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THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

“Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.”—Matt. v. 6.

“Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.”—2 Tim. i. 9.

“The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded.”—Rom. xi. 7.

“If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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ADDRESS TO THE READERS OF THE “GOSPEL STANDARD.”

The Lord in his kind and merciful providence has permitted us to open our eyes upon a NEW YEAR. The Old Year, with all its accompanying sins and sorrows, trials and temptations, and, we are bound to add, its mercies and favours, is vanished and gone—swallowed up in that unfathomable abyss which has engulfed so many centuries since the creative word sounded forth, “Let there be light.” The New Year will bring its own trials, akin to, if not identical with, those of the past, and let us hope, as Jesus still lives at God’s right hand, its own deliverances.

At this season of the year, men in business often, if not usually examine their accounts, take stock, collect their bills, and survey their general position. Why should not we follow their example? “The children of this world,” it is true, “are wiser in their generation than the children of light;” and the worshippers of the unrighteous mammon are far more diligent and faithful to their golden god than those who serve, or profess to serve, the God of all grace. But a leaf out of their book may, at this present season, not be an unsuitable subject for our Annual Address.

Without knowing the mysteries of “Book-keeping by double entry,” we may have sufficient idea of business to be aware that the Tradesman’s Ledger has its two sides—its “Debtor” and its “Creditor,” its “For” and its “Against.” Shall we greatly err if we run

the parallel as having its counterpart in the bosom of a Christian? And as under one of these two heads all business transactions may be arranged, may we not, in posting up our inward accounts, open the two corresponding pages of the spiritual ledger, and examine what is there written with an iron pen, and the point of a diamond?

But as with trembling hand we throw wide open the heavy volume, what at the first glance meets our eye? How closely written is the page that breaks upon the sight! And ah! what figures are here! against every line what sums to pay! As page, too, after page is opened, lines equally crowded, sums equally immense, meet the bewildered eye. Take a page a day; let each sin have its entry; in three hundred and sixty-five pages shall we find less than three hundred and sixty-five thousand sins? And all, in their nature, essence, and character, deep, dreadful, damnable. Alas! alas! how little do we see, how less do we feel, the exceeding sinfulness of sin, its horrible and detestable nature!

Like those who live night and day in one close stived-up room, or like the degraded creatures who tenant London's low lodging-houses, herding together more like wild beasts than human beings, we are so habituated to an atmosphere of corruption, that, except at rare intervals, when heaven's pure breath blows in through a broken pane, we are hardly sensible of the noisome element of sin in which we are immersed. To feel it, we must in some measure come forth out of it. But if the sin that dwelleth, lusteth, worketh in us, were more seen in the light of God's purity and holiness, and, above all, more viewed in Gethsemane's garden and at Calvary's cross, we should have more deep, poignant, overwhelming, contrite, broken feelings about it than most of us are acquainted with.

It may serve, with God's blessing, to set this more before our eyes and heart, if we specify a few items which stand against our names in the huge book to which we have alluded.

1. Our *base ingratitude* is one of our most crying sins. What mercies and favours have we not enjoyed! But what base returns have we not rendered! Did we but see and feel how much we owe to the ever-watchful eye and ever-bountiful hand of Him in whom we live, move, and have our being, and did we compare his favours with our returns, we should be overwhelmed with shame and confusion of face.

2. Our sad *unbelief and infidelity* forms another item in the bill

of charges. Much is said of assurance, but it is to be feared that there is much assurance in the lips, where there is little faith in the heart. Gilt coin may pass for gold till the scales come forth. Weigh in the scales of the sanctuary much of what is called faith; put into the one scale the trials, the sufferings, the actions, the fruits, and into the other the faith that is, or should be, productive of them, upon how much of what is called faith will "Tekel" be stamped! Faith upon parade, and faith in battle; faith flaunting in lace and feathers, and faith reeling and staggering on the sod slippery with blood, differ as widely as the raw recruit and the scarred veteran. If the Lord has called thee to be a soldier, examine thy faith. What has it done for thee? Does it purify thy heart, (Acts xv. 9,) crucify thy lusts, (Gal. v. 24,) overcome the world, (1 John v. 4,) resist Satan, (1 Pet. v. 9,) conquer sin, (Rom. vi. 14,) work by love, (Gal. v. 6,) and make thee fight a good fight with death and hell? (Eph. vi. 16.) Separated from its fruits, thy faith may appear fleshy and well favoured as the kine that fed in the meadow; examined by these scriptural tests, it may be as lean and meagre as those that came up out of the river. A grain of faith removes a mountain. Has thine moved a mole-hill? True faith overcomes the world—the great world without. Has thine overcome the world—the little world within? True faith works, fights, suffers, takes heaven by violence. Has thy faith risen beyond talk and notion, noise and bluster? If matters be so, rather, instead of boasting of thy faith, confess thy want of it, and cry with the distressed father of old, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief;" or with the disciples, "Lord, increase our faith."

3. *Worldly-mindedness and carnality of heart and affection* may be mentioned as another fearful item in the great debt book. "To be carnally-minded is death; but to be spiritually-minded is life and peace." If there be death in the land, death in the churches, death in the soul, we need not, with this text in our hand, go far to find the cause. Put the lamp nearer to thee, if thine eye be dim. (Ps. cxix. 105.) Place it before thy feet to cast a light upon thy path. Thou art often, too often, dead in soul, dead in praying, hearing, reading, meditating, fighting, acting. What is the cause of all this deadness? Carnal-mindedness. There is a going out after idols; a love to the world; a cleaving to the unrighteous mammon; a general carelessness; a neglect of the throne of grace, of self-examination, of confession of sin, of making straight paths for thy feet, of sticking to God's testimonies, and of cleansing thy way by taking heed

thereto according to God's word. Thence come ease, sloth, and carnality; and the issue of all these is death in the soul. How deeply has this paralytic stroke fallen upon the professing church! It has dimmed its eye so as to see little beauty in Jesus; it has stopped its ear so as to become deaf to admonition and warning, promise and precept; it has unnerved its hands so that they hang down in prayer; it has unstrung its knees so that they are weak and feeble; it has crippled its feet so that they move sluggishly along in the paths of self-denial and obedience; in a word, it has paralysed all its system from the crown to the sole, so that the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint.

4. Our next item shall be a ——— blank. In the account books of the Government there is one article that swallows up a large sum, called, "*Secret service money.*" Ah! how much of this secret service money is there in the ledger the leaves of which we have here opened!—*Secret service money paid to sin and the devil!* Secret lusts, hidden sins, the teraphim in the camels' furniture, the ephod in the house, (Jud. xvii. 5,) the wedge of gold in the tent, the creeping things on the wall, the drink offerings to the queen of heaven, (Jer. xlv. 19,) the image of the Chaldeans portrayed with vermilion; (Ezek. xxiii. 14;) let each for himself put down against this item the amount (if possible) of his defalcations.

But let us not dwell only on the adverse side of the ledger. The Bible does not, nor should we. God, indeed, in his word, calls on his prophets to "cry aloud and spare not," but to "lift up their voice like a trumpet, and show his people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins." But at the same time he bids them, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people; speak 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." (Isaiah xl. 1, 2.) The Lord would have us know both sides of the question—our damnation and his salvation, our misery and his mercy, the debt of ten thousand talents and nothing wherewith to pay, and the free full discharge. By the one he would kill, by the other make alive; by the one bring down, and by the other raise up; by the one preach the law, and by the other the gospel; by the one strip of all creature righteousness, and by the other clothe in the spotless obedience of Immanuel.

Be it, then, admitted that our sins are grievous, aggravated, unceasing; our backslidings perpetual; the pride, unbelief, infidelity,

adultery, and idolatry of our heart ever ready to break forth. Shall we, need we, must we despair? Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no Physician there? Yes, there is a balm for the bleeding conscience; there is a Physician for sin-sick souls.

1. On the opposite page of the debt book stands written in letters light this heading, "*Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.*" What a liquidation is here! Sin hath abounded—fearfully abounded in thought, word, and deed; but grace doth much more abound. If sin has a tide that swallows all wherever it comes, grace has a spring tide that rises higher still, and buries beneath it the floods of ungodliness that make the soul afraid. Take thy sins, then, with all their horrid and dreadful aggravations; sins against light, conscience, love, mercy, and blood. Examine them well; scan thoroughly, as far as thou canst, their height, depth, length, and breadth, till thy knees tremble, and thy heart sinks with fear and dread. Must thou perish? Must thou sink to rise no more? Is all hope gone? Is hell thy destined unavoidable place? Look, look, if thou canst not get a view of this gospel declaration concerning grace. Only get this brought by the Spirit into thy heart, "*Where sin hath abounded, there doth grace much more abound,*" and thy debts are at once liquidated.

2. Again, there stands this sentence also on the same side, the blessed side, of the page, "*The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.*" "All sin!" How comprehensive! What sin does not this embrace? And take with it, too, this word from the Lord's own lips, "*All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men.*" "All manner of sin and blasphemy." Then all vile, infidel, blasphemous thoughts and suggestions, all the pride, unbelief, infidelity, obscenity, and filth of a depraved; desperately depraved nature; all the dregs of that foul sewer which has flowed down from Adam, and still floods the imagination; all the hard, rebellious uprisings of a carnal mind at enmity with God; all the heavings and tossings of a heart bottomless as hell, with all the rollings up, fermentings, and workings to and fro of an abyss of iniquity, where deep calleth unto deep at the noise of the water-spouts—all, all evil from within and from without, shall be forgiven unto men, and is already forgiven to the repenting, believing children of God. Let the blessed Secretary, commissioned by the great Creditor, and sent by the Almighty Surety, only write against thy fearful debts, "PAID," and it will be said, "O man, O woman, where are those thine accusers?" "In those days, and in that time, saith the Lord, the iniquity of Israel shall

be sought for, and there shall be none; and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found; for I will pardon them whom I reserve." (Jer. 4. 20.) Well, then, may the saints cry, "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage? He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy. He will turn again, he will have compassion upon us, he will subdue our iniquities; and thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." (Micah vii. 18, 19.)

May we not, then, repeat the Scripture question, "Is there no balm in Gilcad? Is there no Physician there?"

To hold forth this balm—the atoning blood of Immanuel, to exalt this Jehovah Rophi, "I am the Lord that healeth thee," is the office of the gospel to proclaim, and the covenant work of the Holy Spirit to reveal to the soul. To be beaten off self-righteousness, self-wisdom, self-strength, self-dependence, by the storms of guilt and fear, and then to embrace the Rock for want of a shelter, and to cleave, under all circumstances, to the Person, blood, righteousness, and love of Jesus, is, and must ever be, the ground-work of all vital godliness.

But, it may be asked by some of the Lord's poor and needy ones, "What testimony have *I* of an interest in this superabounding grace, in this pardoning mercy? Is there not some qualification required on my part? some obedience, some holiness, some cleansing of myself?" What says one who knew as much as any one both sides of the spiritual account book:

"All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam."

Ah! "This he gives you!" To feel our need of this atoning blood and justifying righteousness, to groan, sigh, and mourn under a body of sin and death, to look, and long, and wait, and grieve, and repent, and confess, and seek—all this is the work of the Spirit, and so far is a testimony of an interest in the finished work of the Son of God.

"But strength for the future? How are my lusts and passions to be subdued; how am I to walk worthy of my heavenly calling; how bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness so as to live and walk in all godly obedience?" This, too, the gospel provides for. Grace subdues sin as well as pardons it; cleanses from the filth as well as removes the guilt; breaks its dominion as well as

buries and hides its shame. God knew from the beginning what his people would be. He therefore provided not only a Lamb for a burnt offering, but a living Head of influence, a risen, exalted, and glorified Jesus, in whom it hath pleased him that all fulness should dwell, that in him there might be strength against sin, deliverance from temptation, preservation from evil, and perseverance unto the end.

For all these purposes the gospel is efficacious, and therefore is and ever must be the root and spring of all obedience and of all fruitfulness. Make the tree good, and the fruit will be good. Gospel fruits must grow upon the gospel tree. It is the fruits of the Spirit, not the fruits of the flesh, which are acceptable to God. "He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit." All obedience, therefore, which is not wrought by the Spirit, all practice which does not grow out of a living union with the Lord Jesus Christ, is but legality and self-righteousness. "The love of Christ," says Paul, "constraineth us."

A man may, from the mere lashes and stings of conscience, from the powerful impulse of an ascetic temper, deny himself and mortify his carnal desires and appetites. Yet what is this but Popery at the best, if there be no gracious principle at its root? Here is sin entwined with every fibre of our natural being—sin, that has hurled its millions into hell. How is this dreadful sin, this sin of our being, to be silenced, subdued, overcome? The cloister, the cell, the midnight watching, the long fast, the hair shirt, the bloody scourge, these, these shall bind and crucify the wretch, the rebel. Shall they? Is sin of that corporeal nature that the scourge can flog it out? It is in the mind. Take pride, unbelief, or sensuality. These subtle sins are beyond the reach of all mortification or self-denial grounded on natural conscience.

But where the law fails, the gospel comes in. "Sin shall not have dominion over you." Why? "Because ye watch, fast, promise, vow, resolve?" No. "Because ye are not under the law," from whose working all these fleshly movements spring; "but under grace," which not only supplies motives but affords power; which not only pardons the past but gives strength for the future. Hundreds of God's family can say with Cennick,

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

And not only "the Way," but "the Truth, and the Life,"—"the Truth" to preserve from all error, and "the Life" to supply out of his fulness grace and strength. "Because I live, ye shall live also."

To the gospel, then, in the hands of the Spirit, must we look for everything,—pardon and peace, mercy and salvation. And not only so, but to keep us from all evil, to supply us with influential motives to put off the old man and put on the new, and to bring forth in us "the peaceable fruits of righteousness."

We have thus embodied our views of what the gospel is, and, by implication, what experience is too. Objections have been raised to the name of our periodical, as assuming too much. *We* did not so christen it. It was neither originated nor named by us. It is true, that unlooked for as well as unsought circumstances gradually, in a good measure, brought it under its present management; but if the name be faulty; let not that charge be laid at our door. But perhaps the objection itself may rest on an unfounded assumption that by it was intended that this periodical was indeed the *Gospel Standard* by which all writings were to be weighed. This, we have reason to believe, was not the meaning of those who so named it; but that the *Gospel*, the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Gospel as revealed in the Scriptures, the Gospel as made known by the Holy Spirit to the soul, the Gospel as implying in one comprehensive expression all the doctrine, all the experience, and all the practice of the New Testament, was to be its *standard*. In a word, that not the opinions or writings of frail, fallible man, not the "shibboleth" of a sect or party, but the GOSPEL alone, in its length and breadth, was to be the STANDARD by which all its contents were to be weighed and adjusted; that to that bar and that alone was it amenable; and that all which fell short of the Gospel, whether in itself or others, was justly to be condemned. In this sense,—the sense in which *we* have always understood it, the title seems unobjectionable.

"But we come short of the Gospel standard." True; but dost not thou? do not all? But, with all thy shortcomings, is not the gospel still *thy* standard? May it then not be *ours*? Can we safely or scripturally allow ourselves any other?

Or if the word be used in the sense of a flag or ensign, may we not hoist it? "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth." (Ps. lx. 4.) If there be this banner, may we not display it? And, amidst the strife of tongues, may not this standard quietly float over the pavilion?

May this precious, this everlasting gospel be ever ours, in all its fulness and blessedness. Where ignorant, may we be taught gospel wisdom; where sinning, may we be blessed with gospel repentance; where in danger of our own spirit, may we be favoured with the Spirit of the gospel; where weak, may we be supplied with gospel strength. But let us not lower or pervert the standard of the gospel, because we fall short. "A just weight is the Lord's delight," and should be ours. More than the gospel we cannot desire; less than the gospel would neither suit nor save. The main thing to desire is that this blessed gospel may be a living gospel in our hearts, lips, and lives; that it may "come, not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance;" that we may enjoy its sweetness, experience its efficacy, and bring forth its fruits; and thus find that, though the preaching the cross is to them that perish foolishness, to those that are saved it is still the power of God.

May our Periodical be filled with gospel food, breathe a gospel spirit, bring gospel consolation, and produce gospel fruits! The gospel is the "power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth;" and in the hope that a measure of this power may rest upon our pages, do we still venture to continue its monthly publication.

We may *truly* conceive God, though we cannot *fully* conceive him. We may have right apprehensions of him, though not an exact comprehension of him.—*John Mason.*

You talk of will and power; if they are at hand, why are they not in exercise? I call that man a boaster, and suspect his poverty, who talketh of his riches, yet never pays his debts.—*Berridge.*

The wise virgins had their lamps. Herein then did not lie the difference between them and the foolish, that the one worshipped with a form and the other did not. No; as the pharisee and publican went up to the temple to pray, so these wise and foolish virgins might go to the same place of worship, and sit under the same minister; but then the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps. They kept up the form, but did not rest in it. Their words in prayer were the language of their hearts, and they were no strangers to inward feelings. They had savingly tasted the good word of life, and felt, or had an experimental knowledge of the powers of the world to come. They were not afraid of searching doctrine, nor affronted when ministers told them that they by nature deserved to be damned. They were not self-righteous, but willing that Jesus Christ should have all the glory of their salvation. They were convinced that the merits of Jesus Christ were to be apprehended only by faith, but yet were they as careful to maintain good works as though they were to be justified them.—*Whitefield.*

RECOLLECTIONS AND THOUGHTS FROM PAST SCENES.

I have gone to the city of York and various places where, in infancy and youth, I was conversant, and when I have looked at the houses and signs where people lived, and seen all different, how I have been alarmed and struck down to the ground, as it were, and have felt the hollow voice of eternity proclaiming, in irresistible sounds, "This is not your rest!" When I have looked at the house of the wicked, and when I have looked at the house of the moralized, (the latter having no religion but morality only,) how I have reflected how all things pass away! Like a vapour or an evening mist, so it passes away! The generations of men die like an opening dream. It is true it seems longer in one sense, but when it is passed, it is dead and gone.

I have been led into these reflections by visiting places at and around where my forefathers lived, and where I was at school and was apprenticed; some places where I have not been much for twenty or thirty years. And as I have walked along the streets where I knew every house, and have looked at the signs, all different; looked at the houses, farms, &c., their occupiers changed; have gone into a shop, asked after such a one, "Been dead eight years, Sir!" looked at the houses one by one, and seen their inhabitants fled, and their dwelling-place in other hands; when I have thought of it, it has been too much for me, and with inward weeping, I have said, as it were, to myself, "What am I doing? where am I going? a dread eternity is gaping to swallow us all up!"

"That hour, so late, is nimble in approach;
And, like a post, comes on in full career.
How swift the shuttle flies that weaves thy shroud!
The day in hand,
Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going.
'Tis scarce possess'd, so suddenly 'tis gone.
Eternity is all!"

Solemn God! thought I, where do I stand? A neck of land hinders me from being buried in the deeps of eternity, where all these, so many of whom I once knew, are well nigh universally swallowed up. "Here lived one," said I, "a model of good sense and morality, and yet a stranger to a broken heart. There lived friendly neighbours, and yet strangers to the imputed righteousness of Christ. There lived worthy sort of people as neighbours, and desirable and agreeable as acquaintances naturally; and yet, alas! alas! it is to be feared, they were enemies to everything evangelically and thoroughly good in a gospel sense." Some people had many good points in their character; and some, like the young ruler whom Jesus loved, lacking one thing, desirable in every point of view but one, but you are afraid they had not the root of the matter, afraid they were never born a second time, namely, of the Spirit of God. And therefore all must go into the general mash-tub of dissolution, a wreck and a ruin, without aught to survive, as regards salvation, they

not being born again. It matters not who they are, if not born again, they are only gilded sepulchres. Unless they are grafted into Christ, the good olive-tree, and are made partakers of him, of his glorious nature, they are still in the ruins of the Adam fall. What are the virtues, as they are called, and the moralities of unregenerate men in the sight of God? Undoubtedly they are only painted and varnished sins. The fruits of the Spirit are the morality of one born again. The unregenerate morality of a gilded sepulchre is the morality of one not born again. It makes no matter, *as regards salvation*, how excellent the actions of men are, if they are not born again; they must certainly be damned, if the Scriptures are true, as I experimentally know and feel them to be. "They know the Scriptures to be true who have *felt* them," wisely said a good man, not learned in this world's learning. How important, then, in the general wreck and ruin of all things, it is narrowly, yea, most narrowly, to be enabled of God to consider, "Am I born again?" Seeing that all things pass away in this world, and being grafted into Christ, the good olive-tree, by the new birth, is the only way possible whereby men can escape the general wreck of being banished from God for ever, of being, in the Scripture sense, lost for ever, how important, how unspeakably important, to be well assured of our safe engraftation into the Son of God, that green and beautiful tree that only can over-master death in all its vast and wondrous consequences—consequences that one shudders even to think of—everlasting destruction of body and soul in hell-fire for evermore. Such are the consequences of being born again, or not being born again, as the case may be. As for my part, the whole drift and care of my life is, through the Spirit of God, to be found in Him, the Lord Jesus Christ. Indeed, all the happiness I have, or wish to have, consists in this. Gracious God! what beggary and emptiness everything short of this is! Praised be the Lord, if, through divine grace, I can see the emptiness, poverty, and madness of anything short of a finally sure and certain interest in the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation.

When I look around and see the wreck of so many whom I have known in former years; when I see them dead and gone, one perished by covetousness as his besetting sin, another by swearing; one by whoredom, another by drunkenness; again, those that I buried when I was a church minister, nay, nearly all of them, dying without a good hope, in different parts where I have resided; again, when I see most departing like brute beasts; again, the friends of my youth, those companions, or older than myself, good God! I shake and tremble inwardly when I reflect that there was scarcely one whom I knew who was soundly and efficaciously rooted and grounded in the righteousness of Christ experimentally felt and known, revealed by the Holy Ghost in the soul! I am sure I find it so. I could wish it was not so; but, alas! it is. There are but very few persons experimentally born again. Indeed, there are but very few men who are strictly moral. How few, then, who are enabled immeasurably to go beyond the strictest morality, and who

can say humbly, scripturally, and manifestively, in the soundest and warmest experience, "Jesus and I are one; in him I have engraftation as a vine branch to a vine tree; in him I have the forgiveness of sins in my conscience felt; in him I have the wedding-garment of his everlasting righteousness imputed to me in place of my own beggarly righteousness; and lastly, productive of gospel-good works in love and gratitude that loathes merit!" But whosoever cannot say this, I can; in poverty of spirit, in mourning, in meekness, and in hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and in all the blessed train and consequences of being safely harboured and secured in Christ as my soul's eternal portion, and present portion too. For he is the sweetest, and fairest, and dearest of all beings to me; and as sweet, if possible, is it to me to obey him, as well as to receive salvation from him as a gift, "not by works of righteousness which we can do."

Thus does a godly man sun himself in the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, through enabling grace! Thus does a godly man bid defiance, through Christ, to the ravages of time! He sees people have fallen on the right hand and on the left, and yet he is safe. Buried safe in the arms of everlasting love, he trembles and rejoices—trembles at what a hell-deserving sinner he is; rejoices to think that he is one of "the few men who have escaped." And what a narrow "escape!" says he. "Surely shall one say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength;" in him are durable riches; and happy is the man that findeth him!

In looking over, then, the scenes and times that are gone, one is compelled to say, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." One sees the grave-stones of the farmers, and the hillocks where the poor are buried, one general mass of undistinguishable ruin and corruption, as regards the dead bodies of those buried underneath. Some whom we were afraid of, while they were upon earth, now are quiet enough, levelled in the general mash-tub of dissolution. And are we escaped? have we escaped the sword?

I was an unprotected boy. I lost my father in 1817, and my mother in 1812; went up to London in 1821, raw and green from the country. I trust that the grace of Christ watched over me to be preserved from wholly being destroyed by the destroyer. And when I wander in Yorkshire over the scenes of my childhood, youth, and much vanity, and see the moralist and the sensualist, the carnal and the profane, whom I once knew, occupying their places in the church-yard, how my bowels move, as it were, and my frame is affected, to think and feel that Christ, in the new birth, has taught me something better than morality, and has saved me from the gaping jaws of profanity—morality and profanity that slay the whole human race, except the elect; morality that sets its starched and deluded partakers, content in whole or in part with their own righteousness, and in whole or in part, therefore, shuts them up in unbelief against the Saviour's everlasting righteousness received by faith without our works, and which *only* saves; profanity, that bedizens the mass of mankind to admire and practise the things that God hates.

I have in this distant part of England, (distant to where I have generally resided,) set off to visit different places (here, from the age of seventeen to twenty-one, I poured out raw and ignorant, but *felt* prayers to God; where I walked in youth with no companion; alas! when I met with companions, it was only to find them corrupters; there, with a flood of tears, in York streets, have I, fit to break my heart with sobs, entreated of God that I might never commit licentiousness and other sins, and never might be eternally damned. These were my two prayers in one spot in the streets. Let the profane or the moral laugh if they please. Like the dew-drops of the morning, it is sweet to me to reflect that then, in the greenness of youth, I feared God and loved him. It surely is a sweet and amiable sight to see we have feared God in the dawn, and not in the dregs of our time. Again, there have I remembered the time when the power of God sent parts of hymns and passages of scripture to fall with dew and light upon my partly enraptured mind (for what comes fresh from God a natural man is stark dead to.) How sweet to think in the morning of life God took notice of one! wooed one's youthful mind to better and more enduring substance than this world can afford! like thousands of drops of dew, harbingers of those rivers and oceans of joy that constitute the paradise of God!

Abingdon.

I. K.

“AND THEY SANG A NEW SONG.”

My dear Brother in Christ Jesus,—Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied. We gladly received your kind epistle by this morning's post, and do sincerely bless and praise the Lord for preserving you through your late journey and voyage, for landing you safe on the destined distant shore, and for there having recruited your natural health; but, above all, for having blessed you with those divine feelings, and reflections, and signs of life immortal, hidden deep within your heart, (as expressed and manifested in your remarks in your kind and truly welcome epistle now before me,) which He has seen good to withhold from a scoffing world, and from the far greater part of the professors of this day.

O, my dear young friend, what a discriminating favour is this! and God's act in giving it you and me is as sovereign as it is free. The natural man understandeth not divine things, the things of the Spirit; they are spiritually discerned; neither can he obtain the knowledge of them, nor the love and favour of God, though he would give all the substance of his house, and even his body to be burned. And moreover, our precious Christ declares and says, “I know my sheep, and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.” Jehovah's shalls and wills stand firm as the pillars of heaven; and all the silly wooings, and beseechings, and workings of carnal, blind, foolish mortals shall be for ever in vain. Proud, pompous man wants to do a part in God's salvation, but he never shall. “It is not of him

that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God who showeth mercy." And the soul that has tasted, and felt, and enjoyed this mercy, in ever so small a degree, glories in witnessing that all the power and praise of his salvation belong to God, and to him alone.

My dear friend, let Satan's agents proceed as fast as they please with their work. What is begun in the flesh will end in the flesh. God will not forsake his work, nor the people whom he has chosen. Blessed be his dear name for that; and eternal thanks to him for giving us to hope, (though at times it is with, yea amidst, many fears and tremblings,) that he has chosen us. To this conclusion I am now either obliged at length to come, after the many years of sinning and repenting, wanderings and reclaimings, imprisonments and being set at liberty, sorrowings and rejoicings, wondering where the scene at last will end and hoping in his mercy, of hardness and darkness and of relentings and softenings, of changes, temptations, trials, afflictions, wants, losses, crosses, and distresses endured in the wilderness too numerous to name, or give up all for lost; and that my soul cannot feel willing to do, although at times I do feel as though I never had one spark of life divine in my breast, or ever felt any love to Jesus, or desires for the knowledge of his ways or great salvation in my soul. O what a wretched, hardened state this is to be in! Can ever my friend have been worse? Then is the time for the evening wolves and all the beasts of the forest to come forth from their dens. Then is Satan's time to present his many baits to tempt and to allure the unwary, the hour of the powers of darkness; when our strength to withstand him is shorn, when the weapon of all-prayer lies useless at our side, when we can do no more than look, and tremble, and groan. But then, at the last moment, the dear Lord, listening to our sighs and heartfelt groans, once more appears for us, and says to the tempter, "Thus far hast thou gone, but thou shalt go no further; here shall thy proud waves be stayed." Then we overcome through the blood of the Lamb, and triumph gloriously by faith in his precious name. Thus we prove a friend in need is a friend indeed. So has the precious Jesus been to me, and I trust to you too. The first time I felt my need of his aid was when the manslayer was behind me, hard at my heels; when, with the terrors of a broken law, and a feeling sense of the wrath of God in my conscience, I was flying for my life to the city of refuge, his wounded side, crying out in the extreme bitterness of my soul, "Refuge, refuge!" O I never shall forget that day, those weeks, that time of trouble! Necessity then compelled me gladly to accept of salvation on any terms God was pleased to propose, and to part with all for Christ, for felt pardon and peace through his peace-speaking blood and all-sufficient merits and righteousness. And O how did my soul bow, and bend, and tremble, and crumble into nothing in the dust before him beneath the burden of my sin, and guilt, and vileness, and sorrow, and unworthiness felt within, while pleading at his footstool for mercy, when at that instant he opened the channel of mercy for me, the gate of the city, his bleeding side, his loving heart and arms, the bosom of his love and grace. O what a joyful spring

did my soul give into his dear embrace, within the massy walls, from my avenging enemy behind! Then, from the heights of Zion, my soul, with joy untold, struck off the first note of that song which I have often sung since, which the redeemed now in glory are singing, and which I hope still to sing through life, in death, and before the throne above for ever;

“Redeeming love, redeeming love!”

I do now feel somewhat of its power and influence within, and can testify with my brother that a little access to the throne of grace is now given me. O the blessedness of feeling and enjoying this favour; for then the tempter dare not venture near. It is holy ground wherever we thus meet and plead with God, nor dare our corruptions stir while in his presence; but as soon as he leaves off to commune with us, we directly return to our sad place, and mourn; mourn because our hearts and minds are so soon carried away by every foolery and sin, and depart from the living God; mourn because our sins abound, and hide the face of our best Beloved from us, and because we cannot cease from sin; mourn the loss of his presence, our hardness of heart, our unthankfulness and forgetfulness of him, our worldly-mindedness, and depravity; mourn because we cannot feel our heart's and soul's affections going out after him, nor enjoy that sweet and constant access and nearness to him as we could wish, nor able to find him in his word, in his ordinances, in his house, in secret, in our lawful employments, as we could desire; because we cannot discern his kind hand, and hear his lovely charming voice more in his providence and word, and learn more of his mind and will concerning us, and feel more submissive and resigned to divine sovereignty in all things; and because we cannot live more to his glory, who, we trust, bled, and groaned, and died for us.

This, my friend, is the cause of my deep mournings, and groanings, and sighings, and heartfelt sorrows from day to day. The sorrow of the world worketh death, but not so the sorrows I endure; for there is often such a heavenly and untold sweetness mingled with the pain, that gives life and vigour divine to my spirit, and health to my bones, and still endears a precious Christ so much the more to my soul that I could run through a troop and leap over a wall to get at him, and feel that I can never know enough of him, nor love, nor enjoy, nor praise, nor glorify him enough through time nor to all eternity.

Hence does my soul bless and praise the God of Israel for his unspeakable gift, and for giving me to him in covenant before time, and him to me in time; and on the day of our manifest espousals, for sealing, by his Spirit, his love's impress on my heart, the atoning blood of Jesus in my conscience, and my soul up to the day of redemption; and for maintaining faith and hope still alive in him hitherto within my breast. So that after the many changing scenes of many bygone years in the wilderness, here I stand, as you stood on those foreign cliffs you named, and viewed the beautiful scenery around, and the wide-spreading majestic sea before you, so here I stand on the boundaries of time, and by faith am looking across the

ocean, or Jordan, death, to the heavenly Canaan above, where God the Saviour dwells, in hopes, with longing eyes, there to anchor soon in that sweet haven of endless rest, to dwell and reign with him for ever and sin no more.

The glories of his person charm and ravish my heart below, and what will it be above? That I must die to know. As your soul, when embarking, so sweetly sang,

“Jesus, o’er the billows steer me,
Be my pilot in each storm,” &c.,

so does my soul, and heart, and tongue, now in tears of joy in hope, thus sing with my friend also. Did my friend commit himself into the hands of our God who rules and manages the seas, and governs all nations as he please, and trust also in him? Well might he sleep in sweet and conscious safety while the rolling waves bore him safely through the foaming tide to his distant port. Cannot he now say with greater confidence than before, “Did ever a soul trust in the Lord and was confounded?” It is those who do business in deep waters who are blessed to see the wonders of God in the deep; and it is the soul that the Lord enables to trust in him which can and will witness most to his glory. So may my friend still be enabled to trust in him, and we shall surely see his face again in the flesh.

It did my soul good to hear that because you cannot find or hear of God’s dear despised truth being preached in all the island, not all the beautiful scenery, nor the refreshing sea-breezes, nor the comfortable temperature of the air, can prevail on you to stay where you are. What a mercy it is when God’s truth so takes hold with power of the conscience, that flesh and blood cannot do everything it would choose and desire to do! No wonder, when thus it is curbed and restrained, that it should harass and distress us as it does. But it is blessed to feel it, for feeling is a proof of life within, and the life of grace begun below, is glory in the end.

I know my friend and every child of God has plenty of cause for his inward sighings, and groanings, and mournings; so have I. Could he behold the grandeur and pomp of her Majesty coming down the roads and landing near where he was, and see the people’s loyalty, and hear their joyful acclamations on the occasion, and had reason to sigh inwardly on the reflection of his so basely slighting King Jesus, as his soul feels he does? My soul also groans because I am so prone to do the same, notwithstanding all his kindness to me. Well may my friend observe, “The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light;” for truly it is so with a witness; hence the gates of Zion mourn and languish, and the daughter of Zion is sick and lean from day to day.

The Lord make us an exception, if it be his dear will, and let us live and die witnesses for God, to the immortal honour and glory of his dear precious and holy name, in hope living and reigning with him above for ever.

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

Bedworth, Sept. 8th, 1846.

G. T. C.

“HITHERTO HATH THE LORD HELPED ME.”

Messrs Editors,—As far as the Lord shall enable me, I will give you a few outlines of his gracious dealings with me. If you think proper you will perhaps give it a place in the “Standard.”

I was born in the year 1825. My father was a respectable tradesman, and one whom the Lord had called out of nature’s darkness. My mother is a kind and tender parent, but I have no good ground to believe that the Lord has opened her eyes to see her real state. O that he may yet do it, if it be his heavenly mind and will! Three months after my birth, the Lord called my father home. My mother was then left with seven children, three sons and four daughters; but God has proved very faithful to his promise, that he “will be a Father to the fatherless;” for such he has proved to us. My mother had many heavy trials, but the Lord provided everything that was needful, and I do at times desire to be very thankful for his goodness and tender care over us.

From an early age I had convictions. I remember the first time was when one of my sisters was on a bed of affliction; she began to talk about heaven, and asked me if I should not like to go there. I do not remember all that passed, but I well remember my feelings, for I said, “I should like to go to heaven; and if from this time I never tell another story, shall I go there?” I do not remember her answer, but I know I did make a promise how good I would be, and never tell another story, for I thought *that* was the greatest sin; but this was soon forgotten. Another time my eldest brother began talking about Jesus Christ coming down to die for sinners, and he said if he had not, that none ever could be saved from hell; and I remember what an anxious kind of feeling I had to know who would be saved, for I believed some would go to hell. Time passed along, and I often had many anxious thoughts about my end, how it would be. I did often hope it would be well, and that I should have time given me to prepare for death. But, however, these thoughts were gone again, and as I got out a little in the world I had one or two companions. One in particular was a great favourite. We adopted some plans which we could not carry on without some money. The devil very soon showed us how to get it. I took mine from two of my brothers; it was not more than two shillings. But, however, I soon lost it in the same way as I got it. As it was a fair at our place I took my money out with me, (this was the only pleasure I had to look forward to, as I was never allowed to go out from home pleasure seeking,) but when out in the fair I found, to my astonishment, my money was gone, which I supposed had been picked out of my pocket. I was very sorry, but did not name it to any one. I had many thoughts about it after this. I often used to dream the devil was running after me, but could never catch me. I was often troubled about it, and began to think all was not right. I found I had a guilty conscience for taking the money. I was much grieved one day, and resolved to go and confess it to my

brother, and as he was in his bed-room I went up stairs, but was obliged to turn into my own room instead of his, and there I burst into tears, and thought my heart would break. I would have given anything if I could have told him, but could not. After this it quite wore off for a time; but I had a dream which caused me many anxious feelings. I dreamed the end of time was come, and judgment was passed on all but me, but about me not a word was said. I however said to one, "Shall I come with you?" But I received no answer. I then caught hold of one of their dresses, and we all passed through blood, and came out clothed in long white robes, singing,

"Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever."

Never shall I forget the sweet feelings! I thought much of this dream, sometimes with pleasure, at other times with fear.

I often wished I was more like those that were, as I thought, very religious; they always appeared to be happy, whilst everything I did seemed to be wrong. I thought very often, "O that I was religious and happy, and knew what peace of mind was!" But how to obtain these things I knew not. I thought perhaps if I could get away from all my companions I should be more religious. The Lord then removed me away, and I was placed in a gentleman's family as nurse. I was then only sixteen years of age. I gave the family satisfaction. I was in this family five years, and never received an angry word from them the whole time. But I soon forgot all the promises that I made before I left home, and very sweetly did I roll sin under my tongue as a sweet morsel. Not that I committed myself in any way immorally; far from it; for I was highly respected by all that knew me. Thus I went on for two or three years, not without stings of conscience, and often thought I should at some future time live otherwise, and of commencing the new year differently. This I had often made up my mind to do, but when the new year began, I was not ready. But the time came when I did begin to live differently. I took to reading more, and attended to prayer more regularly. At this time one of my fellow-servants left, and another of course took her place, and I well remember how delighted I was when I saw her take her hymn book out of her pocket. Well, I thought, I have got a companion now; and we soon made friends. She attended the Independents, but there was no chapel in the village where we lived, so we attended church, unless we had an opportunity, which sometimes we had, of going to a Baptist Chapel, about two miles distant. We were both quite delighted with the minister and people, began to take in their magazines, took sittings, and were received by the people with warmth and affection. I really thought I was all right now. I had found at last the happiness I had been seeking. How glad I was to think I had chosen religion, for it was all pleasure. I was quite now satisfied, and thought how foolish it was that everybody did not take up religion.

Soon after this I wrote home, and told my friends what I felt in

soul matters; they were very glad to hear it. Some time had passed away, and my eldest brother came to see me. I invited him to go to our chapel; so we went. I said to him, "How did you like the minister?" I forget his answer, but I know he said but little. He has since told me he felt quite sure, if the work was of the Lord, I should get dissatisfied with that kind of preaching. As I said before, we were received with much warmth by the people, and to a few of them we were very much attached. Some time passed, and one or two of our friends proposed baptism to us. My companion, being an Independent, had no wish for it. I had often wished it, but never spoke of it, as I believed the Scriptures to be true, and this passage had come to my mind, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." But I dared not presume, and I was very glad to get away and put it off till some future time.

I then began to get tired of this religion and people. I was destitute of a knowledge of the plan of salvation. I was dissatisfied with all around me. I had three brothers whom I believe the Lord had at that time made manifest as chosen vessels of mercy. But I was most attached to the eldest, and to him I opened all my heart. He wrote me some very encouraging letters, and sent me some of the "Gospel Standards" to read. I read them with pleasure, and especially the accounts of some characters who had had a most blessed end, and I desired to die their death. But I was still uneasy and miserable. I found much guilt and sin, and had a little knowledge that I had no power to deliver myself out of these feelings, nor did I know where my help must come from; but I began to feel and believe in my own mind that there was a people that would be saved, and others that would be lost, and I believed it was an elect people; but anything more about them I did not know. I never could hear anything about such a people at church or chapel. All that I heard there was to do the things that are right, and your end shall be peace. Well, I thought, I am not worse than others; nay, I thought I was a little better than some, for I said my prayers three times a day, and attended church and chapel as regularly as possible, and read my Bible, and gave alms to the poor, and did some other good deeds. But at times I was not satisfied with these things. In everything there seemed to be something wanting. A person whom I employed came to see me, and in conversation we began talking about preaching, and he invited me to hear a person who was going to preach at a place near where I was then living. One of my fellow-servants went with me. Neither of us knew our way, but we were directed aright. Before we got to the chapel, to my astonishment I saw my eldest brother, and a young man, a very great friend of my brother's, and one I believe that is chosen of God, with many other friends that I knew. I think that I shall never forget the time, though at this time I knew but little about spiritual things; but I never heard such preaching before, for it searched my heart, nor could I refrain from tears during the whole sermon. After it was over, I went to a friend's house with my brother. We had supper, and then I took leave of

them with a heavy heart. O, I thought, that I was like them! for I did believe that there was a secret enjoyed by them which I knew nothing of. I felt very miserable, and could find no rest or peace. I thought perhaps if I were at home with my friends, and could hear the same preaching, and be with good people, I should be happier; so I wrote home and told my brother I wished to leave, and come home, for I would rather "suffer affliction with the children of God, than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." By this I meant to be with those that were religious, as I should not have so many temptations there as I had in service. I had now made up my mind to leave, though I had a good situation, and every kindness shown me by my employers; still it was rather a trying place, as there were eight children, though I had another servant to assist me, and a governess; yet the whole care lay on me, and the wretched state of mind I was in and the care were too much for me. I told my mistress I wished to leave, as I thought I should be better at home, as I was not very strong. She was very sorry to part with me, as I had been with her so long, and said she would raise my wages if that would induce me to stop. But no, I said I could not. Then she wished me to take another situation with a cousin of hers, where there were but two children, as that would be much less care and anxiety for me. But no, I knew I could not hear the same preaching in this place as at my home.

I then went home, and was there a month. In the meantime I had several situations offered me; but I found, alas! there was no happiness at home or abroad for me, and what to do or where to go I did not know. I found being at home could give me no peace, nor being with religious people, nor could I tell where to find it. One morning when I was in bed, my mother came up with a letter from an old fellow-servant of mine, telling me of a situation, as she thought it would be a nice easy place. It was to take charge of one little boy, three years of age, and attend to the lady. She pressed me to take it. She said the lady was going to write; and I think it was on the next day that I received a letter from the lady offering me her situation, and wishing me to go and see her. She was living in C—. At the time appointed I went, accompanied by my brother and his friend Mr. —. I was quite a stranger in C—, but my brother had some friends, where we stopped at; they were God-fearing people. Here we received every possible kindness. At the hour appointed, I went to the lady. We got on very well, and agreed in everything but one; she wished me to attend church, and I refused. However, I felt a wish to take the situation, and came to this conclusion, that I would sometimes go to church and sometimes to chapel; so after a long consideration she agreed, and I went on the 6th of November, 1846. At first I was very miserable after I got to my new abode. I found I must have much patience and humility, or I could never stop. I gave every satisfaction, my mistress told me, but I soon began to smart for agreeing to go to church. I trembled when there, and often shed a tear. O how bitterly did I repent that I did not stick fast to my colours! O

what a fool I was ever to come to such terms as these! Many months passed away with these feelings, when one morning, as I went out for church, I thought, Well, I will not go this morning, so I went to chapel; for there I find most comfort, and I love the people I meet with. But there I spent my time in weeping, and thought all the people would think I was a hypocrite for so doing. Ah! I felt I would not care what they thought if I were not one. One morning, as I was coming home from there, I cried, "O Lord, if I am a hypocrite, never suffer me to enter that place again." It was the very breathing of my soul; I did not feel tried by this so much after.

The family travelled about a good deal, and we were now preparing to go to Scotland. I was a very bad traveller, which was very unpleasant to my employers, and a trial to me, as I was so ill, and fit for nothing, and nothing could I get to prevent my illness. I had advice, but to no purpose. But however, I felt there was One that could help me. Though I did not know much about praying, yet I was led to ask God to grant my request, and I said, "Thou alone canst, I know; and if thou wilt, I will praise and thank thee every day very much." Yes, I thought, I would every day. And so I did for some time, and the desire was granted. This was the first time that I felt assured God answered prayer. After we had been in Scotland some time, I had a great wish to write to some of the friends at C—. I knew but few, but one family, the friends whom I came to with my brother, and as Mrs. — had asked me to write to her, I was glad to do so. I told her my feelings, and she soon wrote me back a very encouraging letter, being confident it was the Lord's work. I think I shall never forget altogether what I felt, when the enemy came in, and said, "You have written to your friend, Mrs. —, and told her your feelings, and made her believe you are a child of God, and you are nothing but a hypocrite." O how this led me to cry for mercy! I was on my knees two or three hours entreating the Lord to appear and show me whose I was; but no answer did I yet receive, but was led to cry on for some time with a little hope and much fear. Again my old sins began to rise with greater force, and the devil told me it was of no use for me to cry, for the Lord would not answer me, for my sins, he said, were unpardonable; and at times I believed him.

Sometime after this, it pleased the Lord to lay his afflicting hand on my youngest brother. This brought the money that I had taken to my mind again. O what I went through on this account! When I heard he was not expected to live many days, I wrote to my eldest brother and told him what I had done, and sent a sovereign, or a half, I am not sure which it was, to pay them for what I took, and begged they would forgive me. After this I felt much more comfortable, as this great sin seemed to be removed. Yet this was not enough to satisfy me, for I was sensible that I had an immortal soul, and that it must live for ever, either with God in everlasting glory, or with the devil and his angels; and I did believe there was some secret manifestation which must be known, which must come from God, and this was what I wanted to know for myself; and at times I

was sweetly encouraged to draw nigh unto God, and was enabled to tell him my whole heart. "O Lord," I said, "I know I am a vile, guilty, hell-deserving sinner, and if thou dost send me there, thou wilt be still a just God!" And at times I was encouraged to hope the Lord did care for vile me sometimes under his preached word. The first time I felt a sweet hope under the word was during the week before this Sabbath. I often said to myself, "Now, my soul, is there anything on earth, if you had whatever you wished, that would it satisfy?" O no, I said; nothing but a manifestation of pardoning love and mercy to my guilty soul. I there heard a dear minister say, after describing poor sinners, coming sinners, "Now," he said, "hold Christ up in one hand and the world in the other, the poor soul says, Give me Christ." How this did encourage my poor soul, as I had not spoken of these feelings to any creature, and this confirmed me of the truth of it. After this I heard a sermon preached from these words, "Buy the truth, and sell it not." This again was a time not to be forgotten, for I felt strengthened. At this time I assembled with the family morning and evening, as they used a form of prayers. Now this became a trial to me, and what to do I could not tell. Still I continued for some time, often trembling as I went in. I often felt, "O that the Lord would enable me to give it up," and at last I was obliged; for the last night I went I was full of fears and trembling, but was fully determined it should be the last time, though I felt assured I should lose my situation. But after prayers were over, I went up to my bed-room, and took my Bible, and if ever I breathed out my desires before the Lord I did at this time, that, if it were his will, he would direct me to some portion of his word. I looked the Bible through, but nothing could I see. At last my eyes were fixed on these words, "The Lord is on my side; I will not fear; what can man do unto me?" (Ps. cxviii. 6.) My mistress came up to bed at her usual time, and I went into her room to do what she required, these words still sounding in my ears, "The Lord is on my side; I will not fear." I tried to begin, but was a long time before I could. I had done all that was required, and I really felt that I must leave the room without telling my mistress my mind, when once more these words came, "The Lord is on my side; why should I fear?" and strength and power came with them. I began thus, "I wished to speak to you about my not joining you in your forms of prayer." My mistress was struck with astonishment. I told her I had a guilty conscience in doing it, and I could not come again; and I said I was made willing to give up my situation, or anything else. She said I had been with her some time, she knew well I was what she wished to be, and she would be very sorry to part with me. Indeed, she said, if it were any other servant in her house she should leave her service if she refused to attend their prayers. I felt like another person. My load was gone, and I felt much encouraged, and had a sweet hope that the Lord was on my side, and I felt as if I cared for no man.

(To be continued.)

LIKE PRECIOUS FAITH.

Dear Brother in the "faith which was once delivered to the saints," delivered to them in ages that are passed, and still manifested now, and will be in the ages to come, until the consummation of time. It is indeed precious, because it comes from a precious Christ, the Author and Finisher of it. "Unto you that believe he is precious. Unto whom coming, as unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God and precious." This precious jewel is unknown to the natural man, but is known to all the quickened family of God in a greater or less degree. And God the Holy Ghost alone works it in the heart, by a wonderful operation, quite contrary to the wisdom of man; which none can thoroughly know but such as have fellowship with Christ in his sufferings. The furnace of affliction and path of tribulation is a most blessed one, though very painful to the flesh. Love is the source whence it flows; for "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." While the process is going on, O what sighs, and groans, and moans go on in the soul! How dark! scarce a glimmer of light! The way hedged up with stones; the enemy permitted to ransack; the whole frame in the most awful rebellion, which he instils into the heart; unbelief prevailing; misgivings; a remembrance of past sins; so that the whole frame is feelingly ready to burst asunder with agitation, confusion, and distress. Now is the hour of deep searchings of heart; now is all dissatisfaction; all creature comforts prove abortive, and the whole soul pants after God; yea, for the living God. "Lord, have mercy upon me; search me and try me, O God!" I am in deep waters, where there is no standing, for the "enemy hath persecuted my soul; he hath smitten my life down to the ground; he hath made me to dwell in darkness, as those that have been long dead. Therefore is my spirit overwhelmed within me; my heart within is desolate. I remember the days of old; I meditate on all thy works; I muse on the work of thy hands. I stretch forth my hands unto thee; my soul thirsteth after thee, as a thirsty land."

And is this, my dear brother, a profitable place to be in? Most assuredly; and an evidence that we have the faith of God's elect. How could we possibly prize the rock for want of a shelter if we were not thus exercised? How could we expect to be filled with the righteousness of our dear Immanuel if we never hungered and thirsted after it? How could we love him above all things if we were not made sensible of our fallen state, and his love, his great love, that was displayed, at the cost of such a price, in rescuing us from the jaws of death and hell? Oh! matchless love and grace beyond expression! Thought is poor, the comprehension of the mind fails, and all human tongues languish in explaining such an unparalleled subject. Well may the poet exclaim,

"O for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!"

My dear brother, we do sympathise with you. Your trials are great; but, amidst all, you will have no cause to sorrow, as those without hope. We hope and pray that the dear Lord will still support you. He has promised, and you have proved him to be faithful. We consider you to be highly favoured indeed in his displaying that good hope in your dear afflicted partner now in the hour of trial; and may he continue his loving-kindness in sanctifying every dispensation through life and death!

I have written thus far what flowed from my mind under great opposition from the enemy, and now I will leave my beloved wife to fill up the paper. May the God of all grace comfort, strengthen, and establish you. I have been very unwell lately with biliousness, but am now better. All is well. Yours in love and truth,

B. G.

Dear Brother and Companion in Tribulation,—I find that the daily cross is never wanting. However things may go on without, the inward conflict is still carried on. But, blessed be his name, who now and then holds in view the Conqueror's crown, enabling us to triumph in Christ, and anticipate eternal triumph over every enemy. "The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly;" and then "this corruptible shall put on incorruption," and this vile clog of earth shall be laid down, which that wily and ever-vigilant adversary has such easy access unto, and we shall be like our altogether-lovely Lord, and see him as he is. With such a prospect in view, how trifling do the things of time and sense appear! and how light the sorrows of the way! "Our light afflictions, which are but for a moment," &c.

I rejoice to find the Lord is so good to you and your beloved wife in this affliction. May she be enabled to cry unto Jesus in the last conflict, and say, "O death, where is thy sting?" &c.

The Lord has been pleased to keep me of late walking tremblingly under a sense of the deceitfulness and desperate wickedness of my heart, and desirous that he would show me more of the great and mighty things of Jesus which I know not, and I feel that a state of carnal security and departure from him is most to be dreaded of anything. Though my poor weak flesh covets ease and quiet, I would say, "Choose thou the way, but still lead on," although, while my earthly cares are increasing, I am ready to say, "All these things are against me." The Lord give each of us to say from our hearts, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." All is ordered there "according to the counsel of his will;" and all things "work together (there) for good to them that love him."

My little rude ones want my attention, so I must conclude, with Christian love and sympathy to you both,

S—, April 6th, 1850.

M. E. G.

If I am, or fancy that I am, endowed with will and power to help myself, it seems a needless thing to beg of God to give me grace; as needless as to ask his help to light my candle.—*Berridge.*

“I AM A WORM, AND NO MAN.”

Dear Friend,—I believe the Lord is amongst us, and blessing the word of his grace, which quite astonishes me, seeing and feeling my ignorance, blindness, and unfitness for so great a work as to speak in the name of God, who fills vast immensity, whose ways are in the whirlwind, and his footsteps in the great deep. Oh! how my poor soul trembles at times for fear I am presumptuous in attempting to open my mouth to speak from the word of the Lord! I feel and seem at times as if I had not one spark of knowledge in the word of God. My soul cries out, “O Lord, I am but a child; I know not how to go out and how to come in; and can such a worm, and no man, feed thy people with knowledge and understanding? O Lord, send out thy light and thy truth, and let them lead me unto thy holy hill; leave not my soul destitute, for thou art the God of my salvation; open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.” And here my soul is kept from day to day; and I hope in a measure that the Lord does bless his word to the poor and needy. But, my dear friend, it is cutting, trying, and mortifying work to flesh and blood to be kept poor and needy; yet blessed moments when a supply comes to set all right; nothing then is out of its proper place. O that the dear Lord may ever keep you and me looking to him, hanging upon him, sheltering in him as the Rock in this weary land; for rest and peace are in him alone! O that we may have more of the mind of Christ in our souls, for who can harm us if we are followers of that which is good? and “if your ways please the Lord, he will make even your enemies to be at peace with you.” That the Lord may bless us is my soul’s prayer, and that he will keep us from all evil, that it may not grieve us.

Trowbridge.

J. W.

THE ROD OF THE COVENANT.

My dear Friend,—Grace and peace be multiplied unto you, from Jesus the Prince of Peace.

Your affectionate and sympathising letter came to hand on Thursday night, and I most heartily thank you for your kind remembrance of your affectionate brother and companion in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ. And verily such shall not be forgotten, but shall have their reward: “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me,” says our glorified Head.

Particulars I cannot write to you at this time, for my heart is a fountain of sorrow which God has sealed up from every man. I am compelled to dwell alone, because of the Lord’s hand; not that I sorrow as one without hope for myself or the dear deceased; no; eternal thanks be unto a covenant God in Jesus, although he has (to me) shaken the earth and made my life as a chased roe and as a sheep that no man can take up, yet his tender mercies constrain me to say that things remain with me that are not shaken.

You say the Lord tries the righteous. It is true, my dear friend, and there is no trial like this; for God's rebukes, though merciful, make "our beauty to consume away as a moth." "Surely the people is grass." The covenant and the rod God has laid up together; and why should a living man complain while passing under the rod, since it is our gracious Father's own way to bring us into the living enjoyment of the bond of the covenant?

It is a solemn thing, my dear friend, to be put into the balances of the sanctuary by God's own hand, while he himself interrogates the trembling soul with, "Lovest thou me more than these?" O what loss has been suffered here; and verily we are saved as by fire!

You say again, "It is the Lord!" My heart responds, "Amen! Blessed be his name!" for I know that judgment will return to righteousness, and am persuaded it will be my happy lot to follow it. I should love to let out unto you a little of the secret of my heart, but the well is deep, and, alas! I seem to have nothing to draw with; therefore wait, my brother, until he cause it to spring up; then we shall sing unto it.

I should be most happy to see you with my unknown, yet well known, friend; but you say you do not know how I am situated. I shall therefore inform you that the affliction, or disease, with which the Almighty has been pleased to visit us with is a fever—whether typhus or not I cannot say, as the doctor is not decided, but if not, he asserts it is equally infectious—and of which my dear partner died. Myself and two eldest children have had it, and my third is now very ill of it, and has been confined to her bed a month. The Lord in mercy restore her, if it be his blessed will! Another of my dear children is this afternoon very unwell. The Lord knows what it will terminate in. May he give me patience and submission, that after I have done his will I may receive the promise.

These are the outward circumstances, my dear friend, under which I am placed, but the inward must remain a secret, until the voice says, "Cry!" And now I must get me on the tower and watch, to see what he will say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reproved.

If you can see your way through this cloud to visit me, it will cheer my heart to see you any day next week. My love to all that are beloved of God.

I remain, your afflicted brother in great tribulation,

Walgrave, Sept. 13th, 1844.

J. N.

Lukewarmness is the best natural, but the worst spiritual temper a man can be in.—*John Mason.*

When Adam had eaten the forbidden fruit, he fled and hid himself from God. Why? Because he was naked; that is, he was alienated from the life of God, the due punishment of his disobedience. Now we are all by nature naked and void of God, as he was at that time, and consequently, till we are changed, and clothed upon by a divine nature again, we must fly from God also.—*Whitefield.*

“HE THANKED GOD AND TOOK COURAGE.”

Dear Sirs,—I have for some time past been thinking of writing to you, but writing is always a task to me; and another thing which has kept me from doing so is, that I have been afraid lest I should write what I had not experienced in my own soul. I have been for the last two years where the gospel is not preached as advocated in the “Standard,” and as we seldom know the value of our privileges until deprived of them, I knew not the real value of the “Gospel Standard” till I was deprived of the word preached. When I first came to reside in this part of the country, I wandered from place to place in search of truth, but in every place found poor food for a hungry soul; so returned home, sick at heart. But, ever blessed be the Lord, he will never suffer the soul of the righteous to famish; he can prepare a table in the wilderness. I am a witness to that; for when I have been seemingly in a famishing, disconsolate, and desponding state, I have taken up your magazine, and read there to the comfort of my desponding soul; for as face answereth to face in water, so the heart of man to man. I have been led to see some of the dear children of God as myself. I have been led to see I was in the footsteps of the flock, though but a feeble one. But the dear Lord will not despise the day of small things. I have found great comfort in reading the Extracts from Owen’s “Communion with God,” also the experience of J. R. Watts, of Hitchin.

Another thing which has induced me to write to you is this. I received a letter from a friend the other day, to whom I have lent the “Standards” for some months past, who has also reason to bless God that she ever read them. I will give it you in her own words: “Dear A—,—According to your wish, by the help of the Holy Spirit, I will now endeavour to give you a brief account of what I have recently experienced. You are aware I have been for several years a professor of Christianity, but never felt so much of the realities of true vital godliness and experimental religion as I have during the last three or four months. I was brought up, as you know, where Calvinistic principles are almost unknown, and totally untaught; and until the time I have already stated, I was perfectly satisfied with what I believed. But I trust the Holy Spirit has revealed to my mind things which before I was a stranger to. Reading your magazines has been greatly blessed to my soul. Often when I have been cast down I have read some experimental work there, and I have been enabled, by the Holy Spirit’s application, to see my evidence more clearly. Dear A—, it is quite unknown to you what has passed in my mind since you have lent me those books; neither can words be found to express my feelings. I have been at times almost ready to despair. I have tried to pray, but the heavens have been as brass, and my heart as cold and hard as an adamant stone. I have feared that I was a vessel of wrath, and that God had given me up to hardness of heart; and my having professed to love Christ only increased my misery here, and, I thought,

would surely increase my terror hereafter. I have thought I would give it all up. I would not pray (or attempt to do so) again. Truly the pains of hell gat hold upon me; I found trouble and sorrow. But, blessed be God, he has again revealed himself to my poor soul. On one occasion, when in a very desponding state, I read the 'Humility of God's People,' by Mr. Warburton, in the August Number, and I derived much comfort from, 'The Lord will not suffer the least, no, not the least, of his beloved children to perish; he loved them with an everlasting love; he has said, 'My sheep shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand.' There is one expression in that sermon which has led me to examine myself by the word of God. A man may be converted a thousand times from one thing to another, and yet not have conversion of soul and the new birth.' Who is sufficient for these things? Nothing short of the power of God. O may the grace and love of God reign and rule by the Holy Spirit in our hearts, leading us into all truth. My love to yourself, and I remain, Yours in the best of bonds, ——."

Dear Sirs, I hope you will excuse the great liberty that I have taken, but as you said in your Address to the Readers to edit such a publication as the "Standard" was by no means an easy or pleasant task, therefore I thought that if you knew that the blessing of God rested on its pages, it might encourage you in your undertaking; and that the God of all grace may still continue to bless you, is the prayer of,

Yours affectionately, though unworthy,

Near Stroud, Gloucestershire, Oct. 21st, 1851.

G. A. S.

OBITUARY.

MRS. FOOT, OF RAMSGATE.

In the 6th chapter of the Gospel of John, we read that when the Saviour of sinners caused a miraculous multiplication of the loaves and fishes to feed the multitude, he afterwards commanded his disciples to gather up the fragments, that nothing might be lost. Acting upon this principle, I have gathered together some of the proofs and evidences of the Lord's superabounding goodness towards the late Mrs. Susanna Foot, of Ramsgate, as manifested in the latter part of her life, and in her triumphant departure from this world of sin. She was a person that had made a profession of religion for some few years previous to her death, and possessed a tolerable knowledge of the doctrines of truth as revealed in the word of God. But, alas! in her case I see another striking instance of the worthlessness of a mere profession of religion, when the grand essential, "life," is wanting.

It was not until within about twelve months previous to her death that she was observed to manifest any particular concern about the salvation of her soul. At the time above named, her natural vivacity forsook her; she appeared gloomy and dejected. It was evident her spirit was oppressed, though by what, at the time, neither friends nor relations knew. All this time she was anxious to hear

the conversation of the Lord's people, and was greatly interested with several Obituaries published in the "Gospel Standard;" but as it respected herself, her lips were sealed; she said nothing, for fear, as she afterwards informed us, she should be acting the hypocrite in the sight of the Lord. However, the fire within continued to burn; and being taken ill with a bad cold, which terminated in a rapid consumption, her distress of mind was greatly increased. Being visited one evening by a sister, who knows the truth, she ventured for the first time to open her mouth, and give vent to the grief pent up in her heart. "You know," said she, "I have a knowledge of the doctrines of truth, but what does that avail me if I do not feel my interest in them? I see election plainly revealed in the inspired volume, but am I elected? I know there is a vast difference between seeing these things and feeling them, and I am afraid I do not feel them aright." With a countenance bespeaking the grief of her soul, she then added, "I feel myself to be so vile that I am afraid to hope, lest I should be presumptuously laying claim to those things which do not belong to me." Shortly after this, on one occasion her distress of mind increased to an alarming degree. In the bitterest anguish she cried out, "I feel sinking; my sins, like mountains, stand before me. What will become of me? I fear there is no hope. What will my end be?" After she had for a time endured this paroxysm of grief, the Lord was so far pleased to appear for her that her distress was considerably abated. This pleasing alteration was effected by the application of the following words to her soul: "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." (Isa. i. 18.) These words comforted her for the time being, but the power attending their application was not sufficient to thoroughly break the galling chains which sin and Satan had entwined around her soul.

She continued for some time after tossed backwards and forwards between hope and fear. On some occasions for a time her hope was bright and her prospects cheering, but more frequently she was greatly distressed. She was oftentimes sorely harassed with Satan's temptations, and her sins and transgressions repeatedly caused her to mourn and weep like one desolate and forlorn. Frequently would she exclaim, "O did I but know my sins were pardoned, I could welcome death this night! I feel fully weaned from the world; but I am so great a sinner that I am afraid the Lord will not have mercy upon one so vile as I."

● Two days previous to her death, her distress of mind increased to a fearful degree. The Lord's past dealings with her were so far hid from her sight that her mind seemed unable to lay hold of one encouraging circumstance; and when anything of a cheering tendency was suggested by the friends present, she put it away, believing the blessings and mercies spoken of could have no reference to her. Promises repeated and promises read all alike fell powerless on her ears. Despair was so visibly stamped upon her countenance that she was terrible to behold. "Here I am," said she, "upon the point of death, and I know not what will become of me. I am abandoned

by the Lord; in wrath he has forsaken me. He refuses to hear my cry. What shall I do? whither shall I flee?" Those present who knew the truth endeavoured to comfort her by speaking of the Lord's mercy and faithfulness to the poor, the despised and the out-cast, when driven from human hiding places and refuges of lies; but all that was said produced no effect; her grief continued unassuaged. It required the same divine hand that gave the wound to apply the remedy. The balm of Gilead is in the hands of the Physician of Israel, and he applies the life-giving panacea to the sin-sick sinner at the moment his infinite wisdom eternally ordained. "It is the Lord's work, and is marvellous in our eyes." In this instance, all praise to his name, when the appointed time arrived, the Lord was pleased to deliver the "prey from the hand of the spoiler, and strengthen the spoiled against the strong." (Amos v. 9.) All at once her distress was seen to abate, and immediately she exclaimed, "My Saviour and my God!" This was the first time she had been heard to use such appropriating language. Previous to this, when speaking of herself, she never advanced beyond a hope; but now she spoke with confidence of her interest in those things which contain all that a poor guilty sinner needs. With joy beaming on her countenance, (for her deliverance was visible,) she repeated the following:

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.
Naked come to thee for dress,
Helpless look to thee for grace;
Black I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

And the following:

"Yes, I to the end shall endure;
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
Are the glorified spirits in heaven."

She then added, "David said, when he passed through the valley of the shadow of death he would fear no evil; is this the valley? It is a bed of roses to me; my sins are all gone. I have no fear of death; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." (Ps. xxiii. 4.) My Saviour has come, and he has brought me into the banqueting house, and his banner over me is love." (Song of Sol. ii. 4.) Her soul was full of the Lord's Christ, and her invigorating conversation raised the drooping spirits of her friends and relations present. In conversation, alluding to the friends who meet together for spiritual worship, she said, "I have for some time past been with you in spirit, though I could not be bodily present; and I have earnestly entreated the Lord to be with you, and bless you with the manifestations of his love." She continued for some time conversing in the same heavenly strain of mind, and then, in an animated strain, repeated the following lines:

"The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view."

And the following :

“There is a fountain fill'd with blood;
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.”

Her great exertion in speaking of the Lord's goodness and mercy towards her quite overpowered her exhausted frame; her voice faltered, and then entirely failed. To all appearance her sun was fast setting, in order to rise more refulgent in eternal day. Her death was momentarily expected; and all present thought her voice would never more be heard on this side the promised land; but, to our astonishment, she again revived; her speech was restored and her mouth opened, to praise and glorify the Father of all her mercies. She called her sister to the bed-side, and said, “I wanted to tell you before, but could not, I had not strength. Three times the Lord said to me, ‘Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, I have a reward for you!’” She then added, “The Lord is very merciful to me, and I shall assist you to sing a hymn before I depart.” Shortly afterwards, she commenced singing the following lines :

“Happy the heart where graces reign,
 Where love inspires the breast;
 Love is the brightest of the train,
 And perfects all the rest.”

To a Christian friend who was present, she said, “All our graces come from the Lord, and they flow back to him again, but they must first come from him.” Her husband being present, weeping, she exhorted him not to weep; “for,” said she, “there is more cause for joy than sorrow.” He replied, “It is not all sorrow, for it affords me great pleasure to witness the effects of the Lord's goodness manifested unto you.”

She continued for some time to converse with all present about the glorious prospect she had in view. She crowned Jesus Lord of All, and depreciated self in all its bearings. The Saviour of sinners was so precious to her soul, that she was quite at a loss for language to set forth his felt excellency and worth. She realized the precious contents of the following lines, which she repeated with great feeling :

“His grace shall to the end
 Stronger and brighter shine;
 Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Shall quench the spark divine.”

Nature again sank exhausted under the accumulated weight of an inveterate disease. She seemed sensible her departure was approaching; still she manifested no fear at the advance of the king of terrors; indeed, she welcomed him as the stepping-stone to the mansions of everlasting bliss. From the time of her deliverance to the moment of her decease, no cloud was seen to rest on her brow; her mind was serene, her countenance cheerful, and every feature placid. We now observed the eye, which was once animated.

to grow dim; the film was gathering, the silver cord was loosed, the wheel was broken at the cistern, the appointed and longed-for moment was arrived, and the Lord, in mercy, without a struggle or a sigh, took her home to himself, January 30th, 1851, in the 38th year of her age. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Amen.

Ramsgate, February, 1851.

W. S.

POETRY.

A NEW YEAR'S MEDITATION.

Another year has run its round,
And fled, for ever fled away;
Come sing, my soul, in solemn sound,
And mingle, too, the joyful lay.

Sing the long-suffering of the Lord,
And his amazing acts of grace;
Attuned be every golden chord,
To celebrate Jehovah's praise.

Thousands have left this sinful world
Since the last year began its course;
Thousands have been to Tophet hurl'd.
To drink an everlasting curse.

But thou (tho' vile as they) art spared,
Spared as a monument of grace;
And hast of mercy largely shared,
And in the smiles of Jesus' face.

Think of thy numerous crimes, & then
View the rich mercy of thy Lord
In saving thee from misery, when
That which he took not he restored.

When he the holy law fulfill'd,
And honour'd every precept well;
Perform'd whate'er the Father will'd,
And saved thee from the depths of hell.

His great long-suffering favour see,
In bearing with thy crooked ways.

Matfield Green.

'Tis all of grace, my soul, for he
Has form'd thee for his lasting praise.

Thro' sins, temptations, storms, & foes,
He's guided thee with matchless skill;
And each unnumber'd blessing shows
He does his promises fulfil.

O Lord, forgive my unbelief,
And pardon every doubt and fear;
Let thy strong arm bring me relief,
And thy free love divinely cheer.

As fleeting days and years increase,
May I in faith and knowledge grow;
Grow in thy holy way of peace,
And more of thy salvation know.

Arm me for conflict with my foes,
With helmet, breast-plate, shoes, and
sword.

O may I every lust oppose,
And trust thy ever-precious word!

O may I daily pray indeed,
And watch with perseverance too!
And in my every time of need
Rely on what thy power can do.

Thus, Lord, I sum up my request,
And unto thee commit my way;
Blessing, do make me truly blest
In time and in eternal day.

R. S.

As touching the providences of God, observe them, and submit to them. Look not on them as empty things; the least may yield you instruction, as also the most unlikely. "Out of the eater comes forth meat, and out of the strong sweetness;" (Judges xiv. 14;) though the thing be a riddle to a heart uncircumcised, plough with his heifer, and ye shall find it. Neither look on them as things impertinent; but say rather, "Is there not a cause," though I see it not? The Lord does nothing in vain. Neither yet look on them as things contingent; a sparrow falls not without his will, and "the hairs of your head are all numbered." (Matt. x. 29, 30.) "David was dumb, and opened not his mouth;" why? "Because thou, Lord, didst it; (Ps. xxxix. 9;) and Shimei's cursing he bears patiently on the same account, "The Lord hath bidden him."—*Elisha Coles.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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THE SAINT'S REAL SERVICE, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE HOLY GHOST.

BY JOHN RUSK.

"If any man serve me, him will my Father honour."—John xii. 26.

There is much talked of in the present day, as there has ever been by hypocrites, of serving God; but two things will comprise the whole of their service; the first is, the moving of the body, which Paul calls bodily exercise, and the other talking; as God says, "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouths, and honoureth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me;" and therefore "in vain do they worship me."

Now what I aim at in this discourse is,

I. To show how incapable we are by nature to serve God.

II. What we must receive from him to make our service acceptable.

III. That this service, whatever it is, is confined to God's elect. And,

IV. We will treat of the honour: "If any man serve me, him will my Father honour."

I. By nature we are all incapable of serving God. Now what would you think of a person offering to come and serve you, if you were a person of property, when this man was stone blind, lame, deaf, filthy, and, to crown all, hated you with perfect hatred? Why, say you, I should think such a one out of his mind. Yes, but would you not be more astonished if he were to boast of his sight, his strength, his hearing, his cleanliness, and tell you how he loved you? Now, as it is literally, so it is spiritually; and this you may see in the Revelation: "Because thou sayest I am rich, and in-

creased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." (Rev. iii. 17.) Now more particularly.

1. We are *stone blind*. This you may see in Isa. lx: 2: "For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people." But, say you, is it possible that such people can boast of their sight? Yes; they said to Christ, "Are we blind also?" But, said he, "Because ye say, We see, therefore your sin remaineth." Now these people were so blinded by the devil that they condemned Jesus for working a miracle on the Sabbath day; and the moral law, that they were so strenuous for, that expressly says, "Thou shalt do no murder," they thought they kept, and yet they murdered the saints; they likewise thought that they thereby served God; as Christ says, "The time cometh when whosoever killeth you will think he doeth God service."

2. They are *lame*. But it may be asked, What is a lame person? Why there are six things that a child of God is supposed to walk in,—In love; by faith; in peace, which is wisdom's ways; in truth, as John says of his children; in the light; and in Christ, who is the Way. Now, if this be real walking, then what is a lame person? Why, I do not think it is the reverse of all these, because such a one, though lame, is hobbling on—that is, a sensible sinner; but I think it is these six things counterfeited by the devil,—a feigned faith, such believe for a while; a dissembled love; a false peace, as you read, they said they should have peace, and yet walked in the imaginations of their evil hearts; and as for the truth, they held it in unrighteousness; the light that was in them was darkness. Now, I think such are lame in the same sense as you read in Lev. xxi. 18—21, where the lame is commanded not to offer the bread of his God. Then service from such lame ones is refused. But, say you, did they ever attempt such service after God had so expressly commanded them not? Yes, you read plenty of it in the prophet Malachi; and not only were they lame that offered the sacrifice, but they even brought the worst they could get; for, says the prophet, "Ye brought forth that which was torn, the lame, and the sick; thus ye brought an offering. Should I accept this at your hands? saith the Lord." Now, says God, "A servant honoureth his master; but if I be a master, where is my fear?" and then he tells them they are cursed with a curse, &c.

But 3. Another branch of inability to serve God is, they are *deaf*; as Isaiah says, "Their ears are dull of hearing." Now, if you would wish to have a great deal in a little respecting this deaf servant, you may take it as follows, namely, a wilful resisting of the Spirit's work, as you may see in Stephen's account: "Ye uncircumcised in heart, and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost." The same when Paul told his experience; "Away," said they, "with such a fellow from the earth;" and the same when Christ preached up election to them; they were going to break his neck. But you may say, Did these people think they served God? Yes, and called themselves priests; as you read also in Malachi: "And

now, O ye priests, this commandment is for you;" and then you have it: "If ye will not hear," &c.

4. The fourth branch of inability to serve God is, they are *filthy*; and this filthiness consists in purity. I know you will stare, but take it from the Proverbs of Solomon, where he says, "There is a generation, pure in their own eyes, but are not washed from their filthiness." And this is one of the most awful states out of hell. "Stand by thyself, come not near to me, I am holier than thou." And another says, "Thank God, I am not as other men." Why, God says one man's heart answers to another's. No, says this pharisee, "neither am I like this publican."

5. Once more upon this part of inability, namely, *enmity*, or *hatred*. The Jews all boasted that God was their Father, yet Christ told them that they had seen and hated both him and his Father; and how people could think that they obeyed God's commands in his holy law, which requires nothing but love, when they hated God, his dear Son, and all his followers, is a wonder; but so it was, for Satan reigned and ruled in them, as Christ said, "Ye are of your father the devil, and his works ye do."

II. Having just hinted at the inability to serve God by nature, I shall pass on to a more pleasing part of our subject, namely, what we must receive from him to make our service acceptable. Now, do not misunderstand me. I do not mean that we are to receive anything from him to add to anything we have; no; for I believe with all my soul that there is as much in Satan as there is in any man living by nature; but my meaning is, that this work that God does in our hearts is pleasing and acceptable to him; and, as such, our service, or everything in us that serves God, first comes from him.

1. The first thing I shall mention is *making us willing*. (I shall keep on still showing the inability.) By nature we are unwilling; as you read, "Son, go, work to-day in my vineyard." "I go, Sir." He was a free-will monger, "but he went not." He said to the other, "Do thou go;" but he answered in the true language of his wicked heart, "I will not." You read of others who said, "We will not have this man to reign over us." Now here we all are; and even if we could work ourselves up into a willingness, what does the Scripture say then? Why, that "it is not of him that willeth." Say you, "That is hard." Yes, but if you were made willing to serve God, you would not say so. Joshua had some of these free-willers to deal with; for when he said, "Choose you this day whom you will serve," said they, "We will serve the Lord." But, replied Joshua, "You cannot serve the Lord, for he is a jealous God," &c. (Josh. xxiv. 19, &c.) But then, another question naturally arises, which is this; seeing by nature we are unwilling, and that free will is rejected, where do we get this will from? Why, you have it in Psalm ex. 3. It is a promise of the Father to his Son, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." But then it may be asked, "What is it to be made willing?" Nothing will help you better on this head

than turning over in your thoughts the various difficulties you have come through. Election is a thing we hate by nature. Are you brought from your heart cordially to embrace it? If you say, Yes, what do you think of giving up your choosing God for his choosing you? O, say you, if I were but sure of that, I would not care what I suffered. Again, what do you think of an imputed righteousness, and parting with your own, esteeming it but dung and dross? Again; can you submit to divine revelation, or are you kicking at it to this day? Again; when you hear of mystically feeding on Christ, do you say it is a hard saying? or is his name precious to you? Again; have you ever with Moses been brought to choose affliction with the people of God? What do you think of the despised Nazarene, of a daily cross, of living by faith, of parting with father, mother, houses, land, and even your own life, and being despised, set at nought, looked upon as the off-scouring of all things, parting with the religion of your forefathers, with all forms and ceremonies, of being stripped of all your good performances, and having nothing but beggary before your eyes if you persist, and plenty if you turn your back upon Christ? Do you think you could leave all for him? Say you, "I have found some small things that you have mentioned, in my little way, and have found my heart heave at the trial. But every little visit the Lord has paid me, for that time I have thought I could lose all for him; but afterwards the cross has been heavy. Still, upon the whole, thanks be to God, I think my will is inclined with Rebecca to go with this man." If this be your experience, I must say, so far you are made willing; and though you may have many trials to wade through, yet remember, the promise is, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." Now, when we come here, it is called serving God with a willing mind; and this comes from the Holy Ghost, for he is called the Spirit of power, and it is in the day of God's power that we are made willing.

Having shown the first branch of real service, I pass on to the second, which is,

2. *Putting his fear in our hearts*, that we might not depart from him. But what are we by nature? Why, we have no fear of God before our eyes. Now this fear is a filial one, for a slavish fear of God wicked men have, as you may see in the Egyptians when God troubled them. They said, "Let us flee, for God fighteth for Israel against the Egyptians." And we read of fearfulness surprising the hypocrites, and also of a fearful looking for of judgment, &c. But I think it means that the wicked have no *filial* fear of God before their eyes.

But how shall I know whether I have the real fear of God? In answer to this question, I think the first rise of it is in considering our latter end. We have a discovery of our lost and undone state, and we are taught by the blessed Spirit that there will be a day of reckoning. We are taught that God is just as well as merciful; and as mercy at this time seems hid from us, and being enlightened more and more to see our own sins and the holiness of God in his

righteous law, our hearts sink at such consideration. Now, though this is hard work, yet it ends well; for it is "a prudent man that foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself, but the wicked pass on and are punished." This passing on is dreadful. According to Scripture this then is the fear of God; for Solomon says, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and to be wise is to consider our latter end.

But again. To have the fear of God is to be led for refuge to Christ Jesus; and, in general, it is a work of time, before we can venture our eternal all upon him. This is owing to a legal spirit; for though we hear of the suitability of Jesus, his willingness, his ability, the many that have been saved, the accounts in Scripture of his saving to the uttermost such as Manasseh, Mary Magdalene, Paul, &c., yet our judgment runs one way and our hearts another; our head being at Sion and our heart at Sinai. Nevertheless, what little faith we have will work its way, till at last, sink or swim, we venture on him. But after this he withdraws; now Satan says we have presumed, and we think we will not attempt such a thing again; but the least sounding of his bowels towards us makes us move out of our holes; and thus we go up and down for a long time before we are established. Now, all this motion is the fear of God. Hence the Scripture says, "Noah, being moved with fear, prepared an ark," &c. This ark is Christ, and the reason it is called preparing is because we cannot find shelter in him, so as to enjoy it, for a long time. There is many a groan, sigh, confession, reading of books, asking one another questions, hearing the word preached, &c., before we get at it; and as to have Christ is our aim, I think this may be called preparing the ark. But mind, Noah was moved with fear.

But again. We now come into a different way of living. We forsake our old companions, and the gains and pleasures of this miserable world. We can no longer be at home in the flesh as we used to be. We are now of the number of them that walk not in the counsel of the ungodly, &c. Holiness is what we are looking after, only we are so long before we can find where it is. We look to ourselves, but Jesus is "made of God to us sanctification." Now, all this is the fear of God; as you read, "The fear of the Lord is to hate evil, and depart from it."

Once more on this head, and that is, when we have been some time in the school of Christ, we find our faith strong, and he that believes has everlasting life; our love strong, God having circumcised our hearts to love him that we may live; we abound in hope, which is a lively hope; we have continual access to a Saviour's blood, and thus drink it and live; we are enabled to hold fast an imputed righteousness, which is justification unto life; the living God, Father, Son, and Spirit, we are enabled in humility to claim as our covenant God. Solomon says, "The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life." Thus I think I have given a little Scriptural and experimental description of the fear of the Lord, which no hypocrite ever had; and this is serving God, agreeably to our text, and as you read in the Psalms, "Serve the Lord with fear." For, says Christ, "if any

man serve me, him will my Father honour," which brings me to the third branch of service, namely,

3. *Cleaving to the Lord.* Now, it is a long time before we can believe that we really cleave to the Lord, though others may see that we do. If I cleave to a person, there must be some love to that person, for I shall never cleave to one my soul hates. The way that this is first brought about, I think, is this. A man shall go to hear the word, and it shall be attended with a softening, sweet, and comfortable power to his heart. The man is delighted, and his heart so goes after that preacher, that he could almost lose his life for him; yet ask him if he is convinced of sin, of righteousness, or of judgment, he does not know very likely what you mean. Well, it is often the case that, after a while, this sweetness wears off, and the person that had it does not seem so zealous, he thinks, as he used to be. He goes Sunday after Sunday, and in the week, to hear the word, but in general his complaints are, "I am so dead, so lifeless, so careless, so carnal, so worldly. I once thought how diligent I would be in God's ways, and what a progress I would make; but, alas! I fear all is wrong. I never had a law work. I am like the wayside hearers. I have received the word with joy. O I wish I was right! I would not mind if I went ever so deep into trouble to be right at last." But a question may be asked here, which is this: What is the difference between a wayside hearer and such a one as you have been speaking of? A great deal; I say a great deal; for the wayside hearer springs up to the highest attainments in a short time. Watch him, and you will not find him fearing all is not right; but the other is soon damped, and soon robbed of his little joy. Again. The wayside hearer will hate the light; he will not like to be searched, but the other will. You cannot offend the hypocrite more than to suspect him, and you cannot offend the other more than to think well of him, he is so afraid of being built up before God's time. Lastly. The saint will cleave to them of the deepest experience, even if they reprove or rebuke him ever so sharply, or tell him he is wrong, that they think he is deluded, &c.; and if Providence runs against the experimental saint, yet this one will cleave to him, as Ruth did to her mother-in-law; for it is said, "Ruth clave to her;" but Orpah was a wayside hearer. It will do with such, as Bishop Bunyan says, when religion goes in silver slippers; but, it says, "Orpah kissed her mother" and departed. You may see this cleaving in those people called companions in the Hebrews. Thus there is a difference in the two characters.

Now, this cleaving will discover itself in various ways. The person that has it may find hard thoughts of the preacher, and think he is too narrow-eyed to them he believes to be friends; he will mutter it out; but let an enemy say half so much, and he is fit to strike him. Again. If any man speaks lightly of the truth, he is touched; or of the name of Christ, he feels himself injured. He loves the Scriptures, though he cannot understand much of them. He loves prayer, though he often thinks he never prayed aright, yet he cannot wholly drop it. He cleaves, at times, to all these things.

Though, as he pursues the heavenly road, he meets with much opposition, yet every distant view of Christ ravishes his heart, and his language is, "I am sick of love;" by which he means he is afraid he is an injured lover; but not so. We can never be first in this; for Christ loves them that love him, and his love is from everlasting, if you can tell when everlasting began. Thus he cleaves to the Lord; and this is real service, and is accepted.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS OF A PILGRIM.—III.

Dear and faithful Friends, for such I esteem you,—I hope you will pardon me for troubling you so often. I am not able to get out at present, but hope my dear indulgent Lord will enable me to get out a little when the weather gets warmer. Dear friends, I return you my sincere thanks for all the great kindness and faithfulness you have shown to me. I do desire to bless and praise my dear Lord for raising you up to comfort me in my affliction. I have no other friend that I can trust in this Meshech where I dwell. I do trust Israel's God will repay you. Although the precious manifestations of his love, which, I trust, he has favoured me with, are so often hid under clouds of darkness, yet, ever adored be his dear name, he does not leave me in these solitary and trackless places to sink, but often comes to my relief, and sweetly whispers, "Fear not; I am still thy God." "I will surely do thee good." And, O infinite love, infinite condescension, wondrous grace indeed! He sometimes shows me that I am safely sheltered under his blood and righteousness! Sweet shelter there! He causes his dear people to pass safe through every storm, and shout, "Victory, through the blood of the Lamb?" O, dear friends, when I get on these spots, I feel as if I should never be moved, and as if I could

"Tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great."

