, we associated in a way of mutual assistance and benefit?

But what shall we say of the subject of our heading? We do not desire to give expression to a single word that would tend to hurt the feelings of the most sensitive of the members of the Surrey Tabernacle Bene-

fit Society; but we cannot help thinking (and saying so too) that they have greatly misunderstood the subject, and thereby lost an opportunity of proving that they really regretted losing the invaluable assistance of our late secretary,

As briefly as possible, Mr. Editor, we will put the facts before you. Our late honoured secretary, Mr. Robert Banks, was overtaken with one of the saddest afflictions that flesh and blood is heir to, and he has been compelled, after bravely struggling against the inevitable, to resign a position in which he has not only been an ornament, but, in the hands of God, an unspeakable blessing. Yes, he has been downright necessitated to relinquish a post which he has held with honesty of purpose and unswerving integrity for 20 years. With a generous desire, and one worthy of the man for whom it was intended, it was proposed to present him with a Testimonial "worthy of the Surrey Tabernacle Benefit Society." Accordingly, a committee was appointed, cards were sent out to every member, the affair was open for three or four months, and on Friday, May 29, in the vestry of the Surrey Tabernacle, the Testimonial was presented. That Christian gentleman, Mr. Albert Boulden, presided, and about thirty to forty members were present. Mr. R. F. Banks, our late secretary's son, in the absence of his father, whose illness would not permit of his being present, suitably acknowledged the testimonial, and thanked the committee and subscribers for their kindness. The Testimonial consisted of a very suitably worded address in a gilt frame, a black marble clock, and a pair of chimney ornaments to match the clock, the lot worth—well, that's no business of ours, so we wisely were not told.

Now, Mr. Editor, we have not the least hesitation in saying that the Testimonial was altogether "unworthy" both of the Surrey Tabernacle Benefit Society and its late secretary, and the same sentiment was confidentially expressed by some few of those who attended the presentation. We are pleased to believe, sir, that there are hundreds of our members who, if they had really known what manner of man our secretary was, would have most heartily responded to the committee's appeal, and we certainly believe that considerably more than 204 out of over 1,000 members would have sent a donation, were it ever so trifling. When we think, as one of the committee pointed out, that Mr. Banks spent twenty years of his life—and that the best part of his lifetime—working for the welfare of our Society, no mere monetary Testimonial could really compensate such life-long services.

Is not the secretary really the Executive of a Society like ours? is he not the active authority to see that its rules and regulations are faithfully carried out? and given a good secretary, half of its success is ensured? This we had in our late secretary. He possessed thorough business tact, with a ready mind to help pull through any difficulty that might present itself. He was hard-working, and many nights have we

known him to be kept late at his office poring over the books of the Surrey Tabernacle Benefit Society. "We speak that we do know." Most assuredly we have lost a good secretary, in every sense of the word, a man who seemed pre-eminently fitted for the post he occupied.

When Mr. Banks took office, the Society's affairs were in a disheartening and complicated state, and the capital only £3,900; when he resigned the amount invested stood at the splendid total of £10,900. If figures mean anything at all, what do they point to? Why, that in no small degree—aye, in a very great measure—our Society, under God, has been raised to its present state of firm standing by the arduous labours and business energy of Mr. Robert Banks, and we are sorry that his services should not have been recognised in a more substantial or befitting manner. We feel sure that if our fellow-members had only for one moment reflected what we owe to our late secretary, we believe the very poorest—yes, *the one* who could least afford it—would have said, "Well, it is not much, I will send a mite, and I am sorry it is not more," and then we should have had a Testimonial *worthy* of the Surrey Tabernacle Benefit Society.

Our hearty thanks are certainly due to the Testimonial Committee, who must have spent a great deal of time, and possibly expense, and who, I venture to think, felt the Testimonial was hardly what they would have liked it to have been. The cause was good, the result disappointing. But as it is over, and although we all wish to let the dead bury their dead, we could not help expressing our regret and disappointment at the outcome of the Robert Banks Testimonial Fund.

I am, dear Mr. Editor,
Faithfully yours,
R. STOCKWELL.

Walworth, June, 1885.

[We reluctantly insert this letter; but the substance of this letter is a testimonial in favour of our deeply-afflicted son, of more value than any present that could have been given him. We were personally acquainted with the strenuous and untiring efforts made by our son, Mr. Robert Banks, to raise the Society from its low condition. We were eye-witnesses of our son's obtaining the valuable services of one of the first ledger accountants (in the person of Mr. Gawler) to assist him in putting the accounts in due order. This being done, Mr. Robert Banks flung heart, head, hands, all into the work. He achieved a great victory, but now he suffers.—C. W. B.]

LIMEHOUSE.—It is our custom to attend numerous meetings in connection with the Strict Baptist causes of truth. One pleasing feature, clear and conclusive, is their increased spirituality. June 2 we found our way to "Elim." Mr. Cornwell was holding forth the Word of Life from "I will smite the shepherd and the sheep shall be scattered," to a large congregation. Mr. James Lee, in

taking the chair at evening meeting, spoke of the pleasure he found in meeting with the Lord's people. Addresses were given as follows: Mr. Myerson, who said, "It is a bad sign when God's people find company with the world. 'Where Thou goest I will go,' is their language when in their right mind." Mr. W. Hazelton said, "He will fulfil the desires of them that fear Him." Mr. Corwell said, "He that hath an ear to hear let him hear what the Spirit saith." The conclusion we must come to is that every one has not an ear to hear; it was not everyone that followed the Saviour that had the hearing ear; there are many examples in the New Testament to prove this. Many in the present day have an ear for the Gospel, but have no ear to listen to the Spirit. When God the Holy Spirit bores the ear of a sinner such a one can hear one Master and no other. Mr. Kempston: "There shall they be called the children of the living God." There is an eternal order laid down in God's Word; there is the order of God's love. I believe that God's love is the first thing that a poor sinner knows anything about when called by grace; and this, perhaps, is all he does know; he could not argue on any of the cardinal points, he simply knows he is a sinner, and this is the first thing he is brought to understand. There is the order of divine predestination. I believe that the place of my birth, how long I am to live here, and the time of my new birth, were all ordered. How is it you are here to-night professing to be a believer? Because God hath appointed you to eternal salvation through Christ. The greatest revolution recorded is nothing compared to the great revolution in a poor sinner's heart by God the Spirit. Mr. J. E. Elsey spoke on "His seed shall endure for ever." The seed of the Lord Jesus Christ shall endure for ever; His people will never be cast off; they shall endure because He cares for them. Nothing will ever erase their names from His book; they are graven on the palms of His hands. Mr. G. Webb added a few words of congratulation. Mr. Holden thanked the chairman, ministers, and friends for their presence and support; they had realised the Lord's presence, and the contributions had exceeded their expectations. We asked for £10, we have got £15. Brethren Baldwin and Kemp assisted. All sang, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."—J. W. B.

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WOOLWICH.—"The History of Carmel Chapel" is before us. We have no room for it this month. It was a three-fold trial to the late Henry Hanks, but he was preserved in the faith, and a faithful man was Henry. A review of the long list of ministers who filled Carmel pulpit when Henry did not, or could not, would be of no value. After years of conflict and care "Carmel" has been sold. We are glad to say "not out of the denomination for which it was built." It will be thoroughly renovated, and re-opened in August next. May the Spirit of God, by the ministry of the Gospel, fill it in every sense.

HULL AND MANCHESTER MR. A. TAYLOR BAPTIZING.

DEAR MR. BANKS.—I was formerly of Hull, a member and also a deacon of the Church worshipping in the Foresters' Hall for several years, and was there during your visits to Hull, and I spent some pleasant times with you in company with Mr. Easterbrook. I used to supply for our people during the pastor's absence. I have written to call your attention to this month's *VESSEL*, and, secondly, for a little Christian greeting. You well know I take the *VESSEL*, and have done for many years. Very closely do I peruse its pages. While so doing yesterday I came across a few lines which I felt I could not pass without noticing, for I said to myself, "If my old friend, C. W. Banks, is the same as he was when I was more intimate with him, then he has not seen this before it went to press." If you turn to this month's (June) *VESSEL*, page 182, the speaker, referring to the departure of the late Mr. Boxell, says, "No doubt, at the moment of his departure his revered pastor was standing at the gate of glory to salute and to give him a hearty welcome home. The recognition of friends in heaven, no doubt, will be one of the joys of the place."

Well now, Brother Banks, what do you think of that? I shall not discuss it at present; I think you will be as surprised as me, but I will just say it is an Arminian and free-will idea throughout, and I am sorry the man that used those words does not take more heed to what he teaches the people, for sure I am that he is looking for a different heaven than what the Lord has prepared for His own blood-bought, chosen family; for, let a poor guilty, awakened sinner once taste and enjoy the blessings of free and sovereign grace which flow through the eternal Son of God, and he will exclaim, "Eternity is too short to utter all Thy praise!" He will have no time to look after brothers or sisters or any natural things. The happiness of heaven consists of *worshipping* and adoring our precious Redeemer, as the Word plainly and repeatedly declares. Oh, Mr. Banks, where are many of the preachers of the day rushing to? May the Lord ever keep us exalting a precious Christ, that to us at least He may be the "All-in-all" of our salvation on earth, and also our glory and happiness in heaven.

I trust you have somewhat recovered from the stroke which a kind Providence saw fit to lay upon you in the removal of your partner in life. What a mercy, that sentence has a double meaning—not only partner in natural life, but in eternal life! It is a mercy you are still spared, and also able to labour on in the Lord's work. Respecting myself, in the all-wise Providence of our heavenly Father, I removed from Hull to Manchester rather more than two years ago, and in a wonderful manner the pillar of cloud did go before me; so I have been assured it was of the Lord. We are favoured in Manchester; we have that old veteran for the truth, Mr. Taylor. He is 81 years of age. He preaches every Sunday, and he baptized last June 7 and the month before,

The Lord is still owning his labours. He has been about 38 years pastor here. He is an old servant, highly esteemed. The chapel is well attended. It is large, and there is hardly a sitting to let. Should be happy to see your handwriting.

I remain, yours in Christian bonds,

F. B.

[We feel on safe ground when our faith sets us down firm and steady on the Holy Spirit's testimony, given in 1 John iii. 2, "Beloved, 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." Much that is said of souls departed is, we think, without any Scriptural authority.—Ed.]

BLACKHEATH.—It is gratifying to find the cause at Dacre-park (centred among a highly respectable population) is in a peaceful and prosperous state. Every institution connected with the cause works on harmoniously; in no sense are those who are advancing in years overworked; and every encouragement is given to the little ones and to those who are merging from youth to manhood, and it was especially cheering to note on Whit-Monday, at the celebration of the 33rd anniversary of the opening so large a proportion of young men and women taking an active part in the service of the Lord's house. We know not whether they are members of the Church, if not, our prayer is that they soon may be, so that the words of the Psalmist may be verified, "Instead of the fathers shall be the children." One thing is certain, that in Mr. Dexter, Mr. Whittaker, and other officials they have good examples of Christian courtesy and sound principles. In the afternoon Mr. J. Wilkins was quite at home while discoursing upon the words in Acts ii. "This Jesus hath God raised up," &c. At the evening meeting Mr. Sanders presided, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Wilkins, Dalton, W. Hazelton, Horton, and others. Messrs. Gray, Golding, and Wyard took part. Mr. Dexter thanked those who had come from other Churches for their presence.—J. W. B.

HADLEIGH.—June 14, our school anniversary was a successful day. The pastor (Mr. B. J. Northfield) preached to crowded congregations. At children's service the questions put to them were answered in a creditable manner. The hymns were well sung by the children, under the efficient leadership of the choir. The Lord's presence (which is above all things the greatest blessing) was enjoyed. June 7 our pastor again baptized. A friend says: "We are bound to give thanks unto God always for sending to us and blessing the Word to the souls of how many we cannot tell, by the ministry of our pastor, Mr. Northfield. Our Sunday-school anniversary just over, was in every way a living, overflowing testimony to the power of the Word, and our baptizing services are solemn occasions.—W.

A FATHER IN ISRAEL TO HIS SON.

LETTER VII.

WILL ENGLAND PUT THE PAPACY IN FULL POWER?

"And they shall teach My people the difference between the holy and profane, and cause them to discern between the unclean and the clean" (Ezek. xlv. 23).

MY DEAR ENOCH,—I hope that now you are fully employed as a Standard-bearer in the sweet and dignified service of His most glorious and exalted Majesty, "the King of kings, and Lord of lords," and that you are blest with health and strength of body, joy and happiness of soul, to pursue your high calling with Supreme pleasure to yourself, and spiritual profit to others, doubtless you clearly discern the vast difference in the Holy Scriptures between the covenant of works and the covenant of grace. The covenant of works was made with the people, and the purport of it was, "Do and live." The word "Do" is but a small word, but infinitely great in its demand, especially as life depends thereon; the doing, therefore, must be perpetually to perfection, in thought, word, and deed, the least defect or flaw entails death. The Israelites promised to do all that the land or the covenant of works required, but alas! they quickly forfeited their promise, fell into gross idolatry, mingled with other nations, imitated their vile examples, and by their national disobedience they lost the land of Canaan, and became a disinherited, scattered people. For your information on this subject, read thoughtfully Moses' sermon (Deut. xxviii.).

Really, Enoch, the formal, fashionable, flesh-pleasing preachers of the present day, do so politely associate and unite Christ and Moses, grace and works, flesh and Spirit, Creator and creature, old covenant and new, so ingeniously together, that (but for Divine teaching) you would think they were all co-partners in the great business of eternal salvation. And over many Chapel doors may be truthfully written this inscription, "Moses and Son." These old covenant Do, Do, Do, duty-faith preachers and professors will run to the eighteenth chapter of Ezekiel, and give you a rapid lecture on man's free-will abilities to comply with God's request, to turn, repent, and live; but the veil of ignorance being on their minds, and their understanding darkened, they discern not the vast difference between civil, national, providential things, and those which are spiritual, essential, and eternal.

The death the Jews were in, was a civil death, comprised of captivity, national calamities, and afflictions, which was the fruit of their doings. Their national disobedience to the laws, statutes, rules, and commandments which God gave unto them, had they continued to abide by those laws, &c. (which they had power and ability to do), they would have escaped that national and civil death, and lived a temporal, happy, prosperous, pleasant life. Put it thus: Let England hand over her temporal power and government to the Pope, and put the Papacy in full power. O, say you, God forbid. Yes

and so say I; they have too much power already in this so-called Protestant nation. But what would be the result of such an act? Why, our happy homes would be made miserable, our liberties would be abolished, our comforts destroyed, our minds enslaved, our privileges denied, our various Societies and Institutions abolished, our Churches and Chapels converted into Mass houses and Popish idolatries, our Bibles burned or forbidden, our associations prohibited, our bodies captivated, perhaps burned, our goods confiscated, our lives a drudgery, our grief great, our afflictions intolerable, with other national calamities, too great and numerous to fully describe. And what would this be but a national, temporal, civil death? all of which, by a firm adherence to our present constituency and decision for our existing laws, we have power to avoid. O Lord, help us to do so, that we may live in the enjoyment of our civil liberties, and not die under the iron yoke of Popish bondage. Thus you see, Enoch, that the Jews, the old covenant people of God, were exhorted by Him, and that frequently, to turn from their national transgressions and live naturally in national peace and tranquility. But what has this to do with spiritual life, light, love, and liberty, which God in new covenant relation to His elect and everlastingly loved people deposits in their souls by the power of the Holy Ghost? New covenant language is "live and do," which covenant is made with Christ, and His people in Him; He is the Covenant Head of the whole election of grace—yea, He is the covenant itself, as all the blessings of it are treasured up in Him, and sure to all the seed. One blessing is spiritual and eternal life. The same Almighty voice that called Lazarus out of his grave, speaks to the dead soul, "live," and that soul lives a new life, and will live forever. And now God having implanted life in the soul, the man begins to do; a right principle being now within, a right practice will be worked without he; will "work out his own salvation," or, as Bera renders it, "Make an end of your own salvation." "Do the business of your lives," by rejecting everything of your own, both good and bad, and rely exclusively on Christ and His doings, for acceptance with God and eternal salvation. New covenant life delivers us from old covenant death, new covenant liberty from old covenant bondage, new covenant grace from old covenant works. Bless God for a covenant which, to all the elect, insures life, love, peace, pardon, holiness, happiness, bliss, blessedness, conquest, and a crown for ever. "Ordered in all things and sure." Hallelujah.

Yours in covenant bonds,

— T. STRINGER.

SUDBURY.—Special services on behalf of the Sunday-school were held Lord's-day, June 14, when the writer tried sincerely to lift up Christ to the people as the all-absorbing theme of souls born of God. The children, with their godly teachers, sang heartily. O Lord, send now prosperity.—
W. WINTERS.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS' GOSPEL WORK AT UCKFIELD.

The Centenary of the Church of Christ, meeting at Rock Hall Baptist Chapel, Uckfield, Sussex, was celebrated on Wednesday, May 27. Sermons were preached by Mr. S. Gray and Mr. Charles Masterson. The latter speaker having been requested to draw up a concise history of the Church, read the following at the close of his sermon:—

"This being the hundredth Anniversary of the cause of God in this place, it was deemed desirable that a few particulars respecting the same should be presented on the present interesting occasion. From information furnished, it appears that the 'Strict and Particular Baptist Church of Christ,' meeting for the worship of God in this place, was first formed at Leapham's Bridge, Buxted, Sussex, on May 15, 1785, consequently, we celebrate to-day its Centenary. The friends having worshipped for about three years at Leapham's Bridge, resolved to remove the cause to Uckfield, the spot on which we have assembled to-day. At that time, a Mr. Richard Butcher, Bricklayer, residing at Wivelsfield, occasionally supplied the pulpit; and a Mr. Thomas Merriek of Uckfield, in conjunction with others, secured the site of the present Chapel on lease, and built the first Chapel in the year 1788. It is presumed that the said Richard Butcher became the first pastor, as he continued to labour amongst the people up to the time of his death, which took place in 1800. Mr. Mitchell then ministered to the Church, but whether he became its settled pastor cannot now be ascertained. He died in 1824, and was buried at the North end of the old Chapel; and his wife who died in 1834, was buried by his side, beneath the foundation of the present Chapel. The Church being again destitute, the Lord again appeared, in answer to the fervent prayers of the people, and sent them another under-shepherd, in the person of Mr. John Henry Foster. But at what period he became settled we have no documents to show, as unhappily the records of the Church, from its commencement to the year 1837, by some means got lost. Report, however, says, brother Foster was a man of strong faith, well read, of marvellous activity, and a bold preacher of the Gospel of free and sovereign grace. He fell asleep in Jesus, January 23, 1857, at the patriarchal age of ninety-seven, his remains resting in a grave adjoining the present Chapel, awaiting the resurrection of the just. In the same year Mr. Foster died, Mr. John Bax succeeded him in the pastorate, which office he held nine years, finishing his days like his three predecessors in connection with the Church and congregation meeting in this place. This was a somewhat remarkable coincident. The Church was again in a state of widowhood, and during that period was supplied by different brethren for nearly four years. In the year 1870 Mr. John Hawkins was invited to take the oversight of the little cause, to which he acceded; resigning his charge in 1874. Here we ought to mention with feelings of gratitude, that in

the year 1871, the old Chapel and adjoining burying ground were presented as a gift to the honoured and beloved Mr. Samuel Hudson, the senior deacon, on behalf of the Church, for their sole and entire use for ever. The property was then enfranchised and put in trust, being enrolled in Her Majesty's High Court of Chancery, on the 5th of March, 1872, for the use of the Church, entitled and known as, and called, 'Particular Strict Communion Baptists.' The old Chapel being in a somewhat dilapidated condition, it was resolved, after mature consideration, to pull it down, and erect a new building on the same site. The cost of which undertaking was £343 17s. 7d. The people having a mind to work, and by the blessing of the Lord attending their efforts, the thing was done, and the new chapel was opened on Wednesday, October 28, 1874; and the brethren officiating on the occasion were: J. Nunn, of Hailsham, G. Webb, of London, and the late Israel Atkinson, of Brighton. The Church was now seeking a man of God to go in and out amongst them, when their attention was directed to our good brother Walter Turner, now labouring at Fishersgate. The invitation sent being accepted, our brother commenced his labours in November, 1874, and continued therein, with many tokens of the Divine blessing, till March, 1877, when the state of his health necessitated his relinquishing the pastorate. This brings us now to the period when your late pastor, our highly esteemed brother Horton—who we are rejoiced to know now labours at Croydon, with manifest signs of the Divine favour—was brought into your midst. This was on Lord's-day, May 6, 1877; and during his seven years ministry was mercifully sustained and helped in the faithful proclamation of the Gospel, with many proofs of the presence and blessing of the Lord attending his labours. We must not omit to mention, that it was during the pastorate of brother Horton, this neat and beautiful little sanctuary was freed from debt. Your records inform me, on April 10, 1878, a public meeting was held, presided over by our good friend, Mr. W. L. Payne, of Brighton, when the debt was completely extinguished; a vote of hearty thanks being accorded to the Chairman for his generous liberality. It is, dear friends, a source of no small joy and encouragement to know the Church meeting for the worship of God in this place is thus permitted to celebrate its Centenary free from the incubus of debt. And may we not hope and believe there are yet richer blessings and brighter days in store for God's people here? Keeping to the grand old Gospel of the grace of God, faithfully adhering to New Testament principles and practices, which happily we find so fully incorporated and clearly set forth in your Articles of Faith, and by united prayer and effort, the benediction of our covenant God, Father, Word, and Holy Ghost, you may confidently expect. 'For He is faithful that promised.' In conclusion, permit me to say, Earnestly do we hope and pray that our beloved brother Christmas who now dispenses

to you the Word of Life in conjunction with others, may be strengthened and much encouraged by the blessing of the Lord abundantly resting upon his ministry through your prayers. May his bow abide in strength, and the arms of his hands be made strong by the hands of the Mighty God of Jacob. Amen."

CHARLES MASTERSON.

THE DAYS WHEN WE SAW THE
GOSPEL IN ITS GLORY.

DEAR OLD FRIEND,—I frequently speak of you, more especially since hearing of your late bereavement, an event I, for one, should never have anticipated: fully thinking those hands now cold in death would have closed those eyes now perusing this. I am now in my sixty-third year; it is now some forty years since we first knew each other. I have just been looking at the *Silent Preacher*, and find it will be thirty-seven years the first of next June since its author, myself, and thirteen others, followed our Divine Redeemer in the Ordinance of Baptism. I often feel it a great mercy to have been upheld in this good old way for forty-seven years. I have, in that period, seen many turn back, and know full well I should have been one of the first had I been left to myself. Blessed be the Lord for His upholding and supporting power and grace. I am sure I need not say with what pleasure I should receive a line from you. Doubtless, when under the Spirit's influences, in taking a retrospect of all the way the Lord has led you, the language of your soul is, "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, and forget not all His benefits." What more can I wish you, than that every new covenant blessing may be your portion until our Father calls you home?—T. G.

[At Jamaica Row, we baptized the fifteen referred to. Many were then added to the Church in Crosby Row every month. The ministers and people of those times are gone. We are waiting.—C. W. B.]

KEDINGTON, NEAR HAVERHILL.—Monday, June 15, the fourth anniversary of settlement of pastor, Mr. J. Crown, was held. Sermons by Mr. W. Winters, Brother R. Page read and prayed, and Brother Crown in the afternoon; the sermons were sound and truthful, showing the only way to heaven. It is well when we have a Baptist of full weight as our brother Winters is. Upwards of sixty sat down to tea. At Sunday-school anniversary three sermons were preached by W. Beach, Esq., which were full of instruction for teachers and children. A very happy day was spent.—W. H.

ESSEX.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—Pleased to inform you the Lord is working in the Churches in Essex. Whit Sunday our brother Thorington baptized at the old Baptist Chapel, Sible Hedingham; many witnessed the ordinance. At Salem, Braintree, June 7, there was baptizing, and the candidates were received into the Church.

SOUTHAMPTON.—BETHESDA BAPTIST CHAPEL, NEW ROAD.—It is our pleasing duty again to testify to the goodness and faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God, to us, as a part of the one Church, whose names are written in heaven, who have been called with an holy calling, and led by the divine tuition and power of the Holy Spirit to believe and rejoice in the complete and finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ, by which alone they are brought into union and communion one with another here, and with their adorable and life-giving Head above; out of whose rich and abundant fulness they are ever receiving, and grace for grace until they are welcomed home to their Father's house, "where there is a fulness of joy, and at His right hand pleasures for evermore."

"There they shall see His face,
And never, never sin:
But from the river of His grace,
Drink endless pleasure in."

On Lord's-day, May 31, our beloved pastor, Mr. William Ward, baptized two candidates, who had previously given before the Church satisfactory evidence of the work of divine grace upon their hearts, and likewise some encouraging testimony as to the power of the Word received through his instrumentality. On the following Lord's-day they were received into full communion and fellowship, and united in the celebration of that divine ordinance which sets forth the death and resurrection of Him who said, "Do this in remembrance of Me." This addition to our number, together, with others recently added, is very encouraging, considering the short period of our pastor's settlement amongst us, and proves to a demonstration that the Lord's presence and blessing has been vouchsafed in the assembling of His people within the walls of Bethesda, of which may it be said, "when the Lord shall count, and when He writeth up the people, that this and that man was born there," to the everlasting praise, honour, and glory of a triune Jehovah.—W. S. E.

DALSTON.—At twentieth anniversary of Forest-road, brethren J. E. Elsey and Philip Reynolds preached sermons, June 14 and 16. Henry Myerson presided at evening meeting; he reminded us of his strong attachment to the principles and doctrines of divine grace. Brethren Elsey, Porter, Taylor, and Webb gave words of comfort. Mr. James (a deacon) said they hoped soon to have a pastor settled over them, so that the Gospel and worship of God may here be perpetuated.—J. W. B.

POPLAR.—Mr. Noyes is still unceasing in his efforts at Bethel for spreading the name and fame of Jesus by the power of the Holy Spirit. On Tuesday, June 9, services were held; Mr. Philip Reynolds preached, and at the public meeting Messrs. Holden, Sears, Dexter, Esquirel, Thomas, and Lee, took part under the presidency of Mr. Upsdale.—J. W. B.

EAST DULWICH.—The third anniversary of the Strict Baptist Sunday-school, Heber-road, Loruslip-lane, was held on Sunday and Wednesday, May 17 and 20, in the Heber-road Board School. Addresses were given to the children on the Sunday, and on the Wednesday a very pleasant evening was spent in the Central Hall. Mr. James Clark, of Wandsworth, formerly of Peckham, presided. Several of his old friends were here, and were very pleased to meet him again. A report of the progress of the school was read by the superintendent, and some very interesting addresses were given by the following gentlemen:—Messrs. B. Stringer, Singley, Wileman, Crutcher, G. W. Clark, and Bartlett; the superintendent, Mr. Killick, winding up with a few words and a vote of thanks to the gentlemen who had attended the meeting. A very enjoyable evening was spent, the savour of which will remain for many days to come. May God bless this little effort so that the little one may become a thousand, and the small one a mighty nation, is the earnest prayer of ONE WHO WAS THERE.

BRIGHTON.—BOND-STREET.—Anniversary of Sunday-school was held on Lord's-day, May 24; the pastor preached morning and evening. A service of sacred song, entitled "Elijah," was given in the afternoon, Mr. Masterson giving the connective reading. We feel greatly indebted to brother Gough for the able manner in which he conducted the service, which was thoroughly appreciated by a crowded chapel. Collections in advance of last year, and much prayerful interest is being manifested in the young by a united band of teachers and loving friends. On the last Sabbath in May the "pool" was again opened. Praise the Lord.

WATTISHAM, SUFFOLK.—Anniversary of Sunday-school was held May 31. Three sermons were preached by Mr. R. E. Sears, of London. The chapel was crowded. The preacher had a warm reception. The school is prospering under the able management of Mr. Gowing, of Bricett Hall. The chapel, the schoolrooms and the pastor's lodge have all been renovated. A marble tablet has been erected in the chapel to the memory of dear John Cooper. Mr. Reynolds, late of Tring, has just commenced his ministry in this place. We hope there are bright and happy days in store for the Baptist Church at Wattisham. We understand the collections during the day amounted to £28 11s. 3d.

LOUGHTON.—We have again resumed our Gospel Mission work here. We opened the Word of God before an unexpectedly large congregation. We hold our silent prayer-meetings in the week for the Holy Spirit's energy. Much open and avowed infidelity abounds in these parts. Our building has been reconstructed on a larger scale, and our cause promises to become large. We earnestly solicit the prayers of our Churches for God's blessing in these miserable parts.—MORELAND HICKMAN.

BORO' GREEN, KENT.—On Whit Monday we celebrated the 68th anniversary. We rejoice in answered prayer; for if the sun of nature was withheld, the sun of God's love was shining upon us. Over 400 sat down to tea, about 120 to dinner; friends came from all parts. Mr. Box, of Sobo, preached in the morning from the words, "He shall see His seed." In afternoon Mr. Squirrel proclaimed a precious Christ from "Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." In evening Mr. Box finished the day with "And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me." Cheered and encouraged we pray that the rich dews of His divine grace may water the dry soil of perishing souls at Boro' Green, and that it may be a green hill of Zion.—G. W. THOMAS.

LAXFIELD.—The 55th anniversary of Sabbath-school was held Thursday, June 11. Mr. Debnam, of Horham, read and prayed. The scholars acquitted themselves well, both in the pieces recited and hymns sung. Mr. B. J. Northfield gave a suitable address full of Gospel matter from the words of our divine Lord, "I am the Way." The children had an ample tea, then repaired to the meadow of our beloved superintendent, Mr. H. B. Scace, where they enjoyed the looked-for treat; about 400 friends sat down to tea. At 7 o'clock the chapel was well filled, and an excellent discourse delivered by Mr. Northfield from the words, "Save Thy people, and bless Thine inheritance, feed them also, and lift them up for ever." The Master was exalted and the witness of the Spirit given in the rejoicing of the people under the sound of that Gospel that ever feeds the Lord's hungry and thirsty poor. We were gratified in seeing our beloved superintendent among us, whose precarious state of health has long been a matter of anxiety to us—that he may be completely restored, and, with his beloved wife, who superintends the girls of our school, long be spared to their work in the vineyard, is our earnest prayer. After the Christ-exalting sermon by His servant our hearts burned together with love to Him as we closed the day by singing "Jesus is our great salvation," &c. God bless our beloved school, and gather therefrom the lambs of His fold is the writer's earnest prayer.

LITTLE STONHAM.—This cause is one of the many green spots in the highly-favoured county of Suffolk where God's honour dwelleth. Mr. J. Grimwood has laboured as the pastor of this cause for a long while; many there love him for Christ and his work sake. He is now in great physical weakness—unable to fill his position on Lord's-days; but his heart is there. The Lord speedily restore him. On Whit Wednesday I had a good day with the friends, and God blessed His own testimony. To Him be everlasting honour, prays—W. WINTERS.

BETHERSDEN ANNIVERSARY.

Bethersden lays about seven miles from our house: I was enabled to walk there and back again. I reached the chapel about 10.20 a.m., and found the friends were gathering for the morning service; amongst whom were the ministers of the day, Mr. Mitchell, of Guilford, and Mr. Thomas Stringer. They asked me if I was related to the Editor of the *EARTHEN VESSEL*. Yes; I was only his brother; which made them smile and say, I had a little touch of the Banks about me. There was good singing, which I enjoyed very much; it was good, sober, and edifying; it was led by a Mr. Jarvis.

Mr. Mitchell took his text from Isaiah, "I will mention the loving-kindness of the Lord;" a very able and God-glorifying discourse, dwelling mostly upon the love of God to His Church through Jesus Christ. In the afternoon Mr. Stringer preached from 69th Psalm, "And they that love His name shall dwell therein." It was a truthful discourse. He told us he belonged to the High Church—as high as the heavens; thus the one dwelt upon the love of God to us, and the other upon its result, the love of the redeemed to God, the Fountain of all true love.

I took tea with about 150 and walked home. I do hope the Lord was with both speakers and hearers, and that the plate sparkled with their contributions.

A son of the late Mr. Pearson was there, taking an active part amongst the people, and he seemed happy in his work; thus, instead of the fathers shall be the children, to carry on the great work. Oh, what a mercy it is when God raises up amongst us the right hand to hold up the hand of a weary Moses; they are to be highly prized, and it should call forth in us a song of thanksgiving.

ROBERT.

KINGSTON - ON - THAMES.—Whit Monday Anniversary Meeting, May 25, 1885, at Zion Baptist Chapel, London-street. Brother W. Winters preached two excellent sermons, which were listened to with great attention, and which we are justified in believing were made a special blessing to many who were favoured to be present on those occasions. The afternoon text was Gen. i. 26 and the evening John xx. 17. A large number sat down to an excellent tea, and the attendance during the day was unusually good. The Lord is blessing this hill of His Zion, and that the present may be the set time in which He will arise and have mercy upon her, prays—P. D.

GRAYS, ESSEX.—The sixth anniversary of opening was celebrated Whit Monday. Mr. J. Clark preached. A good number partook of tea. Mr. J. R. Wakelin presided in evening. Messrs. Shaw, Parnell, Garrod, Beddow, and Taylor, uttered words of truth. We find it difficult to meet our payments, but hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

"Our souls must pray for Zion still
While life or breath remains."

—W. PEYMER, junr.

SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK STRICT BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

One of the most rural and charming spots in sunny Suffolk is the scattered village of Wattisham, in the centre of which stands a remarkable structure known as *the Castle*, which is of Gothic order and peculiarly descriptive of modern taste. On the opposite side of the road is the beautiful chapel in which the late John Cooper, of blessed memory, preached the glorious Gospel for fifty years or thereabouts, and who was succeeded by brother Joseph Williams, now of Peckham. Our brother, F. S. Reynolds, is now the pastor elect, whose kind spirit and soundness of faith will doubtless successfully tell (by God's blessing) on the hearts of his hearers in due course. Wattisham Church is said to be the oldest Baptist church in the county of Suffolk.

The fifty-sixth annual meeting of the above Association was held on the premises, kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. E. Partridge and Mr. Marriott; there was an attendance of friends numbering between two and three thousand. Mr. Partridge, who is deacon of Wattisham Church, was courteous and obliging in his hard labours to make all welcome and bappy. Besides many present we notice brethren Charles Hill, S. K. Bland, R. A. Huxham, W. Gill, C. Suggate, W. J. Styles, W. Winters, R. E. Sears, W. Kern, A. Brown, W. J. Denmee, S. Grav, P. Reynolds, P. B. Woodgate, J. R. Debnam, E. Marsb. J. Andrews, S. Haddock, E. Haddock, T. Field, W. Rumsey, J. B. Northfield, H. B. Berry, W. Dixon, D. Dickerson, C. Broom, F. S. Reynolds, W. Glasgow, A. Knell, W. Cordel, W. Palmer, J. Leggate, W. Easter, Lloyd, L. H. Colls, and J. Pooke. Miss Brook played the harmonium. Mr. R. A. Huxham was moderator; he gave the opening speech of the day. He told us it was twenty-four years since the annual gathering had been held in the locality of Wattisham. He also stated that the subject to which he wished to bring their notice was based upon the Master's own words, "One is your Master, even Christ, and ye are all brethren." They, as Christians, professed to hold allegiance to Christ, and to that allegiance He had a right. Looking upon Christ in this position he did not regard Him only as one of the Godhead, but in His mediatorial character as a Master, not unkind and harsh, but one that loved those engaged in His service. Christ in that character was the Instructor and the Commander of His Church, and there was no getting at the truth except through Him, for all truth was grounded on the atonement.

Reports, in brief, of the associated Churches were then read by the secretary, Mr. S. K. Bland. W. Winters closed the first service with prayer. Those present then adjourned to a substantial luncheon, which was served in a tent on the Castle Farm, which was excellently served by ladies who were most assiduous in their attendance.

The afternoon service was commenced by Mr. W. Kern, of Ipswich. Brother P. Reynolds, of Islington, preached a thoughtful

sermon, full of Christ, from 1 Cor. ix. 22. In the evening Mr. R. E. Sears read the opening hymn; W. Palmer, of High Wycombe, read and offered prayer, and W. J. Styles, of Keppel-street, preached a beautiful sermon. The Association sermons on the following day were preached by brethren Charles Suggate, and E. Marsh. Mr. Burrows, Mr. Northfield, Mr. Gill, Mr. Easter, Mr. Styles, Mr. Huxham, Mr. Bland, and Mr. Hill, assisted in the services. The Association will (D.V.) hold its annual meeting next year at Grundisburgh. The services were pleasant and profitable and the kindness and hospitality of the local residents could not be told in words. Success to the Association.

Waltham Abbey. W. WINTERS.

WATTISHAM.—The children and teachers belonging to the Baptist Chapel Sunday-school, together with the committee and those who assisted at the Association meetings, had a special tea meeting and treat on Monday, June 8th, 1885. The barn and buildings belonging to Mr. E. Partridge, of the Castle Farm, were generously placed at the disposal of the promoters; all that ingenuity could devise was heartily enjoyed. At five o'clock we had a substantial tea, after which the meeting was resumed. At intervals the much loved superintendent and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Gowing, of Bricett-hall, cheered the children by gifts much enjoyed. Interesting addresses were delivered. Mr. Gowing referred to the signal success which had (by the blessing of God) crowned the efforts of the Association week. At this Sunday-school anniversary they had collected over £28, at the preaching tent over £37, and at the provision tent over £24. They had much cause for gratitude to God for His great goodness to them. He likewise referred to their indebtedness to Mr. and Mrs. E. Partridge for so willingly placing not only their buildings but also their services at their disposal. He proposed a vote of thanks to them, which was seconded by Mr. R. Squirrel. Mr. Partridge after expressing the intense pleasure it had afforded him in being able to render them assistance, proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Gowing, which was seconded by Mr. Poole. Mr. A. Knell proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. F. S. Reynolds, the pastor at Wattisham, seconded by Mr. Gowing. Votes of thanks were likewise given to the Wattisham deacons, Mr. E. Hitchcock, and Mr. H. Brook; likewise to Mrs. A. Knell and the teachers, with the numerous assistants who so nobly helped at the Association meeting; also the committee, coupling the names of Mr. O. Clabon, Mr. R. Squirrel, and Mr. W. Miller: all were carried enthusiastically. The Doxology closed this joyous school anniversary; while to the children a parting presentation of the useful sent them home fully satisfied.

OXON.—Mr. Clarke, the venerated and sedate Baptist minister in Thame, is still digging into and telling out all he can find in the blessed old Book. Mr. Lloyd, at Syden-

ham, continues faithful. He would be thankful to see more fruits. Crowds cannot be gathered every day, where the people are few and far between. To stand on, year after year, seeing only, and speaking to the same few people, seems to require much faith, no little patience, and a long living hope.

Our Tombstones.

Caroline Banks, died April 25, 1885. As the dark days of Winter were well nigh past, and Spring's sunshine lengthened and brought the many-hued flowers and leaves and foliage into new life and beauty, when young life was feeling the exhilarating happiness and brightness of Nature's newness all around, our beloved sister, Caroline Banks, was quietly and patiently passing to that "bourne whence no traveller returns." "We seem oft to associate death with Winter: but how often the tried sufferer is permitted to feel the warm rays, and see the gleams of Spring's sunshine as they shine and circulate as if from the presence of that glory penetrating through the chinks into this outer world, to cheer the weary one on the bed of languishing, and give a foretaste of the brightness of that home. Our dear sister had many such days while she waited for the call, and it caused great comfort to all who saw her to see how much her spirit was helped amid so much suffering of body to rest so completely in mind. The writer had many opportunities of seeing her, and directing her to the foundation of peace and rest, and was much cheered to find how simply and surely she trusted Him who had always been her help, and who, she said, would not *now* leave her comfortless; beautiful, too, to see the natural way in which she looked forward to see her dear sister Harriett, who died a few years ago, and her own mother, and other dear friends

"Who had passed on before,

Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore,
Singing to cheer us while passing along,
Joyfully, joyfully, we will go home."

Her knowledge of God's Word now greatly helped her, as, being paralysed all down one side, she could not read or hold a book; but her memory, fairly clear to the last, enabled her to repeat comforting passages. On my beginning *Psa. xxxiii.*, she was able to continue it; to say, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me;" and she spoke of her perfect satisfaction and rest; and only a day before she died, said she had not a murmur, which, as the weeks of extreme weakness passed on, showed she was drawing special supplies from that store of grace which is promised to be sufficient always for our need, and is the loving provision of the dear Redeemer. As the writer saw her gradually sinking, and speaking in the natural way of going home, it seemed to make home very near, only just over the way, not far to go, and to make death not hard to meet: and when the end was come, and the face that was patient and kind in life was now cold and peaceful in death, He felt, "Thus He giveth His beloved sleep." "He bringeth them to the desired haven," and I thought how appropriate the words,—

"Oh, think that while you're weeping here,
The hand a golden harp is stringing;
And with a voice serene and clear,
The ransomed soul, without a tear,
The Saviour's praise is singing.

And think that all her pains are fled,
Her toils and sorrows closed for ever,
While He whose blood for man was shed,
Has placed upon His servant's head,
A crown that fadeth never."

Our sister was interred in the family grave of her brother, C. W. Banks, at Nunhead, on May 1. Our good friend, Mr. Wilkins, conducted a very impressive service on that occasion.—W. LOVEGROVE. [My dear mother, before she left this world, charged me, her eldest son, to take care of Caroline, her eldest daughter, who was never married, and for twenty years (with my loving brothers, John, Robert, and Samuel) she was cared for; and when, after a painful illness she passed away, her remains were as carefully laid to rest. I am thankful I shall not leave her behind me.—C. W. B.]

At Southampton, on May 23, suddenly, in the fifty-sixth year of her age, Mary Chappell, widow of the late William Chappell, Baptist minister. Her last words were, "I am going to Jesus." [We can believe this last sentence. In our times of preaching for the late William Chappell, we witnessed the Christian zeal of the departed, and believe her devotion to the cause and honour of Christ, was grace-given, grace-wrought, pure and practical.—C. W. B.]

"HE HAD DONE HIS WORK."—Thus they spake of a noted French writer and speaker who passed off the stage of time at the end of May last, whose funeral resembled a Pagan rite, not a priest was to be seen or heard. About the same time, and the same age, Mr. John Dennison fell asleep, and his remains were laid in the chapel burying-ground, at Thaxted, in Essex. A plain mourning card says it was May 27, 1885, at the age of 56, when he ceased to mingle with us his sighs and his songs on this earth, wherein he had travelled for many years, and proclaimed the honours, the merits, and the mercies of his own loving and much-loved Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. John Dennison carried the spirit of life and peace in his face, in his heart, in his tongue, in his conduct, in his ministry, wherever he went. We hope a memoir of him will be given. He leaves behind a bed-ridden, afflicted, and aged widow, and daughter, who must be cared for.

After a short illness, George Dorey, of 41, Fetter-lane, in his 70th year, peacefully fell asleep in Jesus on May 9, 1885. "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." My dear husband was a bold champion for those glorious truths preached in the Surrey Tabernacle, where he stood an honourable member for 42 years. He was looking forward with great pleasure to hear Mr. Dolby, but the Lord took him up higher. Our loss, I know, is his gain. He was interred in Nunhead Cemetery on May 16 by our beloved brother, Mr. Thomas Carr. Just to let our friends know how sweetly his mind was fixed on the Rock Christ Jesus, I give one of his favourite hymns.

"Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness,
Thy glory, are my beautiful dress;
Midst flaming fires, in these arrayed,
With joy I shall lift up my head."

In loving memory of Mr. James Hasler, who entered into rest on March 13, 1885, in the 81st year of his age. Interred at Ilford Cemetery.

"Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high."

The memoir we must hold over.

Died on the 24th May, 1885, aged 42 years, Maria Louisa Jones, the youngest surviving daughter of William Jones, Registrar of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, Ealing, and granddaughter of the late John Andrews Jones, of Jireh, London.

Birch.

May 31, the wife of James Earnest Moore, of Bermonsey, of a son.

June 17, the beloved wife of J. J. Fowler, Esq., of a son.

Not Another Gospel.

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON DELIVERED AT BELTON BAPTIST CHAPEL,
ON THE MORNING OF JULY 5, 1885, BEING ONE OF THE FAREWELL
SERMONS PREACHED BY PASTOR W. ROWTON PARKER, ON HIS
LEAVING FOR GAINSBOROUGH.

“Another Gospel, which is not another.”—Gal. i., part of ver. 6, 7.

THERE is so much of teaching in the present day which is altogether unscriptural, and likely to lead astray from the truth, that I feel impelled, ere my voice ceases to sound in your hearing, to set before you, in few and simple words, as God shall help me, the truth of the Gospel as contained in His holy Book. Much that is said and written at the present time seems to set forth another Gospel, altogether contrary to that which we have received of the Lord Jesus Christ, and which is as dishonouring to God as it is deluding to man.

It has ever been my desire, and, so far as God has given me grace and ability, I have ever sought to proclaim to you the pure unadorned and unadulterated Gospel, and in so far as I have been enabled to proclaim the mind and spirit and grace of God, I pray that His benediction and blessing may follow it and rest upon it; but if at any time, or in anything I have said ought in error (and I am indeed conscious of much weakness), then I earnestly pray that it may be forgiven me, and that the Holy Ghost may for ever obliterate and destroy every erroneous Word from the memory of all who have listened thereto.

I am no controversialist, nor shall I say one single word intentionally offensive to anyone; but that which I shall say will be said under the conviction of a duty which I owe alike to my Lord and Master and to you, for whom my soul yearns in the bowels of Jesus Christ. Truth, pure truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is that which I desire to see established among you, yea, and in all the world to the glory of our covenant Lord, the spiritual well-being, comfort, and consolation of His chosen people, as well as the ingathering of those who are still without.

But if I be questioned as to the course I pursue, I answer I am but following the example of Paul the great apostle of the Gentiles, whose testimony to the Galatian Church under similar circumstances is here recorded by the Holy Ghost in the chapter before us, and is thus sealed with divine approval. And I may be pardoned if I say I have good reason to believe that it is the same Holy Spirit which has laid it on my heart thus to address you in prospect of my leaving you. Beloved in the Lord, I confess I am not without fear that when I am gone—seeing that you will have supplies from various quarters—that some may gain entrance among you who will trouble you with theories of men, new-fangled notions, subversive of the Gospel of Jesus Christ; or, in the language of our text, “Another Gospel, which is not another.”

As there is but “one Lord, one faith, one baptism,” so there is but one Gospel which is not after man, neither is it by man, but by the

revelation of Jesus Christ who is Himself the One and only foundation, the chief corner-stone, elect, precious. It is this Gospel which you have heard in the past, and it is this Gospel which I pray God you may be enabled to hold fast for time to come. The Gospel of salvation according to the eternal council of God, by the rich sovereign grace of Jesus Christ, applied by the Holy Ghost to the hearts and consciences of men, whereby they are renewed, sanctified, sealed, and made new creatures in Christ Jesus. "Born again, not of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." For as the apostle says, "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God. Not of works, lest any man should boast."

But if I be further asked, "What is this Gospel of salvation?" I answer, it is deliverance from sin in its dominion, quiet, power, pollution, and penal consequences, and anything short of this is not salvation at all; nor is it the Gospel of Jesus Christ. But it may be asked, "For whom is this Gospel of salvation provided?" Well, speaking in general terms, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." But in particular it is for His people. The angel said, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

But if it be asked, "Are all mankind His people?" then let me answer in the words of our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, who said, "I am the good Shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." But of some He said, "Ye believe not, because ye are not of My sheep." If, then, the laying down of His life for His sheep proved Him to be the good Shepherd, and made manifest His love for His flock, then it is clear that He could not, in the same sense, have laid down His life for those who were not His sheep.

Again, the Apostle says, "Christ also loved the Church, and gave Himself for it; that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word; that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." Well now, if this giving of Himself for the Church was the highest proof of Christ's love for it, as it undoubtedly was, for He Himself said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends;" then how can it be true, as some affirm, that He died for all men *alike*? If He died for all men *alike*, then it is clear He did not manifest any particular love for His Church when He gave His life for it, seeing that He did the same for everybody; and the apostle must have been altogether in error when he set forth the death of Christ as a proof of His special love to the Church.

Again, Paul said, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." But why should Paul boast of the love of Christ to him, as if it were in any sense special? and why should he refer to His death as if it were a peculiar mark of His love, if it be true (as some say) that He loved everybody else just the same? The fact, beloved, is most clear. The love of God, as displayed in the salvation of sinners, is not universal, in the sense of being in all respects equal and alike for all; but it is special, and personal, and distinguishing. It is fixed on the people of His choice, personally and individually, as viewed in His own well-beloved Son; and being fixed on them, it cannot be turned away from them. For them He entered into covenant; for them He made His Son a

sin-offering; and for them He sends His Holy Spirit into the world. He loved them in eternity ere time began; He loves them infinitely; and having so loved them, He loves them to the end. To say that all men are loved alike, or after this manner, is altogether unscriptural. Do we not read in God's own Word concerning Esau and Jacob that "The children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God according to election might stand, not of works, but of Him that calleth: it was said unto her, The elder shall serve the younger; as it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated." And of the posterity of the former it is said, "They are beloved for the Father's sake;" but of the latter, that they are "the people against whom the Lord hath indignation for ever." If, then, before the children were born, Jacob was said to be loved, and Esau to be hated; and if of the posterity of the one it was written, "The Lord had a delight in thee, to love thee;" but of the other, that "The Lord hath indignation against them for ever," how can it possibly be true that all mankind are alike, and universally the objects of God's love? And, besides this, the Apostle, writing to the Thessalonians, says, "God hath not appointed us to wrath; but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ." Are any appointed to wrath, then? some will say. Well, let the Word of God answer that question.

Turn to 1 Peter ii. 6—8, and there read what Peter quotes from the Old Testament, and which thus becomes part of the New Testament: "Behold, I lay in Zion a chief corner-stone, elect, precious; and he that believeth on Him shall not be confounded. Unto you, therefore, which believe, He is precious; but unto them which be disobedient, the stone which the builders disallowed, the same is made the head of the corner, and a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence, even to them that stumble at the Word, being disobedient whereunto also they were appointed." These are not my words, beloved, but the words of Holy Writ, inscribed in this Book of God under the direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Well then, if of some it be said that they were not appointed unto wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ; and of others, that Christ was to them a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence, that they stumbled at the Word, being disobedient whereunto also they were APPOINTED; how can it be that both parties were loved alike? or how can God's saving love be universal?

And then again, Paul plainly and distinctly asserts, in Rom. ix., that God would show both wrath and mercy in His dealings with sinners. He says, "Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour and another unto dishonour? What if God, willing to shew His wrath and to make His power known, endured with much long-suffering the vessels of wrath fitted for destruction; and that He might make known the riches of His glory on the vessels of mercy which He had afore prepared unto glory, even us whom He hath called, not of the Jews only, but also of the Gentiles." Well now, suppose we say that the one party is simply left to themselves, to their own free will, to fit themselves for destruction, which is the sure result of the natural will, mark you, it is most distinctly stated that God fits the vessels of mercy for glory; but if the one party is left to fit themselves for destruction while the other is, by God's calling and grace, fitted for glory, then how can both parties be alike loved of God,

or how can God's saving love be universal? If it was true, as some affirm, that God's love was universal, then would not all be treated alike; would not arrangements be made to send the Gospel to all; would not the Holy Spirit apply the Gospel to all; and would not all be alike sanctified and saved by the Gospel? And yet we all know that this is not the case. All do not hear it; all who do hear it do not hear it alike; and all who hear it are not saved by it.

Is it not true that millions have never heard the Gospel at all? And is it not, beyond question, true that the Gospel comes to-day, as at Thessalonica, to some in word only, but to others in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. Well, now, if the Gospel is sent to some with the power and demonstration of the Spirit, but is not so sent to others, then how can it be possible that both are loved alike? If the saving love of God was universal, we should certainly expect that the good news of that love would reach all; and if the grace necessary to that love was given to some, we should, in such a case, expect that it would be given to all alike. But clearly it is not so, as every one must know. On the other hand, if God had said plainly in His Word that His love to all was alike and equal; and if He had not said He loved and hated, He willed to show wrath and to show mercy, that to some He sent merely the Word of the Gospel, but to others that Word accompanied with power and demonstration of the Spirit—then, to such testimony we should have yielded at once, admitting that from God's decision there is no appeal.

Again, it is clear that the work and operations of the Holy Spirit in applying the Gospel to the hearts and consciences of men is not universal, but special. Just as "the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." The true people of God are "begotten of God, are born again; born of the Spirit; born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." Well now, I suppose no man living will ever dare to say that all men are regenerated by the Holy Ghost, that all are "created anew in Christ Jesus"—in a word, that all are made "new creatures." And yet, if that be not so, then where is the universality of the Spirit's operation? Or, on the other hand, are we to suppose that the Spirit works alike on all men; but that some, of their own free will, give effect to the work of the Spirit, while others, by the exercise of the same will, render it ineffectual? If that be so, then man conquers God's creating power, and man becomes the efficient cause of his own salvation or not, just according to his own will. But if this be the case, then tell me how can salvation be according to God's purpose and grace; and how can it be said that he is "not born of the will of man, but of God?"

If we are to take the Scripture representation of the case (and surely we are not justified in taking any other), then it seems to be just this—God having determined to create and people the world, knew that man would fall, and that, left to themselves, the whole race of mankind would perish. To prevent this, He chose His people in Christ before the foundation of the world; chose them to salvation and to partake of the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ. But, as sin could not be removed without an atonement, and as it was necessary to show to all created intelligences God's utter and infinite hatred of sin, He covenanted with

His only-begotten and well-beloved Son to come into our world, assume our nature, and by suffering and death to make an infinite atonement for sin. In making that atonement the Lord Jesus Christ personated His people—*i.e.*, bore their individual sins, putting them away by the sacrifice of Himself, thus obtaining eternal redemption for them. But, as an *infinite* atonement was necessary for the salvation of His Church, so an infinite atonement was sufficient for the salvation of an infinite number of transgressors; and, therefore, God, in the exercise of His sovereignty, commanded the good news of salvation for sinners to be preached among all nations, to be received by faith. Thus the presentation of salvation is made to sinners, as sinners, without difference or distinction, while the assurance is given that “he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned.”

Yes, beloved, and the presentation of a free salvation to sinners by the Gospel—to sinners, a such, warrants any man, and every man, to embrace it if they will, and so leaves the rejection without excuse. But alas! as a matter of fact, sinners will not come to Jesus of their own accord to be saved. This neglect or refusal is criminal on their part, and the result is sure and inevitable damnation. But in order that the special end of the death of Christ may be surely accomplished, and the Saviour see of the travail of His soul, the eternal Father gave to the co-eternal Son power over all flesh that He should give eternal life to as many as He had given Him; and being lifted up, He now draws all such unto Him alike from every place and every period. And it was in the absolute certainty of their salvation that the Saviour rejoiced when He said, “All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me; and him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.”

And so, too, when the Jews manifested their obstinacy, the Lord Jesus Himself told them that He was not at all disappointed, but that their conduct, base and unreasonable as it was, was such as might be expected. “Murmur not among yourselves,” said He, “no man can come to Me except the Father which sent Me draw him; and I will raise him up at the last day.” Therefore said I unto you, that no man can come unto Me except it were given unto him of My Father”—“except it were given him of My Father.”

Well then, in conclusion, let me say, and that on Scripture authority, the Father of His own free, sovereign love and grace chose His people to salvation before the world began, and He gave them to His well-beloved Son in eternal covenant. And for this cause He sent His Son into the world to be the propitiation for their sins, that they might live through Him. He teaches them according to His promise, and every one that is taught of the Father comes to the Son. He sends the Holy Spirit also to accompany the preaching of His Word, and “as many as are ordained to eternal life believe.” And thus, “whom He did predestinate (love from all eternity) He calls; and whom He calls, He justifies; and whom He justifies, He glorifies.”

The Father, in His own sovereign love, chose them to be His peculiar people—a people set apart for Himself above all people that dwell on the face of the earth. The eternal Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, redeemed them by His blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation. The Holy Ghost, the Third Person in the adorable Trinity,

quicken, sanctifies, and seals them. And thus it is they are saved, not by works of righteousness, but according to His mercy, by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost; even as it is written in the Scripture, "It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." Salvation is of the Lord, and of the Lord alone—all of sovereign grace, from first to last.

Well now, looking at the subject practically, salvation is provided of God for sinners, for the ungodly, for even the very worst and basest of men. Salvation is to be published as the Lord commands, everywhere, and is to be presented to sinners of every class and clime.

Salvation is provided free, and is to be had without money and without price, as a free gift of God. And any sinner and every sinner who truly believes in the Lord Jesus Christ, and rests alone in His atonement, may and will be saved; this God's own Word guarantees. And therefore, without saying unscripturally that God's love is universal, that Christ died for all alike and equally, and that the Holy Spirit is given alike to all, we can and we do publish, and we rejoice to publish a full and free salvation for "whosoever will," assuring everyone that is willing that the very fact of his being made willing is a proof of his personal interest in the blessings of the covenant of grace, because none are ever willing until God makes them so in the day of His power.

If, then, any man rejects the Gospel and refuses to be saved, it is of himself, and he must bear the consequences. But if a man believes the Gospel, and accepts salvation, it is all of God, and the glory is God's, who worketh in him to will and to do of His own good pleasure. Thus in condemnation man gets all the blame, and justly so; and in salvation God gets all the glory, which is His most righteous due. "O the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out! Who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been His counsellor? or who hath first given to Him, and it shall be recompensed unto Him again? For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things; to whom be glory for ever and ever." Amen.

The evening sermon was from Acts xx. 22, "And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the Word of His Grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified."

THE FOUNTAIN STILL OPEN.

BY GEO. BURRELL, BAPTIST MINISTER, WATFORD.

"The precious blood of Christ."—1 Peter i. 19.

THIS word "*precious*," which occurs so frequently in this epistle is a very significant and important word. It was not a word merely on the lip, but the warm and fervent expression of Peter's broken, contrite and healed heart; Christ was experimentally precious to the Apostle Peter, necessarily more so than to the other apostles, because of his open and sad fall and recovery. The blood of Christ is precious to every ransomed soul who has felt his need of it, by the inward teaching of the Holy Ghost, and realised pardon for sin by his sweet application. But it is, and must be, doubly precious to the soul of a fallen saint, who

fell as Peter did in denying his Lord and Saviour, and doing it in language borrowed from hell itself: denying Him three times with oaths and curses. The sovereignty as well as the eternity of the Saviour's love, Peter was blest to realise in a sweet assurance of a full and free pardon, while Judas the traitor who betrayed Christ went in despair to his own place. The one *went out* and hanged himself: the other *went out* and wept bitterly. The Lord turned and looked on Peter, and that majestic and merciful look penetrated his heart, pierced it with loving reproof, broke and healed his heart. When the Saviour told him Satan had desired to have him, he little thought what havoc he would make with him in his sieve, neither could he enter much into the Lord's gracious declaration, "*I have prayed for thee.*" He did not think or believe he could be so *weak* and so *base* to act as he did, but both appeared in his fall, and the wonderful love and grace of the dear Saviour in pardoning and healing his broken heart. He wept bitterly, and wept frequently. It was not sin in the abstract, however, that caused his contrition—Judas repented, but he repented *himself*—it was the repentance of despair. Sin alone will harden and drive to despair, but Peter went out and wept. It was love, blood, and grace: pardon and forgiveness produced Peter's tears, and taught him to be sober and watchful, and as it were doubly endeared his precious Saviour to him, and qualified him specially to comfort the feeble-minded and to strengthen his brethren. The lamb with him was indeed eaten with bitter herbs, and as Christ had manifested His love to him in so special and signal a manner, and so fully confirmed to him a full and free forgiveness of his sin, he spoke of Him feelingly as a *precious* Christ; His promises were *precious* promises, he realised their fulfilment, the God-given faith he possessed was proved to be *precious* faith. It has been tried in a hot fire and came out real gold. Christ to him was a *precious* stone, which stood fast and firm, and bore him up from sinking to hell, and His blood was *precious* blood to cleanse and save so black a sinner as he felt himself to be. This precious blood is his theme, and in writing on this great subject he uses it as a most mighty and effectual argument for holy and consistent walking, seeing we are not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot.

Here are two questions worthy of our consideration:—

I.—Wherein does the preciousness of the blood of Christ consist?

II.—To whom is Christ's blood precious?

I.—Wherein is the blood of Christ *precious*? For its incalculable and unspeakable value, its intrinsic worth: and this arises out of the infinite dignity and value of His wonderful person whose blood it really and truly was. The devil knows this; and, therefore, by all his hellish power and malice, has always aimed, as far as *he can*, to undermine the *foundation* on which the Church of Christ is built and stands for ever secure—namely, His essential God-head and His real humanity: both are equally necessary; for had He been God only He had no blood to shed, and were He man and *only* man, however great and pure, His blood for redemption purposes would be of no avail, it being the blood of a creature which could never cancel and take away sin, which (objectively considered) is an *infinite evil* being aimed at and committed *against* an Infinite Being; but "as for our Redcemer, the Lord of Hosts is His

name, the God of the whole earth shall He be called." His blood therefore is unspeakably precious in itself, because it is the blood of His person, and its power and preciousness consist in this, that it is really and truly the blood of God, because He is *God who shed it*, and was God, and very God, *when He died*. It is so called by the Holy Ghost in the Word. "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He (GOD) laid down His life for us." Again, "Feed the Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood." Therefore this precious blood has in it for ever all the perfections and power of Divinity. Is God infinite and so past finding out? so is this *precious blood*. There is an infinity of merit in it. All created things are nothing in comparison to its preciousness, for what are all nations to that God who is *infinite*? He says they are nothing, and less than nothing and vanity, but it is this unsearchably Great and Infinite God who *shed this blood*, therefore it is infinite. O blessed fact to be realised by the poor despairing sinner! What are all the sins of all creatures when once contrasted with infinity? This *mighty sea* is without a *bottom, shore or bound*. It was infinite Justice that was insulted, and infinite blood alone was sufficient to satisfy her claims.

Eternity is in it, and therefore called *eternal redemption*. *Eternal value* and *eternal power* is in *that blood* that was shed *in time*. "The eternal God is our Refuge, and the sinner's only Refuge is Christ. Hence all the sins of God's elect through all the *ages of time* are for ever *drowned* in that blood, which is the blood, not only of the infinite, but the *great eternal I AM*."

Holiness is in it, and all the *holiness of God*, which is the very glory of God; His infinite and spotless purity in conjunction with the unblemished human nature of Christ was and is *all in His blood*. What is the devil's filthy stream of sin when once contrasted with the worth and weight and infinite holiness of God flowing in this wondrous river?

All the love of God is in it. Divine and human love bleeding and flowing. Oh! what a mighty mystery is here! Hence this love that flows in blood possesses for ever all knowledge.

Omnipotence is in it. The omnipotence of God, whose greatness is unsearchable. Mountains of sin and guilt by its omnipotence are hurled into the depths of the sea. By this precious blood all that is hateful and abhorred by Jehovah is annihilated and sunk for ever out of sight and memory, and everything that is dear and precious is secured and raised to eternal glory.

"O precious blood! O glorious death!
By which the sinner lives;
When stung with guilt this blood we view,
And all our joy survives."

It is precious, therefore, in the first place, because of the glorious Person who shed it.

Precious in its *glorious results*. Atoning blood atoned Almighty wrath—perfectly so. The wrath of God incurred and due to God's elect was spent upon the great atoning Lamb of God. "All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me." He has covered all their sin, and taken away all His wrath. It is *reconciling blood*; it has reconciled all the *attributes of God*, brought them eternally together in

the sweetest harmony. Justice and mercy, God and the sinner are at peace. Redeeming blood! It has redeemed from sin, from the curse of the law, from all iniquity, from an eternal hell, bought with a price. It is *pardoning blood*. The vilest, blackest sinners—thousands and millions—are pardoned by it fully, freely, and yet honourably and righteously. Cleansing blood! What foul filth or stain can stand before this mighty stream?

The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin. It washed away all sin from God's sight, out of God's book, out of God's memory. Original sin and actual transgressions from the first breath to the last. It cleanses the conscience constantly, daily; blotted out once for all upon the cross all the sins of the elect, redeemed, and reconciled world—but constantly blotteth out sins from the conscience. "I have blotted out," and "I am He that blotteth out thy transgressions and will not remember thy sins. I am the Lord that healeth thee." Ah, it is precious healing blood, who healeth all our diseases.

"The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all our woes."

It softens and subdues the hardest heart. It humbles the proudest sinner, and lays him sweetly low. It is *speaking blood*. It speaks in heaven constantly, and will not cease to speak till all its purchase are there in perfection. It speaks louder than all our crying, aggravating sins—louder than the devil's accnsations and roarings. It constantly speaks in *the Gospel*, in *the conscience*, in *death*, and will be the redeemed's theme for ever and ever.

II.—To whom is this blood precious? To God the Father and to God the Holy Ghost. "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." "It pleased the Lord to bruise Him." He "gave Himself an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet smelling savour"—a savour of rest. This blood is the wine that cheers both God and man. God's thoughts of the blood of His dear Son are not like ours; they are infinite; He only knows its value and can estimate its worth. He looks at "the blood," and not at us—not at our sins. "When I see the blood I will pass over you." Here stands our security. He sees infinitely more in the blood of His dear Son to save than He sees in sin to damn. Nay, He sees sin no more, but the Substitute, the Representative, and His blood. "As high as the heavens is above the earth, so high are His thoughts above our thoughts, and His ways above our ways." Blessed be God!

It is very precious to the Holy Ghost—the balm He applies to bind up and heal the broken heart. He kills by the law, but makes alive and well by the blood that flows in the Gospel. "He shall take of Mine and shall show it unto you." He shows the malady, and then leads to and applies the great remedy. Christ opened the fountain actually and meritoriously at Calvary, but He opens it to faith efficiently and plunges the guilty soul in it.

"He never moves a man to say,
Thank God, I am so good;
But turns his eyes another way—
To Jesus and His blood."

It is precious to faith, and only precious to faith—to faith of all

degrees; precious to the poor, sensible sinner, precious to the babe of grace. O, how sweet when first realised! Precious to the conflicting and tempted saint, precious to the soldier, precious as a shield in the battlefield, precious to the poor backslider, precious to the weak, precious to the wavering, precious to the strong, precious to the sick, precious to the dying, and precious, unspeakably and eternally precious, to the raised and glorified for ever and ever.

“Precious is my dear Physician,
 Oft I prove His power to heal,
 Curing every sad condition
 When He does His love reveal;
 Precious Jesus!
 O, how sweet to live on Thee.”

G. BURRELL.

Watford, June 5, 1884.

A FEW DISCURSIVE NOTES ON THE REVISED VERSION OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

BY W. WINTERS OF WALTHAM ABBEY.

AS no notice of the new revision of the Old Testament has heretofore appeared in the pages of the “EARTHEN VESSEL,” I venture to offer a plain and concise paper on the subject, as such a remarkable literary task, performed by so august a body of divines may not be again entered upon in the lifetime of the youngest reader of to-day. The Revisers have completed their work, after between fourteen and fifteen years of honest labour, and personally, I thank them for it; a similar work, however, has been performed by one man in a much less time. The first entire English translation of the Holy Bible was made within the compass of four years by one person: certainly it was a translation from the Latin Vulgate, and not from Hebrew and Greek MSS., as in the case of the present Revised Version.

The work of the Revisers was commenced June 30, 1870, and since that date to its final issue, ten of the company died, and two resigned, their places being filled up by others. The entire work was completed in eighty-five sessions, which occupied 792 days; each of the sessions was for ten days, at six hours per day, and ended June 20, 1884. Happily, the changes made by the Revisers are, relatively speaking, few, owing mainly to their great veneration for the Authorised Version, and which alterations do not materially affect the doctrinal part of the Holy Word. The alternative readings given in the margin of the Revised Version are in very many respects superior to the text, and which doubtless renders the work of inestimable worth. Had the margin been filled with *variants* the book would have been even more valuable. The printing arrangement of the book, though good in several ways, will prevent it from being taken into general use, as the system of paragraphing has by no means become popular with English readers. The headings of the chapters, as they appear in the A. V., have been expunged, not being in the original Hebrew. In giving a few of the emendations made by the Revisers I shall place them with their parallels from the A. V. with as little comment as possible, and leave the reader mainly to make his own preference. The point, however, for

consideration is not whether the changes are liked or disliked, but whether they are consistent with the naked truth of the inspired original language. The neuter possessive *its*, which does not occur in the A. V. of 1611; is given for *his* in the R. V. In Gen. i., "waste and void," for "without form and void." "And there was evening and there was morning, one day," for "And the evening and the morning were the first day." In a geological and a chronological sense I am suspicious of this new rendering. "The man" is given instead of "Adam." After the curse, the names are given as in the A. V. The difficulty in Gen. xv. 2 is removed in the R. V. The complaint of Abraham that he "goes childless," and the steward of "my house is this Eliezer of Damascus," is rendered clear thus: "seeing I go childless, and he that shall be possessor of my house is Dammesek Eliezer." 'Nephelim,' instead of "giants," is no improvement.

The peculiar passage in Joshua x. 12 is only altered by the Revisers in its typographical arrangement. The witch of Endor is made to say, "I see a god ascending from the earth," instead of "gods" (1 Sam. xxviii. 13), which is more intelligible. The Book of Job, as many other of the divine poems of the Bible, is rendered, after the third chapter, in metrical form. "Vindicator," for "Redeemer," is given in the margin of chap. xix. 25, which is an alternative reading of the Hebrew "*goel*," and which in most instances imports "an avenger of blood." Job is made to say, by the Revisers (xxxi. 35), "And that I had the indictment which mine adversary hath written," for "And that mine adversary had written a book." I regret the change in Job xxxviii. 31—"clusters," for "sweet influences." In Job xxxix. 19 "quivering mane" is a good substitute for "thunder." The Book of Psalms should be sung; it is therefore separated into five books, and is rightly rendered in metrical form, as also the Proverbs, and other poetical books. The "Song of Songs," instead of "Song of Solomon." Isaiah liii., which is so full of Christ, has undergone no material change. The untranslated word, "*Sheol*," for "hell," is given to avoid its association with the idea of a place of torment. If "*Sheol*" is not "hell," as is generally understood, why did not the Revisers give its equivalent in English, either in the text or in the margin. "*Sheol*" infers the place of the dead, as the grave, and has its parallel in the word Hades. Psa. xviii. 5 is rendered "The cords of *Sheol* were round about me," instead of "The sorrows of hell compassed me about." This I consider is a shuffling way of getting over a difficulty. However, in the historical books "hell" is inserted in the text, and "*Sheol*" in the margin. Job xxxix. 13, "The wing of the ostrich rejoiceth; but are her pinions and feathers kindly?" is a wretchedly poor substitute for the clear translation of the A. V. Psa. xxxvii. 35—the wicked man is no longer "like a green bay tree," but "as a green tree in its native soil," which is a very expressive rendering. Psa. xlv. 13 is much changed, the Revisers preferring "The king's daughter within the palace is all glorious." The word "pride" is given for "strength" in Psa. xc. 10. The alteration in Psa. xc. 7 is a splendid improvement: "To-day, O that ye would hear his voice," for "If ye will hear," &c. In Psa. cl. 4 "pipe" is substituted for "organs," so that the provincialism, "box of whistles"—*i.e.*, harmonium or organ—is not vulgar. By the bye, old father Jubal (Gen. iv. 21) is no longer the inventor of the "organ," but of the "pipe," probably the bagpipe.

Fancy the endless buzzing of a Scotch bagpipe in a little sanctuary! A slight change, which is a beautiful one, is made in Solomon's Song (viii. 6, latter clause): "The flashes thereof are flashes of fire, a very flame of the Lord." The rendering of Isa. ix. 6 is given without the definite article, "the," in the latter half of the verse. The solemn question respecting the "everlasting burnings," asked by the prophet (Isa. xxxiii. 14), is retained. The Revisers, in regard to the ineffable name, "Jehovah," have followed the usage of the Authorised Version. The peculiar word "bolloed," in Exod. ix. 31, which means swollen, or "podded for seed," is still retained, simply because, as the "Preface" says, it "has no synonym in literary English"; the word is now to a great extent obsolete.

English folk are very chary about adopting new things, and especially new Bibles. The Revised Version, however, must not be regarded as an entirely new Bible, but an old one in a new dress. I confess I love the old Authorised Version best, and hope it will be used in the pulpit during the rest of my term on earth. In closing this very baldly-written paper, I would just notice a few statistics in connection with the publication of the Revised Version which are interesting, if not instructive. The book is the joint property of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. "With regard," says a writer, "to that portion of the work done by the older University, it is officially stated that at the Wolvercote Mill, near Oxford, 375 tons of rags have been consumed in making 250 tons of paper for this issue of the Revised Version. This amount would cover $2\frac{1}{4}$ square miles, and would go round the world in a strip of six inches wide, or if the pages were laid open one after another. The sheets piled in reams as they leave the mill would make a column ten times the height of St. Paul's, or folded into books before binding at least 100 times that height. The copies which are being prepared by the Oxford University Press alone would, if piled flat upon one another, make a column more than 14 miles high, or 370 times the height of the Monument. If piled end on end they would reach 74 miles high, or 1,943 times the height of the Monument. It is hardly possible to give an idea of the number of goats and sheep whose skins have been required for binding, but it has been calculated that 1,560 goat-skins have been used in binding the copies presented to the American Committee of Revision."

