

"Oh no, young man; we cannot let you come and be a silent hearer." To my shame be it spoken, so simple a remark threw me off my privilege; and, though frequently excited by a fellow-member, now in glory, to break through such unholy trammels, I *could not*. When, in the providence of God, I was led among you, I made the same request to our beloved pastor. No doubt, he saw the weakness of the request, and bore me on his heart at a throne of grace. He allowed me to come in and out till faces were familiar, and I began to feel the risings of Christian love. The Lord warmed my heart, and unloosed my tongue, and I have the pleasure to say, that in Silver Street chapel, my first public prayer ascended. We all see how large a majority of females are present on these interesting and solemn occasions; and it is greatly to be deplored, that so many of our younger brethren should lose these high privileges by staying wholly away, or by entering the vestry timidly and late, incur the blame of putting off the service of God to the very last moment. I know such feelings, and fear not to broach them. Allow me to ask you, my friends, whether you are not under the same thralldom under which I laboured for so many years? From the most undoubted experience I can tell you, our Monday evening prayer-meetings have been to me rich sources of consolation. I have delighted to hear our dear friends pour out their souls in broken petitions, with their holy sincerity of feelings; and when many times after a day of great care and perplexity, I have crept down to the right hand of our dear pastor, and heard him speak from such a subject as, "Take away the dross from the silver, and there shall come forth a vessel for the finer," my soul has leaped into new life, the place has been like a little heaven below, and the consolations of the Lord have been poured into my soul. O,

my friends, prayer-meetings are God's communicating times—it is there that the name of Jesus is an ointment poured forth: for he stands as the Mediator between God and us, presenting our petition in his own name; and at such seasons it is that the Holy Spirit descends as the Comforter, and the still small voice is felt passing from heart to heart—"It is good to be here."—*From a Letter by the late Mr. S. Bagster, jun., to the Church of which he was a member.*

BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

NO. I.

Isaiah lii, 15.—*So shall he sprinkle many nations.*

A very singular use is often made of this passage, by those who wish to prove that baptism is not immersion, and especially that the Eunuch was only sprinkled by Philip, when "they went down both into the water," (Acts viii, 38.) The curious argument proceeds on the assumption, that the ordinance of baptism is foretold in these words, and that consequently, as the Ethiopian Officer of state had been reading this portion of Isaiah, the ceremony must have consisted in sprinkling. But how they make out that the prophet here has reference to baptism, does not appear, even if we grant the correctness of the translation. All the eminent writers that approve of the common version, understand sprinkling with *blood* and not with *water*, and consider the language as expressive of *expiation for sin*, by the Messiah, and consequently having no reference to the Christian rite. This interpretation certainly agrees well with other passages in the prophet; but yet it does not suit the context, for there is an evident correspondence or parallelism between this and the foregoing verse. What is rendered *sprinkling* here, stands in antithesis to *being astonished* in the preceding member of the parallelism, thus: as many were astonished at thee (or