When I get a sip of these living waters, they greatly refresh and cheer my poor longing soul, when fighting under the dark valley of conflict where I so often get.

Dear friends, I feel as if I could tell you more of the dear Lord's dealings with me, but I have not time now.

I now conclude, with my sincere love to you, and thanks for your great kindness to me. May the dear Lord shine upon your path; may he bless you and your dear family in providence and in grace. This, I can truly say, is the sincere prayer of a poor pensioner, hanging upon Jesus, and looking to him for every supply spiritual and temporal.

Kettering.

ELIZABETH CLARKE.

[In our February Number, 1851, will be found two letters by the poor old woman (now gone home) whose tottering hand penned the above simple lines.—Ed.]

"HITHERTO HATH THE LORD HELPED ME."

(Continued from page 20.)

I was much exercised about joining the church. I had a very great desire to do so, and hearing the 428th Hymn given out at chapel, commencing,

"Humble souls, who seek salvation,"

it increased my desire, nor did it leave me till I was baptized. All I wanted was to have some plain manifestation from the Lord, for I did not wish to presume or be deceived. This was often the breathing of my soul, "O that I may not be deceived; but, Lord, if I am thine, I wish to follow thee in the ordinance of baptism!" And the words were often brought to my mind with power and sweetness, "The Lord is on my side!" Well, I thought, if the Lord is on my side, I must be his, and he my God. Yet I dared not presume without something more than this. I was much led out to the Lord, entreating him, if he were on my side, that he would give me some plain token, so that I might not be deceived, and might be baptized. For some weeks this was my continual cry. At the set time he heard and delivered me, and set my soul at liberty. As I was busy engaged with my daily employment, (the spot I shall never forget,) these words were brought with power and much sweetness, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, for I have loved thee with an everlasting love." O the joy I felt! My heart was filled with the love of God, and tears flowed apace. Yes, such were my feelings, that I felt, as I stood in the dear Lord Jesus, as perfect and as pure as he himself, and I thought if all the world said it was not from the Lord I never could believe it. O no; I had the blessed witness within now. I was satisfied I was saved for ever, and nothing could ever harm me. I told the friends what great things the Lord had done for me, and I believe they did rejoice with me. There were a few words said about baptizing, which I was very glad to hear, and told the friends it was my wish. So it was settled I should come before the church and give in my experience. But before I went before the church, the enemy came in like a flood, and tried hard to drown me in despair. Thus he began: "Now you have committed the unpardonable sin, and you are past mercy. The words you had brought to your mind were not from the Lord; no; you took them yourself, or I applied them, just that you might creep into the church." And I really feared it was true. This made me search the word of God and cry for mercy; and as I was reading one day, my eyes were fixed on these words, "O full of all subtlety and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?" (Acts xiii. 10.) "Now," said the devil, "this is from the Lord. You know it is the work of the Spirit to take of the things of Jesus, and show them to sinners; but this is the very work you have done yourself, and it is called the unpardonable sin; so that there can be no mercy. O no! Now if you had waited, and not been in such a hurry to have crept

into the church, the Lord might peradventure have saved you, but now you are lost for ever." "O," I said, "what a fool I must have been!" and then these words would come like thunder: "Be not deceived, for God is not mocked." This led me to cry day and night, "O that the Lord would have mercy upon me;" and if the words that were brought to my mind were not from him, I was deceived, for I believed at the time they were from him. But one time, when pouring out my heart to the Lord and earnestly entreating for mercy in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ, while I was thus pleading, I found I was in a sweat. "O," I thought, "if my sins are such a weight to bring me into such a state, O what must have been the weight that fell upon the Lord when he bore the sins of the whole elect!" I was then led to see him in the garden, and to see his sweats were not as mine; no; but drops of blood. My feelings I could not well describe. This seemed to give me a little ease; yet my burden was not gone, and I ventured to open my mind to some of the friends, and told them the words I had had brought to my mind, but that I was afraid I had deceived them and myself. "Ah!" one of them said, "it is a temptation from the devil; he knows which is the tenderest part." And then my friend began to ask me what I felt when my deliverance came, if I did not believe it was from the Lord. "Yes," I said, "I did at the time." "Well, it is not your wish to deceive us or yourself?" said my friend. "No," I said, "I would rather suffer anything than be deceived, and I know I cannot deceive God." This conversation I found good, and I went home, and fell upon my knees, and said, "O Lord God Almighty, I know I cannot deceive thee, nor do I wish to deceive any one. No, Lord; and if I am deceived, O do undeceive me, for I would rather suffer anything, Lord, than be deceived." And all my desire was before the Lord. After this, my mind was more calm, and I did hope the Lord was on my side.

The day was fixed that I should go before the church and give in my experience. I was much tried the whole week before I was to go, which was on the next Lord's Day. I got up in the morning, and felt it was of no use for me to think of going, for if I did I should not be received; so I dressed, and went to a young friend's house, and told her I could not go. She talked for some time, and then repeated the 376th Hymn, beginning thus:

"Lord, I cannot let thee go
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face;
Mine's an urgent, pressing case."

Well, at last I was willing to go, trusting in the Lord to help me. After service was over, I was called upon to speak, but I felt so full of darkness and confusion, that I thought I could not open my mouth, but I was enabled to do so; and after it was over I felt assured that what I had said was of the Lord, and was satisfied in my soul that I was a chosen vessel of mercy. I was received with much warmth and affection, and one of the friends said to me, in giving me his hand, "Well, I can say, 'Come in, thou blessed of the Lord,' to

you." I was waiting for baptism, but we had no stated minister at this time; so that once or twice when the time was fixed for it, something occurred that prevented it. One time when the day was fixed, I had a letter in the morning at eight o'clock to say I must leave C— by the twelve o'clock train for R—; and so all our plans were frustrated, but I was quite composed, and felt it would be all right in the Lord's time. The time was fixed again to be on the next Lord's Day after my return. At the appointed time I left the house, with a feeling that I could not be satisfied in my own mind, and I said, "O Lord, I do not want to mock thee in this ordinance; if it is not of thee, prevent it even when I am at the water." My brother and his friend were present. I found when I was by the water that I should not have been ashamed if there had been thousands of people there. O no; I was not ashamed to follow the dear Lord in his ordinance. Never will that time be altogether forgotten. As I stepped down into the water, it seemed too much for me, and I said, "Dear Jesus!" O yes, I thought, he was bathed in floods of wrath. Yes, I was led to see a little of his sufferings. In the afternoon, the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered, and I found it good. "O," I said, "and was thy dear body broken to pieces, and thy precious blood shed for me?" Yes, I believed it was. At the close, this hymn was sung:

"Lord, hast thou made me know thy ways?

Conduct me in thy fear;
And grant me such supplies of grace,
That I may persevere.

"Let but thy own almighty arm
Sustain a feeble worm;
I shall escape secure from harm
Amid the dreadful storm.

"Be thou my all-sufficient Friend
Till all my trials cease;
Guard me through life, and let my end
Be everlasting peace."

This hymn I found very sweet and suitable, and in it was my very desire.

At the close of this day I expected to find things not very pleasant when I got home, and I thought something would go wrong with my mistress; but it was not so; for she met me at the door, and asked me if I was not cold. I said, "No." She was in a good humour, and fetched me a glass of wine. O how this made me to see the goodness of the Lord; it melted me down to nothing at his dear feet! I went to bed, and had a comfortable night; and when I awoke in the morning, I felt a wish to die rather than go amongst the world again. Yet "not my will but thine be done," was my desire. I felt I was willing to die. I had often wished that I might live to once partake of this ordinance. This was now done, and I felt that there was nothing else that I wished to live for.

I went on my way rejoicing for some time, but as I was naturally of a light and cheerful disposition, I was sometimes caught joining

my fellow-servants in vain and trifling conversation. This was a sore trial, and often have I felt so ashamed of this conduct, that I could not approach the Lord for some time. But I could not go on long in this way, and was obliged to venture once more; and sometimes, when I have been confessing my sins, and telling the dear Lord that I could go nowhere else, for he alone had the words of eternal life, he has sweetly drawn me; and then my heart could again run and not be weary, and I could say,

“ He meets me with a kiss
 And with a smiling face;
 I taste the dear enchanting bliss,
 And wonder at his grace.
 “ The world now drops its charms;
 My idols all depart;
 Soon as I reach my Saviour's arms,
 I give him all my heart.
 “ A soft and tender sigh
 Now heaves my hallow'd breast;
 I long to lay me down and die,
 And find eternal rest.”

After such pardoning love and mercy have been manifested to my soul, truly I have desired that the dear Lord would take me to his dear self, so that I might never sin against him again. I often asked the Lord to remove me away from service, so that I might not meet with the temptations I then had. I said, “ Lord, I know thou canst not err. Thou knowest what is best for me, and if thou seest fit, thou canst remove me. And, Lord, do not grant me anything that I want but what shall be for thy glory; and do keep me from doing anything of myself, but guide my every step.” And I have felt a sweet willingness to continue in my situation till he should see fit to remove me, as I believed he would. Some months passed away, when one day my mistress told me it was likely they would go to India, and if they did, would I go with them, as she wished to take the little boy with her for two years, and then she would send him back with me. But I said at once, “ No; I could not give up my privileges of hearing the truth preached, and be separated from the Lord's people.” When she found I would not go, she asked me if I would stop with the child if she left him with her friends. I said I would. The time was now fixed for their departure. The family the little boy was to be placed with was, I believed, a very nice one, and, of course, only having the little boy to attend to, it was likely to be very comfortable. Now I was much pleased, for I did believe the Lord was answering my prayer. Though this was still being in service, yet I had nothing to do with the other servants, and had rooms to myself, with the little boy, and everything to make me comfortable. Now I thought I would serve the Lord better than I did before, as I should have so much more time. I went to my new abode in September, 1849, and for some time I went on pretty comfortably, and could say,

“ My hopes and fears alternate rise,
 And comforts mingle with my sighs.”

My path now being pretty smooth, I found I had not many earnest desires going out to the Lord, as in past days. It is true, I felt it a duty as well as a privilege to offer up a thank-offering for the Lord's care and preserving mercy over me during the day; but often my face was covered with shame and confusion. I felt that I had no power to pray, and my mouth was often stopped, so that I dared not open it, but went to bed with a heavy heart. At other times I uttered words and had but little feeling. Then I have felt this was nothing but a solemn mockery, and have been on my knees for hours, entreating the Lord that he would not suffer me to mock him, and I thought I would not get off my knees till he appeared; so that I have been in this position for some hours, and sometimes have dropped off to sleep. One time I remember I did so, and when I awoke my jaws were fixed, so that I could not open my mouth for some time; and then came in my accuser, the devil: "Does this not prove it was a solemn mockery? for if you had been in real earnest about the things you have been telling the Lord, could you go to sleep? No," he said, "it could not be so." But notwithstanding these accusations, the words of the dear Lord to his disciples, "The spirit truly is ready, but the flesh is weak," (Mark xiv. 38,) were some little comfort to me. Thus I went on for a long time, sometimes hoping, and often in much fear.

It was the rule of the family to have their form of prayer night and morning. At night the doors were all fastened before they assembled, which was at ten o'clock; and if any of the servants were out at this time, they had to wait outside the doors till their prayers were over. Sometimes when I got out and met with some of the Lord's people, I forgot how the time was going, and once or twice I was locked out. It so happened one night that I went out without asking leave, when I met a young female friend, who was my only companion, and one I was very much attached to. We got into conversation, and time passed on, till I found the time was up, and the clock had struck ten, and I felt sure I should be locked out. I felt as sure of it in my own mind as that I was then walking. However, to my astonishment, when I got there I found the door open; and just as I got inside the door, my bell rang. I took off my things, and when I got up stairs, I found my new mistress with the little boy, who had been just taken ill. My heart was so melted down at the Lord's goodness, that I scarcely knew what I was doing; for I believed it was of the Lord, that even the lock could not be turned till the Lord saw fit, and the child only taken ill just as I came in. I went in the strength of this many days. After this, these words were brought to my mind with power, "Set thy house in order, for thou shalt surely die, and not live." And again: "Prepare to meet thy God!" Now, as I was not very strong and healthy, I thought I was going to die; and as I was pretty comfortable in my mind, I had no fear of death. I set to work to get a few things in order which I had to do, and was very busy, and had a sweet hope that I should soon be with the Lord. But the Lord's thoughts were not as mine. No; I did not meet God in heaven, as I thought I should,

but at his judgment bar. Nor was it the death that I expected to find. I found that my house was not set in order, but was all out of order.

In March, 1850, I had a very singular dream. I thought I was in bed with a young person; and as I lay in bed, I thought I saw the devil peeping through the door, as I thought the top part of the door was glass. I began to tremble, for I thought now he would be sure to have us; and then I heard him come with the greatest force against the door, and I thought I heard his chain rattle against the door as plain as ever I heard anything in my life, and it was with such force that I thought he had smashed it. Here I lay trembling. All at once I said to the young person that was in bed with me, "Why, the devil is chained for a thousand years!" As I spoke it, these words sounded in my ears twice, "Precious blood of Christ!" The words were no sooner spoken, than my fear was gone, and I was assured he could not destroy us. Then I thought I saw him fetch a quantity of red hot irons, and throw them at us, but none came near us; and when I awoke, behold it was a dream. However, it made me rise before my usual time, to pour out my desires before the Lord. It was that I might feel that precious blood applied to my heart and conscience in reality, as I had it in my dream, and I found it good.

After this, as I was talking to one of the servants, we got into conversation about the Catholics, and my fellow-servant said it was thought they would reign again. O, I thought, what a mercy it would be to have a God to go to! After I left her, I went into my own room, and fell upon my knees, and felt it a mercy to have a God to go to. Then I was sweetly led, and had such a view of the Three Persons as I never had before. I entreated the Lord to keep me if such days came in my time, and desired that he would keep all his people, that they might be more united together in love while in this wilderness below.

After this, I had many doubts and fears whether I was really a child of God, and whether my religion was of that sort that would stand the trying day that was expected by many. This led me to cry in secret to the Lord very much; yea, night and day, that he would give me some sure token of this, by manifesting his pardoning love and mercy once more to my guilty soul. But it appeared to me that the more I cried, the darker I got; yet day and night I was compelled to cry, "O Lord, do appear once more! O Lord, once more!" In this way I went on, labouring for life, and nothing appeared but death and destruction, and truly my soul did cry out, and say with the hymn,—

"When my dear Jesus hides his smiling face,
Nor lets me feel the unction of his grace,
I feel my loss, nor can my spirit rest
Till with his lovely presence I am blest.

"I mourn like one bereft of home and friend,
And often wonder where the scene will end;
Tortured with anxious care without repose,
I feel as one immersed in gloomy woes.

“The means of grace afford no sweet relief,
 But often tend to aggravate my grief;
 I cannot rest without my resting place.
 Sweet Jesus, come, and let me thee embrace.”

And truly I could say that the means of grace often tended to aggravate my grief; for whenever I had an encouraging sermon, the devil would come in and rob me, and would say I never came in at the door, but climbed over the wall; and that, notwithstanding that I had feelings something like a child of God, yet I did not know the secret of the Lord. This made me cry more earnestly, “O Lord, if I am deceived, do undeceive me, and teach me by thy Holy Spirit. O Lord, search me and try me, and lead me in the way everlasting.” Nor do I think ever any poor soul had acuter feelings of being deceived than I had; and here the devil took a great advantage of my weakness. In this way I went on for about two or three months, but what to do or where to go I knew not. I read the Bible daily, but everything appeared to be against me. As I was reading one day, I came to these words, “Therefore also now, saith the Lord, turn ye even to me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning; and rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God; for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil” (Joel ii. 12, 13.) This was precious indeed to my distressed mind. I was encouraged again to hope, and I never, felt the value of the word of God, I believe, so much as at this time. I well remember telling my young friend that I believed I was the vilest creature on the earth, for I believed there was no sin that I had not committed in thought, word, or deed; but notwithstanding this, I believed the Lord would pardon me, from the comfort I had received, and I was much encouraged for some time. But, alas! my fears began to rise again, and lower and lower I sank every day, till I thought sink in utter despair I must; and one morning I awoke, I think it was about three o’clock, and I felt to be on the very borders of hell. I threw off the clothes, and I said, “And must this body burn in hell for ever?” O the horror and distress of my mind I cannot describe! No more sleep for me. O no; the minutes seemed hours, and the hours days. Every one looked at me with an eye of pity. I could not eat, drink, or sleep, so that I soon began to look a complete object of pity. Some said I ought to get advice, as I must be very ill; others said if I continued as I was then going on, I should soon be in my grave or go out of my mind; and in this state I continued.

(To be continued.)

You may force your lips to say a prayer, and say it often, but cannot force your heart to like it. The work is irksome, mighty irksome; it drags on heavily, like a jaded mill-horse that is whipped round and round, but longs to be released from his gears. A manger suits him better than a collar.—*Berridge*.

“THE LORD IS KNOWN IN JUDAH; HIS NAME
IS GREAT IN ISRAEL.”

My dear Brother,—I hope and trust that you are not much worse for the dangerous fall which you had last week. It might have been very serious indeed. This is another token of the Lord's preserving care over you.

I thank you for your kind letter, and should have written to you before this, but was called from home so suddenly that I had not an opportunity. I was glad to see the manner in which you notice the Lord's dealings with you on your journey to P— and home again. Those who mark God's dealings shall never be without something worthy to remark. O how sweet it is to be able to plead with God for the church at large. As you express it, it is indeed a blessed work; and here it is we work *out* what God the eternal Spirit works *in*.

I am happy to inform you that, on my return home, I found my family all in a fair way of recovery, though very weak, and all looking very ill. This I expected. We still continue to improve; and, O how grateful I feel to the Lord for his restoring mercies! I am not able to express my thankfulness, but he can read it in my heart, and he has put it there, and knows all about it. I am humbled before him, and melted into contentment, satisfaction, and total acquiescence in the divine will. And how good the Lord is to give me, sinful me, such sweet resignation! Ah! my dear friend, there is a God, and a God in Israel too! He “is known in Judah, and his name is great in Israel.” And as religion is a secret thing, wrought in the heart by the Lord the Spirit, its enjoyments are in secret also; not in the street, to be seen of men, but in the closet; and he “who seeth in secret shall reward openly,” one day, when God shall openly acknowledge his dear despised ones in the face of angels, men, and devils. Then the world (the wicked men of the world) shall know that God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost has loved, with an everlasting love, poor sinful mortals, and you and me in that number, “and has redeemed us to God by his blood.” “And that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as thou hast loved me.” (John xvii. 20.) This is beyond all mortal understanding. It is revealed by God the Spirit now to his elect; and at the day referred to there will be a revelation by the same Spirit, not a revelation of love and mercy, but a revelation of truth, in vengeance upon those who have hated Christ and the members of his dear body in this wilderness world. Then let us not care, though the world hate us. We know it hated Christ before it hated us.

Thus I speak at present, and thanks to God for the power, though, before to-morrow, I may be very different in feeling, and sink very low indeed; but, let me not invite the tempter. Thanks to God for his enlivening grace.

I had a good day yesterday. It was a high day. We attended to the ordinance of believer's baptism, and also the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. We had large congregations, and the anointing

oil by the blessed Spirit of the living God. In the morning I spoke from 2 Cor. v. 14: "The love of Christ constraineth us." In the evening from Zeph. iii. 17: "The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty." And, my dear friend, he has shown himself mighty in our midst, even at Manchester. Surely the dear Lord has been a "place of broad rivers and streams" in our midst.

Time is passing swiftly away; eternity will shortly open upon us, even the youngest of us; and, O what an opening, what a scene, to a saved, disembodied spirit, freed from a body of sin and death, to mingle with the "spirits of just men made perfect!" To behold him of whom Moses and the prophets did write; him who was the Babe of Bethlehem; him who sweated in Gethsemane; him who stood at Pilate's bar, and was mocked and spit upon, crowned with thorns, and led to Calvary, and there nailed to the cross! O what a scene, to see him in his own glory and in his Father's glory, smiling on the objects of his redeeming love, whilst they bask in rays of bliss and beams of love emanating from his divine Majesty; and grow mighty in their power of worship and adoration as they inhale the strengthening breezes of the heavenly land.

Pardon my hasty scribble. May God bless you while you remain in Meshech.

Yours in the truth,

Manchester, Nov. 4th, 1850.

A. B. T.

Any child of God who reads the attributes or perfections written on the twelve foundations of the Holy City, the New Jerusalem, will easily see that God actually exercised each of them in saving him. It was divine sovereignty that chose him and left others. Love moved to make the choice of him, dominion over him was necessary to conquer him, and divine power to secure and keep him. Wisdom drew the plan of his redemption, and Goodness made provision for him. Life quickens him, and Immortality is his hope and his end. Righteousness justifies him, and Peace reconciles him. Justice forgives and cleanses him, and by Judgment executed on the Surety he passes from death to life. Faithfulness keeps him from falling, and Truth makes him free. Light gives him understanding, and Perfection in Christ renders him complete. Riches are found in his ransom, and Honour in his adoption. Beauty adorns the meek with salvation, and Holiness makes him all glorious within. Pity redeems him, and Compassion leads him to repentance. Glory is the inheritance promised to his hope, and Majesty presents him a King and Priest unto God. All these, Christian reader, harmonized together in the Saviour in raising thee to a lively hope, and have hitherto kept thee standing in despite of all thy corruptions, devils, and men. And I tell thee that thou wilt have no other foundation or standing than these even in heaven. Therefore I may warrantably ask thee, Which of these attributes, which altogether make so complete a foundation, canst thou part with? Every seducer will try to obscure, misrepresent, or plunder thy faith of some one or other of these foundations, therefore "hold fast," for, "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?"—*Huntington.*

“AND WAKED ME AS A MAN THAT IS WAKED
OUT OF HIS SLEEP.”

Dear ———,—You will be surprised to hear from me, especially in such a strain as I am compelled to write in. You, who have hitherto thought me a steady believer and a consistent walker in the ways of God, will indeed marvel to hear that all my religion was nothing. I had been pleased with a round of duties and outside performances, and even gloried in my diligent attendance on the means, zeal for the cause of God, as I thought it, and strenuous exertions in writing, reading, and talking of those blessed truths which I fear I never really had applied to my own soul and conscience; but, poor fool as I was, I did not know that while the fountain remained corrupt, it could not send forth pure water. I appeared pure enough in my own eyes, and in the eyes of others, and vainly thought, fool that I was! that I was right enough, and going full gallop to heaven, on the ground of human merit and attainment. “What can I do for God and my fellow creatures, and how much can I do?” was my cry; all the while neglecting the searching of my own heart. The fountains of the great deep had not been broken up; then how could I discover the depravity of such a den? I was at ease, and rich in goods, but he, the blessed Breaker-up of iniquity, has broken me asunder. I had need of nothing. He has made me feel I had nothing of my own worth a straw, could do nothing of myself or for others without him, am nothing, and worse than nothing; and instead of pluming myself on my doings, am obliged, and glad, to hide my guilty head, and cry, “God be merciful to me a sinner.” This is the work of him who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working.

Now I remember how the word of God used to follow me into all my false refuges: “Ye must be born again!” but I could not take it to myself. I was so sure of being right, that I would reply, “I am born again, if any man is;” still the word would attend me, “Marvel not that I say unto you, ye must be born again!” and very frequently when pillowing myself up into being a more than ordinary Christian, Pharisee that I was, these words would sound like thunder to me, “I am the way, the truth, and the life; if any man come in by any other way, the same is a thief and a robber.” But till the word of God came by the mouth of his prophet, “Thou art the man!” I did not feel or plead guilty.

As God would have it, one Tuesday evening as usual I went to hear Mr. W. If I recollect right, he preached from these words, “Not by works of righteousness which we have done.” When he spake of how far a person might go in the attainment of knowledge naturally, and yet not know the true and living God for himself, I felt great searchings of heart whether or not after all I was a deceiver and a deceived one. All my past career came rushing to my view, and I could now see that it was not love to God which had influenced me in all my doings, but love to self. The veil was rent from my heart, and I could now see many abominable ills lurking there that I had never before perceived. Pride, self-righteousness, deceit, and fraud (for I was cheating my-

self) appeared to view; and, by the Spirit's enlivening light, at this time I was enabled to see, what I never so saw before, that I was one of the vilest of sinners, and hell-deserving. O! I shall never forget my feelings on this discovery. I seemed like one awaked out of a dream to experience a dread reality. All my supposed goodness fled, and left me bare before the penetrating glance of an all-seeing God. Sins, damning in their nature, stared me in the face. In vain I strove to take shelter beneath some good deed that I had done or would do. I found no hiding-place from the storm—no covert from the hail that was pouring on—no refuge from the blast. There I stood, not daring to look up, a guilty, condemned criminal and impostor, nor had I a word to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon me.

O! I could now see God as I never saw him before; a sin-avenging God, a just and terrible as well as a loving Saviour, who appeared to be frowning angrily on me; and go where I would I could not escape his frown. I dared not look up as I was wont to do and thank him I was not as other men, but I must cower down like a thief, for I felt my heart was all open before him, and he could see its vileness, the sight whereof I could not bear. This terrified me, fearing he would cut me down as a cumberer of the ground, as one who bore nothing but brambles and briers. I tried to look up and ask his pardon, but could not do even that, guilt so effectually stopped my mouth; and the dread of that Being whose frown I would evade but could not, made me tremble and quake to such a degree that it seemed as if body and soul must part there and then. Hell appeared to have her mouth open to receive me, and only waited the terrible sentence from my Judge, "Bind him hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness." All the hypocrisy, lies, and deceit that I had ever been guilty of, appeared spread out before the sight of God and angels, and whither could I flee from their presence? O how I trembled! I saw indeed I had no covering. Gladly would I have shaken off all these fears, and been once more as happy as I was before; but the terrible frowns of offended justice followed me as a bloodhound through all the intricate paths of my soul's journeyings.

Beneath this weight I kept sinking lower and lower, till I hardly knew whether I was out of hell or not. Presently such an overwhelming darkness, "a darkness which might be felt," came over me as these words fell on my mind, "If thou hast begun to fall before him, thou shalt surely fall." Again, "Though thine excellency mount up to the heavens, I will bring thee down;" "Hew him down, leave neither root nor branch till he know the Most High liveth." Surely that must be to hell, I thought, I am going. O wretched being that I am! would I had never been brought into the world; would I were a beast, then should I be no longer responsible for guilt, or exposed to future misery. O wretched soul that I am! where can I go? O that I had never sinned against him, that I had died when a child! What shall I do to escape his frowns? where can I go for mercy? I dare not look up, I dare not look down; hell seems in reality

moved to meet me at my coming. I cannot look to a fellow creature, for none cares for me. I, whither shall I go?

I continued thus bewailing my condition and sinfulness till the afternoon of the next day, and was wondering if there could be mercy for such a wretch, when these words met me, whilst on my knees wrestling in groans and moans for mercy, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." Oh! such light, and life, and joy attended this word "whosoever" as I shall never be able to describe. Blessed words! I could see through them; there was mercy for such a wretch as myself. If they had said, "Whosoever is righteous," or, "Whosoever is without sin," I could not have had hope in them; but "whosoever" was made to blaze with such glory in my poor tempest-tossed soul, that whosoever was guilty might call and he would be saved. Blessed "whosoever!" I exclaimed; there is room then for me. "O no," said the devil, "your sins are past common; there is no mercy for such as you; there might have been if you had not done so-and-so. It is impossible God can ransom so vile a sinner. Just look at your life through, and see if it does not correspond with a Judas, a Cain, and others who died in their sins." But such a spirit of prayer came upon me as put to flight the old adversary of my soul. "Lord, help me!" I cried, "Lord, save me! Lord Jesus Christ, thou Son of David, save me, have mercy on me, vile me, unworthy me, black me! Thou canst if thou wilt save me, and thy word gives me encouragement to cry unto thee, for thou hast said "whosoever," which implies, I believe, the vilest may come. Do, then, give my soul a word of encouragement if I am not altogether deceived." Presently these words flowed sweetly on my mind, and brought liberty, "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Again, "I will, be thou clean;" it shall be as thou hast said. Some days after, these words were renewed on my mind, and when sunk down, fearing my hope was the hope of a hypocrite, I was blessedly surprised by these words taking hold of my mind, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee." The word son seemed so blessed. What! such a wretch as I a son? I call God Father? Is it true? Am I not in a dream? I, who so lately saw myself lost, ruined for ever, now entitled to a home in the skies, a part with the saints, and, instead of hell, everlasting happiness! O, blessed Jesus! whose great name has wrought all this for me, whose blood and righteousness has plucked such a brand from the burning! Ever blessed Friend! I am not worthy of the least of thy mercies, yet thou hast laid up for me of thy goodness pleasures for evermore. O, surprising mercy, wondrous love, adorable grace, which could take such knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger!

Since then my soul has known many ups and downs; but all the storms and tempests have not been able, blessed be God! to dash the hope out of my soul which I believe God has implanted there.

I have omitted many things in this narrative of God's dealings unto me, which would have increased the bulk of my letter to too great a size, but you have the sum and substance of what passed.

LITTLE FAITH.

“THEY ALL ESCAPED SAFE TO LAND.”

My dear friend,—May grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you from God the Father, through God the Son, and by God the Holy Ghost, to comfort your heart, to raise your spirit, to encourage your soul to press on through the crowd to touch the hem of the Saviour's garment, and to rejoice in his salvation. This will give you a desire to be with him where he is, to behold his glory.

My dear friend, what a dreary wilderness have I to pass through! Beset with indwelling sin; tempted by a legion of devils; with many pits digged for my soul; besides nets, traps, and gins, laid to catch and entangle my feet! But some little time ago, just as my eyes were open early one morning, these words dropped into my mind, “Watch thou in all things!” These words opened my eyes, ears, and heart, so that all the powers of my soul were on the watch. Thus my heart has been awake to many things. For some months past I have had a trying path, not only on one hand, but on every hand, and on every side; and at times have felt quite bewildered, confused, cut up, cast down, harassed, and plagued by day and by night. Still I need not complain. The Lord has hitherto been my support, a very present help in every trouble, and has not left me wholly to sink in one.

At times indeed I have feared that I should not stand or bear up against the waves and storms; but the Lord Jesus, who in the days of his flesh rebuked the wind and the waves, has done it again, and again, and again, for my soul; for “he maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.” But, my dear friend, it is hard sailing against wind and tide, when one seems to have nothing in the vessel but wood, hay, and stubble, and is tossed upon the waves of the sea, without any discovery of Jesus at the helm, with a fainting heart, a dark mind, a barren spirit, cold affections, hope at a low ebb, faith buried, and confidence shaken. And yet what a mercy to have a faithful God, a covenant Jesus, and a free Spirit to lead, teach, guide, direct, and comfort my cast-down soul; and also to hold me on and carry me through all my troubles, trials, crosses, difficulties, temptations, sorrows, sinkings, distresses, and persecutions.

O, my friend, to be a follower of the Lord is no small mercy, but to be led in the path of self-denial, which is so strait, so narrow, so close, so low, with so many mortifications, with such heavy weights to carry, and all up hill too, makes it indeed and in truth a tribulation path. Yet every trial, hill, pit, mire, slough, ditch, dungeon, and prison-house into which my soul is led, and out of which my soul is brought, makes one the less; so that I hope to reach my port, and be landed safe at last. “And the rest some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship; and so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land.”

The Lord bless you and yours, is the desire of,

Yours in the hope of eternal life,

Woburn, Beds, July 18th, 1851.

T. G.

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. GOLDING TO A FRIEND IN TEMPORAL DIFFICULTIES.

My dear Friend,—Peace be multiplied unto you through Jesus Christ our Saviour. I have had you much in my mind, and a constant remembrance of you in my poor prayers, since I was last at Leicester. We are exhorted to bear each other's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ; and the promise of God descends very low in encouraging prayer for one another. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much;" and, "If two of you agree upon earth touching anything that shall be asked, it shall be done (said Christ) for them of my Father which is in heaven." And again: "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Further we are directed in the word of God "in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, to let our request be made known unto God." Thus the rule that the Lord has revealed in his word, when we are in any trouble, is "*Prayer.*" And this applies to both spiritual and temporal blessings. Your present distress lies in the latter. In Christ our heavenly Father has given us every temporal mercy: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." This you have. "And all other necessities shall be added." This is what the truth and faithfulness of God encourage you to expect; and I do most humbly hope the good Lord will condescend in his tender mercy to be your counsellor and your guide in your intricate situation. He is infinite in wisdom, and therefore can easily contrive the means how deliverance is to come. He knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations, trials, or troubles. And it is therefore your privilege to show him your troubles, and to leave it to him to use his own means; and as he is almighty in power, so, when he is pleased to work, there can be no obstruction to your deliverance. All hearts are in his hand. As rivers of waters, he can turn them in a moment whithersoever he pleaseth. The gold and silver are his, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. All his creatures are under his control. They are all his servants, that at his word must fulfil his commandments. When necessary, the ravens brought the prophet Elijah bread and flesh twice a day to sustain him, and the water of the brook quenched his thirst. When God withheld from his prophet further sustenance at the brook Cherith, and shut up that door, as his servant's will lay straight with God's, so he opened another door for him at Sarepta, having commanded a widow woman there to sustain him. The barrel of meal wasted not, nor did the cruise of oil fail till the Lord sent rain upon the earth; and thus three were supported a whole year. God knows *how* to supply the wants of his people. Both the means and the proportion necessary are alone of him; and if he feed the ravens that cry, which we are exhorted to consider, if he clothe the grass, if he array the lily, if not a sparrow can fall to the ground without God's leave, nor is forgotten before God, if the hairs of our head are all numbered, and not one can perish or be lost

without our heavenly Father's permission, O Lord, increase our faith steadfastly to believe in thy gracious providence, for he has declared that we are of more value than many sparrows, and better than the fowls.

When we are brought to our wit's end, and know not what to do, and are led by prayer to ask direction and wisdom of God, then is the time that he condescends to glorify himself. We have a wonderful instance of this in 2 Chron. xx. When Moab, Ammon, and Mount Seir confederated their forces, and went against Jehoshaphat, he directly assembled Judah, and called upon God by prayer; and their confession was this, "We have *no might* against this company, neither know we *what to do*; but our eyes are upon thee." And in answer to prayer in this time of trouble, the Lord told them that they should stand still, and sing his praises, while the enemies of Judah destroyed one another. Think also of the salvation of Israel, and the destruction of Pharaoh at the Red Sea. Verily our God is the God of salvation, near unto them that call upon him; a present, yea, a very present help in the time of trouble. But he tries the righteous, and through much tribulation we are appointed to pass to heaven. Think over the case of Job, the greatest man in all the east, a perfect man, an upright man, one that feared God and eschewed evil. Satan procured divine permission to first destroy all his substance; and then to afflict him in both body and soul; and all this for Job's good. *After it was over* it yielded to him, as afflictions shall do to all God's family when sanctified to them, the peaceable fruits of righteousness. His afflictions terminated in stripping him of self-righteousness and self-sufficiency, and in bringing him sweetly to enjoy communion and fellowship with Christ, and to know God as his own covenant God and loving Father in Him. When afflictions are the means of bringing about such glorious ends as these, or are productive of such blessed effects, they are profitable, and the cause of joy indeed. But to return. One part of his sore affliction was upon his substance. 1st. The oxen and asses. For he had five hundred yoke of oxen and five hundred she asses. 2ndly. Seven thousand sheep. 3rdly. Three thousand camels. 4thly. All his family and all his servants. All these were destroyed except a few messengers. O what a stroke was this; but with what patience did the Holy Spirit furnish him for the occasion! "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" But when this severe furnace had answered the ends for which it was sent, (and if what tradition says is true, he was in it seven years,)* then God blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning. He made him rich and prosperous the second

* We must receive with great caution the traditions recorded in the Rabbinical writings, for they are stuffed with falsehoods. Their traditions about Behemoth, for instance, are most ridiculous, and little better than fairy tales. In this present case the internal evidence is almost decisive that Job's trials did not last seven years, for in the last chapter his friends are represented as still with him, and is it probable that they continued in his company seven years?

time, with double stock; for he had fourteen thousand sheep, six thousand camels, one thousand yoke of oxen, and one thousand she asses, and the number of his family returned to him again.

Thus, my dear friend, the Lord tries the righteous; but trials are a part of the all things that work together for our good and God's glory; and though in the time of severe exercise the blessed effects that are to arise out of our afflictions are hidden from our view, yet *afterwards* we are brought to know the benefits arising therefrom. The Holy Spirit, by James, has left upon record a very sweet and encouraging word to his children: "Take, my brethren, the prophets, who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffering affliction and patience. Behold, we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy." (James v. 10, 11.) The words of the hymn press sweetly upon my mind:

" Why through painful paths we go
We may know no reason,
But we shall hereafter know,
Each in his due season."

As God made all, being the Parent of all creatures, so he preserves all his creatures, in their being and in their kind. He is likewise the universal Governor of them all; and the Supplier of all their wants. It is agreeable indeed to carnal reason that the Lord should bless his own dear children with the greatest abundance of the things of this life. But, alas! it is not so; for in general God has given this world into the hands of the wicked. They prosper in it, and have more than heart can wish. They increase in riches, thrive, flourish, and prosper like a green bay tree; but are nourished up unto the day of slaughter, and are set in much temporal prosperity, as in slippery places, that at the end of their race they may be cast down into everlasting destruction, and be consumed as in a moment. These receive their good things in this life. It is their portion. But the elect of God are thus spoken of: "I will leave in the midst of them a poor and an afflicted people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord." He has chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom of heaven. And when we take a view of the experience of Bible saints, what a path of tribulation has it been! Let Paul's suffice for a sample of the whole: "Who through faith stopped the mouth of lions; quenched the violence of fire; were tortured, not accepting deliverance; had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, of bonds and imprisonments; they were stoned, sawn asunder, tempted, slain with the sword, wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; they wandered in deserts and on mountains, in dens and caves of the earth;" and, wonderful to observe the words of the Holy Ghost, "of whom the world was not worthy." (Heb. xi. 33—38. Compare also 2 Cor. xi. 21—33.) Here is a specimen of what some of the favourites of heaven experienced as they journeyed through the world; and add

to the list the rich man and Lazarus; who was denied the crumbs that fell from the rich glutton's table.

O, my friend, how sweet will the heavenly country be after the "much tribulation" in this! Here we have no continuing city. We are strangers and pilgrims, as all the saints were that are gone before. This world is not our rest, and it is not a little furnace work that is sufficient to keep us submissive to the will of God, little in our own eyes, so little as to esteem every child of God better than ourselves, and to keep us diligent in the means of God's appointment, and in all our heavenly privileges. A daily cross we must have if our souls thrive and prosper. Our troubles are appointed of our heavenly Father; their number is with him. Strength for us to go through them is also appointed, and with all our anxious care we cannot make any alteration. He only knows what is best for us, and oftentimes we cannot tell what will be the issue of all our trials. He is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working; but frequently his way is in the sea, and to our view his footsteps are not known. And O, in these times, for resignation to say, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." In his own time he will make darkness light, crooked things straight, and rough places plain. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." And remember that our heavenly Father afflicts us not willingly, nor grieves the children of men without a cause. His dealings with us are all in love, and though he afflicts he also comforts us. May your faith mix itself with the following hymn:

"God moves in a mysterious way," &c.

I hope and believe that the good Lord will appear for you. As he caused Israel to be pitied by them that carried them captive, so, if it be his will, he could so manifest you in the heart of your landlord and landlady. But this is chalking out a way for the Lord to walk in which does not become us. The *how* must rest with him.

Mrs. G. unites with me in every good wish. Remember us to all friends; and that the Lord may open his bountiful hand, and fulfil the desires of your heart, is the prayer of,

Yours very truly,

London, Oct. 6th, 1818.

C. GOLDING.

When patients came to Jesus, miserable, helpless, and believing, they never would and never did depart without a cure. Sometimes they were apparently neglected at the first application, and sometimes much discouraged by a seemingly rough answer; but at length their request was granted. And when any met with much discouragement before they gained a blessing, they were dismissed, not with huge encomiums on their honesty, sobriety, and charity—very needful things in their proper place, and which might have belonged to the patients—but they were sent away with rare commendations of their faith: "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt." (Matt. xv. 28.)—*Berridge*.

A LETTER BY JOHN RUSK.

Dear Friend,—As I believe our souls are bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord our God, having heard you about five times, and you being manifested in my conscience as a servant of God by the word being blessed to me so much the night you preached from “The Lord shut him in,” this is the cause of my troubling you with this affair, for I assure you I have sorely suffered by it. Though I had such a conspicuous deliverance the night after I heard you, yet I have since been near despair; and such texts as these have come on my mind: “Though his excellency mount up to the heavens, and his head reach unto the clouds, yet he shall perish for ever like his own dung. They which have seen him shall say, Where is he? He shall fly away as a dream, and shall not be found; yea, he shall be chased away as a vision of the night.” (Job xx. 6—8.) Again: “A certain fearful looking for of judgment.” (Heb. x. 27.) Again: “Surely he shall not feel quietness in his belly.” (Job xx. 20.) It would take up too much of your time to tell you what I have suffered from it. I should be glad to know, by a few lines, whether you ever found anything like it. I am sure by your preaching that we are exercised very much alike.

I was first brought to hear Mr. Huntington with great prejudice, being in a profession; but after a while God was pleased to strip me of it all, and I then thought I had committed the unpardonable sin. I went on, sometimes a little encouraged and then cast down, till about six years ago. I came home very miserable. We read a chapter, and I gave out that hymn,

“Gold in the furnace tried,”

and before it was done I found a remarkable softness of affection. I knelt down, and all my distress, torment, guilt, misery, bondage, and slavish fear was gone. I was melted into nothing, and was enabled to claim God as my covenant God and Father. I could believe that he loved me with an everlasting love. I found such peace, under the witness of the Spirit, could hold fast an imputed righteousness, and was so little in my own eyes, that I could compare it to nothing but the breaking up of a long frost. This continued with me some time. I have enjoyed such sweet times, going to Providence Chapel and Monkwell Street,* my soul has so sweetly fed on the promises, that I thought really God was intending me for the ministry; yea, I have prayed for it; but O the dark trying time I have had since, none but God knows! How near despair, as if my very hope was going altogether; but he has raised me up again and again, and when delivered, it has been more firm than ever. But O, my dear brother in tribulation, the trial is the trial, and sharp it is.

I have been and am greatly tried, both inwardly and outwardly, and sometimes think I shall not stand an hour, such hardness of heart, dislike to prayer, to the Bible, to good books, &c. How sure

* Mr. Huntington's chapel.

am I that by nature we hate everything of God! But here I am to this day, and am encouraged to believe I shall be more than conqueror through him that has loved me.

May the blessed Spirit guide you into all truth, that you may be led to give a clear answer, as before the Judge of quick and dead. God bless you, keep you faithful, crown your labours with abundant success, and at last may we be brought to join them that are gone before, when sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

Yours in the bond of an everlasting covenant,

Saturday, July 9th, 1808.

JOHN RUSK.

MERCY AND JUDGMENT.

My dear A.,—Through rich mercy I am well, hoping it is the same with yourself and family. I am, God willing, going to T—this evening, and hope to be favoured with divine help to preach the gospel of my ever-blessed Saviour, who has done so much for you and me. Could we but feel towards him as we wish, we could then speak more freely of his love. Now we see through a glass darkly, but by and by it will be face to face. We do find many clouds now, which place darkness between us and him. What a mercy it is that he does most sweetly shine again in his former glory. This mercy is found in proportion great as we discover our own darkness and misconstruction of the dealings of God towards us, and they only make way for a fresh opportunity for the good and gracious Lord to work for us. The Christian's life is a compendium of real difficulties and real deliverances. We see David setting it forth: "I will sing of mercy and of judgment; unto thee, O Lord, will I sing." Zion's travellers only can sing Zion's songs, their composition being so very mysterious. What makes them so melodious is, the Lord their God teaches the song. He brings subject and matter. It is from the mountains of Zion, where God commands the blessing, even life for evermore. When we compare our liberty with the bondage state of Hagar's children, we shout for joy; we likewise are melted down with rich, free, and discriminating grace.

I do hope a sight of such rich favours will support you under your present trials, and cause you to look to him for patience. You know he freely bestows his favours.

Love to all friends.

Yours in truth and love,

Brighton, July, 1823.

W. S.

When you pray to Jesus Christ to save you from the guilt and power of sin, remember, he asks you by his word the same question now which he asked then, "Believest thou that I am able to do this?" Not you and I together; no; but, Believest thou that I—I without you, I alone, am able to do this? And till you can answer the question truly, and say, "Lord, I do believe it," your petition will draw down no blessing.—*Berridge*.

A FRAGMENT FROM A DEPARTED ONE.

My dear Friend,—I write a line to say that, through mercy, I arrived home in safety last evening, and found the friends all well, except —, who has been complaining since last Thursday, but I hope she will be better in a few days.

On the whole, I think I may say I am better in health after my visit to L—, and I can say I never had a more pleasant visit to it, in point of preaching. I had nothing to complain of but my own bad and wicked heart, which is a plague to me wherever I go, and almost whatever I do. And yet I believe the Lord even overruled the painful exercises of my vile heart, to put me in a proper frame to preach several times when at L—. “How wondrous are his ways, and his judgments past finding out.”

While I was preaching at B— on Tuesday evening, from Ezekiel xxxiv. 15, 16, the Lord very sweetly delivered a poor woman who was in great distress, and so blessed her soul, that she could not speak to me for weeping. I think I never saw a poor creature so heart-broken and full of joy before. It gladdens my heart to see the Lord work; and strengthens my hands to know he uses such a poor polluted instrument to accomplish his designs.

I am, yours very sincerely in the truth,

Preston, April 20th, 1848.

J. M'KENZIE.

I N Q U I R Y.

Dear Sir,—A few friends in Exeter are desirous of knowing the most scriptural way of breaking bread at the Lord's table, as practised by the early or primitive Christian churches. Is it by breaking the bread in small pieces previously to passing the plate, or should the bread be passed round, and each member break a small piece for themselves? I remain,

Yours in the gospel of Christ,

E—, Oct. 31st, 1851.

E. R. F.

A N S W E R.

The distinguishing feature of the new covenant in contradistinction to the old is, that it prescribes no ritual. The Lord instituted two ordinances, Baptism and the Lord's Supper; commanding in the one immersion in water in the name of the Trinity, and in the other the use of bread and wine. But beyond this neither the Lord nor his apostles went in actual prescription. We have, therefore, to gather up, as we best may, what was the apostolic and primitive practice. In the providence of God, the disorders of the Corinthian church drew from Paul some remarks which, compared with other Scriptures, have thrown a light upon the primitive mode of observance of the Lord's Supper. From 1 Cor. xi. 20, compared

with Acts xx. 7, it is evident that the disciples "came together," *i. e.*, met as a church, "to break bread." It is evident also from 1 Cor. x. 16, that prayer or thanksgiving, imploring the blessing of God upon it, was offered up. And it would seem that in apostolic times the Lord's Supper was more of a meal than now; in other words, that the bread and wine were more largely eaten and drunk. But now comes the inquiry, "How was the bread broken? By one of the disciples for the rest, or by each of them individually? Here we have general things to guide us. 1. The general rule: "Let all things be done decently and in order." This rule the Corinthians violated. They scrambled as it were for the bread and wine. "For in eating every one taketh before other his own supper; and one is hungry, and another is drunken." (1 Cor. xi. 21.) Now it seems more decent and orderly for one to break the bread, and hand it round when broken, than for each member to break a piece off for himself. There is less confusion and disorder thereby. But 2. we may gather from Acts xx. 11, that it was Paul's practice himself to break the bread; for we read that when "*he* was come up, and *had broken bread,*" &c. It was clearly *he* that here broke the bread for the disciples, not they for themselves; and by implication it would appear that it was the practice of the apostles themselves to bless the cup. Paul calls it "the cup of blessing which *we* bless," not *you* bless; *i. e.*, we apostles, not you disciples. Arguing, too, from analogy, though we dare not for a single moment put any one in the place of the Lord Jesus, yet it is evident that the Lord Jesus himself, in the institution of the holy ordinance, broke the bread, and gave it to his disciples. He did not hand it to them for each to break a piece off for themselves, but brake it for them. Now this is certainly a divine pattern, for he has left us an example that we should walk in his steps. Had it been his holy will that the disciples should have broken it among themselves, he might have given it them to break it so, at the first institution of the ordinance.

Taking all these points into consideration, we have no doubt in our own mind that the scriptural and more acceptable mode is to break the bread, and hand it round to the members, than for each to break a piece off for himself, which might be called rather a breaking off bread than breaking bread.

We have nothing that we can properly call our own, but what we have reason to be ashamed of.—*John Mason.*

All that seek to Jesus Christ, with a due sense of their misery and helplessness, and with a single trust in his power and mercy, will obtain what they seek. They may wait awhile at mercy's gate, and meet with some discouragement, but at length it will be opened. The mourners will be comforted with pardon, and weary sinners will find rest unto their souls. Thus the promises, which are only gazed on by others as a fine picture, prove a heavenly feast unto them.—*Berridge.*

REVIEW.

An Exposition of the New Testament; in which the sense of the sacred text is taken; doctrinal and practical truths are set in a plain and easy light; difficult passages explained; seeming contradictions reconciled; and whatever is material in the various readings and several oriental versions is observed. The whole illustrated with Notes, taken from the most ancient Jewish Writings. By John Gill, D.D. In Two Vols.—Vol. I. London: WILLIAM HILL COLLINGRIDGE, Long Lane, Aldersgate Street. MDCCLII.

COMMENTARIES upon the Scripture are by many persons much objected to. That there is some ground for these objections must, we think, be admitted. Let us, then, examine some of these objections.

1. They are considered *unnecessary*. The Scriptures, it is urged, are written so plainly and simply that he that runs may read. To overlay them, then, with human explanations is not only superfluous, but is to darken counsel by words without knowledge. If God speak to men, he must speak plainly and intelligibly. "All the words of my mouth are in righteousness; there is nothing froward* or perverse in them. They are all plain to him that understandeth, and right to them that find knowledge." (Prov. viii. 8, 9.) To need, then, human explanations and learned commentaries, it is urged, would argue *imperfection* in the revelation itself.

2. Besides which, the same blessed Spirit who revealed the Scripture alone can give a spiritual understanding of it. To study commentaries, therefore, it is argued, is to *slight the teaching and work of the Holy Spirit*, and to trust to the wisdom of the flesh.

3. Most commentaries, too, it is objected, are *written by carnal, unregenerate men*, who are necessarily blind to the spiritual meaning, and therefore can only adulterate the pure truth of God.

4. Ministers, too, it is especially urged, should *get everything immediately from God*; and therefore all they get from commentaries is but dead, dry, useless lumber, unprofitable to themselves, and starvation to the living family.

That there is great truth and force in these objections, especially the last, cannot be denied. The tried and tempted, exercised and distressed children of God do not want a sermon nicely picked and culled out of books, but something warm and dewy out of the preacher's soul. Nor do they want sermons dished up out of a commentary, nor a cold hash of dead men's brains, but something hot from the spit. Take away all the scraps that they have picked up from old authors, all the explanations which they have culled from Dr. Gill, all the anecdotes that they have borrowed north, south, east, and west, all the hum-drum common-places which form their general stock of trade, and leave them nothing but what has been made their own by divine teaching and experience.

* Literally, "twisted;" i. e., intricate, confused.

and it is to be feared many ministers would cut as poor a figure as David's messengers when Hiram had shaved off half their beards, and cut off their garments in the middle. There is no ministry worth a straw which does not come out of the heart and conscience of the minister. All that is pillaged out of books falls dead and dry upon the hearts of the exercised children of God. If there be *light* in the understanding of a minister, it must be from "the entrance of God's word, that giveth light." "God," says the apostle, "who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." (2 Cor. iv. 6.) If there be *life* in his soul, it must come directly and immediately from him who is "the Life," and who has said, "Because I live ye shall live also." If he have *utterance*, it is the gift of God: "Ye are enriched by him in all utterance." (1 Cor. i. 5.) The Apostle Paul, though so deeply instructed into the mysteries of the gospel, yet so sensibly felt that God himself must teach him how and what to speak, that he begs the prayers of his fellow-believers, "that utterance might be given unto him, that he might open his mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the gospel." (Eph. vi. 19.) "Withal praying also for us, that God would open unto us a door of utterance to speak the mystery of Christ, for which I am also in bonds, that I may make it manifest, as I ought to speak." (Col. iv. 3, 4.) If there be *liberty* in the minister's soul, it is from "the Spirit of the Lord," for "there (and there only) is liberty." (2 Cor. iii. 17.) If there be *power* resting upon his spirit and testimony, it is the power of God. Stephen was "full of faith and power." And why? Because "full of the Holy Ghost." (Acts vi. 5.) "Truly," says the prophet, "I am full of power by the Spirit of the Lord." (Micah iii. 8.) The possession of this power is the only true foundation of the gospel ministry. "Whereof I was made a minister, according to the gift of the grace of God given unto me by the effectual working of his power." (Eph. iii. 7.) And the apostle expressly testifies that his "speech and his preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." (1 Cor. ii. 4.) If there be *wisdom* in his heart and mouth, it is not the wisdom of the creature and the flesh, but "the wisdom which cometh from above." If there be *savour* in his ministry, (and without it what is all preaching but an empty sound?) it is only so as his speech is seasoned with salt; and this is only by grace. (Col. iv. 6.) And if there be a *blessing* attending the word preached, if the dead are quickened, the distressed delivered, and the saints built up on their most holy faith, though a Paul plant or an Apollos water, it is still all of God, that giveth the increase. God is expressly "against the prophets that steal his words, every one from his neighbour." (Jer. xxiii. 30.) And the Lord has promised to give his servants in the needful hour "a mouth and wisdom which all their adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist."

If these positions are founded in Scripture and experience, as we believe none will deny who have any experimental knowledge of the

truth, it is very evident that a ministry grounded upon natural abilities, hard study, acquired learning, and upon such materials as are usually found in Commentaries, is not the ministry of the Spirit. Were it so, the spruce academics of Hoxton and Cheshunt would be stars of bright lustre in the firmament of the church.

“Temptation, prayer, and meditation,” says Luther, “make a minister.” These, too, we may add, make the only true Commentary upon the word of God. By temptation and conflict the experience of the Bible saints is entered into and realised; by prayer, and in answer to it, its spiritual meaning is opened up; and by meditation it is turned into sweet and solid nutriment. The heavenly wisdom, the unspeakable majesty and beauty, the divine savour and power, the richness and fulness, the certainty and faithfulness, the suitability and blessedness that are stamped upon the Scripture—these prints of the hand of God can only be felt and recognised as the Holy Spirit shines upon the sacred page. He is the only true Commentator, for he alone can reach and melt the heart; and he is the only true Preacher, because he alone can seal the truth upon the soul.

But giving these scriptural positions the fullest weight, and we do so from our very heart and conscience, may not something still be said on the other side of the question? Because the Spirit of God is the only Teacher, are we to set our face decidedly against all human learning, all commentaries of every kind, and everything written by the pen of man? Does the Lord never sanctify to his own use, to his own honour and glory, and to his people’s good, natural or acquired abilities? We did not learn the English language by grace, and yet we preach in English. So it is impossible to say how far God may not use natural abilities in the ministry of the gospel. Gold, silver, and brass, blue, and purple, and scarlet, fine linen, and goats’ hair, rams’ skins dyed red, badgers’ skins, and shittim wood, (Exod. xxxv. 57,) were all freely given to the tabernacle in the wilderness, were all accepted and sanctified by the blood sprinkled upon them, (Heb. ix. 21,) by the anointing oil, (Exod. xxx. 25—29,) and the divine Shechinah that filled the sanctuary. Nay, the very laver of brass was made of the brazen mirrors of the women. (Exod. xxxviii. 8.) All these were severed thereby from common uses, and dedicated to the worship and service of the sanctuary. May we not apply this to the ministry of the gospel? The servants of God undoubtedly differ in natural as well as in spiritual gifts. But may not both be employed in the service of the sanctuary? Thus, if a man’s natural or acquired abilities be gold or brass, rough and close as the skin of the badger, refined as the fine linen, or strong and wiry as the hair of the goat, if sanctified by the Lord for the service of the tabernacle, they may all be used for his glory and his people’s good.

Apply this view of the case to the Commentary before us, written by a man possessed not only of great learning and abilities, but of grace and divine teaching, and well instructed into the truth of God. May there not be something edifying and instructive,

something establishing and profitable in the remarks made by him upon the Scriptures? Because ministers without a conscience may pillage from this fund, and pass off the Doctor's explanations as their own, it does not make the remarks themselves less valuable. A stolen sovereign is good gold still, though the pickpocket has filched it, and spent it as if earned by honest labour. In this, as in most other circumstances, it is not fair to argue against the use of a thing from its abuse.

Because worldly wisdom is out of place in the preaching of the gospel, we need not canonise ignorance. If it be "the foolishness of preaching," God does not send fools to preach. Bunyan, Huntington, and Gadsby were not men of learning and education, but they were no fools. On the contrary, they were men of original minds and natural powers which would have made them conspicuous in any sphere. Augustine, on the other hand, Luther, and Calvin were men of deep and varied learning; and in modern times, Romaine, Berridge, and Toplady were hard students. Nay, to come to Scripture instances, Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians; Daniel was skilled in all wisdom, knowledge, and science; (Dan. i. 4; v. 11;) and Paul sat at the feet of Gamaliel. Learning, therefore, abilities, and study are only so far hindrances, and great hindrances too, as they are made *substitutes* for the teaching and wisdom of the Spirit. This is their great danger, and most of all in the self-instructed and half-learned, who have not got so far on the road as to know their own ignorance. With such tall masts and spreading sails, a deal of heavy ballast is needful. But with that there may be less risk of toppling over. There is one test that they are kept in their place—*when they never appear*. Hart earned his daily bread by teaching languages. Where is there a trace of his knowledge of languages in his hymns beyond the admirable propriety and clearness of well nigh every line? Romaine was a thorough master of Hebrew. But where do we find him, beyond a passing hint, in his writings digging up Hebrew roots, and slicing them up hot or cold? Berridge was a tutor of his college, and a hard student. But where in his beautiful hymns are his Clare Hall researches visible? Luther was one of the most learned men of his age; but his German writings are so addressed to the popular understanding, so homely, pointed, racy, and expressive, that they are models of simplicity and strength, without the slightest tincture of pedantry or display, but gushing out of his heart clear, sparkling, and forcible as a mountain stream.

If a man possess natural or acquired ability, it should make him all the more plain and simple, and only enable him, like a skilful mechanic, to turn out his work more sharply and finely. It is only bunglers, that can't handle their tools, who make a parade with the chisel. A man's knowledge should be wrought into his mind, as the mechanic's skill is wrought into his eye and hand. Let the work show the workman, not the tools flourished before the eyes.

If thus kept in its place, if sanctified to the service of God, if used only with a single eye to his glory and his people's good,

human learning is not to be despised. It is the application that decides the value. Gold was given to make the golden calf, and gold was given to make the golden candlestick; the one was an idol, the other gave light to the sanctuary.

We may ask this simple question, "Where would have been our English Bible but for human learning?" The Scriptures are written in what are called the learned languages. To translate these into English, required an accurate and extensive knowledge of those languages; only to be acquired by long and patient study and labour. So far, then, learning has been used as an instrument in the hand of God for the benefit of thousands. The poorest man, with the Bible in his hands, may say, "Were it not for human learning I should never have read a line in this blessed book." To despise, therefore, human learning in itself, and apart from all the abuse of it, is to despise what has been made a signal blessing to the church of God. And we suspect that its greatest despisers are those who do not possess it. Pride is of so subtle, accommodating a nature, that whilst one man is proud of his knowledge, another is proud of his ignorance. A Commentary, therefore, which explains the meaning of the original, where the translation is obscure, may be no more worthy of contempt or disregard than the translation itself.

Again, there are many ancient customs and rites which may, to ordinary readers, present matter of difficulty. Or there may be types, figures, and ceremonies, the spiritual meaning of which is, perhaps, not very apparent, but which, when explained, may throw a sweet light upon gospel truth. Thus Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews is a Commentary upon the Book of Leviticus.

Again, there may be real or apparent difficulties, even contradictions in the word of God, which may much perplex the mind, and which Satan may make much use of to harass and distress the soul.

Or there may be profitable and edifying remarks drawn from different texts of Scripture, such as Hawker's "Morning and Evening Portions," or Mason's "Spiritual Treasury," and similar works, which, in fact, are but a Commentary on different parts of God's word.

But we may take a wider view still. A minister takes a text, shows its connexion, explains its literal meaning, traces out from it the experience of the soul—in other words, makes a Commentary upon it. If his words were taken down, and printed, and read, what are they but an extended Commentary upon a text of Scripture? There was a period in the history of the church when sermons were preached without texts at all; and when the practice was introduced of taking a text and preaching from it, it created much stir in the churches, and great opposition.* But the practice

* "This century (the 14th) was marked by the introduction of a novel mode of preaching, (in our days the most common,) that of taking a single text. The recent division of the Bible into chapters and verses, and the method common in the argumentative writings of the schoolmen, led to the first adoption of this plan; and it was long warmly opposed. The older methods of preaching were those termed declaring and lecturing. In the former, the preacher began by declaring the subject on which he intended to

eventually prevailed. When, then, a minister takes a text to preach from it, all that he says, so far as it is connected with his text, is but a Commentary upon it. Dr. Gill, we believe, preached a series of sermons on the Song of Solomon, which he afterwards published in a separate form as a Commentary upon that book, and a most excellent Commentary it is.

Now, if souls were blessed in hearing those sermons preached, why might not souls be blessed in reading those sermons when printed? The late Thomas Hardy had a remarkable gift in exposition, and his hearers often preferred what he said on the chapter to the Sermon. What was this exposition but a Commentary?

There is, then, if these arguments be worth anything, nothing objectionable in Commentaries themselves, that is assuming, as we here do, that they are written by gracious and enlightened men. It is the abuse which renders them justly objectionable.

5. But one objection remains which we have not touched, perhaps, the most formidable of all, and one which especially regards the Commentary before us—the impossibility of one man having such a spiritual knowledge of the whole Scripture, as to enable him to write a Commentary upon the word of God from Genesis to Revelation. God the Spirit never opened up, it is urged, the whole of the Scripture to one man; and if he attempt to unfold what he has not been spiritually taught, what is it but dead dry human wisdom at best? This is to say, in other words, what is certainly most true, that the best Commentary must be very imperfect, that there are depths in the word of God which no one pen can unfold, and that the spiritual, experimental meaning of a large part of the Scriptures must be left wholly untouched.

But may there not be a little confusion of ideas here? And may not persons confound two things certainly distinct? What is applied with power to the soul is one thing, and a general light upon God's truth is another. A servant of God may not have had fifty portions of Scripture applied with power to his soul, but in his whole life time he may preach from several thousand texts. May a minister preach only on those texts which have been applied with power to his soul? May he not have light upon others, and life, and liberty, and power, and sweetness too?

Mr. Huntington published a little work, in two volumes, called "Light Shining in Darkness," which we may call a Commentary upon certain dark passages of Scripture. But though, of course, he had light, and, it may be, life and feeling upon these passages, he does not profess that they all came with power to his soul for his personal deliverance or consolation. And is not this in accordance with

discourse, something in this manner: 'To-day I shall address you on the holiness of God;' in the latter, it was more in the style of exposition, being a kind of running commentary on some book of the Bible. The preachers from texts were at first greatly complained of as wordy triflers, whose almost interminable divisions of their subject perplexed, instead of edified, the hearers. Chrysostom was referred to as a model preacher, who had never confined himself to a text."—*Universal History on Scriptural Principles*, Vol. IV. p. 506.

Scripture precept and practice? What says the apostle? "Having, then, gifts according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion (or analogy) of faith;" *i. e.*, the preaching must be in strict accordance with the general drift and tenor of God's word. Paul does not confine a minister here to those texts only which have been applied with power to his soul, but requires that his preaching should be in strict agreement with the general tenor of inspiration. "If any man speak," says Peter, "let him speak as the oracles of God;" *i. e.*, in strict accordance with them. He does not limit him to a few portions of Scripture, but binds him to speak as they do.

Now apply this to a Commentary such as Dr. Gill's. If the Doctor had written no more upon the Scriptures than from the texts which had been opened up and applied to his soul, his Commentary would never have seen the day. But he might have much light upon the Scriptures generally, might have a clear judgment upon the truth of God revealed therein, distinct from certain portions particularly applied. Indeed, his experience of the truth of God in these particular passages would open up the meaning of others, as a master-key opens different locks. "The rain cometh down and the snow from heaven to make the earth bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater. So shall my word be." (Isa. lv. 10, 11.) A distinction is here made between personal enjoyment and a ministerial gift. There is in God's word bread to supply the seedsman's soul, and corn to supply his seed-basket. He maysow a sack of corn before he has eaten all his loaf. The Corinthians were enriched by God in all utterance and in all knowledge, so that they came behind in no gift; and yet they were, as regards grace, still babes in Christ, who needed milk rather than meat. A man, then, like Dr. Gill might possess a great gift in expounding the word of God who in grace might be inferior to many private Christians.

Besides which it should be borne in mind that the cases of ministers and expositors of God's word and of private Christians are widely different. A private Christian needs no more light upon the Scripture than serves for his own comfort and edification. A minister may have to feed thousands, and therefore needs supplies of wisdom and light for others as well as himself.

A commentator, therefore, might have much light upon God's truth, for the benefit of others as well as himself.

Again, all the objections which we have adduced go upon the ground that the *only* use and object of a Commentary is spiritual edification. This, of course, should be the *main* object, but there are other things looked for as well, and certainly very desirable; such as the literal meaning of a passage, the solution of apparent inconsistencies and contradictions, the explanation of ancient customs, and many things which, if not understood, render a passage obscure.

Our limits warn us abruptly to close. We must therefore defer to a future Number our remarks on the particular Commentary before us.

POETRY.

CHRIST DEAR TO THE SOUL.

"To you which believe he is precious."—1 Pet. ii. 7.

Let misers count their golden ore;
Let earth and seas add all their store;
No good therein my soul can see;
Jesus is dearer far to me.

Let life bring all its glittering toys,
Let worldlings add all their best joys;
My soul counts all but vanity;
Jesus is dearer far to me.

I feel a tender parent's heart,
Piercing me through with weeping
smart;

Part of my flesh, grace sets me free,
And makes my Christ dearer to me.

Thanks to my God for temporal things;
My soul in tears his goodness sings;
But though I had all eyes can see,
Jesus is dearer far to me.

Thanks, midst his saints, there for a
place,

For proving Christ the God of grace;
But nought compared to him can be,
Endeared for evermore to me.

Dearer than all the hosts above,
Dearer below than mortals' love;
Dearer than life e'ermore is he,
A precious Christ is dear to me.

And as my journey's end draws near,
Christ is to me increasing dear.
Without his smiles I cannot live;
For him I sigh, at sin I grieve.

But why so dear? some ask; O why?
Because for me my Lord did die.
How can you tell? His blood I've felt
Purging my conscience of her guilt.

His name I've pleaded, and prevail'd,
I ne'er have found his promise fail'd;
I've proved him God, my God, e'er blest,
And can upon his merits rest.

In straits he's answer'd oft my prayer,
The Spirit helping me when there;

Bedworth, Aug. 7th, 1851.

Communion with him I enjoy,
O what a sweet, a bless'd employ!

I am his special care and charge;
He sets my oft-bound soul at large;
And says where he is I shall be;
O what a Friend is Christ to me.

How can I but believe in him?
Precious to me, my darling theme;
I'll crown him now, and when above,
I'll crown him there, the God of Love.

Most precious now, beyond compare,
What will he be to me when there?
Heart can't conceive, but I can guess;
I've seen his glory, felt his grace.

Believing, hence I now rejoice,
I know my heavenly Shepherd's voice;
He calls me midst his sheep to rest,
And lets me lean upon his breast.

Though devils tremble at his name,
It does my soul with love inflame;
The hope o'ercomes me quite, to be
With Christ to all eternity.

Grace made the difference, grace my
theme;

Dear Christ, my soul now sings of him,
And waits to join the choir above,
The song I know, redeeming love.

This long'd-for boon, Lord, first give me,
My soul's desire, that's known to thee;
Then let my dying bed proclaim
Thy faithfulness, thy love, thy fame.

Then, when this favour, Lord, is given,
I feel I'm seal'd a heir of heaven;
Call back my breath, and let me be
With Christ, from sin for ever free.

This thou wilt do, the hope I feel;
Good is my Lord's dear righteous will;
That grace which makes him now so
dear,

Will prove me his in triumph there.

G. T. C.

Once I went to Jesus like a coxcomb, and gave myself fine airs; fancying, if he was something, so was I! if he had merit, so had I. And I used him as a healthy man will use a walking-staff, lean but little upon it, and flourish with it in the air. But now he is my whole support; no foot can stir a step without him. He is my all, as he ought to be, if he becomes my Saviour; and bids me cast, not some, but *all* my care upon him. (1 Pet. v. 6.)—*Berridge*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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THE SAINT'S REAL SERVICE, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE HOLY GHOST.

BY JOHN RUSK.

(Continued from page 43.)

I therefore proceed to the fourth branch of real service, which is *to serve him, under the influence of a pardoned or purged conscience*. Indeed, till this is the case there is but little delight in his service; because, all the time my life hangs in doubt, I shall be more driven on in his service than drawn; and therefore I cannot say that his service is perfect freedom. But it may be asked, "How shall I know whether I am in my sins, or whether I am in a pardoned state?" I will answer these two questions as well as the Lord shall enable me. If you are in your sins, and any share of conscience has fallen to you, you may know it by these nine things:

1. You will be in possession of a guilty conscience, which Paul calls an evil one. You may struggle as hard as you like to please it, by setting what you (falsely) call good works against your bad ones; but Paul calls it the sting of death.

2. God has concluded all men in unbelief, though there is not a man on the face of the earth who will acknowledge this but the convinced sinner, for they all talk of faith. "Yes," say you, "and that has often puzzled me; because, how am I to know the right faith?" If they talk of faith till doomsday, if destitute of one thing, it cuts them clean off. What is that? Why, the forgiveness of sins; for Paul says, all faith short of this is vain. "Your faith," says he, "is vain; you are yet in your sins."

3. All men are in a hopeless state, as the apostle says, "Having no hope, and without God in the world;" not that every one is without hope, but then it is a false one.

4. All men by sin are in a condemned state; for "by the offence of one man; judgment came upon all men to condemnation," and, as such, are under God's wrath; for "he that believes not is condemned already, and the wrath of God abideth on him."

5. All men in sin are at an infinite distance from God, but they do not feel it; for the devil has a rattle of some sort or another to amuse them with. Hence the Scripture says, "We are far from God by wicked works."

6. All men hate God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, his service, his ministers, his word, and his people. "But," say you, "they do not say so." No; "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." But I am sure, say you, that there are many fair-speaking people that will say they love God. Yes; so says the Scripture, "Thou art unto them as a lovely song, or as one that playeth well on an instrument; but their heart goeth after their covetousness." They love money, the root of all evil, and hate God, the root of all good. Now, though such speak fair, believe them not, for there are seven abominations in their hearts.

7. All men by nature are unthankful to God for everything he gives them, whether health, strength, friends, honour, or riches. Hence it is said "he causeth the sun to rise on the just and the unjust," on the evil and thankful; which may mean, not only the natural sun, but the smilings of Providence; for "he loveth the stranger in giving him food and raiment."

8. All men are sensual, and care for nothing but sensual gratifications, walking after their own lusts, and, as Paul says, "fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind;" as one who had a discovery of his own heart said, "I am more brutish than any man;" and another, "I am as a beast before thee." Thus they are sensual.

9. But the last I shall mention is, they are devilish. It is an awful expression, but a true one; as Paul says in Eph. ii. 2: "Wherein in times past ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience." This prince of the air is called in another place in the plural, the fowls of the air, which means devils; and in the Revelation, the last vial that is to be poured out is to be poured out in the air.

Thus I have answered the first of your questions by these nine things. I will now, by the help of God, show you in twelve particulars, what we enjoy when in a pardoned state. Here all our happiness lies; and take particular notice, for these things are weighty, and not to be trifled with.

1. *We are delivered from a guilty and an accusing conscience.* As the apostle says, "God has sprinkled our hearts from an evil conscience." So that, sin being gone, which is the sting of death, and being now a partaker of the precious blood of Christ, which has cleansed me from all sin, I can say, "My conscience bears me witness in the Holy Ghost." This is the first proof that we are in a pardoned state. But though this is the case, and we often rejoice in it, yet this pardon or deliverance does not set us out of the reach of

temptation, neither are we delivered from indwelling sin. No; but let it be remembered, that the same fountain that cleansed at first, is by every act of faith to keep us clean. Do not expect to get pardon any other way. You were up to your eyes in filth when he first said to you, when in your sins and in your blood, "Live;" and to this day he purifies the heart by faith. Remember, it is a continual act, for Christ's blood cleanseth from all sin. And this promise from our Saviour's mouth we may plead; for he says, "I have declared thy (covenant) name, and will declare it;" which shows plainly that we shall stand in need of it. Thus the sting of death is removed by the precious blood of Christ.

2. Another thing we enjoy when our pardon is sealed is *peace*. Now God declares, and he is the best judge, that there is no peace to the wicked. But when we are pardoned, though at first our faith being weak and our doubts and fears strong, we shall often cast away our confidence, yet, after a while, having many deliverances, and finding the same peace come again, we shall get stronger in faith. Paul says, "There is peace in believing;" and says Peter, "Seek peace and pursue it;" seek it of God the Father through his dear Son, for he made peace by the blood of his cross; seek it in Christ by union with himself: "In me ye shall have peace;" seek it through the blessed Spirit by obedience to him, or sowing to the Spirit, watching his motions in your soul. Sometimes he will urge you to prayer, at other times to debase yourself before God, at other times to gratitude; and at other times you will find the fruits of the Spirit, one of which is peace. Learn to be thankful for a little, and not to murmur because your experience is not so high as that of others; but still do not rest in any attainments. Choose for your companions those that are most lively to God, not in shaking hands and always in high glee, but those that have enjoyed this purifying faith. We are commanded to seek peace with all them that call upon God out of a pure heart; and if they call upon him, one of their prayers is for the prosperity of the church of Christ. They love to see it increase; therefore the Scripture says, "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee." Now this peace comes always with pardon; as Christ says, "Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace."

3. We enjoy a *good hope*, through grace. This hope is in the mercy of God through Christ Jesus. Stand fast on an unconditional promise; and this, Mr. Huntington says, may be seen in David, for he says, "Remember the word to thy servant, on which thou hast caused me to hope;" and this promise was, "I will never take my mercy from David as I took it from Saul." Hence it is called "the sure mercies of David." Then, says David, "The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him and in them that *hope in his mercy*." Now this mercy is the Holy Ghost; as you read in Isaiah, "I will make an everlasting covenant with him, even the sure mercies of David." This covenant is called his Word and Spirit, which is never to depart from his seed; and then Paul tells you what this covenant, or Word and Spirit is: "Of his mercy he saves us, by the washing

of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost," which Saul never had, for he was a sworn enemy to David, which enmity, if mercy in regeneration had come to him, would have been subdued. This is our hope. It first arises from a consideration that our experience is something like that of Bible saints; and thus, "through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, we have hope." But afterwards, after many tokens for good, answers to prayer, and various changes, we get pretty strong, and then we sometimes abound in hope by the power of the Holy Ghost. Though this, under temptation, may appear to shake, yet the deeper we go down the higher we shall rise; yea even to a full persuasion that the Object of our hope is in our heart; as Paul says, "Christ in you the hope of glory." Now, this is the rise and progress of hope. And mind one thing more; we hope in Christ as God; our hope must centre in him as Jehovah. Let this one thing go, and your hope will go with Simon Magus's money; that is, perish with you. Mind what Paul says, "Which hope we have, as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast." But what makes it so sure and stedfast? Hoping in Christ as a creature? No, says Paul, "it enters into that within the veil, whither our Forerunner has for us entered," &c. Where he is entered is heaven, as he told the thief; and the veil, Paul says, is his flesh; that within it is the Godhead; for "in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." But more of this afterwards. Now, this hope comes from pardon; that is, a forgiven soul enjoys it; for John says, "Every man that hath this hope in him purifies himself even as he is pure." Take notice, there is the fountain opened. Have I slipt into evil? Then do not lie down in it, but humbly confess what is amiss, and plead a fresh pardon; and thus we are said to purify ourselves; but I know, and so do you, that the blessed Spirit is at the bottom of it all, and prompts us to it.

4. But, we pass on to the fourth thing we enjoy when pardoned, which is, an *imputed righteousness*; and this is a blessed proof that we are pardoned. In this lies our meetness for heaven: "The marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready; and to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white;" and this white linen is the righteousness of the saints. Now, say you, "How shall I know whether it is upon me or not?" To which I answer, One thing will sufficiently prove this; you will hate your own with perfect hatred. Zion says, "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." Paul calls his "dung and dross;" yet both could rejoice in an imputed one. Our own will stink in our nostrils as a Pharisee's does in God's. In a measure, this imputed righteousness we have when pardoned. "Much more being justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him."

5. Another thing we have when pardoned is, we have a *healthy countenance*. Before this, we are like the publican, who dared not to lift up his eyes to heaven, but smote on his breast, saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" But after this, we can say with David, "Thou, Lord, art a shield for me, my glory, and the lifter up of my

head;" "Thou art the health of my countenance and my God." This is our Father's name in our forehead.

6. When this pardon is sealed, we find *rest in our souls*, which is what we never found before. Now, let it be observed what we rest from and what we do not; and do not jumble things together. First, then, we rest from the Spirit of bondage in a broken law; as Paul says, "We have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear;" and, secondly, we rest from the burden of our sins: "Come unto me," says Christ, "all ye that labour (at the law) and are heavy laden, (with that sore burden too heavy for you,) and I will give you rest." Before this, David tells you he had no rest in his bones because of his sins; but when pardoned, then we find rest. "Yes," say you, "I have found these things, but I do not always enjoy them." No, I know that; but still this rest is always to be enjoyed by virtue of union with Christ Jesus; and so says David, "Return to thy rest, O my soul;" but where is your rest? He tells you: "Rest in the Lord;" and let it be ever so often disturbed, yet here it is always the same. But never expect to rest from trials, temptations, afflictions, crosses, or oppositions from the world, hypocrites, &c.; yet from all these, at times, we rest, and shall rest to all eternity; for we are to rest in our beds, which, I think, is the love of the Three Persons in the Blessed Trinity. "There the weary are at rest."

7. When you are pardoned, you will *loathe yourself*. Take notice; Solomon says, "There is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed from their filthiness." This is the view a Pharisee has of himself; but how does one appear that is really washed? Why, the Lord tells you by his prophet Ezekiel: "Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your doings that were not good, and shall loathe yourselves in your own sight for your iniquities." But when is this to be? "When I am pacified toward you." "But," say you, "what enjoyment is there in this? for you said we were to enjoy these things." I say, a good deal, for it is a thing mingled. As Mr. Hart says,

"A Christian can repent and sing,
Rejoice, and be ashamed."

None but those who have felt it can tell what it is for the long-suffering mercy of God to meet our misery. This I well know by blessed experience; we never sink lower in our own eyes, and never rise higher in Christ Jesus.

8. You will enjoy much *spiritual life* in your soul. Christ says, "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." You will know it by this; for when under convictions, when hearing the word preached, you never, I think I may venture to say, could find a whole sermon in your favour; but, since pardoned, you have often heard sermon after sermon, and been all life for it. The same in reading. What a heavenly chain of truth! How sweet to view all the steps he has led you, and reflect upon the tender regard he has manifested in your behalf. In Christian conversation likewise. You

can say, "O come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." Now, here is life. The same also in every grace of the Spirit, which at times you will find all in exercise, and will be able to discover them in your own heart. Now, if you can follow me thus far, then let us come to the ninth particular, which is,

9. *Freedom of access to God*, so as to make free with humble boldness. And this is very astonishing, that the High and Lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, should look to and dwell with the humble and contrite heart; but you will know it by losing your cares, burdens, complainings, &c. When everything goes bitter every way else, you will find him One that loveth at all times. You will find freedom of speech, of spirit, and boldness of access by a humble confidence, even when pinched to the uttermost.

10. You will *enjoy God's love*, so as to say with David, "My cup runneth over." This running over is joy. You will rejoice in God's love to you from everlasting; in Christ's love to you in wading through such a scene of sufferings for you; in the Holy Ghost's love to you in crossing, trying, searching, stripping, emptying, and pulling you down; and then in comforting, strengthening, supporting, and raising you up, and in bearing his witness in your conscience that you are justified. You will love his word, his family, and all that in the least favour his righteous cause. This you will find so strong as to cast out every idol; and it will so crucify you to this world that you will long for death, and have a strong desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better. I do not know how it may be with you, but this I can say myself, that having enjoyed this love in my soul, it has so deadened me to everything else, that when the Lord hides his face, I do find myself the unhappiest creature that ever lived; like a fish out of water; so dead to this world that my lawful calling is a sore burden. But this is the cross. Lord, help us to submit. Now, this love always attends pardon; as you read, Mary's sins were forgiven her and she loved much; and where little is forgiven the same will love little.

11. Where pardon is fully enjoyed, you will find a *grateful heart*. Did I say fully? I might say, ever so little enjoyed; for you may perceive it in every distant view of pardon. I remember myself before I fully enjoyed this, that at times, from a persuasion that I should have it, I have found gratitude; but when it is fully enjoyed, there is every faculty of the soul grateful to God; as the Psalmist says, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and (mark!) *all* that is within me, bless his holy name." But what is it, David, that makes you break out thus? Why, "he forgiveth all my iniquities, and healeth all my diseases." This will so completely gain your heart over to him, that in a little time the world and its vanities, the people of it, &c., will be so out of your heart, that you will say with David in another place, "Woe is me that I dwell in Meshech."

12. Lastly on this head. You will find as you go on in the divine life the Lord will give you *an understanding to know* what a treasure you have in your heart. You will find your path shine more and

more; and remember, he has promised that if we wait on him he will bring forth our righteousness as the light, and our judgment as the noonday. John says, "He hath given us an *understanding*; and Paul says, "He hath given us the spirit of revelation and understanding in the *knowledge* of Christ." Then go to John, and he says, "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye *know* all things." Thus we *know* what is freely given us of God; and this is real service.

(To be continued.)

A VOICE FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE.

Fellow Traveller in the Bonds of the everlasting Gospel,—I was very thankful to receive your kind epistle, and glad indeed am I to hear of the dear Lord's great goodness to you in your affliction. It does my soul good to hear of his mercies to his poor tried family, and that he takes knowledge of such sinful worms as we feel ourselves to be, deserving nothing but wrath and indignation. Ever blessed be the dear Lamb, though we have merited eternal ruin, he has not punished us according to our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities, but has, in tender mercy, spared us, and not cut us down as cumberers of the ground.

O may it be your happy lot and mine to be found arrayed in that glorious dress wrought out and brought in by a crucified Saviour, the Lamb without spot; and may we be kept humble at his footstool, ever pleading that all-prevailing name of Jesus. I am so helpless now myself, that unless the Lord of life and glory did keep me in my affliction and trials, I should sink into utter despair. Lover and friend has he put far from me. I am as a sparrow alone, and the world and all that is in it, without God, is a cheat. But, blessed be his dear name, he suffers me to want no good thing; and at times he does give me a little sweet peace in him. Then I can leave the world and all its gaudy toys, and rest in the dear Lamb, who has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." O what glorious news for poor perishing sinners! Does not this suit your poor soul? It does mine right well. What a boundless ocean of love did that fountain open when the dear Lord of life and glory cried out in agony of soul, "It is finished!" What is finished? Let us ask the question. Why, the church's transgression. He made an end of sin, and brought in an everlasting salvation for poor sinners, his dear family; and the gates of hell shall never prevail against them. But what faithless watchers we are! We are so weak and helpless, and have so base a heart of unbelief, though the Lord has so often blessed us. At least I feel I have, and I doubt not you do also. But, blessed be the eternal Three, God's thoughts are not as our thoughts, neither his ways as our ways, for who could bear with such wretches? who but a loving, affectionate, dear Redeemer, who poured out his soul unto death, that poor rebels might go free?

I am glad to find you feel a little sweet resignation to his will at

times. It is the same with me. O that I were more resigned to his heavenly will, and could lie humbly before him,

“Live near his heart, upon his bosom lean.”