The Revised Version will serve the Christian student as a kind of lexicon or critical commentary, and as a beautiful literary production it may tempt many a stranger to the Word of God to pore over its mysteries. God will verify His own testimony (Isa. lv. 11). So be it.

"FAITH HEALING."—If a miracle were really needed, God would perform it in His own way; and that way would certainly be perfect, complete, and immediate. The direct answer of God to prayer, offered in dependence equally on His love and His wisdom, is one thing; the absolute obedience of God to the excited demands of fanaticism, resting on no promise in the written Word, is quite another. It seems to us to border closely, however unintentionally, on the blasphemous. It is often forgotten that physical evil may prove, and often under God does prove, the best friend of the man that is subject to moral evil. Instead of praying for a miracle to restore sight, the blind man who seeks the true light may live to thank God for the deprivation.—*The Fireside News*.

WHERE PRECIOUS THOUGHTS COME FROM.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God; *how great* is the sum of them!"

ONE said, "I like a quiet religion!" I said, "Amen!" I never wish to be president or popular, except it be in souls who know God has sent me with His Spirit, His Word, His grace, into their hearts, and that I have been to them a blessing. Silently listening to God, solemnly learning of God, communing with God, these are mercies nowhere to be bought! They are safe blessings between God and the soul.

Beloved John, mamma seems not so well; doctor says, Take plenty of brandy—bad sign. 'Tis dark, damp, dreary here; I am not well, but think of going to chapel with Psalm cxxxix. 17. Now the question is, "Whose Psalm is this?" In the highest sense it is Christ's. He speaks of the wonderful construction of His Person as God-man, and of the Church being the members of His body. He could truly say, "How precious are Thy thoughts also unto Me, O God! how great is the sum of them." As God the Father unfolded the whole scheme, plan, and matter of salvation unto His Son, it produced precious thoughts indeed. Spiritualised Christians also can, and do, adopt the same language as the experience of their heaven-born souls. But how can I know God's thoughts, so as to find them precious? Thoughts are the fruits of knowledge, and true knowledge comes into the soul by the outward gates and by the inward springs. Knowledge comes into the soul by the external gates, the seeing eye, the hearing ear. The seeing eye of faith is a wonderful gift. The first vision John had in Patmos, comprehends the truest picture of a

SAVING CONVERSION

that I know of anywhere given.

1. *John was in the Spirit.* Without that—being in the Spirit, and the Spirit being in us—there is no experimental knowledge of anything. John was in the Spirit.

2. He heard a great voice as of a trumpet, this caused him to turn round, and he saw in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks

One like unto the Son of Man.

Not as John saw Him on the cross, but as the Great High Priest, with His priestly robes on.

3. When John saw Him he fell at His feet as one dead. The revelation of Christ kills us, in measure, to all the world.

4. As John lay at Christ's feet, Christ put His hand on him and said: "Fear not, I am He that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for ever more!" John would think of all this, and those thoughts of reflection would be very precious unto his soul.

Saul of Tarsus shows us how he always thought of Christ meeting Him when going to Damascus. Reflections on what God hath done, on what Christ is, on what the Holy Ghost is doing, will produce precious thoughts in the souls of believers. The knowledge comes in by the ear-gates, we hear the Gospel, and knowledge flows in, and our thoughts on the Gospel are very precious, they often comfort the soul. We hear, the Word takes root, and thoughts come up. Knowledge comes in by the secret springs of the soul, where the Holy Ghost

dwelleth. We shall have *original* thoughts or meditation on things new to us as the Spirit reveals more and more of Christ to our souls. God's thoughts are given to us by the application of His promises. When we feel or fear we are forsaken of God, when all things seem against us, a still small voice within is heard: "For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee. 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!" Such a promise spoke home to the heart will beget thoughts valuable to the soul, yea, most precious. Then the great sum of these thoughts to usward. Take "*sum*" to mean the multitude of them, or the final issue of them, and our *great* God says, "I know the thoughts I think toward you, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end!" His thoughts are toward us from all eternity, choosing through all time, calling and preserving even unto everlastingly glorifying. Amen. All easier said than realised.

HEAVEN'S STANDARD OF SAFETY.

CHAPTER VII.

AT my next visit to the dying man I found him full of thought upon a Scripture which he said had come floating into his mind, and he was anxious that I should hear a brief account of it. He told me as he lay on his bed, without reading or searching for anything, these words came up in his mind for several days, and he sought by night and by day to weigh himself in the scales which these words presented to his mind, but nothing further than the words could he dive.

What words were they?

These sentences, exactly as they came to me:—"Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves; know ye not your own selves how that

"JESUS CHRIST IS IN YOU,

except ye be *reprobates*?"

"After a while," said the dying man, "I saw in these deeply momentous words, first, the two distinct characters—the man who has Jesus Christ in him, and the man who, in God's sight, is a reprobate, a useless, graceless character. Then, secondly, the three lines of exhortation. As though Paul would say, Enter first into thine own internal house—into thy heart, soul, conscience, mind, motive, feelings, and persuasions, and examine thyself—the whole of the hidden man. Then go into the volume of divine inspiration, into the revelations, the records, the prophecies and promises, the experiences, the prayers, the desires, the delights, the joys and the sorrows of the ancient saints, and 'PROVE YOUR OWN SELVES,' by weighing yourselves in the same scales the original, God-made saints were weighed in, and then come home to a settled judgment, to a holy confidence, 'KNOWING IN YOURSELVES' that Jesus Christ is in you, and that ye have in heaven a better, a more abiding substance.

"Sir!" exclaimed the man to me, "I saw the living soul, the gracious soul, the heaven-born soul, has

FOUR DISTINCT PASSAGES

to travel through, both by faith and by feeling; first, that which is natural; secondly, that which is social, as one asketh, 'What sort of companionship have we in our heavenward journey? What is the general tenour of our conversation as we journey? What sort of hope have we concerning the end of our journey? What state awaits us? Shall we be brought at last within those gates through which Elijah in a chariot of fire passed? Or shall we be turned backwards, with blindness on our spirits and cursing on our lips? Shall we have at last to wander among the dreary mountains of despair, crying bitterly and vainly, "Where is the Lord God?" What if there should be an impassable river separating between the holy and the unholy, the believer and the unbeliever! God help us so to live that when the chariot comes for us it may be one sent to bear us to the presence of our Lord and Saviour, our Father and God! Amen.' Thirdly, there is a passage called 'Mortal,' and one that is 'Final,' where we are either received into the glories of Christ's kingdom, or we are driven into the hopeless, endless miseries of the wicked."

Being called away into the Black Country, the fearful consideration of these wholesome words must be deferred. If any of us are led honestly to examine, to prove, to know ourselves, and Jesus Christ is within us, it will be a mercy indeed.

 TRUTH ALWAYS THE SAME: SO IS CHRIST.

ELIZABETH PRENTIS, by nature's workmanship a beautiful woman! by the Holy Spirit's power, a blessed woman—"a daughter of consolation." The *Day of Days* says:—"Always more or less a sufferer, the early loss of two young children touched her acutely; but the grace of submission was given. On a little scrap of paper she wrote at the time in pencil her heart's experience:—

"MY NURSERY, 1852.

"I thought that prattling boys and girls Would fill this empty room; That my rich heart would gather flowers From childhood's opening bloom.	One child and two green graves are mine, This is God's gift to me: A bleeding, fainting, broken heart, This is my gift to Thee.'
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"From this period, more definitely and distinctly than ever, the mission of personal suffering as a preparation for sympathy with the sorrows of others found daily illustration in her busy, devoted, self-sacrificing life. Her words had power, because she could testify, 'I have seen the time when I could hide myself in Him who so sorely afflicts, as a little child hides in its mother's arms; and so have thousands of aching hearts.' 'It is hard now to suffer, but after all the *light* affliction is nothing, and the *weight* of glory is everything. You may not fully realise this or any other truth in your enfeebled state, but truth remains the same, whether we appreciate it or not: and so does Christ. Your despondency does not prove that He is not just as near to you as He is to those who see Him more clearly; and it is better to be dependent than to be self-righteous. The greatest saint on earth has got to reach heaven on the same terms as the greatest sinner: unworthy, unfit, good-for-nothing, but saved by grace.' Comforting others, her own comfort abounded."

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

"Something Wrong!"—"Philo-Israel" is (we suppose) the assumed name of that noble gentleman, that careful student, that learned Biblical expounder, who is editor of the *Banner of Israel*. The July part of that weekly paper opens with the following grave, yet gracious, review of the present state of things:—"There is no manner of doubt that in the midst of perplexities at home and abroad, men's hearts have been, and are, 'failing them for fear, and for looking after those things that are coming upon the earth.' All men see there is 'something wrong' in affairs, something unusual happening, or about to happen, somewhere; and the predominant feeling in the minds of those who have not the consolations of the Identity to fall back upon is, that the 'something wrong' is a coming disaster to the British Empire; some disturbance to our body politic at home, and also abroad, which will severely affect our national welfare. If we look to ourselves at home we find our politicians are greatly exercised by the utter failure of our military and other enterprises in Egypt, in the South African Colonies, in respect to the Irish question, and the condition of labour and trade in these our own islands. Abroad we have a great disturbance of the native mind in India, extending from one end of the Peninsula to the other, so deep, so serious, and so grave, that the like has never been witnessed before, since the Empire was assumed by our nation. In the presence of the Russian aggression, all other questions and complaints have become hushed; and from end to end of India the races we thought so apathetic have burst forth with united voice to declare the content of the two hundred millions of our heathen and Mohammedan fellow-subjects with Israel's righteous rule. But this very unanimity is but India's testimony that there is 'something wrong,' the symptom of the dread that is felt throughout Hindostan, that the Peninsula is on the verge of a catastrophe," &c. After enlarging on apparent distresses coming upon Europe, and on this long-favoured England, "Philo-Israel" cheers us by adding:—"But let us not be dismayed. Our case is in the hands of our all-powerful God, the God of Israel. He has promised to help us and save us, and therefore the 'something wrong' will soon be set perfectly right, to the praise and glory of our faithful Creator, who, being the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, has declared that He hath made us, formed

us, and created us, 'to show forth His praise' (Isa. xliii. 21). The 'something wrong' to-day we feel to be the darkness in which our rulers have kept the nation for months past as to their foreign policy. God promises in Isa. xlii. 16 the darkness shall be made light by Him. The 'crooked things' God promises to rule straight for us. He will do all this for us; and He promises us never, never, no, never, to leave us or forsake us (Heb. xiii. 5), so that we may boldly say, 'The Lord is our Helper, and we will not fear what man shall do unto us.' Is not this sufficient comfort for us? If not, then He comes forward again and tells us that come what will He will help us, and that as for dismay and fear, we need not feel them, for 'I am with thee, I am thy God.' Is not that enough? Then He promises 'strength, help, and upholding.' 'I will uphold thee,' He repeats, 'with the right hand of My righteousness.' Who can withstand that? God's hand; nay, God's right hand; nay, better still, the invincible, almighty, divine hand of His righteousness, the righteousness of Christ, the Lord our righteousness, is ours. All power is in His hands, and all power, He tells us, is ever at our service to help, strengthen, and defend our body politic. But He does not stop here. He goes into particulars. 'Behold,' He cries, as though to emphasise what follows, 'behold, all they that are incensed against thee shall be ashamed and confounded; they that strive with thee shall be as nothing, and shall perish. Fear not; I will help thee. Fear not, thou worm, Jacob, and ye men of Israel; I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer is the Holy One of Israel.' Israel, praise ye the Lord." The *Banner of Israel* is published weekly, and in monthly parts, by Robert Banks & Son, Racquet-court, Fleet-street, who also publish

Israel's Hope and Destiny, a sixpenny quarterly;

The Silver Morn and Prophetic Voice, a twopenny monthly; and

Zion's Witness, Mr. Wilcockson's highly experimental monthly, the tone of which is expressed in the July number, by the late Mr. Arthur Triggs' first sentence of his sermon. He says:—"Beloved, I have found, by experience, that everything is death and uncertainty outside Christ. 'But what do you make of your experience?' Why, that is as uncertain as myself. 'Then do you set it aside?' No, I cannot live without it; but I do not live by it. If God's child-

ren were to take notice of words and meanings, and the simplicity of them, they would know the blessedness of what it is to have rich experience, not to live by that experience, but to live by Him who filleth all in all. The noble mind would then ascend in holy freedom, without sin, death, or condemnation, into communion and fellowship with God the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ. And let it be remarked, there is but one door to glory, and Jesus is that. We cannot enter unless the door be open. And Christ the Door hath opened a way through death unto life. That door always stands open, and that door cannot be shut against one of God's children. But there is a time that Christ speaks of, at the winding up of time, when 'Those who were ready went into the marriage supper, and the door was shut.' How does the case stand with you? In John x. we read that there were some who got into the sheep-fold some other way, but not with Christ. Do notice that, they get into the sheepfold by open profession, and they may be called Christians, but they have climbed over. But Christ saith, 'They are thieves and robbers.' Yet they pass current with their companions in the Church. They may even stand up in a pulpit, or become deacons, class leaders, or Sunday-school teachers, they having such a wonderful flow of language (that they put in the shade many of God's children, who appear to have a bridle put on), but they are 'thieves and robbers.' And there is a day of reckoning coming on, when He will wind up matters, then each one of us shall stand in our true colours, either white or black. There will be no mixture. The door will then be shut, and Christ and His body the Church will be glorified."

The Soul's Eternal Existence. Mr. Baxter, of Eastbourne, has issued a thick, threepenny octavo pamphlet on "Life, Immortality," &c., which, for strength of argument, for Scripture elucidation, for solemnity, for faithful and truthful testimony, his conclusions can never be fairly overthrown. The fatal error is that which the Almighty charges home upon presumptuous man—"Thou thoughtest I was altogether such an one as thyself." Man will set up his reason, his finite and imperfect understanding, against the revelation God has given. The Bible is not studied. We have always believed God will justify Himself in the Great Day. Mr. Baxter's book will set men thinking. Houlston's are the publishers.

The Voice of Nature to the Invalid; or, Medical Truth versus Medical Mystery.

Explanatory of the Principles of True Medical Science. Seventh edition, enlarged. To which is added a Compact Pharmacopœia of Botanic Medicines. By B. V. Scott, M.B.M.R.S., Liverpool. (Liverpool: College of Health, 121, Kensington; and of all booksellers).—When in robust health, and when "the strong man armed keepeth the palace," man passes heedlessly on, not realising any interest in such "Colleges of Health," or in the efforts made by such worthies as Mr. B. V. Scott, of Liverpool, but when the heart is sick, and the outer man loses his power to push on in the world, then arises the cry, "Who will do me any good?" Many will profess to work a cure, but fail. Mr. Scott's botanic remedies have obtained for him a famous name, a host of friends, a growing practice, a gigantic establishment. His pamphlet—"The Voice of Nature to the Invalid"—may be read to advantage by all who, in any measure, feel Nature is crying, the physical strength is failing, and the approaches of death are visible. No harm can come from reading Mr. Scott's "Voice of Nature." He is a physician of some value.

AN OFFER.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—A correspondent of the "E. V." in the June number suggests that certain literary and theological works, among which he names my "Ministry of the Beautiful" and my "Closing days of Christendom," should be added to the various Sunday-school libraries connected with the Strict Baptist Churches. I write to say that as far as I am concerned I should be happy to present (gratis) fifty copies of my "Ministry of the Beautiful" to as many Sunday-schools, if the superintendents of such schools desirous of possessing them will write to me, enclosing six stamps to cover packing and postage.—I remain, yours most cordially, B. B. WALE.

Sydney House, Malvern, June 4, 1885.

P.S.—Should be happy to do the same with my "Closing Days of Christendom," but that the second edition, now passing through the press, is not mine, as I have sold the copyright to the publisher.

The Father Revealed, and Christ Glorified. By Henry H. Bourne. (London: S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster-row.) The author of this handsome volume has been in the ministry; he has been mentally and literally walking up and down in the midst of the best commentators of the mysteries of Godliness; he has enjoyed communion with the holy Saviour in that sublime prayer recorded in John xvii. Moreover, Mr. Bourne has

been in the furnace of affliction for nine years; in all these various seasons his mind has been searching for the hidden treasure—

"Gathering honey all the day,
From every opening flower."

Only deeply sanctified souls will duly appreciate the subject discussed and opened up in this heavenly hive of love's communion. It may be we do not fully sympathise with the author in some expressions, but he

"HOLDS THE HEAD";

His faith in the eternal Son of God; his fellowship with each Person in the Trinity, is rooted, grounded, and enjoyed. Surely, with Daniel Herbert, he would sing,—

"How bless'd are they, forever bless'd,
For whom the Saviour died:
God views them all complete in Christ,
Completely justified.

Before the lower world was formed,
Or man had drawn his breath,
The scheme was formed, the plan was laid,
That Christ should suffer death.

For God had fixed His love on those
For whom Christ was to die:
He saw them ruin'd in the fall,
But had their names on high.

When Jesus paid the price of blood,
Then Justice was appeased:
God's chosen were completely saved,
And God Himself well pleas'd.

For ever blessed is the man
Whose sins are blotted out,
Safe hid in Christ, for ever safe,
Though plagued with sin and doubt."

C. H. S. once wrote these words to us:—"I believe every iota you believe; but I go one step further." Perhaps Mr. Bourne would endorse that sentiment. However, his volume will be a sweet present to all who are seeking to know more of that inexpressible love, that perfect obedience, that finished work, so transparent in the life of our lovely and loving Lord Jesus Christ.

Christ's Ability to Save to the Uttermost. A Sermon by William Trotman, who says in his preface:—"While staying recently at the house of my dear friend, Mr. Garnham, at Bournemouth, the sermon here presented to the reader was shown to me. It is now sent forth, a very feeble testimony of a very precious Gospel—Christ able to save to the uttermost, on the ground of an unchangeable Priesthood. May the Lord bless His own Word to the comfort and salvation of His own loved and redeemed ones, is the prayer of the author, WILLIAM TROTMAN, 2, Durnford-terrace, Stonehouse, Devon," of whom this discourse can be had.

The Late Dr. A. Hewlett.—*The Gospel Magazine* for July furnisheth an extensive report of the death of Dr. Hewlett, of

Astley, near Manchester. The venerable doctor departed this life June 10, 1885, in his eighty-second year. Great grief fills the whole neighbourhood and the hearts of all who knew this beloved labourer in the Lord's vineyard. We may review his life in a future number.

The Present Heterogeneous Character of the Christian World. A very correct definition of "the Christian world," the large net which is gathering fish of every kind. When the large net is brought to shore, what a sifting, sorting, taking in, casting away, will then take place! An American gentleman named Dwight Hinckley Olmstead has issued (through the Publishing houses of Putnam's Sons in London and New York) a volume with the title, "*The Protestant Faith; or, Salvation by Belief.*" The author sets out criticising, if not condemning, Luther and all who believe in justification by faith. Well! we are not alarmed at such intellectual giants, who cannot let religion alone, but, not having the Spirit of Christ in them—the scales having never fallen from their eyes, never having entered in by the strait gate—they walk into the large wilderness called "the Christian world," and they find an heterogeneous mass of as different peoples, of different creeds, of different expression, experiences, and efforts, as it is possible to imagine. One enquirer goes to hear Joseph Irons; then James Wells; then the representatives of John Wesley, and others. After which, he stood looking up into the heavens, and cried out:—

"Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
None but Jesus, none but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good."

We pity the man who attempts to contradict his Maker.

Think! A Reply to Lord Bramwell's Plea for "Drink." By Dawson Burns, D.D. The Duke of Albany said:—"Drink—the only terrible enemy England has to fear." This comment on Lord Bramwell may be had at the National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand. The D.D. has herein faced the legal judge with clever and irresistible verdicts.

THE QUEEN has just provided a nurse for the wife of Mr. White, the Army Scripture Reader who accompanied the Guards to the Sudan. She was suffering from consumption, and recently gave birth to twin daughters, whom Her Majesty (through Princess Christian) has kindly promised to provide for.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

SORROW FOR SIN: SIGHING FOR MERCY.

Death of Mrs. John Parsons, of Brentford—Death of Mr. Parsons' daughter; of Mr. Joseph Robins, and Miss Maria Jones.—The late Mr. John Box, at Hayes.—Mrs. Parsons' last day, Funeral, &c.

PHOEBE, the wife of Mr. John Parsons, Baptist minister, Old Brentford, has gone home. Our friend and brother Parsons has been called to pass through another heavy trial and bereavement. Three years since he was laid very low with an attack of paralysis, and for some time his life was despaired of; through the Lord's mercy he has been partially restored, and is enabled, by Divine help, to continue preaching the Word to the building up of the saints, and ingathering of several of the Lord's hidden ones; thus the Church at Old Brentford continues to enjoy and prosper in the Truth as it is in Jesus. The latter end of last summer his only daughter, after a brief illness, was taken away by the hand of death to her eternal home, not many weeks after his brother-in-law, Mr. Joseph Robins, who was a member of the Church. He was in his place in the chapel on the Lord's-day morning listening to and enjoying the Word as it fell from the preacher's lips; on the same afternoon he was called away suddenly up higher to realise in full fruition those truths he had been enjoying in the Lord's House in the morning. Now, after a long illness, Mr. Parsons's dear partner in life has entered her eternal rest, leaving him a mourner in the desert to wait a little longer his Master's pleasure, being sustained by that grace, love, and mercy which has been his support for many years. How true it is, "Our ways are not the Lord's ways." When our brother was laid low the three above-mentioned were his attendants expecting him to be summoned away, but the Lord had need of them first, and he is still left below to labour in the vineyard. Do not the words speak to us:—"Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh"?

Mrs. Parsons was brought up under religious tuition; from a child she was taken to Richmond by her parents, who were members of the Church there under the ministry of Mr. Page. In course of time a cause was commenced in their own neighbourhood at Hayes, which was

supplied by the late Mr. John Box, Mr. Page, and others, but it was under the ministry of Mr. Box the Lord was pleased to carry home the arrow of conviction to her soul, which produced those feelings all who are called by Grace must know something of: sorrow for sin; sighing for mercy. In due time she found that mercy she had so earnestly sought for. She became zealous in collecting money to build their chapel, and was one of the two first that were baptized in it, being then about fifteen years of age, and was a consistent member of that Church until her removal to Brentford thirty-five years ago. She was one of those kind of Christians that could sing:—

"I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all."

—one of those wives that profited under her own husband's ministry. Her attendance on the means of Grace, her general deportment, are too well known to need enlargement here. Her long imprisonment at home was a grief to her mind, but she could not rebel. Her sufferings were severe. At first her mind was very dark; but she said: "I can raise my Ebenezer; God has helped me these many years; He will never leave me now." At another time she repeated that verse:—

"O precious blood! O glorious death!
By which the Christian lives."

To a friend she said: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want"; to her dear sister: "As many as the Lord loveth He chasteneth, if ye are without chastisement then are ye bastards and not sons"; adding with emphasis, "We are not bastards." She had a desire to be restored, that she might go to the House of God once more. This was mercifully granted her the first Sabbath in May. The opening hymn was—

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

The hymn all through, the tune, and the feeling way in which it was sung, melted her down under a sense of the lovingkindness of the Lord to her. The service throughout was much blessed to her; and the text (Psa. xlviii. 9)—"I have thought of Thy lovingkindness, O God, in the midst of Thy Temple"—all were so fitted to her feelings and circumstances. Mr. Parsons, after alluding to the many kindnesses of the Lord to His creatures, in a providential way and

manner, dwelt sweetly on His loving-kindness, which was different to all others, and extended only to His own blood-bought, redeemed family, whom He had loved with an everlasting love, and in time called by His invincible grace. It was clear that the season was not forgotten by her during her stay in the body: in the afternoon of the same day she exclaimed: "O, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever." She was overcome with gratitude to the Lord in answering her prayer. She had earnestly wrestled with Him that He would incline the hearts of some to come forward to testify of the Lord's dealings with their souls, that her dear partner might be encouraged in his work. This was realised by four young persons coming before the Church and giving in their testimony; they were baptized the day after her departure from this time state, and in due course added to the Church. A few days before her decease she said: "I know Whom I have believed; He is able to keep that I have committed to Him against that day." Her husband replied, "You know more than that, my dear." She said, "What more?" "Why, you know in what you have believed!" She added, "Yes! yes! I do." Conversing with her widowed sister, she said, "O, my dear, how mysterious are the ways of God! We thought very differently to what it has come to: do not fret; it has been all afflictions; but through much tribulation we must enter the Kingdom. The Lord removed your dear partner that you might be a helper to us; you are very weak, but He is your strength, and as thy day thy strength shall be: this has been a great trial of my faith." Her sufferings and weakness rapidly increased, but she said:

"In Heaven my choicest treasure lies,
My hopes are built above the skies:
'Tis Christ, the bright the morning Star,
Draws my affections from afar."

This she repeated several times before her death, which took place about six o'clock on Saturday evening, 23rd May. Before it occurred she had a slight stroke, but was sensible up to the last. Shortly before her departure, in the presence of the doctor, her husband, and others, she seemed to have passed away, but by prompt medical attention she recovered a little, and said, "I thought I was going." The doctor replied, "You meant to go, but you are not gone." She then, with a sweet smile on her countenance, said, "In Heaven my choicest Treasure lies," and appeared more happy and cheerful than she had done all through her

afflictions. This lasted for one hour, when she fell into another faint, and her ransomed spirit took its flight to be forever with the Lord.

Her remains were committed to the tomb in Baling Cemetery the following Thursday by Mr. Highams, who had known her from girlhood, in the presence of a great number of friends.

On the following Lord's-day evening Mr. T. Voysey occupied the pulpit, and spoke from Psalm xvii. 15: "As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness." These words were specially applicable to the departed. He also took occasion to notice another loss the congregation had sustained in the death of Miss Maria Jones, a granddaughter of the late John Andrews Jones, who was taken home the day after Mrs. Parsons. She had attended Mr. Parsons's ministry many years, but made no open profession; but a few days before her death gave sweet evidence of a Divine change, to the great comfort of her sorrowing relations and friends.

THE PROPHETIC PROMISE FOR THE CHILDREN.

That wonderful declaration which the Spirit of God brought out of Hezekiah's heart after he had suffered severe affliction, when he cried out, "The living! the living! he shall praise Thee, as I do this day. The father to the children shall make known Thy truth." This prophetic promise has been increasingly and manifestly true during the last century. Reports from all quarters of the prosperity of Sunday-schools come flocking in upon us. Our limited space will not allow us to give the details of each, but we may refer to some. For instance, the Baptist Sunday-school at Harwich was a signal proof of the devotion and the zeal of the pastor, Mr. Josiah Cowell, of Mrs. Cowell, and of the earnest teachers, who are instrumentally sowing the seeds of divine truth in the little hearts and tenderly-inquiring minds of hundreds of the rising. "A Visitor" says "Such a Sunday afternoon service as was enjoyed in Harwich Baptist Chapel on June 21, is rarely to be witnessed. I was in the chapel near three hours, and no one appeared to be weary. To the pastor, Mr. Cowell, many of the children, with sweet, clear voices, were repeating long pieces of the Scriptures or some choice hymns, which was so feelingly interesting, that even some of the hardest of the flock had to wipe their tears away. Mr. Cowell was quite in his glory, and young Mr. B. J. Northfield's address edified old and young—parents, children, and friends were on the tip-toe of astonishment. Such was the variety, the originality, and the influence of divine truth upon our hearts that we tired not, though I almost lost my tea, it being so late before the sermon came to an end. That Master

Northfield gave us two rich, racy, and God-like sermons which we cannot forget. Surely it is a gracious Providence which has not only brought Mr. and Mrs. Cowell to the cause, but that the faithful preaching and the charitable practice are so generally useful and esteemed.

At Broadstairs, in St. Peter's-park, Mr. Carter, the minister, his good wife, and their son, with a number of friends, witnessed a grand field day with their Sunday-school on June 29, the Sunday-school anniversary. Mr. Carter, as the minister of the Baptist Church at Broadstairs, and the school under his care, are sustained by a power more than human.

We have a wise testimony of the Speldhurst-road Sunday-school anniversary, which took place June 14 and 15. Our industrious correspondent, J. W. B., says, "One of the happiest seasons lately enjoyed here was experienced on the occasion of the Sunday-school anniversary. Friends and children gathered in good numbers; ministers well strung and in good tune, rendered the services

"Sweet, and clear, and loud."

In the morning, Mr. Waite, of 'Jireb,' City-road, delivered a full-toned Gospel sermon from the words, 'Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars' (Prov. ix. 1). The preacher was evidently led by the Spirit in his fervent utterances on Wisdom and the seven pillars. In the afternoon Mr. J. H. Lynn was sublime, simple, and savoury in his remarks from 'My little children.' Mr. Lynn held us spell-bound with his sympathetic expressions. In the evening of the day, after our brother James J. Fowler had conducted the devotional part of the service, our own dear pastor (C. W. B.) ascended the pulpit, the first time for months, and in a clear, bold, and emphatic manner preached a sermon from 'The living, the living, he shall praise Thee, as I do this day: the father to the children shall make known Thy truth.' The text was applicable both to the noble, time-honoured preacher and to the occasion. Far from depreciating the two former services, this crowned the day's proceedings. On the Monday, Mr. John Vaughan took for his text, 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy,' &c. It was experimental, doctrinal, and spiritual. In the evening, Mr. Henry Hall presided at public meeting, and gave some good, fatherly counsel and advice to teachers and children, enjoining upon them to adhere to the truths of the Gospel. Messrs. C. W. Banks, Burbridge, Branch, Dearsly, Kempston, Mobbs, T. J. Hall and others did their best to encourage the Sunday-school teachers in their arduous, though loving employ. Mr. Samuel Banks conducted the service of praise. A report for the past year was read and adopted."

WATTISHAM.—A meeting of a very pleasant character was held in the above place on Monday, June 22, in order to present Mr. and Mrs. E. Patridge, of the

Castle Farm, with a dinner service, for help so generously rendered in connection with the Association meeting recently held in this place. This present was the spontaneous gift of the various assistants and friends connected with the late Association, each member liberally subscribing towards it. Mrs. E. Gowing, Mrs. A. Knell, and Miss Wilden, were deputed to purchase it. Mr. E. Gowing, of Bricett-hall, who so ably superintended the provision department on the above occasion, was chosen to make the presentation, and in doing so paid a high tribute of praise to Mr. and Mrs. Patridge, especially referring to their kindness and untiring zeal, which had laid them all under deep obligations, and it was their unanimous desire to give some tangible proof of their appreciation of such kindness, and to show in a practical way the high estimation in which they were held by them. Mr. Patridge, who was taken by surprise, very heartily thanked Mr. E. Gowing and the subscribers for such a serviceable gift, and likewise expressed his indebtedness to them all for their valuable services, and to Mr. Gowing for the able way in which he had acted as superintendent. Mr. A. Knell, after alluding to the special nature of the meeting, dwelt upon the past and its golden lessons, the present and its precious privileges, and the future and its glorious prospects; and Mr. R. S. Reynolds, minister, concluded with an able speech, drawing several pleasant and profitable lessons from the presentation, and praising God for the bright and blessed evidences of unity and peace existing in their midst.

LEICESTER.—"Are things in the Gospel in Leicester prospering?" What is the Gospel? Is it not the proclamation of pardon to guilty sinners? Do you think we have any very guilty sinners in Leicester? Or, is the righteousness of Leicester people so rotten, think you, that they cannot patch the old garment up again, and make it decent enough to appear at court in? My opinion is, there's not one in a hundred, the world through, religious and irreligious, but what think they can darn their own righteousness neat enough to, what they call, *stand a good chance of being saved for doing the best they could: WHAT DO YOU THINK?* As for the prosperity of the Gospel in Leicester I am inclined to think the Gospel of the Bible is appreciated at Leicester just about as much as it is anywhere else, and no more. None care for it, till the deadly disease of sin is known to be gnawing at the vital spark, and often then the patient will try all other remedies before applying in *forma pauperis* to the Great Physician who gives advice, and medicine, and cure gratis. Ah, Sir, the Gospel is too cheap for proud man, until he has spent all upon other physicians, although they may be like Job's comforters, "Physicians of no value." I thank you for the privilege of reading Mr. Kellaway's note, and wish you and yours every needful blessing, with the sweet assurance of your eternal interest in Christ Jesus.—JOHN.

AGED PILGRIM'S ASYLUM, HORNSEY RISE.

Situate on top of a hill, and facing the splendid pile of buildings belonging to the Alexandra Orphanage for Infants, stands the neat, commodious, and well-conducted Asylum in connection with the Aged Pilgrim's Friend Society. It is a strange coincidence that only divided by a road there should be two such buildings, one for the especial care of the young children who have been left orphans in their early days, on the other, a home for the poor, yet not neglected pilgrims of the household of faith, who have passed the summer of this life, and on whose heads thickly sets the snow of winter. The Asylum will accommodate 120 Pensioners, who are not only provided with comfortable rooms, and pleasant grounds, but a sufficient sum of money to enable them to spend the remaining days of their life's pilgrimage without fear of want.

It was to celebrate the anniversary of the opening, fourteen years since, that on Friday, July 3, a goodly number of persons assembled to hear the sermon of the Rev. E. Wilkinson. Following this an excellent tea was served, after which, time was allowed for a stroll in the well-kept grounds, and a fancy sale was, at the same time, held in a tent, the articles being kindly contributed by ladies, some of whom acted as saleswomen; and judging by the way in which they kept us, by their pleasant conversation till purchases were made, must have proved excellent assistants, and materially added to the proceeds of the day.

The ever genial and worthy Treasurer, William Heathfield, Esq., presided at the evening meeting, which was held in the Chapel connected with the Asylum. There were several good Gospel addresses given, but our space will not permit a report of these. From the report read by Mr. William Jackson, we gather that the inmates now in the Asylum receive the following pensions from the Society: thirty-four, £10 10s.; sixty-five, £7 7s.; twenty, £5 5s., showing an Annual Pension expenditure here of upwards of £939. The oldest inmate is aged ninety years, and the youngest sixty-three. Several are still living who entered fourteen years ago. During the year eleven inmates have been removed by death, and the testimony of several was that borne by Hopeful, "Be of good cheer, my brother. I feel the bottom, and it is good." The vacancies thus caused have been filled up by the entry of qualified candidates.

The comfort of the inmates has been greatly increased by the unwearied attention of the lady visitors, whom the Committee would take this opportunity of cordially thanking for their highly valued services to the Asylum. The administration of the Benevolent Fund is admirably superintended by them, and the Meat Fund, which is entirely raised and disposed of by them, has again been the means of many excellent hot dinners being distributed amongst the inmates during the Winter months. Great

are the joy and gratitude of the aged recipients.

The Benevolent Fund is for the purpose of supplying nurses, and nourishment, and necessaries for the sick and specially infirm. It is an indispensable auxiliary to the efficiency of the Asylum, and has, during the year, been materially helped by the sale of work, so kindly conducted by the ladies. Upwards of £48 were raised in this way at the last Anniversary, and it is hoped that the result of to-day's sale will be equally satisfactory. A donation from a deceased inmate, and a legacy (divided between this Fund and the Sustentation Fund) of £25 from the late John Beckett, Esq., have also added to the receipts. The expenditure is upwards of £130 per annum, hence the need of fresh assistance. The Doctors Henty pay kind and constant attention to those needing medical treatment.

The Coal Fund—the object for which the collections are made to-day—is in urgent need of help. Upwards of 218 tons have been distributed during the year, and the Fund is now overdrawn to the extent of £50.

The inmates have been the recipients, during the year, of many gifts from kind friends, to all of whom the best thanks of the Committee are presented. The Annual Summer gathering, with the inmates of the Camberwell and Stamford-hill Homes, was greatly enjoyed. The afternoon was spent in pleasant walks and talks in the grounds, and after tea a few addresses concluded the day's proceedings. R. Wilkinson, Esq., of Totteridge, and Mrs. Wilkinson, also kindly provided a tea for the inmates, which, with kind gifts of flowers to each, were highly appreciated. Lectures have also been given in the Asylum Hall.

The annual subscribers to the Fund do not number 150, and not more than £250 per annum can be depended on with any certainty.

The Committee are earnestly desirous of largely increasing the number of annual subscribers, for it is regular annual help which is so greatly needed. Every seven shillings subscribed entitles to one vote, and collectors have votes in the same proportion. We ask all friends of the Lord's aged poor to help in this effort, and thus place all the Funds of the Asylum in a position of abiding strength. Collecting Cards will be supplied to any friends who will kindly take them.

The report concluded with the words, "Come over and help us," and to any of our readers who find pleasure in spending an hour or two with the Lord's Aged Poor, we heartily recommend them to accept the invitation, and pay a visit to the Aged Pilgrim's Asylum at Hornsey-rise.

R. F. B.

BROADSTAIRS.—"An Old Visitor" says, "I came down here to pick up a little strength, if the Lord would bless me by causing the sea-air to renovate me a bit. I found old Master Kiddle still living here, but not preaching. He is now the retired

gentleman, while his successor in office (Mr. Carter) is going on steady in the work. Quite a variety of preachers have occupied the Baptist pulpit lately. Mr. Sullivan, of Brixton, Mr. C. W. Banks, Mr. Carter, and Mr. Isaac Levinsohn, all proclaiming the good news which our Lord Jesus Christ Himself brought to us from heaven. On July 15 we had a large audience listening to Mr. Isaac Levinsohn's lecture on the Jews. His friend (C. W. Banks) introduced the lecturer, who gave us a long, lively, loving, and truly eloquent address, in which it was evident he is a warm advocate of the Gospel of the grace of God. He is improved greatly since we first heard him. He is a bold, outspoken gentleman, scholar, and earnest pleader for the Gospel to be carried to the Jews. We enjoyed his lecture very much, and his labours will be blest to many. Mr. Albert Carter on the organ, and the excellent choir, sweetly cheered us in the service. Mr. Bennett, the Congregational minister, closed the services by earnest prayer.

MR. W. WINTERS' NOTES.

LEE COMMON.—Anniversary services were much enjoyed on June 10.

HAYES.—In this beautiful part of the county of Middlesex resides the loving and united family of Mr. John Wild at "The Limes." June 17 was the 14th annual meeting held in commemoration of brother Robert Bardens's ministry at Hayes. Here in this rural district good Robert has laboured in his loving Lord's cause. The writer preached in the morning and Mr. John Hazelton in afternoon. E. Harris, Esq., presided in evening, and speeches were delivered by brethren R. Bardens, J. B. Warren, W. Hazelton, Mr. Ireson, and W. Winters.

GLEMSFORD.—May 31 and June 1 were high and happy days at Ebenezer, the old cause, Glemsford. The desire was to rid the friends of a debt. On Monday Gospel addresses were given by Mr. R. Page, Mr. J. D. Bowtell, Mr. White (of Clare), and Mr. W. Firbank; the meeting was a successful one. Ebenezer is in a peaceable and prosperous condition, and is still open to receive and to kindly treat a truthful and zealous preacher as pastor.

LONG MARSTON, on the outskirts of Tring, is a pleasant and quiet village and the beautiful estate of Lord Rosebery in the distance adds to its charm; but far better than that lordly mansion is the sweet little sanctuary in the centre of the village, erected in 1860, and which echoed with the praises of God on June 9, when the 26th anniversary was celebrated; the Lord graciously helped me to lift up the Gospel banner. Mr. Thos. Kempstey and friends were busy in making others comfortable; Messrs. Kendal, Cato, Baldwin, and Lister, who preach in the surrounding Churches, favoured the friends with their presence and help.

CITY ROAD.—The cause here, under the pastorate of Mr. W. Waite, celebrated the 134th anniversary of their foundation as a baptized Church of Christ, on June 30, 1885. For the information of friends

generally, I would just say that the present Jireh Chapel was built in the October of 1860, on the completion of their former pastor, John Andrews Jones' eighty-first birthday, and the fifty-second of his ministry, when the annexed account, on parchment, was inserted in the corner-stone of the building—viz.: "This house of God was erected for Divine worship by a baptized Church of Christ. We date our origin in the year 1751. Our first pastor was the celebrated Thomas Craner, a champion for truth. He died, March 18, 1773, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, and was succeeded by Mr. Thomas Powell, in Mitchell-street, who was our pastor upwards of forty-six years. He went to his rest, November 18, 1829, in the eighty-first year of his age. He was succeeded by our present pastor, Mr. J. A. Jones. The Church and congregation removed to Jireh Chapel, Brick-lane, in 1838, and from thence, on that chapel being taken down, they have erected this place." This is followed by a declaration of faith and order, the identical of which is maintained by the present pastor and people. On the anniversary day before noticed, the writer preached with much liberty, as he always has done at Jireh, and brother George Webb, late of Maidstone, officiated at the desk. In the evening, James Lee, Esq., presided, Mr. N. Oakey offered prayer. Mr. Lee made a few suitable remarks, and made several very kind suggestions regarding the Church's financial position, which was a very happy one. The pastor, Mr. Waite, also spoke with extreme faithfulness and kindness respecting their senior deacon who had resigned his position in the Church, and how they all wished him to attend the cause as usual. Speeches were made by brethren Beesley, Evans, Dearsly, Sears, Holden, and who, with the rest, wishes well to Jireh, even—W. WINTERS.

CANNING TOWN.—The cause of truth, at the Temperance Hall, Swanscombe-street, held the second Anniversary of their formation on June 22, when the writer addressed a few words to the friends in the afternoon on "Sweet spices." The company, though select, were appreciative. In the evening, J. Savill, Esq., presided, and in which office he was thoroughly at home and happy, his speech was seasoned with salt, and was from the heart. Mr. Savill endeavoured, with words of truth and love, to clear the infant cause from the false report that had gone abroad—namely, that the truth was not preached there; this matter being fully demonstrated to the satisfaction of all present. Mr. Savill introduced Mr. Smallwood as the brother who had preached to the people for the past three months with acceptance, and who had spoken occasionally in the highways of the neighbourhood. Mr. Smallwood offered prayer. Mr. David Reed gave the financial position of the cause, which showed that economy and efficiency had been effected with great care by the office-bearers, and that the preacher had not laboured for money. Mr. F. C. Holden made some excellent remarks on "Holding fast the truth of God," and addresses were

given by W. Winters, F. H. Noyes, W. Buttery, and others.

WALTHAM ABBEY.—The pastor's anniversary was observed with much thankfulness on July 16, Mr. W. H. Lee preached. Some said,

"How precious that truth to my soul
That Christ and His people are one."

In evening J. Crutcher, Esq., presided; Mr. Whiting prayed; Mr. Crutcher spoke faithfully to pastor and people; Messrs. T. Steed, Preston Davies, Edward Casey, R. Bowles, W. Osmond, and W. H. Lee closed the services of one more happy day on earth.

ENFIELD.—The pastor and friends of the Putney Road cause held their anniversary July 14; Mr. Crutcher, of Tooting, preached faithfully. In the evening Pastor R. Alfrey presided; Mr. House prayed. Mr. Alfrey stated they were happy and united. Mr. R. Bowles dwelt on the bond of Christian brotherhood, Mr. Buttery on the good hope and calling of the Christian, Mr. W. Stringer set forth the things that accompany salvation, and a few words from W. Winters brought the services to a close.

WOLLASTON.—There were many friends gathered together on Lord's day, July 12, to hear what the writer had to say, and many kind inquiries were made about Mr. C. W. Banks, and especially Mr. Tye and Mr. Lucas. It was the school anniversary, and the children, about 120 in number, sang special hymns. The Church is anxious to have a good pastor, one not afraid of work, as there are numbers of villages near that require the Gospel. Mr. S. Partridge, a young and useful member, preaches the Word faithfully in the surrounding Churches with acceptance, and of whom I hope well. That God would send Zion, Wollaston, a man after His own heart, fitted and strong for labour, is the prayer of the writer.

TOTTENHAM, HIGH CROSS.—It is just a year ago since the first service was held in Welbourne Hall. The congregation was a small one indeed. I was present at the second service, when about fourteen were there. Since then, the Hall, which would hold about 100 persons, has had to be enlarged. Then, of course, there was no church, but now there is one of about thirty-five members; it was formed with six members, on October 23rd, by Mr. Flack, of Wilton-square. After some months on probation, Mr. Thomas House was invited to, and accepted, the pastorate. The Church has three deacons. A Sunday-school was formed in January, and there are now forty scholars on the books, with an able Superintendent, and the school has five earnest teachers. The Lord planted this Church, and He is most graciously causing it to thrive. When we look at these facts, we "thank God, and take courage," and our souls are filled with holy adoration and praise. The pastor will (D.V.) be publicly recognised on Monday, August 3, when we expect the King of kings will be there.—W. MCD.

A FATHER IN ISRAEL TO HIS SON.

LETTER VIII.

A WITNESS FOR GOD.

"For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ."—John i. 17.

MY BELOVED ENOCH.—I trust your mind happiness, heart pleasure, and soul enjoyment increases in and with the work of the Lord. Think of your dignified position, "a witness for God," a golden pipe through which the golden oil of sovereign, sanctifying, saving truth flows into the hearts and souls (as into golden bowls) of the Lord's blessed and beloved people, which will and does cause the saints "to shout aloud for joy" when things are so, and you enjoy the special presence of your divine Lord and Master, and under the rich anointings of the Holy Ghost with sweet soul liberty and a door of utterance you launch out into the depths of Ezekiel's impassable river. O then how blessedly you sail on in the great and glorious work of proclaiming the great and sublime truths of the grand old Gospel of our most glorious Christ. Yes, say you, that is most blessed indeed, just what I love, but sometimes I am floundering about in the harbour and find that I cannot get out to sea without a sweet breeze from the South. The Lord help you to hoist the sails of fervent prayer, and the wind of the blessed Spirit's breathing will fill them. In your public ministrations you will preach both Law and Gospel, but do not confound them. Let each be assigned to its proper place, and your ministry will prove establishing, edifying, and profitable. The Law given so tempestuously on Sinai was and is a transcript of the holiness, purity, justice, and majesty of the ever blessed God, and by its convincing power in the conscience and heart, as administered by the blessed Spirit, it discovers as a light in a dark place the vileness, filthiness, corruption, sin, and uncleanness abounding within. It is "the ministration of condemnation," and the poor trembling sinner feels condemned indeed, he fears, to eternal destruction; he is fully assured that since he has broken and violated that holy law of God he justly deserves and has merited its tremendous curse, and in solemn earnest he cries, "God be merciful to me a sinner"; he endeavours to live up to the holy requirements and demands of the law, and for a time he may externally succeed, but as he feels and finds by its killing and condemning power within that it requires perpetual, perfect, sinless obedience internally, in thought, word, and deed, and that to "offend in one point is to be guilty of all." With fear and trembling he finds that "sin revives and he dies" to all hope of salvation by the deeds of the law; he is now at the place of stopping of mouths, and can only plead guilty. Being thus arraigned at the bar of equity, convicted of sin, iniquity, and transgression, and feelingly condemned to eternal death, he is just in the right place and position for the proclamation, revelation, and application of "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God." And O, when he hears it, receives it, believes

it, and enjoys it, his heart leaps for joy. His liberty is proclaimed, his peace procured, his pardon sealed, his deliverance realised, his guilt removed, and his free, full, finished salvation from sin, Satan, law, justice, death, and hell experimentally, world-overcomingly, and God-glorifyingly possessed and enjoyed. The dolorous, dismal notes of the law trumpet on Sinai, as curse, condemnation, and death are hushed, and the terrific sounds silenced by the soul-cheering, musical sounds of the everlasting Gospel rolling in sweet, melodious vibrations from Calvary's mount, emanating from the obedience and blood, the sufferings and sacrifice of the Lamb of God, who was "made a curse for us," hath "redeemed us from the curse of the law, and He is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." O, how the poor sinner, liberated from his legal chains of vows, performances, and resolutions, delights in "the joyful sound" of peace, pardon, love, mercy, life, and salvation all freely bestowed through the infinite merits and mediation of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by precious faith he grasps the perfect righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and sweetly proves, by the Spirit's divine teaching that he is "justified from all things from which he could not be justified by the law of Moses." Now he sings with dear Dr. Watts:—

"My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law,
Fly to the hope the Gospel gives,
The man that trusts the promise lives."

O, how he loves to praise, exalt, and adore His great and glorious Redeemer, who obeyed the law, penally and preceptively in his place and stead, and hath delivered him from its curse and claims for ever. Constantly exhibit in your public ministrations the Bible distinction between the Law and the Gospel, that by the law in its convincing power is the knowledge of sin, and by the Gospel in its comforting influence is the knowledge of salvation, and in every sermon crown your blessed Master "Lord of All."

Yours truly in Him,

T. STRINGER.

BILSTON.—Sunday-school anniversary, July 19, Mr. C. W. Banks preached morning and evening from Zech. iv. 1 and Isa. lv. 11. It was evident to the lovers of the blessed Gospel that the inward man still retains its vigour and strength in spiritual life and healthy exercise by the sound, experimental, loving, and thoughtful way he opened up the Word of life. Many found it profitable to be there. The pastor, D. Smith, preached in the afternoon from Psa. cxix. 130. A pleasing part in the afternoon's service being the presentation of rewards to the school children for regular attendance and good behaviour, by Mr. S. Lloyd, a deacon. We had good congregations, seats having to be put up the aisles at the evening service. Good collections, good singing by the children and choir, and good sermons, so thinketh ONE WHO WAS THERE.

THE QUIET PASSING AWAY OF THE LATE MR. JOSEPH MOORE.

By His Daughter, PHOEBE HOBBS.

[This memoir has been long delayed through illness, death, and scenes of sore tribulation; but though delayed, its value is not diminished. It is well to read the life and leaving this transitory scene of those who have stood on the walls for many years. The writer of the following memoir is a stern, sterling, and steadfast believer in the grand old Gospel, for which she has, and does, suffer much.—ED.]

A brief account of the closing scene of my much-lamented father, Joseph Moore, Strict Baptist minister, who died May 15, 1882, in his eightieth year. I am thankful to say my dear father was not permitted to suffer a lingering illness. He went to bed in his usual health, and about eleven o'clock his wife was awakened by his loud breathing, and she found he was unconscious, in which state he remained till three o'clock p.m. the next day, when he passed away. Singular to say, I received a letter from my beloved father, which he posted to me the night before he died, so that I had it only two or three hours previous to his departure from earth to an eternal inheritance. The following is a copy of his last letter, which shows how he longed to exchange earth for heaven:—

"Cefu-house, Fairfield.

"MY DEAR PHOEBE,—I again send you a note, hoping it will find you in good health and comfortable. I am much as usual; but find my present isolated state exceedingly trying. I am at liberty, but very much to myself. I feel the want of Christian fellowship. I should be glad if the time of my release would appear. I feel like David when saying, 'Oh, had I the wings of a dove; then would I fly away and be at rest.' My time is taken up too much with cares, though sometimes I have a few bright moments. My locomotion is so feeble, so I am much confined to the house; but I have a few bright spots, though greatly tried, and often get to hope for better days, and long to be gone. It would be more cheering if I could have a little change, though I am looking daily for a call up home. Do you hear from the others? [meaning my brothers and sisters]. You will give my love to them when you write, and say it would be nice for them to write me a note now and then. I have no wish to complain, but feel so lonely, being confined to the house. I am as well as usual, only more feeble. I expect things are very dull and dead at Cinderford. As in religion so in all things, and nothing to cheer or relieve; all seems dead! Happy shall I be for a revival in my soul. I long for it, and pray for it, but all seems dull and dead. Oh, for a revival, or more spiritual life within! I cannot find any who seem to enjoy the Spirit or power. Plenty of profession, but no real life can I meet with, and that is so very trying.—I remain, dear Phoebe, your affectionate father,

"JOSEPH MOORE."

It seemed that my beloved father, after having posted the above letter to me, got cheered by the Word and Spirit, for before retiring to rest he had evidently been reading that cheering portion in Paul's second letter to the Corinthians, chap. v., ver. 1, 2, "For we know that if our earthly house of our tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven." He left his Bible open, with the corner of a leaf turned down to the above verses. Being very orderly and particular, it was never his custom to turn down a leaf of a book. He also at the same time turned down a leaf at the 985th hymn, "Denham's Selection," which is as follows:—

"To die is gain" (Phil. i. 21).
 "Death is no more a frightful foe,
 Since I with Christ shall reign;
 With joy I leave this world of woe.
 For me to die is gain!
 To darkness, doubts, and fears adieu,
 Adieu, thou world so vain;
 Then shall I know no more of you.
 'For me to die is gain!'
 No more shall Satan tempt my soul,
 Corruptions shall be slain;
 And tides of pleasure o'er me roll.
 'For me to die is gain!'
 Nor shall I know a Father's frown.
 But ever with Him reign;
 And wear an everlasting crown,
 'For me to die is gain!'
 Sorrows for joy I shall exchange.
 For ever freed from pain;
 And o'er the plains of Canaan range,
 'For me to die is gain!'
 Fain would my raptur'd soul depart,
 Nor longer here remain;
 But dwell, dear Jesus, where Thou art,
 'For me to die is gain!'"

Truly, the poor, craving, hungry, longing, weary soul was soon released, to bask in the everlasting sunshine of Jesus, being satisfied, awaking in His presence and likeness. My dear father visited us the Christmas previous to his release, and while staying here he pointed out the text, which he underlined with the following words, "This text was made useful to me when a child, and I have always considered it as given to me to convert my soul, even when only a child. May the Lord own it to be so. 'Blessed they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled' (Matt. v. 6). And sure my beloved father is satisfied to the full now, for Jesus says they shall be filled, and His precious "shall be" can never be altered, having sealed it with His own precious blood.

My dear father was born hungry and thirsty, continued so, and ended so, and is now enjoying the everlasting satisfaction of eternal love, where there are—

"Springs of joy which never fail,
 Unspeakable, divine."

My dear father began to preach when quite young, I believe he was not 21. He was ordained at the United Baptist Church of

Whitebrook and Llandogo, near Monmouth, and continued to preach the Gospel of the everlasting love of God up to within a very short period of his death. The last time I heard him was the Christmas before he died, when on a visit to Cinderford, at the Strict Baptist chapel, when he spoke with much unction and power, though in his 80th year, after which he said, "Oh, Phœbe, there is only one thing I wish to live a long life over again for, and that is to tell out the glorious Gospel of the grace of God again."

In one of his last letters to me, my beloved father said, "Give my love to brother Banks, and tell him I will try and write to him soon, and also tell him I hope we shall both grow more and more Christ-like, all love."

"Grace, mercy, and peace, be with all them that love our Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth."

BIRMINGHAM.—When I look around, and see the confusion which abounds on every hand, I often long to be gone out of this evil world. But, blessed be the name of the Lord, He has promised that "as our day our strength shall be." Therefore we need not fear that the trial will be more than we shall be able to bear. I continue to hear the Gospel preached by Mr. Wakefield in the Tabernacle, Parade, which I feel to be a great blessing. I cannot see with them with regard to believers' baptism, yet I receive much spiritual good under him from the Lord, from whom all spiritual blessings flow. What are the people coming to, even the Christian professors? The Lord deliver us from a name to live without the power of it from God.

STRETHAM, CAMBS.—July 14 was a memorable day to our Baptist friends here. Our brother Kern, of Ipswich, has become so popular in this part on anniversary days that I walked seven miles beneath a burning sun to hear him. Unfortunately, I arrived in the chapel when he had got half-way through his afternoon's discourse. However, I did not need anyone to inform me what was the text. He had by this time brought the audience into the washing chamber, where we were told was a fountain. At the end of this division he recapitulated the text, "The King hath brought me into His chamber." Some weary souls found it was a heavenly privilege to be brought into the robing chamber. Truly, Master, it was good to be here.

"My ransomed soul would stay
 In such a place as this."

Friends were invited to adjourn to a commodious, well-erected barn, where tea was being provided by kind and dexterous hands and loving hearts. Doubtless more than two hundred sat down and enjoyed the most refreshing beverage. Tea being over, a good brother stood up and informed the friends that their kind friend Mr. Wright had graciously given permission for any friend present to walk in his grounds, so elaborately and tastefully laid out. The evening service commenced at half-past six in the large barn.

The place was full. Our dear brother preached a real Gospel sermon. We witnessed many wet cheeks and pale countenances. Believers were cheered, consoled, and soothed, while sinners felt it awful to be present. Our brother's heart and soul was now and then drawn out in soul-agony towards the Christless and unregenerated. Mr. Kern has become quite a favourite in Cambridgeshire. No wonder, for he has an affectionate manner in preaching, a powerful voice which is not monotonous, and an attractive style of delivery; but best of all is, he labours to exalt the Lord Jesus. His text in the evening was Isa. xli. 10. "Fear not, I am thy God."—HENRY E. SADLER, Baptist Minister, Sutton, Ely.

GOOD WORDS FROM CUBBERLEY.

The old promise runs thus: "My Word shall not return unto Me void." Many times I have read, and many times I have heard it, and an inward sigh has said, "Fulfil Thy blessed promise at Cubberley; there let Thy saving power be known and felt in the souls of men." We keep toiling on with the work entrusted to us, "the joy of the Lord being our strength." Although there are times when we feel much cast down, yet blessed be our covenant-keeping God, no words of the exceeding great and precious promise have failed us yet. In our best moments we can happily sit and sing,

"His love in times past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink."

We held our anniversary services on Whit Monday. A nice company took tea. The evening service was good. The preacher was led into that precious word, "It is expedient for you that I go away," &c. Marked attention was paid while we uttered words of truth concerning the great and ever-blessed Comforter, A distinct and separate person in the God-head, His divine office and work was the subject. Our friends and brethren parted, feeling "It was good to be here."

You will notice that we referred to the promise given by an unchanging God to those whom He has called and sent to be His mouthpiece for their comfort and assurance that their labour is not in vain. Hence we read "My Word shall accomplish the great and glorious purpose for which it was sent. We do most heartily believe in preaching the Gospel of redeeming grace—a Gospel that embodies all that needy, helpless sinners require. At the same time we do hope, pray, and expect some fruit! Not as the result of our exertions, but simply because God has promised to bless His own Word and to make it the power of God unto salvation in the hearts of men whom He predestinated to eternal life, through the meritorious sacrifice of His beloved Son, whom we love to call the God-man; the one Mediator and Intercessor for us. We have not spent our strength for nought, neither have our labours been in vain. On Sunday, July 5, we were privileged to immerse five dear souls on a profession of their faith in the

one adorable Lord Jesus; the same day they were received into the fellowship of saints. We long to see others brought in who shall be eternally saved in the Lord. These things encourage, yet humble us. We feel that if we are permitted to do anything for God, let us hide ourselves that He alone may have all the glory.
T. JONES, Pastor.

BELTON.—Sermons on behalf of the Baptist Sunday-school were preached June 21, 1885, by pastor W. Rowton-Parker. Afternoon sermon from Prov. xx. 11, was specially addressed to the young; while the evening discourse, founded on Isa. xl. 11, was addressed to the Church, congregation, and teachers; both services were well attended; hymns sung by the children, and collections were good. On following day the children had their annual treat, &c. The teachers and friends also met for tea at the pastor's residence, where prizes were awarded to a number of scholars for regular attendance and good behaviour, and to such of the children as did not secure prizes, motto cards of neat and tasteful design were given.

MINISTERS! DO MIND WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT.

A young man, writing from Kent to a minister in Norfolk, says: "The Strict Baptist Churches are small ones here, few, and divided. There are two parties, the VESSEL men and the *Standard* men; the latter show a very bitter feeling to the former. Then there are the "Huntingtonians," who are supplied with Strict Baptist ministers, but do not attend to baptism, nor the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. I walk five miles on Lord's-days to worship with a small Church: there the Lord has shown me many tokens for good. But the Strict Baptists are not nurses here: they have their loins girded so tight with doctrines that they do not feed the lambs."

It is sad to find that there is a continual enmity of parties one against another. We do pray Paul's spirit might be more prevalent, where he says, "We watch for souls as them that must give an account." Against us men have and they will draw their swords. All we can do is to cry, "God, be merciful unto us."

THE LATE MR. W. GADSBY'S FIRST CHAPEL.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—Thanks for your kind letters. I now wish to fulfil my promise concerning the little cause of Truth at Desford. I may say the village is purely agricultural. Perhaps 1,000 population. Once, prior to the introduction of steam machinery, it was a flourishing place for frame-work knitters; or, in plain English, stocking-makers. Now it has rather a deserted appearance. Situated eight miles from Leicester, by road or rail. Mid-branch from Leicester to Burton-on-Trent. Contains: Parish Church, General Baptist Chapel, and Wesleyan Mission Room, besides a neat little Particular Baptist Chapel, seating about 120

persons, though the oldest person remembers it being filled only twice, once a funeral, and once when a young man from Leighton Buzzard preached (I should like to know if such an one is living—please ask your readers).

I cannot tell you how Mr. Gadsby first came. But about the year 1800 he began preaching, and was soon found preaching at Desford, in a house not many feet from the present chapel, and it seems that several well-to-do people's hearts were touched. Land was secured, and the chapel built and opened in 1801, and paid for, except £30, which some of the friends lent free of interest. However, ultimately, as you know, Mr. G. went away, and begged the £30 and made the chapel free. There has never been more than thirteen members of the Church, and as they died off, their places vacated, leaving no one to look after order. No Church has been continued for many years, though there is no doubt God has an elect remnant to this day. Strange to say, I am not aware that the chapel has ever been closed. That seems to show that "He must needs go through Samaria." Twenty or thirty years ago, a good man (now deceased), Mr. Dodge, laboured occasionally at Desford, in conjunction with Marlboro', for several years, and Mr. Norris, whose whereabouts we do not know, but should like to: then a Mr. Yarrow, once a deacon of Mr. Forman's, at March, laboured a few years; he is now a member at Mr. Webb's Providence, Leicester. Likewise, Mr. Sharpe, for something like seven years, up to 79—80. A little offence occurred and he left. During his ministry eight died, and probably, owing to the absence of order and regularity, the General Baptists started, and built a chapel, and now, in a few years, they have a flourishing cause. We have nothing left but a few "despised, afflicted, and tormented." I speak after the manner of men, for on the other hand these few are "the excellent of the earth." Indeed, I have such an opinion of them that I gladly walk ten miles every Sunday, after a hard day's work on Saturday, to speak to these few, and feel that preferable to any honour or pecuniary position attainable in this world. Nearly four years now the blessed Lord has helped me to go and help them every Sabbath. Of course many trials befall us, but you don't want to hear that. From time to time I have secured some good men to come when in the vicinity and preach on a week evening. Mr. S. G. Spencer, of Liverpool, was the first; then Mr. E. Carr, when supplying at Alfred-street; now he comes as often as possible; he has many invitations round here for week nights. The late Mr. W. Perrett came once a month; preached his last sermon at Desford on a Tuesday, died the following Sunday. Mr. Webb, of Providence, came once. Mr. Alfred Dye comes when he is in this neighbourhood. A Church was formed in April, 1883, just coming within the promise of the blessing, and sometimes it is a solemn, precious ordinance to our souls. Glad to say that different ministers supplying are sweetly helped, and the lovers of truth sent on their

way rejoicing. Altogether there is a little prosperity. I need not say what is preached—I simply say the people are very jealous of their pulpit, and of the old-fashioned truth, the plain Word of God, and are of the same way of thinking as Mr. Huntington, Mr. Hart, Mr. John Newton, and Mr. Gadsby; those are their favourite authors, and some of them love and respect C. W. Banks—the absolute fall of man, the elect and only the elect can be saved, and these by the only way, God manifest in the flesh, the dear Lord Jesus Christ, God man, God over all, blessed for ever, heaven for the elect, hell-fire for the reprobate, the elect regenerated by the Holy Ghost, and presented spotless. I have not referred to myself as, if my poor experience would be worth writing down and agreeable. I will some day, if all is well, send it you. Yours, dear Mr. Banks, in the hope of eternal life through the precious Christ of God,
FRANK PALMER.

Earls Shilton, Near Hinchley.

[This dear Frank Palmer has been removed homeward by death.]

POULNER, NEAR RINGWOOD.—The 45th anniversary of Sunday-school was held July 16. The children had tea. A public tea-meeting followed; a goodly number sat down. At evening meeting Pastor Diffeey presided. The presence of the Lord was sought in prayer by Pastor J. Harrington of Boscombe. Report of the school, also the Church, showed that there were forty scholars, six teachers—one had joined the Church during the year. Pastor J. Battersby addressed us on the unchanging character of God; although nature and people change, yet the Lord changes not. Mr. Lloyd urged those who were on the Lord's side to cheer the heart of their pastor by coming out and being baptized, and thus join the Church at Poulner. Pastor J. Harrington, of Boscombe, said he was fully convinced the blessing of God was resting on the meeting. He spoke on the blessedness of abiding in Christ. Mr. J. Culver gave a striking incident in which a class of eight boys who were prayed for earnestly by their teacher, all of which were led by the Spirit's influence to seek the Lord. Addresses followed by Messrs. Diamond, G. Webb, and another friend. Hymns by the children were cheering. The chapel was filled; and all felt it an enjoyable time. That the Lord will bless us in the coming year is the prayer of pastor and of people, and also of EDWIN DIFFEY, Ringwood.

NORTHAMPTON.—"A Traveller" says "that once useful anniversary and village preacher, James Harrison, and his extremely afflicted wife are both on the banks of Jordan, and often needing bread and fire." We have sent to J. H. for years; we have witnessed his poverty; we send to him nearly every week. From our scanty fund pounds are sent by us almost daily. Will "Traveller in Shoe Leather" tell us what other means of support James and his wife have?

ISLINGTON.—At the Sunday-school anniversary of Providence, Upper-street, on June 21 and 23, Messrs. P. Reynolds and W. Sluden preached the sermons. On the evening of Tuesday, the 23rd, Mr. J. R. Wakelin distributed the prizes, which consisted of suitable books, to about 100 children, accompanying each presentation with a few words spoken in a very affectionate manner, which cannot be too highly spoken of, and greatly enhanced the value of the prize. Mr. Wakelin was quite at home in Sunday-school work, and as he gave out the books, it forcibly reminded us of that truth, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Messrs. John Box, J. H. Lynn, P. Reynolds, Lawrence, Willey, Henry Adams, and others, assisted in the happy gathering.—J. W. B.

BELTON, UPPINGHAM.—Pastor W. Rowton Parker, having accepted a unanimous call to the Particular Baptist Church at Gainsborough, preached his farewell sermons here on Sunday, July 5, in the morning from Gal. i. 6, 7, "Another Gospel, which is not another." In the evening from Acts xx. 32, "And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified." The ordinance of the Lord's Supper was observed at the close of the morning service, when the pastor gave as his retiring motto, Gal. v. 22, 23, "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law." The season was most solemn, impressive, and refreshing. Mr. Parker enters upon his new sphere (D. V.) on the first Sunday in August. The Church at Belton has made arrangements for the future supply of the pulpit.

HOXTON.—Mr. F. Green has resigned his pastorate at Bethel, Newton-street. Within the past fifteen months four valuable deacons have been summoned to their eternal rest. Mr. Green felt it prudent to resign. On July 14 a farewell service was held. Our brother leaves in peace, and has the good wishes of the Church. The chairman on behalf of the Church and congregation, gave Mr. Green a copy of the revised version of the Scriptures, with a suitable inscription, signed by J. W. Jolly and W. A. Miller, deacons. Mr. Green acknowledged the gift. The meeting was ably presided over by T. Cooper, senr., E-q. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Sears, Herring, Griffiths, and Goulden. In the afternoon Mr. Philip Reynolds delivered a sermon suitable to the occasion. Mr. Green, 54, Leopold-buildings, Hackney-road, London, is open to supply.—J. W. B.

UPPINGHAM, RUTLAND.—**DEAR BROTHER BANKS,**—After writing you yesterday, I attended the anniversary service at John Wade's chapel, Uppingham. Mr. J. Warburton, of South Hill, Beds, preached in the afternoon from Zech. x. 1, "Ask ye of the

Lord rain in the time of the latter rain; so the Lord shall make bright clouds, and give them showers of rain, to every one grass in the field." It was a man-humbling, Christ-exalting discourse, and my soul was refreshed. A public tea followed in the Odd-Fellows Hall, after which Mr. Warburton was to preach again, but owing to another and pressing engagement I could not stay for either of these, much as I desired to do so. My thoughts went back many years to the days when good old John Wade and Thomas Gamble were there; they are now, no doubt, with the Lord Jehovah, proving by actual experience the bliss and eternity of His rich covenant of grace, while you and I have still to do battle here below, but, blessed be God, the same grace shall land us safe also in the Lord's own time; the mansions are prepared, and the Saviour reigns,

"Sure in His hands His chosen dwell,
Nor earth, nor hell, can pluck them thence."

"The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee. O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted; behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sappires," etc., etc. I notice that a grandson of John Wade's gave out the hymns. "Instead of the fathers shall be the children." Knowing you was well acquainted with J. Wade I thought you would like to have this little bit of news about what was going on at his chapel. Yours, in Jesus Christ, by the grace of God.—W. R. PARKER.

THE FUTURE OF OLD ENGLAND.

It is high time people should open their eyes to the way in which the Church of Rome is manipulating the Church of England as an instrument by which again to subject England to the intolerable yoke of Popery. A cunning hand is being laid on the public charities, and, above all, on the public hospitals. Thus the "Sister Superior" (!) of University College Hospital writes to one of the governors to say that young ladies, who wish to be trained there as probationers, are not received unless they are members of the Church of England. Now this institution has been built and supported by the money of persons of all religious creeds, and has been distinctly represented as unsectarian. It is, therefore, impossible to believe that it will be quietly allowed to be transformed into a sort of medical convent.

YATELEY, CRICKET HILL—The fifty-eighth anniversary was held on Whit-Monday, when Mr. E. Mitchell preached two excellent sermons. The weather was unfavourable, and the pastor absent, owing to the heavy affliction of his dear wife: yet many attended from Guildford, Reading, and the immediate locality. The friends were encouraged and the cause strengthened.—W. MILBOURNE.

DUNMOW.—We are low in a low place. Mr. Beard—once a useful man in our midst in the old chapel, where William Garrard preached with originality of thought and often with a sacred unction—the said friend Beard, and many more, are gone. Mr. John Burton, a kind of outside, strong pillar, has been seriously ill. Who will come and instrumentally help to raise up the cause at Dunmow? Oh, to hear that voice, and see the blessing included in the words, “The time to favour Zion; yea, the set time, is come!” Praying pilgrims, pray for us! **WHO CAN TELL?**

BETHNAL-GREEN.—At Hope, on Monday, June 29, a family gathering took place to give a hearty welcome to Mr. Copeland, who was about to commence a six months' engagement with a view to the pastorate. About seventy partook of tea, gratuitously served; after which a prayer-meeting was held to seek the Lord's blessing on Mr. Copeland's ministry. Brethren Stockdale, Pollark, Youldan, Yelton, G. Webb, Theobald, Lawrence, and others, took part in the devotional and other exercises of the evening. Mr. Copeland presided.—**J. W. B.**

LEE, KENT.—**DEAR BROTHER,**—I desire to tell you about the little work going on at Rushey-green. There has been much of the presence of the Lord realised by the friends worshipping in the little upper room, and I have felt helped and blessed in speaking to them. There seems to be very encouraging signs of growth. At the prayer-meetings men of God and of faith ask for this mercy among other needs that are felt by us. There are eight baptized believers who desire to be formed into a Church at Rushey-green. The one at Horstead Keynes still lives that you formed some years ago.—**W. WHEELER.**

“THE INDIGNATION OF THE LORD.”

“I will bear the indignation of the Lord.”—Micah vii. 9.

If God appoint me special grace,
The beauties of His smiling face,
“I'll bear,” oh, wondrous, painful word,
“The indignation of the Lord.”

If call'd to tread where billows roll,
And overwhelm my feeble soul,
“I'll bear,” while Jordan's streams I ford,
“The indignation of the Lord.”

Shouldst Thou a wilderness ordain,
A gloomy path of grief and pain;
“I'll bear,” and in my heart record
“The indignation of the Lord.”

Jesus, Thou great, vast sacrifice,
How kind Thy heart, how sweet Thy voice,
“I'll bear,” Thou saidst, let heaven record,
“The indignation of the Lord.”

Lord, let Thy sorrows deeply move
My soul, Thy will and ways to love;
And bear, while mercy draws the sword,
“The indignation of the Lord.”

I'll kiss Thy hand, and bless the rod,
Be still, and know that Thou art God;
Thus bear without a murmuring word,
“The indignation of the Lord.”

If Thou wilt lay my comfort down,
In death's dark vale, for heaven's bright crown,
Help me to bear Thy two-edged sword,
“The indignation of the Lord.”