Ever blessed be his name, he has been a God of love to my poor soul; and though he has deprived me of my strength, and sorely afflicted me, yet sin procured me these things. He has wonderfully appeared for me in providence, by sending me sums of money, thus keeping me entirely dependant on him for every mercy I receive. My complaint is my lungs. I have had two or three relapses of spitting blood. But, bless the Lord, he has sustained me till now, and I think it is now seven weeks since the last relapse. I have a cough, and my breathing is very bad. I went home for two or three days, but I could not stay, for if I walked only a few yards I was completely knocked up, and could not get my breath for some time. My breath is not so bad in the country, but I feel I gather no strength. I am now a complete pauper on sovereign grace, and have nothing only what I receive out of the Lord's fulness, and he only knows what he is about to do with me.

I do indeed need the prayers of the faithful to plead for me with the dear Lord that my faith fail not, for I am a poor weak worm, and at times cannot get a prayer heavenward; but, ever blessed be God, the eternal Spirit makes intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.

Give my kind Christian love to your dear partner, and may God bless her in her soul, with sweet patience in every trial she may meet with, and sanctify your trials to your soul's good, and his honour and glory. Amen. Yours for the truth's sake,

July 24th, 1851.

J. G. SALMON.

[Poor Salmon, the writer of the above, was a member of the Church at Eden Street, well known, and much esteemed and loved as a humble exercised and gracious man. Since this letter was written to the friend who has forwarded it to us he has gone home. Well do we remember the last time we shook his poor emaciated hand, looked upon the sunken eye filled with tears, and heard the last accents of his trembling voice. We both knew we should not meet on earth again.—Eds.]

But while I am writing these things I cannot but conceive an indignation against myself, and heartily wish I were filled with shame, sorrow, and grief of spirit, that having read and heard so often of the surpassing love of God the Father, in giving his Son; and so often of the unspeakable love of Jesus, yet to be no more affected with it, no more sensible of it, to have my affections no more stirred and moved, no more quickened and warmed. Alas! my dead heart, my adamant heart! Lord, sprinkle it with the blood; Lord, shed abroad that love of thine upon my heart abundantly by the Holy Ghost; Lord Jesus, manifest thy love to me, that I may love thee. I am ashamed and pained for want of love to God, to Jesus. O that I could believe thy love to my soul, then I could not choose but love thee. Lord, I believe; help my unbelief.—*Bunyan*.

A NEEDS BE FOR TRIALS.

Dear Friend,—I received yours, and thought of writing before I left home, but was not able, so I embrace this opportunity of sending by Mr. Warburton.

Be assured, my friend, that there is no getting at truth to any good purpose but through tribulation; and even tribulation will do no real good but as the blessed Lord sanctifies it; but when his glorious Majesty brings divine truth to the conscience, as suited to our trying cases, and as designed for us by an all-wise and gracious God, we “rejoice in tribulations also,” and adore the Lord for graciously proving that his grace is sufficient for us, and that his strength is made perfect in our weakness. A real Christian must have trials, for “the Lord trieth the righteous.” The grace he communicates to his people must be put to the test and well proved up. An easy path bloats us up, and we are prone to swell like a blown-up bladder; but the first thing that the devil buffets us with lets out all the wind, and all our show sinks to nothing. Then we prove that “all flesh is grass and all the goodness thereof as the flower of the field,” and we feelingly cry, “I am a worm and no man,” yea, we “say to corruption, Thou art our mother;” we become a stench in our own nostrils, and feelingly cry out, in deep humility, “Behold, I am vile.” Then the blessed Spirit, as a sweet Messenger and Interpreter, the glorious “one in a thousand,” is graciously pleased to open the mysteries of divine grace, and say, “Deliver him from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom.” This applied to the heart sets the soul at large, and makes the flesh fresher than a child’s, and the poor sinner returns to the days of his youth. “He will pray unto God, and he will be favourable unto him, and he shall see his face with joy.” Then has tribulation worked patience indeed.

There is a needs be that we should be “in heaviness through manifold temptations;” not *one* fold merely, but *many* fold. I believe that God’s people, and especially his ministers, must be deeply and often tried; and when the Lord is fitting them for the work, they are often sin-hunted, world-hunted, and devil-hunted, yea, and *friend*-hunted and *foe*-hunted too; and the Lord often hides the light of his own countenance and appears to shut the Bible against them, and yet keeps a something living in their souls that cannot give up the point. However it may be oppressed, live it does and live it must. Business must be done in deep waters, hot and cold waters, yes, and hot fires too. By these things men live, and there is no living to good purpose without them. This is God’s college, and the Holy Ghost teaches the deep things of God therein, and in his own time brings forth the man to be a true witness for God, speaking of “the things which he has heard, which his eyes have seen, which he has looked upon, and his hands have handled of the word of life.” Christ is made exceedingly precious and becomes his all in all. He is then able ministerially to “comfort others with the same comforts wherewith he himself has been comforted of God.”

Faint not, my friend, in the day of trial. Your God cannot err, and in the end you will prove him a most glorious and blessed Theological Tutor. None can teach like him. May he keep you at school till he makes you a burning and a shining light.

Give my love to Mr. —, and all the dear family of God. The Lord direct you in all things. If I never see your faces again in the flesh, I hope now and then to meet you in the spirit of my dear Lord, at his glorious throne. Bless his precious name, he has, in the riches of his grace, made his family one in himself, nor can any part of this glorious one be perfect without the other. (Heb. xi. 40; 1 Cor. xii. 12, &c.; Eph. iv. 16.) In God's blessed family, there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female; for they are all one in Christ Jesus; and if they be Christ's, then are they Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise. O that the wells of living waters may spring up in your souls, and that you may live in Christ, upon Christ, to Christ, and for Christ, and give demonstrative proof that in you "grace reigns through righteousness," and that the eternal Three-One God is your God.

I hope that the dear Lord will go with my brother Warburton, and that it will be a blessed repast for you all.

I think if Mrs. — were to write an account of the dealings of God with her soul, for insertion in the "Gospel Standard," it might be useful to the family of God. I should like you, or any of God's dear people capable of doing it, to write upon the dealings of God with you or them. You might be useful in this case.

Pray for me, that God may keep me and bless me, and enable me to sound abroad his glorious fame while he gives me breath and being. I have been nearly dead with the spasms, but my Lord has spared me.

Yours in the Lord,

Oct. 3, 1835.

W. GADSBY.

Thus it is a threefold mystery: a gospel published in the midst of an ungodly world; a little church preserved in the midst of devils; and a little grace kept alive in the midst of corruptions.—*John Mason.*

If an angel were sent to find the most perfect man, he would probably not find him composing a body of divinity, but perhaps a cripple in a poor-house, whom the parish wish dead, and humbled before God with far lower thoughts of himself than others think of him.—*Newton.*

If God be my God, and the God of my salvation, he is worthy to be waited *on*, and waited *for*. But how may I know that he is such? By what he has done for me. Has he opened my once blind eyes, and given me to see the infinite evil of my sin in the light, and by the spirituality, purity, and holiness of his law? Has he made Christ, and the knowledge and enjoyment of his dear name, the chief and only desire of my heart? Then God is mine, and salvation mine; all in the covenant is mine, and every promise in the Bible is mine; and heaven at last shall be mine, for ever to enjoy.—*II. Fowler.*

"HITHERTO HATH THE LORD HELPED ME."

Continued from page 50.

In June the family left as usual for travelling; and never can I forget what I went through. We went to the North of Wales, stopping at an hotel the first night, which was very full, so that we could not be very well accommodated. The room in which I slept was very small and close, the weather being very hot. When I got to my room, and had shut the door, I thought what with the heat and the dreadful state of my mind, I must die. In the morning we went to look for a house, as we were going to stay some time. O how I looked at every person I met and wished I was they! I thought there was hope for them, but that I was past hope; and such feelings now came over me that I thought my spirit was just being separated from my body. One time in particular, when I went to a shop to give orders for my mistress, I had this feeling come over me, and such a heat that I really believed I was then dying, and that in a few moments I should be in eternity. Never can my soul forget this time; but the Lord's thoughts were not as my thoughts. I left the shop, and felt a little thankful that I was spared a little longer; and I went about crying, "O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, have mercy, have mercy upon me, for Christ's sake." I had nothing to plead for but mercy, for the sake of Him who died for the chief of sinners. Truly I felt it was a bitter and hateful thing to sin against such a great and holy God. I fell before him as a condemned wretch, and was assured in my own conscience that condemnation was my just reward. Sure I was that if the Lord did have mercy on me, it must indeed and in truth be an act of free and sovereign grace; and I thought when I appeared at the Judgment day I should receive my sentence, and my mouth would be shut; but I did hope I might never blasphemie the name of God, even when I sank down to hell. Notwithstanding all that I felt and believed at times, yet I could no more help crying for mercy than I could help my existence.

One day, as I was out walking alone in the most distressed state a poor soul could labour under, I saw two poor dejected creatures, a man and a woman. The man was blind and, I think, had but one leg and one arm, and of all the objects of misery, they appeared to be the most miserable; but such were my feelings that had I had a thousand worlds in my possession, I would have given up all to have been in their place; for surely, I thought if they go to hell they will not have to suffer for making a profession of religion as I shall; and who can tell but the Lord may have mercy upon these poor wretches? but, fool as I am, I have taken up a profession and it was not of the Lord, and now I am past mercy. O that I had never been born! O that I had no soul to save! The house we were in was called Mount Pleasant. It was a new one, and rather high; and many times was I tempted to throw myself down, but was not suffered. I had but very little work to do, and what I had I could not do as I ought, for I spent hours together on my knees; and

when I was not on my knees I was searching the word of God. Sometimes I saw a precious promise, which I would have given all I possessed if I could have claimed; yes, I could have given up my life. "But nay," said the devil, "that is for the elect and not for those who take up a profession of their own, which you have done. You know you are a hypocrite, and there is no promise of pardon to them; no, not throughout the word of God." And whenever I came to threatenings of God against sinners, "That is for you. You are just the very character," said the devil. These words sorely troubled me, "But the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." (Isa. lvii. 20, 21.) Now as we were facing the sea, I sat and watched it, and I thought surely this is just the truth of the words, for indeed the furious waves did cast up mire and dirt; such did I feel within my own breast, and thought I was the very character here spoken of.

I generally went to bed as soon as I could, for I seemed only to be a misery to those around me; but, alas! now my sleep was taken from me; and here I lay hour after hour, in such agony of mind that I wished for death, for my sufferings were such that I knew not how to bear them, and I wished to know the worst of my pains. While in this dreadful state, one morning my little boy came into my bed; and as he looked at me he said, "H—, what is the matter with you?" I said, "O, I am unhappy." "Why?" he said, "because you have not got a Saviour?" I made him no answer, but thought it strange he should thus speak, for such were then my feelings. "But," the dear child said, "the Lord Jesus Christ will save you; yes he will." I thought much of what he said, as he was only six years old.

We now were going to leave this place, for we could see little but mountains. I can never forget our journey to the next place. There was no conveyance but a coach, and this was crowded. I sat outside with seven or eight gentlemen. They all appeared in the greatest height of enjoyment, admiring the beautiful scenery, and talking of all the pleasure they had had in different places, and what they then were going to do; and some of them looked at me with an eye of pity, for I was ill in body as well as mind.

We arrived safe at our appointed place, and stopped at the hotel. It was a very large, and also a very grand one. There was music playing all day in the hall, and it appeared to be full of gay people. After dinner, my mistress went out to seek for lodgings, and left me with the little boy, as he was too tired to go out again. I was in such a dreadful state that I thought I should not live until night. The hours seemed days. I was tired, and my poor body was almost worn out. After tea we went to our lodgings, but I was now quite unable to attend to my work. I did little but lie down on my bed, groaning and longing for death, yet fearing it greatly. I still read the word of God much, and felt glad at times that there were such words written as these: "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my

ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." (Isa. lv. 8, 9.) Perhaps for a moment this would comfort me. I knew if the Lord's ways were not as mine, he might have thoughts of love towards me, for I was sure I had nothing but thoughts of misery and woe towards myself.

I had now a heavier trial to pass through than any I had ever had before. It was this, comparing the Lord Jesus Christ to a mere man, heaven to earth; and this was done in such a way that I could never describe it to any living mortal. Go where I would or do what I would, these things rushed into my mind that I trembled and was so distressed that I said, "Lord, I would rather sink down into hell than have such things in my thoughts;" for I did not want to do, feel, or say anything against his dear Majesty, though I believed I should never see him but as my Judge. I often used to go out on the Lord's day and sit down with my Bible on the hills, where no eye or ear perceived me but that God that heareth and seeth all things. I looked around me and beheld the great works of the Lord, for there was nothing but rocks and mountains to see. Here I sighed and groaned many hours away. I received several letters from the friends at C—. They tried to encourage me, but nothing could reach me but the great and mighty God. I wrote a few lines to my young friend and companion and told her just what I felt. Whatever was represented to my mind by the devil, I believed was true.

Now the time was fixed for our return to C., but I could not look forward with the same pleasure as I had before in meeting with the friends, for I felt I could not go with them as I had done in days that were past; so I made up my mind not to meet with them any more. On returning, the people all gazed at me, for truly I was an object of pity. Ah! I thought, little do you think what I am and what I feel. None but he that knows all things knows what my feelings are!

The friends were all glad to see me, and tried all they could to encourage me, and for a little while I seemed a little calm; but this lasted only a short time, and then I sank lower and lower every day. Every sermon I heard seemed to convince me more and more that I was deceived. For a long time I had a fear on my mind that I had taken up my religion to gain the affections of a young man. It was the young man that I spoke of as being my brother's friend. And now it was brought powerfully to my mind that this was the real cause of my taking up my religion, which seemed to be confirmed by an event which took place four or five years back, just at the time when the Lord was deepening his work in my soul. I went home for a week, and it happened that a relation of this young man's was with my mother. When I went into the room she said to my mother, "I think our So-and-so would be a good match for your S—." My mother's reply was, "She is not religious enough for him." "Now," said the devil, "there was the beginning of your religion;" and though at the same time I could appeal to God that I never felt any more natural affection for this young man than I

had for the greatest stranger in a foreign country, yet I thought he was a good young man and had plenty of money; and if I were to say the thought never struck me that it would be a good chance for me, I should lie; but nothing further. However, everything was so plainly represented to my mind that I fell under it, and was left to believe that this was the foundation of my religion, and that the Lord had never even convinced me of my sin. Indeed, I was left to sink so low that I really believed I had never known there was a heaven or a hell; I told the friends what I felt. I told them I knew I was nothing but an awful hypocrite, and that I took up my religion for the sake of this young man; and I wished them to believe that I was a hypocrite, for I thought I would not deceive any one any more. I thought I never had been honest before, and now I would be. I thought I would not act the hypocrite any longer, and would give up everything. So I gave up taking in the "Gospel Standard," and paying a small sum monthly for the support of the cause; and I scarcely ever went inside the chapel, but sat on the stairs, for I thought it was a solemn mockery to enter the house of the Lord, though I could not stop away.

I now became worse than ever. I could not attend to the child nor to any of my work; and what to do or where to go I could not tell; so one morning I asked my mistress to let me go home for two days, and she consented. The conveyance did not leave until two o'clock, and it made it late before it got in, and then I had seven miles to walk. It was getting quite dark, and though it was not safe for me to walk alone at that time of night, I said, "My soul is lost, and I do not care about my body;" so I walked two or three miles, when it became quite dark, and it was a very lonesome place. Soon afterwards I came to an inn, which was just half way, and I saw a conveyance at the door with S— upon it, so I knew it must pass close by my home. I agreed with the carriers to take me, and in conversation I told them where I had come from, and I soon found out they knew my friends, but I did not make myself known.

When I reached home, my friends were frightened to see me at that time of night. I then had some supper and went to bed with my mother. Never can I forget the feelings I had. "O," thought I, "that ever you should have conceived me to be lost for ever! and my misery was such that I could not rest anywhere. So in the afternoon my brother and I walked the seven miles to the place where the conveyance was; but I could not go that night, so I and my brother slept at a friend's house; and in the morning I said to my brother, "O! I am in utter despair!" I believe if ever any one shared another's trouble he did mine; and we parted with heavy hearts. I got back safely, but knew not how to contain myself. Now again, I thought I must give up everything: I will read no more, pray no more, nor ever go to chapel again. Nor did I enter inside of the chapel many times after, but could not stop away; so I thought if I sat outside it would not be quite so great a sin. Nor could I give up reading, nor attempting to pray; though often, when I have got up off my knees, the devil would say how awful it

was to mock God as I had done; and he would bring this passage of Scripture to prove the truth of it, "The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord." Well, I knew I was wicked, and I thought surely it would be better that I never attempted to call on God any more; and yet, when my sins, death, and judgment stared me in the face, I could no more help crying to the Lord than I could help my existence. But the devil knew well, I believe, the word of God, and here he held me fast, bringing to my mind all the cutting passages of Scripture he could; and I believed they came from God, for I did not believe the devil could handle the Scriptures in such a way. I thought as I had acted so deceitfully and taken up my religion, surely it was from the Lord, that he was opening my eyes to see how awfully I was deceived. I told many of the friends how I had been deceived and had deceived others, and that had I a thousand worlds in my possession, I would give them to call back all I had ever said. It was this that grieved me, that ever I had made a profession, and now it was being made manifest that I was nothing but a hypocrite. I could not feel a pleasure in being in company with the Lord's people, but felt envious and jealous that the Lord should have chosen them and not me, and I felt as if I hated the Lord. "Now," said the devil, "if you were one of the Lord's people, you could not hate him or his children, but would love him because he first loved you; so this is a proof that you are not one, for if he loved you you would love him;" and my mind was in such a state of darkness that I believed every lie the devil brought, and felt that I was the vilest wretch on the earth. "O," thought I, "that ever I presumed to take up a profession of religion, and even to speak of the teaching and drawing of the Holy Spirit, and professed to have had a manifestation of pardon, and to have felt the witness of the Spirit within!" O! it was cutting, for I could not think how I could have acted so base a part. This did sting me afresh daily. I thought the Lord might have had compassion on me, but he would not; yet I was compelled to cry to the Lord, trembling before him, and saying, "O thou great God! Do not cut me down for coming before thee; but, O Lord, wilt thou permit me to tell thee what I feel? Lord, I do feel that I am the vilest creature that ever existed; but, O Lord, O Lord, I do believe thou art able even now to reach me, if thou wilt. O do Lord, do Lord." And sometimes I had such a feeling, while saying, "Do Lord, O do Lord," for Jesus Christ, that I could say no more. My heart was in a measure melted, and sometimes I have wept myself to sleep; but when I awoke in the morning, my misery was still the same; yea, it seemed increased more after I had anything like a good feeling towards the Lord.

Now, at this time we had a minister who preached at our chapel once every month. He was a very humble man, and one I highly esteemed, for his work's sake. He had talked to me several times, and tried to encourage me, but could not. No; the Lord had broken and he alone could heal. I think it was the first Lord's Day in December that I ventured inside the chapel to hear this minister.

I felt a little encouraged, and after it was over I went to a friend's house where he was stopping. He there read the 107th psalm, and afterwards engaged in prayer, and entreated the Lord to rebuke the devourer and to deliver me. Truly I felt it good, and a little hope sprung up while there; but as soon as I got home, the devil came and drowned all my little hope, and the next morning I was in a most awful state, so that after breakfast I was obliged to go and tell the minister that I was sure I was a hypocrite, and that I could not rest till I had told him, after the prayer he put up on my behalf the previous night. Acute indeed were my feelings, and daily did I grow worse; so that at times I thought I should go quite out of my mind; and sometimes I wished it, so that I might be dead to my present misery. I cared nothing about myself, how I looked or what others thought of me. I never undressed myself to go to bed, but sometimes would lie on the bed, sometimes on the floor all night. For ten weeks I went on in this way till I had so neglected myself that my body was beginning to be quite offensive. Every one that saw me observed the change in me, because I was generally thought particularly neat and clean in my appearance; but, alas! the scene was now changed, and I felt determined I would never alter or do anything to change my appearance, unless there was a change in my mind, which I believed there never would be.

I had now made up my mind to destroy myself; and as the little boy went out to spend the day on Wednesdays, I thought this would be a good opportunity to do it; so I went out with the intention of throwing myself from a very high hill near, but could not. As I came back; I called to see an old man, and told him I was quite sure I was lost; "yes," I said, "I am lost for ever;" and I said to him, "Do you think the devil has power to torment one more than another?" "Well," he said, "he is the king of the pit and can do as he will." Well, I believed this to be true from what I had read in the "Visions of Hell." Now, I thought, I will go home and pray to him that he may not torment me so much; for I thought if I pray to him now, perhaps he will have mercy hereafter; for I felt assured the Lord would not; but in this hour of temptation was God very faithful, and suffered it not to be, but made a way for my escape. Blessings on his dear name for ever. But now I could not stop in my situation any longer, for I could not attend to the little boy, so I made up my mind to go home. Therefore, one morning, just before chapel time, I went out of the house with the intention of walking home, though I knew I could not reach it that night; but I thought I could stop out under some hedge all night, and as soon as it was light in the morning, I would start again. It was five and twenty miles I had to walk. But the Lord's thoughts were not as mine were. However, I walked about three miles out of the town, when a man and woman passed me. They were very low-looking people, and often looked back, as I thought, to see if I was coming. Well, I stood still and looked around me, but could see nobody passing. It was a very lonely road, and I thought perhaps these people would insult me and strip me of my

clothes, and perhaps kill me. What to do I could not tell. I stood some time considering what I should do; so at last turned back.

Another Sunday morning I went out and took a bottle of poison in my pocket, and my hymn book and Testament, with a full determination to destroy myself; and I felt as if no power in heaven or on earth should ever bring me back; so I went on the highest part of L— hill, thinking to drink the poison and then throw myself down. I sat down under a row of trees, for this was the spot from which I had fixed to throw myself, as it was the most rugged, so that I thought I should be sure to be dashed to pieces. While I was sitting down, I read several chapters out of the New Testament. One was the 10th of John. Satan was close at hand. "Now," he said, "there is a voice spoken of in this chapter which you never heard. You are one of them that did not come in at the gate, but climbed over the wall. You know the awful reality of climbing over the wall. There is no more hope for you than there is for the lost souls in hell." Such I believed, and the power of these things was so great that I can never forget it. As I looked around, and was led to meditate what state of sufferings I should be in in a few moments, I thought it will be *for ever*. *O! for ever!* Eternity sounded in my ears. Now I turned and looked around me and saw two men coming towards me. I began to fear they would insult me; so the devil whispered in my ears, "Now is the time to throw yourself down, for these men will be certain to insult you; and as you are sure there can be no way for you to escape, it would be better to accomplish it now." So I took out the bottle of poison, and was taking out the cork, but could not put it to my mouth; and I can at this moment fancy how I felt the devil close behind me pushing me on. Yes, I believe he thought he should now gain his point; but he that never slumbereth nor sleepeth was watching over me. None but he could have kept me in this hour of severe trial and strong temptation, for there was but one step between me and death; but, blessed be his dear name, he loved me, therefore he would not suffer me to destroy myself; and he has declared that his sheep shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of his hands. (John x.)

(To be concluded in our next.)

Christian graces are like perfumes,—the more they are pressed the sweeter they smell; like stars, that shine brightest in the dark; like trees, the more they are shaken the deeper root they take and the more fruit they bear.—*John Mason*.

The word does not return void; therefore we must ever preach, hear, and use it, waiting for the Holy Ghost. To sit in a corner, folding the hands, and gazing toward heaven until thou seest him return is all idle work. The word is the only bridge or stile by which the Holy Ghost comes to us. We read in Acts x. 44, that as Peter preached how Jesus died and rose again, the Holy Spirit fell upon all who listened to the word. There was no work there; it is the *hearing* only that brings down the Holy Spirit.—*Luther*.

“FOR HOW GREAT IS HIS GOODNESS,” &c.

Dear Friend,—May the best of all blessings, *love*, be felt and enjoyed by thee, in some measure, even the love of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; to be interested in which is to be blessed beyond all description. Every token and manifestation of it is an earnest of, and participation in bliss never ending, joy ineffable, and enjoyment everlasting; yea, where are known in perfection light, love, and life. 1. Light, which shall never go out. Why? Because God is their light and glory in heaven, where all the saints shall surely arrive: “But the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.” (Isa. lx. 19, 20.) 2. Love, which can never alter, decrease, or subside. Why? Because “God is love.” (1 John iv. 16.) Again, it is everlasting love. (Jer. xxxi. 3.) 3. Life, which life can never end. Why? Because it is eternal life: “And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life; and this life is in his Son.” (1 John v. 11.) It is everlasting life into which the righteous shall enter, (Matt. xxv. 46; Luke xviii. 30,) whose righteousness is of the Lord. (Isa. liv. 17.) By virtue of which perfect and complete righteousness, the Lord views his people without spot, wrinkle, or any such thing, and calls them righteous. (Isa. xxvi. 2; lx. 21.) O what infinite condescension, wonderful love! far surpassing language to describe the thousandth part of it. Ages upon ages will fail to tell the least part of such amazing love. God himself is the Fountain of Life. (Ps. xxxvi. 9.) David, when delivered from the hand of all his enemies and from the hand of Saul, could say, “The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted.” (Ps. xviii. 46.) To enjoy these unspeakable blessings, which “eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,” (1 Cor. ii. 9,) shall be the portion of all the redeemed throughout a long eternity; (Ps. cvii. 2;) and sometimes the Lord favours the writer with a blessed hope that he is among that highly-favoured number, though in and of himself the vilest sinner upon the face of the earth.

O my friend, how was my heart warmed to hear thee tell out the Lord's great goodness to thee, in so especially manifesting himself to thee. I was enabled to bless and praise him for his great mercy and loving-kindness, that he should look upon and bless such worms of the earth, so unworthy of his notice and regard, as all the living family are brought to feel themselves to be by the divine operations of the Spirit of all truth, who, in these seasons of felt unworthiness, manifests and shows to the soul the freeness, fulness, and efficacy of the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ,—a salvation without money and without price. I could rejoice with them that rejoice, and glory with them that glory only in the Lord. I had been for some days previously in great darkness, lifeless and shut up in soul-feeling; but when coming along the Deptford Road yesterday, I seemed to desire to pour out a cry to the Lord that, if consistent with his will, he would shine upon my soul, favouring me to feel his healing beams as the Sun of Righteousness, reviving me again, and enabling

me to still hope in his mercy ; that he would go with me, and order my steps in his word, and let not iniquity have dominion over me ; that he would open my mouth to speak to his glory ; that he would keep me from vain conversation and foolish talking ; that those to whom I was then going, and who I believed were God's children, might be led to be a profitable meeting together, for the better and not for the worse, as is too often the case. I have been so very much blessed while walking on that road, by being favoured with access to a throne of grace, that I cannot pass along that way without having more or less a remembrance of God's mercy to such an unworthy, helpless sinner, especially on two or three occasions.

But, to return. I say, when you were enabled to speak of the Lord's goodness and mercy to you, it gave me a sweet revival. I thought of David's prayer, "Let such as love thy salvation say continually, Let the Lord be magnified." For we do in heart love Zion, and are at times enabled to pray for the peace of Jerusalem ; and there are times when we feel our hearts knit together as the heart of one man, more especially when the things experienced by the one bear such a resemblance to those the other has felt and passed through, proving that "as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." (Prov. xxvii. 19.)

I dare say you find it a rare thing to meet a companion. The Lord by this keeps his people looking alone to him for the supply of all their needs : "For the needy shall not alway be forgotten ; the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever." (Ps. ix. 18.)

The time when the Lord first manifested his love to me, not indeed the first *display* of love, for all that falls out to the living family is in love, and for real good to them ; but the first manifestation that I can speak of with satisfaction, was at a time when I seemed almost near despair, for I have looked at myself as a Cain, bearing the marks of reprobation even in my countenance, so that I have thought beholders might see it plainly. I was going to Zoar one evening, as I thought for no good, as I was shut out from the favour of God. I thought I could not possibly be one of his children, or I should not be as I then was. I felt so that I could not ask God to bless his word to me. I thought it would be mocking him to attempt to do so. These were some of the feelings under which I laboured, as I stood at the entrance of the chapel, and after I had gone in, until Mr. M'Kenzie rose to speak. I then had a hope, with a "Who can tell," with a cry to the Lord that he would speak to me something that would raise up a hope of his mercy ; that he would extend it to me, the vilest sinner upon the earth. When he read the text, "For how great is his goodness, and how great is his beauty ! Corn shall make the young men cheerful, and new wine the maids," (Zech. ix. 17.) I was enabled still to hope that there would be something for me in the discourse. "For how great is his goodness !" It was amazing to think that he should have spared me still in the land of the living literally, and now and then raised up a hope, which kept me still looking to him from whom alone I felt salvation for such a base rebel could flow, that I was and should

ere long be manifested as being among the living in Jerusalem, whose names are written in heaven. When Mr. M'Kenzie commenced by dwelling upon the goodness of God in *creation*, this I could agree to in some feeble measure, since the Lord had preserved me alive, though the worst of all his creatures. He then spoke of God's goodness in *providence*, in providing food, clothing, and habitation for man in particular. This I could to some extent feel the truth of, and of which I have had some experience, unworthy, vile, and sinful as I was in my own feelings, oftentimes standing amazed and astonished to see the fact of God's goodness in providence, by his still feeding, clothing, and housing such a rebellious monster as I. I could acknowledge it to his glory. O that he would make me more and more thankful! But the dear man, for such you will allow me to call him, went on to tell out God's goodness in his *gracious dealings* with his children; of his goodness in eternity, in fixing his love upon them; of the great goodness of Father, Word, and Holy Ghost, contriving a way by which he would be glorified in saving them from the sad and tremendously awful effects of the fall, which he foresaw would take place, and to bring them safe from sin and all the afflictions, trials, temptations, and persecutions of the way, (for these are still the lot of God's children in one way or other,) up to a participation of glory with him in heavenly places by Christ Jesus; how the Father gave his only-begotten Son freely for all the elect, who were given to the everlasting Son, who is made Heir of all things; how the Son of the Father willingly gave himself as the Surety of his people, willingly and freely leaving the glory he had with the Father to take upon him flesh, and to suffer for his dear church, which he had betrothed unto himself, and became responsible for all her deep contracted guilt, by which she merited endless punishment; how that her Husband fulfilled the law, satisfied justice, brought in an everlasting righteousness, in which his bride shall be adorned, to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he (the Father) has made her accepted in the Beloved (Son); and how the Holy Ghost seals home these blessed realities in the hearts and consciences of all the beloved family, who, though but one as viewed in their covenant Head, are many, yet are all taught by the self-same Spirit, all of which family shall sooner or later know the Father and the Son, concerning whom the blessed Spirit testifies, taking of his (the Son's) and showing them to the elect, thereby leading and guiding into all truth; these things, and many more, did the good man dwell upon to set forth the greatness of God's goodness. And then went on to speak of God's *beauty*, how great that was, shining in the face of Jesus Christ, God's dear Son, and reflected on his people. The sight of Immanuel's beauty makes the soul cry, "He is the Chief among ten thousand, yea, he is the altogether lovely." And notwithstanding all her felt deformity, he tells her, "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee." He then went on to speak of the effects of the manifestations of these most blessed things in the soul, even making young men (the Lord's family who have known something of Satan's devices as a vile tempter, and also

something of victory, so that they feel they "overcome by the blood of the Lamb," and by the word of the saints' testimony) cheerful by the corn which is dealt out to them in due season. Thus are they reapers, the Lord letting handfuls drop on purpose to nourish, feed, and strengthen them, keeping them alive in famine. For "man doth not live by bread only, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord." (Deut. viii. 3.) Jeremiah says, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them, and they were to me the joy and rejoicing of my soul." It was this same corn which made him cheerful. Again, "And new wine the maids,"—the virgin souls who love the Lord because of the ointment poured forth. (Song . 3.) To these wine is to be given, because they are of heavy hearts, (Prov. xxxi. 6,) because they are of sorrowful spirits. (1 Sam. i 15.) This new wine is the wine of the kingdom, even a taste of the love of the Three-One God, giving with it earnest and repeated pledges of the same, while here upon earth, to cheer and comfort them.

O how blessedly did the Lord condescend to bless the hearing of these exceeding blessed things to my unworthy soul! How I wept tears of joy and sorrow, crying, "He raiseth up the poor from the dust, and the beggar from the dunghill." My soul was full, and overflowing with Almighty power. O how I felt and cried out in ecstasy,

"Who of mercy needs despair,
Since I have mercy found?"

But I wanted to be alone, (though I was walking in company with my dearest earthly friend,) to vent out the blessed realities in praises and thanksgivings to my dear Lord. I was compelled to go along the retired streets, for I could not be silent, nor refrain from shedding tears. How I longed to tell the dear family of God of the blessed deliverance of my soul into the liberty of the gospel; for I had light, life, love, and liberty. O how astonished was I, yet rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory, being enabled to draw water out of the wells of salvation. This is the river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God.

My pen fails me in telling out the half of that which the Lord so copiously gave me at that time to enjoy. For some days I so enjoyed the blessedness of it, that my soul wanted to testify of God's goodness to me, such a vile, worthless, ungrateful worm, that he should tell me "he had put away my sins!" I then could long to depart and be with him, for ever safe from all the assaults of sin, Satan, and the world, and rest for ever in his embrace, singing the song of the redeemed: "Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his blood, and made us kings and priests unto God, and we shall reign with him. To whom be glory, power, and dominion now and for evermore. Amen." I am, yours,

London, Jan. 7th, 1845.

J. H. D.

It signifies nothing to say we will change our religion, if our religion change not us.—*John Mason.*

"WHO IS A GOD LIKE UNTO OUR GOD?"

My dear Friend,—I have to thank you for your letter of this morning, which treated of matters in which I trust we are both concerned; and feeling their importance, I decided on answering while the reflections produced were fresh on my mind.

You speak of your feeling unfitness for writing. Now, however mortifying to the pride of our hearts it may be to acknowledge this fact, it is, I believe, a fact known and felt by every child of God. Indeed, a child of God begins and finishes in unfitness, and will enter heaven unfit; as regards *himself*, but as fit as God requires him in Christ: "But ye are complete in him;" "Not having on my own righteousness, which is of the law." This is the self-humbling doctrine that is taught the child of God, while the mere professor goes on, confident in his own strength; unregenerate, unhumiliated, unsanctified, with no other hope but what he draws from the supposed merit of his own work, combined with false and confused notions of a share in the redemption work of Christ, viewed in a universal light, despising the special and discriminating grace of God, as set forth in its purity in the gospel, and looking upon those who hold such doctrines as bigots, dangerous persons, and Antinomians. But, blessed be God, we know these charges are false. We know the grace of God has a direct contrary effect. We know we can do nothing to merit God's favour of ourselves; but "it is God that worketh in us to will and to do of his own good pleasure," "teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lust, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." And so every child of God has the principle in him to do, and does as far as God gives him grace to do; and for his own honour he will have them so to do, that their good works shall be made manifest in the consciences of those by whom they are evil-spoken of.

I was truly in a dark place when I wrote to you last, and found it hard work for faith; but in all the battles of faith, (if it be true faith,) she will come off victorious, through the blood of the Lamb. Romaine is very sweet on this subject. The Author of faith will surely maintain it, and he also will be the Finisher of it in all those who have obtained like precious faith. How important it is to have this faith. Indeed, if we have it not, we are out of the secret; but a child of God may possess it, I am aware, for a time, without being fully confident that he has it; but he may have a good hope, which is a proof that he has it, although not yet perhaps manifest to his soul's satisfaction. But, fear not; it will be in God's own time. It is as certain to follow as that God's word is true. He cannot deny himself, and he will never deny his word, for "he hath magnified his word above all his name." Christ himself is the Word, and all the promises of God are yea and amen in him; and as the poet says,

"Never were forfeited yet;"

for he "has sworn by himself, because he could swear by no greater," that the heirs of promise might have strong consolation. What kind-

ness and condescension in the great Jehovah to poor wretched sinners! O that I could feel it more, that I might be melted at his blessed feet in love, gratitude, and praise! O when shall I see his blessed face again, as I have seen him in the sanctuary? O that I could love him more, and serve him better! He knows the desire of my heart, and the longing of my soul.

I am glad I commenced this letter, for it has brought up (or rather the Spirit has by it) the most blessed feelings. Were I in private, I could weep at this moment before him in gratitude for the mercy I have found. It is passing strange that I, so unworthy a creature, should be made the recipient of such goodness. I can truly say it is all of free grace. Others may boast of what they have done, but I will from my heart boast of what God has done for my soul. I would not cease to praise him. Who is a God like unto our God? O my soul, bless his holy name for ever and ever.

My dear friend, may God in his mercy, if it be his blessed will, grant you the same feelings in reading as I now have in writing these few lines, and then you will be blessed indeed. Neither business, family, nor any other concerns will then trouble you. But why, O God, should I, so base, so vile, be thus favoured? It shows me that thou art indeed a Sovereign, sovereign in thy operations, sovereign in thy power and purposes, sovereign in thy will and pleasure. None can say, "What doest thou?" None can hinder when thou wilt; none can perform when thou sayest, Nay. Then let me ever fall into thy hands, dearest Lord, to do with me as seemeth thee good. Fashion me as the clay in the hands of the potter, that I may be anything or nothing at thy will, for I know that I am safe there. No evil shall befall me in that blessed spot, guarded by omnipotent power, guided by omniscient wisdom. "Who is like unto thee, O Israel?"

What shall I say more? My heart is full, my eyes are full, and I am truly happy at this moment, and can say from my heart, "My God hath done all things well. Praise him, O ye people." I would not exchange these feelings for all the world calls good or great. This sip by the way, this foretaste of joys to come, has been as unexpected as it was unsought for. Indeed I have been peculiarly favoured in writing my letters of late. In a letter to Mr. W—, in referring to the blessed manifestation I had experienced soon after my coming to Ireland, I found the same blessed feelings. Indeed, I never could refer to that sweet visit without in some measure experiencing the same feelings. You may, therefore, take this letter as one given me for you to press on toward the mark of the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus; for I can testify that this prize is not a mere notion, but a valuable reality, a substance felt and enjoyed, a prize awarded to all those who strive lawfully, but not for their striving. What is all religion short of substance? We want something that can be tasted, handled, and felt, to supply the cravings of our spiritual appetite, enduring substance that satisfies our hungerings and thirstings; and what is that but Christ himself, who has said, "My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink in-

deed." The word, "indeed," is a beautiful addition to that sentence, as much as to say, in very reality; and he that eateth and drinketh Christ in this way, by faith, shall never die. The word of eternal truth has declared it.

What I have given you here, I have received, I believe, from above. My heart's desire is that the dear Lord will make it a blessing to your soul. With kind love, believe me to remain,

Your affectionate friend,

Cork, Aug. 20th, 1851.

B. B.

REVIEW.

An Exposition of the New Testament; in which the sense of the sacred text is taken; doctrinal and practical truths are set in a plain and easy light; difficult passages explained; seeming contradictions reconciled; and whatever is material in the various readings and several oriental versions is observed. The whole illustrated with Notes, taken from the most ancient Jewish Writings. By John Gill, D.D. In Two Vols.—Vol. I. London: WILLIAM HILL COLLINGRIDGE, Long Lane, Aldersgate Street. MDCCCLII.

(Continued from page 71.)

Our own experience, we confess, is not much in favour of Commentaries. Like many others of inquiring minds, we have in times past consulted them. But we must acknowledge, for the most part, with but little profit. The truth, in vital, heartfelt experience, we never attempted nor desired to draw from them; and as far as regards the ministry, we never dared and indeed were never tempted to derive from them the slightest aid whatever.

Every minister, we believe, whom God sends, owns, and blesses, has given to him not only an experience of the truth, but a door of utterance to set it forth. Gifts may widely vary in extent and degree, but if a man have no divine gift for the ministry, he has no business with the ministry. Many gracious men have brought trouble upon themselves, trouble upon the churches with which they are connected, and trouble upon the churches among which they have gone, for want of a divine gift for the ministry. They can preach *one* good, often one excellent sermon—their own experience. There they begin and end. They cannot open up the Scripture, nor trace out the work of God upon the soul, nor describe the in and out path of a Christian, nor take up the stumbling blocks, nor bring out of their text the treasures of experimental truth stored up in it, nor speak to the conscience, nor separate between the wheat and the chaff, nor handle the promise, nor enforce the precept, nor, like a good householder, bring forth things new and old to feed and edify the household of faith. The Lord's people, humanly speaking, are much dependent on a gospel ministry. They need to be instructed, fed, encouraged, comforted, reprov'd, warned, admonished, led on, humbled, raised up, and the whole work deepened and strengthened in their soul.

To do all this is the end and object of the ministry of the gospel. Jesus, we read, "is ascended up on high to give gifts unto men," and all "for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." (Eph. iv. 7—16.) One little thinks how many of the Lord's people are looking anxiously forward to the ensuing Lord's Day, hoping to hear something to comfort and encourage their hearts; and how disappointed they are when nothing comes with power to their souls. A man may be truly gracious, have a good experience, and love and live the truth, have a desire for the glory of God and the good of his people, and by this feeling be led into a pulpit, and kept in it, and yet be rather a plague and a burden than a benefit to the exercised family of God. He may be esteemed and loved as a gracious man, but not heard with any profit; and the consequence too often is coldness and deadness, or perhaps divisions, in the body of the church, and disappointment or jealousy in the bosom of the minister. There is an electric wire between the pulpit and the pew; but what is the wire without the influence? What is the ministry without the power of God passing through it to the soul? If the Lord then send and furnish a minister, according to his experience and gifts will the Scriptures be opened up to him, will texts be applied with light and life to his soul, will matter spring up in his heart, will thoughts be communicated, feelings be inspired, words supplied, liberty of speech imparted, and an ability, sometimes surprising to himself, given to handle the truth as "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." Such a ministry as this will be commended to the conscience of God's people, will fall with weight and savour on their spirit, and, as God is pleased to bless it, will carry life and feeling into their heart. A ministry of this kind, gushing out of the preacher's heart and mouth as a spring of living water, is as different from a hard, dead, cut and dry ministry, based on study and premeditation and commentaries, as a living breathing man from a cold withered skeleton. Cold, dry learning is not wanted in the pulpit. What is wanted there is experience in the heart, life and feeling in the soul, and such a measure of divine power resting on the spirit as shall clothe the ideas that spring up with clear, simple, suitable language, level with the comprehension of the most uneducated hearer. A ministry of this kind will be fresh, original, stamped with a peculiar impress, and will carry with it a weight and power which manifest its divine Author.

Of what use, then, it may be asked, are commentaries to a minister of truth?

As regards the ministry, none. Nor will any minister, with a tender conscience and the fear of God in his soul, dare to use them for that purpose. But may he never, then, look into them or consult them at all? Never with a view to the ministry, or to supply himself with matter for the pulpit. But suppose he cannot preach without them? Then he has no business in the pulpit at all, and had better at once leave it for the pew. But may he never read them for private information or edification? If something in a

passage perplex his mind, and Gill is at hand, may he not take the volume down and consult it? Or may he not for the instruction and edification of his own soul read what Gill says upon a psalm or a chapter of Isaiah? May he not, if he possess them, read Owen's Commentary on Psalm cxxx., and that upon the Hebrews, or Leighton on the Epistles of Peter? "Give attendance to reading," says Paul to Timothy. May nothing be read but the simple Scriptures? To say "No," would, we think, be tying him up too tightly. This leads us, then, to two cases in which it would seem hard to deny a minister the use of a commentary. For by parity of reasoning it might be argued that as Romaine, Hawker, Bunyan, or Huntington might furnish ideas for the pulpit, he should never look into "Pilgrim's Progress," or "Grace Abounding," the "Contemplations on the God of Israel," or "The Kingdom of God taken by Prayer," lest there be ideas and expressions suggested by them. And some good men, feeling how almost involuntarily the ideas and words of authors mingle with their own, and that it is a species of hypocrisy to let them escape their lips, have for that reason renounced reading all books but the Scriptures.

We do not wish any one to attach the least value beyond what it is worth to our own feelings on this subject; but as persons can speak best from experience, we will just mention how we have felt in this matter. Were we in possession of a copy of Gill's Bible, which we are not, though we well know the book, we should feel it allowable to look into it under two circumstances:

1. Suppose some verbal difficulty in a passage perplexed our mind, we should feel no more scruple in examining what the Doctor said upon it than we should in taking down our Hebrew or Greek Lexicon to investigate the meaning of a difficult word. In nine cases out of ten, the difficulty might not be solved by either the commentary or the lexicon so as to satisfy the judgment, but we might, we think, as legitimately see what the Doctor had to say upon it as the dictionary. So far, then, we think we could, without scruple, examine a commentary like the one before us.

Here let us diverge for a moment to give our view of what a really good and useful commentary should be. It should be, for the most part, but one extended translation. What we mainly want is the literal meaning of a passage—a strictly accurate translation from the original. Now in this very point, which is the main want, commentaries are almost always sadly defective. What we require is not the opinion of the commentator, but *what God has really said*, what is the strict literal meaning of the passage. When the commentator gives *his* interpretation, he almost always darkens counsel by words without knowledge.

2. But we read sometimes for our own edification; and therefore, We see no objection, *with that object solely in view*, to reading Owen on the Hebrews, or Caryl on Job, or Lampe on John, or Gill on the Canticles, supposing we possessed them. A minister's soul is to be edified, instructed, fed, like that of private Christians; and as he cannot be always reading the Scriptures, we see no objection to his

reading, for that purpose only, the writings of gracious men. We read sometimes, for instance, Owen on the Spirit, and other of his writings, and have often found our soul sensibly edified, instructed, and fed thereby.

An observation which we heard Mr. Warburton make some years ago completely fell in with our own feelings and experience. He said that he could and did read the works of gracious men, as Mr. Huntington's, for his own edification, but never found them, nor wished to find them, of the least benefit as regarded the ministry. In the pulpit, he had only what God gave him at the time. This is exactly as we have felt ourselves.

But if for the above reasons we have tied up ministers somewhat tightly, there is no cause why we should rein up hearers in the same gear. And as we presume none would restrict them from reading the writings of gracious men, we might justly plead for this liberty to be extended to their reading what gracious men have written upon the Scriptures. Nay, of all writings a spiritual Commentary on the Scriptures ought to be the most profitable. In all human writings there ever will be an admixture of infirmity; but there should be less of this in a commentary than in any other, for it is nearest the word of God. It should, therefore, be more simple, more scriptural, more weighty and powerful than any other writing, because it confines itself to pure truth. Supposing, then, in which supposition indeed lies the whole pith and marrow of the question, that a really spiritual and gracious commentary could be found, to debar a private Christian from reading it merely because it is called a commentary, would be to do homage to a word or a prejudice at the sacrifice of his profit. The difficulty is to find such a commentary. We may look far and wide to find it. Scott and Henry are often unsound, and generally very superficial. Whitby is a thorough Arminian and as dry as a chip. Adam Clarke is tainted to the very core with Wesleyanism. Barnes, though his Isaiah and Job are useful books in their way, might be distilled to the very bones without getting a drop of oil out of him. Of all commentaries Gill's is confessedly the best, but it is scarce and dear, and beyond the reach of most purses.

Under these circumstances, we believe it is best to read the Scriptures without any commentary whatever. Dark and difficult passages may indeed occur which we should be glad to understand; but for the most part the Scriptures are so simple and so beautiful, when read with life and feeling in the soul, that a commentary does but mar them. Our own practice is to read them without any explanation or illustration whatever, in their own beautiful simplicity, and scarcely once a year do we look into a commentary at all.

Our long preamble demands an apology, but upon a subject so difficult and delicate we have thought it not amiss to throw out our ideas at some length.

But now to the Commentary before us. Dr. Gill's is confessedly the best Commentary on the Bible in the English, or perhaps in any other language. The Doctor was a man of great research and

learning, a most indefatigable student, and a thoroughly good scholar. But he knew also the truth, and all through his Commentary has never lost sight of it. He believed that the Scripture was a consistent, harmonious revelation of the mind and will of God; and the gospel of the grace of God he believed to be the grand key to both Old Testament and New. This gives his Commentary its chief value, that the Doctor is not a Calvinist in one page and an Arminian in another, building up and pulling down, and neither consistent with truth nor himself. The Doctor, therefore, explains every passage in conformity with the analogy of faith. Here he is confessedly very great, and usually very successful. The Doctor had a clear head and an able pen, which made Toplady apply to him what was said of the famous Duke of Marlborough, that he never besieged a town that he did not take, nor fought a battle which he did not win. Dr. Whitby and the Arminians had no more chance with the Calvinistic Doctor than Marshal Tallard and the French with the conqueror of Blenheim. We will not say of Dr. Gill's Commentary what Toplady thus said of his controversial writings, but this at least may be said, that the Doctor never slips by a hard text without attempting to take it, or attacks a difficult passage without struggling to master it. If there be no satisfactory explanation in Gill's Commentary, we are not likely to find it any where else. The Doctor, too, is generally very candid in acknowledging difficulties, and sometimes, from his very desire to explain a passage, gives so many explanations, that he rather perplexes than satisfies. One main point with the Doctor was his Rabbinical learning; and sometimes, it must be acknowledged, he has overlaid his Commentary too much with it, though often his quotations from the old Jewish writers throw light upon the Scripture. Before we conclude, we will give an instance or two of this. But sometimes the good Doctor steps out of his Rabbinical learning, and writes in an instructive, edifying, and savoury manner.

His Commentary had become scarce and dear, and Mr. Doudney who, before he became a minister in the Church of Ireland, was a printer, has formed a determination to bring it out in a cheap form. It can scarcely, we believe, be procured, according to the edition, whether folio or quarto, small or large paper, under from six to eight or ten guineas. Mr. D. purposes to bring it out in six volumes, octavo, at a cheap rate. How far it accords with his present position to edit the commentary of such a decided and unflinching Particular Baptist as Dr. Gill, and how far passages as explained by the Doctor must rise up as witnesses against him,* we must leave, for to

* "Matt. iii. 6. The manner in which they were baptized by him was by immersion, or plunging them in the water. This may be concluded from the signification of the word βαπτίζω here used, which in the primary sense of it signifies to dip, or plunge; from the place in which they were baptized—the *River Jordan*; and from John's constant manner of baptizing elsewhere, who chose places for this purpose where and because there was there much water. (John i. 28, and iii. 23.)"

"Matt. iii. 16: 'And Jesus, when he was baptized,' &c.—Christ when he was baptized by John in the *River Jordan*, the place where he was baptizing,

his own Master each must stand or fall. We have his guarantee, which, as far as we have seen, he has scrupulously observed, that there shall be no alteration or tampering with the commentary as it now stands. What literary qualifications, too, he possesses to edit a book full of Hebrew and Greek passages and much miscellaneous learning, seems exceedingly questionable. There are many errata in both the Hebrew and Greek of the original editions, and though this does not affect the ordinary reader, if they are preserved at all they should be given correctly. Apart from these circumstances, which we have felt it right to allude to, we wish the undertaking every success. It is undoubtedly a useful, valuable, excellent work, and at present almost unattainable. He is doing this under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, being in a remote part of Ireland, and having no regular compositors or pressmen, but obliged to avail himself of the services of raw Irish lads, whom he is kindly instructing into the mysteries of the printing-office; thus conferring a great benefit upon them at a great inconvenience to himself. The work appears in half-volumes, and the part that we have seen (Matt. i.—xxiii.) appears to be, considering all circumstances, very correctly printed. We give three extracts, the first of which will show the consistent line of truth which the Doctor moves in, and the other two the way in which his Rabbinical learning sometimes throws light on the Scripture. Our second extract refers to Jesus going on the Sabbath day through the corn, and his disciples plucking and eating the ears. (Matt. xii. 1.)

“MATTHEW. XIII. 23 : ‘*But he that received seed into the good ground,*’ &c.—The hearer, compared to ground into which the seed fell, is *he that heareth the word, and understandeth it*; has a new and spiritual understanding given him, feels the power of it on his heart, enlightening and quickening him; has an application of it made to him by the Spirit of God, can discern the work and excellency of it, and distinguish it from all others; and, as Mark says, *receives it*; as the word of God in faith, and with the love of it, and with all readiness and meekness; and, as Luke observes, *keeps it*; holds it fast against all opposition with great struggling; will not part with it at any rate, nor depart from it in the least, nor entertain any doubt about it; but abides by it, stands fast in it, and is valiant for it; and this he does *in and with an honest and good heart*; which no man naturally has, nor can any man make his heart so. This is the work of God, and is owing to his efficacious grace. This is a heart of flesh, a new and right heart and spirit; a heart to fear God, to love him, and to trust in him; in which Christ dwells by faith; in which

went up straight away out of the water. One would be at a loss at first sight for a reason why the Evangelist should relate this circumstance; for after the ordinance was administered, why should he stay in the water? Every one would naturally and reasonably conclude, without the mention of such a circumstance, that as soon as his baptism was over, he would immediately come up out of the water. However we learn this from that, since it is said that he came up out of the water, he must first have gone down into it; must have been in it, and was baptized in it; a circumstance strongly in favour of baptism by immersion; for that Christ should go down into the river, more or less deep, to the ancles, or up to the knees, in order that John should sprinkle water on his face, or pour it on his head, as is ridiculously represented in the prints, can hardly obtain any credit with persons of thought and sense.”

the Spirit of God has his temple; and in which every grace is implanted; and such a one, as he hears with a strict and an honest intention and in the exercise of grace, so he holds fast the word he hears, understands, and receives, with all faithfulness and honesty. *'Which also beareth fruit and bringeth forth, some a hundred fold, some sixty, and some thirty.'*—The fruit borne and brought forth by such a hearer is the true fruit of grace and righteousness, and is all from Christ, under the influences of the Spirit, through the word and ordinances, as means, and issues in the glory of God; and though not brought forth in the same quantity in all, yet is of the same quality, and is brought forth, as Luke says, *'with patience;'* constantly and continually, in all seasons, in old age, and even unto death; and is at last brought forth to perfection, holds, and remains to the end."

"MATTHEW XII. 2: *'But when the Pharisees saw it,'* &c.—Who went along with him, or followed him, being employed to make observation on his words and actions. *'They said unto him.'*—Luke says, *'unto them,'* the disciples. It seems they took notice of this action both to Christ and his disciples, and first spoke of it to the one and then to the other, or to both together. *'Behold, thy disciples do that which is not lawful to do upon the Sabbath day!'*—They mention it with astonishment and indignation. What they refer to is not their walking on a Sabbath day; this they might do, according to their canons, provided they did not exceed two thousand cubits, which were a Sabbath day's journey; nor was it their passing through the corn fields, though, according to them, *'it was not lawful for a man to visit his gardens or his fields on the Sabbath day, to see what they want or how the fruits grow; for such walking is to do his own pleasure.'* But this they knew was not the case of Christ and his disciples, who were not proprietors of these fields. Nor was it merely their plucking the ears of corn, and rubbing and eating them, which were not their own, but another man's; for this, according to the law, in Deut. xxii. 25, was lawful to be done; but what offended the Pharisees was, that it was done on the Sabbath day, it being, as they interpret it, a servile work, and all one as reaping; though, in the law just mentioned, it is manifestly distinguished from it. Their rule is, *'he that reaps (on the Sabbath day) ever so little, is guilty (of stoning); and plucking of ears of corn is a derivative of reaping, and is all one as its primitive, and punishable with the same kind of death, if done presumptuously;'* so Philo, the Jew, observes, *'that the rest of the Sabbath not only reached to men, bond and free, and to beasts, but even to trees and plants; and that it was not lawful to cut a plant, or branch, or so much as a leaf, on a Sabbath day.'* And it may be, what might make this offence of the disciples the more heinous was, that they plucked these ears and ate them, and so broke their fast before morning prayer; for a man might not eat anything on a Sabbath day until morning prayers were ended in the synagogue, nor indeed on any other day; for they used not to eat bread until after they had offered the daily sacrifice, which was about the third hour of the day, or nine o'clock in the morning, nor did they eat till the fourth hour, or ten o'clock."

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Whatever constrains the believer to pray tends to his good; and nothing drives a man to pray like deep adversity; it is then he wants help from his God. Creatures lose their charm when a man is troubled on every side; he must have his God to hear and help him, and that right early.—*H. Fowler.*

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POETRY.

"Without were fightings, within were fears."—2 Cor. vii. 5.

O what a trying, thorny way
The Christian has to go!
Oppress'd, distress'd from day to day—
At least I find it so.

Fightings without and fears within
Oft sink me in dismay;
And sin, that plague, indwelling sin,
Oft makes me sigh and say,

"Can e'er my spot be like to those
In whom God deigns to dwell,
Whom God the Father lov'd and chose,
And Christ redeem'd from hell?"

"If so, why is it thus with me?
What means this inward strife?
These groans & sighs to be set free?—
Does this proceed from life?"

I of the Lord inquiry make,
As one we read of old,
"For me, dear Jesus, undertake
This mystery to unfold."

But he that does true prayer indite
Has told me by his word,
That every saint's a Shulamite,
A soldier of the Lord.

Hardness they must and shall endure
While in this world they stay;
Tho' foes engage, the victory's sure;
Their Captain leads the way.

The righteous shall hold on their way,
Tho' faint, they shall endure
Their weighty cross, from day to day,
Grace does the crown ensure.

"Call," says the Lord, "when trouble's
near,
I will thy soul defend,
I will thy faint petitions hear,
And kind deliverance send."
Sutton Benjer.

He's heard my cry, and brought relief
In every deep distress
Through which my soul's been sunk in
grief
Since in the wilderness.

Tho' tribulation's mark'd the way,
Sweet peace at times I've found
In Christ, my soul's support and stay,
And then my joys abound.

But ah! how soon these joys are gone,
My comforts disappear,
And clouds and storms again come on!
Then I begin to fear.

My foes again my soul distress,
And boldly me withstand;
And vow I never shall possess
The sweet, the promised land.

Still Christ, my Captain, leads the way,
And, in the darksome night,
On me bestows some cheering ray,
And puts my foes to flight.

He hitherto my help has been,
(For help in self I've none,)
And by his arm, though oft unseen,
Or were my soul undone.

Though oft I change, he'll still remain
Unchangeably the same;
Comfort in this I oft obtain,
Through faith in Jesus' name.

He knows the way my soul does take;
When tried I forth shall come;
And him who says, "I'll not forsake,"
I trust to bring me home.

Then at his feet I'll cast my crown,
And join the ransom'd throng;
Ascribing honour and renown
To Jesus in my song.

A SMOKING FLAX.

Never let us reckon that our work in contending against sin, in crucifying, mortifying, and subduing of it, is at an end. The place of its habitation is unsearchable; and when we may think that we have thoroughly won the field, there is still some reserve remaining that we saw not, that we knew not of. Many conquerors have been ruined by their carelessness after a victory, and many have been spiritually wounded after great successes against this enemy. David was so; his great surprise into sin was after a great profession, manifold experiences of God, and watchful keeping of himself from his iniquity. And hence in part has it come to pass, that the profession of many has declined in their old age or riper time.—Owen.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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THE SAINT'S REAL SERVICE, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE HOLY GHOST.

BY JOHN RUSK.

(Continued from page 79.)

5. I shall now come to the fifth branch of real service, which is, the *Christian warfare*, or self-denial, call it which you please. This service we don't like. We are very well pleased with peace, righteousness, comfort, strong faith, and the love of God; but alas, the trial, O the trial of all these goes to the quick; and in this we differ from every hypocrite that ever was in the world; for they are declared to be at ease in Zion, without chastisement and the rod of God on them.

To the point in hand. First. If you are in this secret, you must have two natures, which will try you not a little. One nature is set upon God, and loves him dearly; but the other is set upon idols. Hence you shall know what it is to serve other gods. Your nature shall lust after forbidden objects again and again. Likewise faith is a part of the new nature. You wish to live a life of faith on the Son of God; but, alas! unbelief cannot trust him for a loaf of bread. This will try you sharply. One nature thinks no evil; therefore does none; but the other thinks and does nothing else. James says it lusteth to envy; and Asaph says, "I was envious at the foolish when I saw the prosperity of the wicked," &c. However strong you may be, long, heavy, and lingering trials will bring you down.

Again. One nature is of a liberal turn, noble, generous, like its Author; but the other is of a mean, lowlife, and beggarly turn: covetous, overreaching, taking advantage, &c. Now this will try you greatly. Your heart shall be set upon heavenly things, bent to

the people of God, to read, write, meditate, pray, &c., but this will be crossed with a love to the very contrary, and sometimes with a being compelled to get your bread through the fire. Hence our Saviour says we are to deny self daily, take up our cross, and follow him. O this wretched nature, that is continually calling out for one gratification or another.

Now this self-denial can only be rightly performed by the power of God; as Paul says, "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God." You will find times when you will in your own eyes appear nothing but self, and be as miserable as you can well bear. Now this is serving him; for Christ says, "If any man serve me, let him follow me." How? Why, through all opposition, all persecution, all temptation, &c., till death comes, and then farewell to all.

I might enlarge here on what Christ waded through, but I proceed, 6. To the sixth branch of real service, which is, to serve him as *Jehovah*, or, *God in our nature*. You may talk what you please; if this be lacking in your faith, the devil is in you, and you are to this day in full possession of all your sins. Christ says himself, "If ye believe not that I AM, ye shall die in your sins." Now, if you believe he is a good man and no more, then "no man can redeem his brother from the grave," &c. If you believe he is less than the Father, then all the gods that have not made heaven, earth, and the seas, shall perish. But the Father says, "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever," &c.

I will now mention a few things that belong to God the Father, and you will find them applied to Jesus Christ. God is Omniscient: "Known unto God are all his works from the foundation of the world." Now this is applied to Christ. See Proverbs viii. Again. God has a knowledge of the human heart. Says Christ to the Pharisees, "You appear outwardly righteous, but God knoweth your hearts." Then read Acts i. 24, and you will find that the disciples prayed to Christ as the omniscient God: "Thou, Lord, which knoweth the hearts of all men," &c. Again. God the Father is Omnipotent; and Christ says, "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth." Again. God is Omnipresent; and Christ says, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." Paul says he is the God of all grace, and grace comes from Christ's fulness. In another place we read that God is "a God of truth, and without iniquity; and Christ says, "I am the Truth." David says, "Our God is the God of salvation;" and Christ is God's salvation to the ends of the earth. Peter confessed him to be Christ, the Son of the living God. Christ says, "Upon this Rock I will build my church;" and David says, "Who is a Rock save our God?" Again. You read of the only wise God our Saviour; and Christ is the wisdom of God and the power of God. Again. God is "the Lord, the Lord God, merciful," &c.; and the sure mercies of David are in Christ. "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy," &c.; and the same apostle calls Christ that blessed hope. Once more. David says, "God is Judge himself;" and Christ says, "The Father judgeth no man, but

hath committed all judgment to the Son, that all men should honour the Son even as they honour the Father;" and you never can have it stronger than in the Revelation, where Christ says, "I am the first," (then none was before him,) "and the last," (then none after,) "the Almighty."

Now you must serve him as Jehovah, as Paul says, in his Epistle to the Colossians, (iii. 24,) "Ye serve the Lord (or Jehovah) Christ;" and I know that all other service will be rejected. It is Immanuel, God with us.

Then says Christ, "If any man serve me, him will my Father honour." The service of all Arians falls to the ground here.

7. This brings me to the seventh branch of real service, which is, *yielding submission to Christ as a Sovereign*. "Yes," say you, "you are right; we ought to submit. I have seen this a long time, for the Scripture is plain upon it." Yes, but I can speak from experience that to be submissive to Christ's will is very hard to the flesh; still, though the flesh pulls very hard, for it lusteth against the Spirit, yet I have found it wonderfully brought down and kept down. If you wish to serve Christ here, you will be brought to part with your good name, and be despised of all men, (but the real saints,) and they will oppose you in almost everything for your singularity, because you run not to the same excess of riot. You will also find them take advantage of you when they are in authority over you, and this is what Solomon means by one man reigning over another to his own hurt; for their eyes are privily set against the poor. Add to this, bodily weakness, getting in debt, and in everything your purposes broken; then Satan will set before you how these people thrive in everything. "Ah!" say you, "and that puzzles me." Yes, and it used to puzzle me; but take notice of the following things. Would you not wish to have God as a deliverer to you? "Yes," say you. Well, then, you must know that you stand in need of his delivering hand before that power is displayed. God says to Jeremiah, "They show fight against thee, but they shall not prevail, for I am with thee, to deliver thee," &c. Again. Do you not wish to be strong in faith? "Yes." Then you read of the trial of faith. Do you not wish to walk by faith? "Yes." Then sight must be out of the question; for if you can see everything it is not faith. Do you not love an imputed righteousness? "Yes." Then when that is not enjoyed, you will have nothing but filthy rags before your eyes. Do you not wish Christ's blood to cleanse you? "Yes, I certainly do." Well, then, you will often feel a guilty conscience, that you may have a fresh pardon applied to your conscience. Finally. Do you not wish Christ to be all? "Yes." Then you must be brought to know yourself to be a very devil, in the feeling sense of it.

Now, when you are brought so down in, and so crucified to, this world, by being drawn by the love of God to his dear Son, the trials will drive you, and, under the management of God's good Spirit, will be like physic to the soul, and his comforts will draw, till at last you will yield to him, and so take his yoke (mark, yoke) upon

you; and this willing service will so go on, that you will say with Paul, "Neither count I my life dear to me;" for "I am just ready (mark, *ready*) to be offered up." This service is well pleasing to the Lord, and agreeable to his truth; as Paul says, (Rom. xii. 1, 2,) "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service; and be not conformed to this world," &c. And this is in our measure following our dear Lord; for it is said he became obedient unto death; and we are brought first to say with David, "Into thy hand I commit my spirit," and then to present with Paul our bodies also; so that I think we know a little of what it says in the Revelation: "They counted not their lives worthy unto the death."

This is reasonable service. "If any man serve me, him will my Father honour."

8. Which brings me to the eighth branch of real service, which is, the *grace of God*. We must serve him under the influence of grace. I firmly believe there are thousands that talk about grace who are utter strangers to it. First, we will take notice of the fountain from which it comes; then the channel of conveyance; and then the blessed effects to the happy partakers thereof, viz., eternal glory.

I purpose dwelling largely on this part of our service; therefore take notice, the first cause, or the fountain from which it springs, is God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The Father is called the God of all grace; by the Son, grace and truth came; and the Holy Ghost is called the Spirit of grace and supplication. Now this is the fountain of grace. "But," say you, "what is grace?" I answer, *favour*, as you may see in Moses. Says he, "If I have found *grace* in thy sight," or if I have found *favour*. Now favour is love, and God is love. There was nothing foreseen in us to procure this love; far from it; for we, as fallen creatures, were haters of God; and this God knew would be the case. Then it was nothing but God's everlasting love, which never had a beginning, which from all eternity was set upon a set of the worst of beings, and never will have an end. This is the fountain of grace, as sure as there is a God. But four things stood in the way of making this grace known; two of them are against us, and the other two in the way of displaying this love is in God. "We have all sinned, and come short of the glory of God;" this goes against us; and then there is a broken law that stands in the way. Now God says, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die;" (eternally;) and "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." So there is no way, you see, to show grace to us. But in this state, (and this brings me to notice the channel of conveyance,) in steps the Lord Jesus Christ, and says, "Have they sinned? Then I will make my soul an offering for sin. Have they broken the holy law? I will magnify it, and make it honourable." Thus then the way is open; and therefore Christ says, "I am the Way;" and this was a free gift of our heavenly Father: "God so loved the world that he gave his Son," &c.

Every grace we receive comes through Christ by the Spirit to us. And now for the blessed effects; the first of which is, *quickenings us*, that we may feel our true state, and have a spiritual appetite for Christ crucified; for "his flesh is meat indeed, and his blood is drink indeed." This is grace, which Peter calls the grace of life. Then trace it up to glory; and grace is to reign through righteousness unto eternal life.

Again. Another blessed effect is *pardon*, or what John calls "cleansing us from all sin," which is first discovering to us what sinners we are, and letting us feel the burden long, and then fully pardoning us all we have committed, and all we shall commit. We receive the forgiveness of our sins according to the riches of his grace. Then trace it up to glory, and we find that they "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb;" therefore are they around the throne, &c.

Another blessed effect is *raising us to hope*. By nature we are without God, and have no hope in this world; but now, having life, and being pardoned, says Paul, he hath given us "a good hope through grace." It is Christ in us the hope of glory.

Another blessed effect is *salvation*; salvation from the wrath to come, from our sin, from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us; as Paul says, "By grace are ye saved." Then trace it up, and their song in heaven is, "Salvation to God and the Lamb."

Another blessed effect is, *being a partaker of the Holy Ghost*, agreeable to the promise, "I will pour upon the house of David, (What was David's house? Why, Christ Jesus; and so David says, for he calls him a House of Defence to save him, and the Spirit was on Christ without measure,) "and the inhabitants of Jerusalem." (Jerusalem is the covenant of grace, and the inhabitants are God's elect in that covenant.) Well, then, on Christ and his elect is poured the Spirit of grace and supplication. Grace was poured into his lips, and we are to have grace to help in time of need; which is having the Spirit, for he is to help our infirmities, &c. Now trace this up to glory, and in doing this, compare these two texts: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink;" and "Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water;" (then mind where this water comes from;) "but this spake he of the Spirit." Then trace it up, and the Lamb in the midst of the throne shall lead them to fountains of living water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

The next thing I shall mention, or blessed effect of grace, is the *love of God*, which is understood by us in two things; in chastening us for our sins, ("As many as I love I rebuke and chasten,") and in shedding his love abroad in our hearts. Abroad signifies influencing the whole soul, so as to say with Paul, "The love of Christ constraineth me, that I am ready to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." Now, says the apostle, "the grace of God was abundant upon me, with faith and love, that is in Christ Jesus." Then trace this love up, and we are without blame before him in love; or, to be more plain, we are without fault before the throne.

This grace is to influence our conversation while we live: "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt." It is opposed to all dead works, or all service in the oldness of the letter. "If it be of grace, then is it no more of works," for it is a free-gift: "The Lord will give grace and glory," &c. If we go astray ten thousand times, grace brings us back: "I will receive them graciously;" and the completing work in finishing the building of living stones will be this, namely, to bring the last soul to the foundation, which is Christ, and then to endless glory: "He shall bring forth the top stone with shoutings, (or acclamations of joy,) crying, Grace, grace unto it." Now we serve Christ with that grace which we receive from his fulness: "Out of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace." Take this service to Paul, and he will explain it. Now, Paul, what service is that which will meet with acceptance with God? "Wherefore we receive a kingdom which cannot be moved. Let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear."

Now this, as far as I have mentioned, is real service. The Scripture bears me out in declaring that all other service will be rejected. Then says Christ, "If any man serve me, him will my Father honour."

Moreover, another blessed effect of grace is *justification*, or an imputed righteousness, which was wrought out by the Lord Jesus Christ, and placed to the account of all God's elect, which they sensibly feel the moment they are enabled to exercise faith in him as their Surety, in that they find all guilt, condemnation, and accusation cease, and peace with the Spirit's witness take possession of their hearts. Now Paul tells you that this is grace: "Being justified freely by his grace," &c. Thus we stand complete in an everlasting righteousness, called the righteousness of God; for "This is the name whereby he shall be called, Jehovah our Righteousness." Now trace it up to glory: "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the glory of their Father's kingdom for ever and ever."

(To be continued.)

The heart in the Scripture is variously used. Sometimes for the mind and understanding; sometimes for the will; sometimes for the affections; sometimes for the conscience; sometimes for the whole soul. Generally it denotes the whole soul of man, and all the faculties of it, not absolutely, but as they are all one principle of moral operations, as they all concur in our doing good or evil. The mind, as it inquires, discerns, and judges what is to be done, what refused; the will, as it chooses and refuses, and avoids; the affections, as they like or dislike, cleave to, or have an aversion from, that which is proposed to them; the conscience, as it warns, and determines. These are altogether called the heart. And in this sense it is that we say the seat and subject of this law of sin is the heart of man.—Owen.

LETTERS FROM A FATHER TO A SON.—No. V.

Beloved Son,—For whom I have never yet ceased to travail in birth, till Christ be formed in you the hope of glory; nor have I ceased to make mention of you in my poor prayers, that the Lord would guide you with his eye, keep, protect, prevent, uphold, instruct, and teach you to profit; and never leave you nor forsake you, nor disappoint me of the hope which I have in you. Although men and devils have striven, with all their “Buts, ifs, and hows,” they have hitherto strove in vain; for, last week, my labour, pains, and mourning for and after you came on as fresh as ever, nor would I be comforted. As I was going along the streets, I think on Friday, O, I thought, where is my poor boy got? I can hear nothing of him, or at least nothing of his poor soul’s concern. Are the consolations of God small with him? Is there no secret thing with him? Is there a possibility after all of its being a dry breast and barren womb? I will not believe it; at least, if it be so, I will believe nothing any more; I will care nothing about my own religion or anybody’s beside. I will call on no one, nor trouble myself anything about them. So foolish and unbelieving are we, that we are as beasts before him. “O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that” is written, shown, or said unto you.

I assure my dear child such a poor snail have I been almost all through this winter that it would have been next to a miracle to have seen one little horn peep out of the shell. And if it were so, the devil and sin seemed almost ready to pounce upon it at once, and dash one’s very hope, till the poor snail draws itself up into its shell, and thinks it will never venture out any more; and often wishes it, instead of being so susceptible of the devil’s darts and sin’s assaults, were a dormouse to sleep away this wintry season, until the winter be over and gone, the time of the singing of birds come, and the voice of the turtle be heard in this barren dismal land. O how true do we find the Lord’s promises and declarations: “He has set the day of adversity against the day of prosperity, to the end that men should find nothing after him;” and, “Day and night, summer and winter, seed time and harvest, shall not cease.” But though we dread the adverse side of this subject ever so much, yet have we no control over it. If the Lord make his sun to go down, it is night, and all the beasts of the forest do creep forth, to the distress and dismay of our poor souls; yet have we no control over them. If he make the sun to rise, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their den, and man goes forth to his work and to his labour till the evening; and then he may

“Tire, and faint, and mope, and mourn,
And be but barren still.”

O, blessed be God, the darkness, the light, the summer, and the winter, are all alike with him:

“He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his works, the cause conceals;

But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne."

To him be glory and dominion, in time and through a never-ending eternity. Amen and amen. And although with me it is such soul discouragement because of the way, "against hope believing in hope," yet "I am persuaded he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him,"

"Though sin and Satan daily strive,
To quench the sacred flame."

Blessed Jesus,

"Thy power and mercy first prevailed,
From death to set me free;
And often since my life had failed,
Had not it been in thee."

He has delivered, does deliver, and in whom we trust he will yet deliver, both as the God of providence and grace; and though

"His judgments are too deep,
For reason's line to sound;
His tender mercies to his sheep,
No bottom know, nor bound."

Well, dear child, I know this to be a truth, though it should take twenty years in doing:

"When our dear Master would bestow,
Much patience on his friends,
He loads their shoulders well with woe,
And thus obtains his ends."

I myself, in my spiritual childhood,

"Fancied patience would be brought,
Before my troubles rose;
And by such granted help, I thought
To triumph o'er my woes.

"But Christ has cleared my misty sight,
And, taught by him, I find,
That tribulations, working right,
Produce a patient mind."

"And in your patience possess ye your souls." O what a patience of hope and work of faith it requires, amidst all the crosses, losses, trials, changes, and war, which seem to be against us, to be kept in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ to be revealed unto eternal life! "Ye have heard of the patience of Job," said James, when he was wont to buoy up the minds of the poor sinking souls of the people of God in the path of tribulation, "and the end of the Lord with him, how that the Lord is very pitiful." Yes, and so he is, and very faithful too, for he declared he would turn to the people a pure language. And moreover, he said, "Though I make an end of all nations whither I have driven thee, yet will I not make a full end of thee; but will

correct thee in measure, and not leave thee altogether unpunished." O, my dear child,

"They who the Lord's corrections share,
Find favour in his eyes;
As kindest fathers will not spare
Their children to chastise."

O what a pure language did Job speak at the end of his book to what he did at the beginning! O how did the proud helpers stoop under him! No more Christ and Co. in any way; no more "God. I thank thee that I am not as other men," &c. But God sat as a refiner and purifier of silver till he had purged away Job's dross, and taken away his tin; and poor Job, being well taught, for none teaches like God, began to renounce all his errors, and said, "Once have I spoken, yea, twice, but I will proceed no further." Nor did he, except to make an honest confession of his errors, sin, and depravity, and the wonderful wisdom, power, and holiness of God. O what an honest confession! "Behold, I am vile! I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." O Lord,

"Then help us by thy grace to bear
Whate'er thou send to purge our dross;
If in the crown we hope to share,
Why should we grudge to bear his cross?
"Though thou severely with us deal,
Still will we in thy mercy trust;
Accomplish in us all thy will,
Only remember we are dust."

Behold, then, with me, if thou canst, the end of the Lord's chastisements, the patience of Job, and the great pity of the Lord towards him in now and then visiting his soul in the worst of times. "Thou hast granted me life and favour, and thy visitations have preserved my spirit," said the poor man when passing through the fire. And here, dear Comforter, I do desire to give thanks unto thee at the remembrance of thy precious name and person, for thy sweet visits, and momentary support, in visiting and preserving my spirit, when it appeared I could bear it no longer; or, in other words, it was more than flesh could bear alone.

O how dear is the Trinity to my poor sin-weary soul! O these precious wells of salvation, out of which I have drawn water when my tongue was failing for thirst! Thirsty I am still, and hope yet to draw; for "there is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God. God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved, for God shall help her." So, then, the poor have hope, and all iniquity shall stop her mouth, without and within. And all death shall he swallow up in victory, and wipe away all tears from off all faces, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." When the Lord turns the captivity of Zion, then we are like unto men that dream. So poor Job found it, for the Lord blessed his latter end more than his beginning. Mr. — said last night, when speaking of Jacob, it was a good bit sometimes between the grey hairs of an old saint

and the grave; but the greatest mercy was, as the good old man said, "The God which redeemed my soul from all evil bless the lads." O how good does a return from captivity of any sort seem!

On Sunday morning mother came and put a letter into my hand as I was sitting down to breakfast, which I covered over for a time with my handkerchief for gladness, declaring my son, who was dead, to be a living sensible sinner, coming up out of the wilderness, leaning upon and seeking after his Beloved, with an "O that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat." "Would he plead against me?" said one. "No; but he would put strength in me. There the righteous might dispute with him, so should I be for ever delivered from my Judge." A precious Jesus is the only meeting or finding place. And here to every heavy-laden, sin-sick soul the "Spirit saith, Come, and the Bride saith, Come; and whosoever will, let him come and take of the waters of life freely." And so says the poor old worm that is scribbling. Come, dear son, and welcome, to Jesus Christ,

"Since sinners black as hell by Christ
Are saved I know full well;
For I his mercy have not missed,
And I am black as hell."

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you from the Lord.

Bath, April 10th, 1842.

J. B.

"HITHERTO HATH THE LORD HELPED ME."

(Concluded from page 89.)

The men passed me without noticing me. I then took out my Hymn Book, and opened upon this hymn:

"A crumb of mercy, Lord, I crave," &c.

With this I had a little hope; so I went down the hill, thinking I would go back again; but before I had reached home, as I had a long distance to go, the devil set in upon me again, telling me what a fool I was not to have done as I vowed before I left home, for I knew I never could be saved, and I could not have had a better opportunity. He then told me of another way. "Now," he said, "all the ladies and servants want to go out to-night to hear a particular clergyman that is going to preach; so you can say you will stop at home, and thus you will have it all to yourself. Then you can drink the poison, and fasten such a cord to the balustrade of the staircase, and hang yourself. You will not feel it much, if you drink the poison first." When, however, the time came for church, some of the ladies would not go. I then thought what a fool I had been not to do it in the morning. I had it continually on my mind that I would do this horrid deed, and was always studying how I could perform it so that no one could tell how I came by my death; for I did not want to bring a disgrace on the cause. I thought if I took

poison it would be better than using other means; so, I thought I would take it when I went to bed. For several nights I locked my door, and poured the poison out in a glass, and tasted it, but could not drink it. Sometimes I have held it in my hands for a long time. I then thought I would try another plan. I would lie down on my bed, and have the glass by my bedside, so that I might awake up in the night and drink it without thinking so much about it. But I could not drink it. I had no power. Even when I had it up to my mouth and tasted it, I could no more drink it than I could have made a world.

I then thought I would try something else, that I would stop out in the garden all night and be frozen to death. Another plan I thought of, which I felt would be a very easy death, was, to go in one of the rooms down stairs, which was very damp, and in which a charcoal fire was made once a week; for I had heard if the door was shut, this would cause death. So one day, when the fire was made, I went in for a minute, and thought that at night I would go and lock myself in, after I had put the little boy to bed, as I should not then be missed; but something always happened to prevent it.

Thus I sought for death in various ways, but could not find it. I had a continual whispering in my ears, go where I would, "Lost, lost for ever! Lost, lost for ever!" Hours and hours have I scarcely breathed, listening to these words; and sometimes I thought it sounded like, "Redeemed, redeemed for ever!" but I could not believe it. Sometimes a passage would come: "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction;" and such a feeling would come over me that my soul would melt within me, and tears would flow apace. "Ah, Lord God, I would not care what afflictions I had, though they were a thousand times heavier than I now have, if I knew I was thy child." And sometimes I could not help saying, "Dear Lord," for I did want to love him. Then would Satan come in and say how awful it was that I should presume to say, "Dear Lord." Such I always found when I had a glimpse of hope arising from the word of God, when I thought again, "O that I knew what to do not to sin against thee." Sometimes I would cry out, "I do not want to mock God, or presume in anything; but I cannot help telling the Lord my troubles when such feelings come." I wandered about, not knowing whither to go, crying out, "O Lord, O Lord, look upon a poor wretch, for Christ's sake. O save me, for his sake. If thou wilt save me, Lord, I will praise thee to all eternity." Then it would come into my mind, "Yes, you would praise him to all eternity if he would save you, after all you have done against him. Suppose you that the lost souls in hell would not praise him if he would save them? Yes, they would: but they are past mercy, and so are you." Then Satan would raise such rebellious feelings in my breast that I could hardly help blaspheming the name of God; and to prevent it, I have kept saying, "Lost, lost for ever," as fast as I could; and when I have been out, I have run that I might not utter it till I could run no longer.

O these are deep waters to sink in! None but God and the

soul can know what it is to pass through them; but truly he has been with me in six troubles and in seven; and I now believe that he will never leave me nor forsake me. As I was now unable to attend to the little boy, I thought I would go home; so I told my mistress I wished to leave for a little time. She was quite willing, but wished me first to see my doctor who had attended me before; so I went, and he gave me a prescription for some medicine for my body, but I wanted it for my poor sinking soul. He told me the change of air would do me good. So it was settled for me to leave on the morrow. I went by the train within two miles of my home. My brother met me, and we walked home together. He felt much for me, and tried to encourage me; but no; I said, "I am lost for ever." We reached safely home, tired and weary. After supper I went to bed, and prepared myself to lie in bed all the next day, for I had made up my mind that when I got home I would go to bed and never get up again, but would lie there, and neither eat nor drink till I starved myself to death. In the morning my friends wished me not to get up to breakfast, but to lie and rest myself. I was glad to lie, but rest there was none for me. When dinner time came, my friends were anxious about me, and would not allow me to go without my food. The next day I lay in bed all day, though in such a state of mind that I could scarcely keep in the bed. Some of my friends really thought I must be going out of my mind, especially those that did not know what soul trouble was. The dear children I was always particularly fond of, and they were always delighted to see me come home; but, alas! now the scene was changed. I could no longer smile as in past days, but felt the terrible fear of death and judgment, and the frowns of an angry God.

Here again I found I could not die from starvation while with my friends, and I think I was, if possible, worse at home than I was before. I used to cry, "O death, death, where art thou? O that I might find thee!" I heard many very solemn but encouraging sermons, but all seemed to add to my condemnation, and I every time made up my mind I would never go to chapel again. Still, when the time came, I could not help going, with a "Who can tell?"

Thus I went on for a month, and many times I felt a wish that I could take the poison, as I took it home with me. Sometimes for a few minutes, when I have been talking to my friends, I have felt a little hope; but again I sank.

At this time there was a young man lying very ill. He was a bad character. I knew what he was very well. He died; and never can I forget the day. These words thrilled through me: "And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment." Now, as there was no hope whatever of this person before he died, it really appeared to me that I could see the devil, and hear his voice, saying, "As sure as I have got this soul, so sure are you coming to this place." This again made my soul to shake. O how many times that day, and the day on which he was buried, did I go into my room, and try to pray. Sometimes I could say nothing, and at other times I could only say, "O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, have mercy, have mercy!"

And then I have burst out, and seemed as though my heart must break. Sometime after this, I seemed to have a little hope, and to be more calm, and these moments were very precious to me indeed, though they were but short.

While I was at home, there was one of the Lord's family taken ill, so ill that he required attendance night and day. I had before this been in his company several times, and he, knowing my state of mind, had tried to encourage me to hope in God, that he would hear and deliver me out of my distress. I called to see him, and offered my service, if they would accept it, which they did; and it was agreed I should go and sit up with him the next night. I did so. In the night he often broke out in praising and blessing the Lord for all his goodness to him. He was much favoured of the Lord while on the bed of sickness; but O the horror I felt through the night I cannot describe. I thought that this, as well as other things, added to my condemnation.