What profit is there in my blood?
Hast Thou in heaven my Bondsmen stood?
To bear, and on Thy head be pour'd
“The indignation of the Lord.”

Faith, stretch thy plunions high and strong;
Jehovah's just, He can't do wrong;
Then bear what'er in this is stor'd,
“The indignation of the Lord.”

Bring me to glory's radiant hill,
Where saints and seraphs draw their fill;
To gaze, and wonder, and adore,
Nor feel Thy indignation more.

Folkestone.

E. L. M.

IT IS WELL.

When my path is dark and dreary,
When with sickness I am weary,
When no guiding hand seems near me,
It is well.

When my soul is cold and dead,
Heaven seems brass above my head,
Not one contrite tear can shed,
It is well.

When my kindred hearts turn cold,
Cares and trials me enfold,
Sorrows—none but God are told,
It is well.

But alas! when I rebel,
Evil passions in me dwell,
Nature oft would rage and swell,
It is not well.

Satan feign would triumph o'er
My little faith so weak and poor,
But! He's mighty as of yore,
It is well.

Well, to show me I am weak,
Should His aid more firmly seek,
Humbly keeping at His feet,
It is well.

Well, that I may value more,
Each timely aid received before,
My God and Saviour to adore,
It is well.

North London, April 29.

I. S. T.

HIDDEN TEXT.—No. I.

(A word from each of the figured lines must be taken to form the text.)

1. “Of words and names I'll be no judge,” said Paul,
 2. As though “these interest me not, I call These things inferior to what else demand
 3. My utmost thought. According to command I'll preach the Word in season, also out.
 4. To some a stone of stumbling, but devout And earnest souls made to salvation wise.
 5. Who hear my words, they shall obtain the prize.”
 6. Thus by appearance those the truth who heard Were mean, despicable, but loved their Lord. Notting Hill-gate. W. C. B.
- (The answer will appear in September number).

GRATITUDE.

For all the mercies given me,
O Lord of hosts, I must thank Thee,
And praise Thy name from morn till eve,
For cov'nant mercies I receive.

I'll praise Thy name where'er I am,
For Thou'rt ever still the same;
How much I change, Thou changest not
Nor shall I be by Christ forgot.

What trials I have, I know in love,
Thou dost not willingly reprove,
Nor grieve Thine own, for it is meet
To have some bitter with the sweet.

Then let me sound my Saviour's name,
And spread abroad His lasting fame:
Whatever I do, be this my praise—
That I a grateful song can raise.

GRANDCHILD OF LATE REV. W. BIDDER.
Yeovil, June 11, 1855.

Our Tombstones.

THE BAPTIST CHURCHES IN PETERBOROUGH,

AND THE LAST DAYS ON EARTH OF THE LATE MR. JOHN STURTON.

[We were painfully surprised to receive from his son the account of his father's decease. We had expected the late Mr. John Sturton, of Dogsthorpe Grange, had yet many years of service in the Lord's vineyard. He has long and faithfully served the Churches of Christ in the Midlands; but he has been called from the lower house to the heavenly home. He will be much missed indeed. In the following little history of Baptists in Peterborough, no mention is made of the old Queen-street, which dates back nearly 250 years. The following note includes some notice of the Strict Baptists.]

On May 11, 1835, John Sturton, of Dogsthorpe Grange, near Peterborough, entered into his heavenly rest. He was called in early life, being the child of a godly and talented mother (Ann Sturton), and was the subject of many prayers. He from his early youth, in his temporal and spiritual affairs, continually sought counsel and direction from his God, who also from time to time directed his steps. He was baptized at Godmanchester, by a Mr. Scandred, about the age of twenty-five or twenty-six. His wife at this time could not see with him in the ordinance, but did not oppose. His coming to Peterborough and settling there was an anxious time; he felt at times exercised on this matter as to whether he had taken a right step and whether it was God's will. For a short time he attended Mr. Carter's Chapel, but he derived no profit under him and felt there was neither unction or power in the ministry. He was induced by Mr. Tryon, with some others, to begin in a room (hired for the purpose). The cause gradually increased, and they looked about for a site for a chapel and secured a place in North-street, which was fitted up into a small chapel capable of holding about 120. Here a Church was formed, of which he was elected deacon; many were baptized and added to the Church. It was, as his diary proves, a time of much exercise and trial. Within were doubts, without were fears, and at times he felt himself unequal to the task and that he must give up; yet, like David of old, he was enabled to encourage himself in his God. After a very short time this question was brought forward, whether it was mistrust in God the Christian insuring his property or his life. He contended that as in meat or drink so in this case liberty of conscience ought to be allowed. A division occurred; for a time it seemed as if he and a few were deserted (the others opening a fresh place in the town); after a lapse of a few years this third cause, with that of Mr. Carter's, broke up, and all came to that in North-street. This now became too small. A larger chapel was built on the site of Mr. Carter's place. Again properly set in; many were added to the Church, and it seemed as though the promise in Malachi iii. 10 were fulfilled upon them, but to use apostolic words, "Yet Satan hindered us once and again." Division took place, roots of bitterness sprung up, many being deilled. He

with a few friends withdrew and re-opened North-street (it being at liberty), where he attended with his family. The Church was again formed and for ten years or more they worshipped there, until the present spacious chapel came into their hands. He began to speak in the Lord's name about the year 1865, and was continually out supplying the Churches in the district. He was favoured with much liberty in speaking and was received very acceptably. The young were more particularly impressed with his preaching, and very many own their first conviction of sin and delivering mercy under him. His health had been breaking about three months or more prior to his death, but he did not know the nature of his malady till about three weeks before his death. He then fell away very rapidly. He was through his sufferings, which were few, mercifully and graciously upheld. He was to have preached to the Church at Peterborough, on Lord's-day, May 3, but was unable; he, however, with some difficulty, administered the Lord's Supper: it was an affecting time; many felt they should see his face no more. The following Saturday he felt himself much better and had even hopes of partial recovery. On Lord's-day morning these hopes were dissipated; he was, soon after breakfast, seized with sickness and internal hæmorrhage. His prayer was that he might soon be taken and thus spared much future suffering; he said to his children "Pray for me that it may be so." The sickness and hæmorrhage kept on at times, more or less, throughout the day. He remarked to several of his children that Jesus only can make a dying bed softer than downy pillows are. One of them repeated to him a portion of the promise, "When thou passest through the water;" he immediately, and with emphasis, said, "I will be with thee." Toward the close he became completely exhausted, and sank into a quiet sleep, and breathed his last at 3 a.m., Monday. The Church worshipping in Westgate feel they have indeed lost their right hand, but look unto their covenant God who hath promised to supply all their need according to His riches in Christ Jesus; and who will be with them, even to the end. May the dear Lord help us each to live and adorn the doctrine of our Lord and Saviour, and to leave behind us a glorious testimony, is the prayer of your unworthy correspondent,

— JOHN R. STURTON.

The following is an interesting memoir of one who, in much retirement, followed the Lord in sincerity and love of truth:—DEAR MR. BANKS. —I enclose a memoriam-card of my late dear uncle. For years he was a strict Churchman, and was baptized (or, rather, sprinkled) when he was about 21 years of age. He was then living at Bristol; afterwards he came to reside at Peckham, which is more than forty years ago. He took in the EARTHEN VESSEL from its commencement, I should think; also the *Christian Cabinet*, which I knew he liked very much, for I have often heard him speak of it as being almost the only paper that suited him, being sound in doctrine. He was sorry when it passed into other hands. I believe the reading of the E. V. was the means, in God's hand, of leading him into the way of truth more perfectly; and I am sure it was so in the experience of his wife. At first she did not like it, having been brought up in the Church of England from her childhood; but afterwards she highly prized the E. V., and lived and died in the full enjoyment of the precious truths you there set forth; and I can say, for my own self, the reading of the E. V. and *Cheering Words* has been a blessing to me, and I have the happiness of knowing my dear husband also values them. So you see, dear Mr. Banks, you have not laboured in vain, nor spent your strength for nought. My dear

uncle used to attend Camden chapel, the pastor at that time being the Rev. Daniel Moore, and although he admitted the doctor, as he was rather an eloquent preacher, he found there was something wanting; more eloquence could not satisfy his soul. He would go sometimes to hear Mr. George Moyle, of Rye-lane. That is where I think he first heard Mr. James Wells. He was quite struck with the way in which he handled the Scriptures. They were quite new ideas for him; but he could see afterwards they were quite in accordance with the mind of the Spirit. The last three or four years of his life he had not been able to attend the public ministry of God's Word, but his soul was fed with the finest of the wheat.—A. POTTER.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—Kindly insert a notice of the death of our esteemed friend and brother in Christ Jesus, Wm. Dixon, Sen. Our dear brother, whose death we lament, took his departure from us on Sunday night, March 29, 1885, leaving a widow and a large family to mourn their loss. He lived to the age of three score years and ten. Our brother had been a member of the Church of Jesus Christ, known as Particular Baptist and Strict Communion, for a long period. He had held office in this Church as deacon and treasurer for several years; was highly esteemed by us all. His was a steadfast faith in Jesus. His blood and righteousness his only plea. As a righteous man he had hope in his death. He was punctual in his attendance at the house of God when able to be there. He was a stayer at home, did not believe in gadding about, neither had he any sympathy with the new fangled notions and innovations of modern times. The Bible alone was his guide book for doctrine, and precept, and practice. He gave according to his ability to the cause of his Lord and Master. We miss him much: we would, had it been the will of the Lord, he should have staved longer with us. Our loss is his gain, and his gain is certainly our loss; but the will of the Lord be done. As he lived the life so he died the death of the righteous. An appropriate discourse, improving his death, was delivered by the pastor on the following Sunday evening, April 5, by the request of the bereaved family and Church, from words in Prov. xiv. 32, "The righteous hath hope in his death." His end was peace.

J. W. C.

THE LATE MR. W. HOUGHTON.

Our esteemed and intelligent Christian friend, Mr. William Houghton, late resident of Ipswich, and pastor of Blakenham, entered his eternal rest, June 24, 1885, aged 63 years. His remains were buried in Ipswich Cemetery on the following Wednesday. Funeral addresses were delivered on the occasion by Mr. S. K. Bland, and Mr. W. Kern; and in attendance as mourners were Messrs. G. G. Whorlow, A. Knell, W. Leggett, J. B. Northfield, J. Cordle, and other ministers and friends. I shall not soon forget the sublime public prayer that fell from the lips of the deceased in the tent at Halesworth, Suffolk, on the anniversary of the Suffolk and Norfolk Association, in June last year. The Church at Blakenham will suffer much by the loss of their beloved pastor. May God visit them, and bless them, as also all those godly ones who cherish the memory of departed worth.—W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

The venerable Alfred Howlett, D.D., so many years the useful, the truthful vicar of Astley, Manchester, fell asleep as regards the body, June 10, 1885, in his eighty-second year. He had been a Christ's servant—a blessing to many. Paxton Hood, suddenly, June 12, in his sixty-fifth year.

The late Dr. Stern, who in May departed this life, in his 65th year, was, we believe, a valuable friend to Mr. Isaac Levinsohn. He was for more than forty years missionary of the London Society for Promoting Christianity Amongst the Jews. He was one of the Abyssinian captives, who, after years of protracted and cruel imprisonment, was delivered by Lord Napier, of Magdala, in the year 1863. A devoted man to the work in which he was engaged, and for which he suffered.

The Broadstairs Baptist Church has lost a friend in the death of Mr. Dixon, who recently "fled to glory," and since March three have been taken from the little flock in this place. Mr. Carter still preaches the Gospel, and we hope this season will bring him many hearers and some real friends.

Mrs. Paul, the widow of the late Mr. James Paul (so many years the publisher of "The Thursday Penny Pulpit," in Chapter House Court) recently departed this life at a very advanced age.

THE ROBERT BANKS' TESTIMONIAL FUND.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As you inserted a communication from R. Stockwell on the above subject in the July VESSEL perhaps you will permit a few observations further in reply thereto. All that has been said in praise of the late secretary we most heartily endorse, nor is our sympathy for Mr. Banks as real and deep than that shown by the largest subscriber to the testimonial, who probably has given out of his abundance. In justice to the non-subscribers it ought to be mentioned that the great bulk of the members of the Surrey Tabernacle Benefit Society are poor and hard-working people. They learn that Mr. Banks, their late secretary, is a sufferer, and they can and will pray for him. But Mr. Banks is not in circumstances of poverty, had he been you would have seen what a splendid testimonial he would have received. Besides this, we are of opinion that other causes operated towards the non-success of the testimonial. The Surrey Tabernacle Benefit Society is unlike most societies of a similar kind, being based on Christian principles. It has a doctrinal formula to which every candidate for membership is expected to subscribe. A person who would become a member must not only have a good moral character, but a Christian character and standing amongst the churches. This condition at once lifts the Society above the level of mere business, entitles the members to sympathies other societies are not expected to show, and is of immense benefit to the community, a benefit which all its members ought to profit from when they most need it. It can easily be shown that through this selection of members the funds of the Society have accumulated, as Mr. Stockwell states they have, and if from a special cause the funds of the society increase beyond the ratio of other societies, is not that a reason why the superannuation pay should be more than other societies. If Christian men are attracted to the society as Christians, surely the accumulated funds should be disposed of and dispensed with some regard to faith in God and love towards the saints, and not altogether on the hard lines of worldly policy and so-called prudence.

I am, dear Sir, truly yours,

GEO. RUFFELL.

*Twenty-two years a Member
of the Surrey Tabernacle Benefit Society,
and a non-subscriber to the Testimonial.*

[We insert the foregoing in a spirit of fairness; but the subject, we think, requires no further criticism.—ED.]

A Glance Over the Last Fifty Years.

Those days are fled,
Millions are dead,
Some were useful preachers.

COBDEN and Bright were "the names of the period" to which my attention has been re-called by the anticipated jubilee of the *Gospel Standard*, in Westminster Hall, on Wednesday, September 23, 1885. In connection with the late Mr. George Smith, of Canterbury, I obtained the *Gospel Standard* when it was first issued, and all the fifty years of its existence, up to the present month, I have been a reader of its pages, and was once a contributor to its contents; have watched and known its progress better than many who are allowed now to stand in the front ranks of its leaders. Prejudice or jealousy never influenced me although the ignorant bigotry of some of its friends has grieved me. I am, as some suppose, now at the gates of death. All my companions and fellow-workers are gone out of this country, or nearly so, and—

"I am to the margin come,
And soon expect to die."

Let me not go into the presence of the Almighty with a lie in my right hand, even as touching any man, or any magazine. There was a need-
be for such an issue at the time when the *Gospel Standard* appeared. George Whitfield had gone forth on both sides of the Atlantic with his large net, preaching, praying, and weeping, to bring sinners to Christ. Many a man, like Master Tanner, of Exeter, went to stone Whitefield; but the Spirit of God stoned Tanner first, and for many years Tanner (a sufferer like myself) was a faithful witness, preaching only the Gospel of God.

In Tanner's old tabernacle, in Exeter, I have preached with some liberty and acceptance; and all down the Western line to Truro, and on to Penzance, the truth, as well as I could tell it, has been declared by me. May the Lord pardon my weaknesses, and in the great day may I find mercy of Him. No verse of man's penning suits me better than this:—

"To the dear Fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye."

Well, the blessed Whitefield spent himself in his life-work. He poured out his soul unto God, and went home to glory. In William Huntington the Lord took the poor out of the dust, and the beggar off the dung-hill, and set him among the princes of His people; and Huntington came instrumentally to take forth the precious from the vile, to separate the chaff from the wheat. He almost concluded a dead soul could not set under his two-edged sword. But the greatest ministers pass away. Huntington died. I have stood by the side of his tomb, read his prescribed memorial, wished he had not written some

lines. He was a devoted man. In 1813, when William Huntington breathed his last, he left behind him many sons, Beeman, Lock, Chamberlain, and others; but no man could take his place. His noble "PROVIDENCE," in Gray's Inn-lane, passed into other hands, and thirty years after

"THE SINNER SAVED"

was silent in death. I worshipped with the small remnant of the so-called *Huntingtonians* in a small room nearly opposite the original "Providence."

Did our ever-glorious Intercessor sit down in heaven and weep because the "coal-heaver" could no longer heave up the precious stones of grace on the earth? No! Christ ever liveth to make intercession. His work will never stand still. But at this early part of the present century, the ordinance of baptism was much ignored.

THE LATE MR. GEORGE ABRAHAMS

once said to us, "I will have nothing to do with *the wather*, it doth divide *the Church*." Before Mr. Abraham's time the Lord dug up some great stones out of the fall, who became BAPTISTS. In this new race were the noble William Gadsby, of Manchester; that gracious John Kershaw, of Rochdale; that bold, big-bellowsman, John Warburton, of Trowbridge, in whose house I once sat in conversation for some time. Seven years after I was called into the kingdom of grace—and it seems impossible to me to cast away the persuasion that I was called in 1828. "Called!"—yes, I know I was, as described in *Cheering Words*—out of midnight darkness, as regards the Gospel; and for six-and-twenty years was I climbing up from what they then named me—"Old Ninety-two, the printer's devil"—to be sole manager of a large provincial news, book-work, and jobbing printing-office. Then, suddenly, when the cruel flesh of Cain rose up and killed the grace of Abel, then the poor leper sat down *outside* the rich man's gate, and there has been his place from that wreck and ruin time until now. The dogs have done their part; yet the whisper comes down into this mysterious valley, and as soft as the gentlest zephyrs, it distils the impressive lines, "The mountains may depart, and the hills be removed (prospects of brightness and exalted hopes may be obliterated), yet My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith

"THE LORD THAT HATH MERCY ON THEE."

Seven years, then, after I was called into the kingdom of grace, there came into existence this

TRUE BAPTIST ORGAN,

called the *Gospel Standard*, and special favours attended its progress during the half century now left behind.

When preaching at Rochdale, and round about Lancashire, the late Mrs. Lucy Ashworth rode in her rocking-chair, smoked her long pipe, and poured us out such a long history of her pastor, Mr. William Gadsby, of the origin of what have been called *Standard* men and *VESSEL* men, as we shall not retail here. One fact was pleasing. About the time of the commencement of the *Gospel Standard*, Mr. William Gadsby, the minister, was invited to speak at an Anti-Corn

Law meeting in Manchester. At the close of that meeting the Mayor put a bank-note into Mr. Gadsby's hand. "No! I thank you, sir," said the grand old Manchester true Baptist pastor. "I came upon principle. I will not take one farthing." "We are much indebted to you, Mr. Gadsby. Is there any way in which we can serve you?" "My son has recently commenced in the printing line. If you can put anything in his way, I will be obliged." From that day the energetic originator of the *Gospel Standard* was successful in business; and as we view the rising up of influential gentlemen to carry on the then new monthly, we are convinced the good hand of God must have been in the work. That solid Scotchman, Mr. McKenzie, was nearly the first editor who gave a literary force to the work. Then from the Church of England came Mr. Philpot, Mr. Tiptaft, Mr. Tryon, and others. Mr. Philpot's writings, books, pamphlets, &c., created a sensation throughout not England only, but the United States and the colonies in all quarters, there was a demand for these new issues. Thus a kind of Strict Baptist institution has been established. Poor Churches, afflicted ministers, aged widows, and others, are helped.

Nearly ten years after the *Gospel Standard* was born, the EARTHEN VESSEL, in a most mysterious manner, came into existence. The originators, both of the *Gospel Standard* and of the EARTHEN VESSEL will soon be called to leave these fleeting shores for ever. On the side of the *Gospel Standard* there have been rolling in rivers of prosperity. On the side of the EARTHEN VESSEL there has been adversity of the keenest character. We envy no man his wealth; we complain of no persecution. The Pentecostal pattern has been maintained. God, be merciful unto us, for Christ's sake, prays

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

BY S. COZENS, IPSWICH.

"What of the night?" (Isa. xxi. 11).

THE strongest sympathies of the children of light are with the day. They live in the light, they love the light, they walk in the light, they are looking for the light, of an endless day, in which there is no darkness. The deepest sympathy of the children of darkness is with the night. They live in darkness, they love darkness, they rush on to the darkness, and into the darkness that knows no end. "What of the night?" A night of gloominess and darkness; the sun turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, and the stars of heaven fallen. "What of the night?" the bugle call to the great battle of Armageddon. In Europe there are seven million warriors in panoply of war, waiting for the coming, and we hope the final, struggle. The Powers are watching each other with intense jealousy and suspicion. I am sorry that we have made Egypt a bone of contention. I fear the dogs of war will be down upon that bone presently; and when the bone is devoured, the dogs will be at each other. I can see, or I think I can see, that we have committed great blunders in Egypt; and a greater blunder in asking the powers to help us out of our foolish blundering.

The Egyptian question will not be settled till the Euphrates is completely dried up. "What of the night?" Abounding and unblushing ungodliness. At a recent meeting in London, the speakers, among whom was the Earl of Shaftesbury, said that they had been perfectly staggered by what they had seen in the streets of London—that it was more like Sodom and Gomorrah than a Christian country. And we ourselves have been perfectly horrified by what we have seen and heard in our streets. The conduct and language of many of our big boys and girls is most shocking.

"What of the night?" The coming of that *lawless* one, defying all rule and authority, breaking down all social order, and filling the world with unutterable desolation. It is ominous that a large constituency should thrice return to the Parliament, as their representative, a bold blasphemer and an avowed infidel. And it is more than ominous—it is clear evidence that we are far gone from righteousness, that so large a number of the House are favourable to his admission. And he would have been admitted if the matter had rested with the Government. Surely we have lost our fidelity to *law* and God when we take the lawless into our counsels—and an infidel must be a lawless one; for he who owns no responsibility to God will not be scrupulous about his responsibility to man. The man who tramples upon the first table of the law will not respect the second.

"What of the night?" Three unclean spirits—frogs—coming out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet (Rev. xvi. 16). The spirit of the dragon is *war*—war to the knife against all our most cherished institutions. We hear the "war cry"—and they mean "blood and fire." The spirit of the *beast* is beastly socialism, the socialism of the field, of the barn yard. Nay, it is something worse than that. Dr. Winchell, speaking of American communism, says, "It is a madness which would destroy anything which symbolises social inequality among men; there are some who would gladly enforce a new distribution of goods, even if it swept the last trace of civilisation from the land." And this radical communism is spreading, spreading like thistle down, and will spread like a prairie fire, till the world is ablaze with anarchy. The spirit of the false prophet is spiritism, spiritual wickedness in high places. John says "they are the spirits of devils" they are the heralds of the devil to gather the whole world in battle array against the Almighty. The frogs are amongst us, and therefore the great battle is at hand. "What of the night?" Men's hearts failing them for fear, great distress of nations, great tribulations such as was not since the world began. "What of the night?" Nation warring against nation, gaunt famine arising from the withdrawal of agriculturists from the fields, to don the panoply of war, ghastly pestilence rising from the rotting bodies of the unburied dead. "What of the night?" Appalling horrors, fearful judgments, men crying to the mountains to cover them from the wrath of the Lamb. "What of the night?" The reign of terror, the crash of all human governments, the destruction of all the cities of the nations, the hour and power of darkness, the closing of the door of the bride chamber of ordinances, the expiring of the lamps of a graceless profession. "What of the night." The midnight cry, the coming of the Bride-

groom, the separation of the wise and the foolish. "What of the night?" The beast and the false prophet cast *alive* into hell. That means, that they will not die a common death, but be destroyed by the signal judgments of God.

Once more. "What of the night?" Kings dethroned, kingdoms destroyed, cities sacked, the world a vast academa, democracy triumphant. But the triumph of the wicked will be short, for when things are at the worst the King shall come. When ye see all these tribulations look up for your redemption, and your Redeemer is near, and you shall sing, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

A WORD OF COMFORT FOR SEEKING SOULS.

BY BENJAMIN TAYLOR,

Minister of the Gospel, Pulham-St.-Mary, Norfolk.

"With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."—Isa. xii. 3.

YOU think salvation is not yours, and so you say, "I shall never get a drop of comfort out of those wells." Now this saying of yours proves that you have as much of a thirst for the living water of these wells as David had for the water of the well of Bethlehem. His promise here is expressly made to you. To all who long for the water of these wells is that precious promise made, in Isa. lv. 1, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," &c. All such thirsting souls are distinguished by the Lord Jesus Christ, and He speaks to them thus: "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink" (John vii. 37). Earnest seekers long for living water, and to these and these only, the Holy Spirit speaks, a proof of which you have in Rev. xxii. 17, "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come, and let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." God loves His people with a great love; and, therefore, not only comforts them Himself, but strictly commands His servants to comfort them, saying, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, My people, saith your God; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned; for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins" (Isa. xl. 1, 2).

To comfort the Lord's people was a prominent part of the ministry of our Lord Jesus Christ, as appears by Isa. lxi. 1—3, "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, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn, to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of hearing; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that He might be glorified." When our dear Lord would comfort His disciples, we hear Him speaking to them about their going to heaven; and of heaven being a prepared place for all who suffer on account of sin and Christ, while in this vale of tears. How sweet the

word: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself; that when I am there ye may be also" (John xiv. 1—3).

Let us in the first place take notice of the persons here addressed. Secondly, say a little upon the wells of salvation.

First, the persons here addressed. We have to see who are meant by the word *ye*. For certain reasons the Lord's people are sometimes compared to creatures of the brute creation: "The beasts of the field shall honour Me, the dragons and the owls." Then mark what the Lord says of these: "This people have I formed for Myself; they shall show forth My praise" (Isa. xliii. 20, 21). The Lord's people are spoken of in the chapter before this as wolves, leopards, and bears. In their unregenerate state they resemble these creatures. While in this state they have no proper sense of their vicious habits; they know not what their evil nature is, seeing and feeling nothing of the evil that is in them. *First, the persons here addressed are called wolves.* Wolves are fierce, cruel, and bloodthirsty; and so are men in their original state of sin and unbelief. But when convinced of sin, and born of God, and become new creatures, then the evil of sin is seen and felt; and there is a groaning and complaining on account of it, as the following testimonies fully declare: "So foolish was I and ignorant; I was as a beast before Thee" (Psa. lxxiii. 22). Again, "I was almost in all evil in the midst of the congregation and assembly" (Prov. v. 14). Again, "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing," says Paul, "evil is present with me." It was present with him, he being spiritually alive; but when he was dead in trespasses and sin, evil was not present with him for he neither saw it nor felt it. He tells us he can see that now which he was once blind to; and when he thought he saw all things right: "I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members." Now what were the effects of what Paul saw and felt? Hear him: "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" (Rom. vii. 18, 22, 24). These things being considered, does not every true born child of God see that his carnal nature is indeed wolfish?

Secondly, the persons here addressed are compared to leopards. How are men described in their unconverted state? Hear what it says in Jeremiah v. 6, "A lion out of the forest shall slay them, and a wolf of the evenings shall spoil them, a leopard shall watch over their cities." Leopards are very fierce, crafty, and cunning; and so are men; while we read, "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitation of cruelty" (Psa. lxxiv. 20). Unregenerate men have neither will nor power to change their nature and habits; they rather say unto God, "Depart from us; for we desire not the knowledge of Thy ways" (Job xxi. 14). The utterly undone state of all by nature is fully declared in Jeremiah xiii. 23, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil."

Thirdly, men in their unconverted state are compared to bears. If I am rightly informed, these creatures are very strong, but

yet have weak heads. From this idea there are certain persons who now strike my mind. I mean those poor deluded creatures who work hard all the week, and spend their wages in pot-houses, to the ruin of body, soul, and circumstances; and who ruin their wives and children, and are a disgrace to humanity. If these are not weak-headed bears, where shall we find them? I am told that bears sleep a great deal. And have we not to lament over sleeping so much and losing so much precious time? Are we not sensible of having much of the sleepy bear in us? We are often asleep when we should be in prayer, often asleep when we should be searching the King's records; and sometimes, sad to say, even asleep in God's house, under the sound of the everlasting Gospel. I am sure we need the voice like peals of thunder to sound in our souls, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light" (Eph. v. 14). Now the Lord's people, having a principle of divine life and holiness within, are sensible of the truth of all we have said, and these are the persons addressed in the words, "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."

Secondly,—we shall now proceed to say a little upon "*the wells of salvation.*" These wells are deep, and the water therein is clear, sweet, and of a life-giving nature. *I may call attention first to the well of mercy.* This well is for all who long for the water of comfort out of it. These not only desire it, but beg hard for it, as did the publican, who cried, "God, be merciful to me a sinner." My dear friend, let me ask you, have you got the publican's bucket to draw with? He let down his bucket of hope into the well of mercy, got water out of it, which so revived his spirit and cheered his heart, that, like receiving new life, he went away from the House of God feeling himself to be in a state of justification. You will ever find the word of David to be true and precious: "Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him, upon them that hope in His mercy" (Psa. xxxiii. 18). Then, *there is the resurrection well.* Paul let his bucket of hope down into this well, in the presence of the council, saying, "Of the hope and resurrection of the dead I am called in question" (Acts xxiii. 6). There was quite a tumult among the enemies of truth, because of this well, and Paul drinking out of it. Truth-haters are like the dog in the fable, which could not eat the hay himself, and he did not like that the ox should eat it. If you will contend for the truth, there are numbers to oppose you. In respect to the wells that were digged by the children of Israel, you see how the right of God's people was disputed by the Philistines and the herdsmen of Gesar; they stopped up some wells and strove for others. And how many enemies are there now-a-days who try hard to rob us of our liberty and privileges, and seek to spoil that which is lawfully our own? Romanists and false Protestants are the two tyrannical powers which seek to crush our liberty of conscience, and prevent us from thinking and acting in religious matters for ourselves, although the sacred Word says, "We have no dominion over your faith" (2 Cor. i. 24). If inspired apostles had not, then surely no man, nor any set of men, have any such power, who are uninspired. Besides this, "every one of us shall give account of himself to God" (Rom. xiv. 12). Who then, in his right mind, could ever endure that spirit which says, "You shall believe as I believe, think as I think, and say as I say; and if not, I will hate you, and persecute you." This sort

of religion we know is of the devil, because Christ's religion is that of love and blessing.

Thirdly, *there is the well of promise.* Paul let his bucket of hope down into this well, and here again he gave great offence. In defending himself before Agrippa, he says, "I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers," &c. (Acts xxvi. 6, 7).

Fourthly, and lastly, *may we not say that Christ is the Well of all wells?* In Exod. xv. 27 we read of twelve wells of water at Elim, besides three score and ten palm trees; and we have cause to praise God that we have the twelve wells in England, even in the Holy Scriptures, and which wells the Philistines, the Romanists, are labouring hard, craftily, and secretly to stop up; but Christ being the Well of all these wells, they shall ever remain, and their living waters shall not cease to flow. Let all genuine Protestants watch the wells against the crafty and subtle Philistines; for when thirsty ones come hither to draw, Satan's shepherds will frighten them away, if possible. Perhaps some one will now say, "I have been longing for water out of these wells for some time, but they seem not to be intended for me, for I can get no water out of them." You prove it true then by your own experience, that the well is deep, and you must have something to draw with. May the Lord give you the same bucket of faith which He gave to the woman of Samaria, who said to Him, "Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not" (John iv. 15). Should He do so, you will forget every water-pot and every other earthly object, and hasten into the city, crying, "Come! see a man, which told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?" Say you, "I wish I was like the woman of Samaria, and had as large a bucket to draw with as she had, and I would satiate my thirsty soul at once." Well, and why not let down into these wells your little bucket of faith? Jesus gives what sized measure He thinks proper; to one a larger size, to another a lesser size; and you are encouraged to use the kind of bucket you have. If you think you want a larger one, go to Him for it, for He "giveth liberally to all men, and upbraideth not" (James i. 5). The Lord bless these few words to His thirsty ones. Amen.

HARVEST - TIME.

Extract from the "Gospel Magazine" for August, 1843, p. 245, by kind permission of the editor, from a paper written by him, entitled,

THE LABOURERS.

"**T**HE labourers! Ah, the labourers! How shall we describe them? Here is especially needed the pencil of the Holy Ghost in order to portray them. In the first place there is a *variety* (Eph. iv. 11, 12); they differ, in gift, according to the apostle (1 Cor. xii.), and having their distinct places in the vineyard, one cannot do the others work, nor need they interfere. Whilst many—yea, the majority—go forth into the vineyard without the sanction of the great Husbandman, there are those whom He has tutored under His own eye, and exactly qualified for His work. Rough enough they were when He took them in hand and skill indeed has been required to train them. And now they are

in measure trained and qualified for His work, that training and qualification in no wise render them independent; they have no resources in themselves; but though they may have been labouring in the vineyard twenty, thirty, forty years, they are, in point of fact, as poor, as needy, as sensibly-dependent upon the teaching, power, and gracious leadings of the Holy Ghost as ever. Here it is many a child of God ensnares a minister. He flies to him, asks counsel of him, as if he were a *depository* of wisdom and truth, rather than the mere pipe or instrument through which that truth is conveyed. God will not be robbed of His glory, nor will He repose in any of His creatures, even the most highly-favoured, that for which He Himself will be inquired of. *Go to God, and not to your parson, unless you want to shut him up, and make his soul and his ministry as barren as the mountains of Gilboa.* No wonder your steps are doubtful, your mind beclouded, your heart heavy, when you have been looking to a creature, and leaning upon an arm of flesh. To ask the advice of a minister, and follow a course which may appear plausible to him, though not received specially from God, is one thing; whilst to ask counsel of God and receive an answer through the ministry of the Word is another. The former may be entirely human, correct or not correct; the latter, though perhaps darker and more discouraging in its aspect, comes fresh from the throne, though by means of a human instrument, and must be right; follow it—it will work well, and end well.

“A ‘labourer.’ Then he is accustomed to work? Yes, and the harder he has worked, the better his drilling in the world, in sorrows, temptations, afflictions, and various exercises; the more acceptable his services in the Lord’s vineyard.

“He must go before the flock, to point out, unfold, and open up the way. If he has not been to school, and well drilled there too, the questions of the juniors, the zig-zag way of the middle-aged, and the conflicts, occasional darkness, and frequent harshness of the elders, will puzzle him.

“The weaker, the more timid he is when he enters the field, if it leads him to cry—yea, to cry mightily to the God of heaven—the better. The greater his hesitancy, the more numerous his objections, the more copious his arguments in opposition, the better; if so be they all lead him to cry, and the Lord condescends to answer. If he can from his heart say, without any prevarication or feigned sincerity, ‘If Thy presence go not with me, carry me not up hence;’ and the Lord in reply assures him, ‘My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest;’ that man has a divine warrant to go into the Lord’s vineyard, and, in his own good time, the Lord that first put it into his mind, opened his heart, furnished his mouth with arguments, will most assuredly open the door, give him matter, afford him courage, be with his mouth, and bless his message. To such we would say, Keep quiet, be not in haste; if the mantle has been cast upon thee (1 Kings xix. 19—21) stand by the oxen till the God of Elijah returns; for He will not be in rest till He hath finished the thing this day (Ruth iii. 18). Thy haste will not speed, but perplex thee; wait, and the longer thou waitest, the clearer thy path will be. Let the Lord work; thou stand and look on; and when His time is fully come, and He hath called thy congregation together—perhaps half-a-dozen old men, and three or four

old women (very mothers in Israel) to begin with—thou—the stripling—wilt come forth with a message from the Lord of hosts, into which He shall put such a blessed witness, and carry home into the hearts of the dear old veterans, with such a precious heart-warming, soul-cheering, fear-subduing power, that they will be ready to say, as good old Simeon said when the stripling's Master came, 'Now lettest thou Thy servants depart in peace, according to Thy word, for our eyes have seen Thy salvation.' By faith we see Him coming afresh, clothing His word with power, confirming His own testimony, that He will not leave Himself without a witness, and that He is able to and doth make use of the feeblest means, and to come forth out of His seeming hiding-place, by the least thought of, the most unlikely instruments. And thou wilt make a bright beginning of thy ministry. Oh, young man, whoever thou art, that thus cometh forth amid much perplexity, trembling, and fear, yet with the good wishes, heart-pantings, and powerful breathings of the Lord's old, tried, yet blessedly-established children, depend upon it, it is one of the best blessings thou canst have; it is a draft drawn on the bank of heaven, to which Jehovah in Trinity will put their joint hand and assuredly honour in due time. And we tell thee if once that draft or bill is passed into thy hands, store it up, place it in thy pocket-book; and as often as thou art filled with fears about thy path, when thou thinkest thou hast taken a wrong step, and thou hast lost sight of thy ministerial credentials, pull out thy note, present it at the throne, and though it be only with faith's little finger, point to the Acceptors; that blessed Banker is too honourable, too jealous of His own exalted name, to deny His own signature.

"A word or two more about the credentials of the 'labourers.' In all cases they know and have had special dealings with the great Husbandman. A sense of His peculiar mercy shown to them is attended with great enlargement of heart, and a special love to the household of faith. They can pray for them when they cannot pray for themselves. Their hearts, in seasons perhaps of greatest personal darkness, doubt, and varied and powerful temptations, have sudden and sweet goings forth on behalf of the family. For them they plead and wrestle with unaccountable importunity and variety of argument. They have fellowship with, and bowels of tenderness and sympathy for those they have never seen nor heard of. Their attachment is disinterested, as far as personal participation goes, inasmuch as their language sometimes is, 'If I am lost, if *my* profession comes to nought, if I make shipwreck of faith, and prove a castaway, save Thy one Church, every tempted, tried, harassed, doubting, disconsolate member of it.' A jealousy for them, the fear of proving a stumbling-block is often, in times of sore temptation, as temporary means of salvation. 'If I perish, if this step deprives me of existence, what, oh! what will the tried, the tempted members say? "If one, if *he* perished, so may I; if *he* fell short, what hope for *me*?"' Enlargement of heart, and a sweet going out of soul in *mental* addresses to an imaginary company of precious souls, is another secret indication of the Spirit's intention respecting its possessor. He that is 'slow of speech,' of a bashful countenance, and fears he shall be put to shame before the people, that at times hath this inward, special, collected address, unto whom the written Word is sweetly unfolded,

and from which he mentally speaks with boldness, clearness, and comfort, shall assuredly not be found lacking in the Lord's good time to 'favour.' 'Who hath made man's mouth? Have not I, the Lord?' A holy zeal in the cause of God, a jealousy for His truth, a righteous indignation against the objectors to and the mutilators of that truth are among the indispensable credentials of one of the Lord's labourers. An abhorrence of filthy lucre, and a readiness, from the pure love of the truth, and the one family to whom that truth is dear, to make great personal sacrifices, is another precious mark. A mind indifferent to its own secular interests, yet sensibly alive to the well-being and eternal interests of the children of Zion, is a further evidence. Deadness to the present evil world, and a mind ever alive to the realities of an eternal world; peculiarly marked and very gracious providential interpositions and kindly dealings; the habitual contemplation of eternity, and a holy, ardent longing after a participation in its blessed realities, are all evidences not to be despised."

"To these we may add the frequent indications of a man's call into the vineyard. Singularity of *mind*, herein he is frequently absorbed; to an observer apparently lost; always thinking, yet unable to apply; studying to acquire knowledge, yet to appearance all evaporating; indications of intellect, yet for the most part locked up; dull, can neither attain nor retain. Peculiarity of *taste*, apparently without any, yet most scrupulous; restless as the troubled sea, he looks for something which he cannot define, and seeking, seeks only to be disappointed. His secular career marked with mortification and disappointment; an apparent blight upon his every undertaking. Praying to be active, diligent in the world, yet attended with the greater vexation and annoyance from it. These, united with the characteristics we have before given, are so many evidences that his home is not in the world, and that the Lord hath work of another kind for him to do; the which He will make manifest and clear in His own time."

ANOTHER ENOCH TAKEN HOME.

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF MR. JAMES THOMPSON, LATE OF
BLEDLOW, BUCKS.

AS the highest mountains take their rise from the deepest valleys, so many of the nobler types of humanity—objects of divine grace—are to be found in the shades of humble life. The men who have been born in poverty, cradled in hardship, matured in a storm, sanctified by religion, and made perfect through suffering, are the men who live to the best of purposes. Man's life may, with much propriety, be compared to a river which, having taken its rise in some distant mountain or secluded glen, winds its tortuous course through many a solitary valley, opposed by many counteracting influences, yet, in obedience to those wise laws by which the Creator rules all His works, it still glides silently along; obstacle after obstacle gives way to its pressure, till, having fulfilled its course, it mingles with the vast ocean, and is seen no more.

If there be any truth in the analogy, and assuredly there is, then to

no individual may it be more fitly applied than to our late dear friend, brother James Thompson. Born in the year 1810 at the obscure hamlet of Scrubwood near Wendover, Bucks; nursed in the lap of humble circumstances, his starting-point in life was among the hardy, horny-handed sons of toil. His educational advantages were of the scantiest kind. He was sent to the Wendover Congregational Sunday-school when ten years of age, and there he received his first religious impressions. Subsequently he found his way among the Baptists of the same town when Mr. Darvill was pastor of the Church. Here the Holy Spirit applied the textual words of the minister, "Follow thou Me," to the heart and conscience of our brother Thompson. His faith became an all-absorbing one, and, gladdened in heart by the regenerating influence of God's Spirit, his belief quickly rose to the New Testament water-mark, and so he was baptized in the year 1829, and henceforth became united with the people of God.

Knowing that every soul won from resistance to the cross is marked at once with the cross badge and sent into the field to win others, our brother began to preach in the open air at Hampden Common. In the year 1830 he married a like-minded lady to himself, a disciple of the same Master, and a member of the same Church, and took up his abode at the village of Little Hampden. From thence he soon removed to Green Hailey, a hamlet of Monks Risborough. Here he was led into straits in his social position, yet his trust was strong in God. While here he united himself to the Baptist Church at Princes Risborough, and was encouraged by the pastor, Mr. Davis, to persevere in the work of the ministry until called to the oversight of some church. Eventually the call came from the Baptist Church at Askett, which was accepted by Mr. Thompson. He was ordained to the work of the ministry in the year 1840, when Messrs. Dawson, Terry, and Tyler took part in the services. Here, for several years, he was permitted to labour in word and doctrine until failing health pleaded for a pause in the work. Improved health, however, permitted him to accept an invitation from the Church at Speen. Here, too, he laboured with great acceptance, and much success. But the love of the Askett Church for their friend had never grown cold, and, being without a pastor, at the urgent request of the Church, our brother Thompson was induced to re-occupy his former sphere. Here, once more, he continued to feed the flock of the Great Shepherd with wheat from God's garner and honey from the Rock of Ages, with faithfulness, fervour, and affection, till want of health again demanded a change.

The last twelve years of brother Thompson's life were spent in supplying Aylesbury, Waddesdon-Hill, Wycombe, Sydenham, and other vacant churches. The last pulpit he occupied was that of Zion Chapel, High Wycombe, in August, 1882. From this appointment it was with great pain that he reached his home. He suffered from a disease in his left foot, and especially in the great toe. Indeed, so serious a form did the disease assume that it was found necessary to amputate the toe to save life. The operation failed to check the pain, but seemed rather to increase it. In this state our brother was obliged to keep to his bed. While thus laid aside he spent most of his time sitting up and reading the Bible. After a short period his failing sight forbade this enjoyment, but his good wife did her best in making up for the loss by reading the precious Word to him.

The human body is a wondrous piece of animated mechanism! The nerves, veins, muscles, and tendons are so intimately and inseparably interwoven that there cannot be injury sustained in one part without suffering being felt in another. The physician attending Mr. Thompson predicted the worst consequences—that of mental derangement—from the effects of his disease. But some lucid seasons were permitted him, as if for the consolation of his friends, when he evidenced that he was calmly trusting upon Christ his Saviour. He peacefully passed away June 20, 1883, aged 76 years. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints" (Psa. cvi. 13). But Scripture gives us no authority to place any dependence upon *how* sinking nature may approach. Sometimes the last days of God's eminent servants, as that of Rev. Thomas Scott of Aston Sandford, have been clouded by natural disease. But it is the *tenor of the life*, not that of the few morbid and suffering scenes which precede dissolution, that fixes the character. Brother Thompson died the death of the Christian, for he lived the life of one.

Often journeying together to their separate appointments, has the writer of this sketch enjoyed the cheerful conversation and pious counsel of Mr. Thompson. Our brother's company was so genial, and withal so salutary, that often has his Christian demeanour been marked perfectly with approval by others (Galatians i. 24).

As a preacher he was simple in style, persuasive and affectionate in manner, and earnest and faithful in warning sinners to flee from the wrath to come. He exulted in an ever-bountiful providence. His discourses were distinguished by simplicity, sincerity, and soundness. No one needed to get a search-warrant to find out his meaning. He gloried in a clear, free, and easy style; hence the people heard him gladly. In discussion he was swift to hear, slow to speak, and slower still to wrath. In the Church he was a brother beloved. In the world he was respected and esteemed. Everybody knew what he meant in the pulpit, by his general deportment out of it. Born adjacent to the far-famed Chiltern hills, he lived close to them all his life, and was well known by all who lived on the South-eastern confines of the sylvan vale of Aylesbury. Like the apostle Paul, he wrought with his hands, and preached the Gospel. As an agriculturist, and a neighbour, he was highly esteemed. He filled his sphere, and made up in the exercise of sound common sense what he lacked in the borrowed light of scholastic attainment. He didn't *acquire* spiritual knowledge, and spiritual influence, it was *given him* by God's gracious Spirit! What he taught the Askett people he "told to the generations following," to which fact even the present vigour and earnestness of the Church there abundantly testifyeth. Our Brother Thompson sought to abide in this world as a king's ambassador does in a foreign land; true to his own allegiance, representing there his sovereign's will, upholding his honour, maintaining His interest, and ready any day to go home at His word. His aim seemed to be to make this life an altar-life, whence all his words, and works, and thoughts, might exhale away to heaven in sacrifice. He seemed never so happy as when trying to counsel and encourage his fellow-travellers to Zion. He seemed to blend the boldness of the Baptist herald with the tenderness of the disciple whom Jesus loved. He shewed in no poverty of degree the vesture of "wrought gold, and

raiment of needle-work," the saint's true clothing. Although "in duties oft," he was modest like the violet, and his influence was fragrant like the chaste wee flower. In our late brother we had a modern instance of the Master again taking a little child and placing him in our midst. He ever bore the impress of his Master's signature. What he saw by faith he shewed by practice. His "bow abode in strength" because his heart ever cleaved to Him who gave it courage.

The writer is aware that our brother's hand, had it not forgot its cunning, might restrain the inscription of such a commendation as the foregoing, but he who thus handles the pen shields himself under the wing of pure brotherly affection. The eulogium is justly deserved! Let us adore Him who enabled our brother to lead such a life, which should be an inspiration for generations yet to come.

JOHN ROSE.

Aylesbury.

THOUGHTS ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF MATTHEW.

BY A GARDEN LABOURER.

IN considering for a few moments this parable, it will be necessary to link it both with the previous chapter and those which follow it. In this same twenty-fifth chapter, it is clear from the first word, "Then," that the time of its application is the Master's return, to reckon with those whom He left in charge, and it is equally clear that it refers to other persons in the same household. In the previous chapter, the persons referred to are those who officially have the care of and rule over the Master's house, and they are required not only not to beat and ill-treat their fellow-servants thus left in their charge, but to comfort and feed them, to give out of their common Lord's store meat in due season, the bread of life to feed their hungry souls, warm raiment to keep out the cold of doubts, and diligent teaching and example, in all the ways and wants, necessities and adornments of their Lord's house, so that when He comes He shall find all things in order for His reception, and shall be pleased, and honour those servants who have done well. But in this twenty-fifth chapter, although the scene and time is evidently the same, the persons are different, they are the virgins of the household of faith, who are looking for the wedding, when the Lord shall come to claim His bride, and with joy prepare for the great event, that they may have their light shining in their hearts, the lamp which the Master has given them to light up their heavenly way. David had it as a lamp to his way, and a light to his path; and he tells us it is God's Word which is hid within his heart, and there burns with a steady light, which, fed by the Holy Spirit of God, shall never go out, but shall light up the believer's heart through all the way to his Father's home; and though he may sleep occasionally as he journies here, and shall sleep in his narrow bed till the trumpet shall sound, the marriage cry shall no sooner sound in his ears, "Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet Him," than his heart shall wake up, and the light in his heart shall burst forth into brilliancy, and his Lord shall see and know the true child, and take him into the wedding, to be for ever with the Heavenly Bridegroom, to dwell for ever in the presence of God, to behold and rejoice for ever in the blessed

company of, and attendance upon, His soul's beloved, to be made a part of those who in the presence of God follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, to gaze and adore, and go no more out. But there are the foolish virgins also, whose light is in the head and not in the heart, who have not the seal of which Paul tells in his letter to Timothy, "Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure, having *this seal*, the Lord knoweth them that are His, and let him that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity;" and, therefore, the Lord lets them not in, their light has gone out, it is not of His lighting, and therefore, He replies, "Verily I say unto you, I know you not."

But at the fourteenth verse, we are again called to the consideration of those who are placed in charge, but not, as it appears, the same charge. Those in the twenty-fourth chapter had charge of the men and women of the household, while these have the trading—that is, the gathering of the Church by all the means which our Lord has ordained. We know that it hath pleased Him, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe, but that talent, the apostle tells us, is not given to every one. He gave to some "pastors and teachers," to some He has given the gift of quiet talk to instruct and comfort, seeking often newly awakened souls, to some the evangelical work of tract distributing, to some the discerning of spirits; and this is a great work, to lead out the timid lambs of His flock; and many other ways of leading "His sheep into His fold," especially that of a consistent Christian life. And those who use the gift, or gifts, well, desiring nought else but the glory of God, the exaltation of Jesus, and the salvation of souls in Christ, chosen before the world was, and now by the instrumentalities which He has placed in His servant's hands, to be called to a knowledge and enjoyment of Jesus here, and the hope of everlasting life when this state is passed, shall have in their hearts the Master's approving smile, and hear His loving voice, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." But oh, my soul, take heed, the one talent is meant for the good and use of thy brethren, and whatever it is, thou art to use it in thy Lord's service, and to His glory, and know that His work shall not be hindered through thy slothfulness. Though thou shalt be condemned, thy Lord shall get honour even upon thee; His Church shall be gathered and fed, though thou dost hide thy Lord's talent in the earth. Oh, to think of wasted days and years gone by, and feel that thy Lord will require it at thy hand. This, this is enough to cast thy poor erring soul into outer darkness, where there shall be anguish in anticipation of thy Lord's severe reproof; but how wilt thou face the day of His coming? Oh, cast thyself at His feet in deep contrition, and cry, "Lord, I have nothing to pay, forgive me all that debt, and all that transgression, for Christ Jesus' sake." Yea, like the poor publican, smite upon thy breast and say, "God, be merciful to me a sinner."

And now we come to the closing scene of this great series of parables. When the Master of the house, the King of the kingdom of glory, shall gather all nations before Him, and He shall separate them one from another as a shepherd divideth His sheep from the goats, and then shall that final judgment be pronounced upon them that know not God "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, *prepared* for the devil and his angels." And then that great and never-ending joy in

the welcome Christ will give His Church, against whom there will be no judgment then, for "there is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom *prepared* for you from before the foundation of the world." Oh, my soul, to anticipate this as day by day thou waitest for His coming:—

"When come, O ye blessed sounds, sweet in your ears,
By love everlasting exprest,
What place will be then for your doubts and your fears,
In sight of the mansions of rest?"

How thou wilt lift up thy heart heavenward, when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead in Christ shall be raised "incorruptible," and those that are alive and remain be changed. Oh, believer, lie humbly at thy Redeemer's feet, and look and long for the glorious time when, at the Bridegroom's coming, thou shalt be of those that go in with their Lord to the wedding.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

SHAKING OUT ALL THE FEATHERS, AND GATHERING THEM UP AGAIN.—The editor of the *Fireside*, in the July issue, gives a paper on one of the common curses flying through this world. This "common curse" has been the stone which has broken the heart of many a poor child of sorrow. Some minds, even in the so-called Christian circle, who are large disseminators of calumny. We have been, in the school for scandal, most falsely accused. The wind has blown these false feathers to the ends of the earth. We have silently said, "Bear the indignation of the Lord," &c. We understand the following remarks quite well. The editor of the *Fireside* says:—"There is a Latin saying, '*Satis calumniare; semper aliquid hæret;*' which may be rendered in plain English—'Only throw plenty of mud; some of it is sure to stick.' There are certain unknown and untraceable personages in the world who are called by the simple cognomen, 'They;' but these mysterious personages do an immense deal of mischief. *They say*—there is the evil; but who those mysterious personages 'They' are, no one can ascertain. *They say* 'that Mr. A. is a drunkard;' *They say*, 'that Mr. B. is insolvent;' *They say* 'that Mrs. G. has left her husband and children, and gone off with another man.' And so all sorts of false reports are set on foot and propagated from one to another with 'they say.' A certain poor man had a bitter enemy, who, to gratify his malice and hatred, set about a variety

of calumnious reports concerning the said poor man, who took them so much to heart that he fell into a severe illness and was in danger of his life. The calumniator heard of this, and was struck with remorse. He, therefore, determined to visit him and ask his forgiveness. He found him as had been represented, dangerously ill. After having expressed his sorrow and repentance he earnestly begged for forgiveness. 'Well,' said the sick man, 'as a Christian, I cannot refuse to forgive you; but as a proof of the sincerity of your repentance, I require that you shall fulfil two tasks which I shall prescribe to you. 'What are they?' asked the calumniator; 'if it be at all possible to accomplish them I will not fail to do so.' 'Well, then,' replied the sick man, 'the first is that you shall take this pillow with you to the top of the Church tower, and there open it and shake out all the feathers it contains to the winds.' 'That,' replied the other, 'is very easy. I will at once fulfil the request.' Accordingly, he proceeded to the Church tower, and having shaken out all the feathers, soon returned with the empty pillow-case. 'Now,' said the sick man, 'go and gather up again all the feathers that were in the pillow.' 'That,' replied the calumniator, 'is impossible. The wind has carried most of them far away, and has dispersed them in every direction. No man living can accomplish such a task.' 'Well,' said the sick man, 'you see what you have done by your calumnious reports con-

cerning me. You have set a machine in motion, which you had no power to stop. Your calumnies have gone from mouth to mouth, and, like the dispersed feathers, have been carried far and near, and scattered in all directions. I forgive you, as I have before said; but let me exhort you never again to set in movement a power of evil which you will afterwards find it totally out of your own power to control.' Perhaps if individuals before they propagate calumnious reports by beginning with 'they say,' would reflect a little on what they are doing, they would abstain from so giving the football of slander an additional hard knock.

The Blood of Sprinkling. We have not looked over, but we have read, No. six of Mr. P. Reynold's sermons on the Saviour's precious blood. It is full of thoughts, soul-feeding thoughts, heart-encouraging views; yea, startling sometimes. Here is one:—"Looking again, by faith, to the blood of sprinkling, I learn that *Christ's blood was necessary to purify heaven.* 'It was therefore necessary that the patterns of things in the heavens should be purified with these; but the heavenly things themselves with better sacrifices than these' (Heb. ix. 23). Do not misunderstand me. Heaven was never unholy. The word purify here means to consecrate. The presence of Christ and His blood in heaven makes that glory-abode accessible to sinners. Now do I begin to understand the words of the Master, 'I go to prepare a place for you.' In order that Christ's blood might have an honourable place in heaven, God preserved it from corruption while Jesus was upon the cross. It suffered no contamination by its contact with the earth, neither was it polluted by other blood, though two thieves were slain close to Him. These words in 1 Peter i. 18, 19, must be taken in the most literal sense. The blood of Jesus was in nowise a corruptible thing. That which is not corruptible must abide. Though the body of Jesus suffered death, it could not decay, because there was no corruption in it to work its ruin. The same argument will be convincing with regard to the blood. Precious, incorruptible blood, the price of our redemption, dear both to God and man, there is no more fitting place than heaven for it!" Fitted for a high class of readers are these sermons. To be had at 85, Avenell-rd., Highbury.

When My Wife Died! A Series of Dissolving Views. By an Ancient Author. Written when at the gates of death. "All the world's a stage, and every

man an actor," the doctor said to me. Some are born bad; they live bad, in the main; they die bad; there is all I can say. This old author confirms the Scripture fact that "he that findeth a wife, findeth a good thing." The reverse is painfully true, he that loseth a wife, loseth a good thing. Here is an extract:—"Now, first, let me tell you," says the old author, "of two (what shall I call them? visions? dreams? or, phantoms of the brain? I know not what name to give them. Only I saw two) shadows of

"The Invisible World."

"One, Mr. Lloyd, the pattern saint of Bilston, came to my bedside. He offered up a prayer for a poor wreck like me. I said, in myself,

"As a weather-beaten mariner
On his sleepless bed did roll,
Many a scene of sadness
Did overwhelm his soul.

"Now, there is one line in Psalm xxv. I rather hesitatingly affirm, has been lately realised in me. I would not presume, nor speak over-confidentially, nor can I find language to express fully the sight, or shadow, which passed before me. But the line referred to is this:—

"He will shew them His Covenant."

"Who can say, 'That is—or, that will be—true in me?' I fear to say it was true in me; yet, it was a shadow of it. I was taken back, as one felt, into the

"COUNCIL CHAMBER OF ETERNITY."

"I cannot describe the scene. All was stillness, solemnity, and a quiet, waiting awe. Presently, DIVINE JUSTICE—the attribute in the Deity which we call Divine Justice—came on the scene, arrayed in bright, burning, scarlet robes. Oh, so flaming! No smoke! No dark shades! All indescribably clean, blazing, scarlet robes, and I thought it said,—

"God is angry with the wicked every day."

"It spoke firmly, 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' I must not effortize to describe it. There, in robes of a celestial, an immaculate whiteness, came

"HOLINESS!"

"So spotless, transparent, and sparkling! Without Holiness no man shall see the Lord." Quickly followed 'RIGHTEOUSNESS,' in sky blue: placid, serene, lofty, beautiful, azure-like. And, in the gravest mood, like a huge, heavy rock, came 'FAITHFULNESS,' while others stood behind. When 'the High and Lofty One that inhabiteth eternity,' bringeth

in His first-begotten Son, the holy proclamation went forth, 'Let all the angels of God worship Him.' Then the war of jealousy against the Christ of God sprang up in the hosts of the angels who kept not their first estate; and the Saviour tells us, 'I saw Satan fall like lightning from heaven.' No one *against Christ* can dwell where

"*The Prince of Peace is King for ever.*

"In that council court of eternity, the great mystery of salvation was settled by the two immutable things, in which it was impossible for an unchanging God to depart from the predestinating decrees there ratified and sealed.

"SALVATION,"

"said the late Dr. Beaumont, in my hearing, in a Liverpool chapel, thirty years since, 'Salvation is the result of a double transfer. God did take the sinner's sins off from him, and did put them, with all their consequences, upon the head, the heart, the hands, yea, upon the entire person of His love, by mutual consent, and He did take the Saviour's righteousness, and did put it upon, impute it to, the sinner.' Had the Doctor said, 'the iniquities of all God's chosen,' he would have run parallel with the whole Bible. I did not see that 'Divine Justice' threw off His blazing robes of anger against sin when

"*Mercy and truth met together.*"

"No, Mr. Lloyd, but under His fiery flaming robes a sword was sheathed; it was asleep; but when the appointed hour arrived the command to 'Awake, and to smite even God's fellow,' with a love smiting. Oh! sinner, Justice can wait until the measure of thine iniquity be filled up. Then, if Christ has never been found by thee—then—the flames of Eternal Justice will claim thee for ever. Some nights after the foregoing, as in my weary bed I sat musing, meditating, sighing, and wondering—not dreaming; but, men, 'It is appointed unto men once to die; and after that the JUDGMENT!' I must not add more now! The lessons I have learned, the scenes I have witnessed, may appear, if I am not yet to be called away,

"God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

"Mentally, quite sensibly, not a soul near me, all in a moment, the veil of time was drawn aside, and in the invisible world I saw trumpeters, with long trumpets, and exclaiming, 'Come to judgment!' 'Come to judgment!'"

Stones that Speak; or, Musing on Mount Moriah. (W. Mack, 28, Paternoster Row). This small volume contains some choice words from the ever-ready pen of the rector of St. Mary-le-port, Bristol.

Amateur Gardening is a wonderful pennyworth for all who take an interest in growing flowers, fruit or vegetables. There are numerous illustrations, and the following is an extract from an article entitled "Harvest-tide," and will give some idea of the quality of the literary contributions:—"One of the most glorious pages in the great book of nature is a ripe, waving cornfield; and well, indeed, is it that the colour should be golden of what is wealth in its truest, fullest sense. There is a solemn sublimity over it all, which affects the most careless, and unconsciously fills the heart with a mingled sense of joy and thankfulness; it seems to have a feeling, as it were, of a duty proudly accomplished, as in the breeze the laden ears whisper the glad intelligence that the work is done, that Nature's generous gift to man is ready to be rendered up. And when in the hands of the reapers, there are no more picturesque scenes than that afforded by the harvest-field, with its busy band of workers, whose white shirt sleeves gleam in the sun, whilst from every side comes the hum of labour, the rustle of the grain, the peculiar rattle of the reaping machine as it goes quickly along, leaving behind it a track of gracefully falling corn, and ever and anon the delightful bark of the farmer's dog, which, as it plays amongst the stubble, seems to enter into the joyfulness of the occasion."

The Gospel Magazine, edited by Dr. Doudney, contains several choice and experimental articles.

THE HAND OF GOD.

ARE you bow'd down with grief,
Anxiety and care?
Is nothing find relief,
Thy Father's hand is there.

Doth sickness waste thy frame?
Bereavement be thy share?
Thy God and Father's still the same,
His hand is with thee there.

Art thou alone and sad?
With no lov'd friends around?
No voice to make thee glad?
His arm doth thee surround.

Maybe thy lot is poor,
The scanty meal is thine?
Thou know'st not where to look for more,
But Jesus Christ is thine.

Doth plenty strew thy path?
And comfort thee surround?
In every blessing that thou hast,
Thy Father's hand is found.

North London.

I. S. T.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

FACING THE FOE.

ON BEHALF OF OUR FRIEND ISAAC
LEVINSOHN, IN SHEFFIELD, ETC.

BY JOSEPH TAYLOR.

[The following is worthy of being read everywhere.—ED.]

"MR. C. W. BANKS—DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—I now sit down to fulfil my promise, made some time ago, in relation to our work with the sceptics of Barnsley, &c. As the story is a long one in all its parts, I shall give it you now in brief.

I went out, at the request of a few friends, nearly two years ago, to oppose in the market a man who was there from Nottingham, engaged by the Secular Society at Barnsley, to lecture for them against the Bible, &c. After having spoken, I challenged him or any other to a discussion of the points. The challenge was accepted, a room offered, arrangements made—one-third charge of entrance to be given to widows, &c., caused by the terrible explosion that had taken place a little while before. The discussion was held, and a favourable impression seemed to be made on our side; the funds were left, to be handed over to the widows, in the hands of the Secularist secretary. I followed up this discussion by four lectures in the Temperance Hall, to which all Secularists were invited; discussion permitted afterwards. These lectures were a decided success on our part against them.

Next year they came out again, and I determined, in the strength of the Lord, to publicly oppose them. It struck me that Secularists might not be too honest. I enquired as to whether the funds taken up by them had been paid over. We learned that there was great doubt of this, and at a public meeting in the market, where they raised very great quibbles at a little misunderstanding that had occurred over a telegram I sent deferring a meeting because of a funeral I had to attend—which, upon advice, I altered, and kept my engagement with them—at this meeting I put the question concerning the payment of this money, expressing our doubts that it had not been paid over. This raised a storm: some protested, some declared it all paid; the meeting was adjourned; enquiries were to be made, and a report given at the next meeting in the open market place. The time came; a great crowd was moved;

the Secularist secretary was there with his report, declaring all had been paid. The cry was raised, "The dates"; but no, no—no dates: whereupon two Secularists and two of our own party were appointed to enquire and give the report at our next meeting. I then moved that the report be published in the papers, whether for or against either party. Enquiries were made of the widows when they received their portions. The Sunday this report was to be given publicly the Secularists secured the stand in advance of us, although I had announced a further lecture in reply to Taylor's Diagesis. But we were not thus to be hustled out. We obtained another dray, took our stand at a distance; I appealed to the company; numbers flocked to us; I gave my lecture. Then we removed our dray close to theirs, and were ready for the tussle and the report. Two of the widows had been paid, but the greater portion had all received it within the last fortnight. This was sensational news, and smote them so that they have never yet recovered. They have been very quiet ever since, and this year, as yet, have made no appearance in public.

I gave an open-air lecture a fortnight ago, with good success, to be continued in a fortnight from this date. I have since then given, in the Hall of Science, Sheffield—their main place—four lectures on the following subjects:—

First two.—"Answers to Objections Contained in Dr. Hardwicke's Book, 'The Popular Faith Unveiled.'"

Evening lecture.—"Evolution and Mythology Refuted, as Arrayed Against the Bible."

My two last were given on July 26th, last Sunday afternoon.—"Objections to the Stories of the Resurrection of Christ Answered."

Evening.—"My Own Defence of the Three First Chapters of Genesis, and What They Contain."

I shall be glad to lay the whole of these four lectures before you, and at your disposal, if you think proper, as I wrote them out and read them as written. Many have desired me to publish them; but I am so poor and hard up it cannot be done at present. They cost me an immense amount of reading and research; but I persevered for what I believe to be the glory of God and the defence of His Word. I may say, if you can see your way to issue them, I can guarantee the

sale of £5 worth of them in these parts, as many applications have been made for them, and all other profits, &c., I would leave entirely with you, as I wish for nothing but the promotion of truth. As all the subjects are very popular I think you might make out of them what would repay you for past favours. Of course this I only suggest, and leave entirely with you.

I now turn to another little matter, after expressing my hopes that in body and soul you are strengthened at the latter end of this life's tedious journey, to view with clearer light the land of distant mansions—the beautiful home of God's elect—oh, how we long to be there! Sweet home! No place like that home, where the inhabitants never say, I am sick, or weary, or in pain; where darkness, confusion, persecution, and sin, are for ever excluded, and where, without the thick shadows that fall, and the misty veil that hides, we shall behold Him and be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. This hope we have as an anchor in very deed to the tempest-tossed souls nearing the rocks of the shore. May the skilful Pilot guide thee into the harbour of rest, where some day, when the sun never goes down, I hope to tell thee what the Lord has done for my soul, which is a story too long for this brief life. Fear not; death is destroyed to the whole of the chosen race. Life is ours! eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. Shout, for the Lord hath done it, and who can revoke it?

Mr. I. Levinsohn was in Sheffield on Sunday last. I heard him at Queen-street chapel in the morning, and took the following notes:—

Isaiah xiv. 32—"What shall one say," &c. Terrible battles were fought in those days, resulting in the victories recorded of Hezekiah, whose fame spread to the surrounding nations, and excited the enquiry of what was the secret of his prosperity. The answer given was that the Lord had founded Zion, &c. The nations having learned its fame, wanted to know the difference between it and themselves. Zion was a spiritual city; they were idolaters. They were small, compared with some of them; but were great because of their real glory, and their fame spread far and wide. Zion was a type of the Church of God and of Christ. If we are members of that Church we shall be known. We should be ready to answer enquiries concerning it. Our King is Jesus, a Jew of humble life, who spent Himself in doing good, &c. Romans, Greeks, and others des-

pired Him, but His fame has spread through the world. The Jews marvel at it to-day; they come to enquire, &c. There is a great increase of Jewish converts through the messengers sent; thousands now are blessed; fifteen-and-a-half millions of Jews in all parts. They enquire; what shall we answer them? 1. The messengers—what do they ask? Hezekiah showed all his treasures. What are your Church's treasures? What is your confidence on the Continent? They see the bowing to images, &c., and are prejudiced by it to conclude Christians are idolaters; they therefore, from various motives, ask what is your confidence, &c. Our answer is, and must be, Jehovah is our Confidence; God alone. Judaism in itself is full of idolatry; they trust in their phylacteries, in the 613 precepts, &c. Our trust is in God manifest in the flesh. We tell them Jesus is our trust. They ask what is the history of our city. We answer, God founded it, Jesus sought us, &c. In Russia children, from about a dozen years, are forbidden to read the Scriptures. Obedience only is taught as the way of salvation; after death persons must pass through the torments of hell to be purified. We tell them of Christ. God hath founded our city. What expectations have your city? Difficult thing to be a Christian: a Jew is cut off from his relations who does so. We tell them we expect to be provided for, preserved and delivered, notwithstanding all. Our trust is in God; He will lead us by His counsel; He will bless and be a Father to us. Jews are indignant because of persecution from those called Christians; but still we answer, Jesus is with me, whether I perish or not. 2. Why should they be answered? Many have enquired out of curiosity, like himself, but solemnity takes its place. Some enquire of contention. We are grieved at their ignorance; but patience has succeeded. Still we tell them, If I hunger, Jesus is my Bread; He is my Rest. Tell them all things about it. 3. How shall they be answered? Tell them when souls are saved, it is of God; the doctrines are of God, the ordinances of God. 'Tis to the poor we tell them the story of the cross. Luther sang Psa. xlii.; this is often sung by converted Jews. Give us your help; four or five hundred Jews have confessed Christ; help us, &c.

I could not hear the young messenger again; but I went with my friend Elam and his wife, and gave him a hearty salute, and on Monday he was at another meeting. We are quietly pursuing our

work at Masboro', and, after many vain attempts of the enemy to overthrow us, we hope in God and take courage for the future. Brother Elam and I are, and always have been, one in heart, and love to do our utmost for the cause and name of our Redeemer, and although the work falling to me is heavy at times, I am always helped and never tired of it. I wonder how I have been upheld. But I say and sing, "Who could hold me up but Thou?" Often I find when I am weak, then I am strong, and the springing well still floods my heart, and my tongue rejoices to make mention of Him. I begin to think I cannot drown; with me it is true, "My sheep shall never perish," thus far; and as for the future, as Levinsohn said, "Jesus is with me, whether I perish or not." I hope I can say I am fully given to hard work for His name's sake. Whether accepted of all men or not, I have very good reason to believe I am accepted in Him, and my work is with Him and for Him. I covet only to be filled with His Spirit, to be a ram's-horn with power. All fleshly excellence fades; but the increase which is of God, and groweth up we know not how, is abiding. I can do nothing of myself; but, fool as I am, the Lord can work by me, and I verily believe He both does and will.

Then be of good cheer,
We have nothing to fear,
Our God is our All;
His arm is stretched out,
Our enemies to rout,
And cause them to fall.

In weakness we fight,
But strong in His might,
We're marching along;
The dawn of the day
Drives our fears away,
We shall end with a song,
Then go bravely along.

[Who will help us bring the lectures out?—C. W. B.]

THE LATE BELOVED JOHN DENNISON.

MY DEAR MR. BANKS,—In reply to your kind letter of sympathy on the occasion of the death of my dear father (John Dennison, of Thaxted), I send you a few particulars respecting him, and in doing so can but call to mind the deep affection he cherished towards you for many years.

He was born at the village of Wimbish, near Saffron Walden, in the county of Essex, in the month of December, 1798. He had but few educational advantages, and at an early age was sent to work in order to increase the small income of the family. His mother was

a godly woman, who sought to influence her son for good; but she did not live to see the fruit of her labours and prayers for him, as it was not until after her death, when he was about nineteen years of age, that he was led to seek the Lord. On the day of her funeral, however, her brother, a godly man, was the instrument of speaking the word which, like an arrow, pierced his heart and brought him into a state of unrest of soul, which increased in intensity for three months, at the end of which time it was his privilege to realise the joy of the forgiveness of sins. His own words when the Saviour revealed Himself were, "He looked upon me with a thousand smiles" (see EARTHEN VESSEL, April, 1882, p. 122).

Soon after his conversion he began to attend regularly the ministry of the late Mr. Byatt, the first pastor of the first Baptist Church at Thaxted, about three miles from his native village. By him he was baptized on May 21, 1819. During the whole of his Christian course, unless prevented by illness, he was a most devoted attendant upon the means of grace, and few believers have ever loved the earthly sanctuary more than he did. He could say with David, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth."