Another day I had made up my mind to go to the prayer meeting, but my brother could not go. As, however, I did not know what to do with myself, I thought I would go up stairs and try and ask the Lord that it might be a time to be remembered, if it were his heavenly will; when these words came while on my knees: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." So I went, hoping the Lord might appear. But no; the set time was not come. Though I think I shall never forget one of the prayers that was put up, yet no real comfort did I get. As I saw no way for me to escape from, or get rid of my trouble, and as I was tired of home, I thought I would go back to my situation, and do the best I could till the Lord saw fit to grant me a change, which I did not expect till death.

I awoke about half-past three in the morning on which I was to leave, when these words came with much sweetness: "I laid me down and slept; I awaked, for the Lord sustained me." I got up soon after four, then had breakfast, went seven miles in a conveyance, and then got in a carrier's cart, which took me to C—. When I got in the cart, it was dark, so I could not see who was there. As it began to get light, I found six or seven people in it. They were soon merry enough, joking one with another. There seemed to be a sweet feeling come over me that there was a difference between them and me, for I felt I could not enjoy their pleasure. I had my Bible with me, and another book, "Little Faith." I took them out, and read some part of them. I felt resigned to the Lord's will, though he sent me to black despair.

After I had returned, the devil tried hard to get me to give up going to hear the truth preached, but I could not give up, though I dared not venture inside the chapel, but sat on the stairs. One day the minister read the chapter, or part of it, where it speaks of the woman with the box of ointment. He spoke of it in such a way that I longed once more to go inside, for I loved to hear of the Lord's pardoning love and mercy to poor sinners, though I could not believe at this time that he would pardon me.

One time I cannot forget. As I was alone in my own room, my heart began to melt within me, and I burst into tears. I thought I saw the Lord Jesus Christ standing by the Father. Then I could see the great Sacrifice for sin, and cried, "O that I could see him standing there for me!" This was what I wanted to see. My heart was so melted at the sight, that I hoped it was a token for good; and I could not help telling some of the friends of it. During all this time, I scarce ever awoke in the morning but I had the dreadful fear of death and hell. One night I thought if I could have a sweet feeling of love to the Lord Jesus Christ, if I could awake up in the morning with such a feeling, I should believe it was of the Lord; and I thought I would pray for these feelings before I went to bed; but I found I could not pray for this or anything else. Well, I thought, since there is no way whatever I can escape, surely I may as well enjoy myself while I am this side of the grave. But again I thought I must have some people to call mine, so I would go amongst the Catholics, as they were likely to reign again. But I soon found I dared not to venture amongst them, for I had a conscience that could not be stifled. One Lord's Day, while I was standing on the stairs, several of the friends came, and asked me to go in; but I refused. At last my young friend came, and I was constrained to go in with her. While I was there, such a feeling came over me, that I felt in my heart if I did not love this people there was none that I did; but I did believe I loved them. After service was over, I went with my young friend, and had some conversation with her, and then returned home. I went into my bedroom, and seemed to have but little feeling and little desire; for I thought I would now go to bed, and give it all up. So I lay down in my clothes.

The little boy not being very well, I had to get up very early in the morning to give him some medicine, and a fire was required. Little did I think the dear Lord was going to set my heart on fire. Never, never can I forget that time of love. I awoke about half-past three, and was so full of love to the Lord Jesus Christ, that I looked around me with astonishment; for instead of hell, I had heaven; and these words flowed into my heart, not only the words, but great sweetness and power followed:

"O thou bleeding Love divine,
What are other loves to thine?
Theirs a drop, and thine a sea;
Ever full and ever free."

I then made a fire, and sat down by it, wondering at the great and blessed change. While thus musing, these words came with such sweetness and power to my heart, that it seemed too much for my poor body to bear: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted;" "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." And I had faith to believe I was the very character. Now I felt a pardoned sinner; and truly I scarcely knew whether I was in the body or out of the body. The change was so great, that I have often thought that the change

which takes place when a soul is delivered from the body of sin and death, and enters eternal glory, cannot be greater than that which I then felt. After lying at the very mouth of hell for ten months, taen to be carried to the gate of heaven; after, as I had thought, hearing the very groans of the damned, and now to hear, as I thought, the host in heaven shouting; O how my soul longed to change my precious faith to sight! I now believed that the precious blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed me from all sin, and that he would never cast away one poor sensible needy sinner. The change was visible to all. I was up and ready for breakfast long before my usual time. After breakfast, I went into my bedroom, and had such a time of communion with the Lord, that I can never altogether forget. It seemed as though I was in his immediate presence. Truly was I let out of prison; and I could no more believe but that it was of the Lord than I could that I was not in existence.

Satan now came in another way, and said, when the Lord had delivered his people out of very great trouble, he so filled them with his love that they could do nothing but be in their closets all day; they could do nothing but bless and praise his holy name. I knew this temptation was from the devil, and these words confirmed it, which were brought to my mind with power: "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord." Now that the dear Lord had delivered my soul, I was desirous of showing to those around me that religion was not always a melancholy thing; and as I had so neglected myself and my worldly duties in every way, I now wished to show them what the Lord had done for me. So I began to get my clothes in order, and again appeared neat; and truly while my hands were engaged in these things my affections were in heaven, enjoying that love and communion which I had so long been panting after. I did not want to waste my time in bed now, but to rise early, so that I might have a few moments with the Lord before I went down. I felt that he was my Father, and I his adopted child. My soul had many a feast while others were asleep.

A few mornings after this, I awoke, and felt rather cast down, and my heart seemed ready to break, for I thought the dear Lord was going to leave me; but he came, and sweetly assured me he would not leave me comfortless, and again kissed me with the kisses of his mouth.

I was now longing for the next Lord's day to come, that I might boldly enter the chapel. It was the first time for nearly ten months that I had entered without fear that it was the greatest presumption for such a wretch as I. As I sat down by one of the friends, she said, "You have found him?" "Yes," I said, "that I have;" and she afterwards told me she could see it in my face. The second hymn that was given out was the 242nd:

"Good hope, through grace, the saints possess," &c.

This was my very soul's experience, and truly I found it good.

In the evening I went again, and again found it very good. After

I got home, I sat down by the fire, meditating on divine things, when these words again came with such power and sweetness that words cannot express:

“O thou bleeding Love divine,” &c.

Never can I forget the view I had of the love of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. I was led back to the different parts of the world I had been to; sometimes on the sea, where nothing but water could be seen. Well, I thought, what would a drop of water be dropped there? Why nothing, I thought; yet I felt even this would be more than any other love could be compared to his who shed his own heart's blood to redeem me. But I little knew why he was so sweetly showing me how little all other loves were compared to his. No; but he was preparing me to know it in a painful way, which was little expected by me at this time. I told the Lord I did not want to presume, but I felt assured in my own soul that he had pardoned me and saved me for ever; and entreated him that he would keep me, and never suffer me to have one rebellious feeling against him, after his wonderful goodness to me. “O,” I said, “I do hope, Lord, thou wilt keep me from this, let my trials be what they may.” And I was enabled to commit my body, soul, and circumstances into his hands, to do with me just as he pleased, whether sickness or health, prosperity or adversity, “Thy will be done.”

I went on my way rejoicing. I was singing about the house all day long. My fellow-servants used to say, “Why, we cannot believe it is you;” but I felt if I held my peace the very stones would cry out, and I was obliged to tell them what the Lord had done for me. “O,” I said to one of them, “I am just like a person who was over head and heels in debt, and believed he never could get out of debt, though he worked night and day, and who had found a friend who had come and paid his debt, promising at the same time that he would ever supply all his needs.” This, I said, was just my feeling, and my desire was to

“Tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found:
To point to his redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God.”

To some of the elect, the spirit of adoption, or the knowledge of their adoption, is granted sooner than to others of the same family; nevertheless, “every vessel shall be filled.” My soul, canst thou say, “My God,” with humble confidence? and, even though he slay thee, art thou still determined to trust in him? Then why art thou cast down under thy manifold and daily infirmities? Surely, if he be thy God, he cannot but watch over thee every hour, and that for thy good; wean thee from the creature by every dispensation; teach thee caution by every fall, slip, and mistake; hear thy cries out of the low dungeon, and most graciously deliver thee.—*H. Fowler.*

“ I WILL BE INQUIRED OF.”

My dear Friend,—I felt much obliged by your last letter. but am sorry to observe that your path still continues very rough. You know him that has said, “Every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain.” (Isa. xl. 4.) This is a very gracious promise, which he has pledged himself to fulfil in the experience of his people. Observe the words, and particularly remark the cluster of the Almighty God’s “*I wills*” that appear in these verses: “*I will* make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight;” “These things *will I* do unto them, and not forsake them.” (Isa. xlii. 16.) And all this is to be done in answer to prayer, and in no other way that I know of: “For all these things I will be inquired of, that I may do these things for them;” “Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.” We have also the promise of the Holy Spirit’s influence as a Spirit of grace and supplication, by which alone we can prevail.

Now this way you have pursued, and this inestimable blessing you have in a measure felt. I am pleased to observe in one part of your letter, that in answer to prayer almost half of your trouble and burden has been removed; and if you have been enabled to glorify him by offering him praise for what he has done, I believe he will in his own good time wholly remove your present trouble. You also observe that you have had seasonable support, and not altogether at times been denied his presence, which shows how faithful he is to his own promise. My Bible lies open at a sweet part: “But now thus saith the Lord 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.” Bless him! this is the thing that secures our salvation in every time of trouble; for being redeemed, we are called by his name and are his. He then goes on, “When thou passest through the waters (of troubles and afflictions) I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee;” and soon adds, “I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour;” “Fear not, for I am with thee.” His presence is as much with us in supporting us in trouble, and in giving us power and ability to wrestle with him in prayer at a throne of grace, as when we are filled with joy and comfort. Only the latter experience is more comfortable to us, and gives us a more full satisfaction that we do enjoy his presence, or that he is with us.

“I will deliver thee.” Dwell upon this; take his own words with you; “put him in remembrance;” tell him that his faithfulness is bound to make his promise good; that it is impossible for him to lie, and that “I will deliver thee” are his own words. Having thus pleaded with him, and encompassed him with his own promise, then keep upon your watch-tower; and though you stand on your watch-tower whole nights, depend upon it, “the vision will speak and will not tarry” one moment beyond God’s appointed time. It is very worthy

of remark that when the time draws near for any mercy to be made known, or for any blessing to be communicated, the Lord's family will be first quickened to feel their need of it, will be enlightened to see it freely promised to them in Christ, and then be led to call for it by prayer. And the power of prayer will be the greatest immediately before the enjoyment of it. Hence we are stirred up earnestly to pray for those blessings given in Christ from everlasting when the set time comes to favour Zion; and these are enjoyed only in answer to prayer.

The truth of my remarks upon this head will be manifest if you consult Acts i. ii. and iv. Christ bids his disciples not to depart from Jerusalem, but there wait for the promise of the Father, which is explained in Acts i. 8: "But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." After this, Christ went up to heaven in a cloud, and they saw him no more. Now, having this great promise, and as it was near to be fulfilled, they went up into an upper room, and all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication; and in answer thereto the Holy Spirit was given or poured forth when the appointed time arrived, as we read in chapter ii.: "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place; and suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues, like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost," &c. (See also Acts iv. 31.) Thus they prayed for the fulfilment of the Lord's promise, and the Holy Spirit was given in answer. Another instance is that of the deliverance of the children of Israel from the Babylonish captivity, which was for seventy years; but only just at their close was the Spirit of grace and supplications poured out upon Daniel to pray for it; and in answer to prayer they were delivered and returned to their own country. Till the time was up, Daniel never appears to have had the subject impressed upon his mind; which proves what I am endeavouring to set before you, namely, that just before a mercy is to be given or a blessing communicated, the elect of God are led to particularly pray for what the Lord designs to give, and which he will only give in answer to prayer, nor in any other way.

I dwell upon this because I think it important and encouraging; for if we are led by the Spirit, and are attentive to his work upon us, it is a proof of our being the elect of God, and sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Consult Daniel with reference to my observations. (Dan. ix.) Upon this subject I cannot refrain from giving an extract from a worthy author, who puts a question and gives the answer, which run thus:

"*Question.*—If God's providence ordains all things to come to pass according to the immutable law of his purpose, then what necessity is there of prayer? We cannot by our most fervent prayers alter the least circumstance or point in God's decrees. If he

hath so laid the method of his providence in his own counsels as to prepare mercies and blessings for us, our prayers cannot hasten nor mature them before the time; or if he determine by his providence to bring afflictions, our prayers cannot prevent nor adjourn them beyond their prefixed time.

Answer.—The divine Providence does not only ordain what effects shall come to pass, but also by what means and causes, and in what order they shall flow. God hath appointed, as the effect itself, so the means to accomplish it. Now prayer is a means to bring to pass that which God hath determined shall be. We do not pray out of hope to alter God's eternal purposes, but we pray to obtain that which God hath ordained to be obtained by our prayers. We ask, that hereby we may be fit to receive what God hath from all eternity determined to give by prayer, and not otherwise. And therefore when we lie under any affliction, if we languish under any pain or sickness, if we are pinched by want or poverty, if we are oppressed by the injuries and persecutions of others, prayer is necessary, because, as God by his providence hath brought these things upon us, so likewise the same providence may have determined not to remove them till we are made earnestly and fervently to pray for our deliverance from them. And therefore, when God had promised great mercies to the Jews, he tells them by the prophet Ezekiel, (xxxvi. 37.) 'Yet will I for all this be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them.' Prayer therefore doth not incline God to bestow that which before he was not inclined to give, but capacitates us to receive that which God will not give otherwise." So much for a good old author.

As our good God is the Creator of all things; as he is the Sustainer and Upholder of all things in their being which he has created, so he governs and provides for all his creatures according to that proportion or stature which he has determined and fixed according to his sovereign will and eternal purpose. Hence, is one rich? God makes him so. Is another poor? God himself makes him so; for "He maketh poor and he maketh rich." Under this divine disposal, it is therefore asked, "Which of you by taking thought can add to his stature one cubit?" It is impossible to make any change in the Lord's appointment. As therefore all things are of God in number, weight, and measure, whether adversity in all its branches, or prosperity in all its branches, latitude, or meaning, may our heavenly Father enable you and enable me to set him always before us; to lie passive in his hands; to be resigned to his will; to submit to all his dispensations without murmuring or repining. For as he is infinite in wisdom, he alone can guide us in a right way to heaven; as he is almighty in power, none but he can save us from all our enemies; as he is full of compassion, he can sympathise with us; as he is abundant in goodness, and has loved us with an everlasting love, he will most assuredly make all things work together for the eternal good of our souls; and having given us his best gift, even his dear Son, and blessed us with communion and fellowship with him, by life, by light, by love, by pardon, by righteousness, by peace, by godly sorrow, by repentance, by joy, and by the witness of the Spirit of

adoption in our hearts, how "shall he not with him also freely give us all things" pertaining to this world? His word is, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." This is "the word of our God, which shall stand for ever." God grant, therefore, that your faith may be strengthened, that you may not cast away your confidence, but that it may be strong in the promises as suitable to your case; and that the needed blessing contained in them may be granted to the joy of your heart. You have an interest in my poor prayers. We are all exhorted to pray for and love one another, and so to fulfil the law of Christ. This is one branch of the communion of saints; is a proof of our love to each other, and manifests us to be the children of God: "For by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." May this increase in us more and more, if the Lord's blessed will! And may we have that real spiritual humility which teaches us to esteem all others in the household of faith better than ourselves. Blessed with such principles and influences as these, we shall be preserved from that "pride" which "goeth before destruction," and from that "haughty spirit" which precedes "a fall." Those that I ever wish for my companions and friends are such as are little in their own eyes, mean in their own opinion, sensible of their own insufficiency for everything that is good, and who really take the lowest room. These are my favourites, and such as I esteem the excellent of the earth; but, alas! how few their number! The strife among professors now is who shall be the greatest; which proves to me beyond any doubt that the church is low and in a low state, and that there is but a very small portion of the Spirit of God enjoyed by the favourites of heaven. And things will get worse and worse. Popery must prevail; and till that is over, there will be no truly glorious times for the church.

I have often had thoughts of replying to two letters sent forth from the press against me upon my publishing the Doctor's* farewell sermon; and, if time permit, I mean to offer my opinion upon several things in a series of letters to the friends at Grantham, which if I do, you will probably see them.

Let me hear from you soon that I may know your state. One passage of Scripture so hangs upon my mind that I must mention it: "Consider the ravens, for they neither sow nor reap, which neither have storehouse nor barn, and God feedeth them. How much more are ye better than the fowls!" (Luke xii. 24. See also Job xxxviii. 41, and Ps. cxlvii. 9.) How wonderful the providence of God, which is over all his creatures! and therefore how much more over the objects of his choice and the subjects of his everlasting love! O! of what little faith are we! Ravens that are supplied by the daily bounties of heaven have no storehouse nor barn to lay up a store for the future, so as to become independent of their Creator. No; they live upon the continual bounties of heaven, and God provideth for the raven its food; God feedeth them; and if so, "How

* Mr. Huntington.

much better are we than the fowls!" In meditating upon this, how ashamed I feel of my unbelief, of my anxiety, and distrust in the providence of the Almighty. Though he feedeth the ravens that cry, yet at times I cannot believe that he will feed me, though so much better than the fowls. How dishonourable to God is an evil heart of unbelief, and how injurious to the peace and comfort of our souls!

I have lately been reading thirty-seven letters of an old divine that have pleased me much. Speaking of strength being given equal to our day, in one letter, he says, "He will not send thee into a wood to fell an oak with a penknife. When he calls thee to the work thou never *didst*, he will give thee strength thou never *hadst*." And with his words I conclude my letter: "Now the Lord of his infinite mercy put his Spirit into this dead letter for the quickening of your soul; and I beseech him to make it effectual for your eternal good." I commend you to God and the word of his grace, and rest,

Yours very affectionately in Christ,

London, Dec. 20th, 1820.

CHRIST. GOLDING.

[Mr. Golding was a friend and hearer of Mr. Huntington, and was generally considered a man of choice experience and spirit.—ED.]

"IRON SHARPENETH IRON; SO A MAN SHARPENETH THE COUNTENANCE OF HIS FRIEND."

My dear Friend,—Great grace rest on you, my beloved aged brother in the Lord. Whereas it has now been some considerable time since I received an epistle from you, my soul begins to feel stirred up within me, with a desire to know how it still is with you, in the best sense of the word. I hear from our D— friends that you are still alive; but to be alive in Christ and lively also is most blessed. A soul may be alive and not lively. I have proved this. That my aged brother is alive in Jesus I feel no doubt. O, my dear friend, my very heart and soul now weep, while I am writing, with joy for the blessedness connected with this favour; for the dead cannot quicken their own souls; and to live and die "dead in trespasses and sins," is awful indeed. As the tree falls, so it must lie: but who can bear to lie in everlasting burnings? Therefore does my soul rejoice, in hope that my brother is quickened and called of God, as was Abraham. I think I may speak for him, and say he is not so lively, in the best things, as he could wish. Where is there a quickened soul that is? I am sure I am not, and never shall be, till I am free from sin and all its effects for ever, and safe with Christ above.

This is the summing up of the whole matter in every epistle of mine, to be with Christ and sin no more. Because my whole soul, with all her powers, desires it, and is pressing forward still, with an "if so be I may, by any means, attain," to obtain the blessedness of this blessed end. Therefore I cannot help bringing every subject to this conclusion. And the more blessed is this theme, this thought,

this hope to my soul, the more precious I feel Christ to be, and the more of the joys of heaven I enjoy. The heavier I feel sin to be, the more I pant to rest therefrom for ever. The more I know of Christ, the more I want to know, and the more I long to be with him above. "As iron sharpeneth iron, so a man the countenance of his friend." This my soul can testify with a witness.

None can call Jesus Lord (aright) but by the Holy Ghost. He dwells in my heart, and inspires me so to call him. How do I know the Holy Ghost dwells in my heart? By the blessed effects I feel therein produced. What are those effects? The following are a few of the effects thereof, among many others too numerous to mention. 1. *The life of God felt within.* The life of God it proves to be. His power alone bade and made me live, and my soul lives on and in God, the Christ of God, and upon all the faithful sayings that proceed out of his mouth; nor without him, the enjoyment of his love, his presence, himself, can I live. 2. *My life, my soul's affections are bound up in Christ;* and the life of his love, blood, and grace felt within is the life of my spirit. 3. *The mystery of iniquity felt working within my heart.* As it is written, "What shall ye see in the Shunamite but, as it were, the company of two armies?" "But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ; so that with my mind I serve the law of God, but with my flesh the law of sin." Blessed be God for enabling me to make this distinction. This mystery of iniquity now revealed within, once I felt, and knew not; but now I feel it working in my heart; and it will work there till God takes the old man of sin out of the way. Hence are my groanings, and sighings, and cryings, and repentings, and bitter bewailings, and lamentations, and sorrows daily increasing. But now and then a look to yonder promised rest above gives me most wonderful relief, and breaks my heart outright in hope, and melts and crumbles me down in the dust before him in love. 4. *The mystery of faith in a pure conscience.* Divine faith wrought within my heart, felt there, apprehending a precious Christ, the sum and substance of all things I hope for here and above, and flying to the fountain of his blood. My soul and conscience lose all their guilt, and misery, and woe beneath that pardoning, cleansing, healing flood, and read the mystery of love therein, made plain in tears of holy triumph and joy. And thus I prove what the mystery of faith in a pure conscience is. 5. *The mystery of godliness,* the mystery of redeeming love of a living faith in exercise, of godly repentance, of Christ revealed in my heart the hope of glory. 6. *The divine help afforded me,* and the consolations of the Spirit which do so often comfort my soul, together with his many quickenings, and enlightenings, and revelations; these, and a thousand other witnesses, testify within my breast that the Holy Ghost does in very deed dwell in my heart. I need not the testimony of man; the testimony of God is greater.

Therefore am I still encouraged to call this dear Man my Jesus, my Lord, and my God. Therefore do I feel assured that this is the same Jesus who died on Calvary for me, and for you, my brother,

and for the whole election of grace, and not for one beside, let men say what they will; the self-same Jesus who, as the eternal Word, the great I AM, left his throne in glory, and became incarnate, God and Man in One Person for ever, the Babe of Bethlehem, Immanuel, Jesus, He who lived, and died, and rose again, and who ascended, in sight of his astonished disciples, to his glory, and who will descend ere long to judge the world, and to be admired of by my wondering eyes and soul, and thine, and by all who believe. These things my soul does really believe. In him, with weeping, I now believe with joy. My soul loves, admires, and adores him below, and covets communion with him above all things beside, and esteems it far sweeter than life itself, and craves the like favour above. Nor do I feel any fears of being disappointed.

“My Beloved is mine and I am his;” “Thy voice is sweet, and thy countenance is comely;” “therefore do the virgins love thee;” “He is all over and altogether lovely.” So sang the church of old, and so sings my soul now. I have heard his voice, and know the sound when I hear it again. I have felt his pardoning mercy and blood, and do well remember the feelings it brings, and the effects it produces. I have seen him by faith, and can bear witness now for myself with holy writ, and say, “As iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.”

He says, “Henceforth I call you not servants but friends.” O what condescension is this! The Lord of life and glory to call us his friends! to be a guest with sinners! And what a mercy it is to be enabled feelingly to make the claim. He that would have friends must first show himself friendly. Many acts and tokens of his loving-kindness have I proved, both in providence and in grace, and do still prove, and receive at his dear hands, and am often permitted to be very free and familiar with him withal. Therefore do I begin to believe I am his friend, and I know he is mine. O how blessed to prove him to be a Friend in trouble, a Friend in time of need! That is a friend indeed. And that the Lord has been and still is to me. Bless his dear name, I love him for it, and hope to praise him for ever, and to sing his love in death and to all eternity.

“As iron sharpeneth iron, so does his countenance my soul.” Sin often flattens, and dulls, and wounds my spirits; the cares of the world often flatten, and dull, and wound my spirits; the anxieties of an affectionate partner and parent often depress me to the extreme; my manifold infirmities flatten, and dull, and wound my spirits sore; but when by faith I can look to Jesus, and commit all my cares and concerns to him, and trust in him, and catch a glimpse of his glory withal, all things are presently put right and straight, and my soul and countenance wear a different aspect. Gloom is turned to cheerfulness; sadness to holy joy; my mourning into comfort; my tears of sorrow into tears of solemn pleasure and sacred joy; and all the powers of my soul are sharpened with love to Jesus afresh; and I sing, as I press forward, “A precious Christ is mine, and I am his, and heaven is mine; the covenant is ordered well; all things are ordered well, and sure.”

Thus my unbelief is put to the blush, my faith strengthened, and Christ again becomes the health of my countenance. O blessed spot this to arrive at! But O the soul travail and hard labour that is endured before one reaches that sacred place, the feeling embraces of his love, no tongue can tell nor pen can describe! And when there arrived, how soon the heavenly vision is gone, through the deceitfulness of sin and my wicked heart! Then down I come, thus to travail and labour hard again to obtain the like favour, and roar aloud with bitter bewailings and anguish of spirit, and refuse to be comforted, because my best Beloved hides his face. At length he appears, and says, "It is I; be not afraid." Then my soul, again catching a sight of his smiling countenance, flies through hosts of cares, and woes, and sins, and sorrows, and men, and devils, into his arms; and weeps and tells him all about the matter, how it wounds and pierces my heart thus to sin against him, and yet I cannot help it! And how it is worse than death to me for him to leave off to commune with me, and to hide his face from me, and I beg of him not to deny me this favour again, nor to let me sin against him again, henceforth and for ever!

Thus are my days spent, and my years slide away as a tale that is told; and I am not satisfied. Mine is a groaning, sorrowful life; but I would not have it otherwise if I could; for I feel such sacred solemn sweetness mingled with the pain that often makes my very heart to dance and sing for joy, and my eyes to overflow with tears. And the more does this comfort my soul the nearer I feel my latter end to be approaching, to find my feelings so exactly correspond with the mind, and word, and will of God. The Spirit says, "There is no other name given among men," (but the name of Jesus.) "whereby a sinner must, or can, be saved." And I want no other. His name, and Person, and work, and honour are dear to me beyond expression. And my soul can completely rely upon and trust my eternal all in and on him, his finished work, death, and merits alone for salvation. He assures me there is no other sacrifice for sin but his. And I am sure I do not want, nor am looking for or to any other. His one, all-sufficient sacrifice I have felt, and now feel is for ever sufficient for me. Faith in his atoning blood still removes all guilt and fear from my conscience, and proclaims peace, and pardon, and liberty therein, and proves I am sealed up to the day of redemption, and thereby witnesses that his sacrifice is sufficient for me, without any other. And God says there is no other. So herein we are agreed. Jesus says, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me peace." The peace of God enjoyed in my conscience makes my soul rejoice that it is so, and causes me to be patient in tribulation, and bear and endure all things with joy, in hope of the promised rest above. The Lord says, "Ye" (namely, the heirs of glory) "must enter the kingdom." My soul, with weeping, says, Amen; and cries, "Come, Lord Jesus, fulfil and accomplish all thy will in, by, and through me below, and take me to thyself, to live and reign with thee and thine in thy kingdom above for ever, to sin no more."

Suffice these few instances to show you, my brother, that my feel-

ings do accord with the mind, and word, and will of God. O how this does comfort and melt my heart! and the more so as I feel my trembling tabernacle to give way. It is written, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." My soul was made willing many years ago, and still feels willing the same, to accept of salvation in the way that God designs to give it; have really received, felt, and enjoyed it in my heart; and do now really receive it, feel it, and enjoy it on those terms, all of grace, and not of works; and do now also feel willing to bear the cross, in hope of wearing the crown, to spend and be spent for Christ and his cause; to serve, love, and honour him with all my powers below, and do rejoice in hope of glorifying him for ever above.

Pardon me for this ramble, for I do not know how far yet my feelings would still lead me on, had I time sufficient. May the presence of Jesus sharpen our countenances, and comfort our souls, amidst the sorrows of the way; may many tastes of the Paschal Lamb sharpen our appetites to crave more of the sweet enjoyment thereof; may faith's views of the heavenly communion above deaden us more and more to things below; and his love mingled with all the trials that here we endure sharpen our hatred to sin, our love to Jesus, and our desires to be with him, to rest from sin and all its effects for evermore at his dear feet, there to behold his glories without a veil between, and praise him as our souls do crave to all eternity.

Bedworth, April 3rd, 1847.

G. T. C.

REVIEW.

A Warning to Ministers; or, The Dangers incident to the Ministerial Office. A Fragment, by Jonathan R. Anderson, Minister of Knox's Church, Glasgow.

A Day in Knox's Free Church, Glasgow; being Notes of Lecture and Sermon Delivered 12th Oct., 1851, by J. R. Anderson.

John Knox Tracts.

Many circumstances have concurred to stamp on Scotland a peculiar character, both naturally and religiously. Its northern position, isolating it from the great centres of civilisation; the free, valorous spirit of its natives, generated and maintained by its long struggles in ancient times to preserve its independence against England; its division into two originally distinct nations, speaking two different languages, and occupying two physically distinct districts, the Teutonic race being settled in the Lowlands and speaking Scotch, and the Celtic occupying the Highlands and speaking Gaelic; its wild mountainous scenery in the north, and its fertile vales in the south and south-west—all have concurred to render the Scotch a peculiar people. Shrewdness and thrift, industry and perseverance, have long favourably distinguished them from the natives of the opposite isle.

But nothing has so stamped a distinct character on the Scottish people as the Reformation, which in Scotland was far more sweeping, general, and complete than in any other country of Europe. From this dates Scotland's glory. Till the light of truth penetrated her mountains

and dales, she lay a rude chaos of strife and confusion, war and bloodshed. But since that period she has been, as regards the things of God, in many respects, a highly-favoured country. John Knox, Rutherford, Halyburton, the two Erskines, and many others less known by name, were, each in his day and generation, burning and shining lights; and the torch of truth, borne aloft in their hands, has cast its rays far and wide.

But Scotland has, for many years, far departed from her ancient glory. The lamp in the sanctuary burns dim; the salt has lost its savour; the body retains its shape and proportions, but, struck with paralysis, lies helpless on its death bed. Religion has still its name and place in Scotland's head, but it has much died out of Scotland's heart.

It has struck our mind that it might not be uninteresting, in connection with the little works at the head of this article, to present a slight sketch of the present religious state of Scotland. But as its present state is inseparably connected with its past, we trust we shall be excused if we first enter into some historical details, as it is well nigh impossible to understand the peculiar features of Scotch profession without some little acquaintance with its religious history.

The abuses of Popery before the Reformation were perhaps greater in Scotland than in any country of Europe. Full half the wealth of the nation was in the hands of the clergy, who were characterised in the higher ranks by pride, ambition, profligacy, and sloth, and in the lower by the densest ignorance and superstition. Besides the *secular* clergy, as the bishops, vicars, and curates were called, the land swarmed with *regular* clergy, the monks and friars of more than a dozen orders, many of whom lived on mendicancy, and wandered about the country preaching the most absurd and ridiculous legends. ⁽¹⁾ Besides the amount of alms thus obtained by the mendicant orders, the exactions of the secular clergy who occupied the parishes, were particularly obnoxious; for besides the church lands and tithes, the latter of which were particularly felt in a poor country like Scotland, claims were continually made by the incumbents of parishes which were most galling and oppressive. As one instance, we may mention that, when a farmer or labourer died, however small his property might be, the vicar could demand of the widow or surviving family what was called a *corps-present*; ⁽²⁾ *i. e.*, the best cow which belonged to the deceased, and the uppermost cloth or covering of his bed, or the uppermost of his body clothes. Besides this, there were fees for interment, and the sums necessary to offer masses for getting his soul out of purgatory. A volume indeed would be required to describe the abominations and corruptions of Popery, with their attendant exactions and oppressions, under which Scotland groaned. But soon after Luther had, with the blessing of God, lighted up the blazing torch of the Reformation in Germany, some sparks were wafted to the Scottish shore. No sooner, however, did the doctrines of the Reformation begin (about A. D. 1526) to penetrate that country, than persecution started up, as an armed giant, to stifle the rising flame. Patrick Hamilton, Scotland's first martyr, was burnt by Archbishop Beaton at St. Andrew's, Feb. 28th, 1528. ⁽³⁾ From his funeral pile, however, as from that of Latimer and Ridley afterwards in England, a fire burnt up which soon illuminated the whole of Scotland. ⁽⁴⁾ But from 1530 to 1546 the flames of persecution fiercely raged. Henry Forrest was burnt at St. Andrew's, 1530, for possessing a copy of the New Testament, and for asserting that Patrick Hamilton was a martyr. Norman Gourley was burnt at Greenside, near Edinburgh, because, being a priest, he was married. At a somewhat later period, Cardinal Beaton burnt George Wishart at St. Andrew's, in

defiance of the Regent and the civil power; (5) hanged at Perth four men for eating a goose in Lent; and had a young woman drowned (Knox says with her babe at her breast) because in childbed she did not pray to the Virgin Mary and the saints. (6) Many to save their lives fled. Still the Reformation grew and spread far and wide, till about 1540 many of the nobility embraced it. A struggle now commenced to throw off Popery altogether, which, with many alternations, ultimately proved successful. The Reformation in Scotland was much more sweeping and complete than in this country. Not only was Popery put down with a high hand, but the very frame of the episcopal church, as a national establishment, was overthrown, root and branch. Not to weary our readers with historical details, we will merely observe that John Knox was the chief instrument employed in this work; which was singularly favoured by the providential dispensations of God. In the year 1557, John Knox, then residing at Geneva, was invited into Scotland by the Protestant nobility. (7) In May, 1559, he arrived at Edinburgh, and, in the following June, made his memorable visit to St. Andrew's, where he preached for four successive days against the errors and abominations of Popery with such power and effect, that the parish church was stripped of its pictures and images, the monasteries pulled down, and the reformed worship unanimously set up. From this point, as a spiritual focus, in the course of a few weeks, at Stirling, Cupar, Linlithgow, and Edinburgh, the monasteries were demolished, and the reformed worship established. It is not our purpose to dwell on these points, except as bearing on our subject. We shall, therefore, merely observe that the reformed worship was, in the year 1560, established by the Scottish Parliament, and Scotland became thenceforward a Protestant nation.

John Knox was undoubtedly a most eminent man, possessed of a large measure of gifts and grace, but he and his coadjutors seem to have committed one great mistake, which has had a wonderful influence on their native country. This mistake, we believe, was the identifying the Kirk of Scotland with the Church of Christ. Churches are assemblies called out of the world—not the world Christianised. The Kirk of Scotland was set up on the Presbyterian model, first adopted by Calvin at Geneva. Knox was in that city several years, and brought thence to Scotland the pattern of the Geneva church. Those who know the history of Calvin's troubles at Geneva need not be informed of the difficulties that he had to encounter in his endeavour to mould an ungodly city into the semblance of a church of Christ. But when this system was applied to all Scotland, when parishes were considered branches of the Kirk, and therefore little churches of Christ, it is evident that a mistake was made at the outset. Considering the peculiar features of the times, it was perhaps impossible to act otherwise; but it has produced singular effects, both for good and evil.

To bring this more vividly before our mind, let us take an English parish. Put down the episcopal service, place in the pulpit a minister who can pray and preach consistently with truth; nay, advance one step further, let him be a man really possessed of grace, and let him deal with his parishioners as if they were a part of the flock of Christ. The whole of the New Testament must be distorted and perverted to make such a system work. We are well aware that the Scotch ministers were sensible, deeply, painfully sensible, of the unconverted state of the greater part of the flock; and that, holding as they did so firmly the doctrine of election, they must have been convinced that the majority would live and die so. But viewing, as they did, the Kirk of Scotland as the Church of Christ, whereas, with all its purity of doctrines and forms, it was after all but a National Establishment, they were

entangled at every step with this dragging chain. The Scotch ministers were, for the most part, men of unequalled devotedness, and the greatest precautions were used to have none but godly men. But how could they turn a parish into a church of Christ? They might warn, threaten, excommunicate, preach, and pray with the greatest fervour and zeal, and might reap a rich harvest of souls, but they could not wash the Ethiopian white, nor make the leopard change his spots. This they deeply felt; and the singular consequence was, that the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, generally speaking, is administered in Scotland but once a year. (8) For this every preparation was made, and necessarily so; for what an amount of warning and exhortation was needful to bring up the parishioners in a fit state to receive it! (9) It was not with them as it is with the gospel churches in England—a church gathered from a congregation, but the congregation, with certain exceptions, gathered into the church. (10) What an amount of sifting was therefore needful to bring out the pure wheat. We understand that in Scotland, even now, before the Lord's Supper is administered, the warnings from the ministers not to approach the table unworthily are most fervent. All this may be inseparable from the system; but one thing is evident, that, as far as the Lord's people are concerned, it must generate a great spirit of bondage, and make the Lord's Supper rather a duty to be performed with a burdened conscience than a blessed privilege, where the Lord himself sits and says, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved;" and that, with every precaution, hundreds sit down who are dead in unregeneracy.

It may seem presumptuous in us, so far inferior to those gracious men who bore the burden and heat of the day, to censure their views; but that which is wanting cannot be numbered, and what is not according to God's revealed word must be censured. A foundation error once established necessarily ran through the whole of their ministry. Thus the sweet sound of gospel grace, though, in the doctrine of it, none could be more clear, was almost necessarily mingled by them with the harsh tones of the law. One mistake involves others. Infant sprinkling was the universal practice, and the law as a rule of life the universal doctrine. (11) The assumption that a minister's flock was his parish necessarily leavened his ministry; and as, of course, the far greater part were unconverted, it became viewed a part of his duty to labour till they were brought to repentance.

This mingling in the same fold of sheep and goats, and considering the whole as one flock, has singularly affected Scotland. It has made it, at least till of late years, the most religious country professedly in the world. It has moralised the land in a most remarkable manner, spread one creed all through the country, inculcated and effected a habit of attending public worship to a degree elsewhere unknown, sanctified the Lord's day almost into the literal strictness of the Jewish Sabbath; in a word, made religion so popular, and at the same time so universally indispensable, that a person with any character to maintain dares hardly not be religious. A correspondent from Scotland, in a private letter, speaking of the general profession there, lately made use of this expression, "*We are all church.*" Doubtless wonderful good was done in restraining open evil, and shaming down gross transgression, though, with all this outward reformation, in numberless instances the banked up stream would flow into the hidden channel of hypocrisy and self-deceit, and in others would swell all the higher in secret indulgence. But admitting all this, there is every reason to believe that from generation to generation a harvest of souls has been gathered into the kingdom of God.

The Kirk, too, in former days, had to pass through the hot fires of persecution. The unsuccessful attempts of Charles I. to force the English liturgy upon the Scottish nation, and the dreadful persecutions of the Covenanters in the reign of Charles II. are well known. But her sufferings only the more endeared the Kirk to the hearts of the Scottish people, till she became almost the national idol.

One bone of contention, however, has always existed in Scotland since the Kirk became a National Establishment—what is called the right of *lay patronage*; that is, the right claimed by the landed proprietors to appoint their own nominees to the vacant livings. In the first Scottish Parliament which met after the Revolution (A.D. 1690), the right of lay-patronage was abolished; but it was revived in 1712, and though for some years both patrons and ministers were disinclined to avail themselves of the resuscitated law, the face of matters soon changed. A strong party among the clergy favoured the claims of the lay-patrons; and to such an extent were these claims frequently carried, that instances occurred where the nominee of the lay patron was inducted into the living under a file of soldiers, and, when the parishioners barred the door, has been introduced into the pulpit through the window. This siding of a strong party in the General Assembly (as the highest Ecclesiastical Court in Scotland is called) with the lay-patrons, combined with their defection from the truth and their worldly spirit in other matters, has produced, at two different periods, separated from each other by somewhat more than a century, two most important disruptions, that have, in their issue, torn the Kirk asunder. The first was the secession of Ebenezer Erskine, with three other ministers, in 1733, laying thereby the foundation of what is called "The Secession Church," which from that time went on increasing, until, in 1839, it numbered 357 ministers and more than 260,000 persons. The other event took place about eleven or twelve years ago, when Parliament having decided in favour of lay patronage, a secession from the Kirk took place, embracing, we believe, more than two-thirds of the ministers in quantity, and undoubtedly the best and most devoted in quality. These formed themselves into "The Free Church." Many and great have been their privations and sufferings. They had to leave their comfortable *manse*s (as the parsonage houses are called in Scotland) and preferments; and as the great landed proprietors almost universally refused them sites to erect new churches upon, they had to meet, like the ancient Covenanters, under hill sides, and beneath the shadow of tents. The last grievance has, we believe, lately been much diminished; but it is certain that the salt of Scotland is in the Free Church, for the best of the people seceded with their ministers.

Yet Scotland is in a singular position. Two events have indeed sadly marred her ancient religious character in her once most favoured districts, the Western Lowlands, where the Covenanters were anciently most strong. These are 1, the amazing increase of trade and manufactures at Glasgow and on the banks of the Clyde; and 2, the immigration of the low Irish into the manufacturing towns, who here, as elsewhere, have brought with them, undiminished and undiminishing, their Popery, their drunkenness, their quarrels, and their dirt. Glasgow, the second town for population in the British Isles, is said to be the most drunken city perhaps in the world.

Experimental truth is, generally speaking, in Scotland at the lowest ebb. A sound creed, at least of dry, hard Calvinism, generally prevails, but of experimental truth there is little or none. Mr. Anderson, of Glasgow, is an exception, as we hope to show when we notice his works; but a friend of ours, a man that well knew and loved the truth, some years ago assured us that he had wandered from church

to church, and from chapel to chapel, both at Edinburgh and Glasgow, and could find nothing, absolutely nothing, to feed his soul. We have heard also our departed friend, J. M'Kenzie, himself a Scotchman, express the poorest opinion of Scotch profession. A dry, cold, hard, metaphysical religion has frozen up the people. The corpse is well dressed, and laid out in its satin-lined coffin; but it is a corpse still; and if there be occasionally twitches, as though life were in it, they are but the result of pulpit galvanism. All is soon motionless as before. What life there is, is, we understand, chiefly in the Highlands, among the population who speak Gaelic, miserably poor as regards worldly things, and widely scattered. They are men singular for their fervent prayers, such as in England we have little conception of. But, with these exceptions, torpor and death reign under a general profession, and Scotland's ancient glory has departed.

We have been struck with the little works of Mr. Anderson at the head of this article, and hope, in a following number, to give some extracts from them. An apology meanwhile is required for introducing so much mere historical and preliminary matter; but we were desirous to show a little of the religious state of a land so intimately connected with our own, by way of introduction to the works named at the head of our Review.

NOTES.

(1) The bishops in Popish times never preached, and the secular clergy very rarely. The preaching, such as it was, was almost wholly confined to the monks, and those chiefly of the mendicant orders, who went about the country, relating from the pulpits legendary tales of the saints, and especially of the founder of their order, such as his long fasts, bodily conflicts with Satan, innumerable miracles, severe flagellations, and corporeal austerities, interlarded sometimes with jokes and mirthful anecdotes, and generally winding up with sending round the begging box for the good of the monastery and order to which the preaching friar belonged.

(2) Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount, whose writings had an immense effect in Scotland in overturning Popery, thus satirises the practice of *corps present*. We have somewhat modernised the spelling:

“ Sir, by what law, tell me wherefore, or why,
That a vicar should take from me three kye (cows)?
One for my father, and for my wife another,
And the third cow he took for Maid, my mother.

* * * * *

And as to the vicar, as I trow,
He will not fail to take a cow
And upmost cloth, though babes thame ban (there be),
From a poor *seely* (simple) husbandman,
When that he lies for til de (to die),
Having small bairns two or three.
And his three kye, withoutin mo (any more),
The vicar must have one of tho (them),
With the gray cloak that happis (covers) the bed,
Howbeit that he be poorly clad;
And if the wife die on the morn,
Though all the babes should be forlorn,
The other cow he cleikis (steals) away,
With her poor coat of roplock gray;
And if, within two days or three,
The eldest child happens to de (die),
Of the third cow he will be sure.
When he has all them under his cure,
And father and mother both are dead,
Beg must the babes without remeid (remedy).”

(3) To show what in those days it was death to hold, we make the following quotation:—"Patrick Hamilton was accused of teaching 'that the corruption of sin remains in children after baptism; that no man by the power of his free-will can do any good; that no man is without sin so long as he liveth; that every true Christian may know himself to be in a state of grace; that a man is not justified by works, but by faith only; that good works make not a good man, but that a good man doeth good works, and an ill man ill works, although these ill works, if truly repented, do not make an ill man; that faith, hope, and charity are so linked together that he who hath one of them hath all, and he that lacketh one lacketh all; that God is the cause of sin in this sense, that he withdraweth his grace from man, and grace being withdrawn, he cannot but sin; that it is devilish doctrine to teach that, by an actual penance, remission of sin is purchased; that auricular confession is not necessary to salvation; that there is no purgatory; that the holy patriarchs were in heaven before Christ's passion; that the Pope is Antichrist; and that every priest hath as much power as he."

(4) The effect of the martyrdom of Patrick Hamilton was so great, that it is related "one John Lindsay, a plain man, who attended the bishop, gave his advice to burn Forrest in some hollow cellar, for 'the smoke,' said he, 'of Mr. Patrick Hamilton hath infected all those on whom it blew.'"

(5) It is reported that, when Wishart was in the middle of the flames, he looked up to a window where the cardinal was sitting, and expressed himself as follows; "This fire hath scorched my body, yet hath it not daunted my spirit; but he, who from yonder place beholdeth us with so much pride, shall soon lie in the same as ignominiously as he is now seen proudly reposing."

(6) After Cardinal Beaton had burnt Wishart, he proceeded to the Abbey of Arbroath to celebrate the marriage of his eldest daughter by Marion Ogilvy, with whom he had long lived in scandalous concubinage, and there with infamous effrontery gave her in marriage to the eldest son of the Earl of Crawford, and with her 4000 marks of dowry. But Wishart's prophesy soon came to pass. On May 29th, 1546, just two months after the death of Wishart, Cardinal Beaton was put to death in his own chamber by a party headed by Norman Leslie, and his dead body was hanged out of the same window from which he beheld Wishart's execution.

(7) John Knox preached in Scotland before this, as the following interesting letter of his to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Bowes, shows:—

"The wayis of man ar not in his awn power. Albeit my journey toward Scotland, belovit mother, was maist contrarious to my awn judgment, befor I did interpryse the same; yet this day I prais God for thame wha was the cause externall of my resort to theis' quarteris; that is, I praise God in you and for you, whome he maid the instrument to draw me frome the den of my awn eas, (you allane did draw me from the rest of quyet studie,) to contemplat and behold the fervent thirst of oure brethrene, night and day sobbing and gromyng for the breid of lyfe. Gif I had not sene it with my eis, in my awn contry, I culd not have believit it! I praisit God, when I was with you, perceiving that in the middis of Sodome, God had mo Lottis than one, and mo faithful dochteris than tva. But the fervencie heir doth far exceed all uthers that I have seen. And thairfoir ye sall pacientlie bear, altho' I spend heir yet sum daxis; for depart I cannot unto sic tyme as God quenche thair thirst a litill. Yea, mother, thair fervencie doith sa ravische me, that I cannot but accus and condemp my sleuthful coldness. God grant thame thair hart's desyre; and I pray you adverteis (me) of your estait, and of thingis that have occurit sence your last wryting. Comfort yourself in Godis promissis, and be assureit that God steiris up mo friendis than we be war of. My commendation to all in your company. I commit you to the protection of the Omnipotent. In great haist. The 4th of November, 1555. From Scotland. Your son, JOHN KNOX."

(8) The Secession Church has been accustomed to celebrate the Lord's Supper in many of their congregations four times a year, and in the remainder twice.

(9) "Some time before the Lord's Supper takes place, it is announced from the pulpit. The week before, the Kirk session meets, and draws up a list of all the communicants of the parish, according to the minister's examination-book, and the testimony of the elders and deacons. According to this list, tickets are delivered to each communicant, if desired, and the ministers and elders also give tickets to strangers who bring sufficient testimonials. None are allowed to communicate without such tickets, which are produced at the table. Those who have never received the Lord's Supper are instructed by the minister, and by themselves, in the nature of the Sacraments, and taught what is the proper preparation thereunto. The Wednesday or Thursday before, there is a solemn feast, and on the Saturday there are two preparatory sermons. On Sunday morning, after singing and prayer as usual, the minister of the parish preaches a suitable sermon; and when the ordinary worship is ended, he, in the name of Jesus Christ, forbids the unworthy to approach, and invites the penitent to come and receive the sacrament. Then he goes into the body of the church, where one or two tables, according to its width, are placed, reaching from one end to the other, covered with a white linen cloth, and seats on both sides for the communicants. The minister places himself at the end or middle of the table. After a short discourse, he reads the institution, and blesses the elements; then he breaks the bread, and distributes it and the wine to those that are next him, who transmit them to their neighbours; the elders and deacons attending to serve and see that the whole is performed with decency and order. Whilst these communicate, the minister discourses on the nature of the sacrament; and the whole is concluded with singing and prayer. The minister then returns to the pulpit and preaches a sermon. The morning service ended, the congregation are dismissed for an hour; after which the usual afternoon service is performed. On the Monday morning there is public worship, with two sermons; and these, properly speaking, close the communion service."

(10) In 1839, the Secession Church embraced a population, young and old, of 261,345. Of these there were 126,070 communicants. The average number of the congregations was 730, and the average number of communicants was 349. Now deducting children (and the number of scholars in the Sabbath schools was 37,602) it would make at least two-thirds of the congregation attendants on the Lord's Supper, and this in the Secession Church, confessedly much stricter than the Established Kirk.

(11) In the Confession of Faith drawn up by John Knox and adopted by the Kirk is this article on infant baptism: "We assuredly believe that by baptism we are engrafted into Jesus Christ, to be made partakers of his justice, (righteousness,) by the which our sins are covered and remitted." This does not much differ from the second answer in the Church of England catechism.

I find that the saints in the sorest troubles have been constrained to make the boldest claims on their covenant God and Father. Like the man who has property in the bank, when large demands are made upon him, he is obliged to draw from his bank to answer his present demands; but perilous is the situation of that man who, when large and lawful demands are made upon him, has no resources. More perilous still the situation of the man who has no God to fly unto in trouble. "The sorrow of this world worketh death." Alas! how many have we known, who, notwithstanding a long and blazing profession, have sunk under some sore trial, and have given up the Ghost without any apparent hope in God. My soul, above all things see how matters stand between thee and thy God. Build not upon the deepest knowledge thou hast had of thy sin; no, nor upon any lively frame, unless that joyful frame arises from a faithful view of thy interest in the rich grace of Christ Jesus.—*H. Fowler.*

OBITUARY.

MR. G. BROADBRIDGE, OF FAVERSHAM, KENT.

My dear Friend,—I write to communicate to you the intelligence of the death of our mutual friend, Mr. Broadbridge, which event took place yesterday morning at twenty minutes past three.

His constitution, as perhaps you were aware, had been breaking up for the last two years, and though it was the opinion of myself and others that his departure was nigh at hand, yet we did not expect it so suddenly as it eventually came. The bursting of a blood vessel terminated his life in six days.

His medical adviser having ordered that he should be kept as free from disturbance as possible, I had but one interview with him while he lay on his death bed. This season, I trust, I shall never forget. He was quite calm and resigned, and said that he knew it would be well with him. I never, in all my many years' intercourse with him, heard him express himself so confident before. My soul was joyful at this testimony. I could believe him, as I knew he was in earnest, and uttered it without guile or hypocrisy. In prayer with him, I was indulged with an unusual enlargement of heart, and great liberty of access to the throne of grace on his behalf, mingled with thanksgiving to the Lord for this signal display of mercy in the article of death.

He was, as you well know, the subject continually of doubts and fears regarding his personal interest in Christ; but, I rejoice to record it, that in this, his last illness, Satan was not permitted to worry him. The fear of death was removed, and he was blessed with a sweet reliance on Jesus as his God and Saviour. The Lord lifted up upon him the light of his countenance, and comforted his soul by the application of many precious portions of his word.

I hope you will excuse my being so brief, but I have many similar letters to write to his numerous friends.

I remain, affectionately yours,

Faversham, Feb. 2nd, 1852.

J. D.

[The above was a private letter written to one of Mr. Broadbridge's friends to announce his decease, and the following is an answer to it. Neither was written with the remotest view to publication; but being favoured with a sight of them, we were glad to embrace the opportunity of inserting them; the first as containing so interesting an account of his last days, and the latter as being, in our judgment, so faithful and accurate a character of him.]

My dear Friend,—After my long silence, in not answering your last kind favour in forwarding the tidings of the death of our dear and much-esteemed friend, Mr. Broadbridge, I now take up my pen, and will try and send you a few lines.

At my first sight of yours, I was much struck, fearing what tidings it might bear. But when I read it through, and saw that his end was peace, my soul began to respond and rise within me with thanksgiving and praise "to him who hath destroyed death, and him

who hath the power of death, that is the devil; and to deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their life-time subject to bondage." I know that our dear departed brother was one who was doubting and fearing continually from time to time, when his poor mind was in darkness and under the cloud, and the old enemy of his soul and unbelief used to get him down under foot, and trample upon his little faith, and confute and confound his little hope; so that his eyes were often wet with tears, for fear he was deceived and deluded altogether. Poor dear heart! I have often seen him in deep trouble for fear he should not get safe at last. The work was never thought deep enough to satisfy his soul that there was a real vital beginning by God the Holy Ghost in his heart and conscience. But I ever felt satisfied of this one point, that the fear of the Lord was put within his heart, and that God had blessed him with a tender conscience; for the fear of the Lord and a tender conscience always go together in its actings and operations within. When the fear of God is in lively act, under the teachings and operations of the Holy Ghost, the conscience must be tender in God's fear.

I have had a great deal of conversation with him, and many letters from him. When he came to see us in November, 1849, and stopped ten days with us, I sat with him the greater part of the time, and when he walked out I went with him, so that he told me, I believe, all his heart; and the more I saw of him and heard from him, the better I liked him. We so enjoyed his visit, that we greatly missed him when he left us. He was the greatest man in stature we ever had to visit us, but the least in mind and spirit; nay, he was so simple and childlike, that he told me his temptations, his trials, his exercises, his doubts, his fears, his gloominess, his sinkings, his fearful forebodings, and how death in its various forms tried him. Then again he would tell me how sweet such a passage of Scripture was to his soul, and how well he heard this and that minister; also how P.'s Sermons had been blessed to him, and how his heart had been softened in reading them, and how his soul had been encouraged, fed, and comforted in hearing them read at your meetings; how many sweet moments he enjoyed at your house in conversation with Mrs. D— and yourself, and that he has often gone home with his soul refreshed, hope revived, and his faith strengthened, so that he hoped it would be well with him at the last. He was one of the most tender-hearted and simple men that ever I met with in all my travels; and truly the Lord does preserve the simple from many things which others run into who have a greater portion of wisdom and judgment, and, in appearance, have a greater experience in divine things. But O, my friend, to have grace in the heart, humility *in the soul*, meekness in the spirit, and uprightness in the life and conversation, and a love to Jesus, his truth, and people, is a true evidence and work that there is eternal life in the soul.

I am sure you must greatly miss him, he being the chiefest friend

you had to visit and commune with. When I saw that his end was peace, my soul could but rejoice to see that his end was blessed, and that he was delivered from the evil to come, and landed safe, and out of the reach of all his enemies. I lost by death a close friend about twelve months ago, one of my warmest friends, but still I never wanted him back again, because I knew his trials, temptations, and conflicts were great, and to be delivered as he was out of them all, although he was a poor doubting, fearing soul, but blessedly delivered at the last. That sweet portion which our friend B. had at the last, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace!" was sweet indeed. May the Lord prepare your soul and mine for that solemn change.

My love to your wife and Mrs. B. Yours in the truth,
Woburn, Feb. 16th, 1852. T. G.

From a personal knowledge of the late Mr. Broadbridge, we can testify to the truth and accuracy of the above description. He was one of the most simple-minded, sincere, tender-hearted, consistent men with whose friendship we were ever favoured. We never knew one less disposed to worldly conversation. In fact, the things of God so seemed his meat and drink, that he was out of his element upon any other subject. He had been in business in early life, but when we knew him was living in retirement at Faversham, Kent. Favoured beyond most of God's family in worldly things, his heart and hand were ever open to distribute. A more liberal man, one more loose to money and the spirit of covetousness we never knew. He was singularly kind and affectionate, and a lover of good men and of experimental truth beyond what is often seen. His outward man and his inward man were singularly disproportionate—the one that of a giant, the other of a little child, as our friend T. G. has well remarked. His bodily stature and dimensions were indeed remarkable, standing, we believe as he did more than six feet four inches high, and of a person singularly stout and broad, weighing, we have heard, when in health, twenty-four stone; but of frame and limbs so well proportioned as to interfere very little with his personal activity. But O what a tender, childlike spirit dwelt in that gigantic frame! what a warm, feeling heart beat beneath that broad chest! Often have we seen the tear standing in his eye when speaking of the trials and exercises of his soul, and of the helps and deliverances that he had experienced. What he spoke he spoke with feeling; what he knew he knew for himself. He had by nature a sound understanding, but not a particularly capacious or cultivated mind. What interests hundreds had little or no interest for him. This was his mercy. The salvation of his soul, the waymarks that he could set up, the application of the word of God to his conscience, the meditations he had in secret, the blessings received under the preached word, the doubts and fears whether his spot was the spot of God's children, formed almost all his conversation. But there was nothing in him canting, morose, Pharisaical, or gloomy. We never heard him slander or backbite a single person. He knew too much of his own heart to shoot arrows at any one. Like *Mr. Fearing* in the "Pilgrim's Progress," whom in his religious character he much resembled, his chief concern was his own soul, and how it would be with him at last. How comforting and satisfactory to his friends who loved and valued him to learn that the Lord was with him in the trying hour! None of his friends that know the work of God upon the soul doubted the reality of his religion, and that he had a faith which worked by love and purified the heart; but he often doubted it

himself. It is a sweet satisfaction, then, to learn from the letter of his most intimate friend, one with whom he had walked for years in uninterrupted union, that his end was blessed.

We could not forbear inserting the above letters, and, perhaps somewhat superfluously, adding our feeble testimony to them both, not only as a slight mark of our affection, but in the hope that it will both gratify his friends, and also help to strengthen the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees of some of our readers who are called to walk in our departed friend's tried and exercised path.—ED.

Every wicked temper that is found in a fiend I can find in myself, and discern in others. And I could as soon suppose that God created fiends, as believe that he created man in his present state. Before the fall man was pronounced good, very good; but after the fall he became bad indeed; bad enough to be called of God the devil's child and the devil's subject. Surely Beelzebub must grin to hear his vanquished subjects preach of the dignity of human nature; and, if such dignity be found in the subject, how much more in the prince!—*Berridge*.

O, my brethren, my heart is enlarged towards you! I trust I feel something of that hidden but powerful presence of Christ which I am preaching to you. Indeed it is sweet; indeed it is exceeding comfortable. All the harm I wish you that without cause are my enemies is, that you felt the like. Believe me, though it would be hell to my soul to return to a natural state again, yet I would willingly change states with you for a little while, that you might feel what it is to have Jesus Christ dwelling in your hearts by faith. O do not turn your backs; do not let the devil hurry you away. Be not afraid of conviction. Do not think worse of the doctrine because preached without the church walls. Our Lord, in the days of his flesh, preached on a mount, a ship, a field; and I am persuaded many have felt his gracious presence here. Indeed we speak what we know.—*Whitefield*.

Formerly, when I had asked help in prayer, instead of looking for that help, and relying on it, I strove to help myself, and stripped to fight my adversary. Many of these battles I have fought, but never gained any credit by them. My foe would drop his head sometimes by a blow I gave him, and seemed to be expiring, but revived presently, and grew as pert as ever. I found he did not care for an arm of flesh, but made a very scornful puff at human will and might. Often, when a fire broke out in my bosom, the water I threw on to quench it only proved oil, and made it burn the faster. The flame of anger would continue in my breast till its materials were consumed, or till another fire broke out. One wave of trouble passed off, because another rolled on and took its place. One evil often drove another out, as lions drive out wolves; but in their turns my bosom was a prey to every wild beast in the forest. Or, if a quiet hour passed, it proved but a dead calm; my heart had no delight in God, being yet a stranger to heavenly peace and joy.—*Berridge*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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VOL. XVIII.

THE SAINT'S REAL SERVICE, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE HOLY GHOST.

BY JOHN RUSK.

(Continued from page 110.)

Having shown a little about grace, and that it is essential to real service, let us pass on,

9. To the ninth branch of real service, which is, *worshipping Christ*. I might mention many things concerning this worship, but I shall confine all to four, and that briefly.

First. If I am a real servant or worshipper of Christ, I must worship him as that God who searches the heart, tries the reins, and is privy to all my life, in that he lays it open. Now, says Paul, "If there come in one that believeth not, or one unlearned, he is convinced of all, he is judged of all; and thus are the secrets of his heart made manifest; and so falling down on his face he will worship God, and report that God is in you of a truth." (1 Cor. xiv. 24, 25.) Now mind; this young beginner is no Arian. He worships God. "Yes," say you, "God the Father." I say, God the Son; for the same person that convinced and judged this man is the same as you read of in the Revelation: "All the churches shall know," says Christ, "that I am he which searcheth the reins and hearts." Now this is worship.

Secondly. If you worship Christ, you must be a partaker of the Holy Spirit. This Christ enforced on the woman at the well. She thought herself a worshipper of God; but Christ told her she did not know what she worshipped; and after he had told her all she ever did, he spake to her of living water. The first of the Spirit's work is enlightening us to see our danger, and quickening us to feel it; then giving us some distant views of Jesus as one suited to our case; then

raising us to hope in his mercy, &c. All this is his work, and likewise applying now and then a promise when we sorely need it. Thus we feel a love to the Saviour, being, by the descent of the Spirit, sure that God the Father has accepted him in our room and stead.

Thirdly. If you worship Christ, you must have his truth, not in your head only, but his word must have a place in you. Two things will prove how it is with you on this head, and two will condemn you if you are without them. Has the truth made you free, free from the bondage of a broken law, the reigning power of sin, and the slavish fear of God? If you can truly say, "Yes," then you are one of them whom Christ speaks of as having received the truth, and whom the truth has made free. In every fresh discovery of Scripture do you really love it? "Yes," say you. Then you receive the truth in the love of it, and it is that you may be saved. But, on the other hand, if you are still in bondage, and boasting of your knowledge, you hold the truth in unrighteousness; and the more light you have the more your enmity works; as Christ says, "Ye have seen and hated both me and my Father." But if you have received the truth and it has place in your affections, then says Christ, "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." "Yes," say you, "God is a Spirit. That is confined to the Father." I say, NO. "The first Adam," says Paul, "was made a living soul; the Second Adam a quickening Spirit;" and this quickening Spirit is Jehovah, or the Lord from heaven. Thus he is to be worshipped in truth.

Fourthly. It is the everlasting love of God enjoyed under the quickening influences of his Spirit, and the dying love of Christ feelingly known in your hearts, which, when discovered, is called seeing the King in his beauty. This is called the beauty of holiness: "Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." We put on his righteousness, called our beautiful garments. This brings peace, and "how beautiful are our feet with shoes." We rejoice in his salvation, and "he beautifies the meek with his salvation." And as we are holy and without blame before him in love, and as it all comes by the Holy Spirit which testifies of the King in his beauty, it is plain that we worship the Lord in the beauties of holiness. Now this is real service, and acceptable to Christ, as you may see in Rev. xix. 9, 10, where the angel told John to write, "Blessed are they which are called," &c. John fell at his feet to worship him; but he told John he was his fellow-servant, and, as a servant, he should worship God; so that worship belongs to a real servant; and in heaven above both angels and the spirits of just men made perfect worship Christ. Read the whole book, and you will find they worshipped Christ from the beginning to the end. (v. 12, 13.) "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," &c. "And every creature in heaven, earth, under the earth, in the sea, the four beasts and four and twenty elders, &c., fell down and worshipped him that liveth for ever and ever." Well then, says Christ, if any man serve me, him will my Father honour.

10. Another branch of real service is, *with humility*. There

is nothing so contrary to proud nature; for where God takes us first in hand, though he is pleased to touch our hearts with love, yet how many hard lessons have we to learn before we leave off dictating to God. Now the heaviest afflictions that ever were alone will not do this. What I am speaking of appears plain enough in King Pharaoh, for never was one more afflicted with judgment upon judgment than that man was; but what is there said of him at the end of all? Why, he "hardened his heart, and would not let the children of Israel go." This dictating they carry to hell with them, as you may read in the parable of the rich man; for when he spake to Abraham of his five brethren and his fears of their coming to the same place of torment, Abraham answers, "They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them." Then the rich man dictates, "Nay, Father Abraham, but if one went from the dead they would repent." But it may be asked, "How does God humble his people?" I answer in the following way, namely, giving them his Spirit. This, and this only, is the difference in the elect and reprobate.

I will now mention several things which always go with humility, real humility. When God is pleased to lay open all our lives, and let us see and feel what we are, and, as David says, "set our secret sins in the light of his countenance," we, being convinced of all and judged of all, fall down. Thus he brings us down in full conviction of his holiness and justice and of our vileness. But how come we to know these things? Why, "the Spirit searcheth all things." Then, if he searches all things, and if under this searching we fall down, this must come from the blessed Spirit. But again it is said they shall come after him in chains; "They shall come with weeping, and with supplications will I lead them." This you may see in the publican; for he prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and it is said he humbled himself; but it was by being a partaker of this most Holy Spirit. Now observe, he prayed. Then says Paul, "The Spirit maketh intercession for us, for we know not how to pray as we ought;" but he confessed himself a sinner, and Christ says the Spirit shall convince of sin. Thus we are humbled under convictions, fall down in humility, and cry to God for mercy.

But again. At length God is pleased to turn our captivity; and I think it is done in the following manner. He crosses us in providence, that we may know whence our temporal supplies have come from all along; for before this he says we knew not that it was he that multiplied the corn and oil. No, we thought it was our diligence and industry, for we sacrificed to our own net; and he also suffers every one to lord it over us, even those whom we once despised: "Whose fathers," says Job, "I would have disdained to set with the dogs of my flock." But why, Job? And what makes you speak so? Are we not all alike by nature? You see this pride must come down in the best of men, for a fall comes after a haughty spirit. Yet all this is a mixture of mercy in it, and we reason as follows: "I have been a sinner all my days, and have done all I could to destroy myself. I have, by nature, no claim upon God for any one thing; and what a mercy it is I am yet spared. I might have

been given up altogether to hate the power of God, and if I should get safe at last, if these things I feel should be, although but in a small sense, such as Bible saints feel, O then let all this world go. To be a real saint! is it possible? What! I?" And then we turn over in our minds little and sweet times that are past. Well, say we, in such a street, in such a room, in groaning at such a time in secret before God, under that blessed sermon, and once in talking with that poor dear though much despised child of God, I have certainly found something so delightful, a secret sweetness, and while it lasted, I could have gone through anything; and finding a little of it now I can justify God in all his dealings towards me. Now, then, we begin to hear and kiss the rod. We accept the punishment of our iniquity, and say, "He hath not dealt with us after our sins." We make choice of affliction. Having a spiritual appetite, we find these bitter things sweet, and then the Lord remembers the covenant, and nearness of access takes place; and what are we then? Why, humble; "Dust and ashes," says Abraham, and Job says the same, and all Daniel's comeliness turned into corruption. But how does this come? Why, through him both Jews and Gentiles have access by one Spirit unto the Father.

I shall mention two things more on humility, both of which come by the Spirit. Take notice, Christ Jesus is evidently set before us as our Saviour. This we see by the eye of faith, and this does most effectually humble us, which you may see in John: "And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead; and he laid his right hand on me, saying, Fear not; I am he that liveth and was dead," &c. Nothing brings us down more than this. But mind, it is the Spirit that testifies of Christ.

Lastly. When his love influences us powerfully, O then we are humble. "Charity does not vaunt itself, is not puffed up;" but this love is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost; and thus we differ in humility from all others, by having this blessed Spirit. Then the best way is to venture our all upon Christ Jesus, sink or swim. This is not presumption, if we feel our need, but humility attends it; but stand it out, fight against this only way of salvation, debase, despise, and ridicule him, and on whomsoever this stone shall fall it shall grind them to powder. The great Captain of our salvation, our Pattern, says, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart." He humbled himself; for though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor. And we read of "all lowliness of mind," and "condescending to men of low estate." In this lies true spiritual poverty, and such Solomon says hear not rebuke. These are the last that shall be first in God's time. This is taking root downward, and Paul enforces it: "I beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ," &c.; and "a meek and quiet spirit is in the sight of God of great price" This is the real service he requires, as the apostle of the Gentiles tells us he found in himself. "Serving the Lord," says Paul, "with all humility of mind," &c. Then, says Christ, "If any man serve me, him will my Father honour." Which brings me

11. To the eleventh branch of real service, which is, having on us an *imputed righteousness*. I say, if we are Christ's servants, and hope for acceptance with God, or, as the text says, to be honoured, we must have this righteousness placed to our account. But you may ask what I mean by the righteousness of Christ. To this question I will answer, first, negatively; secondly, positively. First, then, I do not understand by his righteousness that it means if we follow his example, then we are righteous. No; neither can we follow it, for we have a body of sin and death; but he was holy, harmless, and undefiled, and separate from sinners. Again, I do not understand it to be keeping the moral law, nor yet obeying Christ's commands, nor yet the new man of grace. Now mind; I am not speaking against following Christ's examples, his commands, nor the new man; but I say all this is not what is meant by an imputed righteousness. If you make it any of these, the Scriptures will oppose you. If it is taking him for our example, we must have no old man. If it is obeying his commands, it must be our righteousness and not his, which is a gift. "We," says Paul, "receive the abundance of grace and the gift of righteousness." If you say it is the new man, that righteousness, Mr. H. says, is created, but this is wrought out.

I come now positively to show what it is. It is, then, the righteousness of God, God and man in one Christ. The Person that wrought it out was the Second Person in the Godhead, who took our nature into union with his own, and obeyed in our room and stead every command of God. As man he obeyed, and as God he merited; it was nothing but his Godhead that *could*. As God knew he would work this righteousness out in time, before the world was made he placed it to our account, and accepted us in it from everlasting, and viewed us obedient to every law he gave in his dear Son. If you say, No, then tell me how Abel could be righteous, seeing Christ was not as yet become incarnate! Now this I understand to be the righteousness of Christ. The effect of it is peace, and it is attended with the Spirit's witness. When we have it, we hate our own, and count it dung and dross. It will bring upon us much hatred from the world, and we shall separate from them, and endeavour to shun them as much as possible. We shall be hated by hypocrites, as Abel was by Cain, for he was a professor; but though we have much to encounter, yet once having it we can never lose it, for "Where were the righteous cut off?" Answer that, if you can. I know you cannot. Without it, you may in the eyes of man shine like an angel, and appear outwardly righteous, as the Pharisees did and as the man did at the feast; but, alas! he had not on the wedding garment, which in the Revelation is called the righteousness of the saints. This will enable you to wade through all manner of troubles. Nothing can hold you long. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." And Solomon says, "The just shall come out of trouble." This will do in a dying hour, "for the righteous hath hope in his death." Ah, say you, but after death?

Then we have it, "Open the gates that the righteous nation that keepeth the truth may enter in." Whom God justifieth, them God glorifieth.

And now take a poor worm's advice. As we are still in a miserable world, remember that this peace, this witness, this quietness, will not be maintained but by following hard after the Lord Jesus, and giving up many things; having much self-denial, a daily cross, and many bitter things that will cut us to the quick. Therefore be much in reading, searching the Scriptures, prayer, and meditation; and let your delight be with the excellent of the earth. Hold this world with a loose hand, and cleave to the Lord our righteousness. Your path is the path of the just; and it will shine more and more to perfect day. Say you, "This is legal!" You may call it so, but I call it scriptural; for as peace is the effect of righteousness, "they that make crooked paths shall not find peace," but, on the contrary, "Thou, O man of God, flee these things, and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith," &c., with all them that call upon God out of a pure heart. Now all dead works will be rejected in the great day; and though people short of this righteousness may dream as Paul once did that they do God service, yet hear Christ's own words: "I was an hungered, and you gave me no meat; thirsty, and you gave me no drink; naked, and you clothed me, not; a stranger, and ye took me not in." But what do they say? Why, dictate to Infinite Wisdom, by making God a liar, or telling the Judge of quick and dead what they had done; but he sent them into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal.

But now, say you, is it scriptural that a righteous person (made so by Christ's obedience) really serves Christ? Yes. Read Malachi iii. 18. Speaking of the great day he says, "Then shall ye return and discern between the righteous and the wicked;" (and then it is explained, and serving God is placed to the righteous;) "between him that serves God, and him that serves him not." Now this righteousness you must have if you serve Christ, and this is real service. Therefore our text says, "If any man serve me, him will my Father honour."

(To be continued.)

What think ye, Sirs? Did Naaman *feel* when he was cured of his leprosy? Did the woman *feel* virtue coming out of Jesus Christ when she touched the hem of his garment and was cured of her disease? So surely wilt thou *feel*, O sinner, when Jesus Christ dwells in thy heart.—*Whitefield*.

The outward poverty and persecution with which the saints are often exercised brings forth many solid prayers from their hearts to the God of their mercy. And how conspicuously is their Father's hand often seen, in so disposing human events to work for their real good. Poverty and reproaches have, at the first, a lion-like appearance—we cannot bear the sight, we are afraid they will devour us.—*H. Fowler*.

TWO LETTERS BY JOHN BERRIDGE.

Dear Sir,—When God designs any for special service he prepares them for it by special trials. Joseph must be hated by his brethren, banished his country, villainously accused, and then imprisoned, before he becomes the ruler of Egypt. David must be despised by his brethren, banished the court, and hunted like a flea in the wilderness, before he takes Judah's sceptre. I look upon your present trials as a happy omen of future service, and if you continue waiting and praying, a door will be opened by and by. Be not solicitous about orders: As soon as they are wanted they will drop into your lap. In the meantime, be the Lord's running footman, a gyp* of Christ's college, ready to run at every man's call; and perhaps you may find more pleasure in this rambling service† than in any other. Jesus loves his scouts dearly, for he was once such himself; and all that can perform the office of a gyp cheerfully shall have many a kind look and many a good bit from their Master. The spaniel that has been hunting all day is allowed to come between his master's legs at night, and gets kissed, and stroked, and fed; while old Sly, the house dog, is kicked from the fire, and goes to bed supperless.

I observe further concerning your present situation, it may possibly grow more dusky before it clears up. The darkest moment in the whole night is just before the break of day. Be not, therefore, discouraged if your sky becomes more dark and cloudy. Your affairs must come to a crisis, and at that crisis the Lord comes. Abraham must go to the summit of the mount, bind his dear Isaac, take the cruel knife in his hand, and point it at the poor child's throat, and then the Lord appears. "In the mount he will be seen." O for faith and patience! The Lord has good reasons to delay his coming; and blessed are they that wait for him.

How kindly has Jesus stopped your journey to Scotland, and shown, I think, that you have no business there; at least not for the present. Perhaps Lady Glenorchy has been your prop of late; if so, it is very friendly in Jesus to kick away that wooden leg; and when he has dried up all your earthly cisterns, and your own pitcher of water is spent too, he will conduct you to a spring as he conducted Hagar. Fear not, only believe. Stand still, and let the Lord work his own work and take his own time, and you shall see his salvation.

I have had a miserable summer; Jesus flogging and poor Jack pouting and snarling. I am now better, and can preach once a week, blessed be God! and have some hopes that the Master will

* A gyp is the Cambridge name for the man who waits as a general servant upon the young men in the colleges. He is generally a terrible pilferer, and has hence borrowed his name, which is a corruption of the Greek word for a vulture.

† Berridge was himself a thorough itinerant—a mission specially needful in those days, and one which the Lord had much honoured in the case of Whitefield. It is to this itinerant service he is encouraging his correspondent, as distinct from a settled ministry.

send out his old ass once more to alarm the devil and the minor prophets of Canaan with his bray by and by.

Give my dear love to Mr. B. He must be honest and bold for Jesus if he can welcome you. What a mercy it is there are some left who are not afraid of the cross, nor ashamed to receive a stigmatized pilgrim! Go on, dear Sir, and may your coat be more bespattered for Jesus. "The more muck the more money," says the farmer; and so says the Christian. Nothing so scandalous in his eyes as a clean coat, clean shoes, and a flannel nightcap. The Lord bless you both, and be gracious to

Everton, Oct. 31st, 1770.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

Dear N.,—The first pages of your letters are usually much illuminated with compliments. I wonder where you pick them all up, and how you find storage for them. Indeed the old ass of Everton cannot discern his own features when you have cropped his ears and tail, and powdered and spruced him up in a letter. I am daily praying to know more of my blindness, helplessness, and vileness, and you are kindly contriving to put a mask on my face. Is this Christianity, or have I provoked you to it by sweetly begriming your own face? Leave this varnish, dear N., to the world, who love to gild a base metal and make it look like gold. Henceforth, when you write to me, consider yourself as a poor frog who is croaking to a poor toad, and then your frogship may compliment my toadship as much as you please.

The uncovenanted mercy mentioned in my pamphlet was not an inadvertent mistake, as you politely call it, but a mere blunder, resulting from gross ignorance. I wrote without illumination. It was a relic of Arminian dregs, and, as such, would not be overlooked or maltreated, but caressed by the Vicar of Madely.* In the second edition of my pamphlet the whole paragraph where uncovenanted mercy appears is left out, but in the first edition it must stand as a public cryer to proclaim my foolishness. I did not like the cryer's bell at first; it sounded mighty harsh, but grows much more melodious by frequent ringing, and seems now more melodious and mellow than the pretty set of chimes in the preface of your letter. Our Jesus shows his wisdom and his mercy when he leaves us to ourselves at times, and lets us blunder on that he may fetch our crests down, and rub our noses well with our ignorance. A pot of ointment with no putrid flies in it might refresh the public much by its fragrance, but would make the author smell and stink like a polecat.

I am glad to hear of your frequent preaching. It is with preaching as with praying; the more you do preach the more you may preach, and the easier you will preach. Thrice a week is all that I do, and sometimes not even that; and because I preach but seldom, I think a little more than usual about my sermons. But I find it to my sorrow, the more I think about my sermons the less liberty and power I have in preaching. Indeed, my disorder so relaxes my

* Mr. Fletcher.

body, and weakens my memory, and eats up my faculties, that I am little more than the stump of a methodist parson. I have no thought of publishing anything more, except a few hymns, and that is uncertain. Writing so shatters my frame, that I seem as glad when a letter is finished as a naughty schoolboy does when a whipping is over.

Improve your health, dear N., while it lasts, and your sands while they run, and make the best of them both for Jesus. Be not anxious to lay in a stock beforehand for the pulpit; it shall be given you in the hour. Hot bread from the oven and roast meat from the spit are better far than old cooked victuals from the pantry.

Grace and peace be with you, and with

Your much affectionate Servant,

Everton, near Potton, Jan. 15th, 1774.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

[The quaintness and humour of the eccentric Vicar of Everton must, as Cowper says of Bunyan, "make the gravest smile;" but what a fund of real experience of his own heart and of the kingdom of God is couched under his witty and singularly original similitudes! When they express so much, who would wish them altered and softened down into tame commonplace? Berridge said of himself that "he was born with a fool's cap on his head;" but he had, when taught in the furnace, a wise heart beneath it. Let those who aim to wear his cap mind that it covers as much wisdom and grace; or what in him excites a smile of admiration may in them excite a smile of contempt.—Eds.

LETTER BY THE LATE WILLIAM MOORE.

Dear Brother in the Lord,—I thankfully received, and I gladly read your acceptable, cheering letter, and I humbly thank my gracious God and most merciful Father in Christ Jesus our Lord for his unspeakable mercies to you and me; to you, in that he has brought you safely through the valley of humiliation and the shadow of death; and to me, in moving you to send me the good news and glad tidings, that I might rejoice with you, whom I have mourned and sorrowed over, and laboured for so long time by his assistance. And, blessed be our God, we have not laboured in vain in the Lord.

I trace the secret strivings of the Holy Ghost with me when I was a boy of eight or nine years of age; but my effectual calling was in the year 1784; then I was apprehended and tried in the court of conscience, condemned by the holy law of God, feared death, and dreaded damnation, having departed from God by original sin and actual transgression. On the eighth of February, 1795, being the Lord's Day, my bonds were loosed, and the Lord's poor servant was made free. Pardon and peace were sealed upon my conscience, and Jesus Christ was exceeding precious to my soul. I sang,

"How high a privilege 'tis to know,
Our sins are all forgiven," &c. ;

but I am sorry to say it was with me as Bunyan describes it. After ascending many difficulties, I fell asleep in the pleasant arbour, until I was awake, that I should not sleep the sleep of death, but receive new

life, to enable me to go on from this vain world towards our heavenly and eternal home. But in my further troubles, like Christian, I felt in my bosom for my roll, by which I had often been refreshed; but, alas! it was gone, and I was obliged to travel back in sorrow, confusion, and prayer, to the same place in order to find it; and as God would have it, I found it again, so that, with many tears of sorrow and joy, I journeyed in darkness and fear, and then was admitted into the Interpreter's house, was shown some rare things, and was much instructed and comforted. But in the years 1809 and 1810 I passed and was preserved through the valley of humiliation and the shadow of death, in which I feared much evil. Indeed, my brother, we have been "broken in the place of dragons, and covered with the shadow of death." I cried, "O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul;" but could not say, "I will fear no evil," &c., the which I think I shall never fully forget unto my dying day. Therefore, I come in spirit and by letter to join my brother in praising the Lord, who "hath remembered us in our low estate, because his mercy endureth for ever." He has brought us up out of a horrible pit and the miry clay, set our feet upon the Rock, Christ, and well established our goings in him. O bless his name, he suffered not the pit to shut its mouth upon us. He never forsook us, although he justly hid his face behind the wall of our disobedience, backslidings; and base ingratitude. It is true we felt ourselves as enclosed with hewn stones, in darkness, and in the deep, and our mouths we felt, as it were, filled with gravel stones, where pomegranates and apples had sweetly been enjoyed; but, we strayed far away upon forbidden ground. Darkness came on, and giant Despair held us, by permission, in his Doubting Castle. But, God be praised for hope and help, succour, support, preservation, and deliverance. He has restored our soul for his name's sake. He has brought our feet out of straitness, and set our feet in a large room, and we can say with the Psalmist, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

"The heavens resound with songs of praise
To Jesus, for his sovereign grace."

I thank you, my brother, for your welcome epistle and kind invitation; hoping you are all well, looking to Jesus, who can hold us up, keep us on, and at last receive us unto himself.

Your sincere friend in Christ,

Dec. 9th, 1827.

W. MOORE.

It is no strange way that some deny the fall. This is part of the spiritual blindness which has crept upon the understanding; and is just what happens to delirious people in a fever, who fancy they are well, and mock at physic and physician. I make no doubt but the devils, through that pride which accompanies sin, think as highly of themselves as of the elect angels. And, since they never can repent, they will rather charge their misery to the undeserved wrath of God than to their own iniquity.—*Berridge*.

GROWING IN GRACE.

I am now going to advance a doctrine which I pray may be blessed to others, for I know, through the grace and Spirit of Christ, the value of it, the unspeakable value of it; and, if I die unexpectedly, a load of memorandums, for the last twelve or fourteen years, would show my poor, though sincere attention to it. It is this. Considering, regarding, and observing, through enabling grace, the inward operations (and outward, too) of the Spirit of God; more especially in me, as well as outwardly around me, I build this doctrine on this: "Because they regard not the works of the Lord, nor consider the operations of his hands, the Lord will destroy them, and not build them up." Therefore building up, or growing in grace, is annexed to being enabled to consider God's workmanship in the kingdom of God within us in all its minutiae, or lesser as well as greater parts. "He that is faithful in that which is least will be faithful in that which is much." As says the proverb, "Take care of farthings, sovereigns will take care of themselves." If "God makes the place of his steps to be glorious," as Isaiah says, then every hint, the smallest of his operations, has a tincture of glory in it. What wisdom, what glory, therefore, there is in being enabled to wish and strive to consider the smallest of God's operations in us, seeing, through regeneration and renewing, we are God's workmanship inwardly, his husbandry, or tillage, and, as it were, thus his farm. Ploughing, harrowing, clod-breaking, weeding, nights, days, clouds, sunshine, rains, storms, overcastings, dimness, brightness, changes; all these, and the ten thousand parts and minutiae of spiritual husbandry in the soul, have, through enabling grace, to be *considered* by the child of God. Otherwise, the promise is, God will not build him up, but destroy him. That is, not destroy him eternally, (for that never is to be with any of the elect,) but that they will get into a sickly state of soul. "For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and some sleep." As if God would take such vengeance of the inventions of his people that they should be saved as by fire; and should thus suffer, pine away, and die in their feelings, to know experimentally that God is a jealous God, and that he will scourge with stripes and rods his own people. I myself have often been afraid I should be cut off for my goings on. But swift, daily, and, through grace, longed-for repentance, has many times made up the quarrel between God and me.