It was about the year 1834 that he began publicly to speak the word of truth in the name of the Lord, and for nearly fifty years as doors were opened for him, he went about preaching the glorious Gospel of the grace of God. For some years, commencing about 1836, he preached regularly every Lord's-day at Langley, in Essex, and thought nothing of walking the journey of fourteen miles on the Saturday, or of the return journey on the Monday. His heart was set on the work of the Lord, and no labour in carrying it out seemed too great for him. In many of the villages and hamlets near Thaxted he preached the Gospel, after relinquishing the pulpit at Langley. Nor were his services confined to places near home, for, as opportunity presented, he went to Malden, Billericay, Witham, Braintree, Kirthing, Glemsford, Sudbury, Dunmow, Great Waltham, and many other places, where he was welcomed again and again. For several years he preached at Malden every other Lord's-day, and afterwards once a month, until failing health compelled him to resign his beloved work. The constant theme of his ministry was "Jesus Christ, and Him crucified," and never was he more happy than when

telling to others the greatness of the salvation he himself had experienced. Often at the close of a service was he heard to say, "The dear Lord has been so good to me." Nor were his labours without visible success; for besides the consolation ministered to believers, there are those (some on earth and some in heaven) who were led to test redeeming love through his instrumentality. And not only did he preach the Gospel, but he lived it too. His life was "a life of faith on the Son of God." And by the divine help he was enabled to adorn the doctrines of free and sovereign grace, which he loved so well. His earthly pilgrimage, however, had its dark paths, for on two occasions especially he was called to walk in darkness through the hiding of the Lord's countenance, and deep distress of soul was the result. But at length in both instances light again broke into his soul, and peace and joy returned, and with these graces of the Spirit came increased happiness in the Master's service.

In September, 1833, his health, which, considering his great age, had been very good, began to fail, and he was obliged to give up all public work for the Lord, as well as his ordinary business. Gradually he grew weaker and weaker, until in December last, he became confined to his bed-room. During his last illness, somewhat of the old depression of spirit, which he had passed through years before, returned, and continued more or less throughout the affliction. But notwithstanding this, there was quiet calmness of soul, and remarkable patience in extreme physical weakness and suffering. Living at a considerable distance from him, I was not able to see him very often, but whenever I had that privilege, it was always good to listen to his testimony concerning the Lord's goodness to him and his. Especially was this the case on the very last Saturday before his death, when I spent some hallowed hours by his bed-side, and had some delightful converse with him. I took occasion to read one of his favourite hymns, commencing,—

"When languor and disease invade
His trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away."

And I shall not soon forget how he seemed, though so very weak, to enter into the sweetness of those beautiful words of Toplady. When I asked him what I should read from the Divine Word, he replied, "Read the 116th Psalm." I did so, and then prayed for the special manifestation of the Lord's

presence. After a few minutes he said, "Pray again," which I tried to do. From that time he became so weak that he was scarcely able to speak, except in broken words, and gradually sank, until his spirit took its flight to the mansions of the blest, early on Wednesday morning, May 27.

The funeral took place in the little Chapel-yard at Thaxted on the following Saturday, and was conducted by Mr. William Barker, the present pastor of the Church, assisted by Mr. Parsonage, of Saffron Walden. Mr. Barker, in the course of a very suitable address in the chapel, referred to him as a valued and sympathising friend, and as one who, by the grace of God had so lived the Gospel, that it was commonly said of him, "He was a good man." Mr. Parsonage, at the grave, also spoke very appropriately from the words of the Apostle Paul to the Thessalonians, commencing, "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep" (1 Thess. iv. 13—18).

On the following day (Sunday, May 31), Mr. Barker again sought to improve the solemn occasion by preaching from the text, "Absent from the body, present with the Lord" (2 Cor. v. 8). I might also add that Mr. Bowtell, of Saffron Walden, in his own chapel, made a kind reference to his departure, and was listened to with much interest by the friends there, to whom my dear father was so well known.

I am, my dear Mr. Banks,
Yours most faithfully,
BENJAMIN DENNISON.

Peterborough, June 12, 1835.

[A Christian indeed was our cheerful brother who has left us behind. We purely loved the transparent John Dennison, of Thaxted.—C. W. B.]

A FATHER IN ISRAEL TO HIS SON.

LETTER IX.

"Thou, therefore, endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ,"—2 Tim. ii. 3.

MY BELOVED ENOCH,—I hope I shall not weary you with my short epistles. Let it should do so, I very much circumscribe my remarks, not wishing to trespass on your valuable time. Young ministers are like young recruits, enjoying their bounty-money and apt to think a soldier's life will always be as pleasant and desirable as at the beginning. I thought so when first commissioned to preach the Gospel of Christ, in the year 1834. I drew a beautiful picture, and vainly imagined it would always continue so; like the newly-married man, under the law, he was to be free from business and war for one year (Deut. xxiv. 5). Alas! my happy year quickly expired, my pretty picture

gradually vanished, battle commenced in various ways, with various parties and things, without and within, and has continued more or less until now; no Winter quarters being allowed, and very little cessation of arms. Still, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me." But enough of myself. My life is in MS., and may at a future day appear before the public.

It may be, dear Enoch, that you have an invite to the pastorate, and that you feel disposed to comply therewith. Take my advice, be not too premature; earnestly seek direction from the Lord. Watch His guiding hand with any special portion of Scripture on the mind relative to that matter. Look before you leap, or you may leap into a sea of sorrow. Those who may have invited you may know you well, and feel satisfied that you will be just the man for them. Do thou also get to know them well, and feel satisfied that they will be just the people for you; or it may be "All hail" to-day, and "Crucify him" to-morrow. "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes." I hope you will find the deacons to be men worthy of that official title—kind, loving, affectionate, spiritual-minded business men—minister's men, who hold their minister as a man of character, love, affection, and faithfulness, in high esteem for his work's sake; not meet him in the vestry on Lord's-day morning with a black look, a cold shoulder, and a harsh word, or they spoil him for the day. I speak feelingly and from experience, Enoch, and could draw a gloomy picture. Still I forbear; but beware of men. I have known good and gracious ministers of Jesus Christ bowed down and buried in heartfelt sorrow till buried in their graves through the despotic conduct and ill-usage of tyrannical officials. Prejudice and ill-feeling has actuated them to work up a party against the poor, hard-working, half-killed pastors; and after many attempts to banish him have failed, they unanimously resolve, as a last resource, to starve him out. Woe unto them, grace preventing not. They are a curse to pastor and people. But oh, what insinuating, oily tongues they have! If you are blest with loving, kind, warm-hearted, spiritually-minded deacons who view you not as an angel, but as "a man of like passions with themselves," you will be a happy and highly-favoured man indeed. Such deacons are an unspeakable blessing both to pastor and people, and I most solemnly pity and feel for the poor pastor where it is *vice versa*. Such pastors have to endure hardness in all the longitude and latitude of the word. And allow me, Enoch, just to caution you against "nodding hearers." I have had some nod, as I have thought approvingly, to almost every sentence I have uttered, and these have been the first to persecute, vilify, and slander me. I am sure you will be the most safe when necks are not so pliable, and heads are kept erect. Bishop Hall said he held his friends as Moses did his rod; but when they became serpents, as his rod became a serpent, he fled from them as Moses did from his rod,

and so deceitful is the human heart that you may be compelled to do likewise.

Then, again, you will have various sorts of promiscuous hearers, irrespective of your ordinary congregation. Some may come in when you are expatiating on a grand high doctrinal subject, and if they have no saving knowledge of and love to God's truth, they will brand you with the title of a dangerous antinomian. Others may be present when you are delivering a deep experimental subject, and not having any such experience they will daub you as a corruptionist. Another party may pay you a visit and find you preaching a practical sermon, and their own practices being detected and condemned, they will pronounce you a rigid Arminian. Care not for it, pay no regard to it, but go forward with your great and noble work, keep up your ministerial dignity. You may, if you feel so disposed, ask those promiscuous hearers to listen to your testimony for one year, and then sum up their verdict. Preach the Gospel entire, fully, faithfully, and fearlessly, and with the sword of the Spirit, the Word of God. Hew all gigantic errors to atoms; as a soldier of the cross fires volleys of burning truth into the free-will wood, hay, and stubble of the day. Spare nothing that would dethrone our most glorious Christ; but in all your sermons "Crown Him Lord of all." May He bless you and make you a blessing. So prays yours, in hope of eternal life,
T. STRINGER.

BILSTON. — August 8, 1885. After preaching four times at Broadstairs in July, I left there on Saturday, July 26, 1885, and by rail travelled over two hundred miles, reaching the hall of the two minister's widows, the valiant Mrs. Ritson, and her friend, Mrs. Stidstone, with the pastor, David Smith, and all rejoiced together that a merciful Providence had conducted me safe to meet them. July 19 was the anniversary of their Sunday-school. To see all the children standing in rows, one under another, on a gallery built on purpose for them, and to hear them singing in time, in tune, and in brilliant hallelujah harmony, caused the pulses of gratitude to beat from head to foot. To see a crowded chapel, to hear the organ filling every corner of the place with sweet, melodious sounds, and rivers of voices streaming through your soul, was just about almost too much for me. The Scripture which had travelled with me the previous day from Broadstairs was this, "And the angel that talked with me came again, and wakened me, as a man is wakened out of his sleep. At the close of this Bilston anniversary, the pastor announced to a brim-full throng of anxious ears that it had been a day of real success in every sense. This announcement caused my little heart to inly thank the Lord. Our brother D. Smith, the pastor of Bilston Strict Baptist Church, is only 25 years of age. When he commenced in the ministry the cause was weak, the debt was heavy, the prospect not cheering. Now the cause is stronger, the debt is all cleared off, the school looks handsome, and though

many fathers may despise his youth, all do not. Many young people are zealously devoted to the service of God, to the defence of the truth; and although the elder deacon (Mr. Johnson) is much afflicted, yet the other deacon (Mr. Lloyd) is one of those disciples who has "put on Christ," and wears the garments of salvation so clearly, so steadily, that brother Lloyd, of Bilston, is truly read and known of all men. This is not flattery, nor a false guise, but a grateful testimony to the saving, preserving grace of God. On the Thursday I preached my last sermon in Bilston from that grand total of Paul's, "For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things, to whom be glory for ever. Amen."

Oh, what a sea of life, of love, of glory!
I could not shine;
But told my little story.
Then bid the friends good-bye.

On Saturday, July 26, I left Bilston for

COALBROOK DALE,

from thence climbed the Shropshire hills until we reached Birch-meadow Cottage, the sweet little villa where the late

MR. THOMAS JONES

finished his earthly course, whose silent grave I saw, and in whose handsome chapel I was favoured to preach both morning and evening at Broseley. The text that morning appeared to express the *manner* of the Lord's dealing with me in the ministry. I do not pretend to be anything more than what the grace of God has made me. If a saint at all, I write of myself, "Less than the least of all saints." Still, I have loved Christ's Gospel, and for half-a-century have preached it to some thousands all about this country. But I could never preach, could never pour out the streams of that river of life, unless, as the Broseley text that morning said, "The Lord sent a word into Jacob, and it hath lighted upon Israel." There is the whole of the Gospel dispensation there, and there is the whole mystery of any man's ministry, which ministry is of saving efficacy in the souls of sinful men. Reader! are you a parson? Does the Holy Ghost at times send a word deeply into your mind? Does it not fill your soul with light, with heavenly knowledge, with holy boldness and sacred comfort, so that you can hold forth the Word of God, and become a lamp-bearer to some who are stumbling on the dark mountains? When Jacob on the stone did lay, God sent into his poor soul a word which never failed him until the angel said, "Thy name shall no more be called Jacob, but Israel shall thy name be called, for as a prince thou hast prevailed, and Jacob obtained

"THE BLESSING."

Reader! art thou sensibly a poor worm Jacob? Art thou almost buried in the earth? Art thou trodden upon by men? Art thou wounded sorely? Bleeding almost to death? Say, now, has ever God sent a Gospel word into thy soul? It will surely shine in and upon thee until, as an Israelite, thou shalt say,—

God's Word is true, and I am blest!
In Christ alone my soul doth rest!
I am for ever saved.

At Broseley that morning a lady gave me 5s. for the Lord's poor, which I sent to W. Mason, of Kentish Town, who was once a well-to-do business man, but now his sons are dead, his horses dead, his friends are dead, except C. W. B., who has just received

Two Five-pound Notes

for distribution among our large family of afflicted saints, which notes were sent to me by G. W. and his brother. The distribution commenced at the end of July, and is going on until every orphan, godly widow, and every tried one on my list has a slice off this beautiful load of

Compassion for the Poor.

God is not unmindful to forget such works of faith as the kind brothers W—s have shown towards the poor in Zion. A thousand-fold will be poured into the bosoms of such Christ-like disciples. To realise in one's own soul the verification of any pleasant Scripture is

A SPIRITUAL TREAT.

So I felt it at Broseley on July 16. I was not very happy in preaching, because not very well, and the sun shone upon me with more heat than I could enjoy. I did the best I could do, and the friends were kind to help me in the preliminary parts of the morning service. See, now, Solomon says, "As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man *his friend*." As I stood on the platform of the Broseley Baptist chapel that Sunday morning, about to retire to Birch-meadow Cottage, up steps a gentleman, and offers me his hand. His face smiling, threw a light into my soul that quite revived me. The softly shining, steadfast iron of his friendship, did call up a latent feeling of holy love which I had not felt working in me for many a day.

"Who am I speaking to?"

said I. "Don't ye know me?" "Indeed, I do recollect the face, but who it is I cannot tell." "Jones, of Liverpool." Oh, how my heart jumped up. You boys may laugh, but for a poor old man, in a land of strangers, to see an old, loving face, to grasp the warm hand of one who had been a friend, a practical friend, a truth-loving friend for years, a friend I felt had cast me off, or that he himself was gone home to glory, at such an immense distance from both our homes, to meet so cordially, it quite lifted me up out of myself. After evening service, brother Jones and C. W. B. had a little happy fellowship together, and he left poor C. W. B. in a very loving, handsome, useful spirit and manner. "God bless brother Jones, of Liverpool," said my heart, with a hearty amen. The three deacons at Broseley are business gentlemen. We returned to Bilston, in the Black Country, on the Monday. Here, on a bed of bronchial prostration; when we shall see home is unknown to—C. W. BANKS, 9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, August, 1885.

FORMATION OF A CHURCH AT
TOTTENHAM.

Welbourne Hall, near Tottenham High-cross, is the meeting place of the Strict Baptists in this Northern suburb. On Monday, August 3, it presented a most cheering and animated appearance. Friends flocked in from London and the surrounding country; both afternoon and evening were crowded. The occasion being the public recognition as pastor of Mr. Thomas House, who is a son of the late William House, of Saxmundham and other places, and grandson of the still later W. House, for many years at Carey-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The service in the afternoon was conducted by Mr. Henry Hall, of Clapham, who read 1 Cor. i. and implored the divine blessing. Then Mr. Hall proceeded to preach a sermon on the nature of a Gospel Church, taking for his text, "The Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood." The preacher said: There are many Churches so-called. There is the Church of Rome, with the Pope for its head; the Church of England, with the Queen for its head; but the Church of the living God, composed of a number of believers which no man can number, out of every kindred, nation, and tongue, was defined as the "elect, chosen from the foundation of the world," the result of God's own sovereign choice, with Christ for its Head. Look at the two-fold character of God. He is a God of justice and a God of love. When man fell all became amenable to the law. Justice says, "All mankind are mine." Love says, "Those for whom Christ died are mine." Hence we see the wonderful goodness of God in providing a Redeemer, who redeemed the Church with His own blood. Can any be lost? No! Did He give His own heart's blood for them, and shall He then lose one? Never! Some tell us those for whom He died may be lost after all. That is not in accordance with the Scriptures. Man by nature is dead set against the Gospel, and unless the Spirit goes forth with His quickening power he will be eternally lost. There must be a good foundation for everything. Christ is the foundation of His Church. The Gospel is to be preached to every creature, we know not who are to be called. It is ours to preach, it is God's to call. When God by His Spirit quickens a soul, He gives him a spiritual appetite, and nothing will suit such but the pure Gospel. Living souls want to feed on the living bread, Christ. Husks will never satisfy a child of God. There is also obedience. We read, "Then they that gladly received the word were baptized." Baptism is the threshold into a Gospel Church. John was a Baptist, Christ was a Baptist. Baptism is the first visible qualification for a Gospel Church, and it is to be administered to those, and those only, who believe; and such, according to the New Testament, are eligible to partake of the Lord's Supper. Then they are to meet together for prayer and praise; this is according to God's order. These are the principles our brother must advocate. Mr. Hall concluded his warm-hearted address by

saying, Those who compose the Church are not perfect; you must be united and bear with one another. There are babes, young men, and fathers. Have compassion on the weaklings; where you find grace, encourage it.

Mr. Hall then asked someone to state the leadings of Providence in choosing Mr. House to take the oversight of the Church.

Mr. Drew, a deacon, said about twelve months ago Mr. House's brother came to him, and asked whether he would unite with a few in starting a Strict Baptist cause in the neighbourhood. He (Mr. Drew) consented. A committee was formed, this room was taken, our pastor elect preached to us, the Word has been blessed, the place has been enlarged, it is generally quite full on Sunday evenings. We commenced with twelve members; the Church now numbers thirty-five. Some have been baptized, and our souls blessed and comforted.

Mr. Hall expressed himself satisfied with the statement, and called on Mr. House to give an account of his call by grace.

Mr. House said: I was born of Christian parents, and taken by them in early life to the house of God, and while there used to think how very happy God's people seemed, that I often wished I was a saint. When I reached the age of twelve or thirteen, the service of God's house began to be irksome, and I longed for the day to come when I should get free. When about sixteen, my brother got me a situation here at Tottenham, and up to the age of 20 I entirely despised religion, and got acquainted with a number of young fellows like myself, who for form's sake went to Church on Sunday evening, and when we came out revelled in the sinful pleasures of the world. One Sunday evening, while standing with a group in the street, very solemn feelings seized me. My companions wanted to know what was the matter, and tried to lead me still further away; but so solemnly was I impressed, that I said to them, "No more of this." I went home that evening, but such was the horror of my mind that I could get no rest. The next Sunday evening I went to the Baptist chapel, where Mr. Wallace, the minister, was preaching on the prodigal son. So minutely did he describe my case, that I felt sure my friends had been telling him all about me, and I determined in my own mind to have it out with them; this feeling was, however, subdued. After about nine months' suffering great agony of soul, I determined to write and tell my father (who was then preaching at Saxmundham) all about my state, expecting he would write back and say there was no hope for such an one as me, instead of which I received a kind, fatherly letter, with this text in it, "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's dear Son, cleanseth from all sin." It was blessed to my soul, and it made me wonder, love, and adore the mercy of God. After this, I was at every service in the sanctuary, and often got a blessing, especially while listening to the uneven and ungrammatical utterances in prayer of some of God's chosen ones. I was baptized about

seventeen years ago, and joined the open-communion Church in this town. Finding, after a while, their practice was not in accordance with the New Testament, I resolved to leave, and wrote to Mr. C. W. Banks, asking to be allowed to unite with the Church under his care. He received me most kindly, and so did the Church at Speldhurst-road. From them I received my dismissal to the Church here.

Mr. Hall asked Mr. House to tell how he was called to the ministry of the Word.

In response, Mr. House said: Belonging to the Sunday-school at Mr. Wallace's, I occasionally spoke to the children, and also at the Ragged-school, but had not the least notion of ever being a minister of the Gospel. After a time the word came to me, "Preach the Word." This continued with me for many months. Eventually I made it a matter of earnest prayer to the Lord that He would make it manifest to me if it was His will that I was to be a preacher of the Gospel. Unsolicited, I was induced to become a member of the Itinerant Association, and wrote to them, and after telling them my experience, was admitted and entered on their list, and was sent by them in the year 1876 to Mayford. My first text was, "Elect according to the foreknowledge of God," &c. I have been, according to the grace and ability given, going on speaking in His name from then till now.

Mr. Hall considered the evidence quite clear, and further interrogated Mr. House as to the doctrines he intended to preach and practice.

Mr. House very emphatically declared himself in favour of the doctrines of distinguishing grace, of believer's baptism and the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, in keeping with the New Testament, as well known and acknowledged by the readers of the **EARTHEN VESSEL**.

Mr. Hall: You have heard the statement made by our brother, Thomas House, are you, the Church at Welbourne Hall, willing, unanimously and lovingly, to accept him as your pastor, if so, hold up your right hand. This being satisfactorily responded to, Mr. Hall called on Mr. Flack to unite pastor and Church; whereupon he (Mr. Flack), taking the hand of Mr. House and Mr. Drew (representing the Church) said:—We solemnly believe that God has called you to this work, and now in His sight and before this people you are united as pastor and Church, and what God has joined together let no man separate.

A hymn and the benediction concluded the afternoon service, which was of a most solemn, serious, and truly interesting character. All who took part spoke and acted under the divine influence of the Holy Spirit; and although the room was uncomfortably crowded, and the service a long one, yet the audience manifested the greatest interest to the close.

In the evening, at the conclusion of singing a hymn, Mr. William Waite, of Jireb, City-road, offered the "ordination" prayer. Mr. Flack then proceeded to give the charge

to the minister, from the words, "Take heed what thou doest." In addressing the newly chosen pastor the preacher said: The most important part of a minister's work is to preach the Gospel; everything must give way to this. If ever you feel tempted to depart from the truths of the Gospel, go back to your past experience. You have had your trials, but they will be sanctified to the good of the Church. Let your sermons be well steeped in the blood of Christ. Leave out none of the principles of the Gospel. Do not make a hobby of any one doctrine, preach them all. Never omit the ever-blessed Trinity. Get your text at the throne of grace; be much in prayer. Preach in a kind, gentle, loving spirit. Let the glory of God and the salvation of souls be your motive. Take heed to the ordinances. Let everything in connection with the services of the Lord's house be done decently and in order.

Mr. R. E. Sears, in a brief address to the Church from the words, "Suffer the Word of exhortation," remarked having watched the growth of this Church, I exhort you to make up your minds to have a new building, the prospect is so encouraging that one almost envies you; commence at once with your contributions. I exhort you to read well the Epistle to the Hebrews. Some say we want an intelligent ministry; what we want is an intelligent congregation. There is an exhortation to the heart; you are to love the Lord, to love one another. It is an easy matter to love some; but we are to love all who love the Lord Jesus Christ. Let there be no root of bitterness, and consider that you are bound to the services of this place. Take heed what you hear and weigh up every statement by the Word of God. With thy mouth praise Him, and with thy feet preach the Gospel and walk as children of the light. The deacons will have to work and you must uphold their hands, and in conclusion I exhort you whatever your hands findeth to do, do it.

Mr. Kingston gave a few words of encouragement and the meeting separated.

Having regard to space I have given but an outline of this truly happy occasion; everything augurs for a bright future for the Strict Baptists at Tottenham. Our old friend, Richard Mister and his good wife, are active and useful members, who will supply the **EARTHEN VESSEL** and "Denham's" hymn-book to any who may require them.

J. W. B.

IPSWICH.—Sunday-school anniversary at Bethesda Lord's-day, July 10. Sermons were preached by Mr. P. Reynolds morning and evening. In the afternoon an address was delivered to parents, teachers, and scholars. An enjoyable day was spent. A lot of people gathered together and rendered financial help, to the encouragement of those engaged in the work. The amount realised was nearly £15. "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." Number in school nearly 300.

FAINT, YET PURSUING.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Rejoiced to see by this *EARTHEN VESSEL* you have been able to carry the tidings of salvation to Bilston and Brosley, and trust your life will still be spared; for in one respect it is true "The righteous perisheth and no man layeth it to heart, and the merciful men are taken away, none considering he is taken away from the evil to come," but blessed be Jehovah, to give satisfaction to the taken and the left, "He shall enter into peace: they rest in their beds; each one walking in his righteousness" (Isa. lvii. 2); righteousness imputed, implanted, and manifested in life by faith—a life of faith on the Son of God, evidenced in fruits of righteousness and in the end everlasting life with our redeeming Lord forevermore. (See John i. 4.)

On July 11 I was called upon to officiate at the interment of the mortal remains of Mrs. Harris, of Hatherley, aged 75; she was an old follower of the Lord Jesus and member of the Church at Bethel, Cheltenham, in the burying place of which the body awaits the resurrection of the redeemed of the Son of God, of which I have no doubt, from personal conversation with her, who felt she was an undone sinner in herself, saved alone by free and sovereign grace. Some fourteen years ago I was the means of saving her right hand being amputated. The doctors said it must come off, but mostly by my attendance it was saved to her use to the end. This is the fifth member deceased this year from the small Church at Bethel. My dear wife is very ill.

My labours have not been in vain in the Lord at trying Winstone; a dear man passed up Monday week to be with the Lord, to whom the blessed Spirit blessed the testimony of truth, I believe to be instrumental in leading him out of a mere singing profession to an internal weeping and an internal singing of salvation from the heart. The Lord willing, I hope to give his case, with two others, for the *VESSEL*, if I can set down, the Lord helping, and write the same.

The goodwill of Him that dwelt in the bush be with you. JOSEPH FLORY.

6, Northfield-terrace, Cheltenham,
Aug. 10, 1885.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

FEED MY LAMBS.

DEAR SIR,—I was truly pleased to see the subject of how to secure order in a Sabbath-school class dealt with in the *Earthen Vessel*. I quite agree with your correspondent, "W. C. B.," that order is the first thing; but I cannot see with his method of obtaining it. Our great example, the Lord Jesus Christ, tells us very plainly what His mission to earth was for: "Not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." No doubt we should be very comfortable could we get rid of all the troublesome ones, as "W. C. B." suggests, but I do not think we should be doing the will of Him who said, "Suffer the children to come unto Me," and

by expelling them it would seem as if we were like the disciples, and, I am afraid, would share in their well-merited rebuke (Mark x. 13—16). We must ever remember "the servant is not above his Lord." If men would not listen to the words of Him who spake as never man spake, is it any wonder that we cannot always get the attention of the children? The office of a Sunday-school teacher is no sinecure: if we do it with the idea of pleasure to ourselves we shall be woefully disappointed. The teacher should bear in mind the parable of the sower. I think in all our classes we shall find the four grounds. To all appearance there is less of the good ground than any, but some of those whom we think the most incorrigible now may be the ones to whom God has a purpose of love toward. We are to keep on sowing the seed, the result is with God, "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

I was much pleased to hear, a month or two ago, of a lad who passed through the Sabbath-school apparently quite indifferent to everything in connection with his soul's salvation; in fact, he was one of the worst boys in the school, and I expect his teacher, like your correspondent "W. C. B.," would heave a sigh of relief when he was gone. But some time after, as he lay dying of consumption, he sent for the minister of the chapel whose school he had attended. He went with very little hope in his heart of finding any good work begun, but God had not only begun but finished it; for, though he was only seventeen, it proved one of the happiest death beds he had ever visited. He told the minister that as he lay there day after day it seemed to him as if he could recall every word his teacher had ever said, although at the time he did not appear to notice them. We teachers all need what is termed the four P's.—namely, Patience, Perseverance, Prayer, and Preparation. It is no use talking to children as we should to an adult congregation, as is so often done. We must remember what St. Paul said, "When I was a child I thought as a child, I understood as a child," and if we would really do them good we must talk to them in a way they can understand. I think this is the secret of inattention, and if we were to blame ourselves instead of the children we should get on better. We must also try to win their hearts. Love is the great power by which we shall conquer; never give them a cross look, or an angry word; it may be very hard sometimes but prayer will enable us to do it if we really and truly love them. I do not think we shall wish to get rid of the very worst. "No man goeth a warfare at his own charges," and if we undertake a class in our own strength we shall come off very badly, but if we go in the strength of the Lord God Almighty we shall be more than conquerors, and weakness will be power if leaning hard on Him.

Very truly yours,

MARGARET A. BUTLER.

11, Gray's-inn-place, Gray's-inn, Holborn.

FAREWELL!

MR. C. W. BANKS.—DEAR BROTHER, —I called at your house to wish all of you good-bye, as we leave London on Wednesday morning, the 5th, to see something of Scotland. And I was sorry you had not come back from the country. I supplied for you on the 2nd of July, and dined with your two sons. I did the very best I could to fill the place for that day where you have laboured for so many years. I hope that I gave so far satisfaction, at least, in full weight, although only with a stammering tongue. I was at brother Bennett's yearly benefit, and enjoyed myself immensely. I met brother Dearsley, we had not met before for about forty years, and I seemed to magnify the grace of God that had kept him faithful to His truth. It is no small mercy to be kept faithful in this generation. Now, with regard to yourself, I certainly think you should give up heavy services in the country; they are too exhausting at your time of life, considering your affliction, the bronchitis. I think it would be quite enough to preach at home when able, and edit the *VESSEL*, and *Cheering Words*. I advised your dear wife of the same thing two years ago, and she quite agreed with me, but the Lord in His providence has taken her to Himself, so you have now no one to urge you to take those precautions. I wished to have seen you before I left dear old England, but the Lord has ordered otherwise; we may never meet personally this side the grave, but I have a good hope that we shall meet in a higher and better world than this. This is at the best a sin-cursed world, and no friend to grace. I hope the dear Lord may yet make your face to shine, and relieve your mind of the great burden upon it with regard to your chapel debt. You know He can make crooked things straight as well as straight things crooked. O, to be enabled to lay at His dear feet, and have neither wish or mind but His will and purpose concerning us. We often say, like poor Jacob, "All these things are against me," but I read, "All things are ours; and all things work together (not detached, but together,) for good to them that love God and are the called according to His purpose." God has a purpose concerning His people from everlasting; first, that they shall never perish in their sins; secondly, that He will begin a good work in their hearts and will carry it on and finish it, and at last land them safe on the shores of the New Jerusalem; and they will be received within the gates of the heaven of heavens. Hoping, my dear brother C. W. Banks, that the Lord may yet show you that those dark providences He has called you to pass through are both for your temporal and eternal welfare. My love to your sons and all your people, and receive the same for yourself. I remain, truly and sincerely, in the best bonds,

CHAS. GRAHAM.

P.S.—We sail, or expect to sail, for America on the 28th of August.—C. G.

London, Aug. 3, 1885.

OUR CHURCHES IN THE BLACK COUNTRY.

"A Commercial" says: "When I awake on Sunday morning, after six days' travelling, touting, and toiling, O, how I long for a little refreshing. Tell me where I can hope to find it." Here is a list.—Ed.

Birmingham—Frederick-street. A comfortable place of worship. Mr. Dennett, the present editor of the *Gospel Standard*, is the pastor.

Willenhall—Little London. This chapel seats about 800. The precise, thoughtful, and persevering pastor is George Banks.

Willenhall—New-road. Old Matthews, as he is called in these parts, still continues with no uncertain sound to blow the Gospel trumpet both here and at Rowley. We understand they are well attended.

Bilston—Broad-street. The youthful minister, David Smith, and the people are working harmoniously together.

Wolverhampton—Temple-street. A neat chapel. A goodly number of people meet together to hear supplies. A pastor is much needed.

Coseley—Coppice. One of the oldest chapels in the district has recently undergone extensive alterations, adding to the appearance and comfort. Congregations keep up well. They are looking out for an under shepherd.

Dudley—Eve-hill. We hear the friends are contemplating moving to a more central part of the town. Supplies.

Olbury—Chapel situated in the heart of town, seats 300. The word of life is proclaimed to scanty congregations. More union is needed.

Old-hill—Called Joe Smith's chapel, the nail-maker, whose labours were abundantly blessed, and by whose instrumentality the chapel was built, keeps up its reputation. The Church numbers about 120. Crowded congregations listen to the various supplies.

Blackheath—A new place of worship has just been erected here by the friends formerly meeting at Gosty-hill. Supplies.

Gornall—The chapel here is pleasantly situated. Have heard little of it since Mr. Burns' death.

The above-mentioned places are found in a radius of ten miles. Variety enough for visitors, travellers, and settlers in these parts. So thinketh A TRAVELLER.

—
WILLINGHAM.—At old Baptist Chapel on the first Lord's-day in August we had the pleasure of witnessing five candidates baptized by Mr. Belcher, of London. Two of them were from Cottenham, belonging to Ebenezer cause. We received our friends into the Church by giving them the right hand of fellowship at the Lord's Supper. Some are enquiring after the way. "Of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her," not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." It is a question with me whether the ministers of our denomination, whom I ever wish to esteem, have not too much overlooked speaking to the congregation.—J. FRODOCK.

STREATHAM, IN SURREY.—A neat little iron chapel has been built in Hambro' road, upon a piece of ground which has been secured on lease for 99 years, and upon which the friends worshipping there hope by the blessing of God in some future time to erect a substantial building. On July 21 special services were held, when a sermon was preached by C. Cornwell, of Brixton Tabernacle, from Job v. 22, "At destruction and famine thou shalt laugh." After an excellent tea, provided by the ladies, Mr. Cornwell was invited to preside over the evening meeting. Isaiah xxxv. was read, and prayer offered; after which Mr. Cullingford, of Croydon, gave a description of a blessed man. Brother W. H. Lee was clear and instructive on the difference there is between natural and saving faith. Brother Stephens, the honoured deacon of Providence Chapel, Lower Norwood, was listened to with pleasure: we understand this good brother assisted in the formation of the cause at Streatham, and has frequently preached to them. Brother Ponsford (the stated pastor) gave a few cheering words, and the happy meeting closed at 8.30. The songs of praise were ably led in the afternoon by Mr. James Ponsford, a son of the pastor and deacon at Courland Grove. We have had the pleasure of baptising several young persons for this cause who have been blest under the testimony of our dear aged brother Ponsford, and we are persuaded that if lovers of the truth residing in the neighbourhood would visit this growing cause they would feel as we do, that God does indeed help him to bring forth fruit in old age. — C. CORNWELL.

DESFORD.—I never knew Mr. Palmer; but I knew Mr. Dodge well. Forty years ago, and down to 1856, he preached regularly on alternate Sunday afternoons and evenings at Desford and Narborough, not "Marlboro." He was a very good preacher, very clear and sound in doctrine, and he had a very pleasant delivery, which was both earnest and grave, and entirely free from unpleasant mannerisms or affectation. His name is in Messrs. Russell and Sons' list of portraits of free grace ministers, advertised on your wrapper. The young man referred to from Leighton Buzzard was Mr. Benjamin Davies; his visit took place in 1857, and his texts were Isa. xlii. 11 and Jer. xxxi. 4. Since about one year after his visit, the writer's knowledge of the cause at Desford has been very scanty. But Mr. Dodge's preaching will always be remembered with gratitude by, —Yours very sincerely—A NATIVE.

GREAT GRANDSEN, HUNTS.—The anniversary sermons were preached by Mr. A. Knell, of Ringshall, Sunday, Aug. 2; attendance very good. God is graciously crowning the efforts of the teachers and superintendent with signal success. During the year the scholars have increased, and by the extra liberality of the friends the collections amounted to more than usual. With heart-felt gratitude to God another Ebenezer is erected to His glorious praise.

BOURNEMOUTH.—MY DEAR AGED BROTHER IN THE LORD.—After ten years of grief and toil in this part of the land my dear Lord Jesus enabled me to baptize four of my dear children in the faith (real children given me, two male and two female) last Thursday, July 23, and to the honour of that Lamb of God, I speak it, a loving favour and the dew from His loving bosom was felt by us, and after the day's pleasure I lay down my head with tears of relief and comfort at my burden having been sweetly relieved in keeping my Lord's commands. Oh, my dear friend, it has been in flood and flame. But now we are ready to be formed into a Church, as soon as possible, with others who are baptized believers.—D. B. GARNHAM, July 28.

MEOPHAM. — BAPTIST CHAPEL.—The 57th anniversary of this time and spirit-honoured sanctuary was celebrated on Tuesday, July 21. Brethren Dalton, Thomas, Beacher, and Copeland took part in the services of the day. Mr. J. Box preached in the morning a well appreciated sermon on Isa. lxiii. 1 to a large and attentive auditory. About 150 persons sat down to the well furnished tables. It is certain that the nominal charge of 1s. per head could not defray the cost of such a dinner as was provided. In the afternoon our beloved brother J. Box again occupied the pulpit, and preached a solid, searching, practical sermon on prayer, founded on Luke xi. 5—8. Many of the hearers wept in sympathy with the preacher. We thought the sermon a window to the inner and private spiritual life of the preacher. About 270 stayed to enjoy the good tea provided, and served up in a very creditable manner. In the evening Mr. Shepherd was divinely helped to preach what some present termed, "A grand sermon." If a sermon full of Christ is grand, it was grand. His text was John xx. 8. He laid down for consideration what John said and what John believed. The riveted attention of the large auditory indicated the sermon was being felt. This was the best annual gathering our Meopham sister has seen for some years past.—J. COPELAND.

W. LODGE.—Will you insert this notice of our friend Mr. Lodge, who is now laid aside in consequence of a broken thigh? Mr. T. Steed, minister of Rehoboth chapel, Wellesley-street, Stepney, visited him on Thursday afternoon, August 13, and found him in a comfortable and resigned frame of mind, and realising the faithfulness of God to His promise, "The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing, and thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness" (Psa. xli. 3). Mr. Steed handed to him the sum of £1, which he had collected from a few friends, and which was thankfully received by Mr. Lodge, who is dependent upon the kindness of friends. Hoping others may be led to follow this example. Yours truly,—EDWARD POULSON.

ONE OF THE LORD'S POOR.—Out of heaps, we feel constrained to let our helpers see the following:—MY VERY KIND FRIEND AND BROTHER,—I drop you this line or two to let you know I received your kind note and contents yesterday, the 12th, quite safe, and I would thank you, but words will not express my gratitude, or heartfelt thankfulness to you and all the kind friends which subscribe towards the help of the poor and aged and afflicted of the Lord's family; for I am sure many hearts have been made to rejoice, as well as my own, when they have received the kind help you have sent them. May the Lord bless you, and all those that have such kind feelings. When I read the VESSEL I felt sorry to see your funds were so low you could not help all you knew to be needy cases; but when I received the five shilling order it made my heart jump for joy and say, "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul," and I thought I would never mistrust Him more. But I will not trouble you with more now. I hope the dear Lord will bless and give you more strength, and enable you still to labour for Him and for His cause. I have known you for many years. I feel, if I live, I do not like to lose all the old and faithful ministers. Many I have known and loved are gone, and I hope, if the Lord will, you may be spared as long as I live. But I close, and still remain, yours in Christian love, WM. MASON.

WALWORTH.—The annual excursion of the Excelsior Bands of Hope took place on August 10, and was participated in by nearly 800 persons. The conveyance to Riddlesdown was by pleasure vans and breaks, twenty-four in number. Although the morning was rather gloomy, the after part of the day was extremely fine, which added most materially to the enjoyment of the party. Tea was provided in marquees, erected on Kenley Common, and seemed to give satisfaction generally. The whole of the arrangements were under the direction of Messrs. Thomas and Dobson, assisted by Messrs. Simpson, Grover, Miller, and Baker.

THE UNSCRIPTURAL THEORY.

Yesterday I was thinking of that doctrine which is, I am sorry to say, troubling our Churches—the doctrine of annihilation—when this question arose in my little mind, "If annihilation be the punishment due to sin, and if Christ endured the punishment due to the sins of His people, how is it that Christ was not annihilated? He suffered corporal death, He endured hell in His soul and body, but annihilated He was not. This seems conclusive to me. What do you think?"—J. COPELAND. [You are right].

NORBITON.—The anniversary of the pastorate of Mr. Preston Davies at Zion Baptist Chapel, London-street, was held on Monday, August 3, when two sermons were preached by Mr. James Clark, of West-hill Chapel, Wandsworth. The afternoon sermon was based upon John iv. 13, 14, and the evening sermon was from Rev. v. 6-10.

Both sermons were listened to with marked attention by excellent congregations, by whom they were much appreciated, and many were heard to say that they were times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. An excellent tea was provided, to which about 60 persons sat down, and the collections were good. Truly God is good to this part of His vineyard.

SINNER, READ!—Mankind in general are not found in harmony with the Lord's will and appointments: for the carnal mind is enmity against God." It is not therefore likely to approve of the nature and extent of punishment merited by sin and awarded to it by Him. But what is most to be lamented is, that any good men should be led astray by their fleshly sympathies to assail the doctrine in question. As all the benefit flowing from annihilation in a future state would be gained by the ungodly, and serves to foster their carnal security, surely the work of the old Puritans in sounding the alarm in terrible phrases was far preferable to creating speculative hopes. Better that "the wrath of God against all unrighteousness and ungodliness" should be overstated than understated. The former is hardly possible; the latter easily may be. This also may safely be credited: Whatever deprives the law of God of any of its terrors, and the redemption of Christ of any portion of its glory, in respect of what it delivers from; whatever paves the way to "the wrath to come" with consolations for the ungodly, ought of itself to incur the gravest suspicion on the part of all who believe that "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God" (Heb. x. 31). To sew pillows under the armoles of the wicked, by lessening their dread of the eternal future, is solemn work. We dare not do it. Though we confess we have had to sacrifice our natural feelings in this treatise, believing the error we combat to be no trifling matter on the part of those who hold it as teachers, but to place them among the number of those who are said to have "made the people to trust in a lie," and "taught rebellion against the Lord"—and this they did by proclaiming a shortened period of the ordained punishment (Jer. xxviii. 11-17). And if this was a terrible sin in a temporal matter, how much greater in an eternal matter! May the Holy Spirit guide the reader into all truth, and constrain some to flee from the wrath to come, to the only hiding-place, the finished work of Him who is the "Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous."—*Baxter's "Immortality."*

NOTE.—MY BROTHER IN THE BROTHER BORN FOR ADVERSITY—He has gone before in the afflictions wherewith you are afflicted. Therefore you must fill up the measure of your lot. Many and heavy have they been, and more yet to come if you are spared much longer in the flesh. But when you reflect for a moment, yours have not been quite so heavy as our brother Job's, and many other old saints which we have recorded,

RUSHEY GREEN.—To my excellent-spirited brother, W. Wheeler,—Believe me I was much grieved because I could not come to you, August 20, for formation of Church, as you know I am sometimes very happy in such services; but as soon as I had fulfilled all my engagements in Staffs and Shropshire a heavy affliction befell me, and at Bilston I was near four weeks in bed. There is a famous widow of an aged minister in Bilston by the name of Mrs. Ritson, a descendant of the ancient Deborah—a heart and soul lover of Christ and His Gospel; I call her a deaconess, one who looks well after the cause and after strangers who come into the chapel. Her new heart lives in her face, and her tongue is loosed to speak honestly, honourably, and affectionately of her Lord. As a lady's stay-maker at Wolverhampton and all around Mrs. Ritson is well known. When she found I was struck down as for death she flung her rooms open to me; a famous Scotch doctor was called in. I saw he shook his head; nurse and all looked grave. I thought, I felt, I had come into the Black Country to die. More than once I thought I was going. Oh, sir, what they call wind, asthma, lungs congested, and bronchitis are all fearful disorders to pull the old man down. They all expected I would die there and then. I do not say they got the undertaker ready, but they watched for my last breath. Through each sorry conflict I did travel, and opened my eyes on this world again. I said, "Bury me here quietly and say nothing to anyone." Tidings were sent to all the family, but no one could come so far to see an old man die. I was glad they did not. All I felt was—

"And, dying, clasp Thee in my arms,
The antidote of death."

I did not die; I recovered enough to send off money to the Lord's poor, to pen a little copy for the *VESSEL* and *Cheering Words*. Of course it is little in every sense. My inward mental grief, my sorrows which could not speak, were pulling me to pieces. Enough for the present. After over three weeks living a kind of dying life both doctor and my nurse said I must be got home. So on Saturday, August 22, 1885, the doctor, the parson, the nurse, Mrs. Ritson, Mr. Wooley, the famous expectant, all helped to pack me off to travel 140 miles; a finer day we could not have. Once more I am at 9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, and to glorify God is the chief desire of C. W. BANKS.

WARE.—**NEW ROAD CHAPEL.**—It does not look like a quarter of a century since this chapel was opened, when Mr. John Sampford, the pastor, was baptized and those who formed the Church. What a glorious day that was, the joy of which I don't think I shall forget in heaven. Well do I remember brother John Dixon giving out, "Arise, O King of grace, arise," and Mr. C. W. Banks unfolding Acts xiv. 27, and then brother John Sampford giving his call by grace and to the ministry, and brother William Flack going down into the pool with the pastor's elect

and baptizing him and all those who formed the little Church; also brother Bird, late of Clapham, assisting. Oh! what a day indeed to many now in heaven. I am happy to say Mr. John Sampford is still the pastor, and the same pool has recently been opened for baptizing, and more are likely to come forward. God be praised. The Anniversary was celebrated July 23, when W. Realf, of Harlow, preached two savoury sermons, full of Christ, and which were well received. May God still shine on this happy cause for Christ and truth sake.—W. WINTERS.

CLAPHAM.—Mr. Henry Hall and friends celebrated their 24th anniversary of the opening of their chapel in Wirtemberg-street, on July 22. John Hazellon preached from Psalm cxix. 4.—Mr. Henry Hall presided in the evening and gave an epitome of the way in which the Lord had led him and the Church during the past twenty-five years, and of the loss to the denomination of "Garner" which has long been occupied by "Bible Christians." Mr. Josiah Crutcher was the first to address the meeting, and who struck the right key-note by quoting Acts xxvi. 22. "Having, therefore, obtained help of God, I continue unto this day." Brethren James Clark, W. Flack, W. Winters, James Hand, and W. Battson also told out good words.—W. WINTERS.

MENDLESHAM GREEN.—**DEAR MR. C. W. BANKS.**—We were favoured with the valuable services of Mr. Joseph Whatmough on Lord's-day, August 2nd. Two capital sermons were preached, morning and afternoon, in the chapel, to good congregations. In the evening an open-air service was held in Mr. W. Arbon's yard. Mr. W. took for his text "In that day there shall be a fountain opened," etc. A large concourse of people met together in the yard and great attention was given to the speaker. We trust some lasting good will result from this day's proceedings, which were closed by singing that well-known and beautiful hymn,

"There is a fountain filled with blood,"

H. P. HART.

KENT.—**DEAR MR. BANKS.**—The young man writing from Kent (page 255 E. V.) complains that the Baptists here are not nurses, their loins are girded so tight with doctrines. The young man I should think does not live in the part of Kent I live in, for doctrines are repudiated both by Generals and Particulars. The first call them awful, the latter dry. In my judgment doctrines are the only things that can build us up, and give us an inheritance among them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus as the objects of God's special choice. Three ministers told me lately, "We want something better than doctrine." "O, indeed! better than the substitutionary work of Christ? Surely not! Better than the righteousness of Christ, which is to all and upon all them that believe. Surely nothing can be better than that. When Paul wrote to Timothy he said, 'Take heed to the doc-

trine." Did he mean take heed that no man preaches doctrine in your pulpit; shut him out if he does, and don't publish the name of the man on the covers of your periodical, nor the name of the man who recommends him. It is plain to me Paul meant, take heed that he preaches doctrine, and that it is of the right sort. But I will not trespass on your periodical, which I hope will not suffer through anything I have written, as I am much subjected to spite through awful standing for doctrine.—Yours in the hope of the Gospel.—E. L. MOAT.

"Let My outcasts dwell with Moab."—Isa. xvi. 40.

Jehovah speaks, let Moab hear,
And do His high commands with fear;
For who canathom His deep thought?
Or judge His actions as he ought?
Legions of angels near his throne,
His power, and word, and glory own;
And though their station is so high,
To mortals with His mandates fly.

Who shall ascend His holy hill?
Or contradict his righteous will?
Or who His matters disarrange?
Or cause His settled mind to change?

Who can follow where He leads,
In the deep sea, 'mong slippery weeds?
Or who descend where He descends,
Where sin in endless torment ends?

Or who can add unto His state?
Or who His glory can abate?
Or who says yea unto His nay?
Or who say nay against His yea?

When He makes darkness, who makes light?
When He makes day, who then makes night?
When He lifts up, who casteth down?
Or who endure beneath His frown?

Or who can measure out His day?
Eternal ages pass away?
Or His existence comprehend,
The sinner's Judge, the sinner's Friend?

Or who His glory can behold?
Or who can stand before His cold?
Moab! He sendeth this decree,
Let Mine outcasts dwell with thee.—E. L. M.

WHITLEY, SURREY.—A new Strict Baptist Mission Room is being built at Sandhill Brook by Mr. James Ayling. The foundation stone was laid on Aug. 14 by Mr. Hondery, of Chiddingfold. Messrs. J. Bonney and J. Ayling took part in the proceedings.

WILLENHALL.—The Baptists here have united. The chapel, built for S. Cozens, is now the meeting-place of two parties. Mr. G. Banks, the minister, is a firm, faithful, but not offensive preacher. We hope he will prosper.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—A pleasant service was held at Zion Chapel on Aug. 19, when three Christian brethren were favoured to publicly profess their faith in the ever-blessed covenant ordered in all things and sure. Mr. Everard, pastor of Cave Adullam Chapel, Teddington, preached a discourse from John i. 25. Some very forcible reasons were given why he baptized, who and how he baptized. In the course of the sermon the

pastor said if the apostolic succession were true, the Strict Baptists were in a direct line from the apostles; the remarks he made were based upon the fact that the first Jewish Church (Acts ii. 38 and following verses) was formed on Strict Baptist principles. In these cloudy and dark days, when truth seems to have fallen in our streets, or has become so mixed with the flesh as to be almost obscured, it is a pleasure to the poor tempest-tossed child of God to hear such preaching as we heard at Kingston by Mr. Everard. Doctrine, experience, and practice so sweetly blended, so fearlessly uttered, caring little whether men will hear or whether they forbear, providing he has heaven's approbation. Some who read this may not be aware of our little cause at Teddington. The building was formerly a Wesleyan chapel; so there being no pool, Mr. Davies and the Church at Zion kindly placed theirs at our service.—E. ENSOR, Twickenham.

Our Tombstones.

We regret to announce the death of Miss Welland, the only daughter of Mr. M. Welland, of Lewes.

Martha Whitehand, of London, formerly of the Limes, Wickham Market, Suffolk, died on August 18, 1885. Much beloved by all dear to her. She was a member of Mr. Parson's Old Brentford Baptist chapel, and a reader of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* for many years past. Her end was peace.

"She is dead whom we all loved."

Thy work on earth is finished,
Thy Christian course is run,
Spent thy dark night of sorrow,
Set is thy earthly sun.

The joy that in the morning cometh,
Beamed in each visionary ray;
Then bright forms from Ziou's walls
Beckoned thy lingering soul away.

To share in all its fulness
The promised glorious rest;
For ever to inherit
The mansions of the blest.

Though to the tomb they bear thee,
It cannot thee enslave,
Since Jesus, in His victory,
Rose Conqueror o'er the grave.

Hark! how the heavenly arches
With songs of triumph ring;
Oh, grave, where is thy victory?
Oh, death, where is thy sting?

—From MRS. TAW, Edmonton.

On July 23 the remains of Mrs. Wakefield were interred in Handsworth Churchyard, South Staffordshire. On July 25 the remains of Mr. Forrest were interred in West Sinethwick churchyard. The *VESSEL* for August gave brief intimations of both these deaths.—J. F. BROWN.

Mr. John Dixon, Baptist minister, departed this life on Wednesday, Aug. 19, at 20, Livermore-road, Dalston, in his 82nd year. He was buried on August 22 at Abney-park. Particulars next month.

Mr. R. Y. Banks says: "By this morning's post I receive the intelligence of Mrs. Foister's death. He tells me she has been his wife forty years. She has been his faithful and untrusting nurse into the bargain, to my certain knowledge; but the Lord has seen fit to take her first, and leave him destitute of his earthly helpmate. His will be done." [Terrible calamity.—C. W. B.]

The Hand of God in All.

INTERESTING AND USEFUL TEACHINGS FROM JONAH.

THE longer I live the more convinced I am that it is the Christian's privilege to see God everywhere and in everything. Sure I am that nothing is more calculated to strengthen, to help, and comfort the Christian amid the trials of his pilgrim life, than the habit of seeing the hand of God in everything. There is no circumstance or event, be it ever so trivial, or common-place but comes as a messenger from God, if only the ear be circumcised to hear, and the mind spiritually prepared to understand its teaching. It is, I think, through losing sight of this valuable truth, that life in so many instances becomes a dull monotony, presenting but little to cheer, to quicken, or to bless either ourselves or others.

If we did but remember, as we started each day on our course, that the hand of our covenant Lord and loving Father might be traced in every scene. If we could but see in the smallest, as well as in the most weighty circumstances, traces of the Divine presence, how full of deep and thrilling interest would each day of our life be found to be; and how many and rich the lessons that we should learn. This fact I think is illustrated in a very marked way in the book of Jonah. In that short book we learn what we so much need to remember, but are so very liable to forget, that there is nothing ordinary or commonplace to the true and vital Christian. The most commonplace things and the simplest circumstances, as well as the grandest events, all exhibit God's watchful care, His patience and His love, His goodness or His grace to His people, and this is very manifest in the short history of Jonah. To see this most instructive fact, it is not at all needful to enter into a detailed exposition of the book, but only to notice one expression which occurs again and again within the short compass of a few brief chapters, "The Lord prepares." This I think is the central light; or, as we might say, the key-note of the book. In the first chapter the Lord sent out a great wind into the sea, the object and intent of which was clearly to arrest the disobedient prophet, and had he been wakeful to hear, it had a solemn voice for him; but, as we are told, Jonah, for whom this messenger was sent, was fast asleep. How true is this to life even now! The poor pagan mariners had no doubt often encountered a storm—to them such an event was nothing new, nothing special; but it was very special and very full of meaning to at least one on board that ship. In vain the sailors sought to battle with and counteract the storm, nothing could avail them until the Lord's message was delivered and His purpose answered. Mark that, my friend. Jonah must be arrested, rebuked, delivered up, there is no running away from the purposes of God.

But following Jonah a little further we find another instance of God's hand manifest in his surroundings. Jonah is brought into new circumstances, but, for all that, he is not beyond the reach either of God's mercy or His messages. The mariners were compelled to deliver up

Jonah—as at first sight it would appear, to dire judgment—but we are told that “The Lord prepared a great fish,” and

THAT FISH WAS READY, WAITING TO RECEIVE JONAH,

when he was cast forth into the sea. Here again it is plain that there is nothing ordinary in the prophet of God. And so in the case of every true Christian, he can never find himself in a position in which the covenant mercy of God cannot reach him, or the voice of his Father be heard, or His hand be seen—nay, but His voice may be heard, and His hand seen in every circumstance, great or small. I know, full well, that a great fish is nothing uncommon, I know that there are many such to be found in the sea; but the fact of this fish being just there at that moment, his receiving of Jonah as he did, and holding him a prisoner for three days and nights, and then casting him on dry land, was clearly a manifest and special providence of God, and such as could not fail to be a powerful messenger to the soul of Jonah.

But following Jonah still further we find him in the fourth chapter sitting on the East side of the City of Nineveh, in a sullen and impatient mood, grieved because the city had not been overthrown, and entreating the Lord to take away his life. His three days lesson in the deep seems to have quickly passed away, like the morning dew, and he therefore needed a fresh one from God, hence we are told that “the Lord prepared a gourd” to further teach the rebellious one. This is very instructive, not that there was anything very uncommon in the circumstances of a gourd; thousands, perhaps, might have been seen by other men. But in the case of Jonah’s gourd there were evident traces of the hand of God which formed a link, and a most important link too, in the chain of circumstances through which, according to God’s purpose, the prophet was made to pass. Clearly the gourd now, like the great fish before—though in itself very different—was the messenger of God to the prophet’s soul. He had before longed to depart, but it is evident that his longing was more the result of impatience than of holy, fervent desire.

It was the painfulness of the present, rather than the happiness of the future that made him wish to be gone. And this, alas! is too often the case with us. We are too often anxious to get away from the pressure of the present; but if only the pressure were removed, then the longing would cease. And, yet, beloved, if we really long for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ and the glory of His sweet and blessed presence, surely circumstances would make no difference. We should long as ardently for His presence in times of ease as in seasons of sorrow; as truly when the sunshine of prosperity beamed upon us as when the dark clouds of adversity closed us round. Jonah, while he sat under the welcome shadow of the gourd, had no desire to depart, and the very fact of his being “exceeding glad of the gourd, proved very clearly how much he needed this special visitation from the Lord, which served to reveal the true state of his innermost spirit when he uttered the words, “Take, I beseech thee, my life from me; for it is better for me to die than to live.” And thus we see that our covenant Lord works by whatsoever means He will; yea, even a gourd in His hand becomes an efficient instrument for developing the secrets of the human heart, and the imparting of lessons at once fit and salutary. And so it is, I say, the true Christian may see God in everything; and

every circumstance and event has a purpose to serve: "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to His purpose."

When the tempest roars, the voice of God is heard; when a gourd springs up in silence, the hand of God is seen; and so it will be found in all the details of our daily life if we are truly the children of God. But there was yet another link in this chain, for we are further told that "The Lord prepared a worm;" and this worm, insignificant as it was in itself, was yet as much a divine agent as the "great wind," or the "great fish." A worm, when used by God, can do great things; it made Jonah's gourd to wither, and so taught him, as it teaches us, a solemn and salutary lesson. I grant you it was only an insignificant agent, such as men are wont to overlook or despise, and its efficacy, too, depended upon its conjunction with others; but yet this fact only serves to illustrate the more strikingly the greatness of our Father's mind, and the fulness and minuteness of detail included in His purposes.

He can prepare and use a worm as well as a vehement East wind, and He can make them both—although so unlike—to work together in the accomplishment of His designs. Yes, truly, "all are His servants," and the truly spiritually-minded may see God in everything. The wind, the worm, the whale, the tempest, all are but instruments in His hands; and, so, truly, the most insignificant, as well as the most splendid agents, are directed and used of Him in such manner as to further His purposes and secure his ends. Oh, how full of majesty and yet of mercy is all this!

Who would ever have thought that a worm and an East wind could have been made joint-workers in doing the will of God in the instruction and help of His people? And yet so it was in the history of Jonah, and the like is true in the experience of all God's chosen people. Great and small are terms used by us only; they can never apply to Him who paints the butterfly's wings, and at the same time holds the winds in His fist, and the waters in the hollow of His hand, "who humbleth Himself to behold the things that are in heaven," as well as "the things that are on earth." All are alike to Him "who sitteth upon the circle of the heavens," whose word of power created worlds, and whose all-seeing eye marks the falling sparrow and numbers the hairs of his saints. Nothing is great, nothing is small to Him, and it is for us, as His children, to look upon nothing as common, but to mark in all the events and circumstances of life the hand of our all-wise and loving Father. I grant you that the circumstances of life may appear to be very much alike in the experience of all men, but yet it is none the less a fact that there is a very *great difference*. For, as we have said, God makes "All things work together for good to them that love Him, and are the called according to His purpose," but it is not so with them who love Him not. What are judgments to the wicked prove to be blessings in disguise to the true people of God. And it becomes us, therefore, to have an open ear to the voice of God, and a watchful eye for the hand of God everywhere and in everything, in the most trivial as well as the most momentous occurrences of life, in the adverse as well as the prosperous. Sure I am that all are guided and controlled by His loving hand, and vocal with lessons from Him. Aye, lessons full of rich

teaching and pregnant with blessing. Whatever our trials, experiences, perplexities, or joys, all are *prepared* of God, and all in their measure co-operate in the development of His purposes, the furtherance of His designs, and the final and full accomplishment of His covenant of grace and love.

"All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Let us, then, see our Father's hand and hear our Father's voice in everything, for so shall we come to know how true and precious it is that "All things work together for good to the called of God," and so shall we be prepared to say in the Spirit of our precious Lord, "The cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?"

W. ROWTON PARKER.

Gainsboro', September 3, 1885.

HEAVEN'S STANDARD OF SAFETY.

"O Ephraim! what shall I do unto thee?"

THE pathway of the children of God through this world is more diverse than anyone can describe. There must be a divine meaning in that prophetic injunction, "Feed the flock of slaughter!" Abel was slaughtered; his biography no man can write. He simply brought his lamb as an offering. Cain, his own brother, rose up in a passion and slew him. He was the first, in ancient history, of the flock of slaughter; and how strange to poor nature that history appears! Then, passing by all the Old Testament slain prophets, we come to John the Baptist. He was the heaven-appointed messenger, the man of God sent to prepare the way of the Lord; the Baptist! the baptizer of Christ Himself, of whom the Saviour spoke so honourably. See him slaughtered by the will of a wicked one. John the Baptist was the first in New Testament history; Jesus Christ, our Lord, was slaughtered all through His life. Then as a malefactor they tried Him, spat upon Him, smote Him, mocked Him, nailed Him to the cross, raised Him up between the heavens and the earth, and there

THE HITHERTO SLEEPING SWORD OF DIVINE JUSTICE AWOKE, AND SOBERLY PIERCED HIS HEART.

He was the slaughtered Lamb of God. Toplady's eye of faith fastened itself on the purple stream, and then the holy prayer of his soul went up to the throne of God, with

"Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its *guilt* and POWER."

Ah, sinner! ah, fearing saint! ah, sin-burdened believer! that prayer suits us all. It is needed by us all. I have sent it on the wings of my soul's flight to heaven many a time; and can we plead it thus in vain, adding,

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

James, Paul, and Peter, and thousands of the most earnest lovers of Christ have been burnt or bled to death for His name's sake. *If not now*, the noble army have been, truly,

"THE FLOCK OF SLAUGHTER."

The instruments are changed; the enmity against the chosen seed remains. It has appeared to me that by a train of adverse circumstances I was appointed to abide at a kind of Cave Adullam, and many of the afflicted, wounded, distressed, and persecuted in the present flock of slaughter, have we fellowship with. Painful beyond utterance has been the miserable circumstances which have been the lot of many of this flock of slaughter! We are come to a time when wheat and tares are growing so closely together, and when all adverse powers are so under cover, so much in disguise, that no open slaughter is visible, except the slaughter of tongues of one party against another party, of parson against parson, and—alas! how terrible is this—of children, or, as they are called, "children-in-law," against their parents. Upon this mysterious feature in the circles of humanity I will not stop. If any man slaughter himself, he must expect that his wounds will be kept bleeding as long as he liveth. Even then only time will erase it from the vocabulary of slander; the moral suicide must for ever stand aside while the glorious and the godly pass by. I have ever been inclined to esteem others better than myself; but over forty years ago I sat in the study with a generally esteemed minister. After some introductory conversation he commenced to slaughter all the ministers of any note. I left the man, never wishing to sit in his company again. I could prove there is

HYPOCRISY IN THE PULPIT,

which, to my mind, is an awful mistake. I firmly believe the ancient doctrine that the *punishment* of sin is bound up in the sin itself. Therefore, saith the prophet, "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against Him." Saul of Tarsus had been a great persecutor of the saints, and, although a chosen vessel to bear Christ's name unto the Gentiles, persecutions of every kind followed him even to his end.

If, now, so imperfect in conduct are some of the best of men, on what foundation can the Church of Christ safely stand for eternity? Say, poor soul, on what ground, on what foundation can I be found which will guarantee me a deliverance from all evil here, a safe passage across the Jordan, and a free admission into the port of eternal glory? Can I depend for one moment on the testimony of ministers? or on the doctrines and ordinances of the Churches? On everything or on every supposed good thing I may have done in my life-time? On my experience, on any words spoken to me, or revelations which I imagine may have been given to me? On any position I may have attained unto? On any estimation in which I may be holden by others? All these, in my measure, I could show I have been privileged with; but on none of them, or on all of them together, can I find a footing so immovable that the swellings of Jordan may not wash me from. One sentence only expresses

THE SOUL'S PLACE OF SAFETY.

It is that grand central line in the fortieth psalm:

"AND SET MY FEET UPON A ROCK."

"A Rock!" That means a high place beyond the stereotyped

phrases of books, of preachers, or of supposed experiences. *A Rock!* A high place beyond the changing circumstances of time. *A Rock!* beyond the subtlety of friends, foes, or fiery darts—beyond the clouds and vapours of this lower world, where the air is pure and the sun shines for ever. “How came you on this Rock, David? Did you climb up on to the top of it?”

Nay, Sir, I had no power, no wings, no knowledge, no courage, no hope. I was in darkness, if not in despair. My all appeared to be gone, and there came around me such deceivers, such devourers, such soul troublers, as you never could imagine to have an existence. And they ran screaming and scandalising abroad to blast me altogether. In the midst of such soul and circumstantial troubles, there came to me a foreign gentleman, they called him “Bjorson,” and he smiled and said,

“Rejoice when thou dost see
 God take thy things from thee;
 Ay—the greater the loss,
 And the heavier the cross,
 The greater the gain may be.
 When thy props are laid low,
 And friend turns to foe,
 'Tis but because now
 God seeth that thou
 No longer on crutches must go.—
 Each here
 Whom He setteth alone
 He Himself is most near.”

“REJOICE!” I could not, I was in a pit! A horrible pit! A pit of noise. Oh, such noises! Inside and out-side, I may never live to declare all. But, I was quite prostrate on my little hired bed in Bilston, where God, in great mercy, laid me down for four weeks; but at the end of two weeks a report went out that “the danger was past; that I was rapidly recovering.” Hence, that most kind and excellent gentleman, Wm. Fleeming, Esq., came over from Wolverhampton in his carriage, to inquire if it was likely I would be able to preach on the next Sunday in Temple Street Chapel. My little soul was all on fire in a moment to be preaching, and, though then so weak I could not stand, but in a bed of bronchial coughing, yet my spirit was stirred in me. I arose, and (thinking of one aged minister who preached while two men held him up in the pulpit) I said, “If God will give me power to stand up, if the doctor will give me permission, and if the nurse will withdraw her vow that I shall not preach again, I will come next Sunday to Wolverhampton.” Thus the pulpit was left open to me.

As soon as Mr. Fleeming had retired, my mind was carried back instantly to a certain Sunday morning nearly fifty years ago, when I had been in the printing office nearly night and day, producing newspapers, magazines, and other works, and was ill in bed, almost done up, on the Sunday morning referred to. On that very Sunday a new place of worship was to be opened. The late predestination preacher, Mr. Beal, was announced to preach the opening sermon. A messenger came flying in that morning—“Mr. Beal is ill; he cannot come.”

In the telegraphic glass of my memory I could see that primitive gentleman, William Howland, Esq., standing by my bedside; and although, as I have said, it was nearly fifty years ago, yet on that Friday

morning in Bilston, in August, 1885, I distinctly heard Mr. Howland cry out to me (when asleep in my bed), "*Charles, you must get up and come and preach; for the people are fast gathering together.*"

The learned and critical gentlemen of this refined and superior generation may ask, "Why is this fifty years old story brought up now?" I answer, simply to show

THE ONLY ROCK OF SAFETY,

whereon the Church of Christ and every true vessel of mercy is secured and preserved unto eternal glory.

At Mr. Howland's command I did get up, and went and preached the opening sermon. But how in the space of a couple of hours I obtained my text; how I preached; or one word that I then uttered, I could never tell. When at Bilston that Friday night, the text referred to came up fresh in my mind, and as it opened up in my thoughts, I began to think to Wolverhampton I certainly was to go. The text was marked down with the date when I preached from it in my old Bible; and it is deeply engraven in my heart. That Sunday morning, that sudden unexpected call to preach, the coming of the text, and the service altogether, are events my mind will never fail to hold dear and sacred, so long as memory and mind can together dwell in harmony and strength.

What was the memorable text, after all? It was Solomon's first word after his dedicatory prayer, when he arose from his knees, and with a loud voice cried (1 Kings viii. 57), "The LORD OUR GOD be with us, as HE was with our fathers. Let Him not leave us, nor forsake us." Here are the

Three Great Powers of Grace.

First—*Divine relationship.* "The LORD OUR GOD!" Jehovah our God! Our covenant Head! Our Surety! Our Days-man! Our Mediator! Our Redeemer! Our Forerunner! Our Saviour! Our All in All! This Divine relationship is the ROCK on which the feet of every ransomed soul is set, when fully taken out of the horrible pit, and away from the miry clay. You may be out of the horrible pit; yet the slippery paths of this life may sadly break your peace. But,

When on the rock you firmly stand
Upheld by God's almighty hand,
'Tis blessed living then.

That Friday night at Bilston, in contemplation on this Divine relationship was the happiest night I have had in this illness.

Secondly—The prayer. "The Lord our God be with us as He was with our fathers." Then the Godly fear, "Let Him not leave us, nor forsake us." I must not add any more this month.

C. W. BANKS.

9, Banbury Road, South Hackney, September, 1885.

AUSTRALIA.—At the last hour comes the "Particular Baptist Magazine" for July and August. The editor and printers have done their work exceedingly well. Pastor D. Allen and his people held fifteenth anniversary of his pastorate on June 3. It was a joyful occasion, and the reports declared prosperity and improvement, unity and satisfaction, in the worshipping family. Mr. Ward, who went out from this country, has recently fallen asleep. The articles in these numbers are valuable, and the anniversary reports are expressive of the faithfulness and fruitfulness of the ministers.

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF MR. JOHN DIXON, BAPTIST MINISTER.

" Prepare me, blessed Lord, to share
The bliss Thy people prove,
Who round Thy glorious throne appear,
And dwell in perfect love."

" **D**WELL in perfect love!" What must it be to be there? How great the hope, how bright the prospect! Here love and grief divide the heart, joy and sorrow strangely mingle; every sweet has an accompanying bitter, even holy things need cleansing in the mediation of the High Priest who ever liveth to make intercession. Yet "God's eternal thought moves on," and ransomed spirits take their flight to mansions of light in a world of perfect love! How great the change, how full the prayer, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Common as death is, frequent as his visits are, yet how we need daily to pray to feel that we "too must die." Passing strange, yet certainly true, we often forget that our turn and time must come.

John Dixon was born in London on April 11, 1804. His father was a godly man, who sought, in the fear of God, to "train up his child in the way he should go," and in this God honoured him, for when only fourteen years old his son was convinced of sin and brought as a godly penitent to the throne of grace. For many weeks he was deeply tried, wandering here and there, but finding no rest. At length, he heard the late Mr. Gadsby preach from Hosea xi. 4, and this was so blessed to him that he found joy and peace in believing. This happy frame of mind lasted several months, when, as is frequently the case, he was left to grow cool in his affection, and spiritual fervour abated. About this time Gower Street Chapel was erected, and a happy revival was given to our brother under the ministry of the late Mr. Fowler, and he continued to worship at this place for about ten years.

In the year 1825 he married a godly woman, who, until her death was a helpmeet indeed. About the year 1828 the hand of affliction was laid upon him, and for two or three years he was unable to regularly follow any occupation. It was now his mind became exercised about baptism, and Mr. Fowler being an Independent, our friend was advised to hear Mr. John Foreman at Hill Street, Dorset Square. Here his soul was greatly blessed, and in August, 1831, was baptized, but it seems was not a member of the church till February, 1832. Soon after this the work of the ministry was laid with great weight upon his mind, and a door being opened, he preached his first sermon at Hammersmith on May 1, 1841. Writing of this, he says, "Blessed be God, He was better to me than my fears. I was very dissatisfied with my discourse, but it seemed acceptable." After this he was frequently preaching the Word, and in the year 1847 removed to Risely, in Bedfordshire, where, as pastor, he laboured for about eight years; but not seeing the prosperity he had hoped for, our brother resigned, and removed to London in 1855. The next two or three years he was called to various places until the friends at Mote Road, Maidstone, having heard him several months, give a unanimous invitation to him to take the pastorate. This was accepted, and the first year of the ministry here was attended with frequent signs of the divine blessing; but after this no increase was seen,

and before the third year had expired our friend had returned to London. He was never again settled as pastor, but was frequently called to various places preaching the Word. Although never professing to have a strong poetical mind, he wrote several verses on different occasions, of which the following, written with several other verses, on his sixtieth birthday is a fair specimen:—

“And I have lived here sixty years,
In joys, and sorrows, hopes, and fears.
My God, Thy mercy, rich and free,
Calls forth a song of praise from me.”

After this time it seems he was a good deal disengaged, and having spare time, in 1864 commenced writing his autobiography; this was followed by several little works—viz., “The Gospel Feast,” “The Best News,” “Treatise on Prayer,” &c. For these a ready sale was found, and some thirty-five thousand copies were disposed of. Feeling it right to unite with a church, and commence with them, our brother and his wife joined the church at Wilton Square, under the ministry of our esteemed brother Flack. It was in the year 1880 the writer became more intimately acquainted with them. Their son having buried his wife, invited his parents to reside with them at Lewisham. Soon after this they united with the church at College Park, and communed with us as often as health and circumstances would admit.

Our brother was no perfectionist, for writing at this period he says, “Though now more retired, I find Satan quite as busy in working on the corruption and depravity of my carnal nature. After 62 years in the divine life it is quite as bad as it was when I was unregenerate; and Satan knows how to suit his temptations to our easily besetting sins. Would to God I were more watchful and grace more powerful to subdue sins. Eternal thanks to God, grace shall reign.” Nor was he free from trouble from outward sources. How true it is through much tribulation Zion’s pilgrims go to their home above! In October, 1883, Mrs. Dixon was called to leave her husband and only son and go before Him to meet their Lord. Her last words were, “Safe in the arms of Jesus.” She had been a follower of Him more than sixty years. This was a great trial to our brother, but only to be followed by one yet greater. Scarcely had four months elapsed when his son and only child, who had been ailing for some time, was suddenly called away, and without leaving any satisfactory evidence of a work of grace in the soul. This was a severe blow, and frequently have the tears rolled down the cheek while our brother sat thinking and talking of his lost son.

After this he went to live with his sister at Dalston, but owing to the many infirmities of age was unable to attend public worship. It was evident he was ripening for eternity, and frequently he has said, “I am only waiting the time of my Lord.” The time soon came. In the early part of August he had a fit of paralysis, and was obliged to take to his bed; but his end came, and on August 19 he calmly passed away.

A few days before his death, he said to the writer of this, “Give my love to the brethren; tell them I am on the rock. Satan has tried to disturb my peace, but I overcame by the blood of the Lamb.” He then renewed his request that I should bury him, and giving me his autobiography and other writings, said, “My friends would like you to

send a short sketch of my life for insertion in the EARTHEN VESSEL." His mortal remains were buried on August 22 at Abney Park Cemetery; and on the following day we sought to improve the occasion by preaching from 2 Tim. iv. 7, words previously selected by our departed brother.

W. H.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.—II.

By S. COZENS, IPSWICH.

"What of the night?" (Isa. xxi. 11).

DR. VAUGHAN says, "These are days of great trouble and turmoil throughout the whole world, and a spirit of revolution against religion is abroad." Cardinal Manning says, "It seems as if we were being carried down a stream against which we cannot prevail, and from which there is no escape; as if in a little while the public life and laws of the world will be no longer Christian, nor based upon a belief in God."

We have recently asked our law makers that none should legislate for us except those who believe that there is a Divine law-giver, whose law is supreme. And the Liberal body by whom we are governed, with but few exceptions, stood up to dismiss the Almighty from the councils of the nation. "No civil order in the world ever sank so low as the Christian world is sinking now, and will be sunk, if the name of God be erased from its public laws." Justice Maistry, in delivering judgment in the case of Pelham Dale, said: "We live in perilous times. A wide-spread spirit of *lawlessness* was on the increase, and it became ministers of religion and all good citizens to uphold and enforce obedience to the law."

"Everywhere you will hear of the hearts of men of business failing them for fear, and of banks refusing to receive money on deposit because they do not know where to invest it. You will find every sign of the presence among the community of a great apprehension, and of the disappearance of that old security which made property in England seem as solid as the rocks upon which England herself is founded. That time has passed away" (Lord Salisbury, *vide Daily Telegraph*, July 29, 1884).

The picture Vernon Lee draws of Italy is true of England. "We have organized states, rational laws, disciplined armies, scientific agriculture, and widely spread commerce; we also have the spectacle of a decreasing moral vitality, of a horrible moral gangrene. We see liberty extinguished, public good faith dying out, and even private morality flickering ominously, and all laws, human and divine, set at defiance."

"And the great city was divided into three parts, and the cities of the nations fell." The conference of the seven powers, just concluded, was divided into three parts. England, Italy, and Turkey, one part; Austria, Prussia, and Russia, another part; and France, a third party. England is strangely associated with the False Prophet and the Beast. Italy is still the seat of the Beast. It is significant that the Emperors are one. And France stands alone as "the champion of national good faith."

Lord Wolseley says, "The fact that every nation in Europe is

arming, indicates that there is coming on the world some terrible war" (*vide* supplement to the "*Suffolk Chronicle*," December 18, 1883). "Our prospects darken every day" (Salisbury). "Let no man be troubled. I can hear the sound of the trumpets heralding His coming. The eternal decree has settled it. Nothing can change it, no power can alter it" (Spurgeon). "We are rushing on," said a great writer, "to a tremendous catastrophe."

"Herbert Spencer thinks that our measures for social improvement are all proceeding on wrong lines, that they are leading to socialism, that all socialism involves slavery, that a revolution is almost in prospect, and that the final result will probably be a military despotism." Mark, "he tells us that our methods are socialistic in tendency, must soon reach a revolution, and resulting in that most terrible scourge of all society—a military despotism" (*vide* "*Family Churchman*," July 16, 1884).

The Bishop of Manchester, from whom I have quoted, says, "We are beginning to feel the tyranny of colossal organisations, which not only destroy personal responsibility, but leave us with debilitated personal energy. The thoughts which Mr. Spencer puts before us, are solemn enough to make even the most heedless pause, and reflect whither our boasted progress, ungoverned by the principles of Christianity, is hurrying us. He is not the only prophet who has told us that he already hears the distant roar of that Niagara which we are so recklessly approaching." The Bishop of Manchester "walked along the Commercial-road, and the thronged thoroughfares of Whitechapel. He saw humanity there in many forms. There was the street loafer, and the hundreds who had no Sunday clothes, and the shameless harlot, and the deadly spirit-vault, with its bar crowded with young and old, men and women. And he said to himself, Could Sodom, could Egypt, could that city where our Lord was crucified, have ever shown a sadder, more desperate scene than this?" (*vide* the "*Cambridge Press*," October 25, 1884). If London is another Sodom, then the day of her visitation is not distant. It is an awful thought, that men should be rushing on to destruction with the Sabbath bells ringing in their ears.

"Unless some vast regenerative effort rouses us from our sloth and falsity—amid, it may be, new horrors of revolution—our children may live to see cities shattered with dynamite, and blazing with petroleum, while the wild-beast passions of the unbelieving and blaspheming multitudes redden the streets with blood. May God avert the omen" (Archdeacon Farrar, *vide* "*Churchman*."

Bishop Ryle said, "The present time is the most critical period in the history of this country. We had all an uncomfortable feeling of doubt and fear, for look which ever way we might, at home or abroad, danger threatened us on every hand, and there was scarcely a bright spot on the horizon. There were international difficulties and problems which our wisest men were unable to solve." We see men's hearts failing them for fear, from the highest statesman to the most godly of Bishops.

At the demonstration in Hyde-park on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 26, 1884, at which 50,000 persons were present, with bands and banners of ominous intent, and of profane parody of Holy Scripture, such as "The Lords will be done," meaning the House of Lords will be done

away with. And such as "The Lord of Lords is the People," meaning that they do not intend to be governed, but to govern; not to be ruled, but to rule. This is one of the latter-day signs, "Despising Governments." There are very dark days before the world, if men should, as they are trying to do in France, get rid of religion. Dr. Pressense describes a society in Paris which has that object. The following are some of its articles:—Art. 2. The object of the society is to suppress the Word of God in all languages of the world. As God is a fiction, His name has no meaning. It should therefore be expunged. Art. 3. No writer, journalist, or poet who is a member of this society is permitted to use the words God, divine power, or providence, except to denounce them" (*Christian World Pulpit*, March 25, 1885). This is just another phase of that wickedness of the last times.

The age is permeated with democratic ideas, and fermenting with democratic aspirations. "All for the people!" is the popular cry of revolutionists who have doomed to utter extinction the aristocratic classes, the thrones of Europe, and the national institutions of religion. Sacerdotal oppressors, sovereign classes, and the divine right of kings are all to be swept away by the flood tide of democracy. The cry is gone forth, "Down with the sovereign classes," "Down with the princes," "Down with the Governments," "Down with the priests," "Down with the Churches." Can we wonder at the popular cry against the Governments when to keep up the pomp and circumstance and extravagance of State the people are filched of the necessities of life. Can we wonder that they cry down the clergy when the system they represent is a gigantic system of oppression, robbing tillers of the soil of much of the fruit of their labour?

One trembles to think of the bloody fray which shall bring about this overthrow of existing institutions. But that they will be overthrown, and that speedily, I have no more doubt than I have of my own existence. Under the democratic and atheistic *régime* we are to have the reign of liberty without law, the reign of sin without grace, the reign of Satan without Christ. But, thank God, "those days of tribulation shall be shortened, for the elect's sake."

THE LATE MR. GEORGE ABRAHAM'S PREACHING.

"He being dead, yet speaketh."

[Mr. Ebenezer Jacob has favoured us with some of the late Mr. George Abraham's sermons in MS. These discourses were taken down in shorthand by the then Miss Elizabeth P. Jewitt (now Mrs. Jacob), and they are correctly given, as spoken by that devout minister. We cannot give the preacher's expressiveness, nor his peculiar pronunciation, much less the secret savour which often rendered his ministry so valuable. Nevertheless, the matter is instructive, and mostly intended to comfort the tried people of God. We had much intercourse with Mr. Abrahams at one time; but of that we say nothing now. We know our readers cannot read much at a time, therefore we divide the discourse.—C. W. B.]

IN the 22nd chapter of Revelation, 17th verse, you will find it thus recorded by the inspiration of God the Holy Ghost:—"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

The Holy Ghost hath enabled me to consider a portion of God's

Word in the Old Testament this morning—namely, the last verse of the 15th chapter of Exodus:—"And they came to Elim, where there were twelve wells of water and three score and ten palm trees, and they encamped there by the waters." The Lord hath helped me, both in the introduction and the other part of that discourse, to exalt His name, though in much weakness of body; nevertheless, for me to live to exalt Christ is good, and to die and be with Him is gain. And still I thought there was sweet harmony between the Old and New Testament, and it is my great delight to point out the similarity of the blessed truths contained in the Old and New Testament, for, being born a Jew, and taught to disdain the New Testament altogether, it is the joy of my soul to show there is such a sweet harmony between the two that the one without the other is an imperfect Bible; neither is it possible that any man can be included in the great salvation of God's elect when he is in enmity against the New Testament.

I have spoken a little of the meaning of the name Elim—namely, "The Mighty Ones"—and showed that the Mighty Ones—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—are able to make a garden enclosed in a wilderness. And it was God's intention to glorify all His attributes, that the human heart should be nothing but a waste howling wilderness, and that His grace should flourish there, because wherever the waters of life come all things must live.

I have, in the next place, showed that the Holy Trinity is the bottom of the spring of all this fountain, and that it is intended to show that there is grace, free grace, distinguishing grace, for all the twelve tribes of Israel, who typified all God's elect. All of a sudden a dream came into my mind that I had last night. I dreamed some one made a little bucket for one of my children to dip up water with, but it was too light, and I made some improvement in it, and said, "Now it will do." When I woke I said, "What can this dream have to do with my discourse?" but I found it was a Scriptural dream, and he that hath a dream, let him tell a dream. The woman of Samaria said, "The well is very deep, and Thou hast no things to draw with."

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will."

What canst Thou draw with? What, the Master sitting on the well, who causes all living waters to spring from Himself and to Himself, yet to ask Him how He could draw! Hence, then, comes my text. Here is the living waters in Elim where God made His people encamp, and His flock to rest at noon; and here is not only the water for all the tribes of Israel, but also the way by which it is to be got at.

If a Jew were to ask me, "How do you know that Jesus of Nazareth is the Messiah?" and if I had no answer experimentally, I should be as the Jew who was asked what difference there was between a Jew and Gentile, and he said he could not tell; but let a child of God, the Holy Ghost drawing him to and filling him with the living waters, and that child of God shall be able to give a reason of the hope that is in him.

My text is an experimental part of the twelve wells that were in Elim, and first I make an amendment in a very small particular, and I

take it for granted that I am not presumptuous in so doing, for I heard poor old Wilkinson make the same amendment. It is to substitute the word "in" for "and." "And the Spirit *in* the bride says, Come," for the very next clause speaks of the bride—"Let him that heareth say, Come." I argue it is right, and so ought to be rendered in another place, where it is said, "Likewise the Spirit Himself also helpeth our infirmities when He maketh intercession for the saints with groanings which cannot be uttered," it ought to be *in* the saints; and in the hymn you were singing, "Pray for us." Now, we never read in the Bible that the Holy Ghost prays for us. It should be "Pray Thou in us."

I return, then, to my text. In the first place, I show that all things are of the Holy Ghost. Oh, the wretchedness of the religion of the day! There is not a poor creature in this place. My desire is, if it be God's holy will, that you may know Him; but a mixed multitude came up with Israel out of Egypt. There is not an atom of religion in what you can do. If the Holy Ghost is not the author of it, all, at last, will prove to be sparks of your own kindling. "And this shall ye have at My hand, saith the Lord. Ye shall lie down in sorrow." Solemn beginning, say you, to be sure. "The Spirit in the bride says, Come." We have, then, in the first place, the bride; second, the Spirit's work in her; thirdly, the result of it, "They say, Come." The second branch of the text, "Let him that heareth say, Come." "The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live." If there be a soul here that is alive, that soul can hear the voice of sovereign grace, and is encouraged to say, Come. Then there is a description of a child of God in soul distress, "Let him that is athirst say, Come."

I showed you this morning what distress Israel of old was in. "And when they came to a place where the waters were, behold, they were bitter." Yes, there is a need be that a soul shall be brought into real earnest, "For it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." But because God showeth mercy, therefore the soul that hungers and thirsts for righteousness shall be filled. In the fifth place, there is a most glorious invitation: "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." For suppose the devil says, "What right have you to come, how do you know you are one of God's elect?" "Well," says the blessed Comforter, "whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." For if you taste the water of life you can give a description of it, and if you cannot give a description of it, when you hear others talk of it you know it is true. There is not a living soul but would say, "Blessed be God." I know something of it, so that you are witnesses in the pews of what we declare in the pulpit. "The Spirit in the bride says, Come." I have seen somewhere one who, speaking on this, says, "Everything in the text has a glorious word of invitation: all things say, Come; but the devil and unbelief say, Stop away." Well, I think the poor old man was right, whoever he was.

The person in my text, the bride. With us the bride and bridegroom are a couple that are about to marry; they were brought together in the providence of God, and they made a contract. God has a bride, and that is the Church, and so the Holy Ghost declares, "Come up hither, and I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife. Who is the bride? An innumerable company of elect souls, Jews and Gentiles, barbarians,

Scythians, bond and free, male and female, the Church of the living God, which He hath chosen out of the lump of creatureship, and this is Christ's bride, of whom Eve was a type when He gave her to Adam, so the Son of God received His bride, and said, "I will betroth them unto Me for ever." And the Holy Ghost said, "And I will make them know it, and bring them out of the midst of sin and darkness." The bride is the beloved of the Lord, the inheritance of the Lord God of Israel, "The Lord's portion is His people; Jacob is the lot of His inheritance." He hath espoused their cause, He hath cleaved to them in the counsel of peace, fetched them out of a waste howling wilderness, and will bring them all safely home. But my text speaks of the bride in her destitute state, for she is brought to a place where all her misery shall be put away, and she shall eat corn, and wine, and oil. But I must give a description of her according to God's purpose and decree. Adam fell into sin, and ruined all his posterity; in them God has His election of grace, and His eye was upon them, and Christ their Head was watching over them, and the Holy Ghost wrote their names in the Lamb's Book of Life. I read of one who leaped in his mother's womb; but generation and regeneration are two different things: everyone alike is born in sin and shapen in iniquity, and these propensities are made manifest in temptation put before them; sin is made manifest by it. Sin is in us, and only wants something to draw it out. It is likened unto a generation of serpents; only touch it, and it will bite you. Such is human nature, "earthly, sensual, and devilish." By nature we are all children of wrath, even as others; not children of God's wrath, but filled with wrath, hateful and hating one another. This is the state in which all God's elect are found, and when God will fulfil His gracious purpose, for they are chosen at once, saved at once, made known by degrees, everyone is written in covenant engagement, and must be made known accordingly.

There is a set time to favour Zion. Now, supposing you are in the most desperate enmity against it, and say, "I am sorry I am at the top of the pew, for I think I would go out if I could;" and supposing you are even worse than that, yet God's Word cannot be broken, you are still Zion, and as you are born an elect vessel of mercy—for they are not made so after they are born, but let them be where they will be born, amongst a parcel of Mahommedans, may as well be born among so many devils, but God's time shall come, and when it comes there is no Arminian employed to give you an offer and a proffer, and say, "Will ye be born of God to-night? There, I will give you a chance." No! God employs not such men, it is the devil. Whatever you may think of these hard blows, God will strike harder when He comes to examine you. When the set time comes, life is made known. Christ is the living head, and it is by mystical union with Jesus Christ in covenant love that the Holy Ghost will do His part, for it is written, "And you that were dead will He give an offer and proffer to." No! I never read it so. "You hath He quickened together with Christ." Oh, how sweet! "I will work, and none shall let it." This is God's work. Now, supposing I should illustrate it a little. Who could for a moment make Abigail believe the night before, when Nabal was her churlish husband, and he was annoyed that David should send to him, and he blustered about it, and said, "Who is David? and who is the son of

Jesse? there be many servants now-a-days that break away every man from his master" (1 Sam. xxv. 10). But poor Abigail thinks to herself, "You don't know who David is, but I do. I know that David is bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord his God; but you are a wretched fellow, and if you die so, you will be lost." But could anyone have thought that she was by eternal decree the bride of David all the while, and that he should and must have her?

(To be concluded.)

THE GROWING FIELDS OF THE APOCALYPSE.

"Why, why live I so long
God's mercies here to see?
That He may be my song
To all eternity."

SEE, reader, over the gates leading into these fields of divine mystery is written by the inspiration of the Spirit of the Almighty, "Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep these things which are written therein, for the time is at hand." This certainly would imply that ministers should read these words in private meditation, and that they should read them in public to the people, and that there should be a careful and devout keeping of them, a spiritual understanding of them, a watching for the fulfilment of them, because the time of the final fulfilment of them is at hand—that is, there has been, there is, the growing completeness of them in all ages, especially now, when Old Time is putting on her night-cap, that she may go to sleep for ever, and the mystery of God, as regards this dispensation, be finished.

Before we attempt to enter through the gates let us bow down at the footstool of mercy, and beseech the Great Comforter and Revealer, the only True Expounder—the Holy Ghost—to open our eyes that we may behold the wondrous things which in these heavenly fields do grow.

Never was there such a time for busy religious workers as the days we now live in. Ask the oldest man living—and I have seen some things in the various so-called churches, and such busy scenes, such hosts of preaching boys, such zeal and superficial knowledge I never beheld before—What does it mean?

The Apocalypse is sometimes called, "The last gift of the Lord unto His people"—that is, the map of the Church's progress from His first unto His second advent. Previous to seeking admission into "The growing fields of the Apocalypse" we may sit down on one of the outside seats and listen a little moment to one of the thoughtful witnesses who has laboured to call the Christian's attention to the advantages of watching for the personal coming of our glorious God and Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is a seat, on the back of which is written:—

"BE SERIOUS! BE STUDIOUS! BE SILENT!"

The orator to whom we are called to listen is G. H. Pember, M.A., who has produced two works of immense literary value. The first is entitled, "Earth's Earliest Ages;" the second volume bears this title, "The Great Prophecies," &c., a book containing the result of research, and of spiritual unfolding of the mind of the Spirit, a large composition of sacred truths, which rare book is published by Hodder and Stoughton, wherein the author, before leading us into the beautiful fields of the

Apocalypse takes a careful survey of the spirit and movement of the times in which we are living. He says:—

“When the blue-grey clouds begin to gather in the sky, and move towards each other, though we may as yet have perceived neither flash nor sound, we know that a storm is impending, and that the quiet hills and valleys will soon be startled by the forked lightnings and heavily-pealing thunder. ‘Ye hypocrites,’ said our Lord to the Pharisees; ‘ye can discern the face of the sky and the earth, but how is it that ye do not discern this time?’

“He spoke thus of His first coming, the signs of which are not nearly so fully depicted in Scripture as those of His second.

“What, then, will He say to us if we fail to discover the secret of God in the things which are taking place around us, when we have so wonderful a commentary whereby to explain them? Even the statesmen, philosophers, and thinkers of this world are expecting great changes in its social and political condition. Surely, then, it becomes us to search and see whether the ceaseless preparations which are everywhere apparent, the tendency of opinions in matters civil and religious, and the generally unsettled and frequently lawless state of Christendom, do not show that **THE LAST TIMES OF OUR AGE HAVE COME!** that the world will shortly be confronted by her despised, but rightful and all-powerful King; and, therefore, that His Church—the living and the dead alike—no longer may, but must, speedily be summoned to meet Him in the air.

“Were we floating on a broad river, which at no great distance was hurling itself in mighty cataract to a lower level, what should we infer when we found that we were being borne along more swiftly by the quickening stream, when we perceived an ever-increasing agitation in the waters around us, and began to hear mingling with these tumults the sound of a deeper roaring? Should we not at once understand that we were already within the rapids caused by the terrific fall? And have we not exactly described the present condition of the stream of time? For both the prophets and the Lord Himself foretold a mighty catastrophe which will usher in a new age; a season of perplexity and trouble immediately preceding the times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord; a general disruption and disintegration of society; amid wars, tumults, and the most appalling calamities, to be followed by the glorious reign of the Prince of Peace. And are not signs of our approach to these predicted days of terror continually multiplying around us? Do not events which were wont to float by in slow procession now chase each other before our bewildered eyes with such rapidity that they pass away in months, or, it may be, even in weeks, instead of years? Have not the currents of public opinion ceased to originate merely in the schemes of a few princes and statesmen? and is not every country torn by antagonistic factions which drag the State, now in this direction, now in that? Nay, are there not also multitudes of private individuals who have each his own nostrums for divers ills, ever agitating the surface of society by thrusting themselves into notice? Doubtless one chief cause of all this confusion has been that very thing which the world regards as a cure for every evil—**THE SPREAD OF KNOWLEDGE.** For many of those who acquire a little learning—and the majority of mankind can do no more—are not slow to give proof that in very deed

'shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,' and are wont, by a confident and persistent setting forth of their opinions, to lead astray those whose ignorance exceeds their own, and in this manner to confound the counsels of wiser and more experienced guides."

[We cannot listen longer now, but hope to be found on this seat next month, previous to getting into the fields.—C. W. B.]

A HORNET'S NEST—NEW RECTOR, SISTERS OF MERCY, ETC.

BELOVED BROTHER,—Did you know, I am greatly exercised and tried through the Ritualists recently coming into this parish? We have a new rector, a new curate, and two sisters of mercy, who are to be called "visiting ladies." They go all over the parish and persuade my people all they can to go to church. They even offer them money, and give them wearing apparel and other things. Up to the present my friends stand firm, even the poorest; yet some two or three have gone to hear the rector. He actually and openly teaches baptismal regeneration. I did not know what to do for a while, as to how and in which way I could come at the people in the parish, to try and open their eyes against this detestable delusion. At last it struck my mind to write to the Baptist Tract Society, and let them know exactly the state of things, and to ask them if they could send me suitable tracts for distribution. The committee met, and voted me a grant of 20s. worth of tracts as a present, to make use of them in the best way I could. I sent them all over the parish by post, in the hope the Lord will grant His blessing, and make them very useful. I feel I have a love to the souls of all the people in Pulham, where I have preached the Gospel 45 years; and what I have done is in love to them, and in the best of feeling towards the rector at the same time. May the Lord the Spirit open the eyes of the people, that they may refuse the evil, and choose the good. If I had not stirred in this matter I should have had a guilty conscience. Of course, if they had not come among my people, trying to make proselytes, I might never have thought about interfering with them. Our Lord pronounces a woe against such (Matt. xxiii. 15), and the apostle says, "Of this sort are they which creep into houses and lead captive silly women laden with sins, led away with divers lusts and learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." These people, I find, are determined to beg and buy up all they can; whereas, my brother, I never begged one hearer, nor did I ever buy one, nor would I attempt such a thing, if even I could have a thousand at a farthing ahead. The conscience-binding system I detest, and the Babylonish merchandise in souls is worse than the slave trade (Rev. xviii. 13). These Ritualists, because of the show of will-worship, and such things as are pleasing to the flesh, fill their places with deluded people, thronging the outward court of the Gentiles, the road, or way, being broad and easy, filling the house of Baal from one end to the other, while the Lord's witnesses are few and despised. So true it is, many more are the children of the bond woman than the children of the free. We are living in the last days; awful delusions are very rampant, the populace is ever ready to take the name and mark of the beast. How any can go in the way of these Ritualists is something I cannot fully comprehend. May the Lord make us valiant for the truth, and give us all the grace we need, that we may stand firm against the abominations of the times in which we live. The Lord prevent His servants from sleeping while the enemy of souls is so busy in sowing his tares among the wheat. Popery is artfully, silently, maliciously and successfully gaining ground in this kingdom, which is one of the ten toes of the beast, and I fear the greater part of the Lord's professing people are at ease in Zion, and quite heedless as to the black clouds daily gathering over their heads. May the Lord wake us up, arm us for the battle, and give us a final victory over the beast, and all anti-Christian powers. Shall we again have to cry to God, and say, "How long, O Lord, holy and true? Dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?" I say with all my heart and soul, "Arise, O Lord, and plead Thy own cause," and hasten the time when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and His Christ. "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Amen.

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

Pulham-St.-Mary, August 31, 1885.

B. TAYLOR.

THE REMEDY.

"What are we to do in the face of these things?" "How are we to meet them?" Beloved Benjamin Taylor, in all your forty-five years of Gospel labour at Pulham, you have never so fully seen that divine admission before—"WHEN THE ENEMY SHALL COME IN LIKE A FLOOD."

You have gone on in your work like a bishop. You have been very prosperous. No external cloud has burst upon you. Who could say one word to injure the reputation, or arrest the ministerial growth, of the pastor of the Pulham-St.-Mary Baptist Church? NOT ONE! A minister known and read of all men. Without the slightest exaggeration, or the least tincture of flattery, it may justly be said, "Mr. Benjamin Taylor has studied to show himself approved unto God." Days and nights, weeks, months, and years has he privately studied, prayed, meditated, and prepared to tread out the good old corn for His people. Benjamin has proved himself "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." He may often think his sermons poor attempts, but he has altogether trodden out fifty years in

"RIGHTLY DIVIDING THE WORD OF TRUTH."

When we preached his Sunday-school anniversary sermons a gentleman said unto us (referring to our honoured brother Benjamin), "We are greatly favoured here in the Gospel;" and to see the people flock in from all quarters fully confirmed that truth.

No doubt the enemy has watched for years to "come in" to such a conspicuous HARVEST-FIELD AS PULHAM. *But how could he get in?* At length the removal of one parish priest and the introduction of a new servant of the Church opens a wide door.

"RITUALISM"

is supremely charitable in its efforts to win the people. The grand rector, the gentlemanly curate, the soft and pleasant lady visitors, the many gifts and privileges of these agencies will, no doubt, shake Pulham a little. But what saith the promise?

"THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD SHALL LIFT UP A STANDARD AGAINST HIM!"

There is the only remedy. That standard *has* been lifted up for forty-five years. Hundreds have rallied around it. They have stood fast by it. They will not be greatly moved.

In the *Banner of Israel* that talented and devoted gentleman, editorially called "PHILO-ISRAEL," tells us of "a truly splendid sermon," preached by the Vicar of Clifton on the *great promise* in Isa. lix. 19, in which sermon the vicar showed

THAT PROMISE ALWAYS HAS BEEN VERIFIED.

That promise cannot fail. We remember well when the English Parliament opened the Gates and took *Rome* by the hand; then came the Tracts, and onward. Well the enemy has come in. *We*, poor, despised, insignificant—*WE* strove to resist Cardinal Wiseman and the encroachments of Antichrist. These efforts were not successful. James Wells and everybody laughed; we cried; we will weep until we die. Let us hear the Clifton Vicar for a moment. He says:—

"So always it has come to pass that when evil has rushed in like a flood, there and then the standard has gone up, and man's extremity has proved ever to be God's opportunity. But in all cases the worst of Satan's malice has to be seen and felt before the Lord's power has been exerted, and it has been only when the enemy has actually and fully come in, and that like a flood, that the arm of Omnipotence has been exerted to defeat it.

"Such being the case, 'Is there such a flood of evil in the present day that we may be warranted in looking for the Spirit of the Lord to lift up a standard against him?' Without speaking dogmatically, surely it may be said that never were the powers of evil so energetic as they are now, never so destructive, so persistent. There is, first, religious error abounding. There is what is called High Church, leading to Popery; Broad Church, which is dishonest infidelity; Ritualism driving Protestantism out of the Church, and introducing all the abuses of rank Popery itself, such as wafers in the communion, confession, vestments, and the like. Nor is the mischief confined to the Church. We have authority for declaring that Nonconformity is riddled with covert Unitarianism, and that 'when we enter a chapel we have to ask ourselves, Shall we hear the Gospel here to-day, or shall I come out harily knowing if the Bible is inspired or not?' The state of religion among us is such that it is enough to make a man's heart ache for sorrow. There is a storm out upon the ocean, an awful flood of absolute irreligion; when it

may be said that where there is one man in favour of godliness, there are ten utterly indifferent. When the Bible is sneered at on all sides, and the Lord's-day has ceased to be the day of worship of the Lord our God to millions on millions of our people; when one person only in each of many of our Metropolitan streets is the quota of those who attend Church or chapel at all! Then there is the drunkenness of our land, testified by the fact that 130 million pounds sterling are spent on drink, which is more than the whole rental of our country put together! As to vice, when did it ever reach the pitch it has already, when loathsome debauchery is everywhere unblushingly aggressive, and disobedience to parents, fraud and falsehood, are rife in all directions, destroying our trade and commerce, and our commercial reputation for fair dealing.

"But what are we to do in the face of these things? How are we practically to meet them? We are verily powerless in this terrible conflict, God must carry us through. We must cease from all self-confidence, and look up above for a nobler source of strength. Multitudes will not save us. When each is a cipher, a multitude of ciphers represent only a cipher as the sum! The Spirit of the Lord must be our only refuge, with that working in us we shall not shrink, but be victorious. Let Satan do his uttermost—we welcome it, because not till he has done his worst will our God interfere! So it was when Paul was on his voyage which was to end in shipwreck. It was only when all hope that they should be saved was taken away that safety came at last. Let us not then fear. Only let us trust in the Spirit of the Lord, not in the arm of flesh. Let us not trust in Egypt, but in the uplifted standard of the Redeemer. Let us preach the pure unadulterated Gospel of the grace of God, by and through the blood of Jesus shed for sinners, and then will deliverance come! Christ gives the courage, and only then will the courage be granted, which is so sadly wanted in these days of trimming. The 'troubled of Israel' are not those who boldly stand up for truth and for the observance of the Lord's commands, but those who disobey and reject them—these are the real troublers of Israel, as Elijah of old declared. What is wanted now is the outpouring of the Spirit of God upon us. This made the apostles brave who once were cowards, and bold to brave death who once forsook and fled when their Lord was in danger. Then when the Spirit is poured out will all denominations unite in praising the Lord, and our sad disunions shall cease. 'When the enemy shall come in like a flood, then the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him,' and he will certainly and inevitably be destroyed! Shall we fear then? Why should we when there is no danger to apprehend? Let Satan come in like a flood, and the sooner the better. The standard shall be lifted up by the arm which is Almighty, and before that arm he must succumb."

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

DR. DOUDNEY'S last volume, *For Ever with Jesus*, is published by Messrs. W. H. and L. Collingridge. The Doctor has poured out his heart and called up all the vigorous powers of his mind in this volume, in the composition of which he has been very happy, and will make others joyful and strong in hope and faith.

Stabbed in the Dark. F. V. White and Co. Against this tongue-stabbing Shakespeare recorded his verdict. No crime can be more dangerous. It is cruel, it is cowardly. But "Vengeance is Mine," saith the Final Judge, "I will repay." With Him we strive to leave it. Mrs. Lynton's book is a warning voice. Before you stab another be careful not to put weapons into their hands wherewith to stab you.

The Incarnate Deity. What a sentence! Who can its depths and climaxes

unfold? Ah, who indeed? To us it looks pitiable that a large number of ministers should continue in a stereotype line of things, which means, "The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are we!" There is a rather respectable minister roaming about this country now who has been the settled pastor of two or three good Churches. Why has he not continued in some of them? Ask those who were his friends. They declare he would hold on for a full hour, for the most part repeating the same things, until his ministry became perfectly unprofitable. Yet the man himself is in every way acceptable, only when settled it is found he is, like the Metropolitan District Railway, only able to run in one limited circuit from year's end to year's end. The result is neither the friends nor the funds can keep him any longer. There is a rich fulness, a Spring-like freshness,

a mysterious savour, and soul-feeding, soul-edifying, soul-satisfying power in Christ's Gospel; and we tell "the faithful few" this springing up of the wells of salvation is not confined to us. We have had some original, some powerful men; we have a few yet, but it is evident to those who look a little around that the Spirit of the Triune God is not confined to any one section of the visible Church of Christ on the earth. A sermon comes to us preached by

ENOCH SOLOMON

on the transfiguration of Christ, which is such a heavenly, such a Spirit-anointed development of

The Deity veiled in the Humanity of Christ,

as fills a poor afflicted soul with secret, sacred joy. We leave the rich table, and can only give the closing direction to a seeking soul. Mr. Solomon said:—"When we think of the chaos that is within our breasts, of the angry, unforgiving, envious, spiteful, and unclean thoughts; when we think of the unloveliness with which we clothe ourselves—vanity, pride, malevolence, selfishness, and then think of the beautiful earth and of the glorious heavens, we ask, with sad relenting and yet with intense desire: 'Where is that all-transforming Spirit? Where can I find Him that He may remake me, and beautify this poor self-contradictory life of mine? Others have found Him, I know; but where can I find Him?' *Where?* dost thou ask. In prayer. Bow thy head in lowly, fervent prayer! Seek some solitude, some Tabor or Hermon, and pray to the Great Spirit! He will hear thee. He will touch thee. He will transfigure thee. He will make thee radiant with the glory of goodness, with the beauty of holiness, and thou shalt indeed and in truth be a *partaker of the Divine nature*. Be satisfied with nothing less, and there is nothing greater to attain.

"Oh, Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me,
And all things else recede;
My heart be daily nearer Thee,
From sin be daily freed.
Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be Thou my life and aim;
Oh, make me daily, through Thy grace,
More worthy of Thy name!
Daily more filled with Thee, my heart,
Daily from self more free;
Thou to whom prayer did strength impart,
Of my prayer hearer be.
Let faith in Thee and in Thy might
My every motive move,
Be 'Thou alone my soul's delight,
My passion and my love."

Mr. J. S. Anderson's poem, or hymn, in his *Silent Messenger* for September is

so excellent, we feel moved to give it to our readers. We believe he once gave us liberty to quote from his *Messenger*. Therefore we trust he will not be offended:—

"The hart, when wounded in the chase,
And, fever-stricken, seeks the brook,
So pants my soul to see His face,
Who all my vile transgressions took.
For my offences Christ was slain;
To justify me, rose again.

The mystery of all mysteries this,
God-man for sinners Surely stood!
Their sins were all accounted His,
And He was bound to shed His blood,
Who had engaged to take the cup
Of wrath divine and drink it up.

His anguish in Gethsemane
Was more than human tongue can tell,
But it was on Mount Calvary
He bore the pangs of death and hell.
When Jesus Christ was crucified
His chosen people in Him died.

Atonement then was fully made,
And justice sheathed her flaming sword;
The Church's legal debts were paid,
And all her covenant rights restored.
The dear Redeemer's dying breath
Annihilated penal death!

Then why, my soul, art thou cast down?
God hears thy sighs, and sees thy tears,
And never will upon me frown,
While Christ on my behalf appears.
All things must needs be for their good
Who are the purchase of His blood.

Why this discontented within?
Hope thou in God; for well I know
The fountain opened once for sin,
Can make me whiter far than snow;
As millions have already proved
Whose crimson stains were all removed."

On the Journey Homeward. One of the present-day rhymers says:—

"I am tired. Heart and feet
Turn from busy mart and street;
I am tired—rest is sweet,
I am tired. I have played
In the sun and in the shade,
I have seen the flowers fade.
I am tired. I have had
What has made my spirit glad,
What has made my spirit sad.
I am tired. Loss and gain!
Golden sheaves and scattered grain!
Day has not been spent in vain.
I am tired. Eventide
Bids me lay my cares aside,
Bids me in my hopes abide.
I am tired. God is near.
Let me sleep without a fear,
Let me die without a tear.
I am tired. I would rest
As the bird within its nest;
I am tired. Home is best."

The Gospel Pharisee; or, Pride in the Possession of Special and Superior Privileges. In MS. Can there be such a character in the Church? This writer thinks—aims to prove—our pulpits abound with them. Will such criticisms produce any good? We take time to consider.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

A NOBLE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER— "MY MOTHER'S MEMOIR."

BY EDWARD POULSON.

This brief outline of the life of my late dear mother is designed to record some remarkable instances of the interposition of Divine Providence from her personal experience, and attested by my own observation as an eye-witness.

I will authenticate my testimony by giving a few particulars concerning some circumstances connected with her childhood, to which I have often heard her refer when in conversation. My dear mother's name was Sarah Newland. She was born on Aug. 30, 1814, being the year before the battle of Waterloo, in which her father fought; he also fought at Toulouse, in the First Life Guards Regiment.

My mother was the subject of conviction of the sinfulness of her nature at a very early age; but that which perplexed her parents in connection with this circumstance was the marked difference in my mother's perception of divine teaching. As an instance affording an illustration of this diversity, her parents used to take her to a weekly class meeting where they were accustomed to worship God, and upon one of these occasions, while my mother was quite a child, the class leader came to her and inquired of her concerning the state of her mind as a believer, with the object of ascertaining whether she felt any consolation in the atonement of Christ as her Saviour. My mother replied by saying, "Oh, sir, I feel that I should like to know that my name was written in the Lamb's book of life from before the foundation of the world." This reply from one so young was quite unexpected, and appeared to give some offence, inasmuch as those Christians with whom her parents associated usually expressed themselves in their communications in less positive terms, though many of them were quite as sincere, especially in their belief concerning the necessity of the regenerating power and influence of the Holy Spirit upon the heart as the only qualification for the reception of the atonement. This reply gave rise to an impression that my dear mother had imbibed the notions and views of Calvin, and that she was a disciple of his opinions. But this was a misunderstanding, for my mother had never heard of Calvin or his works; and if she had heard of them, she was too young to read or understand them. The only books she ever read until she reached womanhood were the Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress. It is evident that my mother had been reading those passages of the Scriptures concerning the foreknowledge of God as to the dreadful state of those who would rebel against Him, and depart from His worship, referred to in Rev. xiii. 8, xvii. 8, and these passages had been the means of arousing an anxiety to realise a persuasion in her own soul of her

standing upon the sure foundation of God's election of grace.

The earliest evidence of her love to God that I remember to have heard her allude to, was when she was still very young—indeed, quite a child. It was upon one occasion when she was sent by her mother to draw some water, and just as she reached the pump a gleam of heavenly light shone with such power into her soul that it drew her young heart and affection towards God and heavenly things; and she was so impressed with the unspeakable glory of His divine majesty, goodness, and holiness, that she was incapable of moving from the spot where she stood while this remarkable and sudden impression remained upon her mind and soul. She felt it, child as she was, to be a sweet manifestation of the love of Almighty God to her as a sinner; and she audibly exclaimed, "Oh, I would not step my foot acroy to offend so good a God." She unquestionably had a right to consider this impression as such, especially as it was not accompanied by any fanatical outbursts of sensationalism, so prevalent in revival meetings. Here was a child, a mere baby, alone in a secluded spot, with every circumstance and all its surroundings pointing circumstantially to the complete absence of all design concerning any possible point to be gained by such a statement. Yet it was productive of so lasting and permanent an impression, that it abode with her all through her life, though she never once referred to it as any proof whatever that it conveyed any evidence of her being a Christian. On the contrary, she was ever and continually anxious to prove her love to God and the Holy Scriptures by obedience to the precepts of His Holy Word, and by praying for strength to rely upon the divine promises which at various times were applied to her heart and conscience by the power of the Holy Spirit. Whence came this impression, and what connection could it have with a lifetime of upwards of sixty years' belief in God and faith in His promises, if we omit the influence of the Spirit of Truth which characterised all her actions ever after, for the remainder of her life, and the total absence of anything like display, otherwise than the most consistent humility, and her steady, unassumed persistence in taking the lowest position as a believer whenever she was alluding to subjects having reference to the eternal welfare of her soul and to the life hereafter?

I remember how she used to take me and my brother and sister up into that room—that sacred, hallowed spot—and she would read a psalm or a chapter out of St. John, and then kneel down and pray with us. And they were prayers. I never heard any like them, and never shall hear the like again. I can hear her voice now seeking encouragement to her soul from the words of the holy psalmist, "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his

troubles" (Psalm xxxiv. 6). Her plain, simple, child-like, unassuming utterances, full of reverence for the majesty of God, earnest pleadings for her children and herself, and for support under her sorrows, trials, and difficulties, expressed with simplicity and submission to the will of Divine Providence, have left a sound in my ears that will never cease to be heard by me. She was always influenced in instructing us all by these words, "For I know him, that He will command his children and his household after him" (Gen. xviii. 19). It was listening to my mother's prayers, and hearing her read the Scriptures, that constituted my school of divinity to fit and prepare me for speaking in the open air after I arrived at the age of manhood.

I will now return to her childhood. The total depravity of fallen human nature was opened up to her so clearly, that as she was taken at intervals to the class meetings she used to unintentionally perplex her class leaders with her doubts, fears, and the exercise of her mind in consequence of her consciousness of the plague of her own heart (1 Kings viii. 38).

Her father and mother used to expound to her what they considered saving faith consisted in—that she should lay hold of the promises, alleging the case of the man with the withered hand as an example (Matt. xii. 13), telling her that it was the man's faith in the command, and his obedience to it, that gave him power to obey by stretching it forth. But my dear mother maintained that she felt no power whatever in herself to exercise faith to lay hold of any promise, though she believed with all her heart and soul in the power of God to save her from her doubts and fears. She experienced a consciousness that the principle of faith was a divine gift (Ephes. ii. 8; Col. ii. 12; Heb. xii. 2), implanted in the soul by the Spirit of God Himself, and that accordingly when the Son of God spoke to the man with the withered hand the word was accompanied with divine power, and imparted strength to the withered hand of the man, inasmuch that the arm would have flown from its socket, and from the ligaments of its attachment to the shoulder, rather than it could have had any power to refuse obedience; or, in other words, the life-giving word of the Son of God would have wrenched it from the shoulder-joint. My mother believed that it could no more have refused to comply with the word of God, than light could refuse to come into being at the creation, when God said, "Let there be light, and there was light" (Gen. i. 3). She maintained this from her own experience of the inability which she was conscious of in her own soul to apply any of the promises to her heart and conscience. It was this knowledge of her own weakness, and of the utter helplessness of fallen human nature that caused her all through her life to continually desire and long for, repeated divine manifestations of the love of God to her soul, and a comfortable assurance that it would be well with her at her end, when she should come to the swellings of Jordan. She did not

maintain this opinion and disposition of mind from any doctrinal bias; for I never knew any one who cared so little as she did to be entertained with bare dry doctrine without experience, which she always understood to be personal and individual testimony to the loving-kindness and goodness of God to the soul and body of a believer in the path through life; such as conviction of sin, deliverance from troubles and difficulties, sanctification of the heart in the furnace of affliction and trial, and providential mercies in the disposal and overruling of the temporal affairs of the daily life of a believer. At the same time I have never yet met with anyone less actuated by fanaticism than was my dear mother.

She continued to associate with the Methodists until the time of her marriage to my father, Jabez Poulson, on January 23, 1837, in the twenty-third year of her age, my father being nineteen years and nine months older than my mother. He was a smart, gentlemanly little man, and enjoyed what men usually term *easy circumstances*, at the time of his marriage to my mother. His great kindness and attachment to her was such that she often said the early part of her married life was indescribably happy.

My father being very feverish, and not able to take any nourishment, mother went out, taking her baby with her, to purchase some grapes for my father. This happened one evening in the week, when service was held at the chapel; and as she intended to go to a fruiterer's in Leadenhall-street, she made her way in that direction, and, hearing the singing as she passed the chapel, she went in to rest herself a short time, as she found her baby rather heavy, and accordingly she sat down upon one of the forms by the stairs at the entrance.

If I remember correctly, the preacher was Mr. John Kershaw, of Rochdale. The remarks he made secured my mother's attention so earnestly that she ever after said that the Lord took His awl, and there and then bored her ear to the door-post; and she continued to worship God at this chapel for forty-five years, until the time of her death. While she was there upon that occasion, she spoke to the pew-opener, who was an elderly, sharp-spoken, irritable man, and told him some of her troubles, about her sick husband confined to his bed, the sudden and great change in his temper, the business being neglected and falling off in consequence of his illness. I believe my mother also mentioned some passages of Scripture which had been brought to her mind, and by which she was supported under these trials. To this the pew-opener listened, and somewhat sharply replied, "Well, you can't eat the lamb without the bitter herbs. If you eat the lamb, you must eat the bitter herbs with it." Evidently he made reference to the passover lamb eaten by the children of Israel in their affliction, typical of the Bread of Life eaten by believers; the bitter herbs also being typical of the tribulation which Christ said should be the decreed portion of His followers. The pew-opener had evidently

detected something in my mother's remarks which indicated that she was of the circumcision of lips and heart, and one who did not live by bread alone. My mother, who was very familiar with the Holy Scriptures, was much comforted by this reply. She then proceeded on her errand, and ever afterwards continued to attend as a worshipper there.

(To be concluded).

RUSHEY-GREEN.—**DEAR BROTHER C. W. BANKS.**—I was (and so were all our friends) grieved to hear of your illness. On the Wednesday morning after receiving the note written by the kind friend with whom you were. I sallied out to find a substitute for you, and after two calls found myself at the front door of W. Horton, pastor of Salem chapel. Croydon, who consented to take your place with us on the day following. In the evening of the same day (Wednesday) I was privileged to baptize at Dacre-park chapel two young brethren, both sons of one of our friends, who have passed from death unto life, the word being blessed to their souls at Rushey-green. On the following day (Thursday) pastor W. Horton preached in the afternoon at Rushey-green chapel from the words, "We preach Christ crucified." Afterwards about forty sat down to tea, and the service in the evening was attended by about 50. Our brother preached from the words, "The household of God." Both sermons were sound, savoury, edifying, and earnest. A baptized Church of Jesus Christ was then formed by our brother, consisting of nine members, inclusive of pastor and deacons. An interesting and happy service was this—one never to be forgotten. May the dear Lord, the great Head of His Church, bless you, my brother, and if it is His holy will raise you up again. May He help brother W. Horton, and may He bless the young Church formed on the 20th in His providence and grace, and then to His dear name be all the glory. Amongst the brethren and friends who came to sympathise, and some of whom took part in the evening service, were Mr. James Mote, John W. Cole, J. Webb, and brethren from Salem, Croydon.—Yours truly, WM. WHEELER.—[We thank the Lord for inclining and enabling brother Horton so blessedly to carry out these services.]

BRIGHTON.—The third anniversary of Mr. C. Masterson's pastorate at Salem chapel, Bond-street, was commemorated on Lord's-day, Aug. 16, when two sermons were preached by the pastor to large congregations. On the following Tuesday Mr. J. S. Anderson gave, in the afternoon, a lucid exposition of John vi. 37. The preacher evidently, both in prayer and preaching, was divinely favoured, and many found it truly good to be there. An excellent tea at five o'clock in the schoolroom was well attended. Public meeting at 6.30, pastor presiding, commencing with "Kindred in Christ," and after reading Ephes. iii., our venerable brother Thomas Read led us with much fervour and fulness in prayer. The chairman then

remarked there was one word that expressed their grateful feelings in relation to the present gathering, and that was the word "Ebenezer."—"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." Yes, it had been the Lord who had so graciously helped, bountifully supplied, mercifully delivered, and abundantly blessed us during the past year. Meetings for prayer had been well sustained, and the power of the Holy Spirit often realised. It was his (the chairman's) happiness to believe he had a place in the warm hearts of many at "Salem," and that in answer to their united prayers he had been upheld and blessed in preaching amongst them another year the unsearchable riches of Christ. It was perhaps somewhat singular that the additions to the Church roll in number was the same as last year, eighteen—in all, eighty-one in the three years. To God be all the glory. But O for a richer harvest of spiritual blessing, was their continual cry. It would be gratifying to know the various institutions (including pastor's Bible-class) were in a healthy and prosperous condition, and that the debt of £250 mentioned at our last anniversary had, through the liberality of friends, become a thing of the past. Thus we might gratefully acknowledge, both in a temporal and spiritual sense, the Lord's mindfulness of us as a Church and congregation. Hearty and suitable addresses were delivered by brethren Virgo, Martin, Payne, Anderson, Greenyer, Turner, and Littleton. Brother Gray was away for his holiday, otherwise would have been present. At all the above services large numbers gathered, Collections in advance of last year's, and, best of all, the Lord was felt to be in the midst.

"WHAT WILL YE DO IN THE DAY OF VISITATION?"

Let us read Isaiah x., and consider, "Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees; that turn aside the needy from judgment, and take away THE RIGHT from the poor of My people; that rob the fatherless," &c. Just think of a high-doctrine preacher, with his annual income of some hundreds, who has in his relative connections a poor half-starved widow, with her permanently, and seriously, afflicted son, whose rich brother-in-law, and "sound-doctrinal preacher," never sends a note nor a farthing. Here is one of the cases which pour in daily. The said afflicted young man says:—

"MY DEAR C. W. BANKS,—Since your last kindness to us we have been severely tried—no needlework for quite a month, and the trade to our little shop less than ever—in fact, all we have had is about seven or eight shillings per week, for three people, and in delicate health and all expenses to pay. Every prop seems taken from us, and not a penny do we get from any source but what you have at times sent us. To see clothes and everything almost worn out, and no possible means of replacing them, and yet to feel oneself more ill and unfit for anything every day, seems to crush us with sorrow and make us to groan out, "When and where will it all end?"

A FATHER IN ISRAEL TO HIS SON.

LETTER X.

"But when the Comforter is come whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father, He shall testify of Me."—John xv. 26.

MY DEAR ENOCH,—I do hope your bodily health and strength is perpetuated, and your mind kept very spiritual in the sweet enjoyment of the unfading realities of the everlasting Gospel. To know, love, believe, and receive the truth is truly blessed; but to be qualified to preach it to every creature, sinners and saints, is the very climax of holy and heavenly employment upon earth: at least, it is so to me now, with all my infirmities, and has been over fifty-one years. "Bless the Lord, O my soul." Do not forget, Enoch, in your public ministrations, to give the personality and work of God the Holy Ghost a very prominent place in all your sermons. I believe that thousands of hearers of various sorts and of various things, can truly affirm, "We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." What an appalling statement. Never let it besaid so of thyself. The Holy Ghost is Jehovah, equal with the Father and the Son, and has His distinct work to perform in executing the infinitely wise and God-glorifying plan of eternal salvation in the heart-felt experience of all whom God the Father chose in Christ Jesus to eternal life and salvation, and for whom Christ became substitutionally responsible in eternal counsel. These, at the time appointed and decreed in the unchangeable purpose of God, are awakened from their slumbers, unconcern and unconsciousness of spiritual death in trespasses and sins. They are aroused from their lethargy, convinced of their sinnership and their awful condition by the Almighty quickening power of God the Holy Ghost, and in the light of God's most holy law they discover their sinful, vile, undone state and condition; they feel the heavy burden of sin and guilt in their conscience, fear they shall perish, and know they justly deserve it, and in solemn earnest, out of soul-trouble cry, "Lord, save, or I perish," "God, be merciful to me, a sinner," and by the teaching, leading, and guidance of this infallible preceptor into the mystery of iniquity, they feel and find sin to be exceeding sinful, they "abhor themselves and repent in dust and ashes." Something of this must be known and felt, or all is strong delusion.

The Holy Ghost is emblematically described as wind, North and South wind, law-cutting and Gospel-healing wind; and what power can resist, hinder, or stop his Almighty work and operation in the soul? He is compared to water for His sanctifying, cleansing, cooling, comforting influence in soul experience. He is compared to fire for His illuminating, exhilarating, consuming power and grace. He burns up and destroys all false religion as wood, hay, stubble, in His pupil's experience, and allows nothing to remain but gold, silver, precious stones,

genuine saints with a genuine religion. He is also compared to oil, for His anointing, softening, animating, invigorating, reviving influence and grace in the heart-felt and happy experience of the saints of the most high God. This is called "the renewing of the Holy Ghost," and most blessed renewing it is. Oh, that it were more extensively felt and enjoyed in the Churches of Christ, individually and collectively; that He would come down in His sovereign influence, energy, and power, like "rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth," that the Gospel might be preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, that Zion might be revived and replenished individually and collectively, and raised up from her low, languishing, torpid, supine state and condition; that "the desert may rejoice and blossom as the rose," and "the vines, with their tender grapes, give a good smell." Things, I believe, will remain as they are, nearly still and stagnant, "Until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high," &c.

As for the professional, formal, fleshly revivals of the day, so-called, among free-will and duty-faith religionists, without the invincible power, grace, and operation of the Eternal Spirit. It is all a mere dream, an illusion, an *ignis fatuus*, and comes to nought. 'Tis "born of the flesh, and is flesh." "It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing." God the Holy Ghost can, must, shall, and will do His own work, and solemnly prove the vain pretences of all formal and fleshly workers to be mere imitations. Oh, how slow and sluggish we move on in our religious services, without "an unction from the Holy One;" but with that, with what soul-pleasure and profit we seek and serve the Lord, and realise sweet communion and fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ.

It is the work and office of Jehovah, the Holy Ghost, to testify of Christ, "to reveal Him in, and make Him known to all the elect and redeemed family of God, to open His transcendent glories, and unfold His matchless beauties to the view of faith within them, to develop His wondrous Person in His glorious complexity, "the Man of sorrows," "the mighty God," human and divine, in one incomprehensible, inexorable, inexpressible, altogether lovely and adorable Person. He makes Him precious to poor, perishing sinners, enables them to renounce all for Him, but Him for nothing; to rely upon His Person and work, His obedience and blood, for acceptance with God and eternal salvation. With His rich influence, as with fresh oil, may you be sweetly anointed, to incessantly publish the work, wonders, and worthiness of the Christ of God.

So prays, yours very truly in Him,

T. STRINGER.

—
GREAT YARMOUTH. — Anniversary and clearing off remaining debt of the York-road Baptist Chapel. On Lord's-day, August 9, 1885, two sermons were preached by Mr. Burgess. Our brother was greatly helped. The Lord's presence was felt and enjoyed by

many, that they could say, "Surely this is the very gate of heaven." The sermons were full of Christ, and what He came to do. After each discourse, the preacher entreated the friends to give freely, as we all hoped to clear off the debt of the building fund. The collections were fairly good. Next day tea was prepared, there being at tea the largest number since the opening services, eleven years since. At public meeting, our dearly beloved W. Beach, Esq., presided; we were all pleased to see him in his place again, and looking so well. Brother Cannings, from Stratford, prayed with great feeling and fervency for the Lord's blessing amongst us. The Chairman called upon brethren Bedingfield, Burgess, E. Marsb, and W. Webb, of Leicester; all spoke of the grand old Gospel, Christ, and Him crucified, being about the sum and substance. The Chairman, reading over the financial statement, showed that last year left a debt of £35 5s. to clear off. Our beloved Mrs. Beach, who has shown her kindness in the past, has, this year, given us another five pounds. The Lord bless both the Chairman and his partner, may they live for ever. We have another energetic sister in the Church, who has again collected £15 towards the debt. After the plates went round, and collections made, the Chairman announced there was £9 16s. short. The Chairman could not have said but five words, when a dear kind friend, Mr. Hartwell (who attends with us), said, "Mr. Chairman, if it will not be taking a liberty, I would give the balance," and the chapel was clear of debt. We all sung with heart and voice, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." After singing, the Chairman called upon our beloved pastor, Mr. Musket, to conclude, which he did, expressing with a heart of gratitude for what the Lord had done for us as a Church. Then the deacon proposed a vote of thanks to our beloved Chairman, and also to his beloved partner, for their great liberality and kindness from year to year; may the blessing of the Lord follow them while here, and then take them to Himself for ever. A vote of thanks was given to Mr. Hartwell for his kindness that night. It was confirmed with acclamation, that Mr. H. paid for the last brick. P.S.—The Church at York-road take this opportunity of thanking each and all that subscribed towards assisting us in clearing the debt of the chapel. The Lord's name be praised for His mercy, this Church wishing every blessing to all. So prays,—E. P.

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

Is there in no retired corner a man having a studious mind, with *original* springs, and a hearty hot with holy love to the glorious Trinity in Unity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, whose motive in preaching would be to feed the flock, and instrumentally to gather in some of the ransomed to Christ? A Church is praying for such a devout, such a spirit-qualified man. Address, privately, by letter, directed, "The Retiring Pastor," care of R. Banks and Son, Racquet-court, Fleet-street, London.

THE CHURCHES IN LEICESTER.

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

DEAR SIR,—Having been a resident at Leicester for some time, and a careful observer of the state of things, I venture to send you a short account of this great town, which numbers about 130,000 inhabitants, of whom there is a large number never think of attending any place of worship, though we have churches and chapels of every description, and some of them are large places, and well attended. I assure you that Unitarianism and annihilationists abound. Then we have plenty of duty-faith and free-will, but notwithstanding, Leicester is a highly favoured town. There are five chapels, where a free-grace Gospel is faithfully preached, each of them having a settled pastor. Though the chapels are not filled, yet the average attendance at three of them must not be complained of, considering we live in days when many people have itching ears; then there is the wandering tribe, to whom every new man has an attraction; when they have weighed, measured, and criticised him, they are off somewhere else. Poor things, I pity them. But there is a goodly number who are pillars in the churches, and good supporters of the cause to which they belong. There is not the amount of real prosperity that one desires to see. Striking conversions are rare now-a-days, there appears to be a with-holding of the Spirit's power in the ministry. O that the Holy Ghost would come down as on the day of Pentecost.

Mr. Hazlerigg has maintained a good standing for a good many years. At Providence, where that quaint but honoured servant of God, William Garrard, known as "the Watchman on the Walls," preached for many years, there is a Mr. William Webb, who has been favoured to keep a fairly good congregation for several years. At Alfred-street, where supplies of the *Standard* party occupied the pulpit for many years, Mr. E. Carr is now pastor; he has been made useful, especially among the young people. At St. Peter's-lane, the old cause, Mr. Hedges has been labouring for many years, but for some reason most of the people left him, so that the cause is in a very low state. May it please the Lord to revive it again. At Salem, where that highly honoured servant of God, Mr. Chamberlain, preached with success, one Mr. Barber preaches to a few people, they are of the Huntingtonian school. Wishing you the enjoyment of every new covenant blessing, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

A LOVER OF A FREE-GRACE GOSPEL.

IPSWICH.—At Zoar Chapel we had a blessed time, on September 6, when Mr. Samuel Cozens baptized four believers, and spoke well on the words, "None other NAME." We thank the Lord for His work in calling in and constraining some of the redeemed thus to "PUT ON CHRIST." God grant they may wear Him well.—A LOOKER.

MORNING DEW-DROPS FROM THE GARDEN OF THE LORD.

BY A GARDEN LABOURER.

A word about the little ones.

"Bring them, I pray thee, unto Me, and I will bless them."—Gen. xlviii. 9.

Thus speaks our gracious Father, God, unto all believing parents, Bring them to Me in earliest infancy and place them in My special care, and I will bless them with My watchful eye; bring them to Me as the power of speech develops itself; teach them My name, that it may be among the first of all their utterances; bring them to Me to learn of Jesus Christ, to learn about Him, to learn from Him, to learn salvation, to learn to reverence My name—thus in these learnings they will find a blessing; I will bless them. Oh, yes, Christian men and women who are trusted with children, forget not to make thy God the first being, the first name, the first to which thou shalt take them, and God shall make good in His great grace and graciousness the words of the aged patriarch to his son, "Bring them, I pray thee, unto Me and I will bless them." And, oh, dear brethren and sisters, while you thus honour God you too shall have an abundant blessing in your souls, your hearts, your minds. Oh, think how your hearts will rejoice as on your knees together you present your dear ones thus in early life to God, and how you will enjoy the smile of your God and Father, as He sees your heart and hears your voice, and says to your heart and mind, "Fear not"; for in blessing I will bless both them and you, for My beloved Son's sake, in whom I am well pleased. And as they progress, even in their school-time days, they will necessarily have to mix with riotous companions. Ob, take them to God, by prayer and supplication, that He will find a Christian teacher for them, and, as far as may be, some Christian companions to be with, and He will assuredly hear your prayer and will bless them. And as they still progress, and powers develop, and they have to mix with older persons, and often with the ungodly, forget not continually to bear them before thy Father's throne; they shall not be forgotten, for He has said, "Bring them to Me and I will bless them." And while you thus lay them at your Father's footstool, forget not at all times to teach them "Jesus," the only salvation provided by God. Teach them by the Word, teach them by the life you lead, in all your life and conversation set them an example to bring them to God, and He in Christ Jesus will bless them. Our Lord Jesus has said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not." Oh, how fearful a thought that it is possible for Christian parents to turn away the feet of their children from God, and from His Christ. Oh, Lord, forbid it, and work mightily in all our hearts, that in all our daily life, in word, in work, and in every way, we may bring our children to Thee, and when the silver cord of this frail state is loosening, still say to our hearts, "Leave thy fatherless children with Me, and I will bless them." Oh, think, ye who are

thus blessed of God to have yourselves hope in Christ, and see your dear children following on in the bright pathway to heaven, what joy it will be to you when heart and flesh shall fail, that He has made your dear children also blessed in Christ Jesus unto life eternal; for ye are Christ's and so are they, therefore bring them to God and He will bless them, and you shall meet them all before His throne, and join in anthems to His praise who has thus blessed you. Amen.

WILLENHALL, LITTLE LONDON.

—The large Baptist Chapel has been thoroughly renovated and beautifully painted, at a cost of over £350, and was re-opened for public worship on Sunday, August 2nd, when two able sermons were preached by Mr. William Bishop, of Broseley, to large audiences. And on Sunday, August 9th, sermons were preached by Mr. John Simpson, and Mr. George Banks, pastor. Collections, £40. The Sunday-school anniversary was held September 6th, Mr. T. W. Ward, of Smethwick, preached morning and afternoon, and the pastor in the evening, when the collections amounted to nearly £20. It is a pleasing sight to see the numbers who gather in this time-honoured sanctuary to hear the Gospel of free grace and redeeming love proclaimed, and it is very encouraging to hear the earnest prayers of the people, that souls may be gathered to our heavenly Shiloh. We observe very hopeful signs of a spiritual character, and are expecting to baptize several believers the last Sunday in September. May David's Son and Lord hold a lasting throne here.

LOWER TOOTING.—At Providence Chapel, in Tooting-grove, we have had, on more than one occasion, the ministration of Mr. Godsmark. He is a little bit too high for some of the folk, while by others, his message has been received with thankfulness. Ours is a little cause, but we are at peace. One Mr. Crutcher reads the hymns, and another Mr. Crutcher is the perpetual curate and patron of the living. But we want a better chapel, in a better thoroughfare. We are huddled up in a back street. Still we press on. There is another Baptist cause here. Mr. Witney, from Mr. Spurgeon's College, has a nice iron chapel. He is a thorough good man, though his preaching abilities are not quite equal to those of St. Chrysostom.

KING'S CROSS.—EBENEZER.—

Recently sermons were preached by C. Holton and Mr. Maycock. In the evening our kind brother, J. Haines, deacon of Homerton Row, presided. Brethren Burbridge, Debnam, G. Howard, C. Holton, N. Oakey and Maycock, all brought up a good report. [The New Association have given permission to some of the old supplies to retire from the arduous work of travelling and talking. A correspondent laments to find Buckhurst Hill is gone from us. New parsons may bring a new people, who can tell?]

THE HOPE OF A NEW TABERNACLE AND A BETTER WORLD.

On Wednesday, Sept. 9, an interesting and enthusiastic meeting was held in the Albert Hall, Whitfield-street, in connection with the celebration of the 10th anniversary of the pastorate of Mr. John Box at Soho. Among others present were Messrs. George Webb, W. Kennard, R. E. Sears, W. K. Squirrel, Clark, W. Hazelton, and Thomas. Mr. C. Wilson occupied the chair, and in opening the proceedings referred to the great regard and esteem which was manifest to the pastor of Soho, and expressed his pleasure in being present and presiding over the meeting.

Mr. Box, in a brief and appropriate address, thanked the many friends who had so kindly exhibited their good feeling by being present; and in thanking the chairman for his kindly remarks, said, he was sure that one motto would be felt to be appropriate to one and all, "By the grace of God I am what I am." He felt it to be a mercy to be called to labour under the Lord's direction here in His vineyard below, before entering upon the labours of the celestial city; for there would be labour there, but it would not bring with it any weariness or disappointment. He felt constrained to acknowledge the goodness of God, which had kept him and the Church in unity, and at the present time he was not aware of one heart that was against him in the whole of the Church. He had received many tokens of kindness that morning which he judged to be the kind expression of loving hearts. At that time last year the Church had not the slightest idea of where they should find a place to worship in; they had but six months to make every arrangement, and the end of December, 1884, found them in the same position; but they were enabled subsequently to arrange for meeting together in the commodious building in which they were found to-night. They had not yet found a site for the new chapel, but they had a professional gentleman to examine everything the Lord in His providence might bring before them. They had heard of several sites, the dearest one £35,000, the others not so dear, though more than they were prepared to give. He was glad to say that they held the same doctrine of truth as when he came among them as their pastor, ten years ago, and prayed that God might improve the truth in them all and bless them.

The treasurer then read the balance-sheet, which showed that the sum of £5,246 18s. was invested in the three per cent. consols, on the fund, being now raised, for the purchase of a freehold site and the erection of a new chapel.

Mr. Squirrel said he could not but feel that the pastor of Soho was the precious gift of a risen Saviour, and he rejoiced with him and the Church in their prosperity; he also, as a Christian minister, could feel with him a joyful and thankful surprise; for he was sure that it was not a very easy matter for a man to stand forth for so long a time and to bring new matter out of the old Book. He thought he could tell the secret of their

prosperity, it was because their hearts were knit together in love. And he prayed that they as a Church might ever feel a holy glow of love binding their affections together.

Mr. Sears, in a speech which may be well designated "short and stirring," referred to the Gospel minister's lights and shadows. He believed individual and collective energy was required in the cause and service of the Master, and concluded by exhorting the people of God to remember at all times that "God is love."

Mr. Clark, of Wandsworth, addressed a few earnest remarks on the grace which was in Christ Jesus and the work of the Holy Spirit in the heart. Mr. W. Hazelton and Mr. G. W. Thomas also delivered short addresses.

Thus the Church at Soho is progressing in the hope of soon being enabled in the kind providence of God to erect a new tabernacle to His name, and that the hope of the better world and the desire for it is in their midst, was manifest by the hearty singing of the last verse of the closing hymn,—

"Oh, that in yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
There join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all."

E. J. W. W.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—The 40th Anniversary of Providence Baptist Chapel was held Sept. 7. Sermons were preached by Mr. J. Clark from, "But now once in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself," and by Mr. John Box from, "The precious blood of Christ." He was truly solemn in handling this all important subject, showing how the blood of Christ was precious, not only in the estimation of His people, but in the sight of JEHOVAH, as the Great Lawgiver, and the efficacy it had in fully redeeming those who were "Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father." It was a good season to those who were gathered to hear "what the Lord our God should speak" through the instrumentality of these worthy men. We can, as a Church, record many blessed favours from the Lord during these past forty years, and we are constrained to hope that,

"He who has helped us hitherto,
Will help us all our journey through."

On the Sunday preceding, brother Bush, who frequently blows the Gospel trumpet amongst us, took for his text, "And thou shalt remember all the way the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness," said, that we could not help feeling grateful to the Lord for upholding His truth amongst us, without the aid of any artificial means, for forty years. It was a great favour and a testimony to the power of God in maintaining His word, in spite of all the deceptions of the age in which we live. And now, having reached our fortieth year, may we be enabled, by the same mighty power, to reach our jubilee, and God, in mercy, grant that we may also "hold out to the end."—

W. J. BRIGHT.

SOME OF THE EDITORS WHO HAVE LEFT THE CHAIR.

That prophet was in the wilderness, as he thought, *alone*. His memory carried him back many years, when his companions had been all around him; but now he cries out, "Our fathers! *Where* are they? And the prophets! Do they live for ever?" Oh, no! they are all gone, and to say confidently, descriptively, *where*, what, or how they now are, is more than man can do. They once lived and laboured here; but the places that did know them shall know them here no more.

A glance over the last fifty years will show us again the old tale, "one generation passeth away, and another generation cometh." This glance will show us, as time rolls on, as populations increase, so witnesses for God and workers for Christ have always been called to the front. God has not, will not, leave Himself without witnesses. Hosts of pulpits, platforms, penmen, printing-presses, and other agencies, are fulfilling that prophecy in rhyme,—

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeis run."

Our predecessors, where are they? The "Spiritual Magazine," the "Zion's Casket," the "Zion's Trumpet," the "Pot of Manna," the "Gospel Ambassador," the "Voice of Truth," and others, have all become extinct, and their editors are all silent. We have, in the years behind, had personal acquaintance with some gentlemen who were EDITORS in reality; not *slave-conductors*, and well-strengthened martyrs, but MEN who had powers of mind to carry them above the weaknesses of the children who would do better if they had the genius and the grace. William Mudford, Esq., James Grant, Esq. (with his thousand a-year), John Hampden, Esq., and others, who were intellectual giants; they did not pretend to be *saints*, nor were they persecutors of those who were saints by profession, they were men who never descended to the criticisms of weak minds; they were men who sought *not* the applause nor the pennies of a few brainless admirers, but to advance the glory of God, the Majesty of Christ, the secret, the practical, the heaven-meeting grace of the divine Comforter, and to unfold the deep things yet to be fully revealed, these constituent powers of a hidden grace constrained them in all they did, whether politically for the world, or spiritually for the Church. We have seen some gentlemen sit down in the editor's chair during the last few years, and from each was expected great things; but each soon found the chair so uneasy that they resigned the honourable seat. Ah, sirs! ye idle critics! we tell you, to be sole proprietor, conductor, editor, almoner, and general correspondent, is no merely nominal office. Add to those branches of *study* work the honours of preaching anniversary and thanksgiving sermons in all parts of the country, and then for your reward to receive the late blessed James Wells's castigation—

"*Banks, you are a fool.*"

He meant to do so much for next to nothing, while his gifts and his grace obtained for him an income so overflowing.

But of such editors as the grand old Dr. Doudney, the late much-honoured Philpot, Master Hatton, that excellent gentleman, Mr. Hazlerigg, and a variety of good men who have done *their best* to serve the Churches—of all these, and of many more. I have stores of useful lessons. This for *introduction* must suffice.

SOUTHILL, BEDS.—One of the most successful, useful, and ever-working ministers in the *Gospel Standard* connection is Mr. John Warburton, pastor of the Southill Baptist Church, where he has happily preached the Gospel for the last forty years. Recently the occasion of reaching his 70th birthday was recognised by public services, when some valuable testimonials were presented to Mr. Warburton. For one pastor to stand with one Church full forty years or more, to see the old congregation nearly die out, and a new race gradually to be gathered in, is a remarkable position. But his forty years have run their course. If he is favoured to have ten years more, his ministerial jubilee will see him approaching what the Jews anciently called AN OLD MAN. A correspondent of C. W. Banks says: "Mr. J. Warburton, pastor of the Church at Southill, Beds, was presented, on the seventieth anniversary of his birthday, with a purse containing £70, an inkstand, a box of pocket handkerchiefs, and an illuminated address. Mr. Warburton has been pastor of the Church for more than forty years, and nearly the whole of the present congregation has been gathered during his ministry."

GAINSBOROUGH.—On Sunday, Aug. 30, W. Rowton Parker, the new pastor of the Particular Baptist chapel, preached the anniversary sermons, morning and evening. In the morning from "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day" (Prov. iv. 18); and in the evening from "For the Lord shall comfort Zion, He shall comfort all her waste places, and He will make her wilderness as Eden, and her desert as the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody" (Isa. li. 3). The congregations were good; the collections were more than usual. On the following day an excellent meat tea was provided. The numbers that came exceeded all expectation. A. H. Wilson, Esq., of Gainsborough, presided. The hymn, "Kindred in Christ, for His dear sake," having been sung, prayer was offered by J. Fogg, of Misterton, and addresses were given by J. Young, of Kirton Lindsey. W. Pigott followed. H. White, of Manchester, touched in a lively strain upon some of the points in the previous addresses, and the pastor closed with a short address on the certainty of God's promises, and the immutability of His purposes in respect of the Church, taken out of the world by the Lord

Jesus Christ, chosen to be a palace for His indwelling, builded together for a temple wherein He is worshipped, a people loved, redeemed, sanctified, and saved by His grace and for His glory. Other ministers were present in the congregation to show their sympathy with the new pastor and the Church of Christ under His care. Anthems were rendered at intervals by the choir in a very efficient manner, and altogether the meetings were not only bright and cheery, but full of divine power. The financial results were considerably above previous years. After the public meeting, a coffee supper brought the proceedings to a happy close.

THE WILLIAM LODGE HELP FUND.

[For an aged, infirm, and afflicted servant of our Lord to be accidentally knocked down in the street, and in the fall to break one of his strong walking-sticks—that is, to rupture a thigh-bone—is for the sufferer himself a frightful calamity. Such has been the case with our brother William Lodge, who had just previously lost his second wife, and by her death away went all his temporal support and domestic comfort. Without pension, or property of any kind, behold the sorrowful widower prostrate in the street. He is carried to his lodging. But from whence cometh the needful? Some few friends who have the three powers of charity—*heads* to listen to cases of distress; *hearts* to sympathise with them; *hands* to put forth practical help for them. A few such friends have done a little. May we suggest that a penny subscription be made in all our Churches. We give the following as requested.—C. W. B.]

“DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Our afflicted brother, Mr. William Lodge, wishes me to write and thank the kind friends (among them his old, kind friend, brother Banks) for their liberal contributions towards the ‘Help Fund’ of Messrs. Charles Gordelier and Ebenezer Jacob, on his behalf. They are pleased to inform the kind friends that they have already obtained the sum of £10 3s., and sincerely hope that those friends who have it in their power any way to assist will kindly aid the fund by their further contributions, which will be thankfully received on his behalf either by Mr. Chas. Gordelier, 25, Devonshire-road, Hackney, or by Ebenezer Jacob, 33, Graham-road, Dalston, E. It is well known that a sad accident has befallen our dear brother in his old age; and we feel persuaded that those friends who have it in their power to assist an afflicted servant of Christ, who has been upon the walls of Zion for many years, will feel a pleasure in contributing towards the funds, remembering the words of our dear Redeemer, ‘For inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.’ Also, ‘A cup of cold water given in the name of the Lord, shall in no wise lose its reward.’ I was much grieved to see, through the E. V., of your continued illness, but hope, if the Lord’s will, you may be

spared to proclaim His glorious name, which has been your chief delight for so many years. Wishing you continued success in your work of faith and labour of love, with Christian love, in which Mrs. Jacob unites, from your affectionate friend, for the truth’s sake,—E. JACOB.”

BUCKS.—[A private note to my neighbour]. Private or public, it comes to us, we suppose, to make some use of. “When I was on my last Mid-Western circuit, I called on a noted tradesman in Aylesbury for orders; and while pressing him in a business line, he, to turn my tongue-tugging off its line, and knowing how fond I am of the EARTHEN VESSEL, said, ‘To-morrow is Bierton Sunday-school anniversary, and Mr. Banks is to preach the sermons.’ ‘Indeed,’ said I, ‘then if I live, and the gout in my foot will let me, I walks over to Bierton to-morrow.’ ‘Ah,’ said the gentleman, ‘do not let me mislead you, it is not C. W. Banks, but his son, Mr. Samuel Banks.’ ‘What! has the old editor a son in the faith, in the truth, in the ministry?’ ‘Oh, yes; and the Bierton people are fond of him, I think; for they have had him before.’ Sunday morning found me in Bierton Baptist chapel. It is so much improved I hardly knew it. They are a hive of good workers at Bierton, and they are doing a work that will speak for them another day. Mr. Samuel Banks preached two Sunday-school sermons, and in the afternoon gave an address to parents, to teachers, to scholars, to well-wishers, and to all the friends. He is a grave and careful preacher.” A correspondent says:—“On Tuesday, July 21, the teachers and scholars had dinner together. Then a public tea, when about 150 sat down. Prizes to scholars for punctual attendance were awarded by Mr. H. J. Lester, of Aylesbury. We thank all friends for their favours, and we thank God for His kind love in blessing Bierton Baptist Sunday-school.—W. J. M.”

HOXTON.—At brother Walter James’ house, 37, Haberdasher-street, the monthly prayer-meeting is well sustained; the presence of the Lord is realised. The first Friday in August, brother Beazley presided, and spake with his heart in his mouth of the verities of experimental religion. On the first Friday in September, our promising young brother, W. G. Thomas, of Boro’-green, conducted the meeting with much savour, and was quite at home with his more primitive friends in the service. The brethren Marshall, Linsell, Clark, Toynbee, J. W. Banks, and others, do their best to uphold the hands of your humble servant,—W. J.

RUSHDEN, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—At Succoth Baptist Chapel, on Sunday, Aug. 30th, G. Pung, of Norwich, preached to good congregations, and on Monday afternoon a tea and social meeting were held. Addresses were delivered by G. Pung, Carpenter (Irthlingborough), and Cooper (London).

**MR. HENRY MYERSON'S MINISTRY
IN SHALOM CHAPEL,**

THE OVAL, HACKNEY-ROAD.

The twenty-third anniversary of Mr. H. Myerson's pastorate was held August 25. After tea a public meeting was held, presided over by the pastor, Mr. Myerson. Messrs. Bennett, Cornwell, Holden, W. Hazelton, G. Webb, and Ortner, were present. The Chairman expressed the pleasure he felt in being surrounded with so many brethren in the ministry; and he blessed God for having been kept by Him for so many years in the ministry to his people, so that he could truly say with the apostle, "By the grace of God I am what I am." For the strangers present, he offered his ardent supplication to God, and hoped they would reciprocate the same. Although he should say as little of himself as possible, he was obliged to make some little reference—viz., that although this was his twenty-third anniversary, yet it was twenty-five years since he had first spoken to his people in the name of the Lord. Mr. Myerson feared at first that he would not be able to hold out for twelve months, and here feelingly alluded to his having stated to his wife that he should be dead in that time; but that she encouraged him on in the Lord's work. He referred to the earnestness in which he had studied God's Word, but to the emptiness he had felt in the pulpit, and his determination to preach Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. He thanked God that his chapel was always tolerably well filled. He referred to his training for eight years, and to some happy illustration in the Hebrew School, and then commended his ministerial brethren to the meeting.

Brother Bennett spoke of the precious testimony of the Chairman, which was so full of Jesus Christ, to God's blessing His people as much when they could take nothing away as when they had something. He referred to the twenty-five years of the pastor's ministry as being a large slice out of a man's life, and to its being quite a miracle for a man having been kept so long.

Brother Corawell gave a very instructive address, saying that he should like to speak a great deal of the pastor as the best man that ever lived, but that there was a better; and treated very masterly the words: "He shall drink of the brook by the way, therefore shall he lift up the head," concluding with some spiritual references to Solomon's words, "The Lord weigheth the spirits."

Brother Holden, on *Psa. xxiii.*, expressed his heartfelt desire that the blessings therein contained might be granted to, and enjoyed by the pastor; referring to the fifes and drums which we saw and heard so much about at the present day, as not being the spiritual teaching of the Gospel of the blessed God.

Brother W. Hazelton spoke upon "They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

Brother G. Webb spoke some homely words on "There remaineth, therefore, a rest

for the people of God." He alluded to his father having blessed God for not only having brought his two sons into the fold of God, but having made them ministers of the Gospel.

One of the deacons here handed to the pastor £3, the result of the collection, which brother Myerson feelingly accepted as the free-will offering of those present. Brother Ortner engaged in prayer. Thus ended a God-honouring, soul-inspiring meeting.

C. ORTNER.

Grayscott-road, Lavender-hill, S.W.

[If Mr. Ortner wishes to know why we omit one speaker's address, we advise him to write to the deacons of the Church.]

BATH.—The twenty-fifth Anniversary in connection with Mr. John Huntley's settlement at Widcombe Baptist Chapel was held Sunday and Monday, Sept. 6th and 7th, 1885, and, owing to indisposition of the pastor, his son, Mr. J. R. Huntley, preached in the morning, and the Lord Jesus Himself was there. Mr. J. R. spoke much of the love of Jesus, exalting Him very high, as he always does, for he loves Him and cannot speak too much about Him. In the evening our pastor preached to a very good congregation; after singing that well-known hymn,

"Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise,
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness O' how free."—

Mr. Huntley preached from the words of Jacob, to his brother Esau, "I have enough, my brother," showing Jacob's thankfulness, gratitude, hope, and contentedness. Any home with these must be a happy one; but any without these cannot be so. We can truly say the Lord was there. On Monday, the praise and prayer meeting; the brethren and sisters came out and filled the place. Our pastor spoke of his connection with the Church during the past twenty-five years; if the Lord had not been with him he never could have held on. The grand old Gospel is as dear as ever to his soul. Enclosed is a letter Mr. Huntley received on his twenty-fifth anniversary from a minister of another denomination, showing the esteem he is held in for his work's sake. The letter shall speak for itself. Hoping the blessing of the Lord will rest on you, dear brother Banks, and make you a blessing, prays one in the path of Christian love and hope.—J. A. [The following is the letter referred to:—"Locksbrook, Sept. 5, 1885. Dear Sir,—I desire warmly and gratefully to remember you on the twenty-fifth anniversary of your settlement in Bath, and the fulfilment of your ministerial labours during the last quarter of a century. To how many have you proclaimed the word of life? what numbers have died in your congregation? how many have entered into rest, and, I rejoice to add, to what numbers you have been rendered, in the highest degree, useful, during the long period of twenty-five years! You have always preached Christ to the people, you have been faithful to saint and sinner, the

Lord Jesus you have ever exalted in your ministry, and the Spirit of God you have ever desired to honour. It does me good to remember this, and I have no doubt you will meet in the kingdom of glory numbers who were won to Christ through your instrumentality. Be comforted, be stimulated, may I will pray for you. You have laboured to honour your divine Lord, and He has honoured and will honour you in return. May strength remain, may peace and usefulness continue, and may you, your dear partner and family have a large blessing from heaven! I remain, dear sir, yours fraternally,—T. WALLACE.”]

WHAT CAN WE DO?

Distressing, beyond measure, are some of our letters regarding

“THE STATE OF ZION.”

One old hearer declares “the attendance is wretchedly bad.” And an old weather-beaten warrior writes of “the preaching being meagre and powerless.” Such men as these writers lived when our chapels were crowded, and many of the ministers were men of might and valour. It is not for us to sit in judgment. We weep in silence. Not one word of censure will we write. But, in our part of London, the complaint is, “The ministers are not men in whom the Spirit speaketh, so as to reach the heart.” O Lord, pity, pardon, and pour upon us Thy Spirit. Amen.

ELTHAM.—Our little sister at Eltham held a harvest thanksgiving on Tuesday, September 1. Mr. J. S. Anderson preached a practical and encouraging sermon from John vi. 35, in the afternoon, to an attentive auditory. About 70 persons sat down to the good tea provided. A public meeting was convened in the evening. T. M. Whittaker, Esq., presided. Brother Brooks led many hearts to the throne of grace in pleading for a blessing. The chairman gave a very appropriate address. Brethren J. S. Anderson, Parnell, Lynn, and Copeland, warmly and sweetly addressed the full meeting. The Church here contemplate having a chapel of their own; they have inaugurated a building fund. The collections of the day were devoted to this fund. The friends of Hope, Bethnal-green, sent £2 toward the same, for which we desire to tender our heartfelt thanks.—J. COPELAND.

STOWMARKET (NEW CHAPEL).—Mr. Giles George Whorlow recently celebrated the seventh anniversary of his pastorate conjointly with the Harvest Thanksgiving service. The writer was favoured to preach three times on the Lord's-day. On the Monday Mr. B. J. Northfield preached a sound experimental sermon. In the evening Mr. Whorlow occupied the chair, Mr. A. Knell opened the meeting with earnest prayer. The chairman, after kindly alluding to the departure of Mr. W. Houghton, of Blakenham, who preached on a similar occasion, spoke of the two-fold nature of the meeting, to thank God for the temporal and spiritual harvest. W. Winters spoke, and speeches were delivered by Messrs. Cause, Kern, Reynolds, D. Dickerson, and Mr. Garrard wound

up the meeting admirably. Mr. John Moonfield, of Gloucester, is a native of Stowmarket, and he had but just returned from a holiday in his native town when the above meeting took place. I was more than gratified to visit the house of good deacon Mr. Wright, and to partake of the fruit from the historic mulberry-tree which the seraphic bard, John Milton, planted upwards of 250 years ago. God bless brother G. G. Whorlow, his deacons and friends, prays—W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

GLEMSFORD.—After three sermons, at Ebenezer, on September 13, by Mr. R. Bowles, a service was held (14th), when Mr. Burgess preached. Mr. W. Beech took the chair in the evening, and spoke well, and helped the friends. Speeches were also delivered by brethren, R. Page, White, Isalah Smith, and Bowles, and the anniversary concluded well.—W. WINTERS.

I AM A STRANGER IN THE EARTH.

A STRANGER in this world am I,

A sojourner awhile below;

I seek a city upon high,

This is no certain rest, I know.

I seek a better world to come,

Away from storm and tempest far,

This world can never be my home,

So full of sin, and woe, and war.

A stranger I have long time been,

Unknown, oppressed, and oft cast down;

And many a conflict I have seen,

Have suffered from the world's cold frown.

A stranger here, friends far away,

Remov'd to happier scenes above,

With whom I used to praise and pray,

And converse on a Saviour's love.

No longer struggling with the fears

And sorrows of our earthly shore;

For ever freed from cares and tears.

Happy with God for evermore.

A stranger here, unsought, unknown,

I shall be there at home ere long!

With long-lost friends before His throne,

Join in the new triumphant song.

Margate, Aug. 20, 1885.

G. H. M. READ.

Marriages.

On September 5, at Marlborough chapel, Old Kent-road, R. Fergusson, only son of Robert Banks, of Racquet-court, Fleet-street, and Brixton, to Emily, second daughter of the late James Pettengill, of Coburg-road, S.E.

At Wandsworth, on Sept. 16th, Mr. King, of Morden, to Miss C. S. Strickett, the only child of the late Henry Strickett, of Dartford.

Our Tombstones.

Elizabeth, wife of Rankin Whitehead, of Saffron Walden, entered into her eternal rest, after a long and painful illness, June 8, 1885. He that began the good work in her heart, performed it unto the day of Jesus Christ.—W. G. K.

We much regret to learn that aged and most benevolent Christian man, Mr. William Turner, of South Hackney, has recently been bereaved of a beloved son.

Mr. Thomas Austin, of South Hackney, passed away rather suddenly on September 15, 1885. He was for many years a preacher in the various Churches in London and in the provinces. He was an ardent lover, and a safe, solemn, and truthful advocate of the whole Gospel of Christ. His memoir will be written another day. He leaves two orphan daughters in deep affliction.

The Lord is at Hand.

Notes of a Funeral Sermon for Lord Shaftesbury, Preached at Zoar Chapel, Ipswich, Sabbath Evening, Oct. 11, 1885.

BY S. COZENS.

“A great man is fallen.”—2 Sam. iii. 38.

THE late Lord Houghton, one of the best and most accomplished men of the age, being asked who was the greatest Englishman he had known, answered, “Beyond all question, Lord Shaftesbury.” Such a testimony from such a man as Lord Houghton justifies the application of my text to the late Earl Shaftesbury, whose death we all lament. Yes, the late Earl was a great man. His goodness made him great. Some men are great, but not good; some are good, and not great. Better be good and not great, than be great and not good. Earl Shaftesbury was both good and great, and he was great because he was so good—so immensely good to the neglected poor and miserable outcasts of Society. He who was the personal friend of Her Majesty was the practical friend of the children of the garret and the gutter. The waifs and strays of humanity were his special care; and the blessing of those who were ready to perish will long rest upon his memory. He was great in his *moral qualities*. He was a *light* shining in the darkness of the West End, holding up to the lovers of ease and luxury and forbidden pleasures the brightness of his example. He was indeed a burning and a shining light. Is there such another luminary in the upper circle? another doing the work he did? At the funeral service in Westminster Abbey the aristocracy were conspicuous by their absence. Full forty years ago, when he was Lord Ashley, Carlyle, who was no flatterer of men, paid a noble tribute to his worth, and by his example warned the nobility: “Honour to the name of Ashley, who by work and word admonish his order not to rush upon destruction.” And then the Chelsea philosopher predicts the downfall, the wreck of his order, if they fail to improve by his example.

He was the *salt* of the earth of poor humanity; and many there be in comfortable and happy circumstances of life who owe their preservation and elevation to the late Earl. The great aim of his life was to seek the lost and save the lowest of his fellow creatures, to lift them up to self-respect and honest effort, to lift them up in body, soul and circumstances, to lift them up to all that's good and bring them back to God. And how much good of this kind he did was proclaimed on the banners borne by the deputations from many of the boys' homes. On one banner were the words, “Naked, and ye clothed me.” On another banner was the text, “I was a stranger, and ye took me in.” Another banner bore the inscription, “I was sick, and ye visited me.” This reminds one of the judgment day, and of the verdict of the Judge upon the benevolent. To help a fellow creature is more in God's account than to wear a coronet.

He was great in the greatness of his *charities*. His praise is not

only in all the churches, but also in all the charities of the country. We are told that he was connected with 300 philanthropic and religious institutions (see a list of some of these societies in the *Daily Telegraph*, Oct. 9, 1885). In all philanthropical societies his name has been foremost as "guide, philosopher and friend." They have lost a generous patron and a wise counsellor. From a boy I have known Lord Shaftesbury. I knew him at St. Giles' more than fifty years ago. I have a vivid remembrance of the first time I saw him, and of the impression that his serious manner made upon me. He was just coming into public life as a new light in the political world, and whether he was the more grave because he felt the gravity of his position in the House of Commons I know not; but this I know, that I felt he belonged to an order of beings superior to the men of this world; and his whole life since then has deepened my early thoughts of him. I have known him in London. I have been with him on the platform pleading the cause of ragged schools—an institution which would have died in its birth but for his nursing. I have looked upon him as the high priest of charity—one who had compassion on the ignorant and the out-of-the-way—of knowledge, and all good influences. Like the priest, he had large compassion for the lepers of society; like the priest, he made the oracles of God the rule of his conduct toward men. This priest of charity, by his labours of love, brought many souls from dangerous ways of folly, sin, and shame; ah, many who had sinned themselves into prison-houses will revere and love his name. It would take too much time to speak of all that are indebted to him. Thousands who were once half nude children in the streets of London, thousands of once miserable factory children, thousands whose young lives were buried alive in coalpits, will bless his memory. How horrible was his description in the House of Commons of the naked boys and girls chained to sledge-tubs, which the poor creatures had to drag through mud and water on all fours; it makes one's blood curdle to think of those poor young martyrs to the mammon god. But we must not forget those who first began to earn an honest living in the Shoebblack Brigade—these will bless his name. I know one occupying a high position in London—whose name is known all over England—who was once a poor boy in the Shoebblack Brigade.

He was a great *philanthropist*. Like his Divine Master, his deepest sympathies were with those who most needed them. "He went about doing good." He went about seeking out objects of misery and wretchedness on purpose to do them good. And his name will be long and lovingly cherished as one of the greatest philanthropists of the nineteenth century. I have been thinking what a reformed happy England this would be if all our nobles were Shaftesburys. His family motto, "Love, serve," was the text, the inspiration, the sermon of his great and good life. He was the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, and as the seventh day was consecrated for God, so the whole life of this seventh Shaftesbury seems to have been devoted to the service of God. He served God in the best way that a man can serve Him—namely, by serving his generation. It is not taking religion, but doing good to our fellow creatures from the love of God. He believed in the common brotherhood of men. He looked upon those in the lowest conditions of life as his own flesh and blood—as his brothers and sisters

in adverse circumstances—and he used his utmost efforts to relieve and benefit them. Yes, verily, he was the poor man's friend, the poor children's friend. Heaven only can chronicle the many worthy deeds of this great and good man, whose loss the nation mourns with profound grief.

He was a great moral *philosopher*. And neither Buddha, nor Confucius, nor Socrates ever uttered maxims more just to God, and more safe to man than those enunciated in Exeter Hall by the late earl. His philosophy was to try and make his fellow creatures better by his acquaintance, counsel, and example. To listen to him was to listen to one whose highest aim was to elevate the masses into a purer life. It was a noble aim, and God crowned his works with immeasurable blessings. Yes, verily, he was a noble man, and he deemed no man ignoble, no man so low as to be beneath his notice or beyond his sympathy. He felt that he belonged to the great brotherhood of man, that he was as a strong hand in the body politic, and that he was in duty bound to help the feeblest members. And he did it. Some know their duty and never do it. But Earl Shaftesbury felt the responsibility of his talents and laid them out to immense advantage.

He was a great *Protestant*, a Protestant from conviction. And he protested in no measured language against every assault upon the faith of the reformers. Ask the present Archbishop of Canterbury; ask the little clique that gave to the world that notorious book, "Essays and Reviews"; ask the authors of "Tracts for the Times"; ask the Oxford party of High Churchmen; ask the writer of "Ecce Homo."

On Friday last, a gentleman from London told me he had heard him, not long ago, deliver an earnest address on the great principles of the Reformation. He clung with great fervour to the doctrine of justification by faith. At the Luther Commemoration, he said it was "the grand old doctrine on which Protestantism is founded." He denounced "Ecce Homo" as "a book vomited out of the jaws of hell." He had all the passion of a great champion of a faith which he felt to be menaced on every side. And only the other day, he boldly protested against those who would secularise the Sabbath. He uttered His veto in the House of Lords against opening museums and picture galleries on the Lord's-day. He had a holy fear of a Continental Sabbath in this country. May God put that fear into the heart of the Prince of Wales, and into the great heart of the nation.

He was a Protestant of the old school, not of the modern type. He had no sympathy with the new fangled ways of High Churchmen. He loved the old paths best. And the purity and simplicity of his life honoured the Protestantism of his profession. He was a faithful son of the Church, and the Church is greatly indebted to him for his sympathy with and support of the evangelical clergy. In a letter which I received from him more than four years ago, he told me that their old clergyman, at St. Giles, had gone home; and how much he regretted that there were so few clergymen like him. Dear Mr. Moore, I remember hearing his earnest words at St. Giles, when I was a youth; and though I knew nothing of religion then, I have never forgotten the impressions that his vehement utterances made upon me. This Mr. Moore must have been at St. Giles at least fifty years. They were true brothers in the faith.

He was a great and true *patriot*. He was a cosmopolitan, and the world has lost a citizen—and words of sympathy are coming from the very ends of the earth. He was a patriot; he loved his country, her Constitution, and her time-honoured institutions. He was a Conservative, in the truest sense of the word; and that means, that he was a lover of the Constitution. Under that Constitution England became great among the nations, the foremost Power in Europe. But now we have a lot of political upstarts—inspired with the wildest notions—who would pull down the Constitution, dethrone the Queen, dismiss the Upper House, destroy the Church, and take the Government into their own hands. May God preserve us from all the machinations of men, and confound the politics of those wild adventurers who would involve us in the horrors of revolution and national ruin.

He was a great *politician*. I call that man a great politician who legislates for the alleviation of human woe and cruel oppression. "His political achievements have done more for the welfare of English working people than all the legislative nostrums of the past fifty years." He was no rabid partisan, no eager place-hunter. There was no war of classes in the politics of that good Conservative, who did so much to benefit the poor.

Class legislation is past and gone. The legislation of the future must be for the popular rights of all classes. The political doctrine of confiscation, of spoliation, of the grand scramble, is a doctrine of the devil, a strange delusion that will bring its champions to ruin. Beware, I beseech you, of the strong democratic spirit that is going about to destroy existing institutions. Remember, that voting power you have involves moral responsibility. And you ought to use it in the fear of God, for the benefit of your fellow men. Don't treat that power as secular, all power involves responsibility. And therefore you cannot, you dare not separate politics from religion. Some of you will say I have been extolling the man. No, I have been magnifying the love of God, and the grace of Christ, and the power of the Holy Ghost in that life which is an example to us all. There is a good deal of sentimental religion, and religious profession in the world. But, as I often tell you, godliness is practical goodness, benevolence, kindness. God grant that this godliness may be more illustrated in our lives for His great name sake.

His life was beautiful, his end was peace. In his calm conscious and peaceful end, we see the fulfilment of that Scripture, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright in heart, for the end of that man is peace." He knew that his departure was at hand. And up to the end he conversed with his children. And we are told that "his gentleness with his children in the last hour was most touching." It was a beautiful close to a beautiful life. "Let my last end be like his."

Hugh Price Hughes, speaking of the deceased earl, said, "Although of aristocratic descent, and tracing his pedigree from William the Conqueror, Lord Shaftesbury was the greatest friend of the people of England." We hope that the aristocracy will improve upon this severe reflection of Mr. Hughes. For it is indeed a most pointed reflection. Not many mighty, nor many noble, devote their lives, their means, their talents to the benefit of the masses.

The preacher at Portman chapel, where the earl was a regular

attendant, said, "The whole nation was mourning one who had died full of years and honour, and the secret of whose noble life was his readiness for and expectation of the coming of Christ, so that his motto may be said to have been, 'Even so come, Lord Jesus.'"

In the last note I had from him, he spoke of the second advent as a subject that deeply interested children when it was brought before them. Keep this in your mind, "The Lord is at hand."

HEAVEN'S STANDARD OF SAFETY.

"If foes surround and friends depart,
And inward evils swell my heart,
By grace I'll plunge in Thy rich blood,
And I'm prepared to meet my God."

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM FLEEMING, OF WOLVERHAMPTON.

LITTLE did I think for one moment when that greatly and deservedly beloved man of God, Mr. William Fleeming, sat by the side of the bed on which I lay for four weeks at Bilston, that his earthly career was so soon to close. He then appeared in good health, in strength, and like a man who had many years in this life before him. But just as I was about to continue my narrative of Mr. Fleeming coming in his carriage from Wolverhampton to Bilston to see if it was possible for me to preach the next Sunday at Temple-street—at the moment when my mind was secretly meditating on his kind and loving mission to me—on this Tuesday morning, October 6, 1885, a black-bordered letter came from his son, conveying the unexpected, the sorrowful announcement of the death of his beloved father. As the late Mr. Fleeming was so extensively known to, and highly esteemed by, a large circle of ministers and Christian friends, I feel I am bound to give them the opportunity of being informed of the sad event:—

"Paisley Lodge, Wolverhampton, Oct. 4, 1885.

"DEAR SIR,—I opened your letter to my dear father the other morning, as I have been doing for some little time past, as he was then too ill to read letters, or have them read to him, and I put it aside with others for him to enjoy when he got better. But our heavenly Father willed otherwise, and though for him to die was gain, yet I know that you will be greatly shocked to learn that he passed quietly away to his everlasting home on Friday morning a little before noon. This day fortnight—a bitterly cold day for September—he attended the morning and evening services at Temple-street, feeling that with the reduced numbers there, every absentee would make a difference, and came home at night looking very worn and tired. The next day he went up to business for the morning, walking home to dinner, and in the afternoon went for a drive, and afterwards up to town again to attend a meeting of the directors of the Tettenhall College, taking a thorough chill, which resulted in a severe attack of erysipelas. We were not aware of absolute danger until Monday last, when he seemed very prostrate, and we began to feel anxious; but even as late as Wednesday evening we were very hopeful, the doctor pronouncing the symptoms decidedly favourable. On Thursday morning, after a night of great pain, it was evident that

medical skill and loving care would be of no avail, though we had no idea that the end was so near. I know that to you who have known him for a long time at a distance as a Christian brother, his removal will leave a great blank, especially after your recent intercourse and its attendant circumstances. What must it be to those who have known him daily all these years as a loving husband, a kind father, a generous friend, a wise counsellor? So our life can never be the same thing again, and in our sudden desolation we are too apt to say, in the anguish of our hearts, 'Lord, if Thon hadst been here.' But for him we sorrow not, and rejoice to think that he has gone home to be with Christ, which is far better, and that even now his eyes are beholding the King in His beauty. I know that we shall have your prayers and deep sympathy. May the Spirit, the Comforter, be very near to us all in this dark hour.

"Yours faithfully,

"WILLIAM L. FLEEMING.

"Thinking of our own sorrow, I am almost forgetting yourself, but trust that you are feeling stronger than when you wrote, and that you may be spared for many years' earnest work for the Master."

[Mr. William Fleeming died Oct. 2, aged 72.]

Now I can only give a few lines, expecting to relate the experience of that night when I appeared to be preaching all the time, and never did I more long to be able to open my mouth boldly than I did on that lovely night.

MIDNIGHT AND EARLY MORNING PREACHING.

A minister told me the other day he had taken in a certain monthly for years, but he had not read a single article in it for a long, long time. And a gentleman was showing me over his mansion, when we came into a kind of lumber-room. There in one corner laid bundles of a good sixpenny monthly, which he had never opened. I am convinced that long, dry, sermonetic, or argumentative, theological papers in some of our magazines are read but by very few. We are less and less inclined to fill up our little VESSEL with sermons or controversial papers. Only here and there one has time or mind to read them!

Yet, if we are set for the defence of the Gospel, we must bear witness to the vitality and to the value of the Gospel, or we are traitors to our Lord, and shall surely be beaten with many stripes.

But our *defence* must not be wrapped up in bears' skin, nor uttered with the savage growling of a hungry lion, but by speaking the TRUTH IN LOVE, in the spirit of Christ, aiming to *win*, and not to *worry*, souls, we may be of some good service in the cause of our Lord and Master.

The Rector of All Souls' College has recently sent out a volume of sermons. A reviewer tells us, "that the old theology of Westminster cannot withstand the assaults of modern science or modern judgments."

Why, sirs, nearly all the mental powers of the schoolmen, on both sides of the Atlantic, are employed—from the pulpit, and through the press—in denouncing the plain Word of God, and in bringing forth their illusions, delusions, and human reasonings. The only firm and faithful witnesses to the truth, to God's revelation of Himself, of His Son, of His covenant, of His people; the only witnesses who can do

nothing against the Truth, but for the Truth, are those in whom that Scripture is verified: "I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and they shall be My people, and I will be their God."

Where are these God-possessing witnesses to be found?

I left off at page 299 in last month's *EARTHEN VESSEL*, at the commencement of the story of my midnight's study of a discourse on Solomon's words. "The LORD *our* GOD be with us, as HE *was* with our fathers; let HIM not leave us, nor forsake us" (1 Kings vii. 57). This study commences, as I have related, on the late Mr. Fleeming leaving me.

Divine relationship was the first doctrine my soul saw in that Scripture, "THE LORD OUR GOD!" This is the only ROCK on which the Church stands securely. "OUR GOD is a ROCK, His work is perfect." The SON of GOD is a ROCK. The Almighty said, "I will hide thee in a cleft of the ROCK, while My glory passeth by." Hence, Paul wrote that ponderous, that precious, that ever-truthful text, "Your life is hid with CHRIST *in* GOD!" And immediately after the Holy Ghost opened Thomas' eyes to behold the wound in JESUS' side, he cried out, "MY LORD and MY GOD!" Paul so fully realised this relationship, that he spake as though the whole of the Saviour's work was concentrated in his own salvation—"CHRIST loved me, and gave Himself for ME." This is "believing with the heart unto righteousness," when the Spirit, by the marvellous working of faith, enables the soul to lay hold of CHRIST, to embrace CHRIST, to bring Him home to the heart. Then, *inside*, if not vocally, it sings most sweetly:—

"Now I can say, 'MY GOD IS MINE,'
Now I can feel His glories shine;
The world seems underneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great."

David Wardlaw Scott has issued a work, on the title-page of which is boldly written, "The Purpose of the Ages; or, the Final Salvation of ALL!" And a variety of sermons and essays, preaching the same "*Universalism*" of Salvation, come freely to me by almost every post. But all these gentlemen have a diverse and a differing doctrine! Each, and every one, has his own fiddle, which he plays skilfully; every one has his own idea, his own idol. Dr. Pulsford makes the Saviour's prayer, in John xvii., to embrace the whole of the human race. The American orator takes Evolution for his theme. Canon Scott Holland pleads for *character*. The Canon asketh: "What is it with which we shall go forth into the night? What is it which will still remain, which no conditions can change or efface, which will abide there under the awful eyes looking down from the throne, and in the sight of heaven? We know what it is—our character. That must stand. Strip it as you will of all that encompasses it here, there it will still be, all the more sure and visible for its nakedness. Our character, a certain moral structure which has come together in the growth of years, a certain combination of ruling motives, a certain bent of will, a peculiar set of emotional currents, a peculiar sentiment, taste, colour of judgment, cast of feeling, tendency of action, movement of desires, all that which grows more and more fixed and distinct in us as the days pass, and which our friends can mark, and note, and discuss, and classify, and criticise, and estimate—our personal character, that will and must abide.

Canon Scott Holland is one of the most acute and consecutive, argumentative sermonisers you can meet with; and in his sermon are some beautiful flowings of language; but if he does not contend for a moral self-righteousness, we know not what he is driving at. His illustration of the "two women grinding at a mill—the one taken, and the other left," we shall hope to give in a separate notice.

Now, sirs, what *character* had "the dying thief," as we call him? and thousands beside? We admire the man who has weaved up and worn a good character, if he is not so proud of it that he will not look upon, or stoop to help one up who has been cast down. Passing all that, I ask,—

"WHAT? WHERE IS HEAVEN'S STANDARD OF SAFETY?"

I can only find it in a divine relationship. See how the Lord God addresseth "the whole family" under the name of Jacob—a name recognised by the great Searcher of hearts. "Now thus saith the Lord God that created thee, O Jacob, and He that formed thee, O Israel,

"FEAR NOT!

"For I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name;

"THOU ART MINE!"

There is divine relationship, as the cause (1) of a new creation; (2) as the cause of redemption; (3) of a special calling; (4) as the cause of renouncing all slavish fear; and (5) as the procurer of those precious promises of the divine presence and blessing. Christian reader, there is nothing can hold you safe for time and eternity but a relationship to Him; who to all the family, He will say, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." May you realise the drawings of divine love here. May you hear for yourself the Voice, saying, "Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, ABBA, FATHER."

I have a hope to be able to enter more into the reality of the divine relationship, if the Lord will grant the desire of the heart of

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney,
October, 1885.

IS MY SON LOST?

JOHN S. ANDRIEUX, JUN., DIED SEPTEMBER 1, 1885, AGE 22 YEARS
AND 7 MONTHS.

"Young in years, a babe in grace."

THE following is a true account of the Lord's dealings with my son, shewing the sovereign will and purpose of God. His loving kindness and tender mercy in saving his never dying soul.

"NOTHING IS TOO HARD FOR THE LORD."

My son said to me under two years ago, "if I gave him so much money he would seek his fortune in America, and not trouble me any more." He went, spent all he had, went through great privations, and

worked his passage home again in a cattle ship. He was cast down and broken-hearted. He had a conviction of his lost state while in America. "I will arise and go to my father; and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

After he came home I could see a great change in him: his worldly mindedness was fast breaking up; he began to attend the "Surrey Tabernacle," and at Mr. Cornwell's. On one occasion, at this time, he spoke to me about a sermon preached by Mr. Cornwell, in such a manner that I believed the Lord had begun the work of grace in his heart. The text was,

"A ROOT OUT OF A DRY GROUND."

A short time after this a dreadful cough came on; he broke a blood-vessel, and for three months we thought he would not live. He asked us to send to Mr. Cornwell. Mr. Cornwell kindly came two or three times and read and prayed with him. On one occasion it was a fearful stormy night, but Mr. Cornwell came all the same, and was wet through, and prayed for him. All praise to Mr. Cornwell as a minister.

At this time Mr. Bush was preaching at the "Surrey Tabernacle," and after the service I asked to see Mr. Bush. I was kindly shewn into the minister's room. I asked Mr. Bush if he would mind coming and praying for my son; he immediately said, "That I will, for my desire is if I may be only a *watering-pot* in the Lord's service." Mr. Bush came, read and prayed for him. In telling Mr. Bush about his doubts and fears he said he was concerned because he was not concerned. After this he asked to see me; when I went to his bed-side it was solemn indeed—he thought he was dying. Oh, how he was led to pour out his soul to God in prayer, blessing God his heavenly Father for bringing his earthly father to him, and praying for forgiveness and pardon, and praying the Lord to give him faith.

Oh, the travail of soul I had for him, my son, crying to the Lord for him hour after hour, day and night; the agony of my mind and anguish of my heart was terrible.

Contrary to our expectations the Lord in His sovereign will and purpose raised him up again. There was a meeting at the "Surrey Tabernacle;" he was just well enough to go with us. Mr. Bush saw him and kindly came along the chapel to speak to him, and shook hands with him. My poor boy burst into tears, and asked Mr. Bush to pray for him. He desired to be thankful for his recovery so far. Mr. Bush said he would do so in such a kind manner and look, I shall never forget his face beaming with Christian love and sympathy for my poor afflicted boy. I desire to bless God for such kind and sympathising ministers.

After this I sent him to Hastings, where he got on well indeed. I offered to put him in business there, but he got it into his head to go to Australia; he was told by people it would be the making of him altogether over there. Alas! sad delusion! We all persuaded him not to go, but he would go. He went by steam ship "Port Philip," Oct. 4, 1884. He told his mother he only went to save his life. What will we not do to try and save our lives?

Going out he wrote:—

"About three weeks after sailing I was taken queer, with spitting of

blood. I went to the doctor; he had no medicine on board to stop it; he blistered me on the chest, and I am glad to say, through the Almighty, I am all right again. Oh! how I did pray for Him to stop the bleeding, which He did in His own good time. Oh! what a blessed thing is prayer! and to have it answered! I do hope he will keep guard over me and be the making of me, as well as the saving of me."

When he arrived at Sydney, through the kindness of Mr. C. W. Banks, Mr. Allen received him with Christian love, prayed for him, giving thanks for his safe voyage, and kindly entertained him for three days. The poor boy went about a great deal, and found to his cost Australia a very hard, cold-hearted, and wicked country to go to—where you can soon spend a fortune, or be robbed of it, clothes as well, in travelling about. As my only object is to show the hope I have of my poor boy, and to the glory of God, I will confine myself alone to what evidence I have, and what I have given. Extract from his letters to me: he says, "I cannot do the things that I would, my heart is so hard." His chest became bad again: he says:—"When I began to spit blood, on Feb. 5, I knew I had no friend near; I went on my knees in the stables, and asked the Almighty to stop the bleeding, which He did in about a few hours. I knew when I prayed I wanted help. Until I could pray with that feeling, knowing I am a ruined sinner, I am still lost!"

In another letter he says:—"If an earthly father can love like you, what must our heavenly Father's love be? It must surpass all earthly knowledge; and when you write to me, asking the dear Lord to bless and restore me, my feelings overcome me." In another he says:—"I hope my dear old grandmother [my dear mother, aged 84] is better; but still there is a better land for her up above. I only wish my hope were as sure as grandmother's is. Give my love to her, and ask her to whisper a prayer for me out here, for my salvation as well as my recovery. Kindly remember me to Mr. Cornwell and Mr. Bush." (The late Mr. James Wells and Mr. E. Butt knew my mother.) Again he writes of "his great sorrow in not being able to see Mr. Allen more (he says), because Mr. Allen is such a learned man in the great mysteries of the Bible, and I am sure I long to know more of the Gospel; but still I am very weak in my faith, very weak indeed." In his last to me he says, "Your loving and undone son, JOHNNY."

He paid his passage (second class, £21) for home in the "Windsor Castle" sailing-ship, which left Sydney 18th June, 1885. He said he thought a long voyage would do him good. All went middling well with him after the first sickness was over (which was very severe); everybody very kind to him. The captain told me he cared for him during his illness as though he was his own brother; the chief steward as well, who gave him first-cabin food. My son was allowed to go on the poop-deck to catch albatross, and every encouragement and indulgence was allowed him for his good, as regards his health, and to strengthen him; he could eat well. It was very cold at times, but he appeared to get through that very well, as he was made very warm and comfortable, but he seemed to dread crossing the line. In crossing the line it was so fearfully hot he became prostrate. The doctor did all he could for him; the captain helped carry him with his own hands on to the poop-deck for fresh air every day; the captain also fed him with his own hand. Everything was done for him that could be done: this, everyone

on board said. He was bad about a fortnight altogether; about a week speechless, but sensible, his poor tongue being swelled so fearfully. About three days insensible; his breathing for twenty-four hours was so terrible as to be heard all over the ship. My poor boy! my poor boy! Then the terrible noise ceased: he laid still and silent.

"Anon the pearly gates unfold,
An heir of bliss draws nigh;
Again they strike their harps of gold,
And 'Hallelujah' cry."

He breathed his last at 4:15 a.m., Sept. 1st, 1885.

"Another sinner born of God
Makes heaven's vast concave ring,
Again they Jesu's love record,
And 'Hallelujah' sing."

In his last conversation with the chief steward he said, "Oh, George, if I was only in London, if I was only at home." While laying not able to speak, the chief steward came in his cabin and said to him, "Well, Jack, how are you this morning?" The poor dear boy recognised him but could not speak, pointed to himself and raised his hand to heaven. He soon after became insensible, as described above. He died September 1, 1885, at 4.15 a.m., Lat. 12°53' N., Long. 29°54' W., and was buried at sea, to wait the resurrection morn.

Amongst his effects he had a Bible and two hymn books, Mr. Wells' and Gadsby's, Gadsby's he brought from Australia. His Bible was turned down in a most unmistakable manner at the following chapters: Leviticus xiv.; Psalms xx., xxi., xxii., and xxiii.; Isaiah xii. and li.; Matthew viii.; Acts xiv.; Romans v. and vi.

In Gadsby's No. 31, second verse, he had pencilled in brackets thus:—

["Though God's election is a truth,
Small comfort there I see,
Till I am told by God's own mouth,
That He has chosen me."]

and turned down at No. 422, Gadsby's:—Joy in heaven over a repenting sinner.

"Who can describe the joys that rise,
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born."

We went to meet the ship, expecting to see him on board, but could see nothing of him, the sad news was broken to us very carefully and feelingly by those on board. Our loss is his gain.

So believes

HIS FATHER.

"MICAH! HIS PAINS AND PROSPECTS," by Job Bearing. You see there is no trial can befall man but in the Bible you find it marked down, even when "the daughter-in-law riseth against her mother-in-law," &c. Yes! the Bible is a complete encyclopedia of all men, of all their sorrows, and how they bear them. Job's first chapter requires revision.

THE LATE MR. THOMAS AUSTIN, OF SOUTH HACKNEY.

“HAD He asked us, well we know,
We should say, ‘O spare this blow’:
Yes, with streaming tears should pray,
‘Lord we love him; let him stay.’

But the Lord does nought amiss,
And since He hath ordered this,
We have nought to do—but still
Rest in silence on His will.”

OUR quiet, useful, much esteemed, and well-known brother, MR. THOMAS AUSTIN, departed this life, September 17, 1885, aged seventy-five years. In Bow Cemetery his remains were laid to rest, until that glorious “morning, without clouds,” shall dawn, when

“THE DEAD IN CHRIST SHALL RISE FIRST.”

When “the upright shall have dominion over” all that has oppressed and distressed them. “*The dead in Christ!*”—that is, those who, like our departed brother, have “lived a life of faith on the Son of God,” and, in that faith, endured unto the end.

The late Mr. Thomas Austin was one of the first promoters of the cause at Speldhurst-road. As a preacher of the Gospel in London, and in the churches in the provinces, he was known, esteemed, and beloved; but his work was finished, and, as he lived here, so he departed hence, in the peace and hope of the Gospel. We had the privilege of his acquaintance for many years. We never saw him but in one spirit—willing to be anything or nothing, so that the name of the Lord might be glorified.

Mr. Jonathan E. Elsey preached his funeral sermon, and gave some special references to his experience, his character, and his faith in the Saviour. A man of uprightness, of courtesy, of much usefulness, of singular humility, yet, of an unshaken confidence in all the revealed glories of a Triune Jehovah, was the now departed Christian brother, Mr. Thomas Austin, who was a resident in South Hackney, we understand, for nearly, or quite, half a century.

From a written memoir of his early and onward experiences (written by himself at intervals), we desire to give some quotations, but we can only furnish a small portion this month, our pages being previously occupied. So many thousands of the Lord's people having heard Mr. Thomas Austin from the pulpit, will, we are persuaded, be glad to read some of the Lord's gracious dealings with him. The following is a little of his call by grace, when he first went before the Church, then under the pastoral care of the late honoured Mr. John Stevens, of Meard's-court. Mr. Austin having written the substance of his address, we quote as follows:—

BELOVED IN THE LORD,—I foresee that it will be no easy matter for me to give you a full and faithful account of the Lord's gracious dealings with me since He first called me by His grace, but I will do my best. Doubtless, a review of the past will bring to remembrance many circumstances of a humbling nature. I commence by stating that I had serious impressions from a child, but these soon proved like the morning cloud, or the early dew, which passed away—leaving no trace

behind. I often felt convinced that I was not fit to die, but I hoped, if God spared my life, to reform my ways. I then thought it would be sufficient, but in my fifteenth year, those impressions were renewed, I felt convinced that I was a great sinner, and that if I died in my present state, hell would be my portion. For a day or two I made use of a form of prayer, then left off again; and when the Sabbath returned, my impressions were renewed by hearing the sermon, and I resolved I would serve the Lord in future. I again took up the form of prayer, and again laid it aside. This I did for several weeks, during which time I was in a very undecided state of mind. But on one occasion I well remember, the minister supplied for that day addressed himself solemnly to young men; and I think I hear his voice now speaking, as it were, to me—positively, he said, “My young friends, think not you are too young to die; if you think so, go and survey the burial ground around us, and there you will find graves shorter than you, and years more tender than yours.” These words reached not only my ears, but my heart; I could not contain myself. Although I tried to suppress my feelings, the briny tears stole silently down my youthful cheeks, which plainly bespoke the feelings of my breast. I did indeed resolve from that hour to abstain from sin, to amend my course of life, and thus I thought I should secure the favour of God, and be fitted to die, should death call me hence in my youth; for at this period, I was much concerned about the uncertainty of human life, and felt I was not in a fit state to die. The fear of hell was much in my mind, and how to escape that place of torment, was the important question with me.

Then I read these words with deep concern, “Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.” I therefore endeavoured to repent of the past, and to amend my life for the future. The dangerous illness of a brother, near my own age—a scene before my eyes—occasioned serious concern about my liability to be called hence by death, and so much had it engaged my thoughts that it in a degree affected my bodily health. My mother, perceiving this, supposed it was occasioned by my anxiety for my brother, but it was chiefly concernment about the situation of my immortal soul. I was now regular in my morning and evening devotions.

“Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear.”

Aug. 23, 1840.

BELOVED IN THE LORD,—I again take up my pen to resume the subject which I left unfinished. I began by referring to one of the most memorable circumstances in my experience. While I was engaged in going through the several forms of prayer in “The Whole Duty of Man,” as was my custom every Lord’s-day evening, I was more than ordinary earnest and importunate in desiring the Lord to pardon the sins of my past life, a peculiar sensation pervaded my breast, such as I had never before experienced, and such as I cannot describe. I can compare it to nothing so justly as to Bunyan’s Pilgrim, when, with a burden at his back, he cast one eye of faith to the crucified Jesus and immediately he was eased of his burden—it fell from his back and rolled into the sepulchre, there to lie without a resurrection. I approached the footstool of divine mercy to seek pardon of Him against whom I had sinned. I had been in distress of soul for some weeks, and no comfort

reached me till on this blessed occasion. It was like "the still small voice" whispered in my ears, and to me it was the sweetest music that ever I heard. I was under a sense of guilt and slavish fear, but now I felt happy in God, and joy unspeakable and full of glory. "A peace passing all understanding." I now experienced it was a sealing time with me, and I no longer dreaded the approach of death, but on the contrary, I could sing with feeling,

"Come death, and come celestial pow'r,
To bear my soul away."

I could now welcome death; yea, I felt one intense desire to depart and be with Jesus. I now fancied all my spiritual foes were dead and was ready to ring their funeral knell; that my soul-trouble was at an end; that the gloom was for ever dispersed; that the remainder of my journey would be attended with the constant shining of the Sun of Righteousness. I felt that the winter was past, the rain over and gone, the flowers appeared on the earth, the time of the singing of birds had come, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land. It was indeed a Springtime with my soul. Each returning Sabbath was hailed with joy. Every sermon I heard was like honey. Truly might I echo the poet's strain:—

"In vain did Satan spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I lived upon my Saviour's smiles,
And leaned upon His arm."

I was full of real love for God, and love to precious souls; nor did I fail to reprove my youthful companions for continuing in a course of sin and impenitence. They thought it strange I did not run with them to the same excess of riot, and I became the subject of jeers and scoffs.

Hackney, Sept. 9.

(To be continued.)

THE LATE MR. GEORGE ABRAHAM'S PREACHING.

(Continued from page 308.)

DEAR FRIENDS,—However far it may be from your thoughts, "What, do I belong to Christ?" Perhaps some of you are young and some grown up, and have never thought of Christ; but every one that really and truly is the bride of Christ must be brought unto Him, and be made meet to be married unto the King of glory. Perhaps it has never entered into your mind; nevertheless, if you are one of these favourites of heaven, whom God hath ordained to be the Lamb's wife, when the set time comes then God will command the blessing, even life for evermore. "God said, Let there be light, and there was light;" the life is the light of men. The blessed Spirit in my text having quickened the soul, He makes them understand what they are. Every man quickened, born again of God, not of water regeneration, is able to see a little of the holiness of God, the justice of God; and here is a court of conscience set up, and you are tried, cast, and condemned. Oh, the wretchedness of a poor soul in this state! "Lord," I cried, "Thou hast set all my sins in the light of Thy countenance. Whither shall I go? Oh, that I could get away from this country." I read the Word

of God, and I could not understand it; and then came the devil and said, "It is all lies." I wept and was dejected, and poor old Bradford said, "There goes the converted Jew; don't he look like a miserable man"; and a Jew that knew me told my brother that I should certainly go to the mad-house. I do not make my experience a rule for you. It is enough for me that a poor thief was quickened on the cross. "Why," says the devil, "you are getting quite a fool. What harm is there in going to a theatre to pass away a few hours? it is but a little sin." But, oh, says the poor soul, like the thief on the cross, "dost thou speak so? dost thou fear God?" Ah, the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; the fear of the Lord is a fountain of life. There comes the well-spring, when the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, dost thou not fear God? for we suffer justly, but this Man hath done no evil. But we must go a little farther. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come." Cry to Him as the Eternal God. What, hanging on the cross? Faith, when strengthened by the Lord, will never yield. It is the strength of the Holy Ghost put forth by faith that makes darkness disperse.

Well now, the Spirit in the bride says, "Come." Whoever you are that are crucified for your sins that are soul-distressed and full of misery, and you are ready to say that you will give it up altogether, it is no use being made miserable by religion, I had better go into company and smoke a cigar, and talk politics. But so do not God's people. They say, "Oh, if I get out of this theatre, I will never go into it again." The fear of God says, "Oh, woe is me, I am so dark when I read the Bible." That is their greatest distress. "The more I read the more dark I seemed to get. If I read a man's book I could keep awake; if I read the Bible I fall asleep. I tried to pray and was so distracted. Lord, I said, what shall I do?" "Give it up," says the devil; but the moment the Holy Ghost spoke to Jonah, he said, "Yet once more will I look towards the holy temple. Do you love the blessed Comforter? It is no use to look within. Come now, I will show you the glorious One whom you love; and when the Holy Ghost says, "Come," will you come? Yes, and out you come, out of self and self-working and self-righteousness. This is leaving all things and following the Holy Ghost. When the Holy Ghost says, "Come," I know your sorrows. Are you not perplexed about your sins? I will show you a miracle; and he showed me as clear as a sunbeam that whosoever has the faith of God's elect should be saved, for he that believeth on Him is passed from death unto life, and shall never be brought into condemnation; and He showed me for myself that God the Father so loved them as to give His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. The Holy Ghost says, "Come, I will show you another wonder. Do you see there Christ crucified? Do you hear Him cry, 'I thirst'? Do you hear Him cry, 'It is finished!'" The Spirit and the bride say, "Come." That means that He finished transgression for some. No, that is in the Word, but this says in your heart it was for you. "What, for me, Lord?" "Yes, for thee." I wonder not that some dear souls faint away with the blessedness of it. Oh, how great and glorious is the news! Now, the Spirit in the bride says, "Come," and He leads that dear soul into such a sight of the Son of God, the glory of His Person, the complexity of

His nature, the freeness of His eternal love. The Rock was smitten that the waters might gush out and run in the wilderness. The Holy Ghost engaged to take of the things of Christ and show them to us. "He shall glorify Me, for He shall take of Mine and shall show it unto you." What was an absolute shall was still of the free grace of God the Holy Ghost.

I return back, "the Spirit in the bride says, Come." And now says the Holy Ghost, "I want the people of God to know that you are under My work." "What shall I do, Lord?" "I will tell you, for I make known My work; but I want you to be made manifest." If, then, a man of God could stand before a court and cry out, "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness," it is the Holy Ghost's work in the bride, and she would go before the cross and say, "I can now look on Him whom I have pierced and mourn as one that mourneth for his only son."

This is a godly sorrow that worketh repentance unto salvation not to be repented of. This is the work; will He work such a work and hide it in a corner? "No man lighteth a candle and putteth it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, that it may give light to all that are in the house." And God's people are delighted to see a soul born of God, and when they see a dear soul brought into liberty; for it is written, "There shall be more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-and-nine just persons that need no repentance."

There may be some of God's people in this assembly who have been dark and miserable for months; but let them see one dear soul brought into liberty and their whole face would beam with joy. "Let him that heareth say, Come." Who is it? The same dear soul that hears the Holy Spirit within him; and what does he do? Just what David did. "Come, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what He has done for my soul." David had the love of God in his soul, and how sweetly it appeared; there is sometimes a lack of knowledge, but there is no lack of love. "Let him that heareth say, Come." I will speak of the glory of God, and tell what He has done for my soul. Come, all ye that fear Him, and hear it. Now this is a manifestation of God's work in the soul; it is contrary to God's work that He shall quicken a soul and bring them into love, and joy, and liberty, and then they should go along with dead characters, and go to the dead, and live for years among them. Ah, say you, but you are not always in company where you can make it known that I believe. But if God lights upon your heart, He will make you come where you shall make it known. Come, my soul, speak out; for speaking may give you ease. Oh, it is sweet ease when a poor soul can speak out to the living God. "Come," says the heart that hears the voice of the Holy Spirit within, "let us come up into the bed-room and pour out my soul." Come! Let him come; there is nothing that can hinder it. It is written, and God's words cannot be broken, and little faith has it too: "They shall call on My name, and I will hear them; I will say, It is My people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God."

Come, my soul, you can hear the voice of the bridegroom: come, pour out your heart to Him. I could not describe to you the sweet feelings of my soul when I could pour out my heart to God. I confessed all my sins. I was encouraged so to do; for it shall come to pass

that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved. My whole soul was in it. What do you think became of the prayer-book? I put it away—I did not want it. I wanted to pray for one thing, and Toplady prayed for another thing. Dear Toplady did pray when he was here. If you have a certain thing to do, and you don't exactly know how to set about it, and you are so tired, and you say, "I will commit it unto the Lord; for He put an excellent spirit into a man to make the tabernacle right, and He can give it to me." And they will cry to Him as they go to the counting-house. Oh, the matters the child of God has to pour out to God you will not find in all the prayer-books in the world. "Let him that is athirst come." I believe that belongs to a dear child of God, who has tasted of the Lord's goodness, and yet now they cannot get at it, and they are very thirsty. The apostle says to some that were athirst, "If so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious." They have tasted it, and so they want more. Nothing but Christ's love will do for them. Oh, the distress for a child of God to go about without it! There are some here that understand me. "Let him that is athirst come." Some thirst for riches—some thirst for one thing and some for another; but the child of God will say, "As the hart panteth after the waterbrook, so panteth my soul for Thee."

O God! Oh, my soul! I want to drink into the love of God; for in those days when I had it I was happy. I drank freely out of the fountain of eternal love, and nothing ailed me, and I could say that the Lord might do with me as He pleased. I sung the praises of God as I went along the streets. This is to be satisfied out of the fountain of eternal life; but, dear child of God, this is not the case now. God will have it that you shall thirst like a poor hart, and you want to drink and be refreshed, and you cannot. You say, "There is one thing I believe, God is too wise to err and too good to be unkind." Well, that is a good judgment; but it is not all you want. Well, they shall drink and be satisfied. Hence the dear child of God is invited. "Let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will let him come." There, now, this is a general thing. I wonder whether you all will that God's election may stand and all the rest be damned.

A man may come to me and say, "I am willing to come and live with you." Well, come; but you must do this and do the other. "Oh," says the man, "I have not been brought up to clean boots and knives." Then you are not willing. But I believe there is not a dear child that would not be willing to be a door-keeper in the house of God. But Pliable, when he gets into the Slough of Despond, has no will to go to heaven through such mire and mud. Oh, come, let us have some talk together; let us be Christians. But by-and-bye there comes a sticking in the mud of our evil nature, and Pliable gets out, and back he went to his own house; and if he died there he went to hell. Don't think I am fond of hell, I am no more fond of it than my Master was, and He said to some, "How can ye escape the damnation of hell?" Who is willing? Thy people, said the Father to the Son, shall be willing in the day of Thy power. And how are they made willing? Why, a person that feels he is leprous—and the Holy Ghost sets the balm of Gilead before them when the Holy Ghost strips them from their own righteousness and shows them Christ's righteousness—and Christ, who

of God is made unto us wisdom, sanctification, righteousness, and redemption, that soul is willing that Christ may be all and in all to their soul; they are so willing that they say, "Lord, do with me as it seemeth good in Thy sight, only let me know Thy salvation. To every one of you in this state this invitation is broad enough. Every one that can truly say, I have no other refuge, no other righteousness but this, my soul cleaves to him.

Dear friends, if this is your case you are willing, and whosoever will let him come! "And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water; so Reuben had a well and Gad had a well." Oh, poor Gad, where are you? Always in trouble; well, are you willing? There is a well for you that is free, full, and complete. Who can give you any thing more free than the Father in His eternal love, and who can give you anything more free than the dear Son of God? Freely He received for the Church and freely He gave. Who can give so freely as the Holy Ghost, who comes to us as the living waters that water the valley of Shittim, where the black ebony trees grow. Bless the Lord for every one of you that are willing in this chapel to night. God hath showed His free grace and love to you, and we may say, with Isaiah, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." This is God's invitation to all His willing people; and, again, in my text, "Come to My Son, I gave you first to Him;" and then, "I gave Him to you," that is how it runs in the Bible. The Holy Ghost comes, blessed be His holy name, He comes and takes you into the midst of the bosom of Abraham. When you are in the very midst of conviction, "Oh," say you, "what a blessed river is here." The Holy Ghost has brought you into a garden in a wilderness, and you can eat the fruit and say, "There is no God like unto my God." There is no one in heaven above or in earth more welcome than a dear soul that is willing for Christ to be all and themselves nothing at all. May He teach you this lesson, and teach me this lesson too; for we want to learn it daily. May God command His blessing. I add no more. Amen.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

The Expected Rapture of the Church. By G. Warrand Houghton. London: E. Stock. The reviewers are careful how they recommend this work; but the author has laboured long and studied the subject with reverence and godly fear, believing strange and marvellous events are at hand.

We have received from *Hand and Heart* office, *The Fireside*, edited by Rev. Charles Bullock. A capital sixpenny magazine. From the same office, *Home Words*, and *Church Standard*, are issued. They are capital papers for the family circle.

Morning Thoughts for Our Daughters, and *Our Daughters; Their Lives Here, and Hereafter.* 1s. 6d. each. Published by Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster Row. Mrs. G. S. Reaney, the delicate,

devout, and truly gifted authoress of these chaste and beautiful volumes, is well known in those circles where religion is the ruling spirit of the families. The readings are not monotonous and dry. FACTS are made to fit in as confirming and illustrating the arguments and appeals which give strength and interest to almost every page. For birthday and wedding presents, they are well suited to the generality of Christians. To some here and there, a term, a sentence, or a word may be challenged, but, upon the whole, the contents are likely to command attention, and in the Lord's hand may lead many to think seriously, to inquire diligently and to believe savingly. We pray the Lord to let His blessing attend all these labours of LOVE.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

SURREY TABERNACLE COMMEMORATION SERVICES.

SERVICES were held in commemoration of the Church and opening of the above place of worship on Tuesday, October 20. The sermon in the afternoon was delivered by Mr. O. S. Dolbey (a full report of which will, D.V., be given in our December number).

In the evening the chair was taken by Albert Boulden, Esq., the deacon. A host of well-known ministers occupied the platform. There was a large attendance. The proceedings commenced with the singing of the hymn,

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

This was followed by the reading of Isa. lxii.; after which prayer was offered up by Mr. T. Stringer.

The chairman then addressed the meeting, and requested them to join with him in praising God for His goodness toward them during the past year. His goodness and mercy had followed them in a very conspicuous way. When he looked back his heart was filled with gratitude, and he trusted the Lord would be with them in the future as He had been with them in the past. They had during the year lost many dear and valuable friends in connection with the cause; but in regard to the institutions connected with the chapel they were never in a more prosperous condition than now; every institution was in a flourishing condition; the only drawback he had to complain of was that the friends that worshipped with them very often did not see their way to take sittings. He reminded them that it was a privilege to be able to contribute so far as they could towards the support of the house of God. He trusted that the Lord would continue to bless the testimony of His dear servants that had ministered among them. He said, without fear of contradiction, that never since the death of their dear pastor had such a unanimous cry unto the Lord been made that He would send them a pastor as during the past year. What it meant the Lord only knew.

Another hymn having been sung, Mr. Mitchell next addressed the meeting. He expressed his great pleasure at seeing such a grand gathering of the people of the Lord. In the course of his remarks, he referred to one of old, of whom it was written, He pleased God. What a precious testimony! A better one no

one could have. It mattered little whom we displease so long as we pleased God. Many mistake how God is to be pleased. God is not to be pleased any how. "They that are in the flesh cannot please God." It is not a matter whether they will or will not, it is simply they that are in the flesh cannot please God. Flesh may be polished up and made to resemble the original article, but the eye of God penetrates through it all, and where flesh is at the bottom they cannot please God. Luther said the first article in the Christian religion was not "doing," but "being." Another Scripture says in connection with the subject, "Without faith it is impossible to please God," or apart from faith it is impossible to please Him. Apart from Christ Jesus and His glorious work and mediation, and apart from the divine order of things, we cannot please God. May this be written of them after their death, "He pleased God."

Mr. J. Mead followed. He would, he said, have them look upon that day as the 55th birthday of the Church. It was not every Church that lived to see 55 years. Many died of consumption long before that. Nothing would ever disassociate him from the Surrey Tabernacle. It was 35 years since he was first favoured to assemble with them, and as he had known so many he felt increased interest in their prosperity, and wished them God-speed in the name of the Lord.

After another hymn, Mr. O. S. Dolbey said that somewhere in Jeremiah he believed they would find these words, "Have I been a wilderness to Israel?" He asked them to look over those 55 years, and put to themselves the question, whether during that time it had been a wilderness to them as a Church and people. Was there one that could say God had been a wilderness to him? God was not, and never will be a wilderness to his people. He most assuredly was the lot of their inheritance, or, if they chose, their land of Canaan in opposition to the wilderness. He compared the people of Israel with the people of God. They were a chosen race, not because they were any better than others, but because He loved them and made them His people. The Israel of God in the Lord Jesus Christ are chosen to everlasting life and happiness. God redeemed Israel, and spiritual Israelites

are redeemed with the precious blood of the Lamb. Israel was called and redeemed; and not only so, but were led about. This is what the Lord does with His people now. God makes His people a peculiar people by His dealings with them; they would know that a wilderness was a place where there was little or no pasture; but has God not provided for His people? Then a wilderness is a place of danger. Was God a place of danger to his people? Was He not rather their Hiding-place? In the person of His dear Son they found in Him a place of safety, and not exposure. God has not been a wilderness to Israel. He was a God nigh at hand, and not afar off. In connection with this wilderness, it was called a land of darkness, but in Him there is no darkness at all, for it is written that God shall be the light of His people, and He never was a land of darkness to them.

Mr. Bush then said he felt the Surrey Tabernacle to be his home. He had been thinking very much on the words he noticed at the top of the head-quarters of the Salvation Army, "Are you saved?" The question pressed itself very much on his mind, and he had asked the Lord to shine upon the pathway that he had trodden during the past years of his experience, in order that he might see his position, for if the Lord had begun the good work in him he felt sure it was the same divine power that had kept him to that day. Mr. Bush then spoke upon those beautiful words, "There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God." It was a permanent rest. By precious faith they had a rest and had ceased from their own works, hence their soul's experience was,

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

They were pilgrims to Canaan bound, as pilgrims they had met that night previous to their reaching that eternal rest which as pilgrims they were looking forward to. That rest is perfect, nothing to vex, worry, or annoy, a blessed rest indeed.

Mr. W. Beach followed with a few remarks, and said that as to the Baptists dying out that meeting was proof to the contrary. In Deuteronomy it was written, "Thou shalt remember all the way the Lord thy God hath led them, these forty years in the wilderness." He said it was a great mercy to be upheld, especially in these days. He thought there were five things in the history of God's Israel of old which he thought very instructive. God's Israel of old he held as typical of the children of Israel down to the end of time. The first was, there was divine

sovereignty; God made a difference between them and the Egyptians; second, there was divine protection manifested; third, divine direction; fourth, divine deliverance; fifth, divine supply. Having dwelt a short time on these points, Mr. Bush remarked that the Surrey Tabernacle had been sustained 55 years in the wilderness, and God having helped them so far he felt assured He would help them all the journey through.

Mr. C. Cornwell (of Brixton) was the last speaker, and after a few remarks, the meeting, which was in every sense a success, was brought to a conclusion by the singing of that magnificent hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

HOLLOWAY.—The Wedmore-street friends held their anniversary October 6, Mr. Bush preached. In the evening, Mr. Haines presided. Mr. Hems prayed, pastor Boulton read report, showing, that though the cause was not large, it had done good work for the Indian Mission, and the Aged Pilgrims' Society. The balance on the wrong side was £6 4s. 5^d. The Building Fund had swelled to the amount of £112 10s. The friends will, no doubt, be led to see a door open for building a new chapel in God's own time. Speeches were made by Mr. Haines, W. Winters, H. Boulton, J. Box, W. H. Lee, and J. Bennett. The friends held their anniversary in Elthorne Chapel, kindly lent by Mr. Waterer and his Church. Our best wishes are for brother Boulton's prosperity. —W. WINTERS.

NEWTON ABBOTT.—Harvest thanksgiving services were held at the Old Baptist Chapel, on October 8. The sermons were preached by brother Varder. Tea was provided. Similar services have also been held at Torquay, Kingskerswell, Ashburton, and Totnes. [The long-tried cause here is more hopeful and cheering. There is life in our Churches yet; and the young blood in the Metropolis, and in many parts of England, is an earnest of better days to come. Let us not despise or discourage the youthful advocates for Gospel truth. "Every man's work shall be tried, of what sort it is."] —

BILSTON.—Harvest thanksgiving services were celebrated in the Bethesda Baptist Chapel. The pastor, D. Smith, preached; basing his remarks in the morning on Psalm civ. 24, and in the evening from Matt. xiii, verse 43, last clause. Special hymns and anthems suitable to the occasion were sung by the children and choir. The children's hymn, "Gathered Home," the chorus of which was taken up by the choir, was highly appreciated. The gathering in the morning was not large, but in the evening the chapel was well filled. The children on the platform in front of the pulpit presented a pleasing appearance.

GRAYS.—In Ebenezer, the Harvest Thanksgiving Services were held, October 7. W. Winters preached. In the evening, I. C. Johnson, Esq., J.P., presided. W. Beddow offered prayer. Mr. Johnson spoke on Christian conversation. Messrs. Burbridge, Buttery, R. E. Sears, and the writer, all did their best.—W. WINTERS.

SOME OF THE EDITORS WHO HAVE LEFT THE CHAIR.

SECOND NOTE.

During the last sixty years I have seen the rise and the ruin of many who have taken possession of the editorial chair. I have also seen the rapid up-coming and rich prosperity of numerous weekly, monthly, and quarterly issues, which have been the heralds of new schools of thought, the promulgators of modern theologies, and the direct or indirect opponents of that

MYSTERY OF GODLINESS

which is engraven in the divinely-inspired Volume, the written and the published Word of God, and which deep mystery of godliness is revealed in the hearts of heaven's adopted children, which internal revelation implants in them

The Faith of God's Elect.

"In all ages (says Dr. Greaves) elaborate ceremonial has been destructive of the simplicity of faith. In all ages the teaching of Scripture has been against all ceremonial in the Christian dispensation. It could not matter much that ministers should call themselves 'priests,' and the tables that stand in their sanctuaries 'altars,' and robe themselves in various garments of divers colours and ancient shapes, like those of the priesthood. If all that were merely a matter of taste, we could agree to differ; but when it is all used to establish a theory, and when the theory is this—that the Christian minister, like the Jewish priest, stands between man's conscience and his God; that he has power to absolve men from their sin; that by words of his, spoken at the table, the bread and wine of the Sacrament are so changed that they become something mysterious, before which candles must be burnt, and incense waved, and the body bent in worship; when ritual means that—and it means nothing else to-day—then it is time for us to say, in all charity, that there is not a word of it in the New Testament. Here a Christian minister is never called a priest, here a Christian table is never called an altar, here the Christian sacrament is never called a sacrifice, here no apostles ever presumed to pronounce the absolution of individual sinners, here there is not a word at all of salvation by sacramental efficacy. The apostles tell us that God sent them to preach the Gospel, and their message amounts to this: 'By this man is preached to you the forgiveness of sins. By him all that believe are justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses.'

"What, then, does this teach us as to our practical duty? It shows that there is a

city out of which we have all to come. We all love it: we all cling to it—the city sometimes of gorgeous ritualistic pomp; the city sometimes of orderly Nonconformist worship; the city of mere outward morality and formal attendance upon the means of grace; the city of personal self-righteousness. Out of it we have to come if we are to be saved by Christ—away from all that as a ground of trust. Out of it? Whither? To the ignominious place where criminals suffered. To the scene where the bodies of the beasts whose blood had been taken into the sanctuary for atonement were burnt with fire. To Golgotha, the place of a skull. There is our altar. In shape it is the most degrading instrument of execution the world ever knew. Upon it, besmeared with dust and sweat and blood hangs a fainting Sufferer. Let us go forth to Him without the camp with empty hands, with broken hearts, every other confidence abandoned.

"Not the labour of my hands
Could fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no respite know—
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

We have an altar on which they have no right to eat that serve the tabernacle."

Editors, ministers, authors, platform-speakers, the foregoing declaration is sound, sacred, true, and ought to be written, to be preached, to be published, to be most earnestly contended for in every city and in every corner of this wide world. Where are the papers, the magazines, the books, the pulpits, or the platforms, that are thus faithful? Where? *Where? WHERE?* I venture to affirm that one reason, at least, why so many *professedly* truthful editors have found their chairs breaking down under them, and their publications becoming extinct; one reason why the ministry of many is weak and but faintly supported, is because that "crying aloud, Spare not!" showing the people their transgressions, has been neglected. A cold, stereotype, A B C round of things, has rendered the writings and preachings—even of men *sound* as far as the "laying again," all the year through, *laying again the foundations*—this formal, lifeless system has rendered the pens and the pulpits of little avail. Praise the Lord, there are exceptions, but they are few and far between. For over sixty years I have had to do with, to work for, to watch, and to weep over the failure of many penmen and pulpiteers. Laugh at me, ye proud boys. Three classes of editors I have been acquainted with, or have known their works.

First, there have been, there are *responsible* editors. I will name them and their ventures, if I am permitted, because the fact that such a multitude of good-meaning men have endeavoured instrumentally to witness in some way to the benefits resulting from the Gospel, this fact demands our thankfulness. See, for instance, that laboriously-produced volume of Pastor Daniel Allen's, entitled, "An Antidote to Infidelity," a work

with such streams of information as must cause some of us lazy fellows to be ashamed of ourselves.

Daniel Allen not only preaches all God's revealed truth, but he most nobly comes out to expose every anti-Christian error.

Daniel Allen is the Australian Gospel Warhorse.

He brings to mind that everlasting worker whom we knew some years ago, who seldom went to bed without a slate, a slate-pencil, a box of matches, and a candle by his bedside, so that if an angel came in the night, and waked him, as a man is waked out of his sleep, or if the divine Spirit opened up some mystery to his mind, or if some deep vein was opened up in his soul, up he jumped, struck a light, took the slate, and wrote down the vision. The poor old wife, sometimes frightened in her sleep, would cry out, "Oh, David! what is the matter?" "All right, mother, sleep on. I am only catching the breeze as it flies." Whether Daniel Allen is a *responsible* editor, or not, he is giving full proof of his ability to bring to light the hidden things of darkness. He must be supported by all the Churches in his native as well as in his adopted country.

Secondly, there are some *gratuitous* editors. Fine specimens of this class we have to present.

Thirdly, salaried editors are generally qualified scholars. I must not intrude further this month. I may exhibit an editorial slave, well thrashed all the world over, before I have done, if not in my grave.

READING, AND ROUND ABOUT.

An old traveller, and a friend to the E. V., says: "I was in London-street chapel, Reading, when, for the first time, you preached there for our then father, William Day, and I heard Mrs. Day give you this warning, 'Mr. C. W. Banks, if you go on preaching at this rate, you will soon be in your grave. Did you not preach twice yesterday, at Sunningdale?' 'Yes, madam.' 'Then you come here to-night, and preach like thunder and lightning.' You hung down your head, and walked away, looking sadly. Forty years have rolled away since then. Your old friend Vincent, and many more, are gone. In fact, nearly all the Gospel men in Reading are fled away. I often go into Providence. Glad to see Abijah Martin restored. The preaching I hear there is very truthful; but I question whether your 'truthful men' are not lacking in that department I wrote to you of in a previous note, which I think you was afraid to notice. Christ calls for the North wind to awake, as well as for the South to blow. I call some men '*South-winders*.' They are smooth as a little rivulet, soft as an heart's-ease, gentle as the early morning breeze. When I came out of the Bilston Street Baptist chapel the other Sunday morning, a rather delicate lady was holding her hand to her head, crying out, 'Oh, I could not sit under that man. He would

split my head.' Who was the minister? He was

"JOSEPH TAYLOR, OF SHEFFIELD.