"Whoso is wise, will observe;" "The wisdom of the prudent is to understand his way." To know whereabouts we are in divine things is the wisdom of true spirituality. To be sober-minded; not to think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think; to search, try, and examine ourselves; not to be permitted to grieve the Spirit; when we do grieve him, to have swift repentance given us. For we cannot walk with Christ except in the same degree as grace enables us to be in perfect agreement with him. Two cannot walk together otherwise. Hence real spirituality forgets comparatively the things that are behind, and hastes and stretches itself that

it may stand complete and perfect in all the will of God, wanting nothing. Hence saving religion is called running a race; the further we are enabled to get on in it aright the better; the goal or end brings the prize; better is the end than the beginning.

"Happy is the man that feareth alway;" that is, who is enabled to be perpetually occupied in considering the operations of God's hands in his soul. "If God leave me for one moment, it is a moment too long." And if I am permitted to leave God for one moment it is a moment too long; for I am sure to be after some foolery or other, like Hezekiah when he was left. I know all things are to work together for good (even sin itself) to a child of God. But I do not wish, in the least imaginable degree, to hold the truth in unrighteousness, or to sin that grace may abound. And God knows that I have many times had this feeling that I had rather have my head cut off than sin maliciously, in thought, word, or deed against God. "Be not merciful unto them who sin in malicious wickedness;" which therefore is the great transgression; and happy is it for the children of God that love, and not malice, in thought, word, or deed, is their reigning characteristic towards God and towards men.

To grow in grace; to be feelingly built up; what is it but to be enabled to sow to the Spirit; or, in other words, feelingly to be enabled to consider, regard, and observe the blessed Spirit's operations in us? Are we his workmanship? He gives us a fear and trembling, enabling us to work out what he works in us. Thus it is "effectual," as contra-distinguished from head-knowledge or mere letter-knowledge. Thus the fear of the Lord is God's secret and God's treasure. And as one said, with this treasure, or "*capital*," God's children carry on their heavenly merchandize.

"And whoso wants this fear is poor,
Whatever he possess beside."

Increasing with the increase of God; departing from iniquity; and being made, through grace, fit recipients for the Sun of Righteousness, with all his glorious beams, is annexed to this glorious fear. And by this fear we are led to consider, regard, and observe all God's operations in us; otherwise there is, in the same degree, no genuine edification, or being built up, or growing feelingly in grace; there is not, indeed, whatever men may say. It is feelingly being enabled thus to sow to the Spirit that we can alone reap life everlasting; that is, have Christ revealed manifestly in us. I know it is a tender point. How I have wept and sighed, in the same degree as I have ever been permitted to grieve the Spirit.

"I miss the presence of my Friend,
Like one whose comfort's gone."

Gone, alas! leaving the soul like the inconsolable turtle moaning for the loss of its mate. If we are builded in Christ for a habitation of God through the Spirit, we cannot be too careful, through enabling grace, not to grieve this Spirit; otherwise the building, edification, and growing in grace feelingly, is proportionably stopped. O what I and every child of God suffer herein! Woe is me that I dwell in Meshech! O wretched man that I am!

“Death, that puts an end to life,
Shall put an end to sin,”

in those who are the real children of God! But am I a child? There is so much allowed backsliding in heart in me, as well as backsliding more or less outwardly; so much thus of regarding iniquity in my heart; so much of lukewarmness; so much, alas! of carnality and worldliness, that I have to be like the woman sweeping the house to make diligent search for the lost piece of silver! O has Christ given me repentance, confession, and gospel amendment? “O when wilt thou come unto me? I will walk within my house with a perfect heart! I will set no wicked thing before mine eyes!” Thus, in the same degree as we are godly, we narrowly, carefully, and fruitfully are enabled to consider, regard, and observe the operations of the Spirit in us, that we may grow in grace, be built up, and that we may thus reap feelingly everlasting life, or Christ revealed in us; by our being enabled thus in godly tenderness to sow to the Spirit.

This sort of religion is far different to the brightest letter-Calvinism. It is different to holding the truth in unrighteousness. It is different to the puddle of self-righteousness! It is through the Spirit, growing in grace! and how can we grow in what we have not? Therefore we must have grace to have this sort of religion; we must have possession of it. We must have the Spirit, or else it is all a blank and nonsense to talk of being in the fear of the Lord all the day long, that we may consider all his precious operations in us.

I am solemnly convinced there is no other genuine growing in grace, or being built up, but by thus being enabled to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goes, and growing up into Christ in all things, by being enabled thus to sow to the Spirit in these things! I have narrowly considered it, and I cannot find any other way, solid and lasting, of growing feelingly in grace, by God's enabling power in me, and to which God and the drift of Scripture will put their broad amen, and will enliven and awaken my conscience to feel a broad amen also, as a *felt* salvation; God, and Scripture, and conscience each mutually testifying thereto.

Let no man deceive himself with vain words. Though God is found of them that sought him not, yet, generally speaking, God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Hence the gospel advice, “Be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as ye *know* that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.” When he checks, I stop. When he encourages, I go on. When he smites, I am clothed in sackcloth. When he is angry, everything is gloomy to me. When he frowns, I droop. When I drop into slavish fear, the besom cleanses away the rubbish, and I am enabled thus to search for, keep my eye on, and effectually stone every Achan. When God smiles, I rejoice. When he whispers I am his, I smile and am inwardly glad. And in *all* the varied and ever-changing dealings of Christ with my soul, I am like a weather-glass, sinking and rising.

At one time high, at another time low. "Changes and war are against me." If my heart condemns me, my confidence is wounded. Through ten thousand changes I have had to go: Can I not say, Behold, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ knows that I lie not? O what is dead doctrine compared to this sort of religion, that has "springs" in it! "My springs are in God;" ebbing and flowing; always on the move. "In thy light we see light." Christ's imputed righteousness and a tender conscience thus meet. Imputed sanctification and grieving most bitterly and most painfully for a sinful thought here meet. Full assurance, and having one's confidence wounded even by a sinful thought. The extremest tenderness and the most dauntless courage. The being enabled to stand on the heights of Zion, and yet to feel one's self to be the vilest monster that crawls on the earth. Feeling there are better (moralised) persons in hell than we *have* been, and yet, through electing and triumphing grace, seeing experimentally, feelingly, and scripturally, our names glittering in the Lamb's Book of Life. Repentance and faith, and every branch of solid godliness in faith and its effects; godly sorrow and godly joy; every seemingly contrary yet really harmonizing quality, as set forth in the Scriptures, and realised by the Spirit in the soul of a child of God, are thus possessed by him. No one working in a stone quarry has wrought more earnestly than my soul has strove, through the Spirit, to be perfect and complete in all the will of God, wanting nothing. To grow in grace, or, in other words, to wish to be instructed of God; to eat bitter herbs, or the Paschal Lamb, or both of them; to ponder the path of my feet; to be weighed up in God's balances; to be enabled diligently to attend to and seek instruction from every bitter and sweet dispensation; thus and similarly am I occupied. I call it the likeliest way, through the Spirit, to grow in grace, to walk, or be striving, through enabling grace, to walk gospelly, cleansing thus one's way in repentance and faith solidly. I acknowledge, it is not the harum-scarum view of some, in unscripturally growing in grace; but as I had rather have a small slice of gold than a cart-load of mire, so I had rather have a little of growing in grace, hardly worked out in experience, in accordance with the tenor and drift of God's word, than a very great deal of fancies, for

"Fancy's never fix'd."

And if any one says he grows in grace, I ask him, in conclusion, this question, as one said, "Is your growing in grace death-proof, eternity-proof, devil-proof, and damnation-proof?"

Abingdon.

I. K.

[The narrow line between presumption and self-righteousness is, as Hart observes on a similar subject, such as "the vulture's eye hath not seen." Whether our friend I. K. has exactly hit this narrow line we leave to our experienced readers to judge. Admitting as we fully do the truth of his general drift, it strikes us that there is a side of the question, and that a very important one, which he has but slightly touched.

There is a growth downwards as well as a growth upwards; and these

two kinds of growth are in grace as in nature usually proportionate. To grow in grace implies an increasing knowledge of the sinner's depravity and helplessness, as well as of the Saviour's suitability and blessedness. "He must increase, but I must decrease," said John the Baptist. "I will be more vile than thus," exclaimed David. In this way grew Job, Asaph, Hezekiah, Paul, and other saints whose experience is recorded in God's word.

There are evidently two extremes alike unscriptural and contrary to gracious experience. If I say, "It matters not how I live, nor whether I watch, read, or pray; God will bless me, of his sovereign grace, irrespective of all my doings," that would clearly be Antinomian presumption. But is there no danger of the opposite extreme? May I not practically, if not actually, say, "I will read, pray, watch, and then God will certainly give me more grace," just as if there were some procuring, meritorious cause in reading and praying. The true experience, we believe, is this. God does not give *for* these things, but usually does not give *without* them. I shall not have a blessing unless I pray for it. But who gives me that spirit of prayer? I shall fall if I do not watch. But who shall give me that watchfulness? If I walk contrary to him, he will walk contrary to me. But who enables me to walk in concord with him? To say, "If I perform the precept, God will perform the promise," is to invert the gospel, and to dash the pure wine of Zion with the water of Sinai. The silver trumpet rather sounds thus: "When the Father reveals the promise, the child obeys the precept. When the Bridegroom draws, the bride runs. When the Head wills, the members move."

To grow in grace is to grow also in the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This implies an increasing knowledge of his Person, blood, righteousness, suitability, and preciousness, none of which can be known without a corresponding sense of our own wretchedness and misery. Grace is the free favour and mercy of God to sinners. Therefore a growth in grace is a growth into the knowledge and experience of this unmerited favour. But this can only be realised through a sense of our own vileness as opened up by trials and temptations. To think that I can grow in grace by reading the Scriptures, prayer, and watchfulness, without an experience of trials, temptations, and afflictions, is a delusion. I must have my heart circumcised and laid open with deeper and deeper discoveries of the depths of the Adam fall till I see myself the vilest of the vile. Then as grace reaches my heart, and spreads itself down to the roots of the malady, grace grows in me; or at least I grow in the apprehension of its sovereignty, freeness, fulness, and suitability. All other growth in grace, we believe, is contrary to real experience, and differs only in name from meritorious obedience and progressive sanctification.

In our judgment, no writer with whom we are acquainted handles this point in so scriptural and experimental a way as Rusk. No man insists more upon reading, praying, watching, &c., than he, (see, for instance, what he says on this point in this very Number,) and how clear he steps of legality and self-righteousness!

It is through deep, heavy, and prolonged afflictions for the most part that the Lord's people grow in grace. Jesus himself, though he was a Son, learned obedience, by the things which he suffered; and if we are to walk in his steps we must learn it in the same way.—Eds.

Love begets love. It is a flame that communicates itself. Those that have much forgiven them, much done for them, much laid out for them, and much laid up for them, will love much.—John Mason.

“WAR A GOOD WARFARE.”

Brother S,—According to your request I write to you. I see you have entered the field of action; therefore you must expect to know what the word *war* means. All Christ's field officers must expect to know what Paul means when he says to Timothy, “Thou must war a good warfare, holding faith and a good conscience.” I can tell my brother it is no small matter to hold these things in the field; that is, faith and a good conscience. They are good things in the work of the ministry. Sound in the faith a man ought to be who has to preach the faith of the gospel to poor perishing sinners; and to have a conscience void of offence towards God and towards men is a great matter indeed. If my friend can keep these two things, he will be sure to have enemies both within and without; for the devil hates both of them, and so do ungodly men. I can tell you a secret which very few like to acknowledge. There is something in me that does not like them. My unbelieving heart opposes my faith, and sometimes Satan suggests to my mind that it would be better to keep back some things that would be offensive to men; and he will make it appear very plausible too. “There is no need of being so nice in this or that matter; there are some who are not so close upon matters, yet they have great success in their work, much more so than you have. Try the matter, and see if it will not answer.” And if he can gain his point in this, then he suggests to my mind, and that strongly too, that the faith I have been preaching about, and the truths that I have been delivering, I never had the experience of in my own soul. This is a sore temptation to labour under, that after I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away; for if I am not a partaker of faith nor of the truths I have been delivering, it follows I must be a cast-away. On this ground my poor soul has been cast down a great number of times; for when my mind has been overwhelmed with trouble and darkness, I have given credit to this father of lies, to the wounding of my own soul, and to the dishonour of my Lord, and should have lain and perished there, for aught I could do; but the Lord has passed by at such times, and said, “Fear not; I am thy salvation; I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.” This has strengthened me, and set me upon my hands and feet. Then I have said in my heart, I am determined, in spite of Satan, to declare all I know, and keep nothing back of the counsel of God. And I know the devil is a liar, for I know that I have experienced the power of the truths I have delivered, and am in possession of the faith I have been preaching. Thus the Lord's strength is made perfect in our weakness; so that we have reason to rejoice in our infirmities that the power of Christ may rest upon us.

You say M— has gone among the rest. You need not be alarmed at this. This is no new thing. Paul tells Timothy that all men forsook him; but there is one thing he did not forget to mention, “The Lord stood by me.” This is no small matter, to have the Lord stand by us, to strengthen us when men forsake us, which my brother

may expect. I have had these things to struggle with ever since the Lord opened my mouth in public. And although they are sore trials, yet the Lord has given us to see there is a real necessity for it, because there is in us a naturally cleaving to man; and this appears to be part of the furnace.

These things, I believe, are intended to wean us from men, that our trust might be more fixed on Jesus, our Master, who tells us we should call no man our master but him only; and I can say from happy experience he is a good one too. I have been in his public service more than fifteen years, and have met much opposition to the work; but Jesus, my Master, has stood by me, and strengthened my soul with the bread and water of life, and equally provided for the outer man, to the grief of some neighbours. But stand I do. The Lord has stood by me in this dark hole almost ten years, and has never suffered me to want food nor raiment. He has kept me fast to the truth, and has not suffered me to deny his name, for fear of losing one hearer. But I believe the opposition I have met with has been the means of many precious truths being brought forth, which otherwise perhaps would not have been. Thus it must work for good. He will work all things after the counsel of his own will, nor will he give any account of his matters to man. It is enough for me to stand by and see him work. But sometimes I have a difficult matter to do this. He tells me it is my strength to stand still; but one thing is wanting here, patience; for I find after I have spent all my strength, &c., I am obliged to sit down. For the Lord says, "I will work, and who shall let it?"

You tell me the place is all in a smoke in consequence of the Lord having opened your mouth. If I might give you my advice, I should say, Go on in the name of the Lord; and while you have ten persons to attend, I should say give it not up. You will find the storm will abate after a little while, when it has spent its strength. He is a poor sailor that runs into harbour at the first storm after he gets to sea. If a viper should come out of the heat and stick to your hand, as it did to Paul's; it may affright, but it cannot hurt. If you have gone forth in faith and a good conscience, the Lord tells you you shall tread on scorpions, and over all the powers of darkness, and nothing shall by any means hurt you.

I wish, brother S., we could always stand upon this ground; it is firm and good. Heaven and earth shall pass away before this ground shall give way. It is a common case for earthly friends to leave us in time of trouble. But Jesus is a friend that loves at all times. David says that his familiar friends left him. He complains of their standing aloof, &c. "Then cried I unto thee, O Lord. I beseech thee, deliver my soul." This sometimes is the effect of men forsaking us; and a blessed thing it is when the Lord thus works to secure the glory to himself, and our affections too, that we may know him to be our refuge and strength in times of trouble. Job found the same; when trouble came, his friends made themselves strange to him. If friend S.'s friends were to pass him in the street, and not know him, I should not wonder at it. I am not altogether a stranger

to this. The most blessed Lord found it so. Pétér tells us that this is no strange thing, for the same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren which are in the world. These and many more things may be expected from professors; for a man with a profession without the power, his throat is an open sepulchre, and his heart is full of filthy spleen and malice.

I must think about leaving off, or I shall tire you with so long a letter. And now, brother, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace. And that He may be pleased to keep you pure in heart, clean in conscience, and sound in the faith, is the desire of,

Thine to serve in the gospel of Christ,

Edenbridge, Sept. 22nd, 1817.

GEO. PAYTON.

A LETTER BY THE LATE JOHN KEYT.

Beloved in the Lord,—Your épistle addressed to my very dear friend Mrs. F. is at this time in my possession; and as she has requested me to write a few lines by way of answer, I cheerfully embrace the opportunity, in order to convey my unfeigned regard to you, and also to testify that I believe you are one of the number whom having not seen I love in the bowels of Jesus Christ, believing in my heart that (notwithstanding all your scruples, doubts, and fears) you are an object of the Father's everlasting love, a vessel of mercy chosen from among men, a redeemed and saved subject of Christ's kingdom, and one whom the Holy Spirit has condescended to make his temple. Peradventure you may reply to this as the Shunamite did to Elisha, "Nay, do not lie unto thine handmaid," &c.; but I believe the issue will prove that my dear friend, as well as the Shunamite, has drawn a wrong conclusion. At the appointed season, Elisha's prediction was verified to her; and in the Lord's good time my brother Doubtful will certainly come forth out of this prison house of shadows which at present veil his prospects of good things to come.

It is evident to me that the day-spring from on high has indeed visited you, in the rich display of God's tender mercy; and, as the day-star has already risen in your heart, so likewise shall the Sun of righteousness, with his blessed healing beams, ere long break forth with peace, love, and joy, scattering every cloud, and diffusing heavenly warmth and divine consolation through your whole soul. Then will the poor prisoner of hope "arise and shine for his light is come," and feel that "the glory of the Lord is risen upon him." He will then no longer cherish such a troop of surmising fears, but with Thomas burst through them all with heavenly rapture, and say, without the least reserve, "My Lord and my God!" You say, "I should no doubt get along if I could but say those short but comprehensive words, 'Abba, Father;'" for that would be the key to unlock all the promises of the gospel; and having this spirit of adoption, I should then have a right to plead all the promises of the gospel, &c. In reply I must needs say, my dear friend's desire ac-

cords with the apostle's injunction, "Covet earnestly the best gifts;" and this sort of covetousness is truly commendable. But why do you put aside every promised blessing until you feel the cry of "Abba" in your heart? Did you ever hear a new-born child articulate a single word as soon as brought forth? Then why deprive the babes in grace of the milk of consolation because they cannot say, "Father?" Can you tell me the cause or show me the source whence this principle sprung up in your soul? If you cannot or will not, then permit me to show my opinion. Here I must first inquire, Did you ever meet with any one in a state of nature whose heart's desire ran out after the unspeakable gift of the spirit of adoption? If you say, "No," then how came it to pass that the desire of your soul is so fixed upon such a blessing as this? Why, truly this desire is the fruit or production of the Holy Spirit that now dwells in you; and, as this divine Person has taken possession of your heart, and brought forth this holy longing there, you know that agreeably to the promise he will never leave his own temple; (Isa. lix. 21;) and his abode in this temple is not like that of a wayfaring man that tarries for a night, for the blessed Redeemer assures us that he is to abide with us for ever. (John xiv. 16.)

Now it is, I think, evident and plain, that when regeneration takes place in an elect sinner, the Holy Spirit with all his precious train of graces, takes possession at once; but there is a beautiful order and diversity of operations produced in the soul before many of these choice graces are discernible by the recipient of them. In the new creation there is a similarity with the natural creation: "The earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," &c. It is not needful for me to show the parallel, as you are well acquainted with the uneasy, restless disquietude which takes place when the first motions of the Holy Spirit are felt in the soul. Light and life attend his first movings on the dark and confused state we are in, discovering to us our dire condition, and quickening us to feel the ruined and lost state into which we have fallen by our first father's transgression. These illuminations and sensations are of various degrees, in some persons more than in others, according to the sovereign pleasure of God, "who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." In carrying on the good work begun, the Lord the Spirit brings forth into exercise now one grace and then another; but the whole assemblage of graces of which the new man is constituted is all within the soul, though not all at once in act or exercise; yet such is the sweet harmony in these operations, that they appear to assist one another, and life runs through the whole. Hence we both read and feel a lively hope, a lively faith, a lively love, &c.

The church of Christ is also compared to a garden of fruits, an enclosed spot of holy ground. (Song iv. 12.) So likewise every individual believer is "a garden enclosed, a spring shut up, a fountain sealed." None except the King and the seed-royal can enter here, nor do they find admittance into our affections till the Spirit of Love

unseals and opens the door of the heart. The wise man shows us that the Great Creator has made everything beautiful in his time. Thus, in those who are created anew in Christ Jesus, there is a time and season to call forth first one grace and then another into action, so as to bring glory to God and good to his people.

Many things I might mention upon this subject, but my aim is simply to point out to my dear friend that his right to plead the promises, and his interest in them, does not altogether depend upon his being able to cry, "Abba, Father." To feel and enjoy this high privilege is truly a most precious and desirable matter, and verily it is well worth seeking after with the whole heart; but if the vision tarry, wait for it, remembering also the waiting soul is already blessed. (Ps. ii. 12.) The time will come, if it have not yet come, when thy cup of joy will run over with divine consolation: "For the Lord shall comfort Zion; he will comfort all her waste places; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody." (Isa. li. 3.) Ponder over the whole chapter, and fear not, O thou of little faith!

I could by no means have written in this free manner to one I never saw in the flesh were I not fully persuaded that you are in the footsteps of the flock. I well know from happy experience the lovingkindness and tender mercy of the good Shepherd! He found me a lost sinner in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness. He has led me about, instructed me, kept me as the apple of his eye, and to the present period has shown forth all long-suffering towards me, who am not worthy of the least of all his mercies. Many changes have I found in the house of my pilgrimage; but our covenant God changes not; therefore I am not consumed. Did you know all the way the Lord has led me, and the great goodness manifested towards such a mass of sinful dust and ashes, you would say with admiration, "What hath God wrought!" I am now verging towards the end of the wilderness, with a humble confidence that in the appointed season I shall bid an everlasting farewell to all sin, sorrow, temptation, and tribulation. At present it is a cloudy and dark day with me in my outward concerns, so that I am constrained to stand on my watch-tower, and keep looking to him who is able to turn the shadow of death into the morning. The present state of the church likewise hangs heavy on my mind; so little of the power of godliness is to be found; so much profession and so little spiritual life; so few ambassadors of peace with beautiful feet, and the true disciples of Jesus in much tribulation; while iniquity abounds, and the love of many is waxed cold; so that the declining state of religion here may be compared to the shadow upon the sun dial of Ahaz, which went ten degrees backward.

May "the Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace." Amen. In this bond of union I remain,

Most affectionately yours,

London, March 27th, 1826.

J. KEYT.

DR. GILL'S COMMENTARY.

To the Editor of the Gospel Standard.

Sir,—In the March Number of the Gospel Standard there appears a Review of Dr. Gill's Commentary now being re-published by Mr. Doudney, of Bonmahon; and in page 101, in reference to that gentleman, you say, "He is doing this (publishing the work) under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, being in a remote part of Ireland, and having no regular compositors or pressmen, but obliged to avail himself of the services of raw Irish lads, whom he is kindly instructing into the mysteries of the printing office; thus conferring a great benefit upon them at great inconvenience to himself." Now as that part which states that Mr. Doudney has no regular compositors or pressmen is incorrect and likely to give rise to misapprehension on the subject, naturally causing persons to think that a book printed under such circumstances must necessarily be very defective, I think it right to bring under your notice the real facts of the case; which are these.

When Mr. Doudney commenced the work, namely in October last, he engaged at good wages four first-rate London workmen, three compositors and one pressman, all of whom were diligently and constantly employed upon the Commentary from the early part of October until the latter end of November, when Mr. Doudney, finding that he had not a sufficient staff for the carrying out of his gigantic undertaking, engaged another workman, well acquainted with the business in both its branches, who was then, and had for some time previously been, employed upon a local paper, "The Waterford News."

I may add that the type and presses, which are of the best kind and entirely new, were purchased of the well-known firm of Sharwood and Co., of Aldersgate Street.

These are the simple facts, all of which I can vouch for from personal observation on the spot, as I was resident in Bonmahon from the commencement of the work on the 11th of October until the 2nd of December following, and had daily proofs of its satisfactory progression.

You will see from this statement that every care has been taken to render the work worthy of the extensive support which it has already received from the Christian public; and trusting to your sense of justice for the insertion of this letter in your widely-circulating and useful Magazine, I beg to subscribe myself, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

March 6th, 1852.

H. H.

That is sufficient cause for trouble, which is the cause of all the trouble in the world—Sin.—*John Mason.*

They that have most grace have none to spare. None but self-righteous, foolish virgins think they are good enough. Those who are truly wise are always most distrustful of themselves: "Not so, lest there be not enough for us and you."—*Whitefield.*

INQUIRY.

To the Editor of the Gospel Standard.

Sir,—I wish to submit a point of Church discipline, that concerns a Particular Baptist Church without a pastor. We have a member who has abstained from partaking of the Lord's Supper for six months, on account of some suspicions arising in his mind that he has no right to the table, and therefore has determined not to sit down again until God brings some portion of Scripture to satisfy his mind of his election of God. Now the deacons feel it very tender ground to separate this member from their communion, and yet to keep his name on the Church Books does not seem right. Let me further state, that his conduct in all other respects is becoming the gospel of Christ.

March 4th, 1852.

ONE OF THE DEACONS.

ANSWER.

The above question we consider to involve a very difficult and delicate point, and therefore we give our opinion upon it with some degree of hesitation.

As upon this subject we have no particular precept nor precedent in Scripture to direct us, we must be guided by the general drift of the word, the spirit of the gospel, and the analogy of faith.

Two parties are to be considered; first, the member; secondly, the church.

Now, as regards the member, we may remark that conscience is a very tender thing, and should therefore be very affectionately and tenderly treated. Upon this point, 1 Cor. viii. is full of instruction. There we learn that to "wound a weak conscience" is to "sin against the brethren," and, what is more, to "sin against Christ." Now, it may be that the member alluded to may either be under a temptation, or may never have had any clear testimony to his interest in redeeming blood. The original fault might have been in his entering the church without some such testimony; for churches and ministers often sadly err in dragging forward candidates before they have a sense of their interest. But whatever be the cause, his conscience is now tender, and he feels unfit to approach the table till the Lord shines upon his soul. With this tenderness of conscience on this point, his life is consistent with the gospel. Now under such circumstances, we should feel disposed to respect his tender feelings. Does the church receive him as a brother? Are they satisfied with him, though he is not satisfied with himself? Should they not then respect his tender conscience? Church order and discipline are excellent things; but they may be valued at too high a rate. The letter of the law must give way to the spirit of the law. Love is the new commandment, and is therefore to be the grand guiding principle to direct the conduct of a church as well as that of an individual.

But the church says, "We have rules; and one of those rules is

that if a member absent himself from the table for a certain period, he is cut off." Well and good. But what is the real meaning of this rule? What does it contemplate? A wilful, contumacious disregard of the ordinance. The rule was made to meet the case of those who absent themselves from contempt of the ordinance, or from disunion with the church. It was not intended to meet the case of one who prized the ordinance and loved the members of the church, but was kept away by his timidity and tenderness. The point under consideration is therefore clearly an exceptional case, one not contemplated by the rule. The rule, therefore, does not apply to the case, or if it do in the strict letter, it does not in spirit. Now the very spirit of the gospel is not to insist upon the letter of a rule in opposition to the spirit of a rule, but where they clash to make the former bend to the latter. The letter says, "He has transgressed the rule. Cut him off; treat him as a heathen man and a publican." The spirit says, "We have a higher, nobler rule, the rule of love, which says, 'Treat him as a friend—a brother.'"

But there is another element of consideration. To cut off a member we consider a very serious thing, and by most churches much too lightly done. No one can read 1 Cor. v. 3—5 with an enlightened eye without seeing that to cut off a member is a very solemn proceeding, and one that demands much more prayer and consideration than is usually given to it. We must not be guided here by the corrupt practices of those churches which take members in and put members out more as if they were clubs than professed bodies of Christ; but by the Scriptures of truth,—the precepts and practice of the New Testament. Taking them as our guide, we see from 2 Cor. ii. 4—9 what trouble it caused Paul; what grief it caused the members; (2 Cor. vii: 9—11;) and what sorrow it caused the separated individual to be excluded from communion with the church. (2 Cor: ii. 7.) In the strong language of the apostle, it was "delivering him unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh;" as if shutting him out of communion with the church was to give him up to be harassed and distressed by the devil. And if cutting a member off for open disgraceful sin caused such grief and trouble, we may be sure that exclusion from church fellowship is no slight punishment, and should therefore be administered with the greatest caution, unless positively called for. To cut off a member of the church should be like cutting off a member of our own body. This in the natural body is sometimes necessary to save life. A shattered limb or a diseased joint must often be amputated to preserve the rest. So a corrupt member must be sometimes amputated from the church. But as a skilful surgeon will endeavour to preserve the limb, so will a wise pastor strive to preserve the member; and as the natural body shrinks from losing an arm, so should the spiritual body shrink from losing a joint.

In these degenerate days, when love has grown cold, such views and considerations may seem out of place, and therefore inapplicable; but the truth and spirit of the gospel remain the same, unimpaired by all the fluctuating opinions of men.

If, then, cutting off from the church be so severe a punishment, should not the officers of the church pause before they inflict it on one whose life is consistent, whose conscience is tender, and who would gladly sit down with them, but is afraid of presumption? Should the same punishment be dealt out to one whose life is consistent and conscience tender as to one whose life is disgraceful and conscience hardened? This were contrary not only to all equity, but to all law itself. And how much more to the letter and spirit of the gospel!

Our counsel, therefore, would be not to separate the member for the cause mentioned, but to treat him with the greatest tenderness and consideration. The Lord may shortly appear for him, and then the church will rejoice that he was treated not as an enemy but as a brother.

We know an almost similar case where the Lord did, after a short time, appear to one tried much in the same way, to the great comfort not only of the individual himself, but to the church of which he was a member.

R E V I E W.

A Warning to Ministers; or, The Dangers incident to the Ministerial Office. A Fragment, by Jonathan R. Anderson, Minister of Knox's Church, Glasgow.

A Day in Knox's Free Church, Glasgow; being Notes of Lecture and Sermon Delivered 12th Oct., 1851, by J. R. Anderson.

John Knox Tracts.

(Concluded from page 140.)

There is a striking similarity between the history of the church and the experience of a believer. Nor is this coincidence casual, but necessarily connected with their mutual position, the body and the members being affected by the same circumstances, and being dependent on the same causes of health or decay. Thus the first is as the volume of which the second is a page; the one being the history of centuries, and the other the record of a life.

This similarity embraces several particulars. 1. The first and main point of coincidence lies in this—that both are dependent for their spiritual life and prosperity on the Lord their Head. The church is his body, of which individual believers are separate members; and without him neither body nor members can do anything. He is “the Way” in which both walk; “the Truth” in which both believe; and “the Life” in which both live.

2. But besides this similarity in point of *dependence*, there is also a striking resemblance in point of *experience*. Thus in the history of the church there are certain marked periods, or, as they are usually called, “*epochs*” of spiritual prosperity, when the Lord's presence and power were peculiarly manifested. As these seasons were wholly due to the special pouring out of the Holy Spirit, (according to the Scripture promise, “I will pour out my Spirit upon you,”) they have been termed “*effusions*” of the Holy Ghost. The first of these, and the type and pattern of all succeeding, though immeasurably exceeding them in

power and glory, was that most memorable one on the day of Pentecost. The early and the latter rain* spoken of in the prophets seem to represent in type and figure the beauty and blessedness of these gracious effusions. Now, as long as these showers fell on the church, she flourished. It was generally with her a time of outward persecution and trouble; but as her afflictions abounded her consolations abounded also, and she "looked forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." But when these gracious effusions were withheld, like a field deprived of rain, she gradually declined in fruitfulness. Thus the history of the church presents an alternation of fruitfulness and barrenness, restoration and decline, life and death, summer and winter, resurrection and decay. Herein the experience of the church corresponds with the experience of its spiritual members. There are few of the children of God who cannot look back to certain marked periods in their experience when the blessed Spirit worked powerfully in their hearts. Their first convictions or their first blessings,—their spirit of supplication or their spirit of hearing—the sweet manifestations of Christ, the marked answers to prayer, the love they felt to the brethren, the willingness to make sacrifices and suffer persecution for the truth's sake—these and similar bright and blessed spots in Christian experience correspond in the individual to the effusions of which we have spoken as marking certain epochs in the church. And their coldness, deadness, and barrenness, when the Spirit's influences are withheld, correspond to the periods in the history of the church of decline and decay.

3. A third point of similarity may be also noticed. When the church has declined into coldness and death, the Lord has at all periods preserved in her an elect remnant who sigh and cry on account of Zion's declension, and testify as faithful witnesses against the condition into which she has fallen. Here too the experience of the individual coincides with the experience of the church. In the bosom of a child of God, however low the soul may have sunk into carnality and lukewarmness, there is still a sigh and a cry on account of the abominations. The soul is inwardly sensible of its backslidings, its coldness, deadness, and declension; and conscience, as a faithful witness for God, unbribed and unbribable, unsilenced and unsilenceable, will ever and anon raise up its voice and testify against the forsaking of the Fountain of living waters, to hew out cisterns, broken cisterns, that hold no water.

Bearing these observations in mind, and confining ourselves to comparatively modern times, we may point to two remarkable periods when there seems to have been a special effusion of the Holy Spirit. The first was the blessed Reformation; and the other the times of Whitefield. Now, the history of the seven churches in the Revelation, as well as that of the church subsequently in all ages, teaches that a special pouring out of the Holy Spirit is usually as much succeeded by declension and decay as bodily exertion is followed by lassitude and weariness. The power of the Reformation in this country we may perhaps consider to have lasted down to about the Revolution of 1688, when the Dissenters for the first time** obtained legal rights. Thence followed a period of great declension and decay, till Whitefield was raised up to proclaim the necessity

* Rain in Palestine fell, not as with us at uncertain seasons, but mostly twice a year only, the early rain falling in the autumn when the seed was first committed to the ground, and the latter in spring, to fill the ear and carry the growing crop on to harvest.

** We of course omit here out of our consideration the short period of the Commonwealth.

and nature of the new birth through the length and width of the land. This latter period embraces Hart, Toplady, Hervey, Berridge, Newton, Romaine, Huntington, Hawker, and others whose praises are in all the churches. But we seem now for some time past to have entered into the period of decay. The church has been for some years passing into the dark shadow of the eclipse; and there is every reason to fear that the light will be more and more withdrawn, till, as in Egypt, the darkness may be felt.

What the state of things is in Scotland we have already attempted to describe. And lest we should seem as writing at a distance, therefore to be incompetent judges, we will subjoin the testimony of those who are on the spot. Our first extract shall be from a pamphlet published by a probationer (that is, a candidate for orders) of the Free Church of Scotland. We must make allowances for the somewhat inflated style of a young man, but besides its vigour it bears to us the internal stamp of truth. He thus addresses the ministers;

“Now, Reverend Fathers, your knowledge of doctrinal truth is not of this experimental kind. You do not preach because you believe; you believe because you preach; and you believe, to a certain extent, or, in a certain sense, what you do preach; but you do not preach because you believe, or on the warrant of your own personal experience in the matter. The doctrines of the cross have not been ratified in you by the testimony of the Spirit, and by the seal of your own consciousness. Your sermons (at least as many as I have heard, with scarcely a single exception) are a mere accumulation of doctrinal paragraphs, arranged on good authority; and in the most approved order,—a register of other men’s discoveries in the spiritual world, accredited by you on the evidence of textual corroboration.* I see you in your studies, (with a partition of books before you,) arranging with laborious accuracy the points of an exhausted argument, and adjusting the sub-divisions of a prolonged theological echo. There lies the ground-work of a text; then follows an introduction to correspond; then comes the first head of discourse, the opinion of a commentator; which brings you, by a preconcerted originality of design, to the second head, another view of the same point, or a step further on in the discussion, borrowed with orthodox fidelity from the pages of some other divine; then the third head, &c. &c. This sort of theology is sometimes varied, in the hands of an ingenious or aspiring orator, by a lively digression on some obscure grammatical or critical point, of no consequence whatever to the spiritual enlargement of the subject; or by some entertaining illustration of Oriental manners or Jewish antiquities, copied from a book of travels, to attract attention or dispel sleep; and sometimes by a blast of rhapsodical froth, delivered in a strain of lofty monotonous elocution, peculiar to the man, and conveying to the minds of ignorant hearers the notion of extraordinary piety or uncommon genius, and thereby overpowering them with a sort of superstitious delirium, mistaken both by preacher and people for the operation of divine grace; (surely this excess of infatuation can be nothing else than the result of Satanic movement—one of those strong delusions to which the Almighty abandons the reprobate;) and the whole is concluded by what is called a ‘practical improvement;’ in other words, by a studied exhortation to the hearers to be strongly affected and impressed with the importance of certain truths only half-exhibited, or rather half-observed, and by which the speaker himself is no more touched than if he did not comprehend them—which, in disgraceful and blasphemous deed, is the very case! How do I know this? How can I prove it? Was I ever in your studies? I never was; I know very few of you so intimately. But I see you in the pulpit, and I judge you there. I see you straining every muscle of your memory to recollect some

* “Reverend Fathers, in this record of my own experience, I am supported by the testimony of aged believers, who assure me that, for upwards of twenty years, matters have been in the same state, except in the case of solitary pulpits, where *gospel-life* made surrounding *death* more conspicuously appalling.”

brilliant paragraph, not to be left out on any consideration; or rousing your souls, by a sort of galvanic spasm, to reluctant and fictitious correspondence with the manuscript before you; or dreaming through the turns of an elaborate composition, utterly regardless of the spiritual hazard of the prisoners who are condemned to hear you; *I see this*, and I know the origin of the evil. You have *written* what you do not comprehend, or *committed* to memory what you never felt. You have studied in darkness, and written in the stupor of a dream; and you must *read*, or *deliver*, accordingly. You are the slaves of a practised, mechanical theology; men of memory, or of paper. Your preaching is a list of doctrines not distinctly apprehended, a string of interjections without sympathy, of epithets without order, of terrors without apprehension, of entreaties without sincerity, of joys without interest—struck off in a given number of minutes, with the air of a finished performance, like an elaborate fugue or rondo wanting the key-note. The soul hangs on in anxious expectation for the concluding stave; but the preacher, like one that hath a pleasant voice and playeth well upon an instrument without feeling, seems to be quite unconscious, from first to last, that there is such a tone in the gamut of the sinner's heart as personal spiritual experience."

Mr. Anderson writes less oratorically, but quite as decidedly :

"But there are dangers nearer and greater than any of these, to which we are called to awake, and from which we ought to seek to escape. The religion which in the present day bears the name of Protestant and evangelical, is to a large extent quite dead. And most pitiable is it to see those who profess it assembling themselves together, and giving forth the loud note of preparation; and making as though they were just about to furbish their armour, and muster their hosts, and go forth to meet the enemy, eye to eye, to conquer him too. For does it never once strike these men that they are themselves in the enemy's hands; that he is in possession of their citadels, their armouries, their ammunition, their officers, their soldiers, their recruits? Is it possible that an empty name, however high-sounding, will stand before a dread reality; that an expiring Protestantism will carry it against a reviving Popery; that a dead Christianity will prevail against a living Antichrist? O no! And it is rank delusion to look for it."

"We have had quite enough of the flatteries of men that talk as if they were saints themselves, and almost all were saints around them—whose worship is often a solemn mockery of Him who made heaven and earth, and whose bustling labours never pass beyond the outer court of a name, a profession, a speech, a sermon, a prayer. O where is the Lord God of the Reformation granted to this land,—the God of Knox, of Henderson, of Gray, of Livingston? Where are the men to rouse a slumbering generation to the solemn realities of the eternal world, the shortness of time, and the certainty of the judgment? Where are the pulpits from which are at any time heard the peals of thunder from Mount Sinai making the hearts of sinners tremble under the power of the holy law, and the still small voice of mercy from Mount Zion melting the soul under the influence of the glorious gospel? Where are the preachers that seem to be weighed down with the interests of immortal souls, the difficulties of dealing faithfully with them; and the solemn account that is to be rendered for them? Where are the people that are troubled with sin, fearful of wrath, anxious about salvation, weeping, praying, seeking a Saviour? Where, any where, but, with few exceptions, not in Scotland."

Both these writers are members of the Free Church, and are evidently well acquainted with the state of profession in their native land. But the information that we have received from Scotland leads us to believe that the Free Church, as a body, is nearly as much sunk in carnality and formality as the Kirk of the United Presbyterian. The very principle of secession was to a certain extent a political one. For after all it was practically this. A living becomes vacant. Who shall give that living away? Shall it be the Duke of Buccleugh, or shall it be the neighbouring clergy, (in other words the Presbytery,) or the farmers of the parish, (the heritors,) or the majority of the communicants? For in which of

these bodies the patronage was to be vested was a matter of dispute. There was no point of experience, nothing spiritual or gracious here involved, which like a sieve would sift out the carnal. A man without a grain of spiritual experience might be deeply imbued with the doctrine of "Christ's headship," as thus contended for, and make sacrifices for it, who might be an enemy to the work of the Spirit. When the storm was raging, the mariners were crying every man to his god; but when Jonah was overboard, and the sea calm, they would soon slink down under the hatches and fall asleep. So in the storm which rent asunder the Kirk, many of the mariners on board the Free Ship would be full of earnestness and zeal whom the subsequent calm has rocked asleep.

Viewed, then, religiously, the spirit of deep slumber has been poured out on Scotland. "Darkness covers the earth, (its profane part,) and gross darkness the people" (the professing part;) for the light that is in her being darkness, how great is that darkness! The Episcopal Church in Scotland, we may mention by the way, is sunk wholly into Puseyism; the Independents and Baptists (the latter but few in number) much resemble their English brethren in their Arminian no-religion; and Popery is chiefly confined to the Irish immigrants.

But it is high time to drop a few remarks on the little works at the head of the present article. Their author, Mr. Anderson, is much prized by the few in Scotland who value experimental preaching, a thing in the land of Rutherford now hardly known by name. He is evidently a man of considerable ability, much improved by that laborious system of education through which every Scotch ordained minister must pass. He therefore writes with great fluency, and often with great energy and strength. Indeed we have not many preachers in England professing truth who handle a subject so ably, and enforce their views with so much closeness and earnestness. His eyes have been opened clearly to see the nature of that dead profession which hangs over Scotland like a funeral pall. This, therefore, he exposes and denounces with much warmth and energy. He is evidently one also who has felt the terrors of the law and the promises and consolations of the gospel. His own heart too he knows, its evils and corruption, making him a mourner in Zion. Upon all these subjects he writes well as one who feels their weight and importance, and has an inward experience of their reality.

His position, however, is a peculiar one, and must, we should think, exercise an unfavourable influence over his mind and ministry.

Connected as he is with the Free Church, of which the great mass, both preachers and people, are evidently as much sunk in death as the general Dissenters with us, he occupies a position somewhat similar to that of a minister in the Establishment who has life in his soul. We say somewhat similar, for it is not precisely so. There is much less connection between the ministers of an Episcopal system than between the ministers of a Presbyterian one. In the former system the bishop is the sun, and the clergy are the planets, each moving independently of the other in its solitary orbit. But where there is no centralising bishop, the presbyters of a district form a united body, the members of which gravitate towards each other, and therefore exert a mutual influence. If the bulk of these ministers be dead Godward, they must either deaden and paralyse a living minister, or if he preserve his life, he will be separate first in spirit and then in body from them. Floating masses of ice are dangerous neighbours. A living body surrounded by them is in peril of being cooled down to the freezing point or of being frozen in. Whilst we are bound up with a certain body of men, we are held in fetters by

them. Here is the peril of all unions of ministers, whether they be clerical meetings, or Presbyteries, or associations. The rules of good breeding, the trammels of society tie up the tongue. Faithfulness in the spiritual portion is merged in politeness; deadly opposition to the Spirit's work in the carnal portion is masked under a few sanctimonious phrases. A spiritual minister will in vain attempt to bring up his carnal confederates to his standard. They are much more likely to tone him down to theirs. His only safe and scriptural course is to come out and be separate. Mr. A. is, we understand, disliked and persecuted by his ministerial brethren, and has been more than once summoned before the Presbytery, and reproved by them for his faithful testimony.

We have now before us several of his writings, being chiefly sermons, pamphlets, and tracts, and therefore have some means of forming a judgment upon them.

We have read them with mingled feelings. His "Warning to Ministers" contains much that is striking. One extract will show its character.

"The only result, then, that is worth the seeking after—that which we are sworn to promote, and which ought ever, as our pole-star, to be before our eye—is the salvation of immortal souls. But we are in no danger of entire indifference to this object. The man, indeed, who does not know the value of his own soul cannot be expected to set much by the souls of others. He that has never tasted the wormwood and the gall of a lost state, nor experienced the pangs of the new birth, is not likely to be much concerned that others should pass through such an ordeal. He may, it is true, pretend, and in these days when evangelical preaching and evangelical profession are so fashionable, he may pretend to be concerned upon the subject. But need I say how difficult it is to make out a complete mask, and to get it so entirely to fit as to altogether conceal the dread reality? The truth surely comes out to men's own consciences. The Searcher of hearts, from his holy high throne in the heavens, may, in many parts of the land, have his eye upon the fearful spectacle of men who in public appear to be all earnestness about the salvation of sinners, and yet cannot stand before the condemning voice of their own consciences, testifying that they neither know nor care anything about the matter. "We fear, however, that the more common case is to have the conscience seared as with a hot iron, and that too by means of lofty evangelical pretensions, and smooth-flowing honeyed evangelical words, and very beautiful and appropriate evangelical illustrations, while there is a total absence of spiritual discernment and inward living experience of the power of saving truth. The pretensions, however, are at times so flimsy and so ill sustained that a discerning eye may detect the hollowness that is within; and even those who can look, and are entitled to look, no deeper than the outward appearance may discover that there is nothing whatever of true evangelical religion amidst the noise that is made about it. 'Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? &c.; and then will I profess unto them, I never knew you,' &c."

But we must confess that the "John Knox Tracts" please us most of Mr. Anderson's writings. They are more simple and striking than his more elaborate compositions. They are short, not exceeding usually eight pages, and for the most part simple and clear. Read, for instance, the following extract from the Tract No. 11, called "The Best Robe:"

"But the Prince of Peace pierces with arrows of saving conviction those for whom he shed his blood, and does not suffer them to wrap themselves in the coverings of delusion and proudly to walk in vain imaginations. He makes manifest to them that they are rotten to the core, that their souls are corrupt and ruined; and that, if justice takes its course, they must be reserved for the vengeance of eternal fire. He teaches them that their inmost thought is vanity; that their affections are carnal; their motives selfish; their imaginations a sink of filthiness; and their tastes, desires, and purposes, all alienated from the life of God. He shows them that the law of God is against them,

and at every point condemns them; that its principles are against them, for they are not subject to them; its precepts are against them, for they have not kept them; its penalty is against them, for they have incurred it; that the word of God is against them, for in every page it takes part with the Holy One of Israel, and solemnly protests against them and the evil of their doings; its doctrines, its maxims, its threatenings, its very promises, are all against them; the providence of God is against them. They see an enemy in every object that meets their eye, in every event that occurs in their lot, in every affliction that is laid upon them, in every mercy that is offered to them. 'The Lord shall smite thee with madness, and blindness, and astonishment of heart.' (Deut. xxviii. 28.) 'Cursed shalt thou be in the city, and cursed shalt thou be in the field; cursed shall be thy basket and thy store.' (Deut. xxviii. 16, 17.)

"To such a man deliverance is most precious; it is the one thing needful; it is his life. But here his pride opposes itself, and threatens him with a double ruin, and a heavier woe than is incurred by the breach of the law; for he will not stoop to be saved by sovereign mercy; he stumbles at the cross of Christ; he will not own that but for a redemption, effectually applied by the Holy Ghost, he must perish; he quarrels with the only spring of hope; he rejects the only Saviour, and fights against the love that seeks his good. But here grace—free, sovereign, and effectual—triumphs, and leads this proud rebel a humble captive. For such a man, indeed, modern professors have no sympathy; he is a riddle to them; they know not what to make of him. Nor are those that set themselves up as spiritual guides a whit better.' To get up a song of gospel peace, conveyed in language as lofty in sound as it is low in sense; and uttered with a manner as solemn in appearance as it is hollow in reality; and urged with a spirit that sounds very like the gentleness of the lamb, while it has in it the cunning of the fox and the cruelty of the wolf—all this is quite within their power, and they exhibit it as often as opportunity allows. But to take up the case of a poor-distracted sinner, with his conscience full of the arrows of guilt, and his heart bleeding with his pride and unbelief, or so cold and stupid that it refuses to feel—that is beyond their skill; it does not seem to be in their way; for it can hardly be expected that men who are pleased with themselves; and those with whom they associate, should be the means of bringing any into soul-trouble. We talk of conversions as rare; and no marvel, for there are hardly any convictions, and few that seem at all to aim at producing them. 'A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land; the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means; and my people love to have it so; and what will ye do in the end thereof?' (Jer. v. 30, 31.)"

Having spoken thus favourably of Mr. Anderson, and we think that the above extracts will fully bear out all that we have said, it pains us to be obliged to mention that we have met with expressions in his writings that have quite stumbled us. Whether it be from his being-imbued with the system of Scotch theology, or from his connexion with the Free Church, he uses language which savours most strongly of free-will. Having such clear views of the fall of man and of his death in trespasses and sins, it surprises us, for instance, that he can use such language as the following to dead sinners:

"Men and brethren, addressing you as the creatures of God, we say it is in this truth you are to see your Creator. There his ineffable beauty appears—, there his infinite glory shines. And O, were it not your wisdom to turn aside from whatever would divert your attention and see this great sight? Let those of you who have hitherto lived in practical or avowed atheism, seek after a knowledge of God. It will do your hearts good to get a little of it. It is the purest and sweetest thing that can enter the soul, and will stand you in stead when other things fail you. It will lighten you in the dark valley of the shadow of death. It will gladden your souls to all eternity. See that you acquaint yourselves with God, and be at peace, so good will come to your souls.' (Job xxii. 21.)"

"But there is not an individual now within these walls who is not put under the alternative of knowing the mind of God in his wrath against sin, either

here or hereafter, under a dispensation of mercy or at the judgment-seat, in the way of conviction unto the salvation of the soul or in the way of condemnation unto the perdition of the soul. Shall we say, 'We speak as unto wise men, judge ye what we say?' Were it not a wise and righteous choice in you to prefer mercy in time unto your salvation, before judgment in eternity to your damnation? When life and death are set before you, as they are wheresoever his mind is made known, ought you not to choose life? Is it not madness to prefer death?"

"Mark! if you are found in a Christless state, your wretchedness in hell will bear a proportion to the infinite wisdom and mercy that have been expended upon this redemption. Beware, then, and do not turn away from this wisdom. O get through the strait gate into the narrow way that leads to life; for then, and then only, can you be said to be safe."

The last extracts are taken from a sermon entitled "A Testimony for Truth," and may therefore be taken as his decided views.

These dead flies taint the ointment. There are also expressions in his "Warning to Ministers" which grate upon our ear. We do not like, for instance, such an expression as this:

"Of course we must receive what is the Lord's, from his own word, by the illumination of his Holy Spirit. Nor is this to be expected, but in a sober and rational way, in keeping with the proper exercise of our rational powers, renewed and sanctified by the grace of God."

In these free-will expressions Mr. Anderson is quite inconsistent with himself; for put the above side by side with the following, and how different the language!

"But how are we to learn the nature, and taste the sweetness of divine consolation? We must be brought down from our loftiness, we must be disturbed in our carnal ease, and burnt out of our nest of self-sufficiency; we must be hewn by the prophets, broken by the wrath of God, and slain by the law, so as again and again to feel that we must be debtors to sovereign grace, flowing through the righteousness of Christ. We must have our idols exposed, our lusts dragged forth from their holes, our carnal religion made loathsome in our eyes; our own righteousness shown to be filthy rags; and the necessity of true holiness engraven in our hearts, and its rudiments formed in our souls by the finger of God. By trials such as these are we to learn the preciousness of Christ; and he disposed, through grace, to embrace him as all our salvation and all our desire; and thus to come into the large room of peace in believing, of joy unspeakable and full of glory. We may, indeed, without such a process, pretend to comfort; we may get what will pass with many as comfort, nay, what are very close imitations of comfort. But to the divine reality we must be utter strangers; and, sooner or later, be seen by the people of God to be painted hypocrites or silly self-deceivers. For every part of genuine Christian experience answers in its essential elements to the grand outline that is drawn of the whole: 'Through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom.'"

We call this sound divinity, and sound experience too; and therefore we wonder the more that free-will should be allowed to mingle her discordant notes with the silver trumpet of the gospel.

We are most unwilling to make a man an offender for a word, but there is something in the language that we have quoted immediately preceding the last extract which is sadly discordant with free grace and creature helplessness. Had it been merely a slip in expression we could have passed it by; but, meeting with similar expressions in different places, we are constrained to believe it forms a part of his habitual ministry.

With this drawback, there is much that is valuable in his writings. The Scotch are a well-educated people, and accustomed to elaborate sermons and a certain amount of intellectual reasoning. For them Mr. Anderson is well adapted, especially in a city like Glasgow, where he

would have many educated hearers. He is a man, we understand, of eminently consistent life and prayerful habits, adorning the doctrine that he preaches. We therefore conclude by wishing him well in the name of the Lord, as what we have heard of him from private sources leads us to esteem him highly in love for his work's sake.

P O E T R Y.

"Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer."—Ps. lxi. 1.

My God, my light, my life, my refuge, and my all,
Be pleased to hear my cry when I on thee do call;
I mourn thy absence, fear thy frowns, yet hope to see
Thy arm made bare, thy power supreme display'd for me.

My heart is broken, grief sits heavy on my brow;
Prostrate I fall, and at thy footstool, Lord, I bow;
By prayer I oft repeat in sighs and words but half express'd,
Nor can I cheerful be until my wounds are heal'd, my soul redress'd.

Afflictions sore, like barbed iron, penetrate my heart,
And few on earth I find that to the mourner show a friendly part;
I come to thee, my God, through blood divine admit my plea;
In mercy, Lord, look down; a worm is waiting thee to see.

In days and years, that like the shadow flew away,
Thou didst on me bestow that look which turn'd my night to day
And can it be, O Lord, that by thee mercies past are all forgot?
In words divine of thee I read, Jehovah Jesus changes not.

Then hear my cry, in mercy, Lord, and raise me from the dust;
My vain affections crucify, and stifle every lust;
That grace in me may in primeval splendour shine,
And acts of mercy prove thy favours all divine.

Let me thy face, dear Lord, once more behold;
I long to hear thy accents sweet; to me thy love unfold;
And then my soul shall upward rise and sing,
Of thee, O God, the one eternal King.

Ramsgate.

W. S.

Who can mention the treacheries and deceits that lie in the heart of man? It is not for nothing that the Holy Ghost so expresses it, "It is deceitful above all things;" uncertain in what it does, and false in what it promises. And hence moreover it is amongst other causes, that in the pursuit of our war against sin we have not only the old work to go over and over, but new work still, while we live in this world; still new stratagems and wiles to deal withal, as the manner will be where unsearchableness and deceitfulness are to be contended with.—*Owen*.

The law can be fulfilled by no man but by him which being free from the law is no more under it; we must accustom ourselves also to the manner of Paul's speech, that we may know assuredly who is under the law, and who is not under the law. As many, therefore, as work good works, because the law has so commanded, being brought thereunto either with fear of punishment or hope of reward, are under the law, and are compelled to do good things and to be honest, being not brought hereunto of their own voluntary will. Wherefore the law has dominion over them, whose servants and captives they are.—*Luther*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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VOL. XVIII.

THE SAINT'S REAL SERVICE, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE HOLY GHOST.

BY JOHN RUSK.

(Continued from page 146.)

12. I therefore proceed to the twelfth branch of real service, which is, *faithfulness*, or *being faithful*. The question naturally arises, Then what is it to be faithful? To which I answer, it is to speak the real truth respecting the fall of man, from a feeling sense, so as to agree with God's testimony of the human heart. God says, "Every imagination of man's heart is evil, only evil, and that continually." Then says the church, "We are altogether as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." Says Christ, "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornication," &c.; and says the prophet Jeremiah, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." I might enlarge, but let this suffice. Now says Solomon, "Most men will proclaim every one his own goodness, but a faithful man who will find?" (which I think means one that will proclaim his own badness.)

Again. To be faithful is to speak to others of our experience as far as we have gone and no further, not to enlarge upon it for the sake of appearing something great. If any particular sin is our burden, as far as the Scripture will bear us out we may tell it to the tried saint; for the Lord says, "Bear one another's burdens;" and if God lays it on the mind of him we tell it to, it is that both of us may besiege a throne of grace; as Christ says, "If two of you shall agree to ask anything," &c., which was the case with Ephraim and his mourners. Well, then, if the Lord appears and delivers us, then we are to proclaim it, just as it is; as David says, "O come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done

for my soul." And Paul says, "Let every man speak the truth to his neighbour," which he tells you he himself did: "I speak the truth in Christ; I lie not." And says Solomon, "A faithful witness will not lie."

Again. It is to keep a secret. God's people at the first setting off are ready to tell the corruptions of their hearts and temptations to every one; and sometimes they have suffered for it. Now when these things are told you, if you can run about and divulge what you have been told as a secret, you are not faithful;* for Solomon says, "A faithful spirit concealeth the matter."

Lastly. We are to be faithful to God, and that in the following way; not to attempt to cloke our sins, but aggravate them; and when he delivers us out of trouble ascribe the whole glory to him. In our dealings with his family, not to go beyond or defraud a brother, and the same with others that we deal with. Ephraim says, "God compasseth me about with lies and the house of Israel with deceit; but Judah still ruleth with God, and is faithful with his saints." Now it is said that Moses, (as a servant, mind,) as a servant, was faithful in all his house. "Who then," says Christ, "is that faithful and wise servant?" &c. Thus you see a servant must be found *faithful*.

13. Which brings me to the thirteenth branch of real service, namely, *new service*. I say it is altogether *new*; and here it would not be amiss to show the difference between a bond servant under the law and a free servant under the gospel. First the one under the law. He works for life. This will be plain to you if you take notice of the young man that came to Christ with a, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Now you see this man had not life, nor was he sensible of his being spiritually dead to God by the question he asked Christ.

Life is the first thing I shall mention in the free servant, and this is new. (Rom. viii. 4.) "Like as Christ," says Paul, "was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life."

Again. A bond servant is idle. Says he, "I cannot dig," which shows his heart had never been ploughed up. "Plough up the fallow ground of your hearts." Again he says, "I am so proud that to beg I am ashamed." What! Are you ashamed to beg, when God raises up the beggar from the dunghill? Then you shall, with the rich man, beg water in hell, and not get it. Again says he, "There's a lion in the way;" and another kept the talent hid in a napkin. Now Solomon says, "They have a desire, but it never brings anything in." Balaam said, "Let me die the death of the righteous." He was one of these servants. "The slothful desireth, and hath nothing;" but a free servant desires and gets it; for so the promise runs, "The desire of the righteous shall be

* We will here go a step farther than Rusk. Such conduct is not only unfaithful but base. A man who cannot keep a secret thus confided to him is worse than a worldling, many of whom, from mere principles of honour and natural friendship, would not betray a secret of this nature.

granted." And this is new. "As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby." Thus you see they grow. The promise comes home with comfort to their hearts, and they begin to grow, like calves at the stall, up into Christ their living Head, and that in all things.

Again. These bond servants are very strenuous for the traditions of their fathers, called the doctrines and commandments of men, that turn from the truth; but the free servant, after he is weaned from the milk and drawn from the breast, is taught a new doctrine. He finds choice food in the doctrine of election, because he has made his calling and election sure; in the Trinity, because each Person has a voice in his conscience; in the two natures of Christ, because he is flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone, and the free servant is one spirit with him; and in eating Christ's flesh, drinking his blood, and being justified in his righteousness. These doctrines sweetly feed his soul, and these bond servants allow this doctrine, or these doctrines, to be new; as it certainly is (Mark i. 27): "And they were all amazed, insomuch that they questioned among themselves, saying, What thing is this? What new doctrine is this?" &c. You have it again in Acts xvii. 19: "And they took Paul and brought him before Areopagus, saying, May we know what this new doctrine whereof thou speakest is? for thou bringest certain strange things to our ears." Thus you see how it puzzles the best of them.

Another thing peculiar to a bond servant is a whole heart; as the Scripture says, "They have made their hearts harder than an adamant; they refuse to return;" and if under some dreadful alarms of conscience they appear to return, God says it is feignedly. If they go to hear the word it is to see whether the preacher is right. They go as critics, and are always in the judgment-seat, as before observed. "May we know" (let us try thee, Paul) "what this new doctrine is?" If they appear ever so full of love, it is dissembled, and goes no further than the mouth; for their heart goes after their covetousness. They bend the knee, it is true; but their wills (the thing intended by it) were never bent.

But to turn from these whole-hearted bond servants and take notice of the free, is my intent. Then observe, these are broken-hearted, which is done by reproof and rebuke: "I stand at the door and knock," and "It is the voice of my Beloved that knocketh." Not only reproof and rebuke, but reproach. Says David, "Reproach hath broken my heart." Temptation also: "Sore broken in the place of dragons." Continual sorrow and grief: "By sorrow of heart the spirit is broken." This, Mr. H. says, will break the heart; and this is a new heart. What? Why, to have it bound up. It is called a new heart and a new spirit. Thus the free servant has a new heart.

Again. Every bond servant is in his sins; as Christ says, "If you die in your sins." What! are these Pharisees, that appear outwardly righteous, in their sins? Yes, and servants of sin. Pure they are in their own eyes, it is true, but they were never washed

from their filthiness. But now, for the free servant. He is pardoned. His conscience is cleansed from all sin. • He has received the atonement. The name that God proclaimed to Moses (the substance of which is the forgiveness of sins) is called a new name.

Again. The bond servant is altogether without righteousness. Paul says, "They are free from righteousness." "Ah!" says the poor convinced sinner, "that's my case. I have no righteousness." Yes, but are you *free*? these people are *free*, such freedom as it is, and yet free from righteousness. These are outwardly righteous, but the others are all-glorious within. Hence you read, "Put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness."

But again. This bond servant is very strenuous for outward things, such as fasting, forms of prayer, teaching children to pray, organs, gowns, giving to the poor, and circumcision. But what does all this avail? Christ says it is not that which goes into a man that defiles him. Then what is the use of fasting? "But," say you, "fasting is spoken of in Scripture." Yes, but not such fasting as that. I think it means self-denial; and none can rightly fast but those who are married to Jesus Christ. Now when you are tempted to any act of uncleanness, you find that if you committed it it would feast the old man. Yes; but suppose you, through the Spirit, are enabled to mortify the deeds of the body, is mortification pleasing or comfortable? does it entertain you? or is it bitter to bear?" "Certainly," say you, "it is very trying." Then this is fasting. You are not fed with heavenly things; and as with a strong hand, you are kept back from carnal things, it is a fast. Shall I show you two, one that fasted and one that did not? Take it, then. Joseph in resisting his mistress, and David in entertaining the wayfaring man. Again. Not only fasting, but forms of prayer. Paul says, "We know not how to pray as we ought." And as for circumcision, God declares he will punish the circumcised with the uncircumcised. But the free servant is opposed to all this. Neither circumcision nor uncircumcision availeth him, but a new creature; and faith that worketh by love. Now this is new.

Again. This bond servant is always for keeping God's commands. They will tell you they never at any time transgressed, which is an arrant lie; but Christ says, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

Thus I have showed the difference between a bond servant and a free one, in that the one is always old and the other new, namely, newness of life, newborn babes, new doctrines, a new heart and a spirit, and a new name. They put on the new man; they are new creatures; they have a new commandment; they are a new lump; they drink the new wine of the kingdom; they sing a new song; and, finally, they are the real servants of Christ. Now mind what Paul says, we are to serve in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter; and the Spirit brings or produces all I have mentioned.

14. I come now to the fourteenth branch of real service, which is threefold; first, *watchfulness*; and this is what Habakkuk was at:

"I will stand on my watch-tower;" and by watching he got this answer: "The just shall live by faith," not by sight; and this is watching unto prayer. We are to watch against Satan: "Be sober, be vigilant," &c.; "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." We are to watch against an enemy. Hence the reproof is, "His watchmen are blind; they are dumb dogs that cannot bark;" but God is at the bottom of all this; for "unless the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." And as to watching against Satan, faith is the gift of God, and we are to resist him, stedfast in the faith. But not only are we to watch, but *our lamp is to be burning*. This lamp is salvation, and it burns with love to Jesus for saving us. Read Isa. lxii. l. . Lastly, *our light is to be shining*, which is telling those things to the glory of God that he has done for us: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Now this is service. "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching." (Luke xii. 37.)

15. The next branch of real service is, *to wash the saints' feet*. It does not mean literally, but spiritually. Now the feet, I think, are faith and love. By faith we stand and walk, and we walk in love, says Paul. Now, if a brother make a slip, this weakens his faith, and he staggers at the promise; then, if I am strong in faith, I am not to please myself, but to tell this feeble creature how often I have slipped and been raised up, and tell him of the promises, such as, "Return, ye backsliding children, I am married unto you;" and to pray for him in private. This is washing away his unbelief, if God bless it; and when his faith works by love, then all is fight again, and I am said (under God) to restore him in the spirit of meekness; for all slips after pardon are called defiling the feet. Therefore, "he that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet." Then says David, "Deliver my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living." But what is the light of the living? I answer, love; for John says, "He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him." But has such a one life? Yes: "We know that we are passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." Thus light, life, and love meet together in such a one, and so they differ from all Pharisees; for their light has enmity and death with it; as Christ says, "Ye have seen and hated both me and my Father;" and then comes death: "How can ye escape the damnation of hell?" which is the second death. Again. Another way of washing their feet is by dealing faithful reproof and rebuke where it is wanting, at the same time considering ourselves in the flesh. This you may see in Nathan. David had fouled his feet, but he was brought to humble confession of his sins, and received a fresh pardon. Then says he, "Let the righteous smite me, it shall be a kindness; and let him reprove me, it shall be an excellent oil that shall not break my head," &c. Again. Another way of washing the saints' feet is by entreating them; for it is said, they are (having the wisdom that is from above) easily entreated; and this you may see in Abigail.

When she had heard of David's threatening the house of Nabal and all that pertained to him, how she entreated him, till at last he put off the old man and put on the new. (Read 1 Sam. xxv.) The last way I shall mention of washing the saints' feet is to pray with them for the unction or outpouring of the Holy Ghost; as you read, "Is any sick?" But what is the cause of sickness? I say sin. David says before he was afflicted he went astray. Well, then, let such send for the elders of the church, and they shall pray with him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and if he has committed sins they shall be forgiven him. This is what I understand by washing the saints' feet. Now, says Jesus, "If I, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, you ought also to wash one another's feet;" and then adds, "The servant is not greater than his Lord;" and this service he requires. God grant there was more of it.

16. I now proceed to the sixteenth and last branch of real service, which I think swallows up all the rest, namely, *to be delivered from slavish and servile fear*. This is the crowning work, and makes the service perfect freedom.

Now we are in bondage to these six things. Take notice, therefore, as I describe them. First, then, we are in bondage to sin. Paul says, "Let not sin reign," which shows it once did; and you may find it out this way. When you are convinced of any known sin, and try to break it off, and find you cannot, then you are in bondage to sin. Secondly, you are in bondage to Satan. The strong man armed keeps possession of the palace, &c., and we are taken captive by him at his will. See the mad Gadarene. Thirdly, we are in bondage to death; as you read that some, through the fear of death, are all their lifetime subject to bondage. Fourthly, we are in bondage to a broken law, for Paul says, the law genders to bondage. Fifthly, we are in bondage to the fear of man; as you read that the disciples were shut up for fear of the Jews. Lastly, slavish fear of God, as you may see in the Egyptians when they said, "Let us flee," &c. But now, how do we get rid of all this bondage, so as to serve Christ? I answer, Sin is removed when the atonement is applied, for the blood of Christ cleanses us from all sin. Secondly, "I will give you power to tread on serpents," &c. This power comes when the stronger than the strong man armed comes. Thirdly, the fear of death is removed by taking away the sting. Fourthly, the curse of the law is gone when the blessing of life comes. Fifthly, the fear of man goes when the blessed Spirit fills us with joy and peace in believing, and slavish fear of God is removed by perfect love. Now this is our liberty. We are not driven to it but drawn; as he says, "With loving-kindness have I drawn thee." This makes a day in his courts better than a thousand, and makes wisdom's ways pleasantness, and her paths peace. And this is real service, as you read in Luke, "That we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear, (that is, without slavish fear,) in holiness and righteousness before him all the days of our life." If in holiness, we must have the Holy Spirit,

and "where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty." If in righteousness, we must have Christ's righteousness imputed, which Solomon says delivers from death. Now says Christ, "If any man serve me, him will my Father honour."

(To be concluded in our next.)

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. BROADBRIDGE.

My dear Friend,—According to promise, I have enclosed the whole of the letters, &c., written by our late lamented friend, John M'Kenzie, that I have. I will not trouble you to return them again, as I have copied them with the rest of my other correspondence. I must say that I have not found it in vain copying them, as I have had many fresh lifts by the way, and should like to see many of them in the Standard, because I do not want to eat my morsel alone, and there are many of the Lord's poor tried and tempted family scattered up and down in this land where I believe the Standard, through its wide circulation, reaches, and is a comfort to many of the Lord's poor distressed ones in this great day of profession. I often think that there is but very little real possession in many that we think true churches, when we see and hear the strifes and differences that exist amongst them. I have often thought and wished in myself that I had never opened my mouth or said anything to any one about religion, or had anything to do with any of them, but only gone to and fro as a hearer, &c. But that was not to be; and when I am in my right mind, and the blessed Sun of Righteousness shines upon my poor and needy soul, then I can say, "Lord, it is all right; and thou art just and true in all thy ways, thou King of saints." And I feel that it is of the Lord's mercies that I am not consumed. But why am I not consumed and cast from his presence to that place where hope can never come, but am still favoured to be upon praying ground? He will hear the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer, though ever so weak and feeble. I am sure he would be just in such times of murmuring and rebellion to cast me off; but no; it is "because his compassions fail not." "They are new every morning; great is his faithfulness," to my unfaithfulness! O what unspeakable mercies! Well might Paul, or rather the Holy Spirit by him, exclaim, in his Epistle to the Romans, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!" &c. (xi. 32—36.)

May the Lord be with you and stand by you, and bless you in all your labours; so that when you are watering and labouring for the profit and benefit of the souls of his people, your own soul may be watered and profited also. (Prov. xi. 25.)

Faversham, Jan. 28th, 1850.

G. BROADBRIDGE.

The way to be filled with the fulness of God is to bring no money in our sack's mouth.—*Toplady.*

"HE THAT GLORIETH LET HIM GLORY IN
THE LORD."

My dear Friend,—I received your encouraging letter during my stay at L—, but had not time to reply. I am truly glad to hear that the Lord favoured your souls by my visit; it encourages me to hear it, while the benefit is yours. And I am sure the whole is of God. In vain may the ox attempt to tread out the corn, and the labourer work in the vineyard, without the power and blessing of God. "All things are of God." Then preaching and hearing with the inward ear must also be of him. And, my dear friend, my heart at present is quite willing to give him all the glory, for no flesh is allowed to glory in his presence, unless they glory in him; for, "he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord." (1 Cor. i. 31.) And "thus saith the Lord, let not the wise man glory in *his* (human) wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in *his* (creature) might; let not the rich man glory in *his* (religious) riches; but let him that glorieth *glory in this*, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth, for in these things I delight, saith the Lord." (Jer. ix. 23, 24.) David's heart delighted to boast and exult in Jehovah Jesus as his righteousness and strength. "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear *thereof*, and be glad;" (Ps. xxxiv. 2;) "In God we boast all the day long, and praise thy name for ever. Selah." (Ps. xlv. 8.) It is sweet and holy boasting when we have unctuous hope and faith that the Lord has placed us in Christ, and made over to us Christ as wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, (or holiness,) and redemption, and thus made us "complete in him," "entire, wanting nothing." Such a doctrine as this, sweetly felt in the heart, by the unction of the Spirit, will enable us to "do all things, through Christ strengthening us."

I am very glad to hear your minds are disposed to the Lord's ordinance of baptism. It does not save the soul, but it obeys the Saviour, and preaches him, and is "the answer of a good conscience." (1 Pet. iii. 21.) I am not likely to be near your place soon, or I should have been glad to have attended to it. I hope the Lord will bless you in your meetings.

Give my kind regards to your wife, to the friends where we had supper, and to all who love the Lord in sincerity.

I am, yours in the truth,

Preston, Oct. 3rd, 1846.

J. M'KENZIE.

I could now not only continue my discourse till midnight, but I could speak till I could speak no more. And why should I despair of any? No, I can despair of no one, when I consider Jesus Christ has had mercy on such a wretch as I am. However you may think of yourselves, I know that by nature I am but half a devil and half a beast. The free grace of Christ prevented me. He saw me in my blood, he passed by me, and said unto me, "Live."—*Whitefield.*

THE FLESH AND THE SPIRIT.

“That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.” (John iii. 6.)

Nicodemus, to whom this was spoken by the Lord Jesus, was a Pharisee, and possibly knew nothing of the second birth; yet he had some conviction in his judgment that Christ was sent of God to teach the truth, or he would not have come near him at all. This he confessed: “We know,” he says, “that thou art a Teacher come from God.” But this conviction appears to be only in his judgment, wrought there by the outward miracles which the Lord worked; for he says, “Thou art a Teacher come from God; for no man can do the miracles which thou doest except God be with him.” (John iii. 2.) There does not appear (that is, to me) to be any proof of a sound conversion in Nicodemus, though that I must leave; we read of no conviction of sin, no compunction, no repentance, no acknowledgment of the Sonship of Christ, nor longing after divine things. Besides, it seems from the Lord’s own words, that when he spoke of the second birth, Nicodemus did not believe, though he did not deny it: “If I have told you earthly things, *and ye believe not*, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?” (ver. 12.) Nicodemus had, however, the true gospel preached unto him, in the middle of the night, but what effect it had upon his heart I leave for the Day of Judgment to reveal. Certain it is, that when some wanted to deal roughly with Christ afterwards, without judge or jury, Nicodemus interposed with, “Doth our law condemn any man before it hear him, or know what he doeth?” (John vii. 51.) And when Christ lay dead, he also came and brought spices for his burial: “And there came also Nicodemus, which at the first came to Jesus by night, and brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about a hundred pound weight.” (John xix. 39.) These things look well, and here we must leave him.*

When Nicodemus made this natural confession, from a natural conviction, Jesus at once referred to something spiritual, which Nicodemus could not understand. Our Lord’s reply was, “Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.” This was strange language to a natural ear, and the ruler of Israel began to reason upon such a mysterious assertion. Born again! how can this be? “How can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter a second time into his mother’s womb and be born?” He could see nothing spiritual in it. All his religion *then*, at all events, was in outward washings and ceremonies. Our Lord therefore advances a step further, and tells him something more of this birth: “Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say

* We can hardly think that unless Nicodemus had been a vessel of mercy, the Lord would have conversed with him on a subject so spiritual and experimental as the new birth. The love, too, and affection which he manifested to the dead body of the Redeemer, exceeding that of most of the disciples, is certainly a feature not likely to be found in a reprobate.

unto you, except a man be born of water *and of the Spirit*, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Here Christ shows Nicodemus that this being "born again" is "of the Spirit," and then draws a grand line of distinction between his meaning and the ruler's inference, and says, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

"That which is born of the flesh." By flesh in Scripture, many things are meant. Hence the apostle says, "All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds." (1 Cor. xv. 39.) Sometimes flesh is spoken of to include all these different kinds of flesh. Hence it is said that the Lord "giveth food to *all flesh*." (Ps. cxxxvi. 25.) And Peter includes all; when he says, "*All flesh* is as grass," &c. (1 Pet. i. 24.) Sometimes flesh means only human beings; so it is to be understood in the prayer of our Lord: "As thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him." (John xvii. 2.) Here flesh means human beings only, for eternal life is never spoken of in reference to any others. Sometimes flesh is spoken of in reference to human aid in opposition to the succour and help of God; as here: "With him is an *arm of flesh*," but with us is the Lord our God, to help us and fight our battles;" (2 Chron. xxxii. 8;) and again: "Cursed is the man that trusteth in man, and maketh *flesh* his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord;" (Jer. xvii. 5;) and again: "Now the Egyptians are men and not God, and their horses *flesh* and not spirit," &c. (Isa. xxxi. 3.) Sometimes by flesh we are to understand is meant the old man of sin, which is made up of all the vileness, filthiness, lust, and sinfulness of our fallen nature. This is what Paul means in his letter to the Galatians: "Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil *the lust of the flesh*; for the *flesh* lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the *flesh*; and these are contrary the one to the other, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." (Gal. v. 16, 17.) This the apostle also means in the following passages: "Those who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit;" (Rom. viii. 1;) "They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh;" (Rom. viii. 5;) "If ye live after the flesh ye shall die;" (Rom. viii. 13;) "Those that walk after the flesh;" (2 Pet. ii. 10;) and many other passages.

But I conceive that by flesh in the text the Lord means us to understand it in a double sense. First, by being born of the flesh he means our being born into this world, generated by flesh and blood; for this is no doubt the birth, and the only birth, that Nicodemus had in view, and therefore that which our Lord contrasted with the new birth. And secondly, in the being born of the flesh our Lord included the birth of the old man of sin, the body of the sins of the flesh, which is the hereditary portion of every son of Adam. His meaning therefore is, so far as I understand, that which is born of the flesh, generated by human flesh and blood, is flesh, containing nothing but sin and ungodliness in it, that being the old man; but

that which is born of the Spirit, is altogether holy and spiritual, and cannot be tainted with anything else, and this is the new man of grace. Hence, the two being lodged in one breast, there naturally ensues a battle for the victory, without the flesh ever partaking of the least particle of the Spirit, or the spirit ever being the least tinged with the flesh. I will, therefore, God willing, apply myself to three separate points. First, the birth of the flesh: "That which is born of the flesh." Secondly, the birth of the Spirit: "That which is born of the Spirit." And thirdly, the warfare that must ensue; for one, the Lord tells us, is still "*flesh*," and the other is unalterably "*Spirit*:" "That which is born of the flesh *is* flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit *is* spirit."

I. Now as to that which is born of the flesh. This comprises two things, namely, the birth of the human body, and the original sin which belongs to it in all its sinful movements and actions. The Lord foresaw and foreordained from all eternity every man that does, ever did, or ever will live on this earth; also he knew and ordained the exact time and circumstances in which they should be born. Therefore parents come together by the divine counsel, or secret will of God, and by Providence are instrumental in bringing into the world the bodies of their children. The soul, or spirit, is given by the Almighty to every individual, (for human and mortal parents cannot generate that which is incorruptible and immortal,) and so man comes into this fallen world.

God perfectly well knows all that concerns us before we are born or come into existence; our form, our stature, our features, our limbs, and all that concerns us. This David thought on and wondered at with amazement, humility, and praise: "I will praise thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made. Marvellous are thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well. My substance was not hid from thee when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lower parts of the earth. Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them." (Ps. cxxxix. 14—16.) And not only does the Lord know all about us ere we are born; but it is his hand that fashions us in the womb as we are. Hence God is said to make "all the bones to grow in the womb of her that is with child." (Eccles. xi. 5.)

In due time a child is born, and that child consists of soul and body; the body is composed of flesh, blood, and bones, and none ever did or ever can alter their substance. Hence the Saviour's words, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh."

The child thus born being a descendant of Adam is under sin, and consequently under death; for, "by one man (that is Adam) sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." (Rom. v. 12.) Which text I understand to mean that "all have sinned" in that "one sin" which Adam committed, and so "death passed upon all" as the natural consequence; for "the wages of sin is death." (Rom. vi. 23.)

This death is not, strictly speaking, corporeal death, though no doubt that is included, but spiritual death; for the Lord said, "*In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.*" (Gen. ii. 17.) Now Adam did not die a corporeal death in that day, nor for many years after, but he did die a spiritual death that very day, and, I believe, that very moment too in which he took and ate the forbidden fruit; and this he soon manifested by seeking to hide himself from God, instead of exulting in his company.

This spiritual death consisted of a mind and soul entirely changed in its objects and affections to what it was before. Darkness of the understanding, ignorance of the mind, and vileness of the affections, took the place of an enlightened understanding, a mind of knowledge, and purity of affection. Before God was sought, now he was dreaded; before he was loved, now he was hated; before he was worshipped, now he was slighted; before he was looked up to, now he was looked away from; before he was revered as the fountain of truth, now by unbelief practically made a liar; (1 John v. 10;) before his presence was all that was wished for, but now it was all that was abhorred; unbelief, worldliness, lust, darkness, gloom, depression, enmity, and malice took possession of the soul, and God was now as much abhorred as he was before beloved.

To this depth Adam fell, without so much power as to instil into his mind a desire for restoration, or a wish to be raised from his fall; but, on the other hand, enamoured with his fallen condition and state, he day by day increased the tremendous score against him; and from this filthy fountain, and detestable state into which he was fallen, flowed forth every sin and lust that was afterwards committed either by himself or his seed after him.

Now when Adam thus fell, he fell as the representative of all the human race, for all were in his loins at the time; hence it is said that "in Adam all die;" (1 Cor. xv. 22;) that is, all being in him when he sinned, therefore all sinned in him, according to the text just now quoted; and all having sinned in him, all also died this spiritual death in him; and so all his posterity come into this world as dead to God and godliness as a horse, or a cow, or a swine, and grow up in all sin, iniquity, and transgression. Hence Mr. Hart was right when he said,

"Each sin-begotten sire, alas!
Begets a sin-infected child;

Thus propagation spreads the curse,
And man born bad, grows worse and worse."

Now this is the state that every man is in by nature; and, till a divine work takes place, this is called being "*in the flesh*;" (Rom. viii. 8;) and following these evil lusts and desires is said to be "walking after the flesh." (Rom. viii. 1.) Living in a state of nature, with only these desires and feelings, is called "living after the flesh." (Rom. viii. 13.) Now it is said that "they that are in the flesh cannot please God;" (Rom. viii. 8;) and being in the flesh, walking in the flesh, and living in the flesh, is neither more nor less than being in a state of nature, just as we came from the womb of

fallen Eve, without an affection or desire to our Creator and our God.

Therefore the Lord's meaning may be, that as we are born of fallen parents, (whether since converted or not,) we are born of or in the flesh, for none can generate other than his own nature; and that as our parents possess nothing but what is opposite to God by nature, so we in and of ourselves can possess nothing else. We therefore are born in the flesh, with fleshly desires and lusts, which will unchangeably remain so till we die; for "that which is born of the flesh IS FLESH."

• (To be continued.)

"THY VISITATION HATH PRESERVED MY SPIRIT."

My dear Friend,—May grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you, from God the Father, through God the Son, and by God the Holy Ghost; to comfort you when sad, gladden you when sorrowful, raise you up when bowed down, heal you when wounded, cure you when sick, succour you when tempted, deliver you when oppressed, strengthen you when weak, and support you under all your various troubles, exercises, and conflicts through which you are called to pass as you sojourn through this wilderness toward your everlasting habitation and home, where your soul will be for ever at rest from all its labour, toil, trouble, sorrow, grief, and pain, and where the former things will be all passed away.

Since I was at S—the other week, my soul has had a sweet visit from the Friend of sinners, who left a pledge behind him which my soul has now in possession, because it is a testimony that sticks unto me. This has strengthened my hope, increased my faith, confirmed my confidence, and encouraged my soul to "press on toward the mark for the prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus." My soul had been greatly tried for a long time, and much discouraged because of the way. I had had many heavy weights and burdens to carry, under which my soul groaned and sighed to be delivered. It is true that I had some little helps by the way while speaking from time to time, and felt the truth run through my heart very sweet at times; but in a short time after speaking, my soul sank into its old hole of death, darkness, and misery, being plagued with unbelief, and tormented by Satan. Sometimes I was brought to question whether ever my soul possessed any grace at all; for I felt so lean and cold, so dead and barren, so empty and prayerless, so hard and stupid, so feeble and weak, so blind and ignorant, so naked and filthy, so forgetful and far off from the Lord of life and glory, that I greatly feared the Lord would never give me a sweet and powerful visit of his salvation again. But, honours for ever crown his dear brow, for looking upon me as he did last Wednesday week, for shedding abroad his love in my heart, for anointing my soul with fresh oil, for giving me another token for good, a sure evidence of my sonship, a testimony of my interest, and a way-mark of a traveller to Zion, which brought me forth again into the liberty of the gospel, into

the peace of the covenant and rest of the weary; which made the promise sweet, the truth flow, the command weighty, and the precept full; so that my soul could say, "Thou hast enlarged my heart, therefore will I run the way of thy commandments." This visit of the love and mercy of the Lord Jesus has truly put strength, courage, and fortitude into my soul, and the sweet savour of it still continues with me.