He is not a sledge-hammer; but before the dead bones in the valley could be turned into a living army, standing on their feet, Ezekiel must prophesy unto the four winds, saying, 'Come from the *four winds*, O *breath*, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live.'

"The general preaching and hearing of the hour may produce 'a noise, a shaking, and a coming together,' yea, many may be slain—that is, pierced, convinced, a little troubled for a time—yet the life of God is not in their souls. Hence the same prophet must prophesy again.

"*God's breath is composed of the four winds.*

"Come! The preacher has it not, until the Lord command him to pray a prophetic prayer, and all *Spirit-inspired* prayers are prophetic. Therefore the preacher says, 'Come from the four winds, O breath! and breathe upon these slain, that they may live!' Such praying, and these *four winds* preaching, are not found every day. I once heard a man, and I thought the four winds were in his ministry. The was the East-wind cutting, piercing, dividing asunder, searching sharply; so that one man came up to the preacher as he left the pulpit, and said to him, 'You have cut up all my religion.' The preacher looked at the man, and said, 'A good cut up too, if it was *your* religion.' Religion merely saves no poor, slain sinner. There is religion in the Romish Churches, in the Ritualistic and Arminian Churches. It is *grace* saves the soul, and a true God-given *faith* in the glorious Persons and words of the adorable Trinity is the essential evidence that the soul is saved. My friend, if thou hast an abiding faith in God the Father ordaining, in God the Son performing, in God the Holy Ghost revealing, then you have such a divine religion as no man can cut up, or cast away from you.

"The South wind, by the promises, by the gentle rays of mercy, by the indescribable beams of a love which passeth all natural understanding, brings a quieting of conscience by a hope of interest in the Fountain opened for sin and uncleanness.

"The North wind brings in such darkness, coldness, and clouds, as most awfully to try the faith of the new-born soul. After many such liftings up and castings down in the soul, the voice with power speaks effectually in the heart, 'Come unto Me, and ye shall have rest unto your soul.'

"Pardon my apparent dictating to the ministry; but 'sons of thunder' in our Churches are required, if the sleepy virgins are to be aroused. Reading has had for some years a *Standard* Church. Their minister has resigned. A division has been made. Some, with the minister, have come out, and they meet in a public hall. I am sorry for this. But so it is, At Swallowfield, Mr.

Daniels still keeps a congregation together, and I hope his work there is of God. At Wooburn-green, where I call upon that energetic and devoted man, Mr. John Dullej, I learn they are looking for a settled pastor. I must wish you may get safe to heaven. I have never read my title clear to mansions in the skies, but in my journeys up and down the country I always go where your VESSEL tells me Gospel truth is proclaimed, and I desire in secret prayer that the minister may read and make my title clear. But no one has ever done so yet. The sweetest smell of

"The Rose of Sharon"

"I have had lately was from that young 'Rose' you know so well. Your office-bearer, Mr. J. J. Fowler, said he would make a second Spurgeon. There may be hosts of Spurgeons; but a second C. H. S., in all the branches of his work, there never will be. My silent, secret, sincere prayer, which is breathed out of this poor heart of mine, and which is deeply engraved therein, reads like this—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
At Thy blest feet I fall;
O: Thou my Strength and Righteousness,
My Jesus and my All."

[Mr. Benjamin Taylor officially laid the ¹ or remains of that long-suffering saint, Mrs. Fox, to rest in the Pulham-St.-Mary chapel ground at the end of September. Her husband has sorrowed and suffered much. Help him if you can." [We have, and we will, "the Lord permitting.—C. W. B.]

OPENING OF A BAPTIST MISSION ROOM AT WITLEY, SURREY.

A FAITHFUL AND INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

The story of this mission is interesting, showing that where the Lord has purposes of grace and mercy towards His redeemed, though they may be hidden in the darkest corners of our country, and wrapt in ignorance and blindness, yet God will find means and instruments to bring about His gracious designs.

Mrs. Hendry, whose maiden name was Margaret Cresswell, a noble woman who has spent her life and means in visiting and Christian work, helping the poor, the sick, and ignorant—telling them of a holy God, the sad and solemn consequences of living and dying in sin—then pointing to Christ and His work on calvary as the only way of escape from the wrath to come.

She was led in the providence of God to Witley to rest for a season; while there she visited a poor, sick, and evidently dying man; she found him utterly ignorant of spiritual things and his own state before God. By God's Word she showed him what God said about sin and sinners, and what God had provided and done in Christ to save them from going down into the pit (Job xxxiii. 24). The Holy Spirit opened the poor man's eyes, he fled to Christ, praised God, and died like the thief, saved at the eleventh hour.

Mrs. Hendry found the place was spiritually dark and destitute of the Gospel. Ritualism, flowers, &c., in the Church, while the poor were left neglected and ignorant, going down to hell, careless and contented; yet that same Church is permitted to take from hop gardens and orchards 20s. an acre for the cure of souls. But how can hirelings cure souls, they don't know Christ for themselves, nor the Gospel by which souls are cured of sin's disease; they rob God of His honour, and the people of their money and their souls, by substituting a refined idolatry for Christ; yet strange that many Strict Baptists join hands with politicians to uphold this system.

This worthy woman opened a cottage meeting to read and explain the Word of God; but the world and the Church combined bought the bouse over her head to get rid of her. She went to the other end of the parish, near Grayswood Common, where a cottage was opened by a Mr. Petifer, and there by means of preaching on the common and the mission services, twenty-three persons professed faith in Christ and were baptized. The clergyman's sister, or lady visitor, called on one, and said:

"Mrs. ———, how is it you don't come to Church now?"

"I go to the meeting, Miss ———."

"Well, but they are all ignorant men that preach—they have not been to college."

"Well, Miss, all I know is I went to the meeting and the Lord showed me I was a sinner. I went to Church thirty years and never got any good; then I could go to the public-house and sing songs; since the Lord converted my soul at the meeting, I can't live in sin, go to public-house, or come to Church. How is it, Miss, your brother plays cricket on Sunday afternoons?"

"Oh, there's no harm in that," she replied, then retired.

The Grayswood Cottage was pulled down; but Mrs. Hendry hired a room in a cottage at Brooke, adjoining Witley, and close to the first meeting room. Just prior to this, Mr. Ayling, a member of the old Baptist Church, Guildford, Pastor E. Mitchell, but living at Chiddingfold, ten miles away, had been praying that the Lord would send the truth to Chiddingfold. There was preaching on Sunday evenings at a Huntingtonian Chapel there, but some who took part in the services there were known to be living in sin, and he could not feel one with them. Mr. Ayling had an old shanty in his own brickfield, where on Sunday mornings he retired to pray—he had been praying the Lord to send the Gospel; Guildford was too far for him to go every Sunday. He felt as a Christian he was living a useless life, and on this particular Sunday he was burdened and oppressed with heavy providential trials: pleading earnestly with the Lord, he said if the Lord would deliver him, he would be willing to do anything or go anywhere the Lord sent him. Being a builder, and employed to pull down a cottage the following week at Grayswood, where Gospel meetings were held, the woman said:

"Can't we have a meeting next Sunday, Mr. Ayling?"

"Yes," he replied; "the tiles will be off, but I shan't touch the ceiling, so you can have the meeting."

"Well," she said, "Mr. Petifer is gone to London—he thought there'd be no meeting. Will you come and take the service?"

Mr. Ayling never had spoken in the Lord's name, but he remembered what he had told the Lord, and dare not say, No.

"I'll pray about it," he said.

"You come," said the woman. "Come early and have some tea, and I'll go round and let the people know."

He went, the room was filled, the Lord's help and presence were realised.

Mr. Hendry invited Mr. Ayling to come over to Witley one Sunday afternoon, take tea, and stop to their meeting in the evening. Mr. Ayling went. Mrs. Hendry greeted him: "You are just the man I've been praying about—I've been asking the Lord to send some one. You must speak to-night at the meeting."

"But I can't preach," he replied.

"You must," said the noble woman; "the Lord has sent you in answer to my prayer. I want a man that's got the spirit. I don't care if his words come out upside down, so long as the Spirit of God is with him."

Soon after Mrs. Hendry opened another room for mission services at Chiddingfold, adjoining Witley, which is still carried on by Mr. Ayling. The room at Brook, near Witley, was found inconvenient: offers were made for a cottage in order to build a mission-room on the spare ground, but the opposing party gave a much larger sum to prevent it. Then Mr. Atkinson, a Christian gentleman, who assisted Mr. Ayling at the two missions, wrote for him to Lord Derby, who has an estate at Witley, to grant a site for a mission-room. Lord Derby—a Liberal nobleman—promptly granted it.

A Baptist mission-room of a rustic character has been built to hold about eighty persons, at Sandhills, Witley, about half a mile from the station. On September 23rd opening services were held. Mr. Mitchell, of Guildford, preached an excellent and appropriate sermon from Matt. vi. 10, "Thy kingdom come." Tea was provided in a tent and a public meeting in the evening. Mr. Ayling stated the origin and objects of the mission. Mr. Mitchell, J. Billing, Esq., of Guildford, and W. Nash, of Egham, took part in the service. We believe the Lord's blessing is with the work. About £53 had been voluntarily given. Mr. and Mrs. Hendry sold their pony and chaise and gave the money to the Lord—£25 for the mission. Mr. Frost, of Brook, sent a £10 note. J. Billing, Esq., and S. Leggett, Esq., of Guildford, liberally helped. Amount realised at the opening was about £17, which, with the £53, leaves about £30 due to Mr. Ayling, and £10 for extras. £40 more is required at once. The work is the Lord's—the aim is to preach Christ. Will Christian brethren or sisters lend the amount to Him? They that trust Him with their souls may safely

trust Him with their money. No money is paid to preachers—no collections. Amount put in boxes, after paying lights, &c., is given to sick poor. The people are willing to hear the simple truths of the Gospel. The Word of God is the guide-book used.

Mr. Ayling would be glad if any brethren in our London Churches, that could give a simple Gospel address, would come and help him. As Mrs. Hendry said, "I don't mind if their words come out upside down, if they have got the Spirit of God in them, know a little of Moses and a little of Christ, felt the law and tasted the Gospel, so that they can warn sinners, and then direct them where to flee for refuge."

Contributions acknowledged and any particulars cheerfully given by JOHN BONNEY, 1, Beech Lawn, Guildford, Surrey.

Kindly send the contributions at once.

TEDDINGTON.—On September 6, four members were received into Church fellowship at Cave Adullam chapel, three of whom (males) had been baptized by Mr. Everard on August 19, with a female member, widow of the last baptized member at the Old Tabernacle, so long associated with the name of the late James Wells, where both had formerly been members. A touching tribute was paid by the pastor to the memory of that well-known champion of the truth, and that Scripture was sweetly and blessedly realised, "The memory of the just is blessed." On the 14th, special services were held. Mr. Vaughan, of Hackney, preached very acceptably, both afternoon and evening. Between the services a goodly number partook of tea, and the attendance throughout was encouraging. At the conclusion of the services the hymn was sung, closing thus,

"More frequent let Thy visits be,
Or let them longer last."

—E. ENSOR, Twickenham.

STAPLEFORD.—In this rural village stands a neat and even pretty little sanctuary like a palace "built for God," and surely for no other purpose was it raised. Like many of our domestic buildings, this chapel was not erected all at once, but at odd times; yet its entirety is quite uniform. Not far from the sanctuary is the ancient homestead of the faithful pastor, Mr. J. Simkins, whom to know, like his divine Master, is to love. In this comfortable home many of the worthy brethren of the past have been entertained, especially James Wells and John Foreman, and the kitchen in days long ago was used for divine service, when Mr. Foreman preached to a good many saints now in heaven. In after years the little chapel was erected and opened by Mr. James Wells of blessed memory. On September 23 the writer preached two sermons under difficulty, being ill with a severe cold. The chapel was more than well filled. Brother Jull, of Cambridge, and several of his friends paid us a visit, as did also many kind friends from Saffron Walden, whom all were glad to see. May God very much bless our brother J. Simkins and his people, prays—W. WINTERS.

A NOTE FROM ONE OF MY SONS.

[During my recent descent into the valley of affliction, many letters have reached me of a consoling tone. The following from a son who is almost night and day employed in the city came comfortably to my aching heart.]

BELIEVED FATHER,—Our visit on Sunday night was a happy season; although, of course, we were sorry to see that you were compelled to lie in bed. This, though I do not wish to have the mere semblance of cant, is for some wise purpose. Your inimitable description of the four distinct answers to prayers was, and will be, very helpful to me. Such short, pithy matters of fact, said from the heart, are better than the "firstly, secondly, and thirdly" of many sermons.

You could never have thought I forgot you. That could never be. Those who know me most intimately will speak of the love I have for my father. I have much to be thankful for, and I sing a *jubilate* as often as possible. The very term gloom is a forbidding sound, and certainly ought not to enter the vocabulary of those who have seen Providence marking out a way for them. Physical weakness, of course, brings mental depression; but there are even in the depth of Winter flowers and birds of song. You have ministered for many years, and you are ever in our thoughts. I must not tire you with a lengthy letter. You have enough literature to wade through without any additional matter from me. I hope ere long to look in again. Neither will I say, "May God's blessing be yours," because it has been, and will be. But I do hope that you may be again raised up a little longer.

We all join in love, from your loving son,
CHARLES.

THE LONDON ITINERANT STRICT BAPTIST ASSOCIATION was re-established under auspicious circumstances on September 24, when inaugural services were held in Little Alie-street chapel, kindly lent for the occasion by the pastor and deacons. Mr. J. S. Anderson, of New-cross, preached a suitable and sound sermon. In evening the chair was occupied by Mr. R. E. Sears. After prayer by Mr. David Smith, pastor of the Church at Bilston, Mr. S. T. Belcher introduced the nature and purport of the new association. Mr. Belcher made an interesting speech on the object of the society, and dwelt warmly on the necessity of helping each other as one of the main objects of the society, also to help willing Churches disseminate truth, reflect the image of Christ, save souls, and glorify God. Mr. Belcher expressed a wish for men of character to join the association, who should be men of truth and of faith, and who in the discharge of their office might expect to meet with some degree of opposition, but surely not from Christian brethren either inside or outside of the association. The secretary impressed upon the audience the necessity of a ministry library for the associated brethren; also money was wanted to establish a sick fund in con-

nection therewith. The speech of the secretary was supplemented by addresses on the work of the ministry by Mr. Anderson, W. Winters, J. Hunt Lynn, and E. Beazley. The subject of open-air preaching was warmly advocated by brethren Belcher, Sears, and Lynn. Nine out of eleven of the brethren which constitute the association were present, with many other brethren. Kind words were expressed relative to the long service of the late Mr. Thomas Austin, of Hackney. The meeting was in every point a successful one.—W. WINTERS.

"THE GOSPEL STANDARD."

A friend sends us a paragraph denying Mrs. Lucy Ashworth's little tale. We exceedingly grieve over this. We have looked at three things; first, Mrs. Lucy Ashworth's *motive* . She was acknowledging and admiring the providence of God. We had the same feeling. Secondly, we have considered the matter of Mrs. Ashworth's narrative. We had been preaching in those towns, Mrs. Lucy Ashworth was in affliction through a son that was not well; Mrs. A. wished us, with other friends, to visit her. We did so. In the course of her conversation, she related the whole history of the late Mr. Gadsby's calling his Church together for them to arrange for Mr. William Gadsby and Mr. James Wells to exchange pulpits, which arrangement was carried out. In the course of her tale, the circumstances (now denied) were related. Thirdly, we have looked at the fact, that other friends were present, and heard all of it. Besides, in our meetings at Manchester, Rochdale, Hollinwood, and Heywood, with the late Mr. Smith, and others, the circumstances were often referred to, and not the slightest contradiction was ever offered. We can only conclude that Mrs. Lucy Ashworth had been incorrectly informed. We are sorry that we referred to the affair, seeing Mrs. Lucy Ashworth is gone home. It was with the kindest of feelings, with the purest of motives, we mentioned the story told us by the said Mrs. A. Neither in her heart, nor in ours, was there any feeling but one of gladness that such kind providences attended the enterprise to circulate *The Gospel Standard*. If any offence has unintentionally been given, we sincerely regret it.

CHELMSFORD.—A correspondent cheerfully announces, "The Strict Baptist Church is growing under the progressive and intellectual ministry of Mr. Burgess." Another correspondent writes of the happy reception Mr. Burgess has at St. Neot's. Very gradual has been the rise of this young man. He was first settled at Wooburn-green, and was patronised by that discerning and decided man of God, the late Mr. R. Howard. Mr. Burgess moved on to Askett, thence to Akeman-street, Tring. Now, at Chelmsford. A neighbouring minister says, "Mr. Burgess grows in usefulness." We hope he will not let the many demands made on him bring him to an early grave. He is in the hands of the Lord.

MR. STRINGER'S LAST LETTER TO ENOCH.

"Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."—Matt. xxviii. 20.

MY MUCH-ESTEEMED ENOCH, — I humbly trust and sincerely hope that as you advance in the holy and heavenly employment to which you are called by divine grace, and for which you are qualified by divine teaching, that you feel more and more dependent upon, devoted to, and decided for your great Lord and Master, "Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God," and while many yea and nay preachers "only consult to cast Him down from His excellency," do thou employ and exert all the powers that God hath given thee to "exalt Him, extol Him, and make Him very high." Lift Him up on the top of the Gospel pole, and may poor Satan and sin-stung sinners be enabled to look unto Him and live for ever. I am truly glad to see that you have come out as a Strict Baptist, and in that sense a true apostolic successor, not by Popish sprinkling of babies, but by Scriptural immersion of adult believers, and this you do sincerely, knowing and believing it to be our divine Lord and Master's command, and the Bible order of the house. Take your stand on the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, in which you have the divinely-framed model of the first Strict Baptist Church. Abide by that order, and honour the King of Zion in obeying and keeping His own instituted laws and orders. Look out for some sharp tongue-pelting from the pseudos and mixed communionists, but regard it not, pass on in your Master's employ, mind your own business, with the divine sanction of your Lord and Master and His Word all on your side you will be victorious.

Think of it, Enoch. The Son of God, your great Redeemer, was a Baptist, was baptized by His highly-honoured servant, John, and has commanded that all the subjects of His grace be baptized also, and all who disregard that command live in the sin of disobedience to His Majesty's sovereign mandate. A pastor of a mixed communion people (not a New Testament Church) seems to me a one-sided man, not upright relative to order. I would not be a pastor of such a people on any consideration. What a perilous position he occupies in the pulpit! If he dilates a little on baptism, his so-called independent hearers take umbrage, and wish he would let baptism alone. Then again, if he is silent on that Christ-preaching ordinance, his baptist hearers say he is a coward, or call him unfaithful. So between the two stools, baptism and non-baptism, he gets a fall into general disapprobation. Then there are some who at the onset of their ministry were staunch men for particular baptism and strict communion. Some of these have imagined that their popularity would swell and increase by enacting a new law called mixed communion—i.e., the Church be composed of baptized (if they wish it) and unbaptized persons. What a motley group is

this, which has no Bible sanction. Then there are others who have had gold dust blown into their eyes and blinded them to that degree that they could not see baptism to be necessary or essential to Church order any longer, and so have abandoned that law of the house and of Zion's King entirely. What! does perishing gold stand before God's imperishable, eternal truth? It seems so with some. "Good Lord, deliver us." Really, Enoch, it is wonderful that gold should possess such a controlling power. You know that if a man has a sovereign laid upon each eye, his sight is terribly obscured, so that he does not see as he once did, and if one should be put in his mouth his articulation is very much obstructed. He may just stammer out, "I have enlarged my views." O, beware of tampering with the Word of God. "A gift doth blind the eyes of the wise," &c. Read the solemn prohibition in Deut. xxvi. 19. Again, some ministers have so vehemently denounced baptism that it has set their hearers to search the Scriptures for themselves, whereby they have been convinced of the divine origin and institution of the ordinance, have embraced it, and were baptized. Rowland Hill, by warmly opposing baptism at times, sent his hearers to the New Testament for personal satisfaction. They read, saw, believed, and were baptized. The old gentleman said he should let the water alone, as several of his chickens had turned into ducks. What an honour to the Strict Baptist Church it is that the Sou of God, the Sovereign of the universe, "the King of kings," "the Prince of peace," was a Baptist. Read again and again the glorious account of His Majesty's baptism by immersion in Matt. iii. 13—17. Baptism is essential to Church order, the answer of a good conscience. New Testament union and communion and the glory of God abide by it. Change not, be not driven whichever way the trade wind blows; play the man, be noted for courage and constancy, decision for truth and devotedness to order. "To the law and to the testimony" for all advice and directions concerning Church Government. The Lord bless thee in all things, make and keep thee a man of valour to thy journey's end.

Yours in grace union,

T. STRINGER.

IPSWICH.—A gentleman from Manchester has come to this flourishing city, named Hubbard, to be the minister of Tacket-street Chapel; and he has found there a paradise of freedom, for the Tacket-street Chapel-deed, he tells us, does not contain a single doctrinal clause. Hence, the minister is bound by no "cast-iron creeds." Now, the Holy Bible is full of those heaven-revealed doctrines, which are bound together by stronger powers than any mere "cast-iron creed" can be. The glorious Trinity in unity, God the Father, with all His eternal purposes and promises; God the Son, with His incarnation, perfect redemption, and all-prevailing intercession; God the Holy Ghost, the only regenerator of the soul, the

only revealer of Christ to the heart—these doctrines are Divinely revealed doctrines. The choice of the Church in Christ, the gift of the Church to Christ, the full salvation of her accomplished by Christ; absolute necessity of the new birth, of repentance toward God, and of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; of pardon, justification, and a meanness for glory by grace, free-grace, sovereign, and sufficient. Are not these doctrines in that Gospel which Christ commands us to preach? Is not salvation promised to all who believe, embrace, and cleave to Christ, through the knowledge of them? Will any minister dare, directly or indirectly, to ignore them? or set up his natural reason against them? We know that the most prolific and mentally powerful minds in Scotland, in America, and in other parts of Christendom, are now doing so. Ah, well! trust-deeds may be useless, ministers may be reckless, congregations may be careless; new schools of man's modern thought may be received by the multitude; God has secured the safety of His people. He has reserved to Himself the power of preserving the truth to the end of time. God has solemnly declared that He will "put His laws into the hearts" of His own, He will "write them in their minds"; adding, "*I will be to them a God, and they shall be to Me a people.*" God's ministers, who have the Spirit of Christ in them, will preach the doctrines of saving grace, as written by the Holy Ghost in the Word, as written in the hearts of the redeemed, as manifested in their lives here, and in their entrance into the kingdom of glory hereafter. We hope Mr. Hubbard's freedom will be found only in ranging the GOSPEL FIELDS; but if he, ministerially, jumps out of them, we thank the Lord He has, in Ipswich, faithful witnesses who will take heed to the advice of our spiritual, our antitypical Boaz-men, such as Mr. Samuel Cozens, Mr. Kern, Mr. Charles Hill, Mr. Benjamin Taylor, and some others. Who will not go into any other field than Christ's Gospel field, to glean? God's Holy Truth is so precious to those who have received it, in the love and saving power of it, that it is not possible for them to forsake it; although some who have professed it are somewhat bewitched. Not in our own denomination only, but in others, the true spirit still liveth. Professor Joshua C. Harrison, addressing a number of students the other day, said, "The Apostle Paul was overwhelmed with the solemn responsibility of his office, and with a sense of his own personal incompetency to fulfil it. And yet he did not give it up. That arose from the light in which he viewed it—that it was a solemn vocation to which God had called him. The Christian life was a vocation, and every true minister was moved by the Holy Ghost, and impelled to PREACH THE GOSPEL. Such a work laid all his powers under contribution; head and heart, voice and brain, were to be alike employed. How easy and common it was to lose that high estimate of their vocation! He prayed his young brethren to be jealous of themselves with a godly jealousy. The

truth which the apostle felt he had to proclaim was not vague and indefinite, but clear, unambiguous facts regarding the Saviour, leading on to most glorious results in deliverance from sin, reconciliation with God, the transformation of the whole spiritual nature, the establishment of a spiritual kingdom into which men would find entrance by faith. With his profound and thoughtful mind he saw those truths could never hold a secondary or subordinate place in the world; they were eternal. He knew that the presentation of truth, warm and glowing, by the lips and from the heart of a living man, was in reality the wisest, because the most appropriate, method. The present day was a day of subtle, and yet *deadly, opposition to the Gospel of Christ*; but it was also a day of discrimination. If they were scrupulously conscientious they would spare no pains to ascertain precisely what words God did say, and study the Bible for themselves, so as to be able to give an accurate account of its meaning. Mr. Harrison closed his admirable address by urging the students to live by prayer, work in prayer, and die with prayer—prayer for the Spirit and presence of God."

PIMLICO.—Mr. James Haad, of Princess-row chapel, celebrated his sixth anniversary, when he preached, Lord's-day, September 20, and on Tuesday, 22, Mr. Winters in afternoon. Mr. Josiah Crutcher presided in evening, read that grand old favourite Psalm, so loved by Martin Luther, the 46th. Mr. Crutcher dwelt with great fulness on the blessing of short prayers, short hymns, short speeches, and short sermons, and the more than plain hint was successfully taken by the brethren. Mr. Andrews, secretary, introduced his report with a warm speech. Mr. E. Beazley waxed even eloquent on the blessing of Christ to His people. W. Winters, W. Hazelton, H. Boulton, and J. Battson opened different Scriptures. The collection for the pastor amounted to about £10. The services proved encouraging and successful. To God be the glory.—W. WINTERS.

WILLINGHAM.—"An Old Hearer." You would hardly know our chapel now. The hearty friends have freely given it a new suit of clothes inside and outside. Our old lady looks quite gay. They were days of Gospel glory when "young John Stevens," as they called him, was the minister; when his head and heart were in heaven and, for a little while, his feet were on the earth; but soon he said, "To be with Christ is far better," and he spread his wings and flew away. Your deacon, David Staunton, was here then; and many more now gone hence. I have thought the new chapel was not wanted here. It looked cruel to come and divide the family; but, if it be of God, good will come of it. We have had good men, such as Mr. Belcher, Mr. Samuel Banks, and Mr. H. E. Sadler. The last named, I am told, is to come here for some months. Do you know him? Tell us. [Yes, we know and much esteem Mr. Sadler, of Sutton.—C. W. B.]

**SOMETHING FOR MR. LEVINSOHN
TO THINK OVER.**

DEAR BROTHER in the covenant of grace ordered in all things and sure,—I see from brother Taylor's letter he informed you of Mr. I. Levinsohn being in Sheffield; also, he told you the text. I am not going to criticise what he said, but what he did not say, which was a disappointment to me. What I have to say I say in love. I liked the appearance of brother Levinsohn: a humble man; but, to the text. He spoke a little on the Lord having founded Zion, also the ordinance; but said he had no time to go into them. He noticed that "the poor of His people shall trust in it." He never told us how they came to be God's people, or God's purpose unto them, or of Christ's dying prediction, or the sacred three, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, making covenant or agreement, that though the people had sold themselves for nought, as the Word says, "Oh, Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but I have found a ransom! I have laid help on One that can save and deliver thee from all sins; for the children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God, ordered to election, might stand, not of works, but of Him that calleth."

We have only one servant of Christ in Sheffield who dares to preach the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I mean, Mr. Battersby. When you go to hear a servant of the Most High God, who professes to know the truth and live the truth as it is in Christ, our covenant Head, and hear little of one or the other, I must confess I feel sad at heart.

Dear brother Banks, I do hope and pray that you may be favoured much with your Lord and Master Jesus Christ. "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us; we are troubled, distressed, perplexed, but not destroyed." You are walking the same path, may you have the same faith given unto you to say the same as the tried apostle did, "For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body." We have only to look into the sacred record, and there we find those of the Lord's servants have had to suffer great tribulation. As regards my own experience, I do feel the Lord has been very gracious unto me. That portion of Scripture has been sweet to my own soul many times: "Thy gentleness hath made me great," or, in other words, "Hath made my heart soft." You will remember when our blessed Lord said to the disciples, "Lackest ye anything?" the reply was, "Nothing, Lord!" I can say, with good Nehemiah, "Through the good hand of God upon me, I continue unto this day." The older I am, the more I prove that our covenant-keeping and covenant-performing God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—still rests in love to the election of grace, to the people proposed before time, and made manifest in due time as the remnant whom the Lord our God would call out,

"All that the Father giveth Me shall come unto Me; and him that cometh I will in no wise cast out. We come full of sin unto Him who is full of grace, truth, and righteousness. Oh, to be found in Him, having our joints girt with the truth and having on the breast-plate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace: above all, taking the shield of faith wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked; and take the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.

Dear brother, be of good cheer; you shall soon enter into that "rest that remaineth to the people of God," through that sovereign grace that has kept you these many years in this world of sin and death. The same grace, the same love, the same Almighty arm will be your comfort and stay in life, in death, and to all eternity. Amen. My wife joins in Christian love.

I remain,

Yours in covenant love,

J. ELAM.

Sheffield.

GLEMSFORD.—The twenty-sixth anniversary of Providence Baptist Chapel, and the eighth of the settlement of the present pastor, was held on Lord's-day, September 26. Three sermons were preached by Mr. J. Crown, of Kedington, from Rev. xxii. 1. We should like to give some extracts, but fear that space will not admit, yet we must say that Mr. Crown is a savoury, sound, Gospel preacher, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of Truth. On the following Monday, a fair gathering of friends met together in the chapel; at seven o'clock the friends assembled for worship, the service was commenced by the pastor giving out a hymn. After prayer, by Mr. Moore, addresses were given by Messrs. Firlbank and Crown, which were well received. Anniversaries, when followed out in a Gospel order, are calculated to be profitable to the Church, and glorifying to God; they are a reminder of past mercies, and also inspire a confidential hope for the future. Mr. Newton, in one of his hymns, writes:—

"His love in time past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in sorrow to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms His good pleasure, and helps me
quite through."

His love is the great self-moving cause of every blessing the Church will realise and enjoy, through time and in eternity. How brilliantly does the love of God shine forth in the gift of a Saviour, whose name is Wonderful; His birth, life, doings, and death, are proofs of His everlasting love. Behold Him, nailed to the cross, it was love to the believer that nailed Him there; He is entombed, love laid His dear mangled body there; He rises from His sleeping bed at the decreed moment, according to covenant arrangements, unseen, no doubt, by mortal eye, except by those for whom He died. What a confirming proof to His Church

that His love to her is stronger than death. It is written, "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can floods drown it." His love was unabating, as He passed through all the billows of the Father's wrath, against the sin of His people, and carried them in safety through; though he passed the shades of death, He took care of the life of His bride. Yes, Love will present her spotless, unblameable, and all-glorious within and without, being clothed with wrought gold. The prophet, feeling this love warming and animating his Holy Land, might well say, "I will mention the lovingkindness of the Lord." Comparatively, it is all we can do. Then hear the bold and defying question by Paul the aged, "Who shall separate us from the love of God?" That question has never been, nor ever can be, answered in the affirmative, for God is Love. — ROBERT PAGE.

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I have often thought about you, especially since reading of the affliction that overtook you when from home. To some extent I can understand your sufferings—wind, spasm, strangulation, sinking, and weakness. I have on several occasions taken your name, your case, your work, service, age, infirmities, and your latter end before the Lord. I know He don't want my poor prayers; still, prayer breeds sympathy, renders to a gracious harmony of soul with truth; and those who love it, and begets a spiritual identity with the Lord Himself, for I reckon we are never more one with Him than when in prayerful sympathy with His people, cause, and kingdom. May He greatly endear Himself to your heart, till "dying you clasp Him in your arms, the antidote of death." I have had the enclosed loving letter from brother Casse, of Chatham, a warm, cheerful, loving man to God's cause and ministers. I thought it would do for *Cheering Words*. [There it will be found. —ED.] — Yours in the hope of the Gospel,

JOHN BONNEY.

HADLEIGH.—With great pleasure we listened to three sermons on Lord's-day, Sept. 20, from our aged and esteemed brother G. G. Whorlow, being the occasion of our anniversary. The Lord's presence was realised, His servant happy in his work, and the people were blest. On the following day harvest thanksgiving services were held, when Brother W. Kern preached a sermon, which was much enjoyed. Tea was provided at half-past five—a good number partaking of the same—which was followed by a public meeting, when the pastor (Mr. B. J. Northfield) presided. Brother A. H. Sewell supplicated the divine blessing. Suitable addresses were given by the chairman, Messrs. S. K. Bland, G. G. Whorlow, and W. Kern. The speakers were blessedly helped. The meeting was a most enjoyable one. All the services were well attended, and we feel sure the blessing of the Lord rested on them. Many willing hands had been busily

engaged in making the chapel present a very cheering and inviting appearance by its adornment with fruit, corn, flowers, &c. Lord, fill our hearts with gratitude for all favours.

BECCLES.—The anniversary of the Sunday School took place on Lord's-day, Sept. 27. Pastor Geo. Pung preached two masterly sermons. In the afternoon Mr. Pung conducted a service for children and young people. On Monday, at public tea, a good number sat down. This was followed by a harvest thanksgiving meeting, presided over by the new pastor, Mr. L. H. Collis; brother Harsant (of Claxton) spoke on union; brother Bullimore (of Normeh) told us of that first thank-offering of Cain and Abel, and went on to tell us of Christ's love for guilty and repenting sinners; brother Pung showed how the Christian must overcome all and become victorious through Christ; brother Calvert (Congregationalist) delivered a capital address upon providence and grace. Each speaker very heartily congratulated the Church on having amongst them a new pastor, and expressed the hope that he might be greatly blessed in the work God has called him to. Good collections were given towards the support of the Sunday-school.

HIGH WYCOMBE.—ZION CHAPEL, the Church and congregation have great cause for thankfulness to their covenant God and Father, in Christ Jesus, for the love and unity and prosperity that attends them. They have been meeting for three Sundays in the Town Hall, while the chapel has undergone necessary cleaning and renovation. All having been finished, reopening and anniversary services were held. The pastor, Mr. W. E. Palmer, preached on Sunday, Sept. 27, to good congregations, in the morning from Isa. xii. 6, and in the evening from Psa. cxvi. 7. On Tuesday, 29, the 205th anniversary of the Church was held, when Mr. John Box preached two thoughtful Gospel sermons, in the afternoon at three o'clock from Matt. xi. 6, and in the evening from Isa. liii. 10. At tea over 250 sat down; the chapel in the evening being crowded. Friends came from Aylesbury, Askett, Penn, Prestwood, Sydenham, and Wooburn to help us, and praise our God for His kind care for over two centuries. The collections on Sunday and Tuesday amounted to over £36. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.

CHATHAM.—Anniversary services in Nelson-road were held on Sept. 24 and 25. Two sermons were preached by W. Winters. The following day a public tea was served, and in the evening I. C. Johnson, Esq., J.P., occupied the chair, and, after solemn prayer by Mr. Joseph Casse, sen., made a noble speech on his recent tour to France, where he preached by the permission of his friend, Monsieur Cadot, pastor of the Strict Baptist Church meeting in the "Temple Evangelique" at Chauny. Mr. Johnson gave a second address on the forgiveness of sins, as recorded in Psa. ciii. 12. Mr. E. Casse read

the annual report, showing that since the last anniversary meeting £25 had been paid to the mortgagee, which reduced the original debt to £175, making £125 paid off of £300 (the cost of the erection of the chapel), signed C. Cooper, and E. Casse. Mr. Thomas spoke of the trees of righteousness, and a few words from the writer brought the services to a close. May brother Joseph Casse, sen., take heart, as brighter days are in store for truthful Enon. God bless the friends with an outpouring of His Spirit, prays W. WINTRRS.

ENON, WOOLWICH.—On Lord's-day, Sept. 27, we commemorated the 128th anniversary. The pastor, W. K. Squirrel, preached in the morning, and our beloved brother, Mr. J. Box, spoke blessedly as helped by the divine Spirit in the evening of the day. On the following Tuesday a thoughtful sermon was delivered in the afternoon by our esteemed brother Sears. The evening meeting was ably presided over by J. Upsdale, Esq. Prayer was offered by our old and valued friend, J. Player. Brethren Dexter, Lynn, Sears, and others, gave us kindly words full of the name of our precious Christ. The pastor testified to the love and unity of the Church, and the esteem and kindness manifested to himself, both in word and deed, as their servant for Jesus' sake. The collections were good and the large company of friends made us thank God and take courage. On the following Lord's-day the pastor had the joy of receiving three sisters into fellowship.—W. K. SQUIRRELL. [P.S.—We much regretted the absence of our good brother Anderson through indisposition.]

PIMLICO.—Special services were held at Carmel Chapel, Westbourne-street, on Tuesday, October 6, when Mr. E. Mitchell, of Guildford, preached on the Father's acknowledgement of Jesus at His baptism. The preacher's remarks on the humanity of Christ were specially appreciable. We rejoice to hear that our brother Parnell and his people are enjoying the Divine favour. May they realise yet richer covenant blessings. After tea, a public meeting was held. In the unavoidable absence of Mr. C. Wilson, Mr. Tooke occupied the chair. Mr. Woodrow led the meeting to the throne of grace, and addresses were delivered by brethren E. Mitchell, H. Myerson, P. Reynolds, J. Clark, R. E. Sears, and J. Parnell. The meeting was felt to be soul-profitting.—P. REYNOLDS.

GAINSBORO'.—We held harvest thanksgiving services in Baptist chapel, on Sunday, October 4. Rev. W. R. Parker, pastor, preached two sermons to excellent congregations; the morning subject being "the first-fruits of harvest, the evening "the barley-field on fire." Special hymns and anthems were sung by the choir and congregation. The chapel was extensively decorated, but with great taste and neatness. On the Wednesday following a public tea was provided; overflowing numbers sat down. Messames Parker, Robson, Fox, Palmer, and others presided at the tables. At public

meeting Mr. G. B. Bell presided. Addresses were given by J. Young, of Kirton-Lindsey, W. Price, W. R. Parker, Mr. Tooley and others. A very successful coffee supper closed the day. The collections taken at each of the services were good, and which, together with the amount secured from the sale of the fruit, vegetables, &c., was applied to the Church funds.

A LITTLE BETHEL IN A BARREN LAND.

A traveller says he cannot find in all the thickly populated towns known as the Potteries, North Staffordshire, a place where the principles as held by Strict Baptists are taught, saying that a few of the Lord's family meet together in Widow Heath's Room, 26, Wells-street, Hanley, to hear the Word expounded by Mr. W. H. Skelton, this, with a read sermon, holds together the little company. Occasionally, however, one or two of Zion's watchmen in passing through call and speak in the Master's name. During my recent visit to these parts the brethren D. Smith (Bilston) and Mr. Archer (Blackburn) preached Oct. 6 and 7, in the evening. I had the pleasure of listening to the latter as he exalted the Christ of God, and opened up the nature of living faith from Heb. xi. 13, in a clear, sound, experimental discourse. Any assistance towards the payment of a few supplies would, I am sure, be thankfully received and faithfully appropriated by Mr. Skelton, Glebe-street, Stoke-on-Trent.

A TRAVELLER.

CLAPHAM.—Harvest thanksgiving services were held in Ebenezer Chapel, Wurttemberg-street, on Tuesday, October 13. Very excellent and spiritual they were. In the afternoon Mr. Bradley preached a very instructive sermon from Gen. xlix. 22, 23. A large number of friends stayed to tea, after which a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Josiah Crutcher. Brother Runceles engaged in prayer. The Chairman made some very straightforward and racy remarks respecting the "all-round" harvest of the present year, urging upon the living to bless and praise the Lord for His goodness, and remarking, that a spiritually dead man was never known to even desire to praise the Lord; but called attention to those spoken of in Nehemiah i. 2, as even fearing the name of the Lord. Brother Beazley spoke very affectionately upon Psa. cvi. 23. Brother Bush was very spiritual and experimental upon the six benefits contained in Psa. ciii. 2-6. Brother Clark was, as usual, very clear and instructive upon confession, and the supplicatory part of prayer enjoined by Paul in Phil. iv. 6. Brother Dearsley was very intelligent and affectionate upon the late bountiful harvest, and the "Household of Faith." Brother Myerson was very earnest and eloquent upon Zech. x. 4, showing very forcibly and instructively how the "nail" referred to the Lord Jesus Christ in its destructiveness, and other ways, and that on Him hung all the glory of His Father's house, and wound up his remarks by an application of the subject as to whether we were hanging on this "Nail," even if it were only as a "little cup." Brother Battson concluded with a very short reference to John xiii. 22. The pastor, brother Henry Hall, in his usual amiable, good-natured way, proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman, which was accorded by acclamation.—CHARLES ORTNER, Lavender-hill.

Another report says: Services to thank God for the abundant harvest were held at Ebenezer, Württemberg-street, on Tuesday, October 13, when a large company came together in the afternoon to hear Mr. Thomas Bradbury, who delivered a discourse from the words, "Joseph is a fruitful bough," &c. (Gen. xlix. 22-24). The sermon was full of adoration of our glorious Lord—lifting up Christ and laying the sinner low; with so much feeling and native pathos was the preacher favoured by the Holy Spirit to speak, that the Word was accompanied with much power and sweetness to the hearts of the hearers, which found vent in the "falling of the tear." The public meeting in the evening commenced by singing the hymn,

"To praise Thee, ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul wake all her powers!"

Mr. Crutcher, the chairman, then read Psa. lxy., and Mr. Runnacles offered prayer. Mr. Crutcher then said: "In the providence of God we are again found to meet here to thank Him for crowning the year with His goodness. Plenty of hay, corn, fruit, and everything needful for man and beast. True, trade is bad, and that from causes over which we have no control; but thanks be to His name for sending all His creatures so great a supply of food. Mr. Beazley said we cannot be too grateful to God for His providential mercies; but, above all, we have to praise and bless Him for the great plan of salvation. David exclaimed, "Behold, God is my salvation." The King of Israel had a natural crown, but I think he more highly prized his eternal crown, and I am sure he was more concerned about soul-matters than earthly. David looked back; and it does us good at times to look back to what we were and what we came from. I like to compare notes with the Old Testament saints. Dear old Jacob was a praying man—so are all God's children; they cannot live without it; it is a grand matter to be on visiting terms with heaven; it's nice to hear from home; I like to have a letter from home now and then. And so our friend Beazley went on for half-an-hour, to the joy and comfort of his hearers. Messrs. James Clark, Bush, Dearsley, Myerson, Baitson, and others gave very earnest addresses on gratitude. Mr. Hall thanked the chairman and friends for their presence. Thus ended one of the most soul-refreshing seasons it has been our privilege to attend for some time.—J. W. B.

HACKNEY ROAD.—Harvest thanksgiving services were held at Sbalom chapel, the Oval, on October 8. After tea, a public meeting was held. Mr. H. Myerson, pastor, in the chair. Chairman read appropriate selections from Psalm cvii., and the writer engaged in prayer. Chairman introduced the subject of the meeting by acknowledging his gratitude to the God of all His blessings, expressing the desirableness of the grace of gratitude being granted to the children of God for His abundant mercies and blessings, and urging supplication for a greater outpouring of the Spirit of praise and thanksgiving. He referred to the late bountiful harvest, to the termination of the war in Egypt, and to the recent decease of the much-lamented Earl of Shaftesbury, expressing a hope that God would raise up many such men in our land. He commended to the meeting his brethren and fellow-members of his Church—viz., M. Branch, W. Morgun, H. Mobbs, T. J. Hall, and H. T. Golding, all preachers of the everlasting Gospel, and who were enabled to speak very truthfully, pointedly, and profitably of the Great Master as the best Field, sower, Reaper, and Harvest. Brother G. F. Burrell offered some very concise and pitiful suggestions on the Lord Jesus Christ as the best Bread, and the writer made some general observations upon the sad losses incurred principally by the farmers in various counties

in England during the past five or six years, and to the recent bountiful harvest demanding special praise and thanksgiving by the Church of God. Brother C. Fenster, one of the deacons, stated in very affectionate terms that the fruit, vegetables, &c., displayed would be distributed among the poor members of the Church after the meeting. The service was enlivened by some very spirited and well-sung special hymns and anthems conducted by Mr. C. Mears.—C. OATNER, Grayshot-road, Lavender-hill.

TROWBRIDGE.—On Sunday morning, Oct. 4, Mr. Schofield delivered a well-arranged discourse setting forth the Scripture authority and spiritual significance of the ordinance of baptism. He afterwards immersed several believers. The baptistry is so arranged that all in the chapel can witness the administration of the ordinance without rising from their seats. The solemn rite was gone through amidst the most profound silence. In the afternoon eight were added to the Church, which, under Mr. Schofield's ministry, through the blessing of God, is very prosperous. The deacons, Messrs. Applegate, Long, and Little, working in strict harmony with pastor and Church, render good service to the cause at Zion, where the venerable John Warburton cried aloud for many years.—J. W. B.

YATELY.—Harvest thanksgiving services were held at Zoar chapel, Cricket-hill (pastor, James Stevens), on Thursday, Sept. 24. Two excellent sermons were preached by Mr. Henry Hall, of Clappam. The preacher, after suitable allusions to the late bountiful harvest, and the blessings of God's providence, by which he fills our hearts with food and gladness, proceeded to deal with the text in a spiritual manner. After a bountiful tea—and you always have a good tea at Yately anniversaries; everything so fresh and beautifully clean—Mr. Hall preached from Isa. liii. 8, a discourse full of grace, savour, and sweetness—a hope-inspiring, faith-begetting, heart-cheering, God-glorifying sermon. Brother Stevens, the pastor, has a heavy trial in the affliction of his dear wife, suffering from a second stroke of paralysis, requiring the constant attentions of himself and a nurse. May the blessed Spirit give her and you, brother Banks, to realise, in the depths and heights of it, that sweet portion, "For the transgression of My people was He stricken."—JOHN BONNEY. [Our reports are so numerous this month, we are compelled to curtail most of them.—Ed.]

LEWISHAM.—The fifth anniversary of the ministry, and the fourth of the pastorate of Mr. Wm. Hazelton at College-park Baptist chapel was celebrated on Oct. 3, Mr. Reynolds, of Islington, preaching a good sermon in the morning from Mark i. 41, and the pastor in the evening from Gen. xxviii. 15, both services being well attended. On the following Tuesday, at 3.15, Mr. John Hazelton preached a glorious sermon from the words, "All the promises of God." The preacher's opening remarks were on the all things working together for good, in the course of which he remarked upon the frequent contentions, discussions, &c., that were constantly occurring in the midst of our Churches, but, thanks to our covenant God, they could not in any way alter the precious promises contained in His Word. The chair was taken at 6.30 (for the evening meeting) by H. Cooper, Esq., opening with hymn, reading from Psalm lxxxix., and prayer from friend brother Miller. The chairman's remarks were listened to with evident pleasure. He warmly and lovingly congratulated the pastor, whom he had known for many years. The pastor, in thanking the chairman for his kind expressions, said that it was all from the Lord, whom he desired to thank for what He had done in the past; four had been added to

the Church during the past year by baptism; there had also been an increase of members from other Churches, and the congregation was steadily improving, the Sabbath-school prospering, and the Bible-class overflowing; consequently he had been greatly encouraged; but to God be all the praise. Good addresses were given by brethren Dexter, Copeland, and Lynn, and after a few remarks from brother Hand the meeting was closed by the chairman in fervent prayer. Collections amounted to £12.

LEANING ON JESUS.

DEAR Lord, to Thee I would resign
My life, my all, for all is Thine,
Nor at each ill in life repine,
But ever lean on Thee.

The love, the light Thou givest me,
The hope that sets my spirit free,
To ever calmly walk with Thee,
While leaning on Thy care,—

Would hush my fears, though shadows grey
Should steal some visions bright away,
Yet learning of Thy grace each day,
I still would lean on Thee.

Blest Saviour, keep this heart of mine,
And ever round Thee closer twine
The cords that bind my heart to Thine:
So shall I lean on Thee.

ADELINE MARY BANKS.

WEST HAM. — MY DEAR BROTHER, — One Lord's-day lately I visited the above antiquated Baptist chapel. The preacher for the day, I was informed, was Mr. J. Whitmore. This aged servant preached from the words, "Even as Christ also loved the Church," &c.; in the evening the text was, "Ye are justified." I must say that I have not heard two such excellent sermons for a very long time. How is it that such a preacher as Mr. Whitmore is comparatively hidden? I was told he had been over the same people for twenty-five years. Mr. J. Clinch is the stated pastor of the Church. I asked if the truth was preached by him. The answer I got was, "Sound as a rock." That is more than can be said of some. There is not that unity in the Churches that might be wished. — A THIRTY YEARS READER OF E. V.

NEW NORTH ROAD. — At Salem, Wilton-square, on Tuesday, Sept. 22, special services were held to commemorate the seventieth birthday of Mr. William Flack, the pastor. In the afternoon Mr. J. Wilkins preached a sermon, suitable to the occasion and applicable to the venerable pastor, from the words, "Thou hast dealt well with Thy servant, O Lord." In the evening Mr. Henry Hall took the chair, and after prayer by Mr. T. House said he was glad to be present on this interesting occasion, and that brother Flack had been spared to sustain the pastorate for so long a period, and that on this seventieth birthday we find him so well; we thank God he has been kept in the truth of the Gospel. Mr. Flack then gave an account of his origin, how and where he began to preach, the many dangers of which he had been the subject, as well as the numberless mercies; forty years a preacher of the Gospel in the country and London. Messrs. W. Kennard, Evans, Wilkins, Bennett, Myerson, and others took part. The young people sang suitable pieces, and many friends came together. — J. W. B.

BETHNAL GREEN. — The thirty-first anniversary of Hope Chapel was held Sunday and Monday, September 27 and 29. Mr. Copeland preached from Luke xi. 13, a time of sacred joy to many. In the evening Mr. C. spoke from Matt. xxvii. 19, to a crowded chapel in every part, and afterwards baptized believers. His sermon on baptism by immersion was so con-

vincing, so powerful, so blest, that others have come forward to confess their faith in Christ, thus we rejoice, and magnify the Lord in blessing us as a Church to a demonstration, thus honouring the ministry of our brother Copeland. Truly we feel the Lord is with us. On Tuesday afternoon we had a painful disappointment in the absence of our beloved brother, Mr. Anderson, painful because our brother was prevented fulfilling his engagement with us by sickness; we hope this affliction will not prove severe. He kindly sent a substitute, Mr. W. Hazelton, who was helped to preach an encouraging and profitable sermon from Matt. vii. 7. J. Lee, Esq., took the chair. Mr. Margerum implored the Divine blessing. Brethren Langford, Holden, Belcher, Hazelton, and Kingston, spoke on the Personality, the Divinity, the Promise, the Gift, and the Leadings of the Holy Spirit. The time was too far spent for brother Copeland to take up his subject, being the subjects of the Holy Spirit. Our warmest thanks to all our friends, to our kind brother who occupied the chair, cheerfully and liberally assisting us. — GEORGE YODAN.

Birth.

On October 15, the wife of Mr. John Scarfe, of Mendlesham Green, of a daughter.

Marriages.

At Trowbridge, in Zion Chapel, in September, Mr. Schofield united in matrimony, Mr. Axford, of New York, to Miss Shaw. It is believed that the union, so quickly formed, will be one of joy and happiness.

September 27, 1885, by Mr. Benjamin Taylor, pastor of Pulham-St.-Mary Baptist Church, Mr. Arthur Alfred Howlett, to Miss Gertrude Starling, both of the city of Norwich, but now residents of Pulham-St.-Mary.

Our Tombstones.

Mr. John S. Andrieux, Jun., died September 1, 1885, aged twenty-two years and seven months. Young in years; a babe in grace. Further particulars will be found in another page of this number of THE EARTHEN VESSEL, under the heading, "Is My Son Lost?" We are persuaded all true Christians, on reading the father's honest account, will answer, "No! he cannot be lost."

October 1, that beloved disciple of Christ, Mr. William Fleeming, Chemist, of Wolverhampton, was called home rather suddenly. Further particulars may be given.

September 24, at Pulham Market, Mary Ann, the beloved wife of William Fox, aged seventy-five; her remains were laid to rest in the Baptist burial ground, Pulham-St.-Mary; the pastor, Mr. Benjamin Taylor, officiated.

Miss Mary Williamson, daughter of Mr. Charles Williamson, departed this life—longing for glory—in October, aged twenty-one years.

On Friday morning, October 16, 1885, Anne Rundell, the beloved and loving wife of John M. Rundell, fell asleep in Jesus, aged forty-nine years. "The memory of the just is blessed."

In loving memory of William Strong, who fell asleep in Jesus, August 30, 1885, aged 88 years. He was called by grace at the age of nineteen, and baptized by Mr. Upperdie, of Hammersmith, when twenty-one. Afterwards united with Mr. John Nicholes, of Chelsea, and Carmel Chapel, Pimlico, till his death. Beloved and respected by all who knew him.

Our good brother, Mr. Robert Curtis, of Debenham, formerly for many years a respected deacon of the Mendlesham Church, passed away on Saturday morning, Oct. 17, to his last home. He was a great sufferer, but his end was peace.

The Slain Lamb.

A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. O. S. DOLBEY

At the Surrey Tabernacle, on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 20, 1885.

“Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.”—Rev. v. part ver. 12.

IT is often the case with God's redeemed family when they are passing through the most trying and distressing circumstances, that the Lord is pleased to give them the clearest and most satisfactory revelation of Himself, so that in the midst of their bitters there is a blessed sweet, and they feel that though they are cast down, they are not destroyed, and by this they are brought to love Him, who becomes their light and glory. If we read the Word of God attentively, we shall find that this has been one mode of the Lord's dealings with His children in all generations of time. What a blessed manifestation did the Lord give unto poor Jacob when his heart was misgiving him and he felt that as sure as he was born his brother Esau would take his life. When the poor fellow was crushed to the earth and at his wits' end, though he had done all he could, he could not trust in what he had done, but stayed behind, and the angel of God came down and wrestled with him. It was there he got the blessing, it was there he lost the name of Jacob and found the name of Israel; and thus in the midst of his darkness God was a great light to him. So you will find it has been the same in the Lord's dealings with others.

Why, you know when Samson was made sport of, and when the Philistines had put out his eyes and had got him into their idolatrous temple, that when he prayed as it were for the last time, that his God would strengthen him that he might be avenged on the Philistines for the loss of his eyes—was it not then he achieved the greatest work and won the most glorious conquest of his wonderful life? Was it not then he slew more than he had ever done before, and God by him delivered Israel? Then again we find poor David was well nigh knocked to pieces after he had been to war and was returning to Ziklag he found the city to be on fire and his wife and children and all his household stuff carried away by the enemies, and heard the people talking of stoning him, that then he encouraged himself in the Lord his God and enquired of Him whether he should pursue and overtake them, and the Lord answered, “Pursue, for thou shalt surely overtake them, and without fail recover all.” He did as the Lord advised, and once more rejoiced in the company of the dear ones. There are also the three Hebrew children. In the midst of the burning fiery furnace there was with them One who had said by the prophet Isaiah, “When thou passeth through the fire I will be with thee.” When Daniel was in the lions' den, there was the angel of God muzzling the lions, and He delivered His servant from their power; and again we find when Peter was in prison the angel of the Lord came and awoke him and helped him out. When Paul and Silas were in prison at midnight they sang praises unto

the Lord. Now we have the great apostle in the Isle of Patmos, Because he was faithful to his God and conscience, and faithful to the trust that God had reposed in him, he was tried and persecuted, brought into difficulties and left alone on the Isle of Patmos; but there was his God, and in the midst of his sufferings the Lord granted him most glorious visions. He sees into futurity and beholds the Church of the living God. He sees the world too, and how that God would deal with His people and deal with His enemies, and there pass before him the visions of the Almighty, and the Lord shows him the things that must shortly and surely come to pass. I was struck one day when I heard a brother reading the Scriptures, and he came to where the apostle speaks of visions and revelations. My hearer, did you ever come to them, or rather, did they ever come to you? There is not a child of God here but what has had a vision and a revelation. When there is no vision the people will perish. God has shown you something concerning Himself, so that you have come to revelations not only of yourself as a sinner before God, but you have had visions of the Lord Jesus Christ, so that you have seen something.

Well, John saw the visions of the Almighty, and he says: "I saw in the right hand of Him that sat on the throne a book, written within and without, sealed with seven seals. And I saw a strong angel proclaiming with a loud voice, Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof?" What a difficult question, "Who is worthy?" Where is Gabriel? Where are the mighty ones? Can we not find one worthy among the angelic hosts? Men on earth, cannot they do it? are they not sufficiently dignified and ennobled? Here is the answer: "No man in heaven, nor on earth, neither under the earth, was able to open the book, neither to look thereon"; and John says, "I wept much." John felt the importance of that book being opened. There was once a man returning from Jerusalem, where he had been to worship God, for he doubtless was a proselyte. He had been reading in the book of the prophet Isaiah, and one comes up to him and says, "Understandeth thou what thou readest?" He answered him, "How can I, except someone teach me?" I want to understand the book, that I may run and read, know and apprehend what God would have me know as noted in the Scriptures of divine truth." It is an important matter that the seals be broken, then! Oh, brethren, by whom? Only the Lion of the Tribe of Judah can do this; hence the revelation, the opening of the mysterious book, is by the Lord Jesus Christ. Ah! friends, it is only as He takes the book and opens it that the revelation comes. How blessedly He did that in the experience of those two disciples who were going from Jerusalem to Emmaus. He took the book, and there was Moses, and the Prophets, and the Psalms; He tears open the seals and interprets the Scriptures. Their hearts began to burn, and when they knew who He was, they said, "Did not our hearts burn within us while He talked with us by the way, and opened to us the Scriptures." Yes, there is one found to open the Revelation. Jesus Himself seems to be the Key to open and unfold the book of the prophecies, and we know that He alone can make known unto us the things that make for our peace. He did that which John felt to be so important—He opens the book, and then, when the book was opened, the angels sang a new song, saying, "Thou

art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth." Now he says, "I beheld, and I heard the voices of many angels round about the throne; and the living creatures and elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands: saying, with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb."

Let us look now at the words of our text—"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." There are three points in the text:—

1. The Lamb.
2. The slaying of the Lamb.
3. The worthiness of the Lamb.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." The Lamb thus referred unquestionably to the Lord Jesus Christ, the same person who before was described as the Lion of the Tribe of Judah. We get, then, in this chapter a twofold description of the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lion of the Tribe of Judah brings Him out in all His dignity, in all His royal character, in all His kingly grandeur, and in all His omnipotent power, the Lamb brings Him out in His sacrificial character: so that we see Him in these two aspects, and behold Him in all His majesty as the Lion, and in all His tenderness as the Lamb.

Let us notice, then, this Lamb. He was a Lamb of God's own providing. You will find that when God tempted Abraham—say you, He didn't tempt him, did He? Well, the Scriptures say He did. He tried him: the word means try—Abraham was strong in faith. God says, I will try Abraham's faith, and see whether it will stand the fire, whether it will stand the test; and future generations shall know that it did, and could stand the fire. Peter says, "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial (that is the true word), as though some strange thing had happened unto you." We think it is very strange. Ah! sometimes we feel half inclined to say to the Lord, "Why hast Thou dealt thus with Thy servant? Why must I go on in this rough way? What have I done?" Ah! my friends, our God does not consult His creatures as to what He shall do still—

"By His saints it stands confessed
That what He does is always best."

When does it stand confessed? When He drives away the mists, and darkness, gives them to see and feel that all things work together for the best to them that love God. Work together for the *best*, it is better than *good*; so wrote the ancients. The Lord tried Abraham; he obeys His command; he goes with the full intention of offering up his son; he collects the materials for the burnt offering, and lays the wood upon his beloved son and comes to the place appointed. Then Isaac speaks unto Abraham: "My father, and he said, Here am I, my son. And he said, Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb?" Ah, my friends, that was like a thousand daggers to the patriarch. Will he not be stricken down with such a question? Behold, in the nick of time the Spirit whispers in his ears, Tell him God will provide Himself with a lamb. Abraham was not mistaken, for in the mount of the Lord it was seen that God provided the lamb, and so

the lamb in the words of our text was a divinely provided one—God found it.

Young Elihu knew that, when he took upon himself to instruct Job. He tells him that God had found a ransom: it was in the Lamb. The blood of the Lamb delivered him from going down into the pit. It was the blood of the Lamb, the blood of the covenant that saved. Jesus Christ then was none of man's provision. No, no. No man suggested to the Father the giving of His Son. It came from no angel, God conceived of this in His own internal mind, He brings out His patent for salvation in the Lamb that was slain. So, friends, we see how blessedly God fulfils His own Word as spoken by His servant Abraham. He will provide Himself with a lamb for a burnt offering. Well, now, the faith which is of the Holy Spirit's operation is led to this truth of a divinely provided lamb, for the purposes of sacrifice, and of redemption, and of peace, and of pardon; and as faith apprehends the truth it sticks fast to that truth and will not let it go. She reads the Scriptures of truth, and reads of the Lord Jesus Christ in His mediatorial character, in His priestly office, as well as His kingly and prophetic. She sees this is God's provision; and you cannot get her away from that. True faith will not receive a lie, but always will receive the truth, as that truth is blessedly made known and held up and held out to faith's vision.

Now, concerning this Lamb and concerning other lambs which were types of this Lamb, what do we read? If you go to Exodus you will find before the Lord brought His people out of Egypt, there was an institution set on foot to be observed in future generations. The Lord made known His will to Moses concerning this, and He tells the children of Israel to take a lamb of the first year. Our glorious Lord has the dew of His youth upon Him to-day; He is the Lamb of God.

The lamb is to be one of the first year and a male. The woman is the weaker vessel, you know, you understand the hint. It being a male points to the measure of his strength—it is to be without spot and blemish. God cannot accept an imperfect sacrifice. Oh, say you, that casts me down, because mine is imperfect; every prayer and all my praises are marked, blotted and blurred with sin; I am an imperfect creature altogether, all my works and sacrifices are imperfect. Let me ask you in whose name are they presented, on what altar are they laid, at what shrine do you bring them? Oh, say you, I bring my sacrifices, such as they are, to the Lord Jesus Christ, the Mediator between God and man, and what say you? Do you not say, "Take away the iniquity; oh, do Thou purge them from the defilement, take away all the weaknesses, and all the infirmities, and all the frailties, and all the pollutions of my works and ways, and present them and perfume them with Thine own incense, and merits, and sacrifice, for thus may they come up with acceptance before God." Yes, the sacrifices of God's people come up perfect through the perfection of the Lord Jesus Christ, and through the efficacy of His blood they are purged from all the defilements, and presented without spot and blemish.

Now look at the New Testament. The Holy Spirit, speaking to Mary in relation to this Lamb of God, says, "That Holy Thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God," without spot or blemish, or any such thing. We have been reading about John, and his

pointing out the Lamb. He says, "Behold the Lamb of God." Is He without spot? Jesus of Nazareth, is there no blemish about Thee? Go, and ask that Pharisee. Go, ask those hypocrites; and what do they say? "He is full of imperfections, He is full of flaws. Why, He is a friend of publicans and sinners! Oh! don't you believe He is perfect; no such thing." Oh! but, my hearers, we will turn away from the lying testimonies of the Scribes and Pharisees, and put our ear to the holy Oracles of God. Of Him it is said (we believe God before man), "He did no sin, neither was guile found even in His mouth." There is the testimony. Of Him it is declared that "He was holy, and harmless, and undefiled, and separate from sinners." Do you say, How can that be clean which was born of a woman? Well, if I cannot explain the mystery (and I do not pretend yet to be able to understand all mysteries and make all things plain), if I cannot understand the mystery, my faith accepts the truth. Though I cannot tell you how that was clean which was made of a woman; I can tell you concerning the Lord Jesus Christ, that He was clean, and God declared it. That is enough for faith, let fancy run where she will, and reason ask a thousand questions. Faith apprehends the truth, it holds fast the divine testimony, and, come what will, she says that the God-man was spotless, pure, without blemish, or any such thing.

But then, again, God intended that this Lamb should be made a sacrifice, should be offered up. Yes; that was His determination from everlasting. It was decreed the Lamb should be slain. You may see this in the types and in the shadows. If you do away with this, what do they mean? Nothing at all. But when you see that these types and these shadows pointed to that great substitutional offering of the Lord Jesus Christ as a Sacrifice for the sin of His Church and people, you say, I understand their meaning now, and as I have Jesus revealed, Moses, and the ceremonial law of Moses, becomes plain: I now read the Gospel in Leviticus, as well as in John. My friends, we find the Holy Ghost led Paul into that when he wrote his Epistle to the Hebrews. Moses makes himself into a personal type of the Lord Jesus in his prophetic office, and the Holy Ghost makes David, as a king, into a personal type of the Lord Jesus Christ as King in Zion; and so we see how the Lord, by His Spirit, shines upon the sacred pages, and the Gospel is found where it is not expected; so that unto the Jews the Gospel was preached, as well as unto us, only we have it in larger type: they had it in very small print, and hence, my friends, they wanted, I may say, some good magnifying glass to behold it. We see it, by the Spirit, more clearly. Ah! many then saw it by the Spirit; it was sufficient for their souls' salvation and for their trust.

As I was saying, God intended the Lamb to be sacrificed. On one occasion the Lord Jesus Christ began to speak of His crucifixion in the hearing of His disciples, and there was one there who had more zeal than knowledge, for he rebuked the Saviour. He said, "Far be it from Thee, Lord." I will just put myself between Thee and the cross; Thou shalt not go there; I will settle that matter. It was not to be. Ah! my friends, the Saviour, who knew the end of His own mission, and why He came into the world, I was going to say, saw more of Satan in this than Simon. He said, "Get thee behind Me, Satan" (not Simon). "Get thee behind Me, Satan": as

much as to say, That comes from the devil; if he is allowed to have his own way, I shall not be able to accomplish that which God intends I should. At the last conflict the Saviour had to battle with the prince of darkness. Christ, however, longed for the time to come when He should, by His own bloody cross, obtain the final victory over sin, death, and hell. When Peter's mind was more enlightened under divine teaching, he says, concerning the Lamb, "He was fore-ordained of God before the foundation of the world, but was made manifest in these last times for us, who, through Him, do believe in God." Here we see how Peter caught hold of this sweet truth. He was given to understand by the Spirit that this blessed Jesus had been appointed by God, and was intended to be sacrificed in due time.

Secondly, let us notice the slaying of the Lamb. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." The purpose of the Lord that shall stand. It does not matter who may stand in the way—whether Peter, or Satan—the purpose of the Lord shall stand. God gave His dear Son to His people, and He intended to give Him for His people; so the time came when the Lamb must be slain. The slaying of the Lamb, then, was criminal on the part of man, but judicial on the part of God. Let us examine these two points. The slaying of the Lamb was a criminal act on the part of man. How do you make that out? You tell us plainly that the Lamb should be slain. Well, it was God's determination that He should be slain. Now Peter, on the day of Pentecost, had a glimpse of this truth, and he declares that He was delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, but that it was a criminal act on the part of man in slaying the Lamb; he says, "Him ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain." My friends, wickedness is criminal, and God will not acquit the wicked. The Saviour taught this; He knew the terrible consequences of the people slaying Him; He knew they were thirsting for His blood; He knew these dogs were seeking to devour His soul. He knew the roaring bulls of Bashan were after Him. He therefore predicted their judgment and condemnation, saying, "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

It was, therefore, a criminal act on the part of man. We find that Stephen says, "You have been the murderers of that Just One." They did it out of malice, they did it through enmity and hatred, and therefore the act was criminal in the sight of God. But the slaying of the Lamb was judicial on the part of God. The word was made flesh. He lived on the earth, dwelt among men, and from the world was received up into glory. But, brethren, before He was received up into glory He went into the lowest parts of the earth. He was humbled even unto death; He was numbered with the transgressors; He bore the sin of many. In the language of Holy Writ, I read the words, "Awake, O sword, against My Shepherd, and against the Man that is My fellow, saith the Lord of hosts. Smite the Shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered." The prophet said, "He bore our sins." Here is the secret of the whole matter. The sins of God's people were heaped upon Him. He is responsible at the bar of God for those transgressions. In covenant engagement He undertook to answer when God should call Him up; and, true to His promise, He appears when the Judgment Day for Him had arrived, and He answers there before God; and thus,

being found guilty, and having sin upon Him, we find that the God of Justice says, Smite Him! So He was indeed judicially slain by God. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

"He took the dying traitors' place,
And suffered in their stead."

"For man, O miracle of grace, for man the Saviour bled," and hereby God vindicated the honour of His own law. Here the eternal truth was proclaimed that God would by no means clear the guilty, even though His own Son might be considered the guilty one. But the grand results! Oh, friends, had we an angel's tongue the grand results of the slaying of the Lamb could not be told out. I seem to hear the words echoing from the eternal hills: "We have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sin, according to the riches of His grace." Redemption! Ah, ye captive souls in sinful fetters bound, is it not glorious news to you? You are delivered from sin and hell by the blood of the Lamb! Here faith lays hold. This is the anchor of the soul! When death stands before me I would exclaim with holy Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth (bless His name, He is in heaven now), and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold and not another."

Yes, through His blood we receive pardon, and peace, and justification. Is that all? say you. No, the half has not been told. When the lamb was slain and roasted—ah, my friends, we have not a raw Christ to set before you, He is fit for food, He was roasted in the fire—and Israel, under cover of the blood, safely fed upon the lamb that had thus been offered up to God. Then I have not only redemption through His blood, and justification through His blood, and pardon through His blood, but I have protection also. Where His blood is seen the angel of death cannot enter. Then again, my dear friends, not only so, there is another thing which comes from the blood of the Lamb; aye, that may be spelt out in the word *unity*. You know how Paul brings this out in the epistle to the Ephesians. He shows there very clearly that by the shedding of blood—by the blood of the cross, Christ hath made peace and broken down the middle wall of partition between the Jew and Gentile, and hath reconciled both unto Himself in one body, by the cross having slain the enmity thereby." And he comes and preaches peace to those that are near and those that are afar off. "Now, therefore, we are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints and of the household of God." The glorious results are tasted on earth, you must die to realise what they are in heaven.

In conclusion, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." Yes, He is worthy indeed, and of a truth angels perceive the worthiness of God's Lamb, and shall man, sinful man, fail to understand the worthiness of the Saviour? No, a thousand times no. Guilty sinners saved by grace can say as angels never can say, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," because "He hath redeemed us to God by His blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hath made us kings and priests unto our God"—we are in union with Him, "and we shall reign on the earth."

Believer, He is worthy of thy affections, He is worthy of thy devotion; He is worthy of all thy priestly consecration; He is worthy of thy tongue, if it can speak to bear testimony of Him; He is worthy of the powers of thy soul, the faculties of thy mind, and the members of thy body. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive honour, and riches, and strength, and dominion." What more? Everything that tongue can speak or heart can conceive. "Worthy is the Lamb!" He was worthy that day when He bore thy sins on the cross, He was worthy that day when He manifested Himself for the first time to thy soul, and He was worthy when He set the bells in thy steeple a ringing for joy.

He is the same yesterday and to-day and for ever. Not worthy *was* the Lamb, though that is a blessed truth; but worthy *is* the Lamb that was slain. Oh, may God grant that our souls may sweetly say, Amen and Amen, until they join the chorus above, and sing for evermore, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!" May God command His blessing. Amen.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE GLORIFIED IN GLORY.

"There shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desire, and wish below:
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy."

WHAT more can be said of that higher kingdom than is said in the lines above, which came up fresh into my mind when I commenced to prepare the following letter from "Pastor Daniel Allen," of Sydney. What more can be said? The apostle of the Gentiles was caught up into the third heaven. How? Whether in the body or out of it, he could not tell. There he heard unspeakable words; which it was not lawful to utter; or, not "*possible*." He could find no language, no words, no figures of speech, whereby to explain what he there heard.

There are some remarkable features in the narrative:—

1.—He was "*Caught up*." It was not a dream, or a vision, or an exercise of the imagination. He was really "caught up." Some angels, it may be, were sent especially to bear him up, that he might know there was a higher, and a brighter world than this to go into.

2.—He calls it "the **THIRD HEAVEN**." He passed through the clouds, above the air and the wind. He was carried up beyond the planetary system; right up into "the **THIRD HEAVEN**," which he found to be a perfect "**PARADISE**." There he "*heard unspeakable words*." Who spake he does not tell us. What words were spoken he cannot describe. The scholastic and popular men will reduce every part of the religion which they preach down to a reasonable and natural basis; no mystery in their profession of godliness. They can explain all that God is, and does, and will do, by such terms as are within the grasp of nature, of reason, and of human understanding. Not so the religion of the Bible. Then,—

3.—There was a possibility of even Paul's being "*exalted above measure*" by this translation. To prevent which, "there was given to him a thorn in the flesh": "the messenger of Satan to buffet him." Which thorn caused the apostle much trouble. God takes much care

that none of His servants shall be unduly lifted up, "lest they should be exalted *above measure*."