Truly, my friend, there is "a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of our God." What a rich blessing there is in one drop of the love and blood of Jesus! and what a rich soul is that which has been favoured with one crumb of the bread of life, and one drop of that water of life which is as clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb! Although this is the man or woman that feels so poor, so empty, and so naked; yet these are the richest people upon earth, because they possess durable riches—never-fading, never-failing, never-ending riches. It is this which makes the soul spiritually rich, though in feeling poor; for, although "having nothing, yet is it possessing all things." And the blessed Spirit of all grace and mercy will give the soul a supply of this grace wherein we stand, because the Lord is abundant in mercy, goodness, and compassion; for he is great in love and rich in mercy; who has promised to supply all our need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus; so that it is the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us, through Christ Jesus: "For by grace we are saved, through faith; and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast; for we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained; that we should walk in them." Therefore, my dear friend, lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees, and "look unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith; who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God. For consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds. Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin, and ye have forgotten the exhortation which speaketh unto you as unto children, My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him; for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

May the Lord bless you. My love to all the friends by name.

Yours affectionately,

Woburn, Beds, Sept. 5th, 1851.

T. G.

Had Jesus intended this world for the enjoyment of his people in a state of worldly prosperity, very different would have been their accommodations; but they are "strangers and pilgrims upon earth," and are going home to their Father's house; and what does ever make home more desirable to the traveller than the ill reception he meets with on the road?—*Hawker*.

"GRACE AND TRUTH CAME BY JESUS CHRIST."

My dear A—,—I have been to P—, and am just returned. We are all, through mercy, well, and hope you are still getting better. It is a mercy indeed to know our times are in his hands, whose wisdom is infinite, and whose love is likewise far beyond what we can fully conceive; but it is everlasting to such as fear his name. Such a blessing is heart-cheering and soul-reviving indeed. I long not to believe it only, but to feel it more than I do. Yet I know what is felt arises from his love unto me. Yes; and he has taught me this, that I am the most unworthy of all; and my prayer is to be kept quite sensible of it. True humility becomes such who have tasted that the Lord is gracious. O the heart by nature is quite insensible of such treasure! but grace and truth, which came by Jesus Christ, makes the change when the Holy Spirit reveals him unto the soul. While here, the conflict goes on; but to know the victory is gained by Christ for us, is a great thing, who in ourselves are weakness indeed. Such a going into Christ and out of ourselves, brings us to know what none but such as are taught by God can know.

I hope the friends with you are well. Present my love to them.

Yours most affectionately,

Brighton, Sept. 4th, 1846.

W. S.

"COUNT IT ALL JOY WHEN YE FALL INTO
DIVERS TEMPTATIONS."

My dear Sister in our common Lord,—I perceive by yours that this year has been a year of deep affliction, from darkness and horror of mind, as well as from other causes. In these things the Lord has made good his promise to you: "In the world ye shall have tribulation." It is true all mortals, by reason of their fallen sinful condition, are subjects of sorrow and woe, and "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward;" but these things give no evidence of grace, or all men would be the subjects of grace. There are, however, certain troubles in the lot of the children of God to which all who are in their first-born state are entire strangers. God's law is spiritual, reaching to the inmost recesses of our hearts. By the law coming into us with killing power, our fleshly hopes of heaven and our favourable opinion is cut up by the roots, and we appear in our own eyes, yea, in our very feelings, "carnal, sold under sin." Every lesson given us by the Holy Spirit is designed to make us vile and base in our own eyes, for Jesus alone must be exalted in saving us; but never should we cleave to Christ, and build up our hopes in his blood and righteousness for our acceptance, were we not made to taste the wormwood and the gall.

But these teachings of God are attended more or less with distress and anguish of soul. This is the heaviness in the heart that makes it stoop, and nothing less than the good word of Christ, inviting, promising, encouraging, can make such a poor soul glad. A soul in spiritual trouble is a strange character in the esteem even of

the *moral* and *pious* world, so named. I wonder not at your painful trials from persecution. They that are in the flesh cannot please God, nor can they, in *heart*, be pleased with what God does in grace and mercy for *poor* sinners. Natural affection can extend to nature only; and the carnal mind, being enmity against God, will show itself at enmity with every new-born heir of promise. Ishmael and Isaac were by the same father, were born in the same house; but Ishmael was born after the flesh, Isaac by promise. The same is seen by those who have the eyes of their understanding enlightened to this day. I know not the cause of your being called to leave your home and all you loved; but if God, by his grace, has separated you and taken you off from their earthly props, it is for your spiritual benefit; perhaps your frail flesh adhered too closely to them. Though you have had wave upon wave, by the loss of your dear sister and spiritual companion, by sickness, and by sore temptations from Satan, I doubt not but you will yet have to bless God for every wave; and every smarting rod, being the rod of a loving Father and not of an angry Judge, will, like Jonathan's rod, have honey at the end.

I am not surprised that Satan worries you with his diabolical suggestions. If you were one of his faithful subjects, he would lull you asleep with the things of time and sense; but he hates the cries and groans of poor sinners, whose souls are athirst for God, even for the living God. And hence he tries with fierce temptations and fiery darts those whom he cannot devour. But he never shall devour one sheep for whom the Saviour died. There is nothing in your experience strange to me. God's children must have the Father's rod. Bastards are not so favoured.

Sept. 6th, 1838.

HENRY FOWLER.

The woman was not made from the superior part of man, that she might not be thought to be above him; nor from any inferior part, as being below him. She was not taken from his head, that she might not be supposed to reign over him; nor from his eyes, that she might not be supposed to see for him nor diligently search for his imperfections; nor from his ears, that she might not be supposed to listen to false accusations against him; nor from his mouth, for fluent as she may be in speech, she is not to be her husband's spokesman; nor from his arms, or hands, for she is not to fight his battles for him; nor from the front part of his body, for she is not to be set at the front of dangers and difficulties; nor from his back, for she is not to be treated with contempt, and set behind him; nor from his legs, or thighs, for she is not to bear the principal part of his burdens; nor from his feet, for she is not to be trampled upon by him; but out of his side, and from one of his ribs, that she might appear to be equal to him; and from a part near his heart, and under his arms, to show that she should be affectionately loved by him, and be always under his care and protection.—*Gadsby's Marriage Union.*

"IF IT TARRY, WAIT FOR IT."

Dear Sir,—I received yours of the 20th instant, and can truly sympathise with you, for I well know by experience the bitterness of that wormwood and gall which you now partake of. It is now near twenty years ago since I felt the severity of God's wrath revealed in his law against me for sin; my soul hath it still in remembrance, and is humbled within me. My case was somewhat singular. I was in a place where no gospel was preached, no soul living to open my mind to, to ask what they thought of my case, which perhaps would have been an easement to my soul. My distress and bondage became every day more heavy. The arrows of the Almighty stuck fast in my conscience, the poison whereof drank up my spirits, and consumed my natural strength insensibly by a kind of slow fever. Day and night God's hand was heavy upon me; my moisture was turned into the drought of summer; my soul was like the sandy desert or barren heath, dried up for the want of spiritual moisture. No man living, but those who experience it, know, or can form any idea of the distress, the anguish, and misery the poor soul goes through at this critical time. Poor Job understood it well when he said to his friends, "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye, my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me." At such times as these there are few, if any, to be found that can feel for us, for as Mr. Hart justly observes,

"It is decreed that most must pass,
The darkest paths alone."

I found this was my lot; and how I was carried on through that scene of distress, horror, confusion, temptation, and despondency, is a matter of wonder to me to this very day. Surely the goodness of my God was with me, or I had long since dwelt in silence. Preserved I certainly was, through the kind care of my covenant God and Father; as David says, "The Lord preserveth the simple; I was brought low and he helped me." Yes, and of him that remembered me in my low estate I ever desire to speak to his honour, and to acknowledge, with all humility of heart, with good old Jacob, "I am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies, nor of all the truth which thou hast shown to thy servant." But so it is. He paid no regard to my unworthiness, but, contrary to all my expectations, he hath manifested his everlasting love to my soul, when there was no eye to pity nor hand to help; as David says, "Refuge failed me, no man cared for my soul; then I cried unto thee, O Lord; I said, thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living." (Ps. cxlii. 5.) And he has enabled me, through grace, to know that he is my portion, though, according to my feelings, I was the last in all the world that ever could have looked for so unexpected a favour. Though I have often staggered at his unmerited love and astonishing goodness to my soul through unbelief, yet it matters not; the Lord maintaineth the right of the poor; and to this very day, notwithstanding the suggestions of Satan to stir up unbelief, notwithstanding all the corruptions I have felt and do feel in my corrupt nature to extinguish

the little grace he has been pleased freely to give me, notwithstanding all that every enemy has done or may do against my soul, yet I believe it shall even be done unto me according as my God hath spoken, that he will never leave me nor forsake me; that, notwithstanding all my manifold provocations, he earnestly remembers me still; that he will never leave me destitute of his grace, mercy, or truth, but that I shall be saved in the Lord Jesus Christ with an everlasting salvation, and shall not be ashamed nor confounded, world without end. O what a debtor I am to grace! May my God make me more and more sensible of the high obligations I lie under to him, for his distinguishing love and grace to my soul in Christ Jesus, that I may never lightly esteem the rock of my salvation, but for ever lie under the sweetest and noblest ties of gratitude, love, and thankfulness to that God who has dealt so tenderly, so kindly, and so bountifully with me.

So much for myself. I must now feel a little for you, and if I could say anything that the Lord would condescend to own and bless to your soul, how highly should I think myself honoured. I must confess that your case is very trying. To feel no refreshment in hearing the word, to call repeatedly upon his holy name for deliverance and he seem to shut out your prayer and to keep you at a sensible distance, and to have everything embittered both in a temporal and spiritual sense, is truly distressing. It seems, say you, as if everything fell out just contrary to what I endeavour to seek. If your case were singular, and the Lord never tried any of his children in this way, I should not know what to make of it; but this experience is by no means being out of the footsteps of the flock. He is pleased to lead us in this path to exercise our faith and patience, and to make the blessing appear the greater when we get it. What is dearly got, you know, is highly prized. It was this way our blessed Lord treated the Syro-Phœnician woman. He answered her not a word till she overcame him by importunity, and then she got a far greater answer than she expected. Our dear Redeemer loves to see us wrestle hard with him, and call stoutly and repeatedly as if we were in good earnest about the matter; and he exercises us so sometimes till we get quite tired of the work, and are almost determined to have done with prayer and everything that is good; but God will not suffer it. "They shall call upon my name, says the Lord, and I will hear them." This importunity in prayer proves our election, as saith our Saviour, "Shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him?" He will; but then it will be when the set time comes to favour Zion. Nothing can be done to hasten God's work. He has his set time for every purpose. Till then it is good for a man to wait, and quietly to hope for the salvation of God; but you must not conclude because you have waited some little time upon God, and he has for wise ends refused to grant your petitions, that he never means to send you an answer. This is a very wrong conclusion indeed, and comes from that crafty old serpent the devil. He suggests these thoughts to the seeking soul, to discourage him in the path, and you must not be surprised if you meet with a good deal of this by the

way, for the devil will not lose one of his subjects easily. He will withstand you to your head, and dispute every inch of the ground with you. But be not discouraged because of that. Our dear Redeemer has got him fast in his chain, and he can do nothing without leave from him. He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able to bear, but will always, some way or other, make a way for our escape. And here I will mention one of the crafty devices of Satan, which is very common both to the weakest and most established Christians. It is the devil's art to set us to overlook many of the mercies of God, and because we cannot prevail with the Almighty to grant us some particular favour we have often importuned him for, we are hardly grateful enough even to acknowledge the daily mercies we continually receive from his bountiful hands. This, I am sure you will say, must be very displeasing to the Lord. He will not have his favours passed by unnoticed or unacknowledged without showing his displeasure; and this is one reason why the Lord makes us entreat him so often before we get fresh mercies bestowed upon us. Christ took notice of this when he healed the ten lepers: "Were there not ten cleansed, but where are the nine? There are not found that returned to give glory to God save this stranger." The Lord takes pleasure in hearing us acknowledge his mercies, though at the same time he well knows we cannot bestow upon ourselves a grateful frame. This is the Lord's work; but oftentimes, when we are acknowledging his manifold kindnesses, and our utter unworthiness of the least of them, he will cause gratitude, love, and thankfulness to spring up when we least expect it.

But, you will say, "I am doubtful whether the Lord has wrought anything in my heart that he himself will own to be a work of grace. If I were sure he had, I should be very happy to acknowledge it." Let me ask you a few questions, and see whether you can contradict them with conscience on your side; if you cannot, you will have every reason to believe that there is some good thing in you towards the Lord God of Israel. We must not despise the day of small things. Now observe: Has he not put his fear in your heart so that you are afraid of offending God and conscience? By this fear of the Lord, men depart from iniquity. Is it not a grief to your soul to be in the company of the wicked? and are you not in heart broken off from all fellowship with them, and with David can say, "Do I not hate them that hate thee, and am I not grieved with them that rise up against thee?" Do you not know and feel by experience that there is salvation in no other name but Jesus Christ, and that you feel yourself in a lost and undone state, if without an interest in his great salvation? "The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost." (Luke xix. 10.) Do you not still keep calling on God for deliverance, notwithstanding you have not yet got the blessing you seek for; and though you have many a time thought you would call no more upon him, yet to this day you cannot give it up, but are obliged somehow, though you can hardly tell how, to wait upon the Lord, either by groaning, sighing, looking, longing, panting, desiring, and sometimes by speaking? This is the

Spirit making intercession for us, with groanings that cannot be uttered? Do you not esteem the children of God the excellent of the earth, and love to hear them speak of the dealings of God with them, though perhaps you can hardly join in the conversation? It is a mark of an inhabitant of Zion to honour them that fear the Lord.

I had a few more questions to ask you, but I have filled the sheet up already. Now, if you can answer these few I have asked in the affirmative, acknowledge it to God, and pray him to revive his work. He has done for you more than he has for millions; and who made you to differ?

I am, &c.,

Cheshunt, Herts, March 23rd, 1802.

J. R. WATTS.

[Our readers will bear in mind that the writer of this truly experimental and spiritual letter is the same J. R. Watts whose experience last year appeared in our pages; and concerning which we hope we may be excused if we express our opinion that, whether we look at its clearness and depth, or the simple scriptural and feeling way in which it is described, it is not only one of the best that we have ever inserted, but one of the best that we are acquainted with.—Eds.]

A LETTER BY THE LATE JOHN KEYT.

My much-esteemed Friend,—Although it is a month since I had the pleasure to speak to you, I have never forgotten your parting blessing, expressed not in word only, but in deed and in truth. As I have not had an opportunity to acknowledge your kind token of Christian love, I venture to convey this line in order to acquaint my friend that I feel thankful for your remembrance of me in my present low estate, in which the Lord in his holy providence hath been pleased to place me. But this life of dependence includes in it the exercise of faith, hope, and patience; and these, with every other grace, are the free gifts of God. So likewise is the exercise of our graces, which entirely depends upon the Holy Spirit's influences and operations; for unless this sacred wind blows upon his own plantation, these spices or graces cannot flow out. (Song of Sol. iv. 16.) As it is found in spiritual things so also it is in temporal, for in the present time-state we are all subject to changes in the allotments of divine providence: "For the Lord maketh poor and maketh rich; he bringeth low and lifteth up;" (1 Sam. ii. 7;) and whatever he is pleased to appoint and mingle in our lot is all wisely ordered, and will, under his skilful management, ultimately terminate in his own glory and for our everlasting good. It is at times a source of real comfort to my mind to feel assured that the Lord hath granted me, a poor sinful worm of the dust, both spiritual life and favour, and blessed me with a small measure of faith, by which I have been enabled to trust in him when walking in much darkness; and have at such seasons felt my troubled mind greeted with the dear Saviour's answer to Peter, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." (John xiii. 7.) Nevertheless, the *trial of faith* is no small exercise, especially in the time of old age and its attendant

infirmities, as is now the case with me and my feeble partner, who is evidently sinking and fast declining, and requires constant attention; not knowing what a day may bring forth. In addition, I have no means or temporal supplies but what flow through the channel of communication from my kind Christian friends; and such has been their liberality, that by the good hand of God I have hitherto lacked none of the necessaries of life.

As you, my dear friend, are identified as one of my generous benefactors, I entreat you to accept my most cordial thanks for your kindness, and be assured that you have not been forgotten before the Lord in my poor petitions, for he knoweth all hearts, and takes peculiar notice of every act of kindness done towards such as fear his blessed name, even to a cup of cold water; and all such acts of Christian kindness he hath promised one day to reward openly. May the good Lord, in rich mercy, continue to bless you, my dear friend, with an increase of all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus, granting you more abundantly to participate in every grace, to experience the aboundings of hope, the increase of faith, and the overflowings of the Lord's everlasting love; that so you may be enabled to go on your heavenly way rejoicing, and learn by experience the fulness of that sweet promise, "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

But I must now stop, as many things call for immediate attention, and prevent my adding more. Please to remember me most respectfully to Mr. W., and accept these few hasty lines as a small token of sincere regard and esteem, with which I remain, in the most perfect of all bonds, affectionately yours,

JOHN KEYT.

12, Foley Street, near Middlesex Hospital, Marylebone.

This afternoon and evening, but especially at night, the Lord has been very gracious to my soul. I could see myself loved with an everlasting love, and clothed with Christ's everlasting righteousness. My peace flowed as a river; and I found the comforts of the Holy Spirit to be neither few nor small. My sense of justification was unclouded, as when the clear shining of the sun giveth light. My Beloved is mine and I am his. Under these sweet, unutterable manifestations, I have scarce anything to pray for; supplication is swallowed up in wonder, love, and praise; Jesus smiles, and more than a ray of heaven is shed upon my soul. "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, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels." My harp is taken down from the willows, and I can sing the Lord's song in a strange land:

"Touch'd by the finger of thy love,
Sweet melody of praise I bring;
Join the enraptured choirs above,
And feel the bliss which makes them sing."

—*Toplady.*

**“IT IS GOOD FOR A MAN THAT HE BEAR THE
YOKE IN HIS YOUTH.”**

My dear Friend,—The grace of God that bringeth salvation be with you. The Lord bless you from his holy hill, my dearly beloved.

I have not your address, but having an opportunity of sending you a few lines, I gladly accept it, and hopeth this second, though brief epistle, will find you well, and still anxious to return to your friends and brethren in the Lord. It was needful for you to leave us for a small space. The end of the vision will prove it. Probably a lesson you may learn thereby which you might not have learned elsewhere. There is a needs be for every circumstance connected with our worthless lives to take place, for every trial and sorrow that we pass through and endure, every loss, every cross, every temptation, every affliction, every pain, every disappointment, every vexation, every mortification, and every misery that here fills our cup of woe. The needful good, the untold blessedness that the sanctifying grace of God brings out of each, proves it true. I do not speak as those who beat the air. I know whereof I affirm, having proved it by painful and joyful experience. And when you have so proved it, in like degree, you will submissively and rejoicingly say so too. When God has a special favour to bestow on any one of his redeemed, he brings them through special and peculiar trials, and through dark and mysterious paths, and makes them travel hard and long, with many sighs, and groans, and tears, to obtain it. It has been thus with me. When any blessing is thus obtained, it brings its own witness with it, and the effects thereof are most blessed; peace and joy in the Holy Ghost in believing; comforted in hope of the glory that shall be revealed in us; jealous for the honour of the Lord of Hosts; growing in grace and in the knowledge of God and his Christ, watching unto prayer; crumbled in the dust at the Redeemer's feet; and that with resignation, importunity, patience, hope, and a sweet resting on Jesus, his blood and merit, at all times, in all cases and circumstances, for salvation.

It is good that our faith should thus be tried, and the heart be thus established with grace, and the offering seasoned with salt. It is good that my brother should bear Christ's yoke in his younger days, and that the writer should bear it in his declining years. It is good that my friend feels the chastenings of the Lord, and I am taught to bear for Jesus' sake. It is good and blessed that my brother is likely to be a pillar in the house of our Lord when I am sleeping in the dust, and that God has blessed my latter days above many of my fellows. It is good that grace is found and does reign in my brother's heart while he is advancing into life, and that the blood of Jesus, applied by the Holy Ghost, has taken away the sting of death from my conscience now I am drawing nearer and nearer to the silent tomb. It is good and blessed for my brother to desire, while he lives, to be devoted, body, soul, and spirit, to the Lord, to his service, to his honour and glory, and for the good of his dear Zion, and for me still to be recounting, with joy, on the borders of

the grave, the unspeakable, everlasting bliss that awaits me above. Do you believe it, my brother? I do, from feeling experience.

"Buy the truth and sell it not." God's truth, only known in the head, and not felt with power in the heart, will be lightly esteemed, will do the soul no good in life or in death. But when an experimental acquaintance therewith is thus hardly attained to, at the expense of all our legal righteousness and creature doings and desires, and at the loss of all which we once counted gain to us, it is so dear to us that we will not and cannot part with it for any price, or at any rate. When God testified in my heart by his Spirit that he had chosen me, then it was I began to love the doctrine of election, and not before; then it became dear to my soul in very deed. When I feel the blood of sprinkling in my conscience, purifying my conscience from guilt, and pardoning all my sins, then I prove the truth and blessedness of that saying, "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." And when my experience proves God to be faithful, a God of love, merciful, and kind, then I believe it with joy and gladness of heart, and every repeated instance and proof thereof which I feel within confirms me the more in this blessed feeling persuasion. Thus it is I learn by experience. Experience teaches, but an empty knowledge of truth leads astray. If a soul would be divinely taught, there is a needs be for him to submit to the rules of Jehovah's sovereignty and discipline. If he would know the truth as it is in Jesus, he must expect God to teach it him though as by fire. And if he lives and dies without a saving knowledge of Jesus, his truth, and his great salvation, he may expect never to see and reign with the God of truth and love in glory.

In like manner there was a needs be for all that Jehovah has done for his people before and in time, and in all past ages; and a needs be there is and will be still for all he now does and wills to do for, to, with, and by them, while in this wilderness, till they are all safe with him in glory. And there will be a needs be for ever for them to be there with Jesus also. "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." All things were designed for the lifting of Jesus on high. The fall, that he should be raised to and nailed upon the cross; from the cross, that he should raise himself to his crown; the descent of the Holy Ghost, to testify of Jesus, that he is risen the Author and Finisher of faith and eternal salvation, to make known and accomplish all Jehovah's will, and all things promised concerning all the redeemed, to make known this great salvation in their hearts, and to bring them all safe into glory in Jehovah's own appointed way and time at last. Then time shall end, when death shall have accomplished his "needs be" on the last elect heir of glory; and the whole beloved, chosen, redeemed through before the eternal throne shall see every vision made plain to their wondering eyes, and behold, in everlasting triumph; that the "needs be" of all was to exalt Jesus, their Lord and Saviour, as Zion's Redeemer and Friend, on high, and there to crown his lovely head in glory, and to sing and

rest at his dear feet withal for ever; where sin is for ever done away, and all the effects thereof shall for ever cease also.

O my dear brother, what a blessed winding up of the subject is this! Have you a good, and sure, and well-grounded hope in Jesus and his great salvation? My soul believes you have. Then do not think it strange concerning the fiery trial that must try you. The apostle says, "If needs be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations," &c. There is a needs be for our faith to be tried, that it may come forth as gold, and God be glorified. But what living, feeling soul can help being in heaviness when manifold temptations beset us in the way, and our wretched, deceitful hearts are ready to catch at every bait; while manifold, heavy, and sore trials press us down, so that we seem to be bound down by our sins to flesh and sense amidst the beggarly elements of this world, and cannot rise as we want and desire to God, nor enjoy communion with him as we long to do, nor have fellowship with a suffering Jesus, nor feel resigned to divine sovereignty as we wish to feel and crave to be; and, to end the tale of our misery, because our sins grieve and vex his Holy Spirit, and cause him to hide his lovely face from us, then we are troubled, and our souls refuse to be comforted by any means. But there is a needs be for this.

Thus it is with me. Hence in this tabernacle I groan, being burdened. I know there is a needs be for all this, to try my faith, to teach me that this is not my rest, and to press me with felt necessity to a throne of grace for relief and to Jesus, Zion's burden bearer, with increasing felt desire to be able to cast my burden and myself upon him, and find rest to my soul; which, when he gives me power, I am helped to do; for his loving heart sees a needs be to indulge me a little sometimes, or he knows my heart would break if he did not. Then I am right when I can sing in the dust at Jesus' feet, and nowhere else but there.

I once wished with all my heart that I never had been born. Now I am glad to my heart that I ever was born; for I now can see that there is a needs be for me to inherit glory when time is no more, or the number for whom Christ died would not there be complete. God's own witness within my breast proves it to the joy of my heart. O may the same witness thus satisfy my dear friend concerning himself also, and, when he is tried, bring him forth "as gold seven times refined;" and sweetly assure him that there is a needs be also for him soon to return to his dear aged pastor, to his church, and friends again. And may the sweet effects of this blessed assurance rejoice his heart through life, in death, and to all eternity, with exceeding great joy.

We are all tolerably well, through mercy. Our pastor and the brethren greet you in love, and are hoping for your return. Our kind love in Christ Jesus.

Yours affectionately in the Lord,
Bedworth, July 8, 1851.

G. T. C.

Christ made himself like to us, that he might make us like to himself.—*John Mason.*

INQUIRY.

Messrs. Editors,—To some of the children of God about here, the, to them, new doctrine that *God does not chastise his people for their sins* has been preached. A few remarks in the Standard will oblige. The main arguments for the doctrine seem to be, that, as all the sins of the elect were laid upon Christ, therefore God does not punish his people for their sins; beholding no iniquity in Jacob or perverseness, in Israel. Also that when in the Psalms mention is made of “visiting their transgressions with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes,” it does not refer to the people of God, but refers to Christ. Also, that the chastening, rebuking, and scourging spoken of in Hebrews xii. refer simply to a law work.

MICROS.

ANSWER.

No error is worse, for none is more deluding, than that which consists in perverted truth. This, indeed, is the chief feature of the errors that Satan sows in the visible church. Gross error would not serve his turn. It would at once be rejected. But error in the dress of truth, error gilt over by truth, error putting truth in the front and slyly bringing up the rear, may hope to pass muster and escape detection. Such is the error mentioned in the inquiry before us. There is in it a little truth and a great deal of error. Its preachers and promoters have gilt their error over with a small modicum of truth. But we will, with God's help and blessing, drive a nail through this bad sovereign and fasten it to the counter; for, however many hands it may have passed through, it was first coined in the devil's cellar, and he cast the mould, cut the die, and stamped the impression.

But first look at the gilding. A bit of sterling gold is spread over the base metal. That truth is, that “God has laid the sins of the elect all upon Christ, that they are all eternally blotted out; and that, therefore, God sees no iniquity in Jacob nor perverseness in Israel.” This is sound, blessed truth, the joy and consolation of the family of God. But underneath lies the base metal: “*Therefore,*” (O what a *therefore!*) “as God sees no sin in his elect, he cannot punish them for the sins that he cannot see.” O lame and impotent conclusion! In one sense, God may see no sin in his people; but in another, he may see a great deal. Because God sees no sin to punish hereafter, does he see no sin to punish here? Because the blood of Jesus has washed away sin in its penal and eternal consequences, has it removed sin out of the heart of the family of God? Is sin become a nonentity in the same way as a cloud is a nonentity when the sun has dispersed it from the sky? As a cloud of eternal wrath, sin is for ever blotted out; but not as a cloud that gathers over the soul and hides the light of God's countenance.

But the experience of God's people in all ages is point-blank against such a doctrine. Does sin cease to be sin because Christ died for it? When David committed adultery, was that a sin?

When Peter cursed and swore, was that a sin? When the Corinthian took his father's wife to his bed, was that a sin? To say, "No; these would have been sins in others, but not in the people of God," is an outrage upon common decency, and degrades religion below the morality of a brothel. Then it must be admitted that the sins of believers are sins; and if sins, then they have an existence; and if they have an existence, then sin is not a nonentity; that is, a thing which has no being nor existence. It is a real thing—a fearful, a dreadful reality—as thousands of groaning saints of God daily feel, in spite of all mere metaphysical arguments to the contrary.

But now comes the next question. If sin exists in the hearts of the family of God, does God ever chasten them for it? Here the testimony of God is conclusive: "If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments; if they break my statutes and keep not my commandments; then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes. Nevertheless, my loving-kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail. My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips. Once have I sworn by my holiness that I will not lie unto David." (Ps. lxxxix. 30—35.) But it may be objected, "This is the old covenant, the ancient legal dispensation." Is it? O no; God has blocked out this argument most effectually by expressly declaring it is the new covenant of which he speaks: "Then thou spakest in vision to thy Holy One, and saidst, I have laid help upon one that is mighty; I have exalted one chosen out of the people." (Ps. lxxxix. 19.) Who is the Holy One to whom God spake in vision, the Mighty One upon whom he has laid help? Who but Jesus, who, as God-Man Mediator in the days of his flesh, cried, "Thou art my Father, my God, and the Rock of my salvation?" Of whom but Christ's spiritual seed is it promised, "His seed also will I make to endure for ever, and his throne as the days of heaven?" (Ps. lxxxix. 29.) Now observe it is of this same seed that the declaration is made, "*If his children* forsake my law and walk not in my judgments; if they break my statutes and keep not my commandments; then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes." (30—32.) "*If his children!*" Who are his children but Christ's spiritual seed and family—the elect of God? What, then, can be clearer than the declaration, "I will visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes?" A man who can deny and outface this express testimony will deny and outface everything.

But how plain are Scripture examples as well as Scripture declarations! God put away David's sin; but look at the chastisement: "Now, therefore, the sword shall never depart from thy house." "Howbeit, because by this deed thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme, the child also that is born unto thee shall surely die." (2 Sam. xii. 10, 14.) The cases also of Eli, Solomon, and Hezekiah, are all to the same point. The Corinthians were guilty of disorderly conduct at the Lord's Supper. "For this cause," says Paul, "many are weak and sickly among

you, and many sleep. For if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged. But when we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world." (1 Cor. xi. 30—32.) How expressly is it declared here that the Lord chastened them for their conduct by weakness and sickliness!

But nothing can be more decisive than the declaration, "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons." (Heb. xii. 6—8.) Chastening and scourging are here given as express marks of sonship. Those, therefore, that deny chastening proclaim loudly that they are bastards. But, to evade this testimony, they say that this chastening refers to a law-work. Two strokes of Paul's broad sword cut that ground from under their feet: "For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but he for our profit, that *we might be partakers of his holiness*. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the *peaceable fruit of righteousness* unto them which are exercised thereby." (Heb. xii. 10, 11.) Do we become partakers of God's holiness by the law or the gospel? By the gospel surely: "But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." (Rom. vi. 22.) There is no holiness but by the Holy Spirit who is the alone Author of it, and he produces it not by the law but by the gospel. It is "the new creature" (which the law knows nothing about) "which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." Again, does the law produce the peaceable fruits of righteousness? No. All that the law produces is bondage, guilt, and death. The peaceable fruits of righteousness grow on the gospel graft and not on the legal crab.

In fact, men who hold such views are clearly out of the secret. The rod of God is not upon them; and when such doctrine is proclaimed from the pulpit, the best answer from the pew is, "Mr. Preacher, there is every reason to fear that you are a bastard, and are now only proclaiming your own base pedigree, and foaming out your own shame."

There are some ingredients in God's stores which will make the most reserved to break silence, yea, even the dumb to speak: "I kept silence even from good, and my sorrow was stirred. My heart was hot within me. While I was musing the fire burned. Then spake I with my tongue." (Ps. xxxix. 23.) The fire of wrath heated his heart, and stirred his sorrows, and then he opens. The fire of jealousy also will break through all barriers: "Jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame." (Song viii. 6.) The fire of love will make the heart overflow with joy, and joy must have vent either by leaping, speaking, or singing: "If these hold their tongue, the stones would immediately cry out."—*Huntington*.

O B I T U A R Y.

THIRZAH TATE, OF MANCHESTER.

Thirzah Tate, a member of the Particular Baptist church at Manchester, after seven weeks' sore affliction, beginning with dropsy and ending in mortification, departed this life on the morning of Jan. 26th, 1852, aged 26.

During her affliction she was much favoured with the Lord's presence. Her medical attendants were unable, during the early part of her illness, to give an opinion as to how the disease might terminate. She often said, "The Lord knows; the Lord's will be done!"

On calling to see her, I found her sufferings were great; but I also found her strength equal to her day. Smiling, she calmly told me that Christ had suffered much more for her; and when pain did not interrupt, her conversation was of Christ. I could not help rejoicing in her affliction, seeing the power of Christ rest upon her. A friend called to see her, and said, "You will miss your Sundays now." She replied, "O no; they are all Sundays to me." At another time, when rather low in her mind, after being supplied with all temporal comforts, her mother said, "You do not want anything more, my dear?" She replied, "Yes, I do; I want the Lord Jesus." One evening her mother said, "Must I bring a candle, as I want to leave you a little?" She replied, "O no, mother; I need no candle; the Lord is my Light and my Life. I often think of the poor Roman Catholics who burn candles in their worship. Not so with me; the Lord is my Light."

One time I called, and found her very much better, so that it seemed not unlikely she might recover. I looked at her and said, "You are much better?" But I cannot soon forget the expression of disappointment I saw in her countenance. The tear started in her eyes, her lips quivered, and she stammered out, "Yes, I am better in body, but not in mind." I said, "Are you disappointed then?" She moved her head, and evidently felt confused. I said, "You are like a ship that was about to reach a port and is driven back to toss upon the ocean a while longer." She said, "Yes, I am;" and she most certainly was troubled in spirit, thinking she should recover.

She was not long troubled, however, on this ground; for mortification set in, and soon brought the scene to a close. Her sufferings became fearful. Her groans were distressing to every one. At one time her agonies were such, that she said, "O I fear I shall lose my senses! What shall I do? what shall I do? Lord, help me to bear this!" This was the nearest approach to a murmur that escaped her lips. God gave her patience in tribulation.

The scene now became distressing indeed. There was no time for conversation. Only now and then a word, and again struggling with the pangs of agony, shooting its arrows nearer the vitals. When a moment's respite was given, the Lord Jesus was her theme. On one occasion her eye caught her mother's tears. She

instantly said, "O mother, do not cry; do not cry. I am going to Jesus, and you will soon come after me; yes, and William (her husband) too." Here her sufferings put a stop to her speech.

Death was evidently not far distant. She invited the inmates of the house to come that she might bid them a long farewell. When shaking hands with them, she said, "Good bye," with as much deliberation and composure as the distressing circumstances would admit.

At half-past one in the morning, Mrs. B. was sent for. On her entering the room, our dear afflicted sister lifted up her dying arms, and, with all the power of speech that remained, though suffering the most excruciating agony, she exclaimed, "Going home, going home! To Jesus! to *my* Jesus! to be with Jesus!" She attempted to speak many other words, and her dying countenance gleamed with holy anticipation; but the power of speech was gone. At half-past three, pain seemed to cease, and she lay motionless, till Death, "the Porter at the heavenly gate, let in the pilgrim."

She was baptized and joined the church on the first Lord's Day in August, 1850. By nature she was cheerful, gay, and indeed giddy; so much so, that when grace took hold of her, and she was first proposed to join the church, she was put back, that the friends might have an opportunity of observing if the work were real; and this they proved to be the case, as well from her outward deportment as from her spiritual conversation and the clear account which she was able to give of the Spirit's work in her soul. *Before*, her companions were the lightsome and the thoughtless; *now*, they were the sick and the poor. She seemed to be in her element when administering to the aged, the poor, the afflicted, and the dying; and I will say I do not know one in the circle of my acquaintance who delighted more in this work of faith and labour of love than she did. The poor amongst us have lost one who really cared for them. Her career in the divine life was short; but it seemed to me that her sun did not set in one really dark night from the time she first tasted the Lord's pardoning mercy, though she often felt the burden of sin.

A. B. TAYLOR.

The following letter was written by her to a friend, in July, 1851.

Dear Friend in the best of Bonds,—I have long been hoping to receive a letter from you, but I think I must be almost, if not quite forgotten. I hope that this may remind you that I am still in the land of the living; and if you think us worth a few lines, they will be most willingly received and be very acceptable. Let us know how you fare in this wilderness, for such it truly is; but, blessed be God, there does remain a rest for his people, and it is a mercy at times to believe we are of that number. But O what doubts, fears, and misgivings are we the subjects of! at least I find it so, and sometimes wonder where the scene will end. What should we do if it were not for an unchanging God, a God that rests in his love? I can feelingly say with dear Hart:

“ If ever it could come to pass,
That sheep of Christ might fall away,
My fickle, feeble soul, alas !
Would fall a thousand times a day ;
Were not thy love as firm as free,
Thou soon wouldst take it, Lord, from me.”

My dear friend, I have been poorly for some weeks, and very low-spirited, feeling sin indeed to be exceeding sinful, as though I am nothing else but sin, and ready to cry out, “ Can ever God dwell here ? ” not able either to pray or read ; and I can tell you it is not very palatable to flesh ; no,

“ The flesh dislikes the way,
But faith approves it well.”

But I cannot give up what I have felt in times past. Still an unchanging God is my stay. But I want to feel more love, more union, and more sweet communion with him, and fellowship with his sufferings. I had last night a little lift by the way at chapel. Mr. T. preached from these words, “ Come, and let us reason together,” &c. ; and he did indeed get where I had been for many weeks. I felt it good to be there.

“ But ah ! when these short visits end,
Though not quite left alone,
I miss the presence of my Friend,
Like one whose comfort's gone ! ”

I would indeed desire an interest in your prayers, and trust that you may be favoured with much of the dear Master's presence, both in the pulpit and out of it. May you indeed have many seals to your ministry, and souls for your hire. I have great reason to be thankful for your coming to Manchester, and should we never meet again, you will never be forgotten by me.

Cheetham, July 26th, 1851.

REVIEW.

A Brief Account of the Rich Display of God's Grace, Mercy, and Love, in the Life and Conversion of James Lewis, of Chichester, Sussex ; with a Preface and Account of his Death, by James Hallett.

In the visible church there are three distinct classes of professors. There are those of whom we have no doubt they are right ; there are those of whom we have no doubt they are wrong ; and there are those of whom we have a doubt whether they are right or wrong. In the first, grace shines conspicuously ; in the second, grace does not appear at all ; in the third, if grace sometimes seem to appear, it is at others so shaded and obscured that its very existence becomes a matter of question.

As the present is but an image and reflection of the past, these three classes have existed in all ages of the church. David, Absalom, and the old prophet in Bethel (1 Kings xiii. 11) in the Old,—Peter, Simon Magus, and Nicodemus in the New Testament, might perhaps

be adduced as instances of these three classes. To find living types we need not go far. Well nigh every congregation where the truth of God is preached, believed, and loved, will furnish examples. Nay, in a closer compass still, in the very same man, the very same heart, may all these be found; for when grace and mercy prevail, all is known to be right; when sin and nature prevail, all is felt to be wrong; and when grace and nature by turns prevail, it is sometimes a matter of doubt whether all is right or wrong.

In the first of these three classes was James Lewis, late of Chichester, whose life and conversion are recorded in the little book at the head of this article. It is nearly ten years since we were in his company; but his conversation made a deep and lasting impression on our mind, and we felt then, as we feel now, that no one who knew what grace was could converse with him on the things of God without being convinced he was a favoured partaker of it. Without anything austere or sanctimonious in his language and demeanour, there was a peculiar weight and power in his manner and conversation—what we might almost call a heavenly seriousness, a solemnity and a savour, without any cant or assumption, which at once proclaimed, “Here is a man taught and blessed of God.” Something of this subdued and chastened manner, poles asunder from that levity and frivolity which seem the very life and breath of many in a profession, was probably owing to his heavy trials; for he was a man much afflicted in body, suffering under frequent fits of spasmodic asthma, during which his struggles for breath were most agonising, as if life and death trembled in the balance, and producing as its result a constant laborious breathing, at times painful to witness.

In the memoir before us he thus speaks of his bodily affliction:

“The dear Lord saw fit, shortly after I was awakened, to bring upon me a most trying and severe affliction of body, as related in the former part of this, my poor narrative, ‘a spasmodic asthma.’ At first I tried almost every means that could be devised or thought of by physicians, surgeons, and others, but to no purpose whatever. All medicines and every refuge seemed to fail, and instead of getting better, like the poor dear woman with the bloody issue, I grew worse and worse. Many pounds were spent for advice, but all means resorted to but seemed in vain. It was laid upon me by God himself, and not all the world could possibly remove it. I betook myself to prayer, and sought the good and great Physician’s care, skill, and attention; and truly at times I did feel persuaded he would heal me of my complaint. I found freedom of access with him, and pleaded so earnestly and fervently that I verily thought it would be done; but one day this passage came to my mind with some degree of weight, which arrested my attention, “Be still, and know that I am God;” and afterward this one, “What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter;” and from that time, for many years, I dare not ask the Lord to remove it from me, knowing that he has so often blessed and sanctified the affliction to my soul, that I have been constrained to bless him for laying it on me; for O in how many instances has he shown me that were it not for this very affliction, where I should run to, and what things I should indulge in, &c. As Hart says:

‘Affliction makes us see
What else would scape our sight;
How very foul and dim are we,
And God how pure and bright.

The punish'd child repents,
The parent's bowels move;
The offended father soon relents,
And turns with double love.

To which I can and do set my seal to the truth of, for sure I am the Lord does nothing in vain. He is infinite in wisdom, and boundless in mercy, and has caused this very thing many times to work for my soul's profit and good, and his own glory."

Another allusion which he makes to his bodily affliction strikes us as very much to the purpose:

"I know full well that many of the Lord's dear children have been, and still are, deeply and sharply exercised in a way of providence, not knowing where to get the next meal, and in this way they have been led on for many years; but, with regard to myself, I dare not say it has been so with me; the Lord has never exercised my mind in this way, having ever supplied my returning wants in providence. But then I have generally observed that, with regard to the former, they have been blessed with a great share of bodily health and strength, which is indeed a great blessing; while myself and others have been severely afflicted in body, and that for many years. Then, what shall we say to these things, "but that the Lord is infinite in wisdom, and doeth all things well?" and must we not say that he has led us in a right way that he might bring us at last to a city of habitation?"

How true is this! and what an even balance is struck between man and man. A child of God, pressed down with poverty, sees a brother or sister favoured in the things of providence. His heart secretly envies them. He can scarcely believe they can have any temporal troubles when they have meat for dinner every day, and walk upon a carpet. But, besides family afflictions, these objects of his envy may have such frail tabernacles, such an aching head, or torpid liver, or racking face ache, or weak chest, or cross-grained stomach, or shattered nerves, or crippled limbs, or dizzy brain, or dejected spirits, that they, in their turn, are ready to envy the half-fed ploughman, with nerves and stomach as hard as iron, and a frame that knows not ache or pain, blow the wind north, south, east, or west, come hail or storm, summer's burning heat or winter's nipping cold. Had spasmodic asthma lain in his path, James Lewis would not have taken it up and laid it on his own shoulders as his abiding load, after the experience of the first fit. But God, his heavenly Father, Counsellor, and Friend, chose it for him, fastened it on his back with the cords of love, and made him carry it until he sank with it into the grave. Each man knows best his own burden, but those who have a weak tabernacle know well it is no slight one.

The Memoir before us is written by his own hand, and contains much that is truly experimental and interesting. It gives not only his experience, but also a sketch of his previous life, the most interesting part of which is his going out to, and residence in Jamaica for about two years, where he had some remarkable escapes of his life. We pass over, however, all this period of his history, and come to his call by grace, which he thus relates:

"It pleased the Lord to lay my dear mother on a bed of sickness, and, as we thought, it would have been for her end. My sister Linney, and my two brothers, Thomas and Charles, accompanied me to Midhurst, in order to take

our final leave of her in this life. We left our sister behind, who was a good and gracious God-fearing woman, and we three returned to Chichester; but just before we entered the city, my brother Thomas said, 'Now, boys, you know where we have just been, that we have taken our final leave of our dear mother, not supposing that we shall ever see her again alive in this world. I shall have you both go with me this evening to chapel, to hear Mr. Vinall, as he is going to preach at Providence Chapel; you would not think of going elsewhere to night?' My brother Charles said, 'Indeed you will not have me to accompany you to chapel,' and so said I; but as soon as the chaise reached the north gate of the city, my brother Thomas ordered the driver to stop, and we all three got out. Charles walked immediately up the street, but Thomas taking fast hold of my arm, said, 'James, you must go with me.' I know not how it was, but I was so struck I could not speak a word, although my heart went after the others. However, to chapel he led me, it being the first time they could, any of them, get me there, although I have many times gone with my sister Linney as far as the outer door of the chapel when she had been going to hear the word, but never before could they get me within the walls; this being, as I trust it will hereafter appear, the Lord's time; there being a set time in Scripture to favour Zion; yes, and a set time also to favour every individual member of Zion or Christ's mystic body.

"We were seated in the chapel, and shortly after Mr. Vinall, the dear minister of Christ, entered the pulpit. I do not remember his text, but during his discourse, he had been pointing out the real state and condition I was in as a sinner before God, the way I was going on, the sins I was committing, and then quoted this text in confirmation of what he had been stating: 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.' (Ecc. xi. 9!)

And looking me hard in the face, as I thought, said further, 'And I tell you from the word of God, that if you live and die in the state and condition you are now in, you will be damned, and that to all eternity.' My brother just at that moment touched my foot, as much as to say, 'James, do you hear that?' But I did not require any touch from him; my conscience bore witness to the truth; my sins were set in battle array before my eyes, and I felt sensible that such would indeed be my case, and that a separation between me and this world must take place, or I was lost for ever. I thought verily the place would have swallowed me up. But O the thought would again rush into my mind, What! separate yourself from your young companions? come out from among the whole of them, and that for ever? What? never join them again, but take up with a Methodistical life? O thought I, no, never, never can I do this.

"When we came out of the chapel, my brother perceiving the word had got fast hold of me, said, 'Come, James, you will go with me to Mr. Baxter's this evening, and take supper with them; Mr. Vinall will be there.' I replied, in an angry tone of voice, 'No, I will not go near the place; and had I known what would have taken place here this evening, I would not have been there for a thousand guineas,' such desperation and madness rose up in my breast against the Lord. And trying, if possible, to stifle my convictions, I left him in the chapel-yard, and made the best of my way to my lodgings, in a most wretched and deplorable condition, kicking, plunging, rebelling, and fighting against the Lord and his servant in my feelings, and calling myself a thousand fools for ever consenting to go; but before I reached home, my sins stared me in the face again, and, with deep convictions on my mind, I went into the house, and asked for a light, telling them I was going to bed. As soon as I reached my bedroom, I shut to the door, and fell on my knees, and cried most fervently to the Almighty for mercy. The mere form of prayer which I had been taught from my youth up did not so much as once enter my mind; but from my very heart, and from a deep feeling, sight, and sense, was led to cry to God for mercy, like the poor publican, whose prayer every way suited my then present state and condition."

The feelings of distress thus produced in his soul lasted some time. He thus describes the exercises of his mind:

"But to return. During this time my convictions for sin came on stronger than ever; the arrows of God stuck fast in me; guilt stared me continually in the face; the wrath of God was most keenly felt in my conscience; fearfulness and trembling laid hold of me, and, like the Psalmist and others before me, 'I found trouble and sorrow; then called I on the name of the Lord: O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.' I found also, that 'by the law is the knowledge of sin;' the law having entered my conscience in its spirituality, it wrought in me all manner of concupiscence, and stirred up in my heart enmity, hatred, rebellion, hard thoughts of God, and every evil work and abomination. The law being spiritual, but we carnal, sold under sin, it wrought the more powerfully, and brought me to my wit's end; I knew not what to do. I cried, prayed, and supplicated both night and day to God for mercy, when at home, abroad, in my office, (though secretly,) or in my bed; it mattered not where I was, or what I was doing, a continual cry went up from my heart to the Lord. I used to walk the fields by the hour, pouring out my soul in one incessant cry, nor could I ever cease until I was brought to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than the blood of Abel."

But the same instrument which was employed by the God of all grace to wound and kill was also used to heal and make alive. The account of his deliverance is rather long, but we can hardly omit any portion without marring it:

"I had been seeking the Lord about two years and a half. About a fortnight before Mr. Vinall came again to Chichester, which he constantly did once a month, I had a very unusual spirit of grace and supplication poured out upon me; I think I may say constantly was I seeking the Lord's face for a clear manifestation of his love and mercy to my soul, from which I seemed to gather a degree of assurance that, the next time the Lord's servant came amongst us, I should certainly obtain the blessing. And O how did I long for his coming! I was, no doubt, looking too much to man. The time arrived; I went to the chapel with great earnestness of soul, listened with all attention, crying for the blessing; and although the things which he advanced were every way descriptive of my feelings, state, and condition, yet I got nothing whatever satisfactory, but returned home with my pitcher empty. Well, thought I, but here is another night, and who can tell but what the blessing may be reserved till then. The next night came, and to chapel I went again, in full expectation; but, alas! all in vain, for there was nothing for me. O how did my heart fret against the Lord! I thought him a hard master, that I should be for ever shut out from his kingdom. The next morning, Mr. Vinall took his leave of us to go to Petworth, and I stood at the door looking at him as he rode up the street, till he turned the corner and was out of my sight. O, thought I, it will be another month before I shall hear him preach again; what shall I do, or how shall I contain myself? I went to my office, and wrote as well I was able, with a burdened mind and a heavy heart; but, after dinner, as I was sitting alone in my office, I took my little Bible out of my desk, and promiscuously opened it at the fourth chapter of the Gospel by Mark, where the Lord is speaking on the parable of the sower and the seed, and the meaning thereof. After reading the parable, I shut up the book, and went into an out-house, fell on my knees, and earnestly entreated the Almighty that he would be pleased to show me which of those characters I belonged to, that if I had been deceived in my religion he would show it me, as I wished to know the worst of it; but that if he had begun a good work of grace in me, he would be pleased to make it manifest, as my desire, above all things, was to know which of the characters I belonged to. I got off my knees, went into the office, and began writing, when shortly after a friend, who attended the chapel, came and looked through the window, and said he wished to speak a word with me. I went out to speak with him. He said, 'I wish very much to go to Petworth to hear Mr. Vinall preach this evening.' I replied, 'Yes, and so do I; there is nothing particular to prevent it; how shall we go? I feel too weak to walk so far, it being near fourteen miles.' He said, 'We will hire a horse and gig.' We did so, and reached Petworth just before the service commenced.

Mr. Vinall knew nothing whatever of our coming till he saw us sitting in the chapel. He took his text from the first chapter of James and 3rd verse: 'Knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience.' I said to myself, as soon as he had read his text, 'Well, there is nothing for me again this night; as for faith, I seem to know nothing about it; and as to the trying of faith, much less so.' However, he began his discourse by dividing it into three general heads, 1st, of faith, and what real faith was; 2nd, how we were to know whether we had this real faith; 3rd, of the trying of this faith working patience. He commenced with his first head, and continued speaking some time, when all of a sudden he made a long pause, and said, 'I know not, my friends, what the Lord is about to do this evening, but something I am quite certain, from the secret impulse I feel on my spirit, for I am constrained of necessity to leave my subject in hand, and to take up the parable of the sower and the seeds; and in doing which, I shall draw the line of distinction as close as the word of God will admit, that you may judge for yourself which of the characters you belong to.' I was instantly struck with astonishment and surprise; fearfulness and great trembling seized me in a moment; I knew it was for me; that the Lord had heard my prayer which I had before put up at Chichester, that he was about to answer it, by putting it into the heart of his dear servant to speak from the parable, and even to utter the same words which I had before made use of, namely, that I might know which of the characters I belonged to. I felt as satisfied as I was of my existence that, whichever way it was then decided, it would be so decided to all eternity. O my feelings were of that nature I cannot possibly now express them. I felt just as a poor criminal would, being placed before his judge on trial, and waiting to hear from the lips of the jury, 'Guilty,' then trembling to hear the sentence pronounced against him by the judge. He gave us first a description of the seed and of the sower, and how the seed was sown, and where it fell; some fell by the way side, and the fowls of the air came and devoured it up; some fell on stony ground, some fell among thorns, and other fell on good ground, and did yield fruit that sprang up and increased, &c. In giving a description of the three first characters, I could hold up a clear conscience that none of their feelings were anything like mine; but when he came to speak of the last, namely, of the seed being sown in an honest and good heart, and of the fruits and effects of the heart being thus made honest and upright before God, and of the soul travail, that would assuredly come upon the poor sinner; of the many fears, doubts, and misgivings of heart; and of the many ardent cries, groans, and supplications that would go up to the Lord from the heart both by night and by day, he traced out my feelings and the exercises of my soul for the whole two years and a half I had been seeking the Lord, better, yea, much better by far, than I could possibly have described them to any mortal creature; and the Lord was graciously pleased to open my ears to hear, and my heart to understand and to receive the truths that were then delivered by his servant, and sweetly, blessedly, and most powerfully to apply them home to my heart, so that I as sensibly felt the burden of sin removed—guilt, wrath, fear, misery, and bondage taken out of and from off my conscience—as sensibly as any poor creature literally would feel released by having a burden taken off his shoulders which he had long borne, and under which he was sinking and nearly exhausted. And this is but a faint representation or resemblance; peace flowed into my soul like a river, and love, praise, gratitude, and thanksgiving ascended up to the throne of grace; and the dear Lord, as if to complete the work, sent home this text with great power, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' An application of that atoning blood was applied to my heart; nay, I had the rich contents of the whole text in the sweet enjoyment thereof. After which, Mr. Vinall said, 'The work is now done; I will again resume my former subject;' but what was afterwards said I knew but little, being lost in wonder, love, and praise, and completely swallowed up with the unexpected, unthought of, undeserved electing and everlasting love of God in Christ Jesus."

We should be glad to extract more of his subsequent experience when the evils of his heart were opened to him, but as we have al-

ready somewhat exceeded our limits, we pass to his happy end, as related in the preface by his friend and brother, Mr. Hallett:

"As I had an engagement to preach at Chichester on the evening of the day he died, he said to Mrs. Lewis in the morning, 'I shall be deprived of the privilege of hearing Mr. H. to-night; but hope he will be enabled to preach to me after he returns from chapel.' He inquired during the morning if I was come, and being answered in the negative, said, 'I want to see him; send him up to me when he comes.' When I arrived, about noon, he was dosing; but upon going into his room afterwards, he said, (after he had asked after my health, and the welfare of my family and friends,) 'Is there not balm in Gilead? is there not a Physician there?' And then answering the question himself, said, 'There is balm in Gilead; there is a good Physician there.' He then said, 'The doctor has just been in to see me; he is very kind; but is a physician of no value in my case;' and then added, with a heavenly smile on his countenance, 'I know in whom I have believed, bless his precious name!' which were the last words he spoke, so as to be understood. From this time he sank most rapidly. About ten minutes before he died he moved his hand and placed it under his head, and in that position he breathed forth his spirit, without a groan or struggle, into the hand of his dear Redeemer, at a quarter before four o'clock in the afternoon of the 18th January, 1848. His happy spirit took its flight to realms of endless bliss, to dwell in the presence of his dear Lord and Saviour, in whose presence is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore."

POETRY.

THE SURETY.

Beloved of the Lord, Your gracious Sovereign own; In songs his grace record, And bow before his throne;	Deliver'd for our debts, Our Surety quits the score, Our souls at freedom sets Henceforth for evermore.
Declare his worth, exalt his name; With heart and voice his love proclaim.	Then swell the sweet immortal strain, "Worthy the Lamb that once was slain!"
Stretch'd on the cursed wood, Ye saints, your Saviour view! Down flows the crimson flood He freely shed for you.	His blood's a mighty sea, Where death itself is drown'd; And he shall ever be With highest honours crown'd.
That sacred stream your ransom pays, That precious blood demands your praise.	Laud his bless'd name, his glories tell, And louder still his praises swell.
Matfield Green.	R. S.

The reason why God does sometimes defer to answer the doubts and queries we stick at, and most desire to be resolved about, is not only to show his sovereignty, but to bring our hearts to a practical acknowledgment of it. Moses was very unwilling to go on this message to Pharaoh; many objections he had to put it by; whereas the danger he might be in for killing the Egyptian was the bottom objection, though he speaks it not out. Indeed, the men who sought his life were now dead, which if he had known before, all those excuses had probably been spared; but the Lord was pleased to conceal it from him until he had brought him to a full compliance with his will, and then reveals it to him unasked. (Exod. iii. 11, and iv. 10, 13, 19.) So, likewise, he would not take his hand from Job until he had well learned him this lesson. (Job xlii. 2, &c.)—*Coles.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

“Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.”—Matt. v. 6.

“Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.”—2 Tim. i. 9.

“The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded.”—Rom. xi. 7.

“If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water; both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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VOL. XVIII.

THE SAINT'S REAL SERVICE, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE HOLY GHOST.

BY JOHN RUSK.

(Concluded from page 179.)

Having dwelt largely on the service of a real saint, let us now take notice,

III. Why it says “any man,” and show that this service is *confined to God's elect*. 1. What is *not* meant by it, and 2. what *is*. We will then make a few remarks how such are honoured, and what that honour is; and so conclude.

In the first place, then, by *any man* I do not understand that any man has a free will to serve Christ or let it alone. By no means; this is plain from the Scriptures of truth: “Son, go work to-day in my vineyard. I will not, and yet he went.” But, secondly, it means this: As though God should say, “When I convince you of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, you will appear so vile, so filthy, and so loathsome in your own eyes, that you will be the last that will think you ever will be honoured of me, and will find it a hard matter to settle it in your own mind; but as you are to cleanse your way by taking heed thereto according to my word, I will lay down various marks of real service, and my Spirit shall enlighten you, not only by shining in my word, but also on the good work within; for ‘he shall guide you into all truth;’ and as all that fear my name are alike to me, for I am no respecter of persons, therefore, if you can in the course of your experience find out that either in a greater or less degree, under the influence of my Spirit, you are serving me, I say, if this is the case, (for I am sure you cannot serve me without I work in you to will and to do of my own good pleasure,) then *any such man* that serves me, him will my Father honour.” It is plain that by nature we hate his service; and it is also plain that

all are not to be honoured; for we read of some being to dishonour, and that some shall awake to shame and everlasting contempt. Therefore do not fret, murmur, and complain, fearing you are not of the number of those that will be honoured, but see if you can come up to some or all of the evidences of real service; and if you are enabled so to do, you shall be honoured agreeably to the text: "If any man serve me, him will my Father honour."

IV. I come now to treat of the *honour* of this servaht, which I shall show you in six particulars. Now take the honours that I shall mention.

1. Literally, then, it is to be a *king* or a *prince*, and in heaven there is this song sung: "To him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God," &c. And with respect to princes: "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, even the princes of his people." But, say you, does this branch of honour attend the service you have mentioned? Yes. I told you we were to have grace to serve him acceptably, which grace is to reign through righteousness unto *eternal life*; and these kings sing that they shall live *for ever and ever*, so that their life must be eternal. Now this is one branch of our honour. And the *honour* of the saints' reign will be over devils. This text will have its accomplishment in the highest sense: "I will give you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy." It is true, we have it now in a measure, but we have cause to say with that man of God, Hart, in the preface to his hymns, "that they are too strong for us." The *glory* of this reign will be in our being with God, Father, Son, and Spirit. It is said, "The pure in heart shall see God;" "The Lamb also shall lead us to fountains of living water, and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes." There will be no more pain, sorrow, nor sighing, but we shall be filled with the love of God; and as sitting implies victory, which you may see in David when he sat in his house and had rest from his enemies, so we are to sit down with Jesus on his throne, being overcomers. Our ideas of these things are very weak, for we now know but in part, but then we shall know as we are known.

2. Another branch of honour literally is to *sit in judgment*; as you may see in Job, where he tells you he sat in chief, and after his word they spake not again. But how much higher honour shall we have, think you, to judge devils, or fallen angels? This you have by Paul: "Know ye not that the saints shall judge angels?" and you have it more fully in Psalm cxlix: "Let the saints be joyful in glory; let them sing aloud on their beds; let the high praises of God be in their mouth and a two-edged sword in their hand; to execute vengeance on the heathen and punishments on the people; to bind their kings with chains and their nobles with fetters of iron, to execute upon them the judgment written; (and then comes the honour;) this honour have all his saints. Praise ye the Lord." Thus

you see they will reign as kings, and judge heathens and people of every description—kings, nobles, princes, fallen angels, &c.; which honour is for all the saints, from the least to the greatest. This is the second branch of honour.

3. Another branch of honour is *Christ's telling all the human race* that we are the objects of God's choice from everlasting: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world." We shall no longer sow and another reap, no longer build and another plant; but shall long enjoy the work of our hands; and thus being predestinated to the adoption of children is called honour. (Rom. ix. 21.)

4. *Marriage*, Paul says, is honourable to all. This is literally; but what think you of being married to Christ Jesus? This was typified when God brought Eve to Adam; and Paul is plain upon it: "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave to his wife." (Is that all? No.) "This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and the church." "Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb." And after this they have the full enjoyment. See the parable of the ten virgins: "And they that were ready went in with him to the marriage chamber, and the door was shut." This readiness is having on the righteousness of Christ: "The marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready; and to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white;" and you know I told you we were to serve him in holiness and righteousness; and after thus serving him here, this marriage will be honourable for all that are thus ready.

5. It is an honourable thing to be rich literally. It is generally coupled with honour; as God says to Solomon, "Thou hast not asked riches and honour." It is true, while on earth we are esteemed the offscouring of all things; and it must be so, for God says, "I will leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people;" but we read of *aurable riches* and righteousness, and the unsearchable riches of Christ. Gold, you know, is very valuable, and we are to stand at his right hand in gold of Ophir and in raiment of needlework; and as rich people are not hard put to it, nor in want for anything literally, so we shall have everything; clothing, Christ's righteousness; food, the bread of heaven; drink, fountains of living waters; rest, in their beds; peace, which passeth knowledge; joy, the joy of their Lord; and they will possess a kingdom for ever and ever, ever and ever.

6. But I proceed to the sixth and last branch of honour, which is, *our inheritance*; and you may take it all in one text: "Heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ Jesus." We are heirs of promise, but every such promise is *Ye and Amen* in Christ. Here the promise will be fulfilled. We are heirs of salvation, but we are saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation. Everlasting shows its duration, or rather that it will never end. We are heirs of the grace of life, but this life is in the Son, and here are, as before observed, fountains of living water. We are heirs of righteousness, but it is the Lord

our righteousness; and we, being righteous, are to shine as the sun in the glory of our Father's kingdom for ever and ever. We are heirs of the kingdom, and he is the King, and we are to possess it for ever and ever. We are heirs of glory, and the Lord is to be our everlasting light, our God, and our glory; and our sun shall no more go down.

Thus God fulfils his promise agreeably to the text: "If any man serve me, him will my Father honour."

And now I have gone through the subject; but let me drop a few things to you.

1. Remember this, service is *before* the honour; therefore, if you have a taste of these things here, do not expect a smooth path. Remember that tribulation comes first and entering the kingdom follows. 2. This is called the Christian warfare. Do not dream, therefore, of a cessation of arms till death, for it is there the wearied are to rest. 3. Do not expect this world's wealth. Christ, as a Servant, was poorer than we are, but now, as a Son, he has ascended far above all heavens. Finally. Remember the promise is, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Plead the promise and wait for its fulfilment; for he that waits on his Master shall be honoured.

Nov. 12th, 1808.

JOHN RUSK.

"WHO IS A GOD LIKE UNTO OUR GOD?"

Dear Brother in the Lord and Fellow-Traveler in the Path of Tribulation,—You may wonder at my writing to you, but, to tell you the truth, I feel I cannot help it, for the Lord has abundantly blessed my soul with a sense of his goodness, his matchless loving-kindness and tender mercy, his everlasting, electing, redeeming grace, his dying love, and his pardoning mercy. O how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me! "Crown his everlasting name," my soul would say, "and let honour and majesty rest upon his precious head."

My brother may wish to know how I came by these feelings. Well, I will try and tell you. On Saturday night, I was grieving in my mind over the feelings of the past week, how much like the world I was, how dead to divine things and lifeless and cold I felt to be, and then how should I spend the approaching Lord's Day, being so far from home, and not knowing where to go to hear anything like the truth preached, so that I could say my soul was exceeding sorrowful, and my heart was overwhelmed within me. When I went to bed I was constrained to cry to the Lord to direct me and lead my mind where he thought best, and not to leave me to myself, but if the truth were preached anywhere near, that he would lead my mind there. Well, as I awoke in the morning, thinking what to do or how to act, it seemed to be impressed on my mind to go to S—, as I had heard that there was a Baptist minister there who preached a measure of truth. I thought I would go and hear if there were anything for me; so off I started. When I reached the town, I

went to a friend's house, who received me very kindly, and went to chapel with me, although I had not seen him but once before. Well, I heard the word, but nothing did I receive there. I returned with my friend to his house; and, after dinner, taking up the "Standard," he read that piece, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me;" and never shall I forget the sweet melting of soul that I felt in hearing that blessed experience of one of the Lord's children. How my soul was knit to her! I was for some time speechless; but as soon as the Lord had a little withdrawn himself, I was constrained to say, these words being so sweetly blessed to my soul, "Who is a God like unto our God, that pardoneth iniquity, transgression, and sin?" O how this thrilled in my soul again and again, "Who is a God like unto our God?" &c. I could weep to the praise of the mercy I found; and as she said so I could say, that my desire was to

"Tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I had found;
To point to his redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God."

My dear brother, I feel that the way to God is a mysterious way, a way that my flesh does not like, only while I am feasting on his dying blood and pardoning love. Then I can say,

"Choose thou the way, but still lead on."

It is then that I am enabled to mount up on the wings of faith to behold King Jesus sitting at the right hand of God the Father interceding for me, and to believe that my name is engraved upon the palms of his hands; and I am enabled to believe that I am clothed with that blessed garment of righteousness which he has wrought out for all his dear elect.

But as the candle is almost burnt out and the clock nearly on eleven, I now conclude, with my love to Mrs. —, and inquiring friends. Give my love to my wife and little ones, and tell her, God willing, I shall be home on Saturday. Accept of my kind love yourself, and that the Lord may bless you is the desire of,

Your unworthy Brother,

H—, April 5th, 1852.

J. H.

But when I had been long vexed with this fear, and was scarce able to take one step more, just about the same place where I received my other encouragement, these words broke in upon my mind, "Compel them to come in, that my house may be filled;" "And yet there is room." (Luke xiv. 23, 22.) These words, but especially those, "and yet there is room," were sweet words to me, for truly by them I saw there was place enough in heaven for me; and moreover, that when the Lord Jesus did speak these words, he then did think of *me*; and that he, knowing that the time would come that I should be afflicted with fear that there was no place left for me in his bosom, did before speak this word, and leave it upon record, that I might find help thereby against this vile temptation.

—*Bunyan's Grace Abounding.*

A LETTER BY JOHN BERRIDGE.

My dear Friend,—Your letter was a fortnight in travelling to me, partly occasioned by its tarrying five days at the Tabernacle, when I was at Tottenham, and I concluded you had left Hardwick or would leave it before a letter could reach you there.

I was ill in London most part of the time with a cough and a cold, and very unfit for a London pulpit, though not disabled from preaching. I find the latter works of a Christian are chiefly furnace-work, out of one fire into another; and when we think the present fire too hot, the way of making us think it a cool one, is by plunging us into a hotter. I pray for patience often, and should be glad to have a bushel of it, but do not like the way in which it is given. God uses means to accomplish his ends; and "tribulation" is the means appointed "to work patience;" but I am not very fond of such means. My old Esau raises outcries at them, and says if he must learn patience he should like to learn it in his sleep, without the bustle of a tribulation. Yet, however unpleasing a furnace is, I find but little growth out of it; and the little I have gained has been out of the fire. Activity in well doing is a glorious thing, but patient sufferance in well-doing exceeds it. And no man knows much of himself till his locks have well blazed and his bones have much crackled in a furnace. Young cocks crow lustily and swagger among the poultry, till they have been thrown at and soundly banged on Shrove Tuesday;* then they come home meek enough, and are glad to hide their head in a henroost. I cannot judge of a Christian soldier from his big words, and fierce look, and tall musket, but from his being able to stand fire; nor do I heed his hopping, or kicking, or barking, or bawling in the furnace. If he can but keep in it, he is fairly listed; and Jesus will drill him and teach him his exercise at length.

As I know something of itinerant troubles, I can sympathise with you, and believe when a retreat is really wanted it will be given. But take heed that your heart be not set upon it; else your bed even there will be quilted with thorns. A gourd is a useful thing for the head, but when made a revelling place, it will soon breed a worm at the root. Earthly comforts, like roses, grow on a brier and appear sweeter in the prospect than the enjoyment.

If you come into Essex this summer, I shall expect a visit at Everton, and a week or a fortnight's itineration in Cambridge. Be not discouraged at your trials. Jesus will help you out and help you through.

I send you my heart's love. Grace and peace be with you, my dear friend, and with

Your very affectionate Servant,

Everton, April 26th, 1776.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

* Berridge alludes here to a barbarous custom, now happily gone out of use, of tying up barn-door cocks to a pole on Shrove Tuesday and throwing at them with sticks.

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. GADSBY.

My dear Friend,—I received yours this day, and hasten to reply, in order that there may be no mistake.

I shall be glad to see you at Ely and Downham, and to go with you on Friday; but I cannot preach on the Friday night, as my age and infirmities will not allow me to preach more than I have engaged to do, viz., at Godmanchester on Tuesday, at Ely on Wednesday, and at Downham on Thursday, and then twice on the Lord's Day at Lakenheath. You must fix which parts of the Lord's Day, but I cannot preach more than twice. And as it respects the next week, I can make no promise at present. If I should receive an invitation from a friend who wrote last year from near Norwich, or Bury, (and really I forget which, and I cannot find the letter, but if I receive one this year in time,) I think of going there the Tuesday and Wednesday after I have been the Lord's Day with you, and to Cambridge on the Thursday; but if I do not go to Norwich nor Bury, then I can stop one night with you; that is, if the Lord is graciously pleased to give me strength of body and mind; but if I stop with you, it will be time enough to give notice on the Lord's Day.

I was sorry to hear of the death of our friend T—, but our loss is her gain. With her all is well, and she will never be in darkness again. It is a mercy that the family of God have a glorious house to go to when they have done with this wilderness. Paul says, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ we are of all men most miserable;" and sure I am that it is the case; for the devil, hell, and sin do not plague other people as they do the people of God; and what with these plagues and the hidings of God's countenance, with guilt and wrath felt in the soul, we should sink never to rise again if we had not now and then a blessed lift by the way, and hope to come.

Well, my friend, a few more trials and all will be well, fully and eternally well. The God of peace be with you and bless you indeed. I believe the Lord has been gracious to bring Mr. — to his right mind again, and make him ashamed of his wanderings; but more of this when I see you. We are poor worms at best, and need supporting every moment.

Give my love to your spouse, to Mrs. —, and all friends; and tell Mrs. — that it really was her own fault that I did not call to see her, for, I thought she did not want to see me, and I do not wish to go where I am not wanted, if I know it.

The Lord be with and bless you all. Yours in the Lord,

Manchester, March 7th, 1840.

W. GADSBY.

A good deal of the trouble of God's people arises from a mistake and misapprehension of God; they judge of God by their sense, not by his promise; by their own frame, and not by his constant nature.—*John Mason.*

“WHAT SHALL I RENDER UNTO THE LORD FOR
ALL HIS BENEFITS TOWARDS ME?”

Dear Friend,—I drop you a line or two saying that, through mercy, I got safe home, and found my family and friends all well and glad to see me; but many professors in the town were much disappointed at my coming back, for I understand they have had hopes when I have gone a journey that I should break my neck and so get rid of me out of the town. But, blessed be my God, he keeps me honest to his truth, standing upon Zion's walls, and giving the trumpet a certain sound, whether they will bear or forbear. I have nothing to do with that. The Lord will see to that himself.

My friend, it is an awful day, and it is my earnest cry to God that he will keep me honest, that I may ever preach the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; for sure I am that nothing else will stand the test at the trying day, when all things shall be laid open before angels, men, and devils. What a blessed thing it will be then for the church of God to hear the blessed voice of the Lord, “Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.” No tribulation, sorrow, nor grief, neither from the world, the flesh, nor the devil; but an eternal rest of happy felicity in the presence of our God for ever and ever. O my friend, what an infinite mercy if you and I are of those who are saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation, never to be confounded world without end!

I had a precious interview with my dear Lord last week, and though I have had some heavy storms since I saw you, yet, when the Lord came, all was hushed up in a calm in a moment. He embraced me in his arms of everlasting love and mercy, smiled, and said, “I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. I have delivered thee in six troubles, and in the seventh I will not leave thee.” He kindly showed me all the way he had led me for above twenty years in the wilderness, and I can assure you there was not one thing that I would have altered for all that the world calls good or great. I could but admire to see his infinite wisdom. Every trial, affliction, cross, and loss was so well fitted in every place that there was not one too many. And O what a precious view I had of his infinite love, power, justice, mercy, and kindness to unworthy me, notwithstanding all my dreadful rebellion against him. It so melted my poor soul that I could not help bursting forth into a song of praise, “What shall I render unto the Lord, for all his benefits towards me, poor me, unworthy me, rebellious me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord, now in the presence of all his people.” O my friend, what is to be compared with communion with God? All other things vanish into nothing. Herein is all the rest; peace, joy, strength, beauty, life, and fulness that ever my soul desires. I in God and God in me; and thus our dear Lord declares, “I in them and thou in me, that we may be perfect in one.” And sure I am that this is the very essence of real religion. O this blessed union, to be one

with Christ! To see him, feel him, be like him, and enjoy him as our God and Saviour. When this is the case, is it any wonder that the soul breaks out in holy raptures of love in a song of praise?

“Hail, sacred union, firm and strong;
How great the grace, how sweet the song,
That worms of earth should ever be
One with incarnate Deity.

“One in the tomb, one when he rose;
One when he triumph'd o'er his foes;
One when in heaven he took his seat,
While angels sang all hell's defeat.

“Blest be the wisdom and the grace,
The eternal love and faithfulness
That's in the gospel scheme reveal'd,
And is by God the Spirit seal'd.”

But I must conclude. I hope the Lord is with you and your dear wife, and all friends. I can say you are much on my mind at the throne of grace, and I hope, my friend, that God will keep you from being over anxious about the world. The Lord keep you from the evil that is in the world, and with a tender conscience, and his fear before your eyes in all things. I hope Mrs. W. is well and enjoying the best things. Give my love to friend S., and may the God of all grace be with him; for his welfare, I can truly say, lies near my heart.

Troybridge, June 4th, 1822.

J. WARBURTON.

The Scripture speaks often of iron-sinewed necks and brazen brows; and of men's being in their blood when the Lord said they should live; as also that God loved Jacob before he had done any good thing; and that the saints love God because he loved them first; but nowhere of foreseen faith and holiness as the cause and ground of God's love to men.—*Elisha Coles.*

As the heart is unsearchable, so it is deceitful. It is deceitful above all things, incomparably so. There is great deceit in the dealings of men in the world, great in their counsels and contrivances in reference to their affairs private and public; great deceit in their words and actings; the world is full of deceit and fraud. But all this is nothing to the deceit that is in man's heart towards himself, for that is the meaning of the expression in this place, and not towards others. Now incomparable deceitfulness, added to unsearchableness, gives a great addition and increase of strength to the law of sin, upon the account of its seat and subject. I speak not yet of the deceitfulness of sin itself, but the deceitfulness of the heart where it is seated. (Prov. xxvi. 25.) There are seven abominations in the heart; that is, not only many, but an absolute complete number, as seven denotes; and they are such abominations as consist in deceitfulness; so the foregoing caution insinuates, trust him not; for it is only deceit that should make us not to trust in that degree and measure which the object is capable of.—*Owen.*

THE FLESH AND THE SPIRIT.

(Continued from page 185.)

II. Now I come to consider a little about the second birth that is here mentioned; for certain it is that every human being is partaker of this birth of which I have treated, but all are not partakers of the birth about which I now intend to speak. All come into the world "born of a woman," (Job xiv. 1,) but few leave it "born of God." (John i. 13.) Now this second birth is called being "born again," (John iii. 3,) because it is an operation wrought upon the soul after the first natural birth has taken place. And in the margin it reads, "Except a man be born *from above*," because "every good gift, and every perfect gift is *from above*;" (James i. 17;) and this is one of those good and perfect gifts. It is also called being "born of God," (John i. 13,) because it is he only that can generate this birth; it is by his power alone that this seed from above can germinate into spiritual life, and the new man be born. In our text it is called being "born of the Spirit," because the influence is spiritual, and wrought on us by the Holy Spirit, who is truly and properly God. Putting, therefore, all these things together, we understand that this is a second birth, of a spiritual nature, generated from heaven by God the Holy Ghost, and this which he generates the text calls "spirit."

This new and second birth is irrespective of the creature altogether. Many moral, respectable, and, in a worldly sense, honourable and honest men are passed by, and never become partakers of this blessing; while harlots, thieves, adulterers, drunkards, swearers, and murderers come in for the blessing, as 1 Cor. vi. 9—11, and many other passages show. In fact, the history of the whole Bible, and our own observation (if we have but half an eye) establish the fact beyond all dispute. Thus Rahab and Magdalene the harlots, David the adulterer and murderer, the thief at the side of the Saviour, Saul the Damascus persecutor, Matthew the publican, were all picked out by sovereign grace to be the happy recipients of this precious blessing; while men of talent, honour, learning, genius, and morality were left to fill up their iniquity, thus fulfilling the ancient words of the prophet, "I am sought of them that asked not for me; I am found of them that sought me not; I said, Behold me, behold me, unto a nation that was not called by my name." (Isa. lxxv. 1.) This mode of proceeding the Lord chooses in order that his grace may have all the glory. He will not permit himself to be robbed by worldly wisdom or fleshly pride, but delights in working upon the hardest stone, in order that the skill of the sculptor may be better seen, and his wisdom, strength, and grace more appreciated. This, however, I do not speak to exclude the few others which sovereign grace takes in hand. "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 which

are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; *that no flesh should glory in his presence.*" (1 Cor. i. 26—29.)

When God sees fit to generate this spiritual birth in the heart of any sinner, he at the appointed moment drops into that soul the seed of his grace, which grace in the singular I understand to mean all the graces of the Spirit,—faith, hope, patience, humility, submission; the fear of God, &c.; and however hid they may remain, and however long, it only requires the breezes of the Spirit to draw any one or all of them into full operation; for I cannot understand this new creation to be anything short of the *perfect* new creature, though in embryo; so far as experience is concerned, but perfect in the sight of God. God's work is said to be "perfect," (Deut. xxxii. 4,) and he never does anything by halves, but completes the whole with a word, and never adds or subtracts therefrom in substance. Hence it is said of him, "I know that whatsoever God doeth, he doeth for ever; *nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it.*" (Eccles. iii. 14.) From the moment that saving grace takes possession of any soul, that soul becomes the garden of God, and it only requires that he should blow upon it for his spices to flow out. It is said "the law (or doctrine) of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul. (Ps. xix. 7.) But if God only implant some of his graces, it would only be partly converting the soul, and the law, or doctrine, of God could not, therefore, be perfect, as it is said to be. Besides, were not Peter, Matthew, Paul, John, and many others wholly converted to God at once? Was not every grace drawn out of their soul afterwards by the Spirit of God? And if so, must it not all have been implanted there at conversion? If this second birth was not complete in itself, should we not hear of another conversion, another restoration, and a *third* birth? But no, this is not so; the grace of life contains every other grace in its loins. The life of God in the soul gives birth to faith, hope, charity, humility, patience, godly fear, and every other grace. And this the Scripture, and my heart too, prove to a demonstration; for if any grace does not proceed from life, it is consequently a dead grace, and of no avail with God; but we read of *living* faith, a *lively* hope, and the fear of God the beginning of *life*, &c.

This birth is effected by the application of the word of God to the soul. Hence Peter says, "Being born again," (here is the birth,) "not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, *by the word of God*, which liveth and abideth for ever." (1 Pet. i. 23.) The word of God here is said to be the seed which generates this new birth. But this does not mean the letter of the word only, for this is preached to thousands to whom it is a saviour of death unto death, but it is the spiritual influence that attends it to the hearts of those who receive it. Hence it is said that it is "the Spirit that quickeneth," (John vi. 23,) not the bare words. And so the Lord would have us understand when he continues, "The words that I speak unto you they are spirit, and they are life." I have known passages

of Scripture, which I have read over and over again till I have known them like a school-boy does his lesson, repeating them with no more spiritual feeling than a cockatoo; but when afterwards the Lord has spoken the passage to my soul, divine power and spiritual influence attended it, captivating the affections, and holding the mind to its spiritual and all-conquering power. I therefore believe it is the spiritual influence which the sovereign Lord communicates with his word that sows the seed in the heart.

Now the seed is said to be incorruptible, and therefore where it is once sown it will never corrupt. Some try to make out that after one has received this good seed in his heart, it may die away, and he be lost after all; but this is not so; for the Apostle says, that wherever it is sown it "liveth and abideth for ever." And Christ himself, alluding to the life which this seed imparts, calls it "eternal life." (John x. 28.) But if it can fade away and die it cannot be eternal, nor can it be said to live and abide for ever, as Peter declares that it does. Besides, this life in the body of Christ cannot die, unless the supply give out; for Christ declares that because he lives we shall live also. Therefore all those who declare that our spiritual life may essentially fade away and die, offer an awful insult and horrible blasphemy to Christ, by practically declaring him incapable and unable to supply life to his members, inasmuch as he has virtually declared that exhaustion in him can be the only cause of the springs drying up in his members.

But now to the point. This spiritual birth of the new man is said to be "created in righteousness and true holiness." (Eph. iv. 24.) And of necessity this must be so, for none can generate other than its own species. A man generates a man; an animal generates its like, and so on. So too, with reverence I speak it, God cannot but generate that which is like himself. His children therefore are said to be "partakers of the *divine nature*;" (2 Pet. i. 4;) and this, being generated in righteousness and true holiness, soars above all sin, lust, and evil, delighting in that which is only good. This new man, being "born of God," the apostle says "doth not commit sin," for the spiritual "seed *remaineth* in him; and he cannot sin, because he is born of God." (1 John iii. 9.) Hence all those longings, breathings, and aspirings after the Lord have no sin in them, though sin may sometimes mix with them, our old man being in our very nature; but the whole spiritual exercises of the soul after God and godliness, as they are from this spiritual life and influence, are free from sin; they cannot become tainted by the fruits of the flesh being mixed with them,* for they are the fruit of the Spirit in us, and are those spices and that fruit which are acceptable to Christ. The Spirit blows on the garden of the soul, and draws these out: "Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south, blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my Beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits." To this Christ soon responds, and delights in it: "I am come into my garden, my sis-

* I hope I shall not be misunderstood here.

ter, my spouse. I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk." (Song iv. 16; v. 1.)

Now the apostle Paul says that "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, *against such there is no law.*" (Gal. v. 22, 23.) And if no law, there is no transgression and no sin, for the law of God is against all that is sinful and evil, for John says, "Whosoever committeth sin transgresseth the law, for sin is the transgression of the law;" (1 John iii. 4;) and, consequently, the law not being against these fruits of the Spirit in us, it proves that there is not one particle of sin in them, for if there were, it would leaven the whole lump; for transgression in one point brings us in guilty of all. (James ii. 10.)

When God therefore sows this spiritual seed in any heart, that seed is holy, and will more or less show itself in love to the Lord, his will, his truth, and ways. Every movement of it is Godward, every desire is heavenward; the whole affections are godly, and the heart is set on things above. This seed is the new man of grace, and the new man is destined to live for ever, for it is said to be "not corruptible but incorruptible," and that "it liveth and abideth for ever."

Here then stands the man, the subject of two natures; born of the flesh, and consequently the subject of the old man of sin; and also born of the Spirit, and consequently the subject of the new man of grace. These two natures have different objects, different aims, different ends, different desires, and different pursuits. Each one seeks its own object, and tries to attain its own ends. Hence there often comes a warfare between the two, which is trying to the soul: "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." (Gal. v. 17.) Neither side will give up, but each persists in holding the soul fast, captive to its will; and none but those that feel it know the terror that oftentimes betakes the soul in this warfare, for it is backed up on both sides by invisible hands, the Lord undertaking to strengthen the new man, and give him the victory, while Satan strives his utmost to strengthen the old man of sin against this new invader of his kingdom.

Now this warfare is carried on within the breast of the child of God, but all is controlled by the Lord to the furtherance of his cause with us. Sometimes in this battle the flesh seems to overcome, and the new man of grace seems hidden from the view of the soul. Satan draws a veil across the understanding, blindfolds the spiritual eyes, and benumbs the feelings, so that the man can see and feel nothing but the vileness of his own flesh, and the boiling up of all his lusts and abominations. Satan seems to carry the day, and the flesh appears to conquer; but this shall not be so, for still "grace shall reign," whatever opposes it; and, strange as it may appear to the misgiving soul, the flesh cannot hold him captive, for grace begins to bubble up in the heart. A little out-pouring of the spirit of

grace and supplication begins to crumble the soul, and life again springs up in the breast. His life does not depend upon himself, nor is the new man of grace controlled by or subject to his own disposal. Hence Paul says, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." (Gal. ii. 20.) Christ dwells and lives in us by his Spirit, and it is by his communicating supplies of daily grace to our implanted grace (or seed of God) that we live to God, soar above the flesh, and overcome the devil.

Having two principles and two natures, this conflict sometimes presents a strange aspect to the soul. We find ourselves doing those things under the influence of the old man which we mortally hate under the influence of the new, and even crying out against the violence while carried away by his power. Sin that dwelleth in us takes us captive, and we roar out in our agony, "The good that I would I do not, but the evil which I would not that I do." (Rom. vii. 19.) Strange language for the boasters of free-will! Why, if their will is free, why do not they do what they would, and let alone that which they would not? But the child of God finds that he cannot do as he would. This seems strange to him at first, but by-and-by his understanding becomes more enlightened. It is the very nature of these two opposites to oppose each other. Each is lively and strives for the mastery, and the soul hates what he does and leaves what he loves, and says,

"Why do I do the things I hate,
And why the things I love forsake?"

But so it is; and Paul tells us that it is not we, but sin that dwelleth in us, which often brings comfort to a sorry heart, to know that it is not his spiritual affections that take part in this evil, for they (though imperceptible to him) remain true to God.

Now there is one thing particularly that keeps up the heat of this war in some of God's people, and that is, a besetting sin. Some have a besetting sin; indeed, I believe most of them; and this seems to me to be the great gem of the old man. Day by day it will rear its ugly head, and threaten assault, and when opportunity suits, it will summon an attack of all its vile members. What is to be done now? One of these two things, stand or fall. If he stand, it will be by faith in the power of the Lord. Hence this fight is called the "fight of faith." I have known what it is to stand and what it is to fall when these besetments have come in upon me, aided by Satan. When I have, upon the alarm of war, been blessed with the Spirit of grace and supplication, to plead with the Lord for strength to withstand the assault, I have felt so sure that the Lord would keep me, that I have told the devil that he had not power enough, joined with all my sin, to stand against me; and it has seemed to me as though he was sneaking off, ashamed of being beaten; but this strength is only in the Lord. No power can stand against the old man, or Satan, but the power of God; and many times, when I have been beaten, it has seemed to me as though Satan was dancing before me with malicious joy at being able to torture my poor soul and perplex my mind. I have hated the old man of sin and the

devil too with more and more hatred. Wretchedness, misery, darkness, gloom, dejection, horror, and terror have chased every feeling of peace and comfort from my soul, and I have sat in gloomy meditation, cursing the day that I was born, for hours and days together. But this did not taint the quality of the new man. He still remained pure; his hatred of the old man is but the more increased, and his longings for freedom are but the more intense; and though sin upon the conscience has so cramped up his exercises that the soul cannot find strength to utter a cry, yet his heart's desire is pure, and holy, and divine; and when again he finds access to a throne of grace, he seems to cling closer than ever to the God of holiness and truth. I have watched this exercise in my soul many times, and therefore write thus, knowing that the new man does not make the old man holy, nor can the old man make the new man sinful; for "that which is born of the flesh is FLESH, and that which is born of the Spirit is SPIRIT."

(To be concluded in our next.)

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH A SINNER.

Messrs. Editors,—In perusing your publication, my heart has often been refreshed; and, through mercy, I trust as in water face answereth to face, so have I felt my spirit to witness with the experience of the children of the living God penned therein; and although not known in the flesh, a union of soul has taken place with some which death cannot dissolve. I have often therefore felt a secret impulse of mind, if the dear Lord would enable me, to give a brief outline of what I have known of myself as a fallen sinner, and what has been felt and enjoyed by me of the love and faithfulness of the God of Israel.

It was in early life that I first felt that without a change of heart I must for ever perish. To my grief my parents were not then, neither have I any proof that they now are, dissatisfied with the state wherein they were born, so that it was not with me as with many where a form of religion is taught from childhood. I never had much to do with what is called religious people until I became concerned about my state as a sinner before God; therefore when the terrors of the law against sin laid hold upon me, I knew no more than the man in the gospel when he saw men as trees walking. I had a knowledge that there was a God, and that he would punish for sin. With all my might at times did I try to strive against it in afflicting my body, in corrections, and in watchfulness, thinking thereby that I should eradicate that baneful poison, sin. But, alas! the more I strove the stronger it grew; and although not more than from twelve to fourteen years old, so powerful did I feel this malady that I was almost driven to attempt to put an end to my existence to get rid of my tormentor.

I must here beg your sympathy while I relate what may appear to some childish; and, indeed, so it is, but the exercised soul will

bear with me. I began to search the Scriptures for life, and to call in earnest upon the name of the Lord. I wandered in the fields desolate and afflicted, often creeping under a hedge, and there entreating the Lord for mercy, but could see no way of escape. I have come over from these retreats and put up three sticks, crossing one on the top, and then standing a little distance off, prayed if the Lord would or did intend to show mercy that he would direct me to strike off the top stick. I was sometimes successful, but I was not then satisfied, for I wanted the same sign over again; but this was not nor could be my deliverer.

"Not all the blood of beasts
 On Jewish altars slain
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain."

No, not even looking at the cross and meditating on the dying agonies of a blessed Redeemer could ease my aching heart. I wanted that precious blood spilt thereon to be applied, which would have been a balm for every wound; but this was not the time, for I wandered in the follies of youth. After this, to make the scourge heavier for after days, I began to think how weak I had been, and for the future I would act more manly. I rolled sin as a sweet morsel under my tongue, and took the Lord's name in vain, to my shame. He who holds the winds in his fists has said, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." I well remember one day, in the midst of this rebellion and kicking against the pricks of conscience, my brother was cutting a piece of wood, when, from some cause, I called him a fool. I had no sooner said the word than these words sounded in my ears, "He that calleth his brother a fool is in danger of hell fire." A guilty conscience accused me, and I felt to be on the very brink of endless misery. I would have given a world to have recalled these words, but it was past, and there was no hope.

A day or two after this, returning from a field in the evening, I came along side an old man, who by some was thought no better than an infidel. In course of conversation, we were speaking of the weather, (it was dirty,) when, to my grief, I ascribed the honour thereof to the devil, thoughtlessly. He paused, and said, "You are wrong, for it is out of the power of the devil to make the dirt." I shall never forget so long as I live the horror of mind I at once sank into from this rebuke. For nearly three years I felt as though the terrors of the damned had begun upon me, and my very vitals were being consumed with grief and sighing. If I attempted to kneel to pray, I have thought that the roaring lion would break me in pieces; so that I have got up from the attempt and wrung my hands in despair, filled at the same time with blasphemous thoughts against God for ever bringing me into being, and then have cursed the day of my birth, often meditating on self-destruction, it being continually suggested that I should never find mercy. I dare not even hope for it, and the longer I lived the more aggravated would my sins become. In a fit of wretchedness and almost frantic despair I resolved to put an end to it. I got a sharp knife, and in the act

of putting it into execution, (I shudder while I state it,) my arm became stiff; it had a voice in it. I felt of all the creatures God had made, I was wretched indeed, for I thought of the awfulness of appearing before God in such a state; but at the same time full of self-pity, thinking God would not give me the worst place on account of my sufferings here.

In many other ways did the tormentor of man try me on this point; such as getting on the edge of a loft or a hill, so that my foot might slip, and that I might not charge the same on myself. It may be, many of the Lord's hidden ones may be similarly plagued by the adversary of souls. I would say to such, May the Lord help you to hope. Surely to experience this little word, hope, here is like an anchor in a strong sea. But "light is sown for the righteous and gladness for the upright in heart." I would mention one more severe combat I had with this Apollyon while as yet I had not a knowledge of the Lord, or the plan of salvation through a crucified Redeemer. Thinking something must be accomplished by me to gain the favour of God, I was so molested that I felt to be a terror to myself, and was satisfied if that state of things lasted I must soon be an inmate of an asylum. I could not attend properly to business, and of this I was conscious. My master became displeased with me, and said I must not think so much about religion, or I should soon be good for nothing. This I felt was true. With this, despair seemed to lay hold, and his wrath covered me. I went into the garden adjoining the house, it being a sharp frost, and there undressed, then laid me down on a heap of garden mould, so that I might die; not forgetting to tell the Lord I had called upon him and he would not hear nor show mercy. I lay in this state from six to about a quarter-past nine, and to my astonishment felt neither cold nor harm, all this time filled with self-pity. My employer was very displeased with my long absence, but I could say nothing but weep. From that time, although a man of the world, he was particularly kind. On the morrow, a dawn of hope sprang up in my soul, and in the afternoon of, I think, the same day, my bonds were broken, and the captive exile liberated from hard bondage. My deliverance was as follows.

I was passing through a meadow to a distant village with a basket of grocery, and musing over the Scriptures with some little ray of light upon the same, when on a sudden I found that gloom which had been a companion to me so long gone away at the brightness of his rising. The heavens appeared to open, when looking up I saw my Saviour surrounded with the blessed. Whether visionary or not, I cannot say, but this I do know, that it filled my soul with transports of joy.* Here was no more room for despair. My

* Things of this kind must be much judged of by their effects. As a general rule, we are opposed to visions or appearances of this nature, as opening a wide door to wild enthusiasm. But that such are not unscriptural is plain: "Your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams;" (Acts.ii. 17;) Paul saw Christ when praying in the temple; (Acts xxii. 17;) and dying Stephen saw him on the right hand of God. In the case before us

heart was full of thanksgiving and melody. It appeared to me as though I had got to another part of the globe, for the fields were as a paradise, and the birds seemed to sing with sweeter notes. Parts of Scripture, which before were dark, were now blessed to my soul. When night came on, and I retired to my room for rest, I was no longer afraid of my adversary, neither did I want pieces of candle, as before, to burn in the night, fearing to be left in the dark; for I felt the Lord was my light and my salvation. I said then in my prosperity, I shall never be moved, and called out loud to him who had accused me now to come forward. I knew the Saviour to be mine, that he had cancelled all my sins, and that I was free from all charges.

I was then really happy, and dreamt of war no more. But, alas! after a season of uninterrupted pleasure and communion, clouds veiled my sky, the eye of faith became dim, darkness enveloped my soul, and in bitterness did I cry, "Are thy tender mercies clear gone for ever?" Thus I went mourning without the Sun. After calling into question the things which the Lord had been pleased to show me, I dishonoured him by doubts and fears, hard thoughts and speeches, was not resigned to him in his dispensations, not feeling he had a right to do as he would with me as his creature. I was as one in a state of mourning and widowhood. But the dear Lord was again pleased to shine, and I said, "I will run in the ways of thy commandments;" for they were my delight, and to do the will of my God was my soul's desire.

I gave myself to the people of God meeting at C—, where I continued a member until in order of Providence I removed into a part of Gloucestershire, where I could not stay long, although I had a comfortable situation and all that heart could desire as regards the things of this life; but that which was dear to me I could not find—the waters of the sanctuary which make glad the people of God. I returned from that part to a situation in W—, where for a time I was settled, but found, although with the Lord's people, that it was but barren soil unless he were there to water and keep the plant alive. From there I went to London, where I learnt more particularly the weakness and depravity of the heart, and the blessedness of those who, through grace, are enabled to cleave unto him as the fountain of life. I was in the city almost a stranger, but soon

we see a poor sinner on the brink of despair delivered from his burden of distress by a sight of Jesus. Must we reject this because no words of Scripture were applied to his soul? In "Pilgrim's Progress," Hopeful relating his deliverance says to Christian, "And as I was then looking for nothing but hell and the everlasting damnation of my soul, suddenly, as I thought, I saw the Lord Jesus look down from heaven upon me, and saying, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." It is true that Hopeful says before that he did *not* see Christ with his bodily eyes, but with the eyes of his understanding; but many, except for Bunyan's authority, would probably consider it visionary. We do not, but receive it, (as we know from "Grace Abounding" that it was Bunyan's own experience,) on account of the effects and fruits produced by it. On such grounds we feel that we cannot reject the one before us; though we will add that a little hesitation on the point has made us somewhat delay the insertion of the piece.

thought I saw the hand of the Lord with me in directing me to a comfortable situation in a silk mercer's and draper's establishment in the west end of the town. My conscience was then tender. I feared being tempted to draw from that narrow path where I hoped I had begun to walk, and to forsake associating with the dear and despised members of Jesus. The greater part of the house were professors of the sentiments of John Wesley. I had often combats with my companions, when I have often felt to be talked entirely out of my religion, sometimes thinking they appeared much more sensible and rational in their arguments than I did. I was often led to believe a lie. I have often seen since how the enemy laid his nets to entangle my feet, yet unperceived, in getting me out into society, to attend lectures, and read scientific works and the publications of the day. In the multiplicity of these things I found my mind estranged from the simplicity of the gospel. Although I regularly attended where the truth was advocated, my soul was not in it. Barrenness, wretchedness, and misery were the result. Drawn swords are dangerous in the hands of children.

Should these lines pass into the hands of any who may be similarly situated, may it be your happy lot to lean upon him who in the hour of temptation has promised never to leave nor forsake, or you may pierce yourself through with many sorrows. Self is a rotten prop to lean upon, which, to my sorrow, I have proved in the heart's departure from the Lord, as before described.

I then went into business, when, for a time, things prospered, but my soul did not prosper. The dear Lord in his love and tender mercy turned against my schemes and plans. Then did I feel my captivity when he hedged up my way; and in bitterness of soul did I cry unto the Lord as one that mourneth for her firstborn. Many wearisome nights have I passed, and wetted my couch with tears at the remembrance of my ingratitude. When brought low and afflicted in body, I have said, "I shall go down to the grave in sorrow. Friends and acquaintances hast thou put far from me; none careth for my soul." But, blessings for ever on Him who hath said he will not always chide, he did in lovingkindness bring my soul again and again up out of the horrible pit and miry clay, set my feet upon a rock, yea, and put a new song into my mouth, even praise and thanksgiving unto him who has loved me, and washed me in that fountain opened for Israel—his own precious blood, and, through mercy, given me an earnest of that inheritance for which I must die to fully prove.

That the Lord may abundantly bless you in your labour of love, with the whole Israel of God, is the prayer of,

Yours, a Lover of the Gospel,

Jan. 28th, 1852.

J. C.

If you have a wound in your bodies, and are in earnest about a cure, you bid the surgeon probe it to the very bottom. And shall not the Physician of your souls be allowed the same freedom?—*Whitefield.*

ALL OF GRACE.

My dear Brother,—I received your kind letter, and feel myself your debtor, and, what is worse, I feel my inability to pay you. What is to be done but for my brother to forgive me, as God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven him? Ah! forgiveness is a precious thing. It is sweet when we are really able to exercise it towards a fellow member of Christ's mystical body, sweet when we have it from a brother; but more precious, more sweet, the forgiveness of the dear Lord towards poor hell-deserving creatures like you and me, as we are constrained to confess ourselves to be before God, from a real feeling sense of our vileness, debts, transgressions, and wretchedness. O without a free grace salvation, I should be as certainly lost for ever as I am born.

I heard our brother S. last evening, and he so searched and emptied me out, so peeled and pulled me all to pieces, that I really looked in my own eyes to be a very unsightly creature. I thought I was something like some sheep I saw yesterday, which had been in the hedges. Their coats were half lost in patches, and they looked very unsightly things. Our dear brother was in a wonderful way speaking of the fruits and effects of grace; and O how I saw and felt my shortcomings! I felt and saw so much that it made me hang my head. How ashamed I felt of my crookedness, perverseness, rebellion, discontent, stiff-neckedness, and barrenness, in thought, in word, and in deed. How little do I smell of the powders of the merchants. How little prayer, meditation, and praise. How little fellowship and communion. How little love, faith, and hope. How little meekness, temperance, gentleness, and wisdom. How little of the fruits do I seem to have in exercise. But O how much of the flesh in all that is abominable do I feel boiling up when the great leviathan makes the great deep within me to boil like a pot of ointment. I am sometimes feelingly obliged to fall flat upon the mercy of God in a precious Jesus. He is the best friend that ever poor sinner had. I often wonder at him in his love, mercy, grace, goodness, long-suffering, and kindness towards me, who am as undeserving of the least of his favours as those upon whom the pit has shut its mouth. I find that a sense of this sometimes stops my mouth, cuts off boasting, subdues pride and self-importance, and lays my soul low at his feet; and then a little of mercy and grace felt to be needed is precious, sweetly precious.

O brother, although such a sinner, I do, since I began this scribble, feel such a sweet softness in my spirit, that I feel to love him who has done such great things for my unworthy soul; for I solemnly believe that he has saved me, and that with an everlasting salvation. I do not say this lightly or presumptuously, but from an unctuous precious feeling of the sweetness of his mercy in my inmost soul; and I do at times most verily believe I shall never love anything, nor want anything, nor speak about anything, compared with a free, full, and everlasting complete salvation by a dear Jesus. I often fear that I have no authority from the Lord to speak, but do at this time

feel willing to speak if it be his will, and to be last and least, anything or nothing; but often do I find something that would be first and greatest, something very great; and then how hard it is to be obliged to be squeezed into little places, or into being little.

May God in heaven bless you. I shall be glad to get a line from you. I have felt it good to write, but you must not expect me to write, but let not this prevent you. Give my kind love to the friends.

Yours, for Christ's sake,

C—, May 29th, 1850.

J. T.

**“O THE DEPTH OF THE RICHES BOTH OF THE
WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE OF GOD!”**

My dear Friend and Companion in Tribulation in the Kingdom and Patience of our dear Lord and Saviour,—Grace and peace be multiplied unto you, for sure I am that you greatly need it; for the things which would have been your delight, according to nature, are become your greatest torments. The world, the flesh, and the devil, are the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life; these, you well know, all war against the souls of the Lord's redeemed, and, under Satan's direction, who is commander-in-chief, most wonderfully annoy the church of the living God, some of them in one way and some in another. And why the Captain of their salvation, who has vanquished all their enemies, should permit them so to harass and distress those whom he has eternally loved as God, and died to redeem as God-Man, is a mystery which they cannot of themselves solve; and therefore, with astonishment, are often crying out, “O the depth both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!” Nevertheless our heavenly Father has nothing in view in all these but, by the eternal Spirit, to glorify his Son Jesus Christ in the accomplishment of the complete and eternal salvation of his children, and to compel them, whilst here, to commit the keeping of their souls into his hand as into the hands of a faithful Creator, believing that he will keep that which they commit unto him against the great day of Christ's second appearing. This is no other than giving him our heart; and whenever, by faith, we can do this, for it is often done, our souls know prosperity, and we often conclude that the day of adversity will never return again. “My mountain stands strong, I shall never be moved,” is the language of our hearts; but our heavenly Father again hides his face, and we are troubled. The blessed Spirit, who alone can comfort our souls, is far away; and though we shout for Christ, the Beloved of our souls, he is not to be found, and we very soon again forget prosperity, and have to entreat our covenant God to show us wherefore he contends with us.

There are a variety of causes for this contention. I have myself been frequently led to see that at the time the new man of grace has been committed to the hands of my God and Saviour, I have altogether forgotten to commit the management of the old man of sin unto him, or have vainly supposed that he was so crippled

and broken down that he would never be able to rise again. And also when I have looked to him for the management of all my spiritual affairs, and for the supply of my daily spiritual wants, I have found that I have been attempting to manage all my temporal concerns by human contrivances, so as to get a daily supply for my bodily wants and the wants of my family by my own prudence and good management, &c. How often has our heavenly Father in mercy broken off these my purposes, and frustrated my designs, so that my hands could not perform their enterprise, in order to teach me that he will be unto me a God of providence as well as a God of grace, and will take the whole management into his hands; and has often bid me look to "the lilies of the field, and see how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith!"

But I am not writing to one who is a learner, but to one who is a teacher in all good things, and who I am persuaded desires that in all things his covenant God should be glorified, and his people benefited through the preaching of the everlasting gospel, in which the Person, glory, and work of Christ is set forth, and the Holy Ghost promised to the preacher, so as to enable his servants to speak as moved by him, which is the greatest honour that can be conferred on any servant of Christ in a way of office. And when they speak according to this rule, they find the service of the Lord to be perfect freedom, in which their souls take peculiar delight. And no wonder; for they find when thus employed as instruments to refresh the souls of others, that they themselves are abundantly watered. And I often conclude that if I could always leave him to do the whole of this work himself, it would be well done indeed. But, alas! what a multitude of human plans and contrivances have I resorted to to prepare myself for the work of the sanctuary! And while thus engaged, Satan has often appeared as an angel of light to tell me what a fine subject I had; what fine views of and penetrating ideas into the mystery of the same; and, having the mind fully fraught, I have concluded that the dispensing of these things could not fail in being very profitable both to my own soul and that of others. But how miserably have I been disappointed in finding that, instead of the Lord being a mouth and wisdom unto me, he has only come to throw down my fine superstructure, in order to leave me naked and bare in the eyes of the people, to my own shame and confusion of face. O with what heart-rending sighs and groans have I returned from the house of God to my closet to pour out my complaints before him, and to show him all my trouble, begging him never to permit me again to go up to his house to speak in his name except his presence go with me! And what a mercy when the prayer is answered with that never-failing promise, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." We then turn from the high place of the work of our own hands, and by faith go up to the mountain of the Lord's house, by the everlasting

love of the Father in the Person of his dear Son, in whom his name is recorded. Here, he says, I will dwell for ever, and that with his redeemed. Here the divine Father and his children rest together. "They which believe do enter into his rest." Here they admire and adore the wonderful works of their Triune covenant God in his eternal purpose of grace, the glorious undertaking and finished work of Christ for them, and the glorious undertaking and accomplishment of the Spirit's work in them, unto the complete glorifying of the whole body in Christ, their living Head. A man can believe nothing aright whatever without life; and, after quickened, he can receive nothing but what is given him from above. Many things are given him to believe before it is given him to believe on Christ to life everlasting, by which he is delivered from all condemnation.

And now, my dear friend, that the Lord may bless you and yours, with all the Lord's family at B—, with a double portion of his Spirit, is the prayer of,
Your brother in Christ,

Bristol, March 7th, 1823.

T. SYMONS.

Go to Golgotha, and see what sin did there.—*John Mason.*

It is a work of much difficulty with me to keep alive in my mind the remembrance of some sweet portion of Scripture, or some delightful verse in a psalm or hymn, to help me on to the hour of meditation and prayer; whereas the idle, corrupt jingle of some unmeaning song, which was lodged in the memory of my boyish days, too frequently rises to my recollection, in spite of all my endeavours to suppress it; and I fear that, if encouraged, I could repeat it with the greatest exactness. Pause, to observe with me what a decisive proof this is of indwelling corruption!—*Hawker.*

When Adam was created he had a right will and understanding. He heard rightly, he saw rightly, and rightly managed all earthly things in faith and to the praise of God. But since the fall, the will, the understanding, and all the natural faculties are corrupt; so that man is no longer upright, but warped by sin; he has lost his right judgment in the sight of God, and does everything perversely and contrary to the will and law of God; he no longer knows God and loves him, but flees from him and dreads him, and says in his heart that he is not a God that is merciful and good, but a judge and a tyrant. We are, therefore, by sin utterly averse from God, so that we cannot have one right thought concerning God, but think of him just as we do of an idol. Hence in the 51st Psalm, David defines sin to be a corruption of all the faculties, external and internal; so that no one member can perform its office now as it did in paradise before sin entered; and that we have all departed from God, are filled with an evil conscience, and are subject to disease and death, according to the words of the denounced punishment, "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." This knowledge of sin is not a mere speculative knowledge, or an imagination which the mind may paint out to itself; but a true sensation, a real experience; and a most heavy conflict of heart.—*Luther.*

A Q U E R Y .

My dear Sir,—Will you do me the favour of reviewing a piece in this month's "Standard," bearing this title, "The Flesh and the Spirit?" I demurred to no part of the author's statement till I read his assertions page 183. The words are these: "Therefore parents come together by the divine counsel, or secret will of God, and by Providence are instrumental in bringing into the world *the bodies of their children.* The *soul, or spirit, is given by the Almighty to every individual,* (for human and mortal parents cannot generate that which is incorruptible and immortal,) and so man comes into this fallen world."

For all these assertions not one proof is alleged; but the volume of truth declares that Adam begat a son in his own likeness, and called his name Seth; but this author intimates that this likeness was merely in the body of Seth, the soul coming immediately out of the hand of the Almighty, consequently was free from original or Adam's sin. This sentiment is entirely opposed to the New Testament, which declares, "In Adam all die;" and "death reigned from Adam to Moses, even over them that had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression." (Rom. v. 14.)

I am far from wishing to make an author an offender for a word, but the ear tries words as the mouth tastes meat, and I would not that any dead flies should appear in the "Gospel Standard." Permit me to make a short extract from Dr. Hawker's Letter to Stevens, the Pre-Existerian, pages 10 and 19: "Your views of man's standing higher in the scale of being than brutes, and that by reason of his not generating entirely his own kind, is assuming a thing you have not supported by any authority; and the instance you give in the history of Abraham begetting Isaac, that he begat his body only, I think you would find no small difficulty to prove. The word of God appears to intimate more. (1 Cor. xv. 45.) But on the ground you take, that every man has an immortal nature, or spirit, immediately from God, which borrows nothing of its being from material things, it will follow, by an undeniable consequence, that if we have our *spirits* immediately from God, and borrow nothing of that being from material things, neither can we then borrow or derive anything of their corruptions; and then original sin in our spiritual part is done away. Some how or other, therefore, this statement of yours cannot be correct. If God, in the instance of every human being created, gives an immortal nature, or spirit, immediately from himself, and we derive nothing from our parents but a mere body, polluted and sinful as that body is, because generated from such a stock, yet our immortal part, coming from God, must be holy, the question is, how comes it tainted with original sin? The Scripture, which in consequence of original as well as actual transgression, declares every son and daughter of Adam to be dead in trespasses and sins, considers the soul in this state of spiritual death, (for it is not the *body* that is here spoken of,) and hence the necessity of the new birth. I cannot therefore discover any one advantage, in point of

argument, to be derived from this statement, much less any parity of reason in reference to Christ's pre-existent human soul."

That the above remarks and quotations, if the will of God, may be of use to the author of the piece alluded to, and thereby a straight path made for our feet in this very *important doctrine*, prays,

Yours, &c.,

L. Z.

[Questions of this nature always involve great difficulties. Where the Scripture is not express and clear, our wisdom is not to be positive. Truth in such matters often lies between extremes; and it may be so here. One extreme would be this. A creature cannot create. Therefore man cannot create a soul. We must not, therefore, set aside the creating hand of God. Again. Another extreme would be—God, as a holy Being, cannot create a sinful being. Yet we find and feel by painful experience that we possess a sinful soul. Between these extremes the truth lies; and see the difficulty of reuniting them. If I say, "My parents generated my soul," it seems to ascribe superhuman power to mortals. Yet Adam begat a son in his own image after his own likeness. This image and likeness was certainly in the soul of Seth as well as in the body. Again, if I say, "My soul came immediately from God," I seem to ascribe an impure creature to a pure Creator.

Were we compelled to choose out of these difficulties, we should certainly prefer the views of L. Z. to those expressed in the passage referred to by him; but this, like all other questions connected with the origin of evil, is so full of difficulty that we consider it the truest wisdom to admit our ignorance.—ED.

REVIEW.

A Selection of Hymns for the Use of Sunday Schools. By the late William Gadsby. With a Supplement. London: J. Gadsby, 2, George Yard, Bouverie Street.

EDUCATION is one of those questions which have fought their own way into general acceptance. The benefits and blessings of ignorance have lost their numerous advocates; and though, as Laplanders wonder how any can live out of Lapland, preferring their own murky sky and oil-lit snow huts to the suns of Italy and the palaces of Venice, so there are those still who, in a moral sense, love darkness rather than light; yet it is a generation scanty in number and weak in influence. The Laplanders are fast passing away. It is true that there is a party, more numerous, perhaps, and influential than is generally thought, who, with the architecture of the middle ages, are seeking to restore the darkness of the middle ages. Let us not be deceived on this point. It is not merely the arches and windows, the porches and pillars of bygone ages which the Puseyites, lay and clerical, are seeking to renew, in all their exact detail, in the new churches that are everywhere studding the land. These are but symbols of a yearning after mediæval times, when superstition debased the people and exalted the priest; when amidst the thick darkness that brooded over Europe no object was allowed to

be seen but the illuminated dome* of St. Peter's; when men were not suffered to look into the word of God for instruction, or to the Spirit of God for light, but a living oracle was set up, as Christ's vicar on earth, a feeble old man at Rome, cradled in monkery, and fed up from childhood with the subtle policy of Italian wiles.

The vane is but a slip of tin, but it shows the direction of the wind; the whirl of dust is but the movement of a few grains of sand, but it is the herald of the approaching storm. Coming events cast their shadows before. The barn-like churches and chapels of the last century showed the ascendancy of Protestantism; whose distinctive feature is to prefer the substance to the shadow, the word of God to form and ceremony. The recurrence to mediæval models shows the desire of recurrence to mediæval times. Thus, as in the turning vane we behold the changing wind, and in the whirling dust view the lightning stroke, so may we see in the tracery of a gothic window the setting in of a flood of Popery.

It is our wisdom not to disregard the signs of the times. The child playing on the sands does not see how steadily and stealthily the tide is rising to engulf him, and gathers cockle shells till escape is cut off. Thus slowly and stealthily does Popery seem to be advancing, whilst most seem unaware of its progress.

But we must acknowledge that at present the danger does not seem immediate. Against an enemy like Rome it is well to be warned in time, for far-seeing is her policy, deep-laid her plots, unscrupulous her measures, innumerable her agents, and undying her determination. That she is bent upon what she calls the conversion of England is unquestionable, and that to achieve it she would wade up to her knees in blood is undeniable. That too she has made great advances of late must be admitted. Many of the aristocracy, more than is generally known, especially of the female portion, have already received the wine cup of Babylon from Puseyistic hands, and though not professedly Catholics are really more bent upon restoring the palmy days of Popery than many actual Papists.

But admitting all this, if we regard the spirit of the age, the spread of education, the diffusion of knowledge, and the power of the press, the conviction is forced on our mind that, *things continuing as they are*, a return to the Popery of the dark ages in this country is impossible. The arrogant pretensions, the lying miracles, the persecuting spirit, the intolerant bigotry, the priestly ambition of Rome, as carried out in the days of Dunstan or Thomas-à-Becket, are so diametrically opposed to the spirit of the times that it seems

* It is the custom once a year, either on the anniversary of the festival of St. Peter or on the evening of Easter Sunday, to illuminate St. Peter's Cathedral, and especially the dome, with an innumerable multitude of paper lanterns, the effect of which is to make the whole building a mass of light. Till of late years there was also suspended from the interior of the dome on Holy Thursday "the cross of fire," that is, a cross eighteen feet long covered with lamps, the rest of the building being in darkness. On account of the numerous intrigues which the darkness permitted, this has been disused; but the symbolic meaning of both is the same—that Rome is the source and centre of light.

next to impossible that Popery, unmitigated Popery, the Popery of the dark ages, should ever wave its banner over free Protestant England. The eyes of England must indeed be put out and her noble heart crushed before she can lick the dust of Rome as in the days when monks lashed the naked back of our second Henry at Becket's tomb. The light of ages must indeed be quenched in our native land, her schools closed, her printing presses burnt, her parliaments silenced, her railways ploughed up, her armies scattered, her ships sunk, her looms burnt, her factories and workshops closed, and she a French province, sunk down into Ireland's rags and Ireland's ignorance, before the proud priest of Rome shall put his foot on her neck. What England may become we know not. The glory and riches of the modern Tyre may pass away like those of ancient Tyre. But England *as she now is* never can become a Popish country. English freedom and English intelligence, such as we now see them, must be utterly overthrown before Popery can be in this country what it is in Spain, Italy, or Ireland.

The danger that more immediately threatens us is from the other quarter. We are not now threatened with the dethronement of intellect, but its deification. The peril now before our eyes is not that superstition should restore the reign of ignorance, but that education should supersede religion, and the schoolmaster abroad should strangle godliness at home.

Time was when Sunday Schools were unknown, when the children of the poor ran wild in the streets uncared for by parent and instructor, and grew up semi-barbarians, without being able to read or write, or possessing the common elements of education. If ignorance, according to the Popish saying, be the mother of devotion, how devout must these uncombed specimens of humanity have been. Devout indeed that generation was not, but most devoted it was—to cock-fighting, the skittle-ground, the ale-house, and the race-course. Read they could not, but swear they could; they could not write their own names, but were thorough masters of the vulgar tongue. Now, to take these young barbarians into the Sunday School, subject them to its quiet discipline, teach them to read and write, accustom them to attend a place of worship, detach them from the gross sensual vice of their fathers, did no other effects follow, must be excellent. Kept in its place, limited to its true object, the Sunday School is a most admirable institution. But when, as is too often the case, the Sunday School is made the nursery of the church, great evil arises. There are in our great national dockyards what are called *converting houses*, not, be it known, Wesleyan chapels, but sheds in which, in huge coppers, timber is steamed and boiled so as to be *converted* from straight stens and limbs into curves for ships' bows and similar purposes. Here the green wood is softened and kneaded, bent and bowed, till it assumes the requisite form. Many a chapel has a *converting-house* built on to it, called the Sunday School, where dockyard labourers, in the guise of teachers, steam and boil the green wood to build up with it the vessel of the church. With boiling and

streaming, the wood may assume the due curvature; but, alas! when built into the ship, dry rot soon breaks out in the planks, and down she goes foundering in the gale. We would not have these green timbers. Give us the rough, gnarled oak of the forest, curved by wind and storm rather than the steamed plank out of the Sunday School copper.

It is a great evil to consider the Sunday School the nursery of the church. Let that principle once pervade a church, and the big boys and girls will clamour to be let out of the nursery and sit at the table with the family, as much as the growing sons and daughters of the squire at the hall expect at a certain age to leave the nursery for the dining-room.

Thus is the standard of religion lowered; the new birth slurred over, the work of grace tacitly set aside, and that deceptive thing called "early piety" set up.

The next step is to turn the Sunday School teacher into a minister, the leading feature of whose ministry will be to trace the beginning of all religion to the Sunday School, instancing himself as an example of youthful piety, and holding it out as an encouragement to the elder boys that they, if very pious, may become ministers too. And who shall say that the taller girls, when they see a well-dressed lady looking up so admiringly to the pulpit, may not think within themselves, "Was not *she* once a Sunday School girl, and why should not *I* become one day a minister's wife too?" When such are the rewards of piety, who can wonder that the land overflows with it?

It has been stated that we are opposed to Sunday Schools. This is not the case. We approve of them highly when applied to their proper use. It is their *abuse* that we are opposed to. No man who has children can be opposed to the education of children; and no one who is a friend of the poor can be opposed to what is often the only means of educating the children of the poor. The last man to depreciate education, as education, is he who has known the advantages of it.

But education has its perils as well as its benefits. In past ages Satan worked by ignorance; in the present he works by intellect. Before Luther and the printing press, Satan, as an angel of darkness, shrouded his movements by the diffusion of universal ignorance. In modern times, as an angel of light, he works by the diffusion of knowledge. The old monk who, in reading his missal, persisted in saying *mumpsimus* for *sumpsimus*,* and the preaching friar who told his hearers that there was a new language invented called Hebrew, and that all who learned it infallibly became Jews,† were as much mouth-pieces of Satan as Voltaire or Tom Payne.

* The Latin word "*sumpsimus*" (we have taken) occurs in the Romish missal, Latin, we need scarcely observe, being always used in Catholic services. An old priest before the Reformation had been accustomed for many years to say *mumpsimus*; and when his mistake was pointed out to him, tartly said, "He liked his old *mumpsimus* better than their new *sumpsimus*," and stuck to it till his death. The old priest's stock is not worn out.

† This was the language of the preaching friars at the revival of ancient learning.

The spread of education presents two sides, both destructive of vital godliness. On the one hand, intellect working by secular education threatens to swallow up external revelation by infidelity; and on the other, working by religious education to swallow up internal revelation by Sunday School piety. As the church always partakes more or less of the spirit of the age, the people of God are thus exposed to two temptations; those whose heads are active and hearts cold to be seduced into a pursuit of knowledge apart from godliness, and those whose heads are dull and hearts warm to mistake creature piety for spiritual, supernatural religion.

Few men, we believe, in a profession of religion have stronger leanings than ourselves to a pursuit after and love for natural knowledge. But we know its snares and temptations, and how unsanctified knowledge hardens the heart and deadens the soul. If one lesson more than another has been impressed on our conscience, it is the spiritual, supernatural character of vital godliness, and the utter worthlessness of everything in the kingdom of God but the special teaching of the Holy Ghost. Natural knowledge is one thing, spiritual knowledge is another. A wide gulf is fixed between them. Nature at its best is but nature still; and education, whether elementary as at the Sunday School, or learned as at the University, does not and cannot sanctify the natural heart, or transmute the old Adam into the new. If this broad line be not maintained, the Sunday School may produce more harm than good.

What then should the education be that is pursued in the Sunday School? Should the education be wholly secular and worldly? Should the children be merely taught to read, and should all religion be discarded? Should the Bible be set aside, prayer neglected, the voice of singing not be heard, the name of God not be mentioned? If so, how would the Sunday School differ from the socialist meeting? Because we cannot regenerate the children, are we to banish the name of religion, and as it were ignore its very existence? Is there not a medium, and we believe a scriptural medium, between fostering hypocrisy and practising heathenism? Timothy knew the Scriptures from his youth. Lois, then, and Eunice must have made him read the Scriptures. This indeed was the express injunction of God in the Old Testament: "Only take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently, lest thou forget the things which thine eyes have seen, and lest they depart from thy heart all the days of thy life; but teach them thy sons, and thy sons' sons; specially the day that thou stoodest before the Lord thy God in Horeb, when the Lord said unto me, Gather me the people together, and I will make them hear my words, that they may learn to fear me all the days that they shall live upon the earth, and that they may teach their children." (Deut. iv. 9, 10.) And if in the education of children all religion is to be ignored, what means the New Testament injunction to bring children up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord? We cannot say with Chillingworth, "The Bible and the Bible alone is the religion of Protestants," for besides the Bible outwardly we need the blessed Spirit inwardly; but we can

say, "The Bible and the Bible alone is the book of the Sunday School." The children should be taught that it is the inspired word of the living God—the word by which they will be judged at the great day. The truths too revealed in the Bible should be laid before them, such as the immortality of the soul, the creation and fall of man, the dreadful nature of sin, the certainty of death and judgment, the Godhead, sufferings, atonement, death, and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ, the necessity of the new birth, and the awful consequences of dying in a state of unregeneracy. A good Sunday School teacher will never be at a loss for a topic of oral instruction—the main course to be pursued. The parables of the Lord Jesus, the figures and emblems of Scripture, the customs, manners, seasons, feasts, rites of the children of Israel, the ancient prophecies, with their fulfilment, the history of Joseph and his brethren, the wanderings in the wilderness, the book of Ruth, the account of David and Goliath—but not to particularise, what a field of instruction is there in the Bible for the Sunday scholar, from the least to the greatest. Banish the Bible from the Sunday School! What will you substitute? The history of Tom Thumb and Jack Hick-a-thrift? Or dreary lessons of dead morality? No, let the sacred word of God be the book of the Sunday School. We need not, to exclude hypocrisy, exclude the Bible; if so, the next step might be to exclude the Bible from the chapel. Because we cannot treat children as Christians, we need not treat them as heathens. So let them sing hymns; their little voices are sweet, and let them use them. But they should not be taught hymns that are couched in language of appropriation. What more grating to the ear of one that fears God than to hear the words,

"My Jesus hath done all things well,"

burst forth through the windows of the Sunday School?

The late Mr. Gadsby, who was a sincere friend to education, and especially to Sunday Schools, having for many years a large one in connection with his chapel at Manchester, much felt the impropriety of allowing the children to sing hymns which none but believers can, without hypocrisy, use. He therefore compiled a selection expressly for Sunday Schools. In the Preface to this selection he thus expresses himself:

"As one part of the service connected with Sunday School Teaching is singing, I have often thought a little Selection of Hymns was desirable. It is true I have seen several designed for that purpose, but most of them contain Hymns that do not appear to me to be true, and, as such, I could not give them my sanction; and all of them which I have perused lead the children to appropriate some of the truths they contain in a way which none but true believers can justly do.

"The design of this Selection is to give a statement of the real truths of God, and yet in such a manner as to be a means, in the hands of the Holy Ghost, (if it be his sovereign will,) to impress their minds with the solemn reality of them, and the essential necessity of being quickened by, and taught of, God, before they can enter into his glorious kingdom."

This principle, which we consider a sound and scriptural one, does not involve any serious loss. It is true that there are many hymns

which are thereby, wholly or in part, necessarily excluded from the Sunday School, but many excellent hymns remain.

And here we may perhaps be allowed to give our views of what a Sunday School hymn book should be. As the Bible is the book of the Sunday School, so should the Bible be the sole foundation and source of the Sunday School hymn book. Mere dead, dry, moral lessons about cleanliness and good temper in jingling rhyme, like some of the infant school sing-songs, should be discarded as worse than useless. Deep are the impressions, lasting the remembrance of songs learnt in childhood; and, as many of the Lord's people know by painful experience, it is almost impossible to forget what rhyme and tune have so deeply burned into the memory. Who does not find some foolish, or worse than foolish, jingle, heard in ungodly days, haunting the mind? Looking forward, then, to the time when Sunday scholars will become men and women, the hymns should be not childish nonsense about clean face and hands, duty to teachers, and being good little boys and girls, but the solemn truths of the gospel, clear from the language of appropriation. Such hymns as,

“When Adam by transgression fell;”

“The fear of the Lord is clean and approved;”

“Whatever prompts the soul to pride;”

“The moon and stars shall lose their light;”

“Happy the men that fear the Lord;”

are not only sweet and savoury to the children of God, but eminently suitable for a Sunday School. They contain no language of appropriation which in unregenerate lips is little short of profanity, and yet clearly and experimentally set forth blessed truth. Nor should we limit the range of our vision to the Sunday School as if its present occupants were to be always children. A few years will make them men and women and send them forth into the whirlpool of life. The time, then, may come when the Lord may visit by his grace some of these up-grown scholars. As we opened, what people call promiscuously, the little book at the head of this article, the following hymn met our eye:

“When Jesus undertook
To rescue ruin'd man,
The realms of bliss forsook,
And to relieve them ran;
He spared no pains, declined no load,
Resolved to buy them with his blood.

“No harsh commands he gave,
No hard conditions brought;
He came to seek and save,
And pardon every fault.
Poor trembling sinners hear his call;
They come, and he forgives them all.”

The thought struck our mind: “If the Lord were to call a poor sinner by his grace who had learnt those words at a Sunday School

when far away from the sound of the gospel, if applied to his soul by the Holy Ghost, what a blessing they might prove to him!" England is sending out her thousands to distant lands, and will most probably continue to do so more and more. Our present scholars may in a few years be scattered far and wide. Some may be in the wild Australian bush, or the South African desert, or the New Zealand hut, where the sound of the gospel is unheard and unknown. Should the Lord call any such by his grace, texts of Scripture or sound hymns learned at the Sunday School might be made the greatest blessing, and lead them to Jesus as the Way, the Truth, and the Life. What a blessing have Hart's Hymns been made to the family of God! And who shall say that a line of a hymn from Hart learnt at a Sunday School may not in after life be blessed to an Australian emigrant! For these and similar reasons would we desire that the Sunday School hymn book should be filled with the purest, soundest, most experimental truth, such as we find it in Berridge and Hart, but clear from language adapted only to a believer in Jesus.

But our limits warn us to proceed no further with our idea of what a Sunday School hymn book should be. Such a one it would be difficult to compile; but the one before us approaches far nearer to that idea than those miserable compilations of free-will and trashy jingle which form the usual staple of such productions.

A Supplement has been added to the original hymn book which may increase its usefulness, by adding to its length and variety.

P O E T R Y.

NONE BUT JESUS.

Jesus, my faithful Lord,
My only hope's in thee;
Thy name, thy merit, and thy blood,
Is all thy mourner's plea.

I'm vile and base, I know;
Thou'rt merciful and kind;
Lord, hitherto I've proved thee so;
Do comfort thou my mind.

There's nought can yield me joy,
Thy face when thou dost hide;
My sin's the cause; I groan, I sigh,
But still in bonds abide.

In prison now I am;
Here oft I've been before;
Transgressor, here I see my name;
When shall I stray no more?

Thy word can break my chain,
And set thy captive free;

July 12th, 1851.

Lord, on thee sure I have no claim,
But O remember me.

I cannot cease from sin,
Though I to hell should go;
I feel the plague deep lodg'd within,
The cause of all my woe.

'Twixt grace and sin's the strife;
Let grace sufficient be,
And bring me forth, nor let my life
Be spent thus far from thee.

Reveal thyself once more;
Hence keep me near thy side;
With blood my conscience sprinkle o'er,
There ever to abide.

Thus send me safely home,
Lord, with the joyful news;
Thy presence grant, no more to roam.
This portion, Lord, I choose.

G. T. C.

The soul, I verily believe, is never safer than when, with returning Mary, we stand at the feet of Christ behind him weeping.—
1 opuldy.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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PRAYER FOR MERCY.

PART OF A SERMON BY RALPH ERSKINE.

"O Lord, in wrath remember mercy."—Habakkuk iii. 2.

I hope we are come to this place to seek mercy at the hand of God and to compass his altar of mercy. There is no hope for miserable sinners but in a merciful God; a God sitting upon a mercy-seat sprinkled with the blood of Christ. But yet it is hard and very rare to see any rays of mercy in a dark day, wherein the sky is covered with clouds of wrath. And, indeed, if we expect a merciful meeting with God to-day, or on this occasion, we need that clear eye of faith that can look through the dark clouds of wrath, and say, with the prophet here, "O Lord, in wrath remember mercy."

This text is a branch of the first part of Habakkuk's prayer here, wherein this good prophet is making intercession for the church in his day, which was a day of great sin, a day of great anger. The first part of this verse points at the report made by God to the prophet concerning the destruction to be brought upon them by Babylon. This had a double effect upon him. 1. It made him tremble at the thought of it: "O Lord, I have heard thy speech and was afraid." God's wrath, even at a distance, is terrible to a tender soul. 2. It puts him to his prayer; and so should all the tokens of divine anger. Here you have his prayer and his plea.

1. You have his *prayer*: "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years." By God's work here we may understand his church and people. All people are God's workmanship; but the true members of his church invisible are his work in a peculiar way, and his work by way of eminency. But here they are fallen into a dead sleep: "Revive thy work;" the work of grace in the hearts of thy people, and thy work of reformation in the church. Revive it "in

the midst of the years." By "the years" may be understood any time within the term of the seventy years' captivity. In the midst of these dark and dreadful years "make known thy name, for verily thou art a God that hideth thyself." Make known thy power, thy pity, thy promise, thy providence in the safety and welfare of the church.

This prayer was several ways answered; particularly by God's owning the three children in the fiery furnace, and humbling Nebuchadnezzar in the midst of the years of the captivity.

2. We have his *plea*; containing also a sum of his prayer, here again resumed in short, viz., "In wrath remember mercy." The plea is mercy, not merit. These words comprehend as many purposes as there are words.

First. The *sad case* they were in, held out by the word "wrath;" they were under the heavy tokens of God's wrath.

Second. The *suitable remedy* or *cure*. The only cure for that case is "mercy;" the mercy of God in Christ.

Third. The *application* of that cure here sued for: "Remember mercy." The prayer of faith is a putting God in remembrance of his mercy in Christ; and, in this way, the remedy is applied.

Fourth. The *season* wherein this remedy is sought and this plea is used: "In wrath;" in a time when wrathful dispensations compass us about, and fearful tokens of his anger.

We propose to speak to this last branch of the text, because I think it comprehends the former petition: "In the midst of the years; that is, in this wrathful time "revive thy work and make it known;" that is, "remember mercy," and make it known in reviving and restoring us.

When God calls his people to the prayer of faith, he enjoins them to put him in remembrance: "Put me in remembrance; let us plead together." (Isa. xliii. 26.) When God is pleading against us by his dispensations, he allows us to plead with him by supplication, and to put him in remembrance even of his mercy: "In wrath remember mercy." Not that God is capable of forgetfulness, but when we put him in mind we put work in his hand, and he loves to be employed; and when he shows mercy he is said to remember his holy promise, and covenant, and mercy: "He remembered for them his covenant, and repented according to the multitude of his mercies." (Ps. cvi. 45; cv. 8, 42.) But to mention all the instances to this purpose would take up too much time.

The method we propose for illustrating this proposition, through divine aid, shall be as follows:

I. Inquire when may a time be said to be *wrathful*?

II. What are the *instances of mercy* we need to seek at such a time?

III. What is *imported* in the Lord's *remembering mercy*, and in our *praying* that he would do so?

IV. Show that it is both *seasonable* and *reasonable* to plead that he would remember mercy in wrathful times.

I. We are to inquire when may a time be *wrathful-like*? "In wrath remember mercy." What are the tokens of God's wrath that a people may be under which denominates it a wrathful time? I only premise that wrath is either to be considered as vindictive towards all the enemies of God, and thus it comes for demanding satisfaction of the Christless soul, and as so many drops of vengeance before the deluge of wrath be poured out; or it is to be considered as fatherly towards the children of God, and so it comes for correction, chastisement, or trial. When wrath comes upon a visible church towards the wicked therein it is judicial; but toward the invisible church, it is paternal and for chastisement. Now, we might give many instances of a wrathful-like time; such as;

1. A *sinning* time is a time of wrath, when "iniquity abounds and the love of many is waxen cold; when the Lord gives up a generation to their lusts, saying, "They are joined to their idols, let them alone. My people would not hearken; Israel would have none of me; therefore I gave them up to the lusts of their own heart."

2. A *sleeping* time is a time of wrath; when wise and foolish virgins are slumbering and sleeping, and security is universal; as in the days of Noah, when "they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, till the deluge of wrath came upon them."

3. An *erring* time is a time of wrath; a time wherein errors of all sorts abound, and God gives up men to "strong delusions, to believe a lie." Because they receive not the love of the truth that they may be saved, they are left to receive and embrace error, that they may be damned; that "all may be damned who believe not the truth, but have pleasure in unrighteousness;" "giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils;" when grievous wolves enter in to destroy the church of Christ, not sparing the flock; and when little foxes as well as great ones spoil the vines and the vineyards, and yet no due care is exercised to take the foxes and to try and cast them out, that say "they are apostles and are not; but are found liars."

4. A time of *apostacy* and falling away of professors; when the pillars of the house of God are, as it were, bowing and bending; when Christ is saying to his few followers, in effect, "Will ye also go away?" and when there are few to stand in the breach and to put hand to the Lord's work, as it is said, Jer. x. 20, 21.

5. A *hiding* time, wherein there is occasion to say, "Verily thou art a God that hideth thyself," &c. When his people "go forward, but he is not there; backward, but they cannot see him; on the right and left hand, but they cannot behold him." When, not only in a little wrath he hideth himself for a small moment, but in great wrath he hideth himself for a long time; and stands not behind our wall near at hand and ready to come in, but stands at a great distance, and, as it were, at the back of the mountains. When "the Comforter that is to relieve our soul is far away." When we see not our signs, nor see the power and glory of God in the sanctuary. When he seems to cast off his people to forsake and forget them. When he withholds his Spirit, his enlightening, quickening, nourishing, and cherishing grace, and says, in effect, "Behold your house is

left to you desolate." When he lets loose the evil spirit and Satan's temptations and delusions, saying, "I will go and be a lying spirit in the mouth of the prophets." When he leaves a people so far that they forsake him and break his covenant; and then he leaves them, and his anger breaks forth, that they have occasion to say, "Are not these evils come upon us because our God is not amongst us?" (Deut. xxxi. 16, 17.)

6. A *dead* time is a time of wrath; a time wherein the work of God is under a dreadful decay, and the things that remain are ready to die. This especially seems to be that token of God's wrath intended here in the text, where the prayer is, "Lord, revive thy work." And if it is inquired, How does this death and spiritual deadness appear? Why this deadness is evident when the word and rod of God do not awaken us, but we remain stupid both under mercies and judgment. This deadness is evident when sin does not affect or afflict us, but we go on securely in an evil course and make a sport of sin. This deadness is evident from our unconcernedness for the future, and taking no care to be delivered from impending wrath. This deadness is evident from our being regardless of all religion and religious duties; careless whether we hear and pray, or not; and begin to entertain contemptible thoughts of religion and religious persons, and have no exercise of spiritual senses, no motion heavenward or Godward.

These are some evidences and effects of the Lord's anger and absence; for, as his "favour is life, and his loving-kindness is better than life," so his fury and anger is death, and worse than death. Death among the wicked and deadness among the godly are the sad fruit of his anger and our sin; for as "the wages of sin is death," either of body or soul, or both, so "if we live after the flesh we shall die." In a word, as it is the anger of God that weakens and kills us, kills our souls, kills our comforts, and kills our zeal and concern about spiritual matters, so it is the anger of the Lord that divides us; divides our hearts, divides our tongues, divides our judgment, divides our counsels. And it is the anger of the Lord that wastes us; it wastes our souls, wastes our bodies, wastes our substance, wastes our days and years, and consumes us insensibly, as well as exposes us to terrible outward calamities, confusions, and disorders in church and state.

II. The next thing proposed in the method was, to inquire what are the *instances of mercy* we need to seek amidst such tokens of anger: "In wrath remember mercy." What mercy? I am of opinion that the mercy here especially intended is the reviving mercy sought after in the preceding part of the verse: "O Lord, revive thy work." Now there is a two-fold reviving that is here imported, and hence a two-fold mercy that a dead languishing church and people need to seek after. 1. Sin-subduing mercy, in order to a life of peace with God in opposition to his wrath and anger. 2. Soul-healing mercy, in order to a life of fellowship with God in opposition to his absence and hiding.

1. People need, in a time of wrath and anger, to seek *sin-pardoning mercy*, in order to a life of peace with God, "whose favour is better than life." Hence we find, in a time of great wrath and indignation this pardoning mercy implored: "O Lord God, forgive, I beseech thee; by whom shall Jacob arise? for he is small." (Amos vii. 2.) Here the prophet makes pardon his great petition in a time of judgment: "O Lord, forgive." It is not, Remove the stroke, but, Forgive the guilt that brings it on, and provokes God to smite; especially to smite with spiritual judgments. Let our punishment be what it will, it is our mercy to have the sense of the guilt of sin. Till guilt be set home and impressed upon the conscience, we shall never pray to purpose. To tell a story of the divisions, errors, heresies, and evils of the land, and the danger it is exposed to by a foreign enemy, will be to little purpose if we are never sensible of the guilt of them, so as to cry for the removal of national and personal guilt. And if any inquire, Why should pardon and forgiveness be sought in times of wrath and judgment? Why, because pardon of sin speaks a man in favour with God, and a sense of pardon speaks a man's assurance of divine favour; and his favour is life; yea, it is worth ten thousand worlds: "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven." (Ps. xxxii. 1.) Because also safety is secured when forgiveness is granted: "O Lord God of Hosts, cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved." (Ps. lxxx. 3). Because the sting of all afflictions is removed when pardon is granted; yea, the sting of death too, and the sting of wrath, in so much that it is not vindictive wrath, but fatherly. And hence, in that case, the soul can conclude that affliction is kept upon him for good: "By this shall the iniquity of Jacob be purged, and this is all the fruit to take away his sin." Therefore pardoning mercy is to be sought: "In wrath remember mercy."

2. *Soul-healing mercy* is another part of the reviving to be sought for to a sinful land and people in a time of wrath and anger. As we cannot have peace with God without forgiveness through the blood of Jesus, so we cannot have fellowship with God without healing. This healing mercy is the great thing that the Lord's children use to seek after in a time of wrath and judgment: "Heal my soul, for I have sinned against thee;" (Ps. xli. 4;) "O God, thou hast cast us off; thou hast scattered us; thou hast been displeased; O turn thyself to us again. Thou hast made the earth to tremble; thou hast broken it; heal the breaches thereof, for it shaketh." (Ps. lx. 1, 2.) This is one of the greatest mercies that can be showed in the midst of wrath when the Lord says, "For the iniquity of his covetousness was I wroth, and smote him; I hid me, and was wroth, and he went on frowardly in the way of his heart. I have seen his ways, and will heal him; I will lead him also, and restore comforts unto him and to his mourners." (Isa. lvii. 17, 18.)

There are many promises of this healing mercy to encourage prayer for it: "I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord." (Jer. xxx. 17.) He takes his name from his healing work of mercy: "I am the Lord that healeth thee;" "He healeth the broken

in heart, and bindeth up all his wounds." And this healing mercy brings in a train of other mercies with it: "Moreover, the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of seven days, in the day that the Lord bindeth up the breach of his people, and healeth the stroke of their wound." (Isa. xxx. 26.) Therefore the great suit and supplication in such a time of wrath should be, that the "Sun of Righteousness may arise with healing in his wings;" then health comes into the soul.

When this healing mercy comes, then comes a sense of our dead condition. If ever God revive us, he will make us know our deadness; if he put sap in our dry bones, he will make us know our dryness; if he pardon, he will make us know our guilt. When this merciful reviving comes, then comes a longing after him; he prepares his way into the soul by creating a longing in his people's hearts, and a panting after him. (Ps. xlii. 1.) When this reviving comes, then cometh a spirit of mourning; he maketh them meet him with weeping: "They shall come with weeping;" (Jer. xxxi. 9;) "Going and weeping." (Jer. l. 4.) Weeping for their old and late sins; weeping for their bold and daring sins, their sins against light and conscience, their sins upon small temptations, and their sins that are accounted small in the world. When this reviving comes, then comes a spirit of supplication. (Zech. xii. 10.) And thereupon follows the "opening of the fountain, and the purging of his house, and causing the false prophet and the unclean spirit to cease out of the land." When this reviving comes, then comes a stop to the tokens of his wrath: "He stayeth his rough wind in the day of the east wind." (Isa. xxvii. 8.) He casts away the rod that he smote withal. When this reviving comes, then come many tokens of his love instead of wrath. Sweet embraces; his left hand being under their heads, and his right hand embracing them. Sweet intimations of peace and pardon: "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee." Sweet cordials, with kindly words, looks, and smiles: "He speaks comfortably to Jerusalem." Sweet communications of his mind and of the secrets of his covenant: "Shall I hide from Abraham the thing that I do?" He speaks no more in parables, but plainly, giving them to know "the mysteries of his kingdom." Then "the righteousness of Zion goes forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth." Then his people, being "brought up out of the horrible pit and miry clay," have their "feet set upon a rock," and their "goings established," and "a new song put in their mouth; even praise unto their God." (Ps. xl. 2, 3.) Then doth the "day break, and the shadows fly away," in a great measure, and the "tabernacle of God is with men." Holiness and comforts take place instead of sin and sorrow.

These are the effects of his remembering mercy, by pardoning healing, and reviving his people; and also reasons for seeking this mercy.

(To be continued.)

A LETTER BY THE LATE WILLIAM MOORE.

Dear Brother in the Lord,—Fellow-servant and soldier of Jesus Christ; fellow-labourer in love to him by the Holy Ghost; and fellow-sufferer for his sake. We are called to endure hardness to which we are appointed, and the Holy Ghost can enable us to stoop down, take up our cross, deny ourselves, and follow Jesus. His grace is sufficient for us, to hold us up, keep us on, and bring us through every wave of trouble in this world. His strength is made perfect in weakness; and this we acknowledge when we feel we are helpless, the Lord's strength communicated, and we are supported, strengthened, helped, and delivered. Lacerations of the flesh leave a bleeding smart; gourds deeply rooted are hardly plucked up.

We are prone to set up idols in our hearts, but the Lord in mercy casts them down and takes them away, and will not suffer them to take our affections totally from him. He will empty us and strip us of all our lovers, in order to make room for himself and his grace, that we may live to his praise, to commune with him, be separate from the world and the vanities thereof. Yea, more. I heard our dear departed pastor once say that sometimes the Lord lets loose law, devil, and conscience all at once upon a man, in order to bring him out from the world, and from leaning on an arm of flesh. I answered mentally, "I am the man."

You know the utility of emptying from vessel to vessel is in order to clear from dregs; also the fining pot is for silver and the furnace for gold. The Lord's fire is in Zion, and his furnace in Jerusalem. And the good Husbandman takes great care in cutting and pruning all living branches in the fruitful vine, in order that more fruit may be borne to the praise and glory of his grace.

Many years ago, when in my first love, I heard Mr. H. say that the unutterable visions and revelations the Lord favoured Paul with, were in order to fit him for the ministry of the gospel and to suffer for his Master's sake. This saying shook me, knowing how greatly I had been indulged. When I read your first writing, I further expected to hear from you in some painful trying path; and I am persuaded it is God's merciful intention, sooner or later, to show you further discoveries of the mystery of iniquity working within, (Rom. vii.,) and the suitability of his grace treasured up in Christ for you, that he may be glorified and you comforted in due time. For the Lord waits that he may be gracious unto you, and praise waits for him.

Our merciful Father will not lay upon us more than he will enable us to bear, and with every temptation he will make a way for us to escape, &c. It is painful to feel nothing but the fire, see none but Satan, hear nothing but blasphemies, smell nothing but the stench of corruption, taste nothing but gall and wormwood, our mouth being filled with gravel stones, to be builded against, to be enclosed as with hewn stone, and darkness round about us. It was great grace in Job, by the Spirit of God, that said, "Though he slay me," (by these things) "yet will I trust in him." And so also of the

church, when she said, "I will wait upon the Lord, that hideth his face from the house of Jacob, and will look for him." I have not time to look out the Scriptures of proof for you, but the Holy Ghost can mercifully direct you unto them and to all truth as it is in Christ, according to your need.

I expect to find you in other paths, which I have been mercifully brought through. He remembered me in my low estate, "for his mercy endureth for ever." And when the Holy Ghost condescends to bring it to my remembrance, I am sometimes constrained to stop at every place where he helped me, and sing, "For his mercy endureth for ever." He remembered me in the ruins of the fall, and awoke me out of the dead sleep of sin, "for his mercy endureth for ever." By the Holy Spirit I was led to Jesus Christ, and I received the remission of all my sins, "for his mercy endureth for ever." He reclaimed me from a backsliding state, "for his mercy endureth for ever." The Lord held me up and chastised me for sin, also to prevent sin, and make me more fruitful. He supported me under the loss of health, strength, children, and worldly property. He held me up under desertions, dark, trying providences, when friends stood aloof and Satan near; corruptions rising, horrible blasphemies injected, fiery darts hurled; my wife and I ready to fall into the grave, seven children living with us and no income to support them; the workhouse, prison, strait-jacket, madhouse, suicide, death, grave, hell, and destruction held before me; my poor feeble mind sinking, heart failing, pained through from the heart to the shoulder-blade, stomach, loins, and head; breath almost stopped, cold sweat upon the extremities, limbs and heart trembling; feet as cold as stones, great heat in stomach, head, and veins, with distressing fainting sensations, expecting to die under them for months and years, many times not daring to shut my eyes when trying to sleep, the place seeming to run round with me; tendons starting, various objects before my eyes when closed, so that I was obliged to open them; distressed with painful watchings, so that I dreaded bed time, although I wanted rest; but wearisome nights and burdensome days were appointed unto me. I remembered my song, and in the night I made diligent search. I thought upon God and was troubled, so that I could not speak. But there was a just cause for all this, and I humbly bless the Lord for his love and mercy under it all. See the patriarchs, prophets, apostles, disciples in the old and New Testaments gone before us, especially in that little book of martyrs, Heb. xi. There is a question asked us, "Hast thou not procured these things to thyself?" I answered, "Yes, we suffer justly." But Jesus Christ, that Just One, suffered for the unjust, that he might bring sinners unto God. See his suffering love to his enemies, prophesied of in Ps. xxii. and Isa. liii., and fulfilled in Matt. xxvii., Mark xiv., Luke xxiii., and John xix., &c. God caused to meet upon him the iniquities of us all. And Jesus, bless his name! he took them, he bore them away. O may we be enabled to take up our cross as a badge of honour, and follow him without the camp, bearing his reproach! &c. O what an agony of soul he must have suffered to produce a sweat of blood! When pressed with

the intolerable load of man's transgressions and the fierceness of the wrath of Almighty God, we are admonished to consider him. It is blessed employment and sweet to contemplate the love of our tender-hearted Pitier and Redeemer. He is mighty to save; he fulfilled the law, that was against us; he was crucified, and in our room and stead satisfied divine justice, conquered death in his own dominions; he overcame all his and our enemies by his obedience, Almighty power, sufferings, crucifixion, and death; he said, "It is finished!" bowed his head, and yielded up the ghost. Mr. Hart asks the question, "Sinners, will not this suffice?" Yea, says my soul; and every believer that feels the satisfactory application of the same by the efficient power of Almighty God the Holy Ghost. Jesus Christ fully atoned for all his Father gave to him; he had a full and free discharge, justice opened the prison doors, and our mighty Conqueror rose victor over the devil, sin, death, grave, and hell; then further instructed and comforted his disconsolate disciples, ascended triumphantly, entered heaven gloriously, and the King of Glory was heartily welcomed in.

O what acclamations of joy! what triumphant shouts! what melodious songs! what majestic brilliance and personal glory of Christ shines in the heavenly mansions! O sing the Lamb that died! sing, ye blessed angels and spirits of the just! O that I were among you, to join your anthems of redeeming love and glorious grace in the mansions of eternal bliss! Yet a little while, yea, my dear Lord, yet a little while, and thou wilt take me to thyself to see thee as thou art, and there behold thy glory. There is no creature love can equal thine! no beauty can compare, no smile so endearing, no conversation with such vivacity, no heart so loving, no bosom so soothing, no union so strong, or any so sweet, nor any so durable; for thine is everlasting. This is my Beloved and this is my Friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem. But my wings are clipped, and down I come into the valley of trouble again, to condole with my sorrowful pensive brother.

Well, Jesus Christ, our glorious King Mediator, sits in heaven, ministering all things to the church. He will manage all our affairs, and perform all things for us as we severally need to his praise, and at last come again and receive us to himself. Until then may it please the Lord to enable us to submit ourselves under his mighty hand, to resign ourselves up to his holy and blessed will in all things, and to praise him for all his mercies, rejoicing that the Holy Ghost is to abide in the church for ever, that the Father's love is everlasting, and that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; and that our eyes may be anointed with the blessed unction of the Holy One to look in the glass of God's word, see the glory of Christ's Person, and enjoy the riches of his grace. He is the Beauty of beauties, and there is no irregularity in him. "He is the Chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely." If I think of wisdom, he is wisdom, he is understanding; if of power, he is omnipotent; of knowledge, he is omniscient; if of space, he is omnipresent; as God, he is our rest and our refreshing. His grace is sufficient for us:

his strength equal to our day. The Lord grant that in patience you may possess your soul. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

I thank you for your kind epistle, which is not now in my possession to answer, and therefore hope this will not altogether be unseasonable, though written in much weakness. I have been nigh falling down twice this week with weakness in my head, &c. When I wrote to you before, those words, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you," encouraged me when inquiring of the Lord; but time and strength would fail me to show you how graciously God in mercy has fulfilled his promise. I have dropped you a few hints of my path and the way the Lord has led me; but to particularise, I should want a quire of paper, much more strength and time, and a purse of dollars to send you for postage. But Christ is all; may he comfort you and yours,

3, Houndsditch, London, Feb. 10th, 1821. WILLIAM MOORE.

It will not do for the shepherd to be singing on the sunny bank while the poor sheep are in the mire, or among the briars and thorns.—*W. T.*

At night, in my chamber, a little before I went to bed, my soul was harassed in a sad and very unusual manner with doubts, and fears, and unbelief. I was in spiritual darkness; even darkness that might be felt. I do not know that I ever was so much given up to the evil surmisings of my heart. My heavenly Pilot disappeared; I seemed to have quite lost my hold on the Rock of Ages; I sank in the deep mire, and the waves and storms went over me. Yet, at last, in prayer, I was enabled, I know not how, to throw myself, absolutely and at large, on God, at all events, and for better for worse; yet without comfort and almost without hope. I was, in short, almost in a state of despair. My horror and distress were unutterable. And in this condition I remained until it pleased God to give me some sleep. * * * O what infinite amends has God made me for the distresses of last night! Might I choose for myself, (which, however, I am not qualified for, nor yet desirous of doing,) I should hardly, I think, care how much God humbled me in private before him, so I might but enjoy his presence and blessing in the discharge of my public duties. What a day has this been! A Sabbath day indeed; a day of feasting to my soul; a day of triumph and rejoicing. He brought me into his banqueting-house, and his banner over me was love. I never was more assisted from above than this afternoon, very seldom so much. Lord, bless the people as thou hast blessed me! Here let me leave it on thankful record, for my comfort and support (if it please God) in future times of trial and desertion, that I never was lower in the valley than last night, nor higher in the mount than to-day. The Lord chastened me, but did not give me over unto death. And he never will. He may, indeed, for a small moment, hide his face from me, but with everlasting kindness will he have mercy on me.—*Toplady.*

"THE LORD LOOKETH ON THE HEART."

"For the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."—1 Sam. xvi. 7.

What a solemn day is fast approaching, when the secrets of all hearts are to be revealed and made manifest! Every hidden thing then will be brought to light; nothing but realities will stand the trying test. Appearances of religion, without the power of vital godliness, however splendid and admired in the eyes of mortals, then will be no more than as a vanishing cloud, or an empty bubble upon the water, before the face of him whose eyes are as a flame of fire. "For the Lord hath prepared his throne for judgment; and he shall judge the world in righteousness. He shall minister judgment to the people in uprightness;" (Ps. ix. 7, 8;) "For, behold, he cometh, for he cometh, to judge the people with truth and equity." (Ps. xcvi. 13; xcvi. 9.) O then to have, like Job, the root of the matter in one's own soul, how divinely blessed! How highly privileged to be in possession of the kingdom of God within, the oil for the light, ready to trim the lamp, when the cry comes, "Go ye forth to meet the Bridegroom!"

To be in the fear of God all the day long, with a tender conscience, enabling one to depart from evil, to have the faith of the operation of the Spirit of God in the soul and a good hope through grace, which makes not ashamed, having the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost given unto us; these are realities of which I trust my soul has known something, and the sweetness, preciousness, and essential blessedness of which I am earnestly longing and panting to know more. But feeling so much of the desperate wickedness and deceitfulness of my own heart, I am led to cry, "Lord, search me and try me, and see if there be any evil way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Make me to know truth in the inward part, and in the hidden part make me to understand wisdom.

"There is a way," says Solomon, "which seems right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." How many millions of poor blind deluded mortals are posting onward in this seemingly right way, and that with a show of outward sanctity, under the garb of a profession of religion. Papists and Puseyites, Church folks and Dissenters of various grades, are going on in the broad way to perdition, led on by the devil, the father of lies, the god of this world, the king of the bottomless pit, who has blinded their eyes with the smoke of confusion and error, lest the light of the glorious gospel should shine unto them, each appearing in their own view to be right. But the Lord who searches the heart is a God of knowledge, and by him actions are weighed. He sees not as man sees. Whilst man is admiring the outward appearance the Lord looks upon the heart.

What is all profession of religion without heart work? What profit will it be to gain a good name among men, to be admired by self and mortals, to accumulate a great knowledge of external truth.

so as to pray or preach like an angel, and at the same time to be ignorant of divine charity, the love of God shed abroad in the heart? "What is the hope of the hypocrite, though he hath gained, when God taketh away his soul?" (Job xxvii. 8.) There may be a sound creed in the judgment, but no truth in the inward parts, nor wisdom known in the hidden part, Christ formed in the heart the hope of glory. A white-washed sepulchre is not a clean heart.

Many seem to be running, but few pressing towards the mark; many talking about salvation, but few realising the joys of it, or feelingly perishing without it. There is much of the form, but few know anything of the power that separates from the world, delivers from self, defends from Satan, makes sin to be hated, Christ to be loved, truth to be precious, evil and error to be departed from, the cross to be taken up, reproach to be hailed, shame to be welcomed, persecution to be endured, a throne of grace to be prized, prayer to be answered, deliverance to be wrought, help to be afforded in times of need, and a God to be known by the judgment which he executes; for he "executeth judgment for all that are oppressed," thus enabling them to sing of mercy and of judgment. This is a secret my soul has learnt by painful though blessed experience; and so shall all know it, more or less, who fear God.

Such a religion as this may appear, and does so in the eyes of the world and empty professors, to be too strait-laced; narrow-mindedness, bigotry, enthusiasm, &c.; yet "the Lord seeth not as man seeth." Man, by nature, is stark blind to spiritual things, for "the natural man discerneth not the things of the Spirit of God." Thus the world and professors, judging by outward appearance, commend themselves and condemn the tried, exercised child of God; yet "the Lord looketh upon the heart," and beholds the rottenness of the former and the soundness of the latter. And although, poor, despised, outcast, tried, child of God, thou mayest be oft viewing thyself and condemning thyself, on account of thy ignorance, vileness, helplessness, and poverty; and though the sight and sense of what thou feelest and fearest has at times an appearance to thee that thou art out of the secret of true religion; yet at the same time thou art longing and panting for the Lord as the hart panteth after the water brooks; remember, "the Lord seeth not as man seeth." He views thee all fair and spotless in his Son. It is he that opened thy eyes to see and feel thy malady, and created in thy soul this hunger and thirst for the blessed remedy; and although he will ever send the rich empty away, yet will he fill thy hungry soul with good things; for "he hath provided of his goodness for the poor."

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven;" "It is better to be of a humble spirit with the lowly than to divide the spoil with the proud; for the Lord will have respect unto the lowly, but the proud he knoweth afar off."

Sutton Benjer, May 12th, 1852.

A SMOKING FLAX.

As all sap and roots are hid, so is our life hid with Christ in God.
—Huntington.

“KEEP THY HEART WITH ALL DILIGENCE, FOR
OUT OF IT ARE THE ISSUES OF LIFE.”

You will find a watchmaker or a clockmaker is not so much amused with the two pointers or face of a clock or watch as other people. The chains, the wheels, the main spring, the lesser and greater works inside, are what he attends to most; yea, he gets a glass to his eye, and is determined to make thorough inquisition into the whole business. And so it is with the real elect of God. Stony ground hearers, thorny ground hearers, foolish virgins, those who thus have a name to live, as well as those also who are erroneous in doctrine and practice, and the profane part also of mankind, all these erroneous tribes, of every hue and of every kind, who are not of the elect of God, can take things for granted, or be careless about divine things. Not so with a child of God. Like the watchmaker with the little glass fixed before his eye, so the saint is determined, through the grace and Spirit of Christ, to make his calling and election *sure*.

For this purpose, the Spirit of God helps his infirmities, and enables him to count no sacrifice too great if by any means he may attain unto the resurrection of the dead. Inwardly and outwardly, but more especially in the heart, is this matter of inquiry made. If the inside of a clock or watch is thoroughly right and good, a watchmaker will warrant the pointers to go right; nay, if they do not go right, he regulates the losing or gaining time, by touching the inward regulator, and not merely with bungling or ignorance pays his sole attendance to the pointers.

“O that my ways were so directed that I might keep thy statutes,” says the saint to God. If the heart is not right with God, the inside is faulty; nay, most outward faults in a saint are the consequence of spiritual rust, dust, and such like, or other injuries, as it were clogging the lesser or greater frameworks of things internally between God and the soul. For this purpose, the advice at the head of this paper, “Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life,” is given, which is true spiritually as well as naturally: which is according to Peter’s advice, (2 Pet. i.) “Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence;” for he says if any saint is wanting in these thorough strivings through the Spirit to stand complete and perfect in all the will of God, wanting nothing, he is so far (though a saint) blind and cannot see afar off, and has forgotten that he was cleansed from his old sins.

In fact, all the goings of a Christian have a mutual and reflex action on each other, outwardly and inwardly. Outward sins stun the inward feelings; and inward rectitude with God drives on consistently the outward actions of a Christian. Inward sins mar the outward walk; and outward becoming life and conversation toward God and toward man, through the self-same Spirit producing them, do, as it were, oil the springs of inward goings-on between God and the soul. Happy is the man who is taken up and employed in these things, in seeing how the machinery is going on in these things in

him. Happy is the man whose great peace is this, to "love thus thy law in Christ, O God;" for nothing shall offend or stumble such.

For such spiritual characters as these (as all the manifested or quickened elect of God are, more or less, according to the degree in which Christ is sensibly made wisdom and power to them) are certainly possessed of these outward and inward regulators, so as to be enabled to cleanse their way according to God's word, to "prepare their ways before him," to walk with Christ, more or less, in peace and equity, and to make their calling and election sure.

But I shall, in this scrap of paper, more especially refer to keeping the heart with all diligence. Not but what I am fully sensible if the clock-pointers of our life and conversation are outwardly wrong, both they and the inward regulator in the heart must all, by him whose workmanship we are in Christ Jesus, so far be all altered; for wisdom is to be justified, not laughed at or blamed, in her children.

I know it will be said by poor blind carnal nature, "What! is it, then, in your soul to ask for grace to keep your heart with all diligence? Wretched man, you will be melancholy!" To that I answer, as a good man said, "If there is no happiness in the favour of God, I am sure there is none in his wrath." The short-comings and imperfections I am the daily subject of breed unhappiness between me and God. Besides, I have a hope that I am one of those elected of God, which has kindled and fanned into a flame my love for him; so that, instead of being melancholy, by being enabled to wish and strive to cleave to him with purpose of heart and a single eye, I trust I am becoming satiated with bliss, through him. Surely, he that painted all the flowers with such inimitable beauty, tinted the wings of birds with such inimitable colourings, and filled this gorgeous creation in May and June with all the splendid apparatus of endless varieties of beauty and perfection, which, though perishable, show me his eternal power and Godhead to make me happy if he loves me in Christ Jesus, and having enabled me warmly to love him in return, surely that all-bounteous, benevolent, worthy, and blessed Being can make me happy! And therefore, his grace helping or enabling me, I am thereby, with Solomon's advice and Paul's example, "determined" to keep my heart with all diligence, seeing that the issuings of eternal life in the springs of God are in my heart. Where these springs issue forth and bubble forth, it is of the last importance that the rubbish of flesh and blood, of the world, or Satan, do not clog, hinder, nor impede these springs. For this purpose, afflictions are sent to scour away all the rubbish with which flesh and blood, the world, and Satan are continually endeavouring to stop, clog, and mar those springs of God in Christ which are in the heart of every truly elect regenerated person. I have been afflicted ever since I was a boy, for the last thirty years; and O the blessings of afflictions to the elect! It is one part of the difference between the elect and non-elect. A poor and afflicted people are the former; fat and strong, or having more than heart could wish, is the character of the latter.

Indwelling sin also is another festering sore in every child of God,

keeping him awake, stinging, nettling, making him most wretched, as Paul says, "O wretched man that I am!" Now, if you were to hear any one hallooing out, "O wretched man that I am!" with a hollow, mournful, and plaintive voice, and there was not sufficient cause for so serious and dreadful an outcry, he ought to be taken up by the constable as an impostor. So it is with any one not really elected and regenerated crying out in Paul's language of indwelling sin, "O wretched man that I am!" And I have no doubt but God will some day order his vicegerent, conscience, to arrest every non-elect, unregenerated person as an impostor who has ever taken that language into his lips concerning indwelling sin! "What hast thou to do to take my statutes into thy mouth?" says God.

Ever since I had my sins forgiven me feelingly in my conscience, about twenty-two years ago, I have more especially found indwelling sin always lying ready to nibble at me and bring me into bondage or mischief. Of this I am more than ever certain. Indwelling sin, with a spade and mattock, as it were, has always been endeavouring to throw in and dig up the filth of sin from my poor heart to poison the springs of God in Christ in me, and has always made me thus from necessity (as well as love) to wish and strive, with God's power, to keep my heart with all diligence; otherwise I am sure to go back in divine things or get into mischief. Indwelling sin in a saint is of that cunning, violent, sly, and venomous nature, that if you are not always enabled to watch or fight, it will get an advantage over you; it will indeed. O the horrible warfare that I have been in for the last twenty-two years, more especially! All the plots and plans, all the manoeuvres that that infernal general, Satan, could ever blow into a poor heart, surely my poor heart has had a taste of! I am sick of myself, and "hate my own life," in Christ's own words, without which, he says, no one can be his disciple. Well come, say I, if that is to be a Christian, then I am one. Indwelling sin really makes me out of love with myself. Sinning and repenting is my everlasting round, and I fear it will be till I am dead. But are this fear and repentance a token that I am to be in heaven when I die? Lord, thou knowest I don't like them (the plots, counterplots, and all the wretched goings-on of indwelling sin) in my wretched soul. Be thou faithful unto death, says God, (an enabling God, too, to every elect soul,) and I will give thee a crown of life! "Enough, Lord," says the ransomed, elected, and illuminated soul, "and may I be enabled to keep the citadel-royal, my heart, seeing that therein are the issuings forth, sensibly in my feelings, of eternal life from thee to me."

Yet still there is an infernal sweetness in sin to the carnal or old nature in a saint, which will be so, more or less, till we die. But of sin, or the devil, or any foe of God, which we are enabled to be sincerely at all sorry for our being the subject of, or for being hurt by in the sight of God, weeping graciously in our conscience, we may humbly, sincerely, and affectionately say,

"Meantime, that foe can't boast of much,
That makes us watch and pray."

However, like as if a steam engine is wrong, the whole train following it on the railway will suffer from it, so if the heart be wrong in a Christian, many and numerous, spiritually and proportionably, are the maladies; backsliding in heart, regarding iniquity in the heart, being filled with our own ways, God refusing to hear our prayers; so that that person is a wise child of God who is enabled to attend to head quarters, the heart, the seat of all vital religion between God and the soul. Such a one will not have to go about like some simple ones, flimsily crying nought scarce but leanness. For the issuings forth of eternal life in his heart, he, like a wise child, being enabled to attend to, whether it be in bitterness or sweetness, darkness or light, winter or summer, he is enabled most narrowly to wish or strive to consider and weigh all these ever-changing scenes between God and him, and to suck edification in sinkings and risings, bluff rebukes or sunny smiles. So that, whether he is instructed in chambers of imagery of the most baneful, the saddest corruptions, or stands on the rocks of praise, he that, through rich grace, is engaged in the deeply chequered work of being enabled to keep his heart with all diligence, shall, like those doing merchandise afar off like the good woman mentioned in the last chapter of Proverbs, lay up in store a good foundation against the time to come. While those whose spiritual vineyards are permitted to be more overgrown with nettles, shall be under tribute, our enemies themselves being judges.

Abingdon.

I. K.

“Where sin has abounded,” says the proclamation from the court of heaven, “grace doth much more abound.” By this Manasseh, a monster of barbarity, and an adept in iniquity, becomes a child of forgiving love and an heir of immortal glory. Behold that bitter and bloody persecutor Saul; when, breathing out threatenings and bent upon slaughter, he worried the lambs and put to death the disciples of the blessed Jesus. Who, upon the principles of human judgment, would not have pronounced him a vessel of wrath, destined to unavoidable damnation? nay, would not have been ready to conclude, that, if there were heavier chains and a deeper dungeon in the world of woe, they must surely be reserved for such an implacable enemy of true godliness? Yet (admire and adore the riches of Almighty grace!) this Saul is elected into the goodly fellowship of the prophets, is numbered with the noble army of martyrs, and makes a distinguished figure among the glorious company of the apostles. The Corinthians were flagitious even to a proverb. Some of them wallowed in such abominable vices, and habituated themselves to such outrageous acts of injustice, as were a reproach to human nature. Yet even the sons of violence and the slaves of sensuality were washed, were sanctified, were justified; washed in the precious blood of a dying Redeemer; sanctified by the powerful operations of the blessed Spirit; justified through the infinitely tender mercies of a gracious God. And those who were once the burden of the earth are now the joy of heaven and the delight of angels.—*Hervey*.

CHRIST IS ALL AND IN ALL.

My Christian Friend,—I am informed by your relatives that you excused my freedom in writing to you, and took my letter in good part. They have also suggested a hint that they thought you would not be offended if I dropped you a few more lines on that sweetest of all subjects, the rich grace of God in Christ Jesus. It is a subject that suits needy sinners; it is the fulness of supply for all their wants, and the answer to all their scruples on account of their personal unworthiness, sin, and misery. "By grace ye are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." I am inclined to think that you feel more and more your entire need of our Lord Jesus Christ, and that nothing less than such a full, all-sufficient, and willing Saviour as he is can do for such a helpless sinner as you. If so, this is just as it should be. This opens the way for communion with the dear Friend of sinners. Blessed wants are those that can meet with no relief but out of Christ's fulness. The Holy Spirit leads the renewed soul to find all its supplies in the Lamb of God. It is the invariable work of that infallible Teacher to "guide into all truth;" to open the treasures of grace to the empty, hungry soul; and to satisfy the mind and conscience with special discoveries of the depths of love and the flowings of sovereign goodness, truth, and mercy in the Holy One, Immanuel, God with us. John bears testimony that "of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace." As we "received Christ Jesus the Lord," so we are called to "walk in him." We never receive Christ till we know and feel our need of him. We must know something of him before we can believe in him; and every degree of spiritual knowledge of him is by the Holy Spirit's teaching. He, the Holy Spirit, makes known who the Saviour is, what he has done, how able he is to deliver, and how willing to save to the uttermost. This engages our hearts; this wins our affections; this takes off our minds from duties, tears, humblings, and repentings, so that we trust in none of these things, but in Christ alone. We look to Christ and to Christ only. We then enjoy manifestative salvation, as truly as the Israelites of old looked to the brazen serpent, and in looking found their cure. So we, looking to him only who was "made sin and a curse," prove to our hearts' satisfaction that sin and the curse are for ever gone. There is nothing more simple than the goings out of heart towards and upon Christ Jesus the Lord; and it is well for us to be kept in this simplicity. But if we attend to the opinions and inventions of men instead of adhering to God's precious word, we get our minds warped from this simplicity. It is good for us indeed to receive nothing in point of doctrine or practice but what is according to the Holy Scriptures. Paul says to the Corinthians, "For I have received of the Lord that which also I have delivered unto you;" and he tells the same people in his second epistle, "Not for that we have dominion over your faith, but are helpers of your joy; for by faith ye stand." We are naturally prone to look into ourselves, and to

seek to find some good dispositions and gracious qualities that may increase our confidence before God; for it seems very reasonable that if we are partakers of grace there will be this mark, this proof, that proof, and the other evidence of our spirituality; and this is what is called "the gospel" in our day. But if I am looking into myself for that which is to make me acceptable to God, I cannot be looking to Christ at the same time; and consequently I lose the present enjoyment of *that comfort* which is no where else to be found but *in him*, who is the consolation of Israel. As sure as God is our teacher, we shall never find anything in ourselves to give us confidence and satisfaction. Our acceptance is only in Jesus. Our perfection is in Christ; and in the Holy One of God we are now and for evermore without spot or stain. He pronounces his church to be altogether lovely. He says, "Thou art all fair, my love, and there is no spot in thee." Remember that Truth itself cannot speak lies. Paul says, "Ye are *complete* in him." Then it is impossible that we can lack anything to make us acceptable to, and accepted with God. And our true blessedness lies in living in the daily belief of this. It is true spiritual practice so to do. I often think how different the real gospel is from that which is generally called so. A mock gospel puts the sinner upon bringing something to God, or in some shape or other giving the creature to have, as we say, "a finger in the pie." But the real gospel brings all blessings ready prepared home to the door of a poor sinner's heart, and pours in the riches of everlasting love in all their free, full, and spontaneous nature. The Father's love opened in the Son and by the Spirit's power enjoyed in the soul, is the sure token of the precious and everlasting gospel.

I pray the Keeper of his people to keep you throughout your few remaining days stedfastly looking to him, remembering that your all is *in him*. Present grace and future glory are all made sure in him who is the life, health, peace, strength, stay, salvation, blessedness, comfort, and portion of his people. May he richly increase your communion with him, and abundantly feed you with himself, the bread of eternal life, that as your outward man decays your inward man may be strong and lively through his divine renewings, is the earnest prayer of,

Yours in him,

T. B.

All ingratitude is reckoned infamous, except ingratitude to God. Such is human nature; and such the kind religion of it.—*Berridge*.

There may be genuine faith in the heart, and not that full assurance of faith which the soul is capable of receiving, and which it shall receive in God's own time. God's work is capable of enlargement. "The path of the just is like the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." The just are to "live by faith," which is "the substance of things hoped for;" which implies there are certain things, for the time being out of sight. Babies, young men, and fathers are all taught the work and business of faith, according as their circumstances may require.—*H. Fowler*.

"HITHERTO THE LORD HATH HELPED US."

Much-esteemed Friend,—Be pleased to accept my most sincere acknowledgment of your kind favour by the hand of Mr. B—, on Tuesday morning last. I do the more highly appreciate this token of your liberality as coming at so seasonable a juncture, which rendered it doubly welcome to me; and it has called forth from me many thanksgivings unto the God of all my mercies. Upon my reaching home, the effects of your kindness, under the melting impressions of the Holy Spirit of all grace, constrained me to fall down and worship the Author and Giver of all good, for his great condescension in thus graciously supplying the need of his poor unworthy and feeble creature. And while thus engaged, some earnest supplications flowed from my heart in behalf of the kind heart and hand of my much-esteemed friend that he himself had opened and extended towards me. While pondering over these repeated acts of kindness, my heart and tongue uttered the same request on your behalf as Paul the aged did for his kind brother Onesiphorus, (2 Tim. i. 18,) and I feel a humble hope and confidence that in the appointed period I shall meet you, with all my beloved friends and brethren in Christ Jesus, in those happy regions of perfect bliss, where all imperfections, tribulations, sins, and sorrows will be for ever done away; where no temptation shall annoy, no inward corruption afflict, no vain world ensnare or entangle us any more; where we shall "hunger no more, neither thirst any more, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed us, and shall lead us unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes." (Rev. vii. 16, 17.) Then every act of reciprocal kindness shown towards each other while here below, even to a cup of cold water, shall be had in everlasting remembrance. Then "all the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness."

"These," my dear friend will say, "are great things indeed for us poor sinners to expect, especially in this our present low estate, surrounded with so many doubts, fears, and imperfections." True, they are so, but not too great for the God of all grace to bestow. He has, in truth and faithfulness, engaged to give, freely to give, both grace and glory to spiritually poor, self-lost sinners, and to withhold no good from them that walk uprightly. (Ps. lxxxiv.) It is not our stature in grace, but the reality of it, that insures the invaluable prize; for "He delighteth not in the strength of the horse, he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man; the Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy." (Ps. cxlvii. 10, 11.) My dear friend cannot say that she is destitute of these choice graces of fear and hope, and therefore she is encouraged by the Lord himself to press forward, for he has said, "They shall not be ashamed that wait for me." (Isa. xlix. 23.)

A deep sense of our utter unworthiness, the working of indwelling sin, and the assaults of Satan, our great adversary, would, if we were

not divinely supported, sink us into the depths of distress, and they do at times greatly discourage us in running the race set before us. Nevertheless, having obtained help of God, we are upheld and sustained to the present day, and can at times set up our Ebenezers with cheerfulness, saying from the heart, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us," being enabled to plead with David, "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth us. Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever; forsake not the works of thine own hands." (Ps. cxxxviii. 8.)

Several more things are on my mind relative to this interesting subject, but as my purpose and desire were to convey this by way of a receipt for your kindness, I will only add my best wishes for your present and everlasting welfare. "May the Lord bless thee and keep thee! The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee! The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace!" with each of those who are mutually dear to our hearts.

Saturday, Dec. 29th, 1832.

JOHN KEYT.

"WAIT ON THE LORD."

Dear Friend,—Ofttimes have I felt my spirit stirred up with mournful and rejoicing anxiety to write to you and my many distant friends, but have hitherto lacked opportunity. The fatigue of business, the increasing infirmities of a weakly body, and the burden of mingled cares, begin now to press upon me, which, together with having so many hindrances, and my time so much occupied, must again plead with my friend to excuse me writing to her at greater length. My spirit is willing, but my flesh is weak. The Lord is my witness, the Lord is my memorial, the God of Jacob is my help, my comfort, my refuge, my present and everlasting portion. O how blessed it is to prove him to be so by feeling experience! This blessedness I know; and it does at times melt my worthless heart down in tears of love, joy, and peace in believing, at my dear Redeemer's lovely feet, amidst my declining days, and assures me of the enjoyment of his presence above for ever.

My dear friend, how can I call it in question, with his sprinkled blood in my conscience, and his Spirit's witness in my heart? This is a sealing evidence to all who feel it, and leaves the divine impress of everlasting love behind stamped on a bleeding heart; and endears a bleeding Saviour to the soul infinitely more than health, or wealth, or life itself. Let not my friend be discouraged; the desires of the righteous shall be granted; therefore wait, I say, on the Lord, and in his own due time and way he will give thee his Spirit's own desires in thine heart.

I, on a "Who can tell?"
 Have many years now pass'd;
 And still I'm out of hell,
 My arms round Jesus cast;
 The chief of sinners, with this plea,
 "I'm vile;" have mercy, Lord, on me.

Free mercy, yes, again,
 Again has broke my heart;
 Has burst my heavy chain,
 And eased my deepfelt smart;
 He still restores my wand'ring feet,
 And hears me from his mercy seat.
 His blood my guilt removed,
 Again, again, again;
 His faithful love I've proved,
 Though sinful I remain;
 This cheers my hope, endears him too,
 Nor do I fear what hell can do.
 Although with sin I groan,
 My soul to Jesus clings;
 His cross, his name I own,
 Of Christ my spirit sings,
 And waits with joy the conflict o'er,
 To praise him there, where sin's no more.

Bedworth, Nov. 14th, 1850.

G. T. C.

I was once I would not eat, except I had choice meat; now I dare not complain of crumbs and parings under his table. I was once that I would make the house ado if I saw not the world carved and set in order to my liking; now I am silent when I see God has his servants on horseback and is fattening and feeding the children of perdition.—*Rutherford*.

When sin is brought home to the conscience, and revealed by the Holy Spirit so that a man feels deeply in his mind that his whole nature is utterly deformed by sin; in this state, if there be nothing to look to but our own satisfaction, he must be overwhelmed by a fear of the judgment of God, and with despair; as I have often learnt by my own experience in the monasteries. There were proposed to us satisfactions, and an accurate confession of all our sins, but still the conscience was not at peace. We were advised to take the hooded cloak, but the same agonies of mind remained even under the hooded cloak which we suffered before; we cast away the hooded cloak again, but it was just the same. And I find by experience, through the tender mercy of God, that the only effectual remedy is this: To believe that God's goodwill is to pardon those who are terrified at and acknowledge their sins, and that he commands such to hope for the remission of them. Therefore, about the reasoning part of the matter, there need be no mention made, viz., whether or not the knowledge of sin be the first ground upon which the remission of sins is merited. For sin is sin, and in its nature merits punishment, whether you acknowledge it or acknowledge it not. But the acknowledgment of sin is necessary; because God's will is to pardon those who acknowledge their sins, and he will not pardon those who do not acknowledge them. And this feeling sense of sin is the very death of nature, unless thoughts of peace and a knowledge of the mercy of God be also given by the Holy Spirit—that God does not will to destroy such sinners.—*Luther*.

“I SOUGHT THE LORD AND HE HEARD ME AND
DELIVERED ME FROM ALL MY FEARS.”

My dear Friend,—You speak about the late date of yours, but I say better late than never. It came at a very suitable time for me. I hardly know where to begin; but this I can say from my heart, God has been and is merciful to me. Such a hell-deserving wretch do I feel that I cannot speak enough of his mercies to me. In this my affliction he has laid his afflicting hand once more on me, but I can see that it is all for the best. This is a mercy that he gives us to see, know, and feel that hell is our just desert; and that he does not cut us off and send us there is a proof of his long-suffering forbearance, abounding mercy, and compassion towards us; for above all my murmurings and rebellion he is faithful and true to his promises. Bless his precious name, he said to his disciples, in John xvi. 33: “In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.” Yes, and it is he that enables us to overcome and bear up under all trials and afflictions through him. Though the pain may be severe and trying to the flesh at the time, still

“How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up that sinners might live!
His way was much rougher and darker than mine;
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?”

I have been enabled once more to call him mine, which made me mark that last line. This hymn you will find in Gadsby's Selection, (232nd,) which has been so blest to me in this my affliction. On Thursday the 15th, between one and two o'clock in the morning, the first verse of that hymn came gently to my mind, that I felt such a brokenness of spirit I cannot describe now, with the portion that had been so blest to me in another of my afflictions in Jan., 1840, which was the first that came with any power to my soul, and has stayed with me to the present moment: “Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints,” (Rev. xv. 3,) which made me cry out, “Lord, give me then submission and resignation to thy will and ways in all things;” and he has heard my poor breathings. If any had been in the room that knew nothing of these things, they would have thought that I had been out of my mind; but really I could not help giving vent to my feelings in praise and thanksgiving to him, for I had felt much murmuring and rebellion before;

“The flesh dislikes the way,
But faith approves it well;
This only leads to endless day;
All others lead to hell.”

You and Mrs. —, were much on my mind the other day as I lay on the sofa, for this has been my berth ever since Wednesday the 14th, in the little room, and, to all appearance, will be for some time to come. Where I had the leeches on, it has gathered in my side and has much discharged, but they could not get it to discharge enough without the lancet, and I was enabled to go through the operation,

for it did not lie near the surface, but was deep in. Still the Lord was most merciful to me, and heard my poor cry. It reminded me afterwards of the poor woman with the issue of blood, who "said within herself, If I may but touch the hem of his garment I shall be made whole." The crowd and press knew nothing of her inward breathings out to the Lord. No; no more did those that were with me then at the time of this my trial. There were three in the room with me; but they knew not my cry to the Lord which was inwardly also, as the poor woman's, and I am more and more satisfied of its being a real inward work. After it was done, they stood amazed, for I did not speak, though it was very sharp and severe. My prayer was this, though short, but quite enough, "Lord, help me, and enable me to bear up under it." Yes, my friends, he did. But I felt more after they were all gone, when by myself. Not from the pain of the operation; no, but from a broken heart; for I could not help weeping much that the Lord should condescend to come over the mountains of all my unbelief, murmurings, and rebellions that I have had, for I have not been without them, though so highly favoured through this affliction. I feel daily, hourly, momentarily, more and more indebted to him, that I cannot feel thankful and grateful enough, and know not how to speak enough of his precious love and forbearance to such an unworthy wretch. O do help to "magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears." I really feel now as the Psalmist did, when he said, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he has done for my soul!" O what a mercy to have such a help in time of need. He is a very present help in time of trouble, and will hear even a sigh or a groan from those that know or feel a sweetness from the fruit of that apple-tree described in the Song of Solomon. I have been enabled to plead with him, and to leave myself in his hands, for him to do with me just as he pleases; and it is my wish to be resigned and submissive in his hands, as the clay in the hands of the potter, and to know no will but his.

This affliction, above all others of mine, I believe has been truly blessed to my soul, and is yielding the peaceable fruits of righteousness to my soul's comfort daily. Many portions of Psalm ciii. were very sweet to me in the course of the night of the morning before the operation. This, I believe, was the Lord's preparation for what I had to go through. There are many that talk of our preparing ourselves for these things. Poor things! what do they know of their own hearts? "Who and what maketh us to differ?" I know that if I had prepared myself I should not have borne up under it. No, bless his precious name! he is worthy of all the praise, for it is his due; and as the Psalmist said, so say I, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and thy truth's sake." Amen. There is one more hymn that I must mention, which was so blest to me yesterday, the 11th in Gadsby's Selection—the *mercy of God*.

I must now close, for I have written quite long enough, and feel

quite tired of sitting up. I shall be glad to hear from you at any time. I hope you will be enabled to make this scrawl out, for it has been done in much weakness of body. The flesh is weak but the spirit is willing. Give my kind love to Mrs. —, and accept the same yourself, and all the friends unite in the same. You must excuse all blunders, for I cannot look it over again; and believe me to be, Your ever well-wisher in truth in Christ Jesus,

Yours affectionately,

Faversham, Jan. 23rd, 1846.

G. BROADBRIDGE.

THE FLESH AND THE SPIRIT.

(Concluded from page 223.)

Now amidst all this battling in which all the children of God are in measure, more or less, engaged, there are three things for their consolation and quietude; and these are, first, that "it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." (Rom. vii. 17.) The second is that the old man shall one day be actually annihilated as he is now virtually: "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Christ." (Rom. vi. 6.) And, thirdly, that the new man of grace shall out-ride every storm, and by and by reign without molestation for ever in glory: "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound; that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord."

1. "It is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." This is oftentimes a comfort to a child of God; the sin that dwells in us Paul explains to be his old man of sin; and when he says, "It is not I," the *I* he there alludes to is the new man of grace. He also calls it the "inward man," by which he says he delights in the law (or will) of God. Hence he says, "I delight in the law of God after the inward man." (Rom. vii. 22.) This *I*, therefore, that sins not, he explains to be the inward man; this does not commit sin; but the *I* that does commit sin, Paul explains to be sin that dwelleth in him, or rather *in his flesh*, for he so expresses it: "For I know that in me, *that is in my flesh*, dwelleth no good thing," &c. (Rom. vii. 18.) However, therefore, a child of God may sin, and bring guilt upon his mind and disquietude into his heart, it is not his affection, nor his will, but his members and his flesh that fall; and this, though it cause wretchedness and misery in the mind, does not affect his standing in Christ; for Paul, immediately after mentioning his misery in these things, adds, "There is, therefore, *now*" (though he was wretched through his sin) "no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." (Rom. viii. 1.) They may be said not to walk after the flesh but after the Spirit whose affections are after spiritual things; for it is from the mind and affections that God measures everything; and not from the mere outward show. This is the greatest comfort to a child of God and the greatest terror to a professing hypocrite.

Our freedom from these deeds of the old man is virtually in Christ Jesus, but manifestively and experimentally from the "law of the Spirit of life," which constitutes the new man. Hence Paul says, "For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." (Rom. viii. 2.) Here you see the law in our members, or the old man, is called the "law of sin," because it is a principle in us which actuates us to sin; and it is called the "law of death," because it brings death in the soul spiritually, and would eternally if we were not made free from it.

Now Paul says he is made free from this law of sin and death by "the law of the Spirit of life." The "Spirit of life" no doubt means the Holy Ghost, because it is he who communicates spiritual life to the soul; and the "law" of this Spirit I take to mean the law in our mind, which this Spirit writes there, and which is the fountain of life implanted in our soul. "The law of the wise is a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death." (Prov. xiii. 14.) This Paul says makes him free from the other law, that is, "the law of sin and death." From this it is experimentally clear, that wherever the Spirit writes his law, there is freedom from the old law: "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." (2 Cor. iii. 17.) And if once free, free for ever; for the apostle says, "Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." (Phil. i. 6.)

2. Having now shown that in the Lord's view the fruits of the Spirit overtop and vanquish the deeds of the flesh, I come now to show the second thing for our comfort, which is *the destruction of the old man and our ultimate freedom from him.*

Paul here cries out in his anguish to know how he is to be delivered from the wretchedness this old man brings upon him; and then answers that God will do it, through Jesus Christ: "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." Here you see Paul believed that the Lord would ultimately, not only deliver him from the guilt but also from the existence of the old man. Now this deliverance is twofold. We are delivered already virtually by the death of Christ, for Paul expressly speaks of the *destruction* of the old man by his being crucified in the crucifixion of Christ; (Rom. vi. 6;) and this was done by virtue of our sins being imputed to him; for "the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all;" (Isa. liii. 6;) and after lying on him with such a weight as to squeeze great drops of blood from every pore of his body, he bore them to the cross, and there they were nailed with him to the tree: "Who his own self bore our sins in his own body on the tree." (1 Pet. ii. 24.) Here they weighed him down to the grave of death, and then he rose, leaving them behind.

But still the old man lives in our members until we have gone through the form of death, as our Forerunner has gone through the reality; and just as he killed the *sting* of death by his dying, so shall we, by virtue of his death, lose the body of the old man by our passing through the article of death; and when we rise, we shall rise free from all the violence which that old man has committed

upon us, just as the dear Lord rose clear from all the guilt of imputed sin. We shall rise free from the being, and all the fruits of indwelling sin. Hence it is said we shall be like him: "We know that when he shall appear we shall be like him," (1 John iii. 2,) free from all sin and all that now grieves and vexes us, and free from all the shackles that now hold us in bondage. No more strivings of the old man for the mastery; no more flesh lusting against the Spirit or the Spirit against the flesh; no more writhing under a sense of our indwelling vileness; for there shall not be a Canaanite left in the land. All shall be freedom and liberty.

Christ suffered "that the body of sin might be *destroyed*." If, therefore, it is not eventually destroyed, Christ's sufferings would be in vain, and his death fail of its object, neither of which can ever be the case.

3. I come now to consider the third thing for our comfort, and that is, *the reign of grace over every foe*, "that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign unto eternal life." (Rom. v. 21.) Death has been abolished by our living Head, so that sin has had its full wages, and an end is said to be made of it. There, therefore, now remains nothing to hinder the eternal reign of grace but this old man, who is now virtually destroyed, and who we have shown shall be manifestively so by and by. Grace then will have no opponent, but shall reign triumphantly for ever. Here every foe shall be destroyed, and the new man enlarged in his capacity to expand unmolestedly towards the object of his affections. Love, life, joy, and peace shall spread abroad in the soul, and eternal happiness reign in the breast. We shall then find our state true as Hart says,

"When saints are freed from any load
Of passions or of pains,
God dwells in them and they in God,
And grace for ever reigns."

Grace is here said not only to reign, but to reign unto "*eternal life*;" so that the enjoyment of freedom, life, and liberty will never cease. This is often cheering to a downcast soul, when battling with the body of the sins of the flesh, to know that he will one day be delivered from all, and that *for ever*. When viewed with the eye of faith, martyrs have considered their afflictions light and short, compared with the anticipated and promised blessings; and so also did the apostle, who was tried as much as any, and after all sealed his testimony with his blood: "For our *light affliction*, which is but for a *moment*, worketh for us a far more exceeding and *eternal weight of glory*; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." (2 Cor. iv. 17, 18.)

Hastings.

O.

To render good for evil is God-like; to render good for good is man-like; to render evil for evil is beast-like; to render evil for good is devil-like.—*John Mason*.

O B I T U A R Y.

MRS. HALL, OF PETERBOROUGH.

The deceased, a regular attendant, when health and strength permitted, at North Street Chapel, Peterborough, was a widow, very poor, in this world's goods, and being of a silent and reserved disposition, and for the most part tried and cast down in her soul, usually said but little of the dealings of God with her, and was consequently but little known, and, by most of her Christian friends, little thought of.

From some papers found after her decease, it seems that, some years back, she had gone through great soul trouble, and had received sweet manifestations of God to her soul; but the writing is disconnected and almost unintelligible.

On Tuesday evening, May 25th, Mr. Godwin preached at the chapel. His text was Romans i. 16. Mrs. Hall, though poorly, was there, and was much blessed in hearing. She observed that his remarks on the blood of Christ were very precious to her soul. It was the last time she was out, and on that occasion she spoke to Mr. G.

On the Wednesday she was taken worse. On the Thursday, she took to her bed, when she sent a message to me; on which I visited her, and found a poor, weak, dying woman triumphing in Jesus. She then informed me that Mr. Godwin's first sermon in the chapel, on Sept. 25th, 1849, from Matt. xi. 28, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," had been a great blessing to her, that at the time she felt she should never lose it, and she never really had lost it. She seemed then, when dying, to feel the savour of it. She then quoted many passages of Scripture as sweet to her, but on this seemed especially to rest, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;" observing, in her simple language, that the Lord had given it to her. She told us that, though she used to fear death, the dread of it was now quite taken away. The scene in that little chamber will not soon be forgotten. There were four of us with her, and the Lord Jesus in the midst. It was indeed to us "the house of God."

She got rapidly weaker, and afterwards was able to speak but little. On one occasion she quoted these lines, as suited to her:

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head."

At the last interview we had with her she seemed ready to depart being incapable of moving, and much rattling in her throat. Her death seemed probable every minute; but she feebly said to Mrs. S., on taking leave, "I want him to show me his hands and his feet." To a valued friend who was with her on the Wednesday, she spoke of enjoying much the first two verses of one of Dr. Watts's hymns:

"How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,

While everlasting love displays,
 The choicest of her stores!
 "Here every bowel of our God
 With soft compassion rolls;
 Here peace and pardon, love and blood,
 Is food for dying souls."

Dwelling much upon the words,
 "Peace and pardon, love and blood,
 Is food for *dying souls*."

The next morning, Thursday, June 3rd, our friend fell asleep in Jesus, in the eighty-first year of her age, proving that

"A feeble saint shall win the day,
 Though death and hell obstruct the way."

Peterborough.

J. S.

The promiscuous dispensations of providence in this life, wherein we see good men afflicted, destitute, tormented, and the wicked permitted triumphantly to ride over their heads, have been always looked upon as an indisputable argument, by the generality of mankind, that there will be a day in which God will judge the world in righteousness, and administer true judgment unto his people. Some indeed are so bold as to deny it, whilst they are engaged in the pursuit of the lust of the eye and the pride of life; but follow them to their deathbeds; ask them, when their souls are ready to launch into eternity, what they *then* think of a judgment to come, and they will tell you they dare not give their consciences the lie any longer. They feel a fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation in their hearts.—*Whitefield*.

My experience of the work of grace upon my soul has totally differed from what for the most part is made the standard of religion among the great mass of professors in the present day. All that I know, in relation to myself, is discoveries of my fallen nature, which have been daily unfolding themselves, under divine teaching, more and more to my apprehension. From the first dawn of the day spring which from on high visited me, when the Lord was pleased to bring me into an acquaintance with myself, and to make me know "the plague of my own heart," I have been unlearning (if the term be warrantable) what I had before been studying with so much care, how to recommend myself by human merit to divine favour. But when the Lord in mercy took me under his pupilage, he inverted this order of teaching. I was then led to see more of *his* ways and to think less of my *own*. And from that hour of matriculation in his school to the present I have been learning to get daily out of love with myself and in love with Christ. And so it has proved, that in the exact ratio in which I have advanced in the knowledge and love of the Lord, and in the ways of his grace, I have been going back in my estimation of all creature excellency and creature attainments; until at length I have arrived at the same conclusion with Job, "to abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes"—*Hawker*.

I N Q U I R Y.

Sir,—Which is the right time for sitting down to the ordinance of the Lord's Supper—morning, afternoon, or evening? and as it must be admitted that the evening was the time of its original institution, are we not bound to adhere to that portion of the day as most scriptural and most corresponding to the name and nature of the ordinance?

ANSWER.

Questions of this nature require for their answer the consideration of two points. 1. The positive precepts and injunctions of the Lord or his apostles; 2. The spirit and bearing of the new covenant. Where there is a positive command, *that* decides the point. A willing, heart-felt, childlike obedience then becomes our wisdom and mercy. But the New Testament is not a rule of St. Dominic, or a Roman Catholic directory for the mass, prescribing every movement and gesture, when to raise the hands and when the eyes, when to turn to the people and when to bow to the altar. The spirit of the New Testament, which is to guide us in cases where positive directions or clearly imperative practice are wanting, is utterly opposed to a strict, rigorous observance of mere matters of form, and especially to a slavish regard to times and seasons. This is Galatian practice—the necessary fruit of a Galatian gospel: “Ye observe days, and months, and times, and years. I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain.” (Gal. iv. 10, 11.)

But let us examine a little more closely the elements of this question—the principles that should guide us to a right decision; for it is one of those inquiries which are not mere solitary, isolated points, but belong to a class of questions of which the right solution of one is the right solution of all.

The ordinances of the Lord's house, it must ever be borne in mind, are of his own positive institution. Baptism, as the door of admission into the visible church; the Lord's Supper, as the standing memorial of his flesh and blood in the church—were of the Lord's own immediate appointment. Here, with us at least, there is no controversy. But believing that the ordinances themselves were of divine appointment, the question may still arise, “Is *every* circumstance connected with the original appointment so imperative upon us that not one particular may be departed from?” If this be answered in the affirmative—then, as it was in the evening that the Lord's Supper was instituted, and it is expressly called in the New Testament “the Lord's Supper,” (1 Cor. xi. 20,) that being the name of the evening meal—it would follow that we are bound to attend to that ordinance in the evening only.

But are we bound to such rigorous minutiae? To disentangle this question we propose the following considerations.

1. The ordinances of God's house have in them certain *positive elements*. By positive elements we mean those parts of the ordinance which are of positive institution, commanded by the Lord

himself, and which, if departed from, vitiate the ordinance itself, and make it null and void. Immersion in water in the name of the blessed Trinity is one positive element in the ordinance of baptism. Repentance toward God is another positive element; faith in the Lord Jesus Christ is another; a confession of his name a fourth. There are vital elements, as necessary to the very existence of the ordinance as light and warmth to the sun, or food to the maintenance of bodily existence.

In the same manner there are positive elements in the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. Bread and wine are positive elements; that the bread should be broken and the wine drunk; that the blessing of God should be asked; that the church should meet together as a church for that express purpose; and that the whole should be done in remembrance of the Lord Jesus—are all positive elements from which there can be no departure without sin.

2. But besides these positive elements in the ordinances of the Lord's house, there are *variable incidents* which may or may not be present without affecting the ordinance itself. This we see in nature. The air that we breathe, the water that we drink, are both of them compounded of two distinct elements, the combination of which forms air and water. Separate them, as chemists daily do, and air ceases to be air, and water is no longer water. But vapours may float or not in the air; the pestilential marsh may fill it with poison or the rose-garden with perfume; it is air still. Water may run pure from the mountain side, or drag a slimy load, like the Thames, to the sea; it is water still. So in the ordinances of God's house there are positive elements and variable incidents. The latter may admit of change or alteration. The former admit of neither.

But the *time* of the administration of the Lord's Supper, is it a positive element or a variable incident? In our judgment, a variable incident. It does not affect the essence of the ordinance. Three or four hours sooner or three or four hours later cannot alter the nature of the Lord's Supper. We have a remarkable instance, Acts xx., where Paul broke bread to the disciples only a little before sunrise. The disciples come together on the first day of the week to break bread, probably in the evening. Paul is so led out in preaching that he continues his sermon till midnight. Eutychus, sleepy youth, falls from the third loft, and is taken up dead. Paul raises him up, and afterwards breaks bread, and continues talking till break of day. Now if the administration of the Lord's Supper be limited to the evening, Paul certainly transgressed, for he broke bread after midnight.

Were we to follow the first institution of the Lord's Supper in every exact point, we should say that evening was certainly the fittest season; for the passover was limited to that time of the day, and the Lord's Supper was instituted immediately after the Lord Jesus had eaten the passover with his disciples. But if we feel bound to observe the exact time of its institution, why not carry the principle rigorously out? Why not have unleavened bread, for that was most certainly eaten at the first Lord's Supper, no other being allowed in the houses? (Exod. xii. 19.) And why not recline at full length on

couches, and celebrate it in an upper room; and have wine from Judæa, as the Prince of Wales was christened with water from Jordan? We see at once that it would be impossible, or at least impracticable, to carry out such punctilious minutiae. And if we could, what should we gain by a slavish adherence to form? A mere Pharisaical, traditionary ceremonial, a rigid bare letter out of which all spirit was evaporated, a theatrical mimicry, such as Whitefield witnessed at Lisbon. As in our present state the soul cannot exist without the body, and yet is of more importance than the body, so in the ordinance the spirit cannot exist without the form, and is yet of more consequence than the form. But as stature, colour, age, and dress do not affect the body, being merely variable appendages, so, as long as the form of the ordinance is observed, in other words, its positive elements are preserved, such variable circumstances as the exact time, exact bread, exact posture,* &c., need not be rigorously, slavishly clung to.

We consider, then, that the time is a mere matter of convenience to the church, analogous to whether it shall be on the first, second, or last Lord's Day of the month. In the country, where hearers lie scattered far and wide, it is generally impracticable to have the service, assuming there are two only, in the evening. Hearers who walk or ride for distances varying from five to fifteen miles, cannot remain till the evening, especially in the winter. To accommodate them service must be in the afternoon. If the Lord's people meet at his table to celebrate his dying love, and he is there to bless the guests, is it "an iniquity to be punished by the Judge" because the hands of the clock stand at four instead of eight?

Let us cleave to the spirit, not to the letter; and may our desire be to enjoy in the ordinance the Lord's presence and power, to eat his flesh and drink his blood by faith, and then mere unimportant, punctilious minutiae will fall into its right place.

The Lord illustrates Moses at no ordinary rate when he tells him, "I know thee by name;" (Exod. xxxiii. 17;) and doubtless intended that Moses himself should so account of it, and be highly satisfied therewith, though denied some other things he would fain have had. Thus also Paul signalises those eminent saints who were his fellow-labourers in the gospel, that "their names were in the book of life." (Phil. iv. 3.) And our Saviour propounds it to his disciples, as matter of the highest exaltation, that "their names were written in heaven." (Luke x. 20.) That our poor insignificant names should be written in God's book, and laid up among his treasures in heaven, when the generality of names, (even names of note,) are written in the dust, let it not seem a light matter to us; for this is that "everlasting name, which never shall be cut off." (Isa. lvi. 5.)
—*Coles.*

* We object to the kneeling posture on the same grounds as our Puritan ancestors: 1. that it is contrary to the nature of a supper; and, 2. that it favours a superstitious adoration of the bread and wine.

REVIEW.

Obituary of Mrs. E. Parsons, wife of Mr. Edward Parsons, late Minister of the Gospel, at Zion Chapel, Chichester. From a Manuscript by her Husband. London: E. Justins and Sons, 59, Fenchurch Street.

Next to the word of life and the preached gospel, and, we may perhaps add, the conversation of the tried and favoured amongst the people of God, there are few things more edifying to the soul than the records of the experience of the living family. Even in natural biography there is for most readers a peculiar charm. The pulses of human life so beat in unison, heart so echoes to heart in man to man, even as it lies buried amidst the ruins of the fall, that most are riveted by any well-written, detailed description of the varied circumstances and incidents that have stamped a character on the writer's life. And most have a history to relate, a tale of joys and sorrows, of marked providences and striking incidents, were they able to recollect or willing to detail the varied events that have tracked their path and lie buried in the secret depths of their bosom.

But if this be true naturally, how much more so spiritually! Bunyan's "Grace Abounding," Hart's "Experience," Huntington's "Kingdom of Heaven,"—where, in the whole range of spiritual reading, can we find three more edifying books? They are the concentrated kernel of well nigh everything else that these gracious men of God wrote. "The Pilgrim's Progress" lies deeply imbedded in "Grace Abounding;" the Hymns of Hart in his "Experience;" and the more than twenty volumes of the immortal Coal-heaver in "The Kingdom of Heaven taken by Prayer." If our books were placed on different shelves according to their worth and value, these would occupy the first, and few, perhaps, be found worthy to stand by their side. But as preachers have been owned and blessed who have not had the gifts and knowledge, power and utterance of Huntington, and writers been honoured who had neither the temptations of Bunyan nor the experience of Hart, so there are other records of Christian experience which well deserve a place on the shelves and in the hearts of those that fear God. Where these accounts are genuine, clear, deep, and powerful, they impress the heart and conscience in an indescribable manner. The weighty things of eternity are brought vividly before the eyes; the reality of true religion, the blessedness of those who are taught and favoured of God, the fallacy of a dead profession, the truth of the Scriptures, the oneness of the Spirit's teaching, all seem to be impressed on the soul of the spiritual reader when he sees them take this living, breathing form, and thus stamped as by the creating hand of God. And when we can follow the suffering saints from their first convictions to their deliverance, and then all through the wilderness of temptation to a dying bed, and see the faithfulness of God and the efficacy of his superabounding grace manifested from first to last, how it makes us admire and adore the depth and fulness of his infinite and eternal love! Grace in the heart of a Christian is thus seen as in a mirror.

In the Person and work of the Lord Jesus is grace revealed, in the word of truth is it made known; but it is only as let down into the heart that it is tasted, handled, felt, and realised.

Now grace in the heart of one child of God will ever unite with grace in the heart of another. If there be jars and divisions, if there be dispute and contention in churches and among individuals, let not these be fathered on religion. It is not grace but the want of it that gives them birth and maintains them in being. So far as grace rules and reigns, so far as the life of God is made manifest in the conscience, there is a blessed bond of union amongst the family of God. This bond of union may indeed lie very deep or be much hidden and covered; the brook of love that once flowed strong and clear may be diminished to a trickling rill; circumstances may separate the chiefest friends; ministers may be divided, churches split, congregations dispersed, the closest ties severed; because iniquity abounds the love of many may wax cold; but love itself can never die, for life and love are so one that love can only die with life and life die with love. It is one of the three abiding graces; and as faith never ceases out of the believer's heart, nor hope quite dies out of his soul, so love, however low it may sink or cold it may grow, never gives up the ghost. If a man could cease to love he would cease to believe; and if he could cease to believe he would cease to live; and if he ceased to live he would die out of the body of Christ as a dead branch out of a tree. But this we know is impossible with the people of God. "My sheep shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand;" "Because I live, ye shall live also."

That there is a great diversity in the experience of the Lord's people must be acknowledged; but there is a oneness, notwithstanding, running through and shining forth amidst that diversity. A few moments may not be out of place in glancing at this subject. Oneness, with diversity, is the peculiar feature of the work of God as seen in the visible creation. It is the grand clue that leads the naturalist through the labyrinth of created beings with which we are surrounded, from the stars that spangle the sky to the grass that we tread under our feet. Not to mention God's noblest work, *man*, created in his own image after his own likeness, in the features of whose countenance there is the greatest diversity, with oneness of original design and form, there is not a leaf that waves on the trees nor a flower that blows in garden or field that is not different, and yet alike—alike in type and nature, different in size, shape, or colour; alike as a whole, different in detail. And if natural creation present this beautiful combination of variety and oneness, shall not the spiritual creation bear a similar impress of God's handiwork? That there is a striking analogy between the old creation and the new is most plain. The figures and parables, comparisons and similitudes that meet us in well nigh every page of Old Testament and New amply prove this; for were there no resemblance between the work of creation and the work of grace there could be no room for such comparisons.

In true experience, then, viewed as the product of God's hand, there must be *oneness*. It is "one Lord, one faith, one baptism." "For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body; so also is Christ. For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit." (1 Cor. xii. 12, 13.) Without this oneness there could be neither union nor communion. In grace as in nature there must be a face to look at and love. "Thy neck," says the Bridegroom to the Bride, "is as a tower of ivory; thine eyes like the fishpools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbin; thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus." (Song vii. 4.) The graces of the Spirit typified by the features of her face drew forth his love. "Turn away thine eyes, for they have overcome me." (vi. 5.) When we gaze upon a human countenance we instinctively look for features. Without eyes, nose, mouth, and the other features, and these blended and assimilated in some proportion and harmony, it would not be the face of a man but of a monster. In the work of God on the soul, must there not be equally marked features? And do we not look, as if instinctively, for them? In hearing or reading, then, some professed account of the Lord's dealings with the soul, are we not obliged sometimes to stop and say, "Well, there is something here like face; but where are the eyes, where the nose, the mouth, and chin? Why, with all its roundness and softness, its form and colouring, it is after all but a mass of flesh—a mis-shapen mummy; or if there be something in it like eyes, they are certainly in the wrong place, in the cheek or chin, and the nose where the forehead should be. Is this a face to draw forth love? It rather creates disgust." Is there not much of this in the religious world? Taking the word experience in the broad, and, we may say, mis-used sense of mere *feelings*, without regard to their source, nature, and end, the world is full of it. Does not the Wesleyan class leader catechise his young brood about their experience? and does not the Romish priest draw forth the workings of the heart from his female penitents? True experience is not mere feeling, as feeling, but an experience of the power, presence, grace, and teaching of God in the soul. When, then, we examine much that is called experience, it is like looking at what claims to be a human face. And what are many such countenances? Some are like the *gutta percha* faces, the new toy that amuses children, which can be pulled and squeezed, made long or short, round or square, to smile or frown, and yet always in the end resume their vacant, unmeaning stare. Hundreds of such experiences are every year manufactured to order. Others possess no features at all—a mere mummy and mass of flesh; or, if any features, all in their wrong places. Liberty before bondage, gospel before law, deliverance before the prison, pardon before guilt, assurance before unbelief, redemption before captivity, mercy before misery; eyes, nose, mouth, chin, and cheeks all topsy-turvy, all in their wrong place. Aye, and some features altogether wanting—holes instead of eyes, or no eyes at all: a cheek all over the face, forehead and

chin clean shaved away. How many have what they call faith and yet no repentance, knowledge and no contrition, confidence and no fear, boldness and no humility, praise and no prayer, singing and no sorrowing, rejoicing and no mourning, victory without fighting, resurrection without dying, and glory in prospect without grace in possession! What can we make out of all this? Are we harsh, bigoted, uncharitable, if we cannot admire nor love such an eyeless, noseless, chinless face? Show us real, well-placed harmonious features, and we can admire and love them; but not a featureless, disfigured countenance—a cross between presumption and ignorance. Let us have eyes; and we shall not inquire whether they be blue or black; a nose, and we shall not be particular as to its shape or size. Oneness without variety would be sameness; variety without oneness would be disfigurement.

Amidst, then, all the variety of gracious experience, there is, as in the human countenance, a pervading oneness and a harmony, which, like the key-note of an air in music, runs through and blends the whole. For there is a *variety*, a beautiful variety in the experience of God's family. Each tuneful bird has its own note, each fragrant flower its own smell, each season its own beauty; and each child of God his own experience. Their trials, temptations, afflictions, providences, mercies, miseries, are not made in the same exact mould, nor cut to the same precise pattern. Some sink more deeply, and others rise more highly; some are faint and feeble, and others lively and strong; some are slow, late, and long, others quick, early, and short; some are cropt in their bloom, and others hang till their leaves get brown and dusky; some promise well at the outset and perform poorly, others promise but indifferently and ripen better; with some, clouds and rain last nearly all day till there is a glorious sunset, with others, cloudy bars are stretched across their evening rays, though their morning might have been bright and clear; some walk tenderly and humbly all their days, and others bring grief on themselves and others by their carelessness and carnality. Yet amidst all this variety there is oneness. The misery of sin, the vileness and deceitfulness of the heart, the guilt and bondage that allowed carnality produces, the mercy and long-suffering of God and the superaboundings of his grace, the suitability and preciousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, the emptiness of all created things, the assaults and fiery darts of Satan, the doubts and fears that spring up within when night comes on and the beasts of the forest prowl forth, the cries and sighs that go up unto the Lord when the battle is hot and victory hangs trembling in the balance, the sweetness of the promises as applied to the soul, the certainty and security of the elect, with the other blessed truths of the gospel, as appropriated and realised—in all these features of divine experience there is a sweet oneness of spirit among all the family of God. To see, to feel, to realise this oneness is to experience spiritual union and communion with the members of the body of Christ. This is the "communion of saints"—an article of the apostles' creed, but to most as dead and dry an article as the gilded sentence

that stands at the east end of a church, or the whole of the thirty-nine articles to a young curate pouncing upon a living as a duck upon a worm. But the "communion of saints" is as much a living article of a Christian's faith as "the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting." This is the mystical tie that knits heart to heart. This Jonathan felt to David, Elisha to Elijah, Asaph to the generation of God's children, (Ps. lxxiii. 15,) the saints to each other in those Pentecostal days when they were of "one heart and one soul," Paul to the Corinthian believers, (2 Cor. xii. 15,) and the early Christians when the wondering heathens said, "See how these Christians love one another."

Here, then, is one of the main benefits and blessings of those accounts of real Christian experience which we are sometimes favoured with. They much tend to the edifying of the body in love. They strengthen faith, encourage hope, and draw forth love, tenderness, and affection. The faithfulness of God is seen in living examples, his dealings seem brought near, and there is a sweet testimony that the Lord still reigns, that he has not forgotten the earth, and that a seed still serves him.

We have made the porch so large that we find we have not room for the house. As is the case with some ministers, our sermon is all introduction. We must, therefore, following their example, defer the rest of the subject till the evening—in other words, till the following Number.

P O E T R Y.

BEHOLD HIS BED, WHICH IS SOLOMON'S.

<p>The covenant of grace, Salvation full and free, Abides, my soul, a resting place, Ordain'd of God for thee.</p> <p>Blood is thy sealing claim; Make this thy constant plea; Ask what thou wilt in Jesus' name; He gives himself to thee.</p> <p>Matfield Green.</p>	<p>His bosom he displays, His loving heart declares, And freely, sweetly, softly says, "Cast on me all thy cares."</p> <p>Here, on this bed I'd rest, Nor from my Portion roam; What can I want to make me blest While Jesus is my home?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">R. S.</p>
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ERRATUM.

"Re-uniting," page 233, line 16, July Number, should be "Reconciling."

You will always find, if you observe, that after a sharp trial, when the compassion of our God moves our bowels toward him, when meekness and contrition operate, how dead the old man with all his members appears to be; how submissive, resigned, humble, lowly patient, and quiet the mind is, and at such times not easily roused or stirred up. These are called the peaceable fruits of righteousness, produced in those exercised with chastening or other afflictions.—*Huntington.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

“Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.”—Matt. v. 6.

“Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.”—2 Tim. i. 9.

“The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded.”—Rom. xi. 7.

“If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

No. 201. SEPTEMBER, 1852. VOL. XVIII.

PRAYER FOR MERCY.

PART OF A SERMON BY RALPH ERSKINE.

(Continued from page 246.)

III. The next general head of method was, to inquire what is *imported* in the Lord's *remembering mercy*, and our *praying* that he would do so. Here we may consider the import of it in a three-fold view. 1. Actively, as it is God's act. 2. Objectively, as it is our plea. 3. With reference to the season; viz., God's remembering mercy in the midst of wrath.

1. We may view the import of it *actively* considered, as it is God's act. What is it for God to remember mercy? It does not suppose oblivion or forgetfulness in God, as if he were capable of forgetting the perfection of his nature. No; he can no more forget mercy than he can forget himself. But there are three ways in which he may be said to remember mercy.

First. When he has *thoughts* of mercy: “I know the thoughts that I think towards you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end.” And then it follows also, “Ye shall call upon me, and ye shall go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you.” (Jer. xxix. 11, 12.) In time of wrathful dispensations we are ready to think that God has no thoughts of mercy; but even then he says, “My thoughts are not your thoughts;” (Isa. lv. 8;) “For I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord; because they call thee an out-cast, saying, This is Zion, whom no man seeketh after.” (Jer. xxx. 17.)

Second. He may be said to remember mercy when he *speaks words* of mercy; though he brings to the wilderness, yet he speaks comfortably. (Hos. ii. 14.) He remembers when he speaks comfortably to Jerusalem, and cries to her, “that her warfare is accom-

plished, that her iniquity is pardoned." (Isa. xl. 2.) When the Lord remembers mercy he speaks it both outwardly into the ear and inwardly into the heart; "God hath spoken once; yea, twice have I heard this, that power belongeth unto God. Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy." (Ps. lxii. 11, 12.) He speaks it once into the ear by the word; but he speaks it again, and that is twice, when, by his Spirit, he speaks it into the heart. Then indeed the heart rejoices: "God has spoken in his holiness, I will rejoice."

Third. He may be said to remember mercy when he does *acts* of mercy; such as these I have mentioned already in the instances of his pardoning and healing mercy. Thus he remembers mercy when he shows or manifests mercy, and when he exercises mercy in manifold acts, fruits, and effects of his mercy. Now, then, the prayer that he would remember mercy respects his merciful thoughts, merciful words, and merciful acts in the midst of wrath.

2. We may consider the import of it *objectively*, as it is our plea: "Remember mercy." Many deceive themselves with a false hope in the general mercy of God, and are ignorant of mercy, as it is the plea of faith. There are these twelve things contained in the plea of faith, when we plead that God would remember mercy.

First. We plead that he would remember the *place* of mercy; what place it has in his heart, and what place it has in his Christ. Has it not such a place in his heart that it is his delight? "He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy." (Micah vii. 18.) As we are by nature children of wrath, so he is by nature merciful. His mercies are called "his bowels." (Luke i. 78.) "Through the tender mercy of our God;" in the margin it is, through the "bowels of the mercy." Thus, James v. 11, he is called "very pitiful," literally "full of bowels." Mercy is most natural to him, and therefore it is most natural for him to show mercy. Has it not such a place in Christ that he is said to be the storehouse of mercy and grace? "My faithfulness and my mercy shall be with him;" (Ps. lxxxix. 24;) "God was in Christ." (2 Cor. v. 19.) And of all the attributes of God in Christ, mercy is mentioned as the most triumphant, "rejoicing over judgment." "God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself" mercifully; "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," or merciful, and mercifully appeased. (Matt. iii. 16.) When we plead, it is that he would remember mercy in his heart and in his Christ, who is the darling of his heart, and he in whom his soul delights.

Second. We plead that he would remember the *ground* and *reason* of mercy, and that is mercy itself: God "saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy." (Rom. ix. 15.) Though the immediate ground of God's manifesting mercy is for Christ's sake, yet the primary and original ground is for mercy's sake; for mercy provided a Christ, a Saviour, a Redeemer. He shows mercy for mercy's sake. The supreme cause of divine love is divine love itself. So God says to Israel, "The Lord loved Israel because he loved them." (Deut. vii. 7, 8.)

Third. We plead that he would remember the *channel* of mercy, and

how it flows through a propitiation to the honour of justice. (Rom. iii. 25, 26.) We may plead that he cannot wrong his justice by showing mercy, since he has "found a ransom," and "set forth Christ to be a propitiation, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sin." Hence, when we plead that he would remember mercy, we plead that he would remember Christ, and a mercy-seat sprinkled with his blood. Christ is called the Mercy, by way of eminency: "The mercy promised to our fathers." (Luke i. 72.) And it is a strong plea for faith when pleading that he would remember mercy, that he would remember Christ, and not forget what he has done; and how he has done, and suffered, and satisfied, and finished his work; and what he is still doing; so that he would both remember mercy for mercy's sake, and remember mercy for Jesus' sake; yea, mercy in Jesus, so as to accept in the Beloved, since mercy in this channel brings glory to every other attribute. Here is "grace reigning through righteousness unto eternal life."

Fourth. In pleading that he would remember mercy, we plead that he would remember the *covenant* of mercy and the *promise* of mercy, sealed by the blood of mercy, the Mediator of the covenant; and how he has "made a covenant with his chosen," and said, "Mercy shall be built up for ever." (Ps. lxxxix. 2, 3.) Though, indeed, if "his children break his law, he will visit their iniquities with rods," &c., yet nevertheless he has said, "My loving-kindness will I not take from him," nor, consequently, from his seed; "nor suffer my faithfulness to fail. My covenant will I not break, nor alter the word that is gone out of my lips. Once have I sworn by my holiness that I will not lie unto David." (30—35.) And hence when he performed "the mercy promised to the fathers," he is said to "remember his holy covenant." (Luke i. 72.) O it is a strong plea, in the midst of wrath, that he would remember his covenant and promise; remember the word on which he has caused us to hope, as a word sealed by the blood of Christ, and yea and amen in him. And, indeed, you cannot go safely to a communion-table without the plea in your mouth, in your heart. For Christ says of the sacramental cup, "This cup is the new testament in my blood." It is a cup of promised mercy, secured by his blood.

Fifth. In pleading this mercy we plead that he would remember the dignity of mercy, and the *glory* and *grandeur* of it, as what he exalts and magnifies above every other letter of his name: "I will praise thy name for thy loving-kindness and thy truth; for thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name;" (Ps. cxxxviii. 2;) that is, thy word of grace, mercy, and loving-kindness; which truth is engaged to accomplish this mercy which thou hast magnified above all thy name and dignity, as it were above all thy perfections. Though the Lord consults the honour of all his perfections in the method of salvation through Christ, yet he consults their honour with this view, that especially mercy may be manifested, dignified, magnified, and aggrandised; therefore says faith, "Lord, remember the dignity and grandeur of mercy."

Sixth. In pleading this mercy we plead the *dimensions* of mercy;

the height, depth, length, and breadth of mercy as well as love, spoken of in Eph. iii. 18. The dimensions of our sins are great; and we cannot magnify sin too much, unless we magnify it above the mercy of God in Christ. O this divine mercy is as high as heaven, as deep as hell, as broad as space, and as long as eternity! Here is an ocean without bank or bottom.

Seventh. In pleading this mercy we plead that he would remember the *associates* of mercy, or its companions and concomitants with whom it has struck hands and made up a blessed agreement: "Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other." (Ps. lxxxv. 10.) There was a seeming odds and contrariety between mercy and justice: mercy saying, Pity and save the sinner; Justice saying, Damn and destroy him. But now, in the death and satisfaction of Christ, the Surety, the blood-thirsty sword of justice has drunk to infinite satisfaction, and has no more blood to demand. The truth of God, in the threatening of the law, denouncing death and damnation to the sinner, is vindicated by this substitution of Jesus in our room, mercy and truth having met and kissed each other. We have not only mercy to plead, but the associates of mercy, and so may plead mercy for justice's sake, mercy for the sake of truth and holiness, mercy for the sake of all her associate and neighbour attributes, that they may be glorified with her.

Eighth. In pleading his remembering mercy we plead that he would remember the *riches* of his mercy. The Lord is said to be "rich in mercy," and to "show the exceeding riches of his grace." (Eph. ii. 4, 7.) O what a strong plea is it that God accounts mercy, beyond all things else, to be his riches! The men of this world count gold and silver their riches, but God accounts his being merciful, his being rich, and being communicative of his mercy to poor sinners.

Ninth. In pleading his mercy we plead that he would remember the *multitude* of his mercy. This is frequently the church's plea: "According to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions." (Ps. li. 1.) And in Psalm cvi. 7, Israel is challenged for their not remembering the multitude of his mercies. And in verse 45, it is said, "He remembered for them his covenant, and repented according to the multitude of his mercies." We may as soon number the stars of heaven as the multitude of divine mercy; and this we may set against the multitude of our sins, when we plead that "in wrath he would remember mercy."

Tenth. In this prayer we plead that he would remember the *objects* of mercy. It is not himself that is the object of his mercy, but man, miserable and sinful man: "The kindness and love of God our Saviour towards man appeared." (Tit. iii. 4.) But the love of God and the mercy of God in this differs, that whereas God himself as well as man is the object of his love; for he loves himself, and so is the greatest object of his love; but God himself is not the object of his own mercy; God has no need of mercy, and is incapable of mercy for himself. What a comfortable plea is this, that the mercy which God accounts his chief riches and treasure is what peculiarly concerns us, and our good and salvation! Hence

we may make our own misery a plea in prayer; because this is the proper object of divine mercy; therefore it is called, "His kindness towards us through Christ." (Eph. ii. 7.)

Eleventh. In this prayer we plead that he would remember the *qualities* of his mercy; that his mercy is like himself, *great* and *infinite*. Hence the church so frequently in Scripture pleads the greatness of his mercy, and sets it against the greatness of their sins: "For his merciful kindness is great toward us." (Ps. cxvii. 2.) "Thy mercy is great unto the heaven." (Ps. lvii. 10.) Nay, "Thy mercy is great above the heaven." (Ps. cviii. 4.) We may plead that his mercy is *free* mercy; and, indeed, if it did not exclude merit, and were not free, it could not be so properly mercy. We may plead that his mercy is *sovereign* mercy, regarding neither the worthiness nor unworthiness of the creature. We may plead that it is *ancient* mercy; with reference to eternity, that it is from everlasting; and with reference to time, that it is of old; saying, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations; thou hast been favourable to thy land." And so we may plead upon former mercies, saying, "Where is the sounding of thy bowels, and of thy mercies towards me? Are they restrained?" (Isa. lxiii. 15.) We may plead not only the antiquity but the *perpetuity* of his mercy; that his mercy endures for ever. He has commanded the house of Israel and the house of Aaron to say, "His mercy endureth for ever." We may plead the *immutability* of his mercy. Whatever changes befall us, yet "he is God, and changeth not; therefore the sons of Jacob are not consumed." "He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Twelfth. In this prayer we may plead the *kinds* of mercy; the various sorts of mercy. We may plead that he would remember his *conquering* and overcoming mercy; which can conquer our enmity, conquer our guilt, conquer the curse of the law, and all the wrath we deserve. That it is *preventing** mercy; which can and must prevent our faith, prevent our repentance, and prevent our prayers, otherwise we shall never believe, or repent, or pray. Hence, as it is mercy that comes over mountains, so it is called mercy "found of them that sought him not." That it is *following* and pursuing mercy; still following those whom it prevents and prevails upon. "Goodness and mercy shall follow me." (Ps. xxiii. 6.) Even when the soul forsakes God, grace and mercy will follow the soul and bring it back, otherwise it would run to ruin. Again, that it is *forgiving* mercy, saying, "I will be merciful to their unrighteousness; their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." And that it is a *forthcoming* mercy, saying, "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness." In a word, all kinds of mercy are with God, and so we are to plead the

* That is, going before, anticipating, as the word preventing formerly meant. "Thou preventest him"—goest before him, "with the blessings of goodness." (Ps. xxi. 3.) "I prevented"—anticipated, awoke before, "the dawning of the morning." (Ps. cxix. 147.)

variety of his mercy. There is no sin or misery but God has mercy for it, mercy of every kind; and, among others, *uniting* mercy: "I will give them one heart and one way." (Jer. xxxii. 39.) And as there is no disease but God has a remedy for it, so there is no misery but God has a mercy for it. He has in himself a treasure of all sorts of mercies, divided into several promises in Scripture, which are but so many boxes or chests of this treasury. If thy heart be hard and untender, he has tender mercies and melting mercies. If thy heart be dead, he has quickening mercy. If polluted, he has purifying mercy. If thou art sick, he has healing mercy. If sinful, he has sanctifying mercy. If sorrowful, he has all-comforting mercy. If lost and miserable, he has all-saving mercy. As large and various as your wants are, more large and various are his mercies, so that we may "come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need," and according to our need. (Heb. iv. 16.) O what a rich product is to be had out of the womb of mercy! And O how many powerful pleas and arguments are there in this one, "Remember mercy!" All the mercies that are in his heart he has transplanted them, as it were, into several beds in the garden of the promises, where they grow; and we are allowed to pluck these flowers, by pleading the mercies contained in these promises, which are yea and amen in Christ Jesus, unto the glory of God by us.

3. We may view the import with reference to the *season* of God's remembering mercy, viz., "*In the midst of wrath remember mercy.*" Now what is it for God to remember mercy in the midst of wrath? Why, the Lord may be said to remember mercy in the midst of wrath in the following respects.

First. When he *imbiters sin* to his people, which is the procuring cause of wrath, and weans their hearts from it: "By this shall the iniquity of Jacob be purged; and this is the fruit of all to take away sin."

Second. When he *humbles* them under his mighty hand; makes the rod of correction drive away the folly that is bound up in their hearts; and brings them to confess that it is an "evil and bitter thing to depart from the living God."

Third. When he makes them *search and try their ways*; to inquire what means the heat of his great anger; and induces them to "turn to the hand that smiteth them;" "to seek the Lord of Hosts while he may be found;" and "to pour out a prayer when his chastening hand is upon them."

Fourth. When he enables them to *exercise faith and patience*, and other graces, in the time of anger and wrath, and to justify God in all his procedure; for tribulation and the trial of faith work patience; to acknowledge that he punishes us less than our iniquities deserve; and therefore to bear the indignation of the Lord because we have sinned.

Fifth. In a word, God may be said to remember mercy in the midst of wrath, when he only *corrects them in measure*; when he "stays his rough wind in the day of his east wind;" when he grants

them some little reviving in their bondage, and supporting cordials in these wrath-like dispensations; favours them with any secret interview with his gracious presence, and lets them see any love-designs that he has in these afflictions.

Thus much may suffice for the third thing proposed, viz., the import of the Lord's remembering mercy in the midst of wrath, and our praying that he would do so.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The whole Scripture divides itself into two parts—the Law and the Gospel. The law is that which teaches what we must do, what the will of God requires of us. The gospel teaches where that is to be received which the law commands. Even as if I seek to take physic, it is one art to tell what the disease is, and another to minister that which is good and wholesome to remedy it, so stands the case here; the law reveals the disease, the gospel ministers the medicine, which is manifest by the text where the lawyer comes, and being very desirous of eternal life, asks the Lord what he must do. The law declares this unto him, saying, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself." He that reads these words after a bare and slender sort only, as the lawyer did, understands them not; we must pierce into the law, and every one behold his face and heart therein; God must be beloved of me from the bottom of my heart. Again, I must love him with all my soul, that is, from the depth of my soul, so that I thoroughly feel in myself that I love him; moreover, with all my strength, that is, with all my members; also with all my mind, that is, all my senses, cogitations, and thoughts must be directed unto God. Now I find in myself that I do none of these; for if I must love God with all my heart, soul, strength, and mind, it is requisite that mine eyes show no angry twinkling or motion, that my tongue speak not any word, that my feet, hands, ears, &c., show no sign of wrath; that my whole body, even from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet, and all things belonging thereunto, do walk in charity, be as it were ravished with love and pleasure toward God, and always serve and worship him. Wherefore, who is he which does this? there cannot be one such found in the earth; for we always find ourselves readier to wrath, hatred, envy, worldly pleasures, &c., than to meekness and other virtues. I find in me not only a spark, but even a fiery furnace of wicked desires; for there is no love in my heart, no, not in all my members; wherefore, here in the law, as if it were in a glass, I see whatsoever is in me to be damnable and cursed; for not one jot of the law must perish, but all must be fulfilled; as Christ says, "For verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled." (Matt. v. 11.) Now you find not this in you, that you do with all your soul and heart, with cheerfulness and pleasure, whatsoever the law exacts or requires of you; hereupon you are condemned and under the dominion of Satan.—*Luther.*

"THOU ART STRONGER THAN I AND HAST
PREVAILED."

My dear old Friend,—May grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you, to raise up your heart and affections unto him who sits on the right hand of God, to worship him in the spirit and beauty of holiness, which will cheer your heart, refresh your spirit, and revive your soul, so that you will worship God in the Spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh.

Dear friend, you have written two or three letters to me since I last wrote to you. I think it is three. I must confess that it is too bad of me, but you must forgive me, for I am a good-for-nothing wretch, not worthy of the notice of any man, much more of the notice of the Lord. But you have spurred and goaded me up nicely in your last, so that you must have a line or two out of me now. And what a man you are, to try to draw water out of a dry well. But you cannot get any up until the spring breaks out, for often there seems to be nothing left but the stagnated pool; so then you must have some of the froth and scum; some of the filth and dirt; some of the dust and mire; some of the husks and chaff; some of the hay and stubble; for I cannot send you what I have not, neither can my soul go to the bank and draw; as I am a poor beggar, a vile sinner, a filthy wretch, and a naked worm. I have no strength, no might, no power, no health; but am so poor, so naked, so low, and so dead and barren, that I often seem left without strength to cry, life to feel, light to see, legs to stand, feet to walk, or hands to handle. But there is this feeling left within my soul, and that is, the Lord only can help me; and the fountain open for sin and uncleanness just suits the old sinner. The love, blood, and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ are what my soul hangs its all upon; and sometimes he is very precious, his word very sweet, his atonement very suitable, and his justifying righteousness is put on by faith; so that my soul walks in his fear, sits at his feet, rejoices in his name, shouts victory through his blood, glories in his free grace and great salvation, and feels a real desire to live, walk, speak, and act as in his sight, whose eyes are as a flame of fire, and before whom the darkness and the light are both alike.

But I find the collar to grind my shoulders, the harness to gall my sides, the backtree to rub my back bone, and the crupper to cut me sorely. The bridle fits so tight, and is curbed up so sharply, that at times I am like an old jibbing horse, seem to run backwards instead of forwards, and try to kick myself out of the harness, like Jeremiah and poor Jonah; but I have not done it yet. I sometimes go up to the house of God in chains and fetters as unwillingly as a man goes to the gallows, with my head hanging down with guilt and shame, as if I had committed some great crime or was going to do so, with such a load of doubts and fears, and ready to faint, without a chapter to read or a text to speak from, that I tremble and shake like a leaf; but, to my astonishment, I return from the chapel like a giant refreshed with new wine, and feel as though my soul could die

at the stake for the truth's sake, and think that I never will be such a fool again. But as soon as ever the Lord withdraws his smiles from my soul, and the pulpit work comes on again, down goes my heart, and Satan and unbelief set in upon me; so that my inside is all of a work, and in such a ferment, that there is a war within between the two armies. But somehow or other I have been kept hobbling on in this way, sometimes with a guilty conscience and sometimes with a justified one; sometimes like a bond slave and at other times like a free son; sometimes groaning, sighing, and crying, and at other times singing, blessing, praising, and thanking the Three-One God, with a heart enlarged by love and blood, and under the sweet enjoyment of the smiling countenance of the blessed Jesus, that I love him with all my heart, mind, soul, and strength, and can feelingly say, "My Lord and my God!" without a fear or a doubt. And thou dost know what sweet moments these are to a soul which has been cursed under the righteous law of God, and a heavy load of sin and guilt chained on to the conscience, with the cry, "Woe is me, for I am undone; for I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for my eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts."

Now you will see by this that there is the same affection within my heart towards you as there ever was, although I have not answered your letters. But what is my affection, such a poor blind mortal as I am? But I trust that, although I am "blind, yet I see; dead, but yet alive; cold, but yet warmed by love divine; far off, but yet made nigh by the blood of Christ."

Love to all the friends by name. Yours for the truth's sake,

Woburn, Sept. 6th, 1849.

T. G.

A LETTER BY THE LATE HENRY FOWLER TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF HIS PILGRIMAGE.

My dear Friend,—It has been a great pleasure to me for these many years, to receive and converse with poor sensible sinners, and it has proved, I believe, mutually edifying. But I have for many months past been deprived of that pleasure, and have not been allowed to converse with my most dear fellow-travellers, as any excitement is likely to open a vessel of the lungs, which has discharged five times since last November. I have not attempted to preach for these three months. I continued to preach much longer than my strength would justify. I have not a doubt that my lungs are now in a state of ulceration, and that this affliction will ultimately carry me to my much-desired haven. I thought it right to state my situation to you, lest Satan, who is ever active to harass poor sinners, should gain an advantage over you, through my distant carriage, in not having an interview with you. I perceive by yours that you have also been under God's afflicting hand. May the good Lord be glorified in and by both your affliction and mine! By your language I am led to conclude that you are one of the few upon whom the adorable Sovereign of heaven and earth has looked

in love. But you say that you are exercised with the fear of death. My friend, you are not yet in dying circumstances; when you are, God will place beneath you his everlasting arms of love. Your fear of death cannot make death your enemy. O no! Death is 'yours,' *i. e.*, your friend, made such by him who said, "I am the resurrection and the life." My object is not to push you into unwarrantable confidence. God forbid! But I well know what the power of unbelief is, and how apt poor godly souls are to seek for a ground of confidence in their joyful frames and sweet comforts, rather than hang upon the sure promises made to Jesus by the Father, and made sure by the same glorious act of grace. All the promises in him are yea and amen. If God indeed is leading you into a deeper discovery of your awful state as a ruined, lost, undone sinner in yourself, his thus causing you to pass under the rod is in mercy. Under the blessed Spirit's teaching you will learn the true meaning of grace. I have said much publicly for these last thirty-six years of my experience, and have sent forth a little in print, but now I am obliged to bring all into a small compass. I am a poor, helpless, miserable sinner. I am entirely dependent on the Lord. I feel a pleasure in groaning out my desires to my blessed Jesus at times, but the mountain can as easily be moved from its bed and ascend to the skies, as one affection arise in my heart to Christ unless he draw. A sense of duty, the dictates of conscience, the authority of God in his blessed word, may preserve me from total indifference; but I know the great difference there is between bodily exercise and the labours of the flesh, on the one hand, and that holy, happy freedom of soul, produced by the ever-blessed Spirit, well expressed by one of our poets:

"Thou art my ocean, thou my God,
In thee the pleasures of the mind,
With joys and freedom unconfined,
Exult and spread their powers abroad."

May grace and peace be with you. From your good for nothing,
worse than nothing friend,
Sept. 14, 1838.

HENRY FOWLER.

A WORD FROM THE COAL-MINE.

Dear Sir,—Having had your June Number sent me by one of the friends, to look at the Obituary of Mr. Lewis, I would bear my humble testimony to the grace of God manifested in that testimony for God. It sweetly brought to my remembrance that solemn time when I had the sentence of death from a broken law in my own heart and conscience, and when the Spirit of grace and supplications was poured out, which enabled me to roar by reason of the disquietude of my heart, when the dear Lord came down and knocked off my fetters, shed light into my dungeon, and proclaimed a jubilee to my astonished soul. Who can express the sweet enjoyment with which a poor law-condemned, sin-convinced sinner is favoured, when his blessed Surety comes with his certificate of

eternal release? It is a feast of fat things indeed, and a drinking of wines on the lees well refined. O thou precious, precious Jesus! Who can estimate thy value? I was dead; he gave me life. I was blind; he opened my eyes. I hated him; he loved me into flames of love, until he made me all his own. I was in prison; he paid my debt, and liberated me. I was naked; he clothed me. I was a fool; he taught me wisdom. I was an heir of wrath by nature, pedigree, and practice; he gave me my title-deed of heirship to God, and revealed my joint heirship with himself. I was so poor that I had nothing; he became poor, to enrich me with all the riches of everlasting life. He took me by his Spirit, and showed me the garden of Eden, its primeval beauty, the pristine innocence of Adam and Eve, their dreadful fall, and complete ruin. He showed me the everlasting covenant and its basis, love, love, eternal love. The Father all love; himself all love; the Holy Ghost all love. How the ever-blessed and eternal Tri-une God had bound himself by ties of everlasting, unceasing, solemn love, in sacred council and oath to the elect in our precious Christ; and also how he came in the fulness of time to die for my sins, according to ancient stipulations. I travelled with his dear heart-dissolving, soul-ravishing Majesty, through all his sufferings, from Bethlehem's stable until he ascended from Bethany's sacred hill; and O the pangs I felt in looking on Gethsemane and Calvary! Yet were they sweetened by the union, the blessed soul-cementing love I felt with his dear, blessed, precious Majesty. But, alas! I have to add, that my desire now is:

“Weep with me, my friends and companions, I pray,
My sins and my follies, that drove him away;
If ye see him, O tell him in sorrow I mourn,
No more to be joyful until he return!”

I am often found crying, “Is his mercy clean gone for ever? Hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies, and will he be favourable no more?” I go forward, but he is not there; on the right hand and on the left, but I cannot find my Beloved. “O that I knew where I might find him.” Yet in the midst of all this fearing, and doubting, and desponding, I know he is too wise to err, too good to be unkind. Though he cause grief, yet does he not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. The hiding of his blessed face will only be for a small moment, for he has said, “With everlasting kindness will I have mercy upon thee.”

I count it a blessing that we have the pleasure of seeing your periodical circulating amongst us here. We are only few, very few, among many Papists and their brethren the Arminians.

That wisdom, grace, and faithfulness may be given you, is the prayer of,

Yours in Christ Jesus,

July 16, 1852.

THE COLLIER.

Want of sorrow for sin more argues want of love to Christ than the sin itself.—*John Mason.*

A WAY-WEARY PILGRIM.

My dearly-beloved Friend in the Lord,—It is with shame and sorrow that I have once more taken my pen in hand to scribble a few lines to you, after so long a silence, of which I feel heartily ashamed. Nor do I hardly know how to apologise for my conduct. But I must fall back upon my old plea, not only with the Lord, but it seems with my brother also, (I do offend in so many things against both,) which is, mercy. O the sweet word *mercy!* how it delights my soul. I have wished many times that I had named my dearly-beloved daughter, Mercy, because of the sweet sound, and because, still sweeter, I believe her to be a vessel of mercy, and that she cleaves to the Lord with purpose of heart. But she is a tender plant, and has received a good few hurts in the house of her friends already, without any real cause; but it has been from those chiefly who keep too much company with Messrs. Evil Surmise and Doubtful Dispute, two very old gentlemen; they lived in the apostles' days. Paul saw them, for he makes mention of them. I know them very well; they used to live much nearer to me once than they do now; but I do not like their company on any occasion. I am grown very suspicious of them, and of some who keep them too much company, because I have evidently seen of late they are erring men, as well as others. Although they profess well, they are decided enemies to the weak, and have cut off some of the strong, who are members of the mystical body of Christ. Beware of them, my dear brother; they will most likely pay you many visits. If they will not quit when you wish them, give them into custody, and let them be fairly tried by judge and jury; and if they are found guilty, hang them outright, for they are generally high-minded, and such that the Lord pulls down, while he exalts the humble and meek; and very often when he feeds the hungry with good things he sends these rich gentlemen empty away. They are very self-sufficient gentlemen to judge. Paul disowns them; I know he did, and desired to get rid of their company, for he said he was not sufficient to think anything of himself, but that his sufficiency was of God. O lamentable, that these self-sufficient gentlemen will intrude! I wish they were dead, with all my heart, that I might never see them any more. What a sight Hart had of them or of those who are very near of kin to them, when he said,

“The heart uplifts with God's own gifts,
And makes e'en grace a snare.”

I have heard these same gentlemen judge good men a hundred miles off, and set them down as nothing in a minute, without either seeing or hearing them; and I know they judge me pretty hardly for hearing two good men when I have an opportunity. But many precious opportunities I have had, the Lord knows; for they are men concerning whom I have bent my knees in humble prayer to the Lord as much as about most things which have concerned me for a long time, and through the prejudice of some do so to

the present time when I am going to hear, till I think the Lord is ready at times to say to me, "Speak no more to me of this matter." But still I keep on. "O Lord, be not offended once more; thou wast not with Abraham. Thou knowest I am not sufficient of myself to think a good thought, much less to judge of a man who preaches. Without thee I can do nothing right. Thou hast said, 'In all thy ways acknowledge me,' &c., so I go on wrestling with the Lord. "O Lord, I am going once more, as I hope, to hear thy servants; if I am deceived or mistaken, O do, do, do, dear Father, show it to me! and if thou hast not sent them, I will never go to hear them any more. Thou knowest I do not go out of opposition, nor to hurt any one's mind; but thou knowest my soul is hungry, from the hardships of the way and the hard fighting I have daily with principalities, and powers, and spiritual wickednesses, and with a hateful and hated body of sin and death, which I long to be freed from and to be with thee, through the precious blood and righteousness of the precious 'Lamb of God,' which I beheld near thirty-three years ago, 'which taketh away the sin' of that world which was given him out of the world. Now, dear Lord, do clothe thy word with power, and let there be unction, dew, moisture, and savoury meat, such as thou knowest my soul loveth. Thou knowest I do at times hope to be with thee ere long, and therefore I do like to hear from all thy real servants, and not only one, the discoveries they have made of the blissful, heavenly country; as some traveller, who intends going ere long into a distant kingdom, would endeavour to learn the language, procure a map of the country, and get the history of the manner of life and customs of the people, that he may not be altogether ignorant and speechless amongst them." This is some of my conduct which the Lord, to my knowledge, has not blamed me for. I think I have understood somewhat of the hearers whom Paul wrote of, where he says, "When they saw the grace of God which was given unto me, they glorified God in me." And God is glorified to the present moment by the preaching of his precious gospel.

Well, my dear friend, I do at times long to emigrate from this country to a heavenly one; for dwelling now, this very month, thirty-four years in Meshech and in the tents of Kedar, has made me so black that a great part of the time I have been more like a bottle in the smoke than an inhabitant of the heavenly Jerusalem, a country I am in such love with. No tents of Kedar, no sickness, no sorrow nor sighing there, but many mansions. I long to be there, but sometimes am so timid and fearful about the passage. It looks as dark as Box Tunnel does to some of our timid travellers here, who dread going to London because of it, it is so very dark and dismal; and many think Brunel might have gone some other way, a little more in the light. And I being so timid at death (I am almost ashamed to own it) have thought to evade it. I should like to go the way Enoch and Elijah went. What change these good men experienced is what we have faint ideas of now; but no doubt it was the same those will experience who will be alive on earth when Christ shall

come to be admired in all them which believe, who will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, as the apostle says, and so be ever with the Lord.

But, my dear friend, when shall we be without fears? For I do believe if I knew I should go to heaven the way those two good men went that I have spoken of, fears would begin to arise lest any particle of sin should escape. With me it is so interwoven in my very nature; and this in the dark would perplex me as bad as the fear of death; nay, I would sooner die ten deaths than that should be the case. I do assure my F., this has been a sad perplexity to me in the dark as well as the other; but there is a text which used to be very sweet to me on this tormenting subject, which is, "He was crucified that the body of sin might be destroyed." And I know when this shall be done actually in my body, soul, and spirit, then shall I be a happy, happy man. Lord, hasten the happy time in its time.

"For vanity is all I see;
Lord, I long to be with thee."

But as thy servant Cennick said, so say I, dear Lord,

"I would not thee offend, thou know'st my heart,
Nor one short day before thy time depart;
But I am weary and dejected; O
Let me to the eternal Sabbath go!
In no chastisement, darkness, or distress;
In no confusion, but in inward peace,
With thy full leave and approbation, I
Entreat to lay my staff and sandals by," &c.

In the February Number of the "Gospel Standard" of 1843, this poem of that dear man of God, John Cennick, which I have just quoted from, is published. I should like you to see it, it is worth reading. Of all the poems I ever saw it is the best to me; it speaks the very language of my heart; and I do think, if I had a thousand years to do it in, I could not put such a piece as that together to express the feelings of my heart on that subject. The good man pleads, as one excuse, his long servitude:

"Now twice seven years have I thy servant been;
Now let me end my service and my sin."

But I plead five sevens, save one year, together with my poor useless services, rather calculated to dishonour him than to glorify him. But still I do love my Master, because he has not discharged me for my poor, weak, frail, unprofitable services, but has only told me to acknowledge it, and there the matter seems to end; and that pleases me well. Moreover, his countenance seemed so heavenly and divine, and so full of compassion and love, when he said even that, "Say ye, we are unprofitable servants." It is like all the other gracious sayings which proceed out of his lips, so full of grace and truth, that one cannot but holily wonder at it. And now the thought that I am not to be discharged now I am getting old, grey, and bald, does so kindle my secret love to him that I would not offend him nor leave his service for ten thousand worlds. But

I do want to be nearer to him, that I may see him as he is, and serve him better. But then there is my dear wife, daughter, and son to check this my anxious desire to "depart and to be with Christ, which is far better," thinking perhaps I may be a little service to them, poor as it is; and this, like a boy with a string to a bird's leg, when it would fain take its happy flight, pulls it back again. So you see I am drawn and pulled to stay a little longer for their sakes; and this, if I know my heart, is all that binds me to this world at present. My dear daughter is gone to S—, in Gloucestershire, for a fortnight, and I am almost daughter-sick already, and I do think if I were to lose her I should go mourning to my end. O Lord, do not let my affections be inordinately set upon her, that I may provoke thee to remove her, for thou art

"The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul."

Well, my dear friend, "whom, having not seen, I love," I think I must draw this scrawl to an end, of which I have many times been ashamed since I began it, because of its bewildered nature; but it is just like me, nor would you see anything better were you to see me face to face. But I have almost lost myself and my sweet theme of mercy and forgiveness, at which I began. Forgive me, then, dear friend, this long silence, as I have never harboured one hard or ill thought of you since I received your last sweet epistle; therefore do not think I did not like it or was not thankful for it, which would be wrong. Nor have I ever, to my knowledge, put pen to paper since I scribbled to you last. For a long time I was busy and had not time, and many times since, being a bad writer, I hated to set about it. It seems to me sometimes, when I think of it, as though I could not say a right word, nor hardly make anything in the right shape of a letter, for you know mine is rather an imitation of it than writing. I have almost a mind to say I will try to be better next time, but I am afraid that that "fit for nothing nor good for anything," as a good man said once to a friend of mine, has from experience made such deep impressions upon me, that I think it will never be erased in this world.

Yours in love,

Bath, July 2nd, 1845.

J. B.

Jacob saw the ladder in a dream, but Jesus gave the vision to represent himself. The ladder's foot, resting on the earth, bespeaks his human nature; as the ladder top, fairly fixed in the skies, denotes his divine nature; and he stood upon the ladder to point out the emblem. This ladder was truly set up at the incarnation of Jesus; and much intercourse was then carried on between the family above and the family below; therefore angels are described as descending and ascending on the ladder. "No man has ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven." (John iii. 13.) He was then in heaven by his divine nature, while his human nature, like the ladder's foot, rested on the earth.—*Berridge*.

MORTALITY SHALL BE SWALLOWED UP OF LIFE.

My dear A.,—Wednesday morning is again arrived. Our days are passing on toward the close of our life in this world, but not of that which is to come, but which only can be so in Christ, in whom a deliverance from every evil is. Paul could rejoice in the assurance he had of knowing that for him to live was Christ, and to die was gain; he felt at times a desire to depart, which, he said, "was far better," yet knew it would be better for the church he should continue among them. Thus his life here was obedience, and such an obedience only as is accepted of God, that which springs from love. Such a life even here has its blessings indeed, though not without much tribulation long together. Yet how is it sweetened by now and then some degree of real certainty of being by and by delivered from all labour and travail, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!" The believer only, when he falls asleep in Jesus, changes situations; for here it is that "he is passed from death unto life;" "which thing is true both in him and in you, because the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth;" so that while here in this world he is in Christ, and cannot come into condemnation. The body of sin and death will by and by be put off, and mortality be swallowed up of life. He who is, was, and ever shall be, who, as Paul said to Timothy, "only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto," this blessed One cannot be a mortal man, but the God-man, he who giveth life to the world, that is such of it as the Father had given unto him. Only such a knowledge of him as fully delivers the soul from death could be life unto a sinner truly awakened and brought to feel the evil of sin in the sight of a holy God, and the just sentence of the holy law that he has broken; as Hart says, "His life he receives from the dead." Jesus Christ being risen and ascended into heaven, sends the Spirit of life from thence, raises him up from the prison-house, and by the blood of the everlasting covenant sends him forth. The same eternal Spirit leads the soul into every part of the truth which is in Christ, and is essential to salvation. "He shall glorify me, for he shall take of mine and show it unto you." (John xiv.) It is these who thus live here in Christ, and these only who shall live with him in glory. This will be known by them all: "I give unto them eternal life," &c. It is said unto them not I *offer it*, but *give it*. They are now made willing to receive what God so freely bestows. Yes, it is the Spirit of Christ only who can reconcile the poor sinner to believe it is or can be for such a wretch. It must be in this world that it is known. Jesus having engaged to bring *all* the sheep, they cannot die in a state of enmity to God, because his enemies are appointed unto wrath. The sheep, before their departure out of time, shall know what such a life is in removing that enmity by a deliverance from the law.

Yours, &c.,

Brighton, Sept. 2nd, 1840.

W. S.

“BLESSED AND HOLY IS HE THAT HATH PART
IN THE FIRST RESURRECTION.”

I feel a desire to offer a prayer to the Lord, but I am low in a low place, even in that place where darkness covers my soul as the waters covered the earth when Noah entered the ark which God instructed him to build. God grant that I may be found in the ark of the everlasting covenant; for indeed, indeed there is no help in me. I have erred and strayed from the way, and even now I am in mazes lost. But if I am found in him who is the resurrection and the life, great will be the change when this mortal shall be laid in the grave, where it shall rest till the first resurrection. Truly now it is a shock to face; but I feel it must shortly be taken down. What a sad inheritance sin has made this body! Truly the Lord is good, or else this soul of mine would ere now have been in that place which my crimes have deserved. The longer I live the more I feel the evil of sin, and what ignorance and gross darkness there is in me to the best things. I feel I have been waiting this day, hoping that the Lord would arise in my soul with healing in his wings. But, behold obscurity. I really am a mass of corruption, and feel the force of that word spoken by the mighty God, when he said, “In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.” O the veracity of the word of our God! Every word of his is engraven as with a diamond. It stands, and will stand, when ruined nature is sunk. And truly I feel that by reason of the fall, I died to all good, and lost all power to rise above its level. O how thankful I should be to eye that straight line which leads to Him who never transgressed his Father's law at any time! I can just see that if I have no part in the first resurrection, I am of all creatures the most miserable, for on earth's polluted ground there is no rest. O the restlessness of sin in the soul! It makes me take up a sore lamentation, saying, “None but he whom the very waves of the sea obeyed, can still the storm.” O that his voice was heard within. I am as one that has lost his all. I seek him in his word, but he is not pleased to reveal himself there to me by the Spirit, and therefore I only read a sealed book; and I try to seek him by prayer and supplication, but it is his will not to notice me by immediate answer. Do I hear him say, “It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs?” I cry out, “Truth, Lord; for I feel that by nature I am a Gentile dog, and not worthy to take thy name into my polluted lips.” For sure I am, if ever I find grace in his sight, I shall feel myself amongst the ten thousand talent debtors. O that the Lord of the house would anoint my eyes with the eye-salve of the Spirit, that I might see wondrous things out of the book of his law! But I am a sinner, and therefore I will lie at his feet, begging that he will enable me to use all prayer; and if he refuse me, he does me no injustice. Who can enter into what a polluted