There is much talk about the heavenly state—what we shall be, and know. I cannot recollect that such questions ever troubled me. The paramount, the deepest question, with many who fully believe the Gospel, is expressed in that hymn, despised by the higher class of Christians, but in the heart of many tried believers there is the breathing out of this mystery,—

"When Thou, my righteous Judge shall come,
To take Thy ransomed people home,
SHALL I AMONG THEM STAND?"

I give the following letter from Pastor Daniel Allen, because it will be useful to some of my readers; because it is in some measure supported by Scripture. May the Lord bless it to many.

Truly yours,

C. W. BANKS.

Pastor Daniel Allen says:—

"Living in love, dying in peace, and embracing in glory."

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Love, mercy, and peace be ever unto you, from the Lord Jesus, the great Head of the Church.

In writing you this letter I am to write you on behalf of my dear aged brother, Mr. Joseph Dickson, from whom I send you the £5 yearly, for the dear aged brethren, to whom you minister in the things which are seen in their need.

This £5 is for yourself in your chapel difficulties, which he sends to you, in much love to you, and sympathy for you in your great and very sorrowful loss, in the departure of your dear late wife from earth to heaven.

This, my dear brother, is a constant approving reader of the *Gospel Standard*; and contributes to its needy readers yearly, as well as to yours. He has too large a mind to partake of the petty prejudices of little minds; and too much love in his heart to be a party man; hence this gift to you. He desires all you London scribes, in the Lord and His precious truth, to leave off throwing off at each other, and live in love, and write in peace of endless mercy and unmerited grace, which are in Christ Jesus, with eternal glory. The great age of my brother, with his long and very trying experience for sixty years in the ways of God, and now in prospect of eternal glory, by the way of death, will be sufficient to give approval to these kind and fatherly desires, so affectionately given with this token of love to you.

This dear brother desires me very fully to state his heartfelt sympathy to you in your present sorrow and loss. I am to remind you that your dear partner, to whom your heart so fondly clings by those everlasting cords of love, which death cannot break, nor eternity outlive, weaken, or cause to decay, is only gone into the Lord's other room, on the other side the curtain, or veil; and that you will soon pass through that veil yourself and there meet again, to part no more.

"Oh, that will be joyful."

The dear fellowship of kindred minds is certainly carried over into the land of pure delight. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Moses, gave up

the ghost, and were gathered to their fathers, the saints before them. We have the promise to sit down with them in the kingdom of our Father. What? and not know them? We seem at times almost to know them now. We shall fully know them then. "One for Thee; one for Elias; and one for Moses." How did they know these heavenly visitors? Let our heavy, dull flesh be stripped off our souls, and we shall know them better than John, James, and Peter did, when they were yet in the flesh. Thus that union we have in the Lord, one with another, we carry over with us into eternal glory at the Lord's right hand; therefore, my dear brother, be of good comfort, you are not lost to each other. Your converse is only intercepted for a very short time, to be resumed again in a few days, and eternally to continue in felicity and joy.

We hear people talk very silly sometimes when they think they are tremendously wise, they say two glorified souls together cannot praise the Lord in heaven half as much as if they were apart, and were ignorant of whose souls shall be placed near them, as if we must be half fools to praise the Lord as we should do. We sing,—

"The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

But, if we are to be ignorant of who are the glorified spirits around us, how can it be so? To know, and be known, will be one of the sweetest pleasures of that most delightful place. This will aid us in our praises to the Lamb. The advocates of glorified ignorance urge upon us the fact that we shall not be there as fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, sons, daughters, and sweethearts, but as the angels of God. *Who said we should?* This is folly, making folly, to cast upon the eyes that see to blind them also. The main bond between you and your late wife was in Christ, as dear kindred in Him, the husband and wife end; but the dear kindred relationship, and alliance, or companionship in Christ, eternally continues—in grace begun, and in glory consummated. We shall be "as the angels of God;" yes, truly, in *celestial nature and companionship*. We find these lovely beings well know each other, by name and every other way. "Michael your prince came to my help," said Gabriel to Daniel. What two dear companions they were in the sepulchre when they said, "Woman, fear not, we know whom you seek; He is not here, He is risen." Thus we find God has blest the holy angels with *sweet companionship, in love, service, and praise*. They have also the bliss of more extended society. "There appeared unto them a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and goodwill to men." "There is joy with the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

Well, then, if you and your darling sister gone before are to be *as the angels of God*, you are to know one another, live in companionship, and enjoy the society of the multitudes of the heavenly host. This will be joyful, joyful, thus to meet above. There will be no glorified ignorance of each other in that most holy place. It will not be folly to be wise in our personal knowledge of each other before the throne of God and the Lamb. When we shall see Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, we may be sure Sarah, Rebecca, and Rachel will not be far off. When we see David, Jonathan will be close by. When we see John, Peter and James will not be hard to find. When our immortal eyes take a glance at our

dearly beloved Paul, Priscilla and Aquila will be seen also in that glance. All blood-washed, and robed in that best robe the Saviour wrought and gloriously finished. Yes, and when with that glorious perfect knowledge, God-given, we shall then see dear brother Banks; we shall see his "sister spirit" near at hand.

"This is the land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

"Fear not, brother, joyful stand,
On the borders of that land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on."

A very few more rolling suns at most, and this bliss will be yours for ever.

"With what rapture He'll embrace us,
Wipe away each falling tear,
Near Himself for ever place us,
And with love our bosoms cheer.
Hallelujah, hallelujah.
We shall with the Lord appear."

My dear aged brother thus urges these thoughts upon you for your comfort in your present painful sorrow, in which I am his *companion spirit*. With our united love to you,

We are, yours in the Lord,

JOSEPH DICKSON, and

DANIEL ALLEN, *his pastor*.

Sydney, August 7, 1885.

THE GRAND CENTRAL LINE IN THE GOSPEL!

HEAVEN'S STANDARD OF SAFETY.

WOULD God my full deliverance seal,
Once more my pardon let me feel;
Through all the heavens I'd surely tell,
Our Jesus hath done all things well.
Up there not one will cast a frown,
Nor shall I ever be cast down.

"BY GRACE YE ARE SAVED."

THAT centre line is written for you, true believer; for you, trembling seeker; for you, broken-hearted and penitent, Christ-loving sinner, who, in darkness, in soul-distress, in bondage hard, in temptations fiery and overwhelming—to you, of whom, and to whom, the Lork speaketh, and so compassionately saith, "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted"—to you who, like an old man the other night, sighed out, "My soul is cast down within me!" "I am not only cast down," said he, "but I am cast off, cast out, and I fear I shall be cast away!" "But," said a neighbour, "are you not, have you not, for a long many years, been

"A COMER TO CHRIST?"

"Yes!" with confidence, the old man replied; "In His Word I have sought for Him; on my bended knees I have cried unto Him; in the

Gospel ministry I have waited for Him: but such clouds now hang over me, I pine for an assurance from His own lips that He will not, at the last, say to me, "Depart from Me!" "My friend, is it not written, 'God cannot deny Himself'? From the lips of the Son of God, did not these words flow out freely: 'All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me; and him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out'?" "Yes! yes! but there are times when the blackness, the bitterness, the deep-down agony of the soul, is such that it refuseth to be comforted."

Well do I know that, during the last eighteen months, while deaths and distressing events have rolled around me, nothing spoken by mortal lips could one drop of real comfort convey to my aching, solitary soul. When I was in what men call "the prime of life," many, very many years ago, when I had been near four years walking in a most mysteriously dreadful state of mind; when I had marked on a sheet-almanack a certain day, by which day, I said, I shall be hurled into perdition; when, during that four years, I had been tempted to go to the theatre, to forget it, but I could not go; tempted to take to drinking, to drown it, but I never could drink; read novels, but I never could feed on such ashes; when tempted to go to the house of God no more, I never could stay from where God's truth was preached; and never have I forgotten one Sunday morning, when, in old Zoar, I heard the late J. C. Philpott preach a sermon on the words, "The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded." So cold, so hard, so sterile, did that sermon come to me, I could only say, "I am not blinded; but what have I obtained? Nothing but my own condemnation!" Oh, sirs, to feel—

"Buried in sorrows and in sins.
At hell's dark door to lay,"—

is, must be, a kind of hell upon earth. Well, but on another Sunday morning, walking down Fleet-street, not knowing where to go, these words came up talking to me: "I will lead the blind by a way they know not, and in paths they have not known. I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight: these things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." Those words so occupied my mind that I sauntered over Blackfriars Bridge, and onward, in silent meditation on them, until I reached the outer gates of Grove chapel. I paused, and the words I had been thinking so much upon fled away, and this cry came, "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean!" I advanced quietly to the chapel doors, and softly entered inside, when, at that very moment, I saw Mr. Irons stretching out his arms and saying, with a strong voice,—

"I WILL: BE THOU CLEAN!"

I fell back by a pew-door, and there I stood until Mr. Irons had done. But all I heard was, "I will: be thou clean!" I returned to my miserable home, only wondering what it all could mean. As I look back over between forty and fifty years ago, I say it seems too good; yet, has it not been verified, at least, in part?

Last month I was endeavouring to show the cause, the root, the origin of every branch of salvation. The mainspring of all is—

RELATIONSHIP TO GOD.

I was preaching, as I have said in a previous chapter, nearly all one

Friday night, in my hired bed at Bilston, in August last, really hoping to be in Temple-street pulpit, Wolverhampton, on the following Sunday, although then almost prostrate from bronchitis and congestion of lungs. My first text was Solomon's word, when he had finished his extraordinary prayer at the dedication of the temple; then he lifted up his hands, his heart, his voice, and cried out, "The Lord our God be with us, as He was with our fathers: let Him not leave us, nor forsake us.

"THE LORD OUR GOD."

There is the rock of safety. It is a loving, a living, an eternal relationship unto the Lord God Almighty in the person of the glorious Son of His love, the Lord Jesus Christ, unto whom the Father saith, as unto the covenant head of a new covenant family—so the great high Priest of our profession declares when (by Jer. xxxi.) He saith, "The Lord hath appeared of old (or "from afar") unto Me, saying, Yea, I have loved Thee with an everlasting love" (that everlasting looks backward before time; it looks through all the ages of time, and forward into the eternity after time—"an everlasting love"). "Therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn Thee!"

Now, if the ever-blessed Spirit, my reader, hath ever revealed Christ the Son of God in thy soul, and by a holy, an almost imperceptible love, hath drawn thee into such a oneness with Him, as causeth thy soul to cling to Him, to build all thy hope on Him, and to find thy safety and salvation in Him, then He Himself assureth thee He will never cast thee off. You may sing—if you cannot with your natural voice you may in your soul sing,—

"Did Jesus once upon me shine,
Then Jesus is for ever Mine."

I come myself to a very awfully weighty consideration. Let us pray for grace for the anointing of the Spirit to know whose we are and where we are travelling to.

THE BOOK OF GOD.

"The Bible," as we call it, is a correct, a faithful, an unalterable map, an ancient and prophetically modern history and description of the visible, professing Church, of the world, and of the children of God. Under which of these three heads are we now standing?

The visible, the professing Christian Church, is like the Israelites when they marched out of Egypt as "a *mixed* multitude." In our multitude thus mixed—in that "harnessed" multitude, there are "wheat and tares." There are wise and foolish virgins, there are hypocrites and "bastards." Some having the form of godliness, yet denying the power; and some who have the power, but attend not exactly to the form.

The present day is, in a spiritual point of view, a day of ease. But there is to be a day when the "sinners in Zion will be afraid, when fearfulness will surprise the hypocrites," when the chaff will be burned up, and the wheat gathered into God's garner. Ask thy soul, "Where art thou bound for?"

The most mysterious character is that spoken of by Paul, "If ye be without chastisement, of which all are partakers, then are ye *bastards* and not sons!" The word "chastisement" stands principally for that

divine, that holy, that sanctified discipline, that painful crucifixion of the flesh, that Job-like, Peter-like sifting, that Paul's thorn in the flesh, that tribulation in this world, which only the regenerated and redeemed saints can know. It is passing through that seventh of Romans; yea, it is that marked down by our Lord, "If any man will be My disciple, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily, and follow Me."

"A bastard" is one "born" in some formal, ceremonial profession. But he is not in soul, in faith, and fellowship, vitally united to the Son of God. He may be born a Romanist, a Church of England man, a Wesleyan, a Congregationalist, a Baptist, or what else, but if not born of the Spirit, joined to Christ, and living a life of faith upon the Son of God, he cannot be safe for glory.

"THE CHILDREN OF GOD"

are distinctly said to be predestinated to be conformed to the image of his Son. Ultimately they all shall be so; and here, "if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." In every sense, the children of God are distinctly marked. Their features, their faith, their fears, their failings, their fellowships, their felicities, their future glory. We may examine ourselves by every one of these

"FOOTSTEPS OF THE FLOCK."

Before we enter upon these details, let me briefly refer to that most illustrious Scripture which tells us of three things respecting the Lord's own people. First, of their origin; secondly, of the progressive and perfect work of grace; thirdly, of the consummation and crowning end of all. See this in that prophetic proclamation of our Saviour's in Isa. lxi. He tells us, "The Spirit of the Lord God was upon Him! That He came to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and to comfort all that mourn." Then—then—what Paul expresses by saying, "By grace ye are saved," the Saviour clothes in the sweetest figures of speech possible. Of the *origin* of salvation, and of Jehovah's design. He says they are "the planting of the Lord, that He might be glorified." What has the seed to do with its own plantation? *Nothing!* Believer, what had you to do with the laying in your soul of the seed of eternal life? *Nothing!* It was an act, an implanting of unsought, sovereign free grace, that God, in their salvation, might be glorified.

When Christ speaks of the children of God as laying in their fallen state He compares them to *ashes*. Sin has reduced them to ashes. There is no life, no unity, no strength in ashes. The winds of Satan bloweth millions of these poor ashes into destruction. But unto His own Christ giveth **BEAUTY**—that is, Himself, His righteousness, His glory. In their repenting state, Christ calleth them *mourners*. To the mourners in Zion Christ giveth not merely *oil*, but *the oil of joy!* the precious anointings of the Holy Ghost. In their tribulatory and down-casting trials, He speaks of them as having *heaviness*. Like Jeremiah, they do cry, often cry, "Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." And He does so deliver and bless them that they are clothed as with "*the garment of praise,*" which heavenly garment shall so clothe them, that the angels will call them

"TREES OF RIGHTEOUSNESS,"

which beautiful, joyful, and well-clothed trees will show forth the glory of the Lord.

Am I from the ashes raised ?
 Does Christ's beauty in me shine ?
 Then by me He shall be praised,
 For He'll be for ever mine.—C. W. B.

THE FEATURES whereby the children of God are to know themselves, and, in some measure, are to be discerned by others, are clearly defined in the inspired Volume. I can only name three now, as I must not occupy more space. Of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ it is said He was—

“Holy, harmless, undefiled,
 And separate from sinners.”

There is not a heaven-born child of God but knoweth the first and the last of these features in a small measure. Holiness, in his soul, he has tasted; and to be perfect in holiness is his intense desire, when it is well with him. And the company of sinners he cannot be happy in. Christ's love to His Father, no one being in this world can photograph or explain; but the child of God, in his soul, doth realise a small measure of it, and often says,—

“In darkest shades, if He appear,
 My dawning is begun ;
 He is my soul's sweet Morning Star,
 And He my Rising Sun.”

Compassion for the ignorant, for those out of the way, and for all the poor, the sick, and the wounded. We know there was never a better “Good Samaritan” than was the darling Son of God; and not in vain does the heavenly Physician to His followers say, “Go, thou, and do likewise.”

I must pause. This much is but introductory to the Biblical, the Spiritual features of the children of God. Here I finish my fortieth year's work as editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL. Will every friend use their influence to spread still further our circulation? There is no monthly which more fully represents the character and condition of our Churches. May you all have Christ's presence, not at Christmastide only, but at all times, prays

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, November, 1885.

The following lines, from poor G. H. M. Read, come in well:—

GOD'S POOR IN HEAVEN.

As kings and priests up there,
 In glorious attire!
 In beauty shining, ever fair!
 A blest and happy choir!

Clothed in the robe of righteousness!
 Garments more white than snow!
 They shout, adore, and praise, and bless
 Him whom they loved below.

Upon their heads are crowns of gold:
 The royal diadems!
 And safe within the Shepherd's fold:
 The walls of precious gems.*

Before the great white throne above
 They bow, and bless His name,
 Whose love is everlasting love!
 Whose fame is endless fame!

As kings and princes there,
 Who here were poor, oppressed;
 Here poorly clad, and filled with care:
 There glorified and blessed.

Margate.

G. H. M. READ.

* Revelation.

THE LATE MR. THOMAS AUSTIN.

(Continued from page 338.)

OUR dear departed brother, writing of his opponents' persecution, says:—"But this did not move me much at that time, I endeavoured to make them see and feel as I did; and wondered at the hardness of their hearts; for at that period, I was not aware that the change in me was the effect of the HOLY SPIRIT upon my soul. I thought it was occasioned by the preacher's earnestness, and my pliable, well-disposed mind. I thought every human being had power to repent, and believe to the saving of their souls. I was not aware that man, by nature, is dead in sins; I thought every one had a medium of grace, if they would but improve it, and render it effectual for their salvation. The doctrine of election I could not bear to hear; I thought it, at best, useless, and in some respect dangerous. I believe that while I persevered in a religious course, and in the performance of religious duties, I was safe for heaven, but if I declined I was not safe in any way, but liable every moment to sink into hell. 'He that endureth to the end shall be saved,' was much upon my mind, and I, therefore, earnestly prayed for persevering grace, that I might endure to the end.

"It being announced that the Bishop would hold a Confirmation, I thought it my duty to become a candidate for that ceremony; not that I viewed it of much importance, nor could I find the practice exactly in the New Testament; yet, I thought, if it would confirm me in my good resolution, it would be worth attending too. Accordingly, I applied to the parish minister, who readily gave me a ticket—after putting one question to me. I then began to prepare myself by fasting and prayer. As soon as I was confirmed, I felt it my duty to partake of the Lord's Supper. The Lord's injunction was much upon my mind, 'Do this in remembrance of Me;' but this proved a heavy cross to me, for being a lad of fifteen years old, I feared I would be pointed at by my former companions. These words were often upon my mind, 'He that is ashamed of Me, of him will I be ashamed.' I continued thus greatly exercised for five months. When attending a dissenting place of worship one Sunday evening, the church not being opened that evening, a remark from the minister was fastened upon my mind, and I resolved, from that time, to make one at the Lord's Table at the first opportunity. Accordingly, on the following Lord's-day morning, I went into the vestry to the minister. I could not resist longer, and intimated my desire to him, who, without the least hesitation, told me he should be glad to see me there; and on Christmas-day, 1825, I, for the first time, took of the Lord's Supper, and found it a very pleasant opportunity indeed. I felt such peace and joy in the ordinance at that period, that I cannot forget it, it being the period of my first love—and 'to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet.' But I studied to avoid the observations of my friends, and I crept out by the back door of the church, and went a round-about way home, that I might not be detected. I write this to my shame, for it ill became me

"To be ashamed of Him whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.'

"But I thank the Lord for enabling me to persevere in my attendance

upon the ordinance of His house. I was very strict in my religious duties, and built my hopes of obtaining heaven chiefly upon my own performances, and trusted that Christ would supply any deficiency which might possibly exist. For the present I must say farewell. May the Lord be with you.

“Mrs. A. joins in Christian love; and I remain,

“Yours in Jesus,

“T. AUSTIN.”

(To be continued.)

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

“GOD’S LIBRARY.”

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, of 4, Paternoster Buildings, have sent us the seventh and concluding volume of *The Treasury of David*, a large octavo of near 500 pages of closely-printed matter. Wherever we have gone we have found ministers either in possession of the earlier volumes, or exceedingly anxious to obtain them, for the rich evangelical, experimental, and expository heaps of testimony found in these books have rendered the perusal of them beneficial in every sense of the word. As we have dived into these streams of holy knowledge we have thought Mr. C. H. Spurgeon is not only a preacher, a pastor, the president of many organisations, the father of his noble Orphanages, but he must be considered to be a *Literary Resurrectionist*. He has raised up an immense number of the ancient divines from their graves of obscurity, and caused them to come and to tell us the results of their meditations on the blessed Book of Psalms, which will prove to the living in Jerusalem that the faith, the soul-travail, the prayers, the fears, the triumphs, and the praises of the children of God, are the same yesterday, to-day, and will be for ever—so long, at least, as Christ has a redeemed and regenerated people on the earth.

The other evening, at the anniversary of *The Christian Commonwealth* (one of the very best weekly penny papers we have yet seen), Dr. John Clifford, speaking on the Pulpit, said:—

“Thomas Erskine tells of a Scotch woman who was asked whether she understood ‘the covenant.’ She replied, ‘I dinna ken what it is, but I’ll mairtain it.’ I take the same attitude with regard to the pulpit. I do not altogether understand it, the conditions of its power, the essentials for its perfect efficiency; but I have such a high appreciation of its

unique place in the life of the world that I mean ‘to maintain it.’”

He also said, “Men are saying the power of the pulpit is declining. I have an aged friend, and it is mostly aged men who talk about the ‘decline of the pulpit,’ who refers to Dr. Liefchild and the preachers of his time, and says we have no such preachers now—they are all gone, gone for ever, and we never shall see their like again. No doubt there are changes—great and serious changes in manifold directions; but I cannot accept the position that they indicate any real decline in pulpit power. There has been a decline in insistence on cast-iron systems of dogmatic thought; but not in catholicity of the spirit and broad humaneness. We are less oratorical than our fathers, but more in sympathy with the actual sorrow and throbbing life of our hearers. We have lost something in stilted dignity, but gained in clear perception of the applicability of the Gospel of Christ to the many-sided evils of the day. We have declined as exponents of rigid systems of faith; but we are better expositors of the Word of God.”

This is a specimen of what the aged think of the present-day ministers, and of what the young gentlemen think of the fathers and of their own superior efficiency.

Mr. Spurgeon’s *Treasury of David* will prove to those whose hearts are right with God, and whose eyes are anointed with the heavenly eye-salve, that the Word of God, the person and work of Christ, the grace of the eternal Spirit, and the inwrought exercises of the sanctified heart are the same now as in the past ages, and all in accordance with the unalterable revelations of our adorable Jehovah. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon has succeeded in completing a work which for reading and reference is unparalleled.

MR. FAUSSETT'S exposure of the so-called "Spiritualism" is worthy of perusal. The first part is in the *Silber Morn* for September. R. Banks & Son.

Mr. Charles Gordelier is about to publish a new arrangement of Dr. Watts's Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, for which we anticipate an extensive use and hearty welcome. Its selection, its cheapness, and nice get up will ensure for this prince of poets a large revival.

When my Wife Died. A series of Dissolving Views. Part II. By an ancient author. Opening at random, this note struck me—"Dear old man," said I, "what are you in such a deep study about now?" He startled, rubbed his eyes, and said, "Never before in my life did I experience, or be so seriously injured by, the reality of James's description of the *tongue*. And often have I thought that Dr. Watts got on a high strain when he wrote—

"Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall."

The figures imply a hurricane strong enough to hurl heaps of us to destruction. Now, being a quiet sort of a body, I had lived in this neighbourhood over twenty years, and never had one angry word with neighbours, shopkeepers, landlords, tax-collectors, or with any other class. I went in and out, attended to my own business, worked in the study, travelled into the country, and returned free from molestation of any kind. In all home domestic affairs the wife was mistress, master, manager, and reigned supreme. *But when my wife died!* Oh, sad calamity! Then a civil war in the house commenced." "Poor old man," said I, "When and how did your wife die?" "Tell ye next time ye call." It is the most painful page in the history of any man to be subjected to the double dealing of a two-sided slanderer, to be under the lash of a tongue that can talk like a saint of the highest order, and at the same time can utter the most wicked, baseless, unfounded, deceitful, deceiving falsehoods, and carry them hither and thither. This has been enough to kill me outright. But the scenes I will shew you if I live, as a warning to others.

Pastor Daniel Allen's Antidote to Infidelity. This thick little volume, which we call "Daniel Allen's Compound for Man's Malady," can now be had of Mr. John Gadsby, 18, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, and all who know anything of the author and his works, will be quite satisfied that nothing of antinomian or

unitarian poison is mixed up herein. Were we to write pages in commendation of this volume, it would be in vain. Our brother Allen is a reader of immense breadth; and his mind is well stored with knowledge drawn from the best sources. He has proved himself in this, and other works, to be a man most eminently set for the defence of divine truth. He can, he does beard the lions of error, and slay them, as David of old.

Sleeping under the Sermon. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, of Paternoster Row, have recently published a neat yet ornamental and strong, large type, 3s. 6d. volume, from the pen of Dr. J. Thain Davidson, bearing the title *Forewarned Forearmed*. The author of this work has gained a measure of well-merited popularity, by his previous work, *Talks with Young Men*. His evangelistic efforts also, have been effectual in arresting the footsteps of many, and although some good people would not reckon the Doctor a truly *inside* or experimental preacher, yet, if he honourably and honestly aims at stopping the young man, and leading him out of the broad, the dangerous way of deception and of destruction, if he succeeds in bringing him into the path where God is acknowledged, is feared, is believed in, we may hope a moral and ultimately a spiritual blessing may be found. Perhaps we esteem such workers more highly than some can do. In our early years, from seven until after we were twenty years of age, we had no Sunday schooling, no education beyond what came to us in the printing office. We cannot recollect that ever anyone said a word to us of warning, or of a Gospel kind. Mr. Davidson has seen the ruin of many young men; he has seen the recovery of some, and the benefits derived by others, from the administration of sound advice. He says, "At an age when the character is unformed, the nature pliable, and the passions strong, a little earnest counsel judiciously given, may be of unspeakable value." Twenty different subjects are found in this pretty casket. Parents, Masters, Friends, you may give this volume to young people, asking for the promise that they will read it.

A Rabbinical Commentary on Genesis. By Paul Isaac Hershon, with preface by Venerable Archdeacon Farrar, D.D. London: Published by Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row. Not to scholastic students only, but to careful, inquiring, ever learning readers, public speakers, and all who delight to learn how rich, how full of meaning, how

bright and illuminating the Hebrew language is, to all who seek to be established in the revelations made in "THE BIBLE" will this work be appreciated. 6s. 6d. is the price of a volume. Substantially good in every sense. Make your minister a present of it if he has a mind to be instructed in the deep things of God. Dr. Farrar's acquaintance with Paul Isaac Hershon; the doctor's knowledge of his previous works, and his honest expressions concerning the intrinsic value of this book, are sufficient guarantees of its genuine character, without another word from us it will be a boon to Biblical expounders.

Sunday Readings for a Year on 280 Scripture Titles and Symbols of Christ. By James Large (5s.; London: Hodder & Stoughton). A handy, substantial, and edifying tome, full of Christ from beginning to end.

The Late Earl of Shaftesbury. A Life-Sketch; with an Account of His Last Days and Funeral, and a splendid Photographic Portrait.—To all persons who wish to have a correct and well-executed portrait of this excellent philanthropist, for framing, they will find no better than the one given in this shilling work, published by Robert Banks & Son, Racquet-court, Fleet-street. Of the same publishers may be had—

The Banner of Israel, a penny weekly, and in monthly parts, post free, eightpence. We confess we have nothing to say on "the Identity of the British nation," nor do we know "Philo-Israel," only from his writings; but as a Biblical exponent, as a writer on prophecy, as a critical reviewer of the current and coming events of the times, "Philo-Israel" always inspires us with a little of the feeling which Moses must have had when the Almighty said, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet: for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." "Philo's Leaflet," No. 16, *The One Seed, Christ,* will hew you where He stands.

"The Shores of the Dead Sea" are represented by that pleasing penny monthly,—

After Work, to be had of R. Banks & Son; also,—

The Silver Morn, which contains "The False Prophet of the Latter Days," whose family, we fear, is numerous.

Zion's Witness is to be had at same office. This is the highest spiritual issue we are at all acquainted with. Mr. Wilcockson certainly lives upon the higher Alps of divine blessedness.

The Fireside has a picture of Ruth clinging to Naomi, and Orpah going back crying.

"THE TRIUMPH OF CHRIST ON THE CROSS."

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

DEAR SIR,—I write to ask you whether Mr. Edward Samuels (the converted Israelite and the author of "The Triumph of Christ on the Cross") is alive. That excellent book was made an instrument in the hand of God for my soul's conversion, and that too when but a youth. I believe that it is now out of print. Such a work deserves the widest circulation. I believe Mr. Samuels was last settled in Manchester. Any information through the EARTHEN VESSEL will greatly oblige

Yours truly, J. K.

Southwark, Oct., 1885.

[We believe Mr. Edward Samuels is alive; that he resides at Sleaford, and is minister of the new chapel in that town—at least, we have heard so. We first knew Mr. Samuels when he preached in Bermondsey. We heard the late beloved Mr. James Wells when he preached in that upper room, for Mr. Samuels, in Bermondsey. We preached for Mr. Samuels in Sleaford, and Mr. S. preached for us in Unicorn-yard. We printed for him "The Triumph," &c., on terms mutually agreed upon between us. Those terms were fully carried out. But when we lost £750 by two persons, our large stock of books fell into other hands, including our portion of "The Triumph of Christ on the Cross." The party who had them advertised them at a price which gave offence, and many have told us we were seriously blamed for that, although we had nothing at all to do with such advertisement. Nor do we even now know the result, only that in various ways we were cruelly misrepresented and condemned. An old author says, "There must be a day of judgment to make all crooked things straight, for there is nothing really straight here." The more we have honestly strove to make things straight, the less they have been so. But we sit down in Micah's chair, where penitence, resignation, and faith gave him to wait the Lord's time (see Micah vii. 7, 8, 9). We only wish Mr. Samuels the best of all blessings.—C. W. B.]

"A YEAR AGO."

THE time is drawing very near,
A day, a week, a month, a year,
Since we have lost our mother dear.

"Yes, mother."

It seems but only hours ago—
That loss which caused gloom and woe,
Gloom which only sorrows know.

"For mother."

And as the time strides quickly by,
We know a time is drawing nigh,
When we too shall be called to die.

"A mother."

And oh, if our end should be such,
Rejoicing in the Lord as much,
Shall no more dread death's cruel touch

"Than mother."

But welcome him with open arms,
Without a thought of dread alarms;
Knowing that heaven hath such blest charms,
"And mother."

GRANDCHILD OF THE LATE REV. W. BODDER

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

A NOBLE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER

We here conclude Mr. Edward Poulson's "memoir of his mother," which was commenced in our October issue. Passing over many of the circumstances of her life, Mr. Poulson says:—

For many years before her death she was frequently exercised in her mind upon the subject of believers' baptism, often saying that she would like to be led to become the subject of it. She would have made an effort to have submitted to its administration where she attended, if the baptistry had not been in such an elevated position above the floor, which she knew was unavoidable, from the construction of the building. She sometimes had thoughts of asking our friend, Mr. Steed, of Rehoboth, to baptize her, on account of the greater convenience of his baptistry, and also from personal respect for him, as a friend she had known for many years, and as a minister of God's truth. But when I explained to her that by so doing she would probably be misunderstood by her old friends on the one hand, and that on the other hand Mr. Steed would expect her to commune with the congregation assembling at Rehoboth, which would be precluded by her attachment to her own chapel, and forty-five years' attendance there, she then took no further step in the matter, as she was anxious not to disturb the minds of any of her friends with her thoughts or misgivings she experienced concerning it, or any of the circumstances connected therewith.

In her last conversation with me, a few days before her death, she very solemnly said, concerning baptism, "Ah, Edward, that is the baptism!" and then impressively repeated the words, "I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straightened till it be accomplished!" (Luke xii. 50). "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with? . . . Ye shall drink indeed of My cup, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with: but to sit on My right hand, and on My left, is not Mine to give, but it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared of My Father" (Matt. xx. 22, 23). "Ah, Edward, that is the baptism!" Then she directly referred to the ordinance of baptism with water, and said, "Nevertheless it is right, and is a command given by our Saviour. I wish I could see my way clearly to go through it; I would go forward directly." And concerning those persons who would contradict it, and say that the baptism with the Holy Spirit is the only baptism acknowledged under the Gospel, she would say, "What do they know about that? . . . It is not in man's power to administer that. . . . They are wise above what is written. . . . I want none of their quibblings. . . . Oh, my soul, come not thou into their secret!"

My mother was right. The "one baptism"

referred to in Ephes. iv. 5 clearly refers to the *one ordinance* of believers' baptism under the Gospel which has succeeded the *many washings* and baptisms referred to in the law. It is astonishing that some men, who profess to be recipients of the divine gift of the faith of God's elect, should attempt to ride over the exercises of the minds of others concerning this ordinance and institution of Christ. But as long as the world endures God will raise up believers who will believe the testimony of the New Testament writings in preference to their quibblings and fancied liberty to dispense with it, which were evidently anticipated by the Holy Spirit when He caused the following passage to be written for the instruction of all whose hearts He is graciously pleased to incline to receive it. "Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?" (Acts x. 47).

My mother would never allow herself to be drawn into any argument or discussion upon any subject. She would appeal to the Scriptures, and seek for guidance and instruction from the Bible alone. She would say that if she could not always experience the power, she knew what was written. If any one attempted to argue or discuss, and to persist in it, she would remain silent.

On Sunday morning, July 29, 1883, as I was returning home with her from chapel, she said that she should like to have another token of her interest in the atonement. I replied by reminding her of the remarkable way in which she had been led all her life, how God had watched over her and protected her; and of the many manifestations of His love to her soul she had experienced, to my knowledge. She said, "Yes, but I should like a fresh token, to know that it will be well with me at the last, when I come to the Jordan." When she had so said, the water stood in her eyes. I said to her that I was sure that she could read or title clear, and that I wished I could read mine as clearly as she could. She then appeared very thoughtful and serious. I did not then think that on the next Sabbath day her soul would be absent from the body, and present with the Lord, and join the redeemed from among men to behold His glory (2 Cor. v. 8).

On the following Thursday morning, August 2, when we sat at breakfast together, she said to me and my brother Henry: "If I never make another request, let me entreat you never to neglect the services we have had together—reading the Scriptures and family prayer. Whatever else you do when I am taken from you, never neglect the worship of God. Do as we have always done. While you do that, you will stand; but if you neglect it, you will fall." She was then overcome in her feelings, and began to shed tears.

In the evening she went to chapel as usual, and at the conclusion of the sermon she

shook hands with a friend, and was then seen to fall on her side in the pew. When it was perceived that she was taken with a fit, a cab was procured, and she was taken home, but she never returned to consciousness, or spoke again afterwards. I was away from home at the time, but upon receiving a telegram I hurried home, and returned soon after she was brought home. When I saw her I felt sure that I should never hear her speak again. Medical assistance was promptly procured, but no hope was given of any possibility of her recovery. She continued to breath, loudly and heavily, notwithstanding all that could be done for her by her medical attendant.

I am now going to relate a remarkable circumstance. While I was watching by her bed, I carefully concealed my face on the bed-covering by her side from any possibility of her view, in the event of any return to consciousness, and inwardly prayed, without uttering any words audibly. I said, by a mental effort of the mind, "Oh, most gracious God, Thou knowest the sorrow and distress of mind I suffer at beholding my poor mother thus taken from me, and how unbearable it will be when she is gone; be pleased, in pity and condescension, to mercifully grant that if she has obtained that long-sought-for token, and answer of peace, and assurance to her soul that it is well with her, and if she is comfortable in her mind, that it may please Thee to allow her to raise up her arm, and to touch my right ear with her hand, for Jesus Christ's sake, that I may be comforted when she is gone. Amen." These are the words I uttered, as near as I can recollect. I then waited with breathless anxiety without moving, when, shortly after, *my mother raised her arm and touched my right ear*. I then returned thanks to God for this answer to my prayer, and said, "O Lord, be not angry with me, I beseech Thee, nor count me mistrustful to this Thy great kindness, but, like Gideon's fleece, let her do it again the second time;" whereupon *my mother again raised her arm the second time and touched my right ear*. I was then about to request that it might be done again for the third time, but I could not find in my heart to grieve the Spirit of God, who had graciously answered me in so marked a manner in this instance, by an apparent mistrust of His goodness at this time. Here was a remarkable proof of a supernatural and divine communication to the soul of my mother, while she was totally unable to see or to hear anything, and completely unconscious. There could be no doubt concerning this, because previous to my prayer she could give no sign of a reply to any question, and I ascertained that the pupils of her eyes did not contract by bringing a light close to them, and she was without power to move; and my words were not audibly uttered, but only expressed by an inward wish in my mind, without even moving my lips, and while my face was completely concealed from view. I was careful to be correct in all these particulars, because I knew that if

God gave me an answer of peace, I should have it to tell, to the commendation of His goodness, what He did for me at this time for the comfort and edification of His tempted and tried children; and because I know that all these facts will not be believed by the children of the devil. Facts of this nature will always be rejected by every unregenerate soul.

I buried her in the Tower Hamlets Cemetery, Bow, on Saturday, August 11. The weather was beautifully fine: the sun shone clearly; and after the service I spoke, by previous arrangement, for a few moments over the grave, which I had a perfect right to do, as the last tribute of respect I could pay to her memory.

She greatly delighted to meditate during her lifetime upon the subject of the resurrection, and would frequently repeat the words, "O that I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness" (Phil. iii. 9, 10). "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament" (Dan. xii. 2, 3). And accordingly I made this the subject of my brief address. I observed that her dust might ultimately mingle with the dust of other bodies buried there; but at the time of the resurrection every atom of her dust would be separated from other dust, and raised a glorious body. Though sown in corruption, it would be raised in incorruption; sown in dishonour, but to be raised in honour, like unto Christ's glorious body. She often used to say that the fifteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians and the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews were St. Paul's two masterpieces.

BRIXTON.—Special services in aid of the chapel funds were held in Brixton Tabernacle, on Sunday and Tuesday, Nov. 8 and 10. Sermons were preached by Mr. Cornwell and Mr. James Clark. Mr. Cornwell delivered an argumentative and well-thought-out sermon on the Tuesday afternoon from the words, "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness" (Luke xvi. 9). In the evening Mr. Kent presided, and after prayer by Mr. Hand, the chairman expressed his great pleasure at being present, and hoped the Lord would keep Mr. Cornwell and all the ministers of the Gospel faithful to the truths which His own Word sets forth. It was a day and time when it was necessary for all who loved the grand and glorious truths of the Gospel to be firm. Messrs. W. H. Lee, Ponsford, James Clark, Rundel, and H. Hall spoke of the practical, experimental, and doctrinal religion of the Word of God. The hymns of praise were very beautifully sung to some good old-fashioned tunes. Collections good, for which all united in singing, "Praise God."—J. W. B.

A GOOD MAN, A WORTHY DEACON, GONE HOME.

Died, at Aylesbury, in the 64th year of his age, Isaac Eggleton, deacon of the Baptist Church at Walton-street, Aylesbury. Our departed brother was born at Ellesborough, an obscure village in Bucks, and in early life gave evidence of his descent from sinful parents, his own natural inclination being like all the sons of Adam, his face turned from God, desiring not the knowledge of His ways. He was, while in his unregenerate state, a cheerful young man, and was respected for his uprightness of character as a man. The first impressions made upon his mind by the Holy Spirit were at the death of a Miss Rutland, whose companionship was ended after a twelve-months' courtship. He then attended the Baptist chapel at Askett, where the work of the Spirit was deepened, and occasionally worshipped at the little chapel at Chalkshire, but was led, in the order of divine Providence, to attend the ministry of Mr. Serle, then pastor at Aylesbury. Here his soul was set at liberty, and he was baptized and added to the Church. About four years afterwards he removed to Hayes, Middlesex, and found a spiritual home and food at Salem, but returned to his own native county again in 1857, when he had the pleasure of seeing his dear partner obey the Lord's command, and he joyed in her joy as they sat together at the Lord's Table. Soon after he removed to Aylesbury, and the removal was blessed of the Lord.

Our brother was of a quiet spirit, a lover of a free-grace Gospel, and was much respected by those who had business transactions with him. In the company of others, he was enabled by grace to say that he feared God, and hoped in His mercy through the everlasting love of the Father. As a deacon, he was grave, and upright, and courteous, a lover of Zion, and his widow and the Church mourn their loss.

It pleased God to bring his life's journey to an end by an accident, serious in its nature, but leaving him in full possession of his faculties to the last. For some time he hoped to recover, and all through he was enabled to cast all his care upon the Lord. His concern for Zion's welfare on earth continued to his latest hour, his oft-repeated prayer being, "O God, bless Thy Zion." The strong frame gradually became weaker, and the end drew near. His pastor's last visit ended by his saying, "Twill soon be home, sweet home!" and his reply was, "Yes, home soon!" His spirit passed away early on Sabbath morn, September 20, 1885, to join the Church triumphant.—F. FULLER, Pastor.

[The loss of a deacon—a good deacon—is often a serious affliction to the Church. Paul, in his first letter to Timothy, draws the moral and the practical portrait of a good deacon, and the honour conferred upon him. He must be grave, not double-tongued, &c., "Holding the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience." Then there is the *using* of the office *well*." Not a mere *useless* official, but a wise, industrious seeker of the well-

being of the Church, individually and collectively. Such worthy men "purchase to themselves a good degree and great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus." When a Church is without a pastor, the responsibilities of the deacons are of vital consequence. The late saintly Mr. Chamberlain, of Leicester, when going to preach to his friends at Nottingham, would lock up his Leicester pulpit, and take the key with him, so sacred was the pulpit to him. When a Church is destitute of a pastor, it is incumbent on the deacons to see what kind of a bread-basket is admitted into the pulpit, and very especially the *nature* of the bread which the basket contains. Rather let the Church spend a Sabbath in prayer, and in Christian fellowship than have a ragged-basket, with mouldy or stale bread dealt out to the people. Many a Church has been divided and rent in twain by anything, or worse than nothing, being allowed in the pulpit. The Church at Aylesbury has been wonderfully preserved in that direction for very many years. Now, in Mr. Frederick Fuller, they have a special gift from the Lord. We heartily pray that a long lease of godly and of Gospel prosperity may be with the pastor, the Church, and the people. To those many Churches who have no pastors, the newly formed Itinerant Association, we hope, may prove to be a real blessing. We have a well-grounded confidence in the hon. secretary, Mr. Belcher, whose discernment and judgment will lead him to send out such men as answer to the climax of a certain doctor's address, who said, "How necessary for us brethren to live lives of constant grip of the divine hand, and of closest intimacy with the divine Spirit! Only thus can we really lift the pulpit to a higher place, and secure for it its legitimate power in the Church and the world."]

THE STRICT BAPTIST MISSION.

At Little Alie-street, on Tuesday, Oct. 27, the 24th annual meeting of this association was held; the chapel was well filled, and much interest manifested on the society's behalf. Mr. John Hazelton, the president, occupied the chair, and spoke of the usefulness as well as Scripturalness of the society, which sought to spread abroad and to maintain in distant lands the doctrines and truths of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, and called on Mr. Briscoe, one of the secretaries, to read the report for the past year, from which we gather that there are in India four or five preaching stations with schools, and several preachers and teachers under the superintendence of Mr. H. F. Doll. The report is full of interest, which the following extract from the account of Mr. Jacob Johns, one of the missionaries, will show. He says:—

"As we were passing through the Bengallee Bazaar we were accosted by a cloth merchant, and kindly invited to his shop. He requested that we should preach to him and his friends in the shop. The dying love of Christ the Saviour was preached. After preaching, one of them questioned me on

the personality of the Lord Jesus. From his question, I noticed a desire on his part to know the truth, so I conversed with him for about an hour, and while we were conversing a good many of the wayfarers stood and listened. I spoke of the one sacrifice of Jesus Himself, of His righteousness, to all and upon all who believe in Him."

The ordinance of believer's baptism has also been attended to by Mr. A. Doll. The following is his own statement:—

"July 18th.—Held Church meeting, and I examined the candidates for baptism, nineteen in number (ten men and nine women). With the unanimous consent of the preacher, deacons, and Church-members, I consented to baptize them the following day (Sunday). These candidates were under observation over a year. They are converts to Christ from idolatry and heathenism. Preacher Gurubathen and other preachers, Christians, and a number of heathen, assembled at the tank. All were present at about 11 o'clock in the forenoon. Mrs. Doll and I went to the tank. We began by singing a Christian lyric. Preacher Murryan and I spoke to the candidates, and on the candidates confessing their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, I immersed the nineteen in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. On coming out of the water a Tamil lyric was sung, and the benediction pronounced by me. Many who were present seemed to have been touched with the interesting and solemn spectacle. We went to the chapel at 5.30 p.m. Our Church-members were present, also a number of heathens. About 300 assembled. We began by singing a Tamil lyric; prayer was offered by Manuel Murryan. I read a portion of God's Holy Word and spoke a few words. Prayer offered by Suvissasoomuthoo; Gurubathen spoke a few words. I gave the right hand of fellowship, and received the newly-baptized believers into the communion of the Church, and broke bread, in memory of Christ's precious body."

Messrs. Anderson, Box, J. H. Lynn, Reynolds, Sears, Wakelin, and others gave addresses suitable to the occasion.

J. W. B.

COURLAND-GROVE, CLAPHAM.—The harvest thanksgiving service was held on Thursday, October 29. A good number partook of tea at five o'clock, and in the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. E. Langford. The chairman having read Levit. xxiii., our worthy deacon, Brother Brinkler, implored the divine presence. Mr. Langford having given a short address, Brethren Dearsly, Dexter, Reynolds, and Tooke, delivered heart-stirring and God-glorifying addresses. In the middle of the service, what our chairman called "an incident of a pleasing character" took place. Having addressed the meeting in a few suitable remarks, Brother Ponsford, the senior deacon, on behalf of a number of subscribers, presented our good friend, Miss Harrison, with an elegant gold bracelet and handsome Denbam's hymn-book, as a testi-

monial for the manner in which she had led the service of praise during the past five years. Brother Vine returned thanks on her behalf; the testimonial coming as a great surprise to her, would always be held in remembrance of many happy hours spent in the service of God's house. The chairman made some feeling remarks, referring to his having accepted a six months' invitation to supply the pulpit, his object being principally the good of immortal souls, the spread of the Gospel, and the glory of God. The meeting closed with the Doxology, and was felt by many to be one of the best they had ever attended. Great credit is due to our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ponsford, for the very pleasing manner in which they had decorated the chapel, conspicuous being a large pyramid, composed of various kinds of fruit, vegetables, and corn, which was distributed among the friends after the service.—A.

LIMEHOUSE.—It is pleasing to record the steady and onward progress of the cause at Elim, under the pastorate of Mr. F. C. Holden. The deacons, Messrs. Baldwin, Kemp, Read, Turner, &c., work on most harmoniously for the good of the cause and the glory of God. The new chapel was opened two years ago with a debt of £650; at the commencement of this year this was reduced to £550. On Tuesday, October 27, the second anniversary was held. By the help of Mrs. Holden, Mrs. Kemp, the Misses Turner, and other ladies who had collecting-books; by a donation of £10 from Mr. Turner; £5 each from Messrs. Baldwin, Holden, and others, and the collections now made, realised £107, thus reducing the debt to below £450. During the year the baptistry has been opened, and additions made; the Word has been blessed, and the congregations are good. On this occasion Mr. Shepherd preached in the afternoon from Luke xv. 31, 32, to a large congregation. In the evening the chapel was quite full, and under the presidency of Mr. I. C. Johnson, J.P., Messrs. Shaw, Winters, Wilkins, Lee, and others, gave addresses. Mr. F. C. Holden thanked friends for their help and presence, and gave an encouraging statement of the position of the Church and congregation. The meeting commenced with, "Come, let us join our cheerful songs," and closed with, "All hail the power of Jesu's name," the people singing united and harmoniously under the leadership of Mr. Kemp.—J. W. B.

PRESENTATION.

A very beautifully-illuminated address in gold frame, has just been presented to the Rev. W. Rowton Parker, the present pastor of the Baptist Church at Gainsboro', as a token of esteem from his late Church and congregation at Belton, Rutland. The address, which is very chaste in design, is richly executed in colours and gold, and is as follows:—

"To the Rev. W. Rowton Parker.—Dear

Sir.—We the members and friends of the Baptist Church, Belton, Rutland, desire to express our great respect and esteem for you personally, and our appreciation of your untiring efforts in the cause of Christ in this neighbourhood during the six years of your ministry to us.

“We also desire to acknowledge that you have been the chief means of beautifying the house of God in which we have worshipped. We trust that in your new sphere of labour God’s blessing may so rest upon your ministry that many may be added to that kingdom which is eternal.

“Signed on behalf of the Church:—

“E. CORBY, J. WADE, T. SWIFT, W. CROWDEN, S. GOODLIFFE, E. REYNOLDS, W. REYNOLDS.”

A very beautiful and richly-ornamented glass butter-cooler and marmalade-jar, silver mounted, has also been presented to Mrs. Parker; while the teachers and scholars in the Sunday-school have shown their respect for Miss Parker by presenting her with a beautiful inlaid writing-desk, fitted throughout with every requisite and accompanied with an autograph letter, signed by the superintendent and teachers on behalf of the school.

FORMATION OF A GOSPEL CHURCH AT BOURNEMOUTH.

Through the everlasting kindness of Jehovah in covenant, a little Church, upon Particular Baptist doctrines and experience, has at length been formed in Bournemouth, Hants. About seven years ago, in the order of divine Providence, D. B. Garnham left Ringwood’s bitter waters, where he struck upon a rock, and became a wreck; but by the help of C. W. Banks he opened a room at Boscombe, a suburb of Bournemouth, for the preaching of the Gospel. Having laboured here for nearly three years, another rock appeared in sight, and the little vessel ordained of God again came to grief, and after opening two other places, the proud waves of sorrow, death, temptations, and afflictions, again drove the trembling vessel to the wall; but finding that “the bush was not consumed,” and that the coals of love had a most vehement heat, the lonely ark at last rested upon Mount Arrarat, and for the last three years this little company of poor, sensible, and weather-beaten sinners, have met for worship in the Conservative Club-room, Holdenhurst-road, Bournemouth.

The blessed Jehovah having made them willing in the day of His power, four of the little company were baptized by D. B. Garnham, in the name of the Holy Three, on July 23, 1885. On November 5, 1885, our kind friend and sympathising brother, Mr. William Trotman, of Corpus Christi, Stonehouse, Plymouth, came and formed eight baptized believers into a Gospel Church, and having united pastor and people, he called upon D. B. Garnham, who read out the articles of faith and Christ’s covenant, and briefly stated Jehovah’s sovereign call to Him by grace, and to the ministry. Mr.

Trotman then stated the nature of a Gospel Church, and preached to the newly-formed Church, and afterwards administered the ordinance of the Lord’s Supper to eleven baptized believers. A few others are waiting to join by dismission from other Churches, and six or seven more we hope soon to baptize in Jehovah’s name. In sending you this note, I can only add the following lines, as they spring up out of my poor soul:—

For seven long years we’ve struggled hard,
In Bournemouth’s barren soil,
To seek and gather God’s elect,
With Christ’s anointing oil.

Our glorious Shiloh has at length
His young plantation sown,
His captives freed, His prisoners loosed,
His sovereign grace made known.

Kind Trotman came from Plymouth town
To help a poor, tried worm
To raise the standard of the cross
Where Christ, our Head, shall reign.

Oh, holy Father, holy Son,
And Thou most Holy Ghost,
Waft forth a prosperous gale of grace,
And come and save the lost.

Hosannas to the Sacred Three,
Grace has the work began,
And grace shall triumph all the way,
And grace shall take us home.

Thy blood-bought few whom Thou hast call’d
To worship at Thy feet,
Still plead for Thy dear whispers, Lord,
For glory make us meet.

Soothe sorrow’s deep and stormy winds,
Whene’er we are oppress’d;
Till in Thy bosom, glorious Christ,
Thy ransomed Bride shall rest.

DAVID B. GARNHAM.

Bournemouth, November 9, 1885.

FOR MR. JOHN ELAM, OF SHEFFIELD.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—In reading the letter by Mr. Elam, I was surprised at his statement that out of that large town, with its 284,000 inhabitants, there is only one man a Christian minister, that “dares to preach the whole truth and nothing but the truth;” and that one is Mr. Battersby, a Church of England clergyman. Now, having read Mr. B.’s sermons, I think him to be a true Christian—one who preaches “Christ, and Him crucified;” but it is not uncharitable of brother Elam to say he is the only one who is “faithful” in the truth? Is it not leading us to suppose that all the ministers in Sheffield, with the one exception, are not preaching the whole truth? Has our friend visited each place of worship? Now, I am ignorant of the town of Sheffield, both as to preachers of our denomination (except one) and other sects of Christians, but I can say that a pastor at one of the Baptist Chapels is a young man that was brought to a knowledge of the truth at our own little chapel at Poulner, and there baptized and received into the Church (which is strict communion), and whilst with the friends there, was an earnest worker, and one who is a true servant of Jesus Christ, and if he is not preaching the truth, or the

whole truth, we are surprised, as he has had good Gospel teaching at P. (I mean Mr. Stockley at Port Mahon Chapel), and there are four or five others of our own denomination who are labouring in that town, beside other sects of Christians. Of course we, as Strict Baptists, contend for being followers more particularly of our Lord (as He was a Baptist) than, we believe other bodies of Christians are doing; but we must not forget the new commandment, "to love one another," and to have charity (or love) one towards another; and if we are led by the Spirit to see more fully the truth as in Jesus, we should be the more thankful, knowing that "we have nothing but what we have received," therefore we are "debtors," and we should strive to declare to others, who see not as we see, what we believe to be the whole counsel of God.

I was rather sorry to see the clause I have referred to in the letter, as the remainder of Mr. Elam's note is very good and comforting to the Christian; but hope this may not breed any unpleasant feeling, as my motive is to show that, although holding, as we believe, the Word of truth in all sincerity, we must not condemn others.

E. DIFFEY.

PULHAM-ST.-MARY, NORFOLK.—We hear with painful sympathy that our beloved Benjamin Taylor has hinted to his deacons his fear that the extreme weakness of his chest will soon compel him to resign his long-holden and successful pastorate. He has entered on his 70th year. Just about 50 years he has been preaching. For 45 years Mr. Taylor has been the settled, the lovingly-accepted pastor of the ever-growing Church at Pulham. We venture to suggest that he should try a change in a warmer climate. At the good old Bethel at Cheltenham he might supply for a month or two. There are those who could take kind care of him. Hundreds would be glad to hear him. The soft warm air might, with a divine blessing, heal him. Mr. John Brown, Charles Skinner, and others could arrange this, if the Lord will.

YORKSHIRE.—"I call this a thin county for Gospel truth. You have not yet published my review of Yorkshire. [It is so long.] I have been to Lockwood. No Wm. Crowther now. I heard Mr. Dolby preach. His chapel enlargement at Slaithwaite is progressing. I understood his friends collected near £1,000 for enlargement in quick time. Slaithwaite has some strong, sterling friends to the Gospel. I hope you will live to see the Chapel when it is finished. I could not find John Hudson in Manchester. Do you know what is become of him? Mr. Taylor's Manchester sermons are well received. Will you notice them? I will tell you of Middlesborough, if I can." [We hear nothing of John Hudson. We almost think he must be gone home.]

A FATHER IN ISRAEL TO HIS SON.

LETTER XII.

THE WORK WE ARE TO DO.

"Feed the Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood."—Acts xx. 28.

"Feed My lambs, feed My sheep."—John xii. 15, 16.

MY BELOVED ENOCH.—You have been some little time now employed in the sweet service of His most excellent and all-glorious Majesty, the King of kings and Lord of lords, and I humbly trust that, under the divine teaching and anointings of the Holy Ghost, you feel and enjoy heart happiness and soul pleasure in your most honourable and noble-minded employ. I am now advancing towards the terminus of mortal existence, and realising, more or less, a daily acquaintance with Eccles. xii. 1—7. I shall soon put off the harness, you have just put it on, and as I shall now cease to intrude upon your time and patience with my little epistles (at least for the present) I can only wish you God-speed in your work, praying that for many years, even unto a good old age, if the Lord will, you may be spared to lift up your voice like a trumpet and sound forth fully, faithfully, and fearlessly the sovereign, separating, sanctifying, free-grace notes of the everlasting Gospel of the blessed God. Now, my dear Enoch, in taking my present farewell of you, let me just remind you that one part, and a very important part too, of your pastoral office will be to "Feed the flock of God," and as sheep and lambs are very clean creatures, and very particular as to their food, be sure you do not adulterate their provision with any creature conditions and contingencies; or they, having a quick scent and a keen appetite, will very soon detect you. Be sure you give them plenty to eat, and always bring the food by prayer and meditation out of Jehovah's larder, the Holy Scriptures. If you keep them on short commons or supply them scantily, they will be sure to break out and glean in another field where pasture is good, pure, and plentiful, which would make you uneasy, uncomfortable, and a little ill-tempered. But then you must ask, Whose fault is this that my flock are so scattered abroad; and mature thought may cause you to charge it upon yourself.

A minister once asked dear John Kent which he thought to be the best way for him to keep his flock together. John replied, "Hold them by their teeth, sir." Plenty to eat in every sermon. Remember, Gospel Canaan yields a vast abundance in grand variety of pure pasture and delicious fruits. It floweth with milk and honey. The covenant is full, the Bible is full, the Gospel is full, and Christ is full. Why then should the sheep be put off with a scanty supply? The chief Shepherd says, "Feed My lambs," "Feed My sheep." Not starve them. The lambs must feed after their manner. "The sincere milk of the Word" will suit them for awhile, not mixed with water. The sincere milk and sound doctrine called "strong meat" is all one Gospel. The truth simplified suits the lambs, while sound, substantial

doctrine is more adapted to the mature experience of the old sheep.

I remember that when a shepherd boy, and the sheep and lambs were put into the turnips, the shepherd used to hurdle off a portion for the old sheep, while the lambs had the run of all the field. "Why not," said I, "let them all have the run of the field?" "No, no, boy," said he, "the old sheep can eat the hard turnips, but the lambs must have the tender tops; 'tis all the same food, only the bottom is hard and the tops are tender." What beautiful instruction this reply affords to a Gospel minister. Be sure you never gather "wild gourds" from duty-faith fields, free-will commons, and Arminian contingencies. The very smell of this terrible mixture would make your flock very sickly, and were they to eat them, you would bear them shout, "There is death in the pot," and for a time it would kill their spiritual, experimental consolation, enjoyment, and liberty. So to keep them healthy, satisfied, and happy, feed them well at all times with "a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined." And they will look well, be well, and do well. Neither will they get the trot, and wander abroad for good and green pastures.

Wellington used to say of his soldiers, "They fight well because I feed them well," and we well know that good food and plenty of it will keep up strength and courage. Some ministers lose their hearers through keeping them so long at the gate with preliminaries and exordiums, and many of them are made up of "I," "me," and "mine," while the hungry flock are bleating for the green pastures, and away they go to find it elsewhere. Dear James Wells used to announce his text and at once (for the most part) take his flock right into the field of eternal truth, and you will not sin by imitating such a practice. A minister once said to Rowland Hill, "My people are so prone to wander and ramble about, that I have thought a fine organ fixed in the chapel would keep them together." "Well," said Rowland, "be careful where you place it," "Oh, sir, we shall place it in the front of the gallery." "It will be of no use there," said Rowland. "Where then shall it be placed?" said the minister. "In the pulpit," said Rowland. And you will prove, Enoch, as you go on, that the people of God do know and love good Gospel music and a good Gospel musician in the pulpit, being also a good under shepherd to feed them well, will be sure to hold them together, both by the ear and the teeth. Try it, Enoch, and God Almighty bless thee and make thee a lasting blessing to His Church and people. "And when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away;" and such is the hope of

Yours sincerely and affectionately in Jesus,

T. STRINGER.

P.S.—I thought it best to be quiet for a season that other correspondents might store the VESSEL with more acceptable and

valuable commodities. Farewell, and I earnestly wish you a happy and prosperous New Year.—T. S.

SOUTHAMPTON.—BETHESDA CHAPEL.—Second anniversary of opening of above chapel was Oct. 7; Mr. Cornwell, of Brixton Tabernacle, preached two important sermons, which were listened to with much attention; about 100 friends partook of tea. On Lord's-day, Nov. 8, our pastor, Mr. W. Ward, was privileged to baptize three friends, speaking upon Acts xviii, 8, dwelling upon *hearing, believing, and being baptized*; much interest appeared to be taken by the audience, and much solemnity and quietude prevailed. The newly-baptized friends will be received into Church fellowship, together with a sister removing her membership from Guildford, in December. We, as a Church, have much to be thankful for. Since Mr. Ward's pastorate (ten months) he has baptized nine. The Lord does bless His ministry.—JAS. HAWKINS.

SURREY TABERNACLE PULPIT.

"R. W. K." says:—"MASTER C. W. BANKS.—Will you let me tell you and the thousands of your readers of a little fellowship meeting myself and friends from the country had after hearing Mr. O. S. Dolbey at the Surrey Tabernacle anniversary? Old Mrs. Inquisitive opened the debate, which was in the street, by thrusting in her womanly boldness, asking, 'Is that the preacher who is to follow my great friend, James Wells, in the pastoral office here?' 'I wish he was,' said an aged spiuister, whose eyes were wet with the dew of her inmost feelings. 'I have heard,' said an old preacher about 80, 'that the Church here is more in harmony with Mr. Dolbey than with any other man they have heard; and they have seen a many big men in that pulpit; and I was told Mr. Dolbey is expected to come next year occasionally; but as to his leaving Slaithwaite, is a serious matter with him.'

"'Why (up comes a venerable sire), Mr. Dolbey is a friend of mine, and he believes the Lord led him to Slaithwaite. The Lord, I know, has much honoured his preaching there. The Church there is in peace, only they shake for fear he should be called away. At this very time they have made Mr. Dolbey's chapel at Slaithwaite much larger, more convenient and comfortable. The money has come in fast; many hundreds of pounds have been subscribed, and until the pillar of cloud, from the Lord's directing finger, calls him to leave, he fears to take a step.' A London parson said, 'Dolbey is evidently a God-fearing man. He wishes to leave himself in the hands of his Lord and Master, and to do nothing of, or by, or for himself. His bump of ambition you cannot find until some blessed word comes into his soul; then his ambition to exalt, to extol, to preach, to make the most of our Lord Jesus Christ, to feed the Church of God, and to point the hungry and starving poor to the house of mercy; then his bump

of strong desire comes up gradually. He is seldom excited or in a passion. He never, as I can see, goes down very deep into the valley of tears, nor does he sink so low in the mire of nature's working that you cannot find him; neither does he soar up into the clouds of imagination so high that you cannot reach him. Mr. Dolbey is

"NEITHER A MUD-LARK NOR A SKY-SCRAPER."

He comes very steady on to the plain, solid, well-prepared, Gospel ground. He opens the Gospel door quietly, marches on the revealed road patiently, intelligibly, opening gate after gate, ascending pathetically up to Golgotha, to Calvary, to glory; and then he disappears. He is no sloven, He thinks night and day. He is the man that prays always; he has handled and tasted the Word of Life. Through all, the spirit of his discourse is, 'Come, see a Man who told me all things that ever I did.'

"IS NOT THIS THE CHRIST?"

No proud boaster, no conceited ape is O. S. Dolbey. All the friends said, 'That is right.' At evening meeting we rejoiced to hear good Mr. Boulden on the prosperity of the cause in Surrey Tabernacle. We came home to our poor country quite happy. Hope our little editor was not drowned at the jubilee.—R. W. K.

STEPNEY.—On Tuesday, Oct. 20, Mr. Thomas Steed, pastor of Wellesley-street, celebrated the eleventh anniversary of his ministry, when sermons were preached by Mr. Steed, and Mr. T. Stringer. The latter preached a blessed sermon, and which must have tended to strengthen the souls of those who listened to it. Apart from the physical weakness of brother Stringer, his mind, and force of delivering it, were as strong and as active as ever. May the Lord graciously spare him; also Mr. Steed, and all the faithful brethren in Christ. James Mote, Esq., E. Benzley, H. Boulton, N. Oakey, and the pastor, gave warm and suitable addresses. May brother Steed experience Num. vi. 24, 25, 26, prays W. WINTERS.

ISLINGTON. — Thirty-five years ago Providence Chapel, Upper-street, Islington, was opened for divine worship in the Strict Baptist interest; during that period it has undergone many changes, but it was never in more prosperous and peaceful circumstances than at present. During the past six years, under the pastoral care of Philip Reynolds, the cause has gradually grown and now Sunday-school, Tract, Dorcas, Sick Societies, and all institutions in connection with the cause are in good working order, as well as the Mission Room, 73, Avenel-road, Highbury. On Tuesday, November the 17th, the anniversary of the cause was held, when Mr. John Hazelton preached in the afternoon from, "I shall be anointed with fresh oil." W. Kennard, Esq., of Croydon, presided in the evening, and spoke of the increasing pleasure he felt in meeting with the Lord's people. Mr. Willey

gave a cheering statement of the harmony existing and growing attachment between pastor and people, and of the blessing the Word preached was being made, some had been added, others were waiting. Mr. Sears gave a thoughtful address from "A fearful hiding" (Gen. iii. 10), dwelling upon the question asked, "Where art thou?" This was the first Gospel sermon preached; "It was in the garden of Eden," said Mr. Sears, "and I believe, blessed to the conversion of the congregation. Where art thou, sinner?" Mr. Winters gave a comprehensive, cheerful, and intelligent discourse from "A joyous hiding" (Psa. cxliii. 9). Mr. W. Hazelton from "A Divine hiding" (Psa. li. 9); he displayed a thoughtful mind. Mr. Warren on "A mysterious hiding" (Isa. xlv. 15); said we are a mystery to ourselves; I am a great mystery, what must God be? Who, by searching, can find out God? with Him there is nothing new or old, He is absolute perfection. What a mystery is the Trinity. How mysterious it is that my prayers, so feeble, are heard by Him; not able, at times, to put two words together, yet the great, mysterious, Almighty God hears. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; it is a mystery—can't understand it—but it is true. He knows us better than we know ourselves. Mr. Warren concluded a profoundly grand address by saying, "But the greatest mystery of all to me is, that He should ever condescend to take notice of one so unworthy as myself." Mr. Reynolds thanked chairman, ministers, and friends for their attendance and support. Messrs. White, Joyce, and others assisted.—J. W. B.

MENDLESHAM GREEN. — Harvest Thanksgiving services were held in Jireh chapel, October 25, and continued on the following day. During the two days four sermons were preached by W. Winters. In the evening of Monday at public meeting, Mr. Herbert Squirrell presided, Mr. Huxham prayed, speeches were delivered on the spiritual harvest, by brethren W. Winters, F. S. Reynolds, A. Knell, D. Dickerson, J. Garrod, and S. Haddock. The chapel was adorned by the young lady friends, and the musicians in the gallery performed their part well; the services proved a success. To God be all the glory. May the Lord greatly bless this cause of truth for Christ sake.—W. WINTERS.

BUCKS.—A correspondent says (and the same may be said of nearly all the English towns):—"Aylesbury is not famous for adherence to the principles for which old Benj. Keach was persecuted; the more expanded views of the modern theology are in favour, and the temples raised to 'Father Arminius' are tolerably well patronised. I regret to add that the spirit of infidelity is too largely prevalent; and the lovers of a pure Gospel, coupled with an observance of New Testament practices, are not so numerous as I would desire. Nevertheless the Lord has not left us without tokens of His presence, and power, and blessing, upon

the Word preached, and seals to my ministry are, and have been, granted me, 'Bless the Lord! O my soul.'

A NOTE FROM MR. R. C. BARDENS,
Pastor of the Baptist Church wor-
shipping in Hayes Tabernacle.

[More than thirty years have fulfilled their steady course since the beloved Robert Bardens and myself rambled along the rugged coast of Bigbury, in Devon. I preached to a crowded chapel in the said Bigbury. From that time to the present our fellowship has been steady, uninterrupted, and pleasant. As with some other good men, we were instrumental in bringing Mr. Bardens to Hayes, where for a long period he has honourably and usefully filled the pastor's office. The following note we thought many would read with pleasure.—C. W. B.]

"MY VERY DEAR BROTHER, C. W. BANKS.—It is a long time since I saw you, but I have often thought of you. Many years have passed away since first we were brought together. Since then how many have gone home to be with the Church on high. What a mercy, my dear brother, that we have 'an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;' for 'in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven.' Let us be thankful to our God in covenant for the prospect, for the hope of eternal life, and for the riches of eternal glory. Here we often say, 'And what will it be to be there?' Here we often are led by the Holy Spirit to review the mercies of our faithful God. How good has been His help and His sympathy in trouble of various kinds, in afflictions, in darknesses—those seasons have been many—in temptations, and they have been various, in bondage, in trials, and in the passing away of our friends; yet to be enabled to say 'All is well,' by the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, by whom we have received the atonement. Bless the Lord then, O my soul.

"My dear brother, I was thinking of that great multitude which no man could number, that came out of great tribulation, standing before the throne, and before the Lamb; their acceptance in the blood of the Lamb, their victory through His conquest, and their song, 'Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb.' Yes, it will be, 'Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood,' &c. My dear brother, I want to know more of Him and His Word, that I might speak more fully of His glorious Gospel to the people of the land. May you in your affliction enjoy some of the depths of the many promises in Isa. xliii., for the Lord has said unto your soul, 'I have called thee by thy name, thou art Mine.' All the promises then belong to the children of His love; for Paul says in Rom. viii., 'If children, then heirs.' May the Lord Jesus, in His Word, work, and blood, be very precious to you, my dear brother, is the prayer of

"Yours in Christ Jesus. R. C. BARDENS.
"Providence-villa, Hayes, Oct. 28, 1885."

SIBLE HEDINGHAM.—Anniversary sermons were preached Sunday, October 18; Mr. Beach, of Chelmsford, preached three times to a full house. On the Monday the place was again crowded; Mr. Beach officiating. Thus the 21st anniversary of the Church here was held under auspicious circumstances.

LLANDINDROD WELLS.—When Dr. Corfe was in the Middlesex Hospital, he one day said to me, "When I have a bad headache I put my hat on and run on the Hampstead Hill and drink in gallons of fresh air, and come back all right." "Where can I go?" said a poor afflicted one, "to get a little health?" "Go to Llandindrod Wells," answers one. So we say, read, in *Cheering Words* for Dec. or Jan., Dr. Wrenford's little blessing he found there.

We are compelled to leave over "Editors Who Have Left the Chair" until next month.

Our Tombstones.

Died Nov. 11, at his residence, 7, Cambrian-street, Nottingham, in his 70th year, Mr. J. L. Heighton, corn merchant. No one who knew him will doubt for a moment his eternal safety. His hope was on "the blood of sprinkling." A divine faith carried his soul to rest on "the Rock of Ages," and in the article of death, he realised safety, peace, and quietness. In seasons of excitement, when new systems were for a season very popular, Mr. Heighton remained firm, unmoved, an advocate for the good, original New Testament doctrines, ordinances, experiences, and a living practice as fruits of the grace of God. Our correspondence with Mr. Heighton at one time caused us to know he was in every sense of the word, a "Bible Christian." His fellowship was with the Father, with His Son Jesus Christ, and with such men as Mr. Benjamin Taylor, of Norfolk. His life answered to the exhortation of the apostle, "Steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." We mourn over the loss of such men. They are becoming 'few and far between.' We knew Nottingham when its "Zion" was filled, and its then pastor was in much esteem. What changes in the profession of religion has Nottingham seen; but the Gospel is there still.—C. W. B.

That once popular preacher and political orator, Mr. Mursell, senr., of Leicester, went home early in November last, in his 86th year, while young Henry Wallace, pastor of the Jersey Baptist Church, died the other day when only 29, leaving a young widow and children. Master Mursell, "reason" would say, "lived too long to be useful." Our young Wallace was called away just as his usefulness was ripening. We all must bow down sooner or later. We pity the young widows with their young babes. At first a few friends run around them; but such charity too often droops and dies; and then the widows often find themselves in a cold world. On our roll of ministers' widows we have some almost in destitution, drooping with old age, having been the help-meets and nurses of fine and faithful old servants of the Lord. We can do but little; but we gladly help when we can.

The Lord has called to His heavenly mansion Mrs. Elizabeth Maria Libble, wife of I. J. Ewing, of Peterborough, and beloved daughter of W. and E. Hawkins. She slept in Jesus, October 7, 1885, aged 44. Those around her witnessed her departure in the family, the house of God, the Sunday-school, the sick chamber, testified in their memorial, "She hath done what she could. Written in the Lamb's book of life. A daughter, wife, and mother without reproach."

On Thursday, November 5, 1885, Etiza Waite, daughter of Mr. William Waite, departed this life in her 17th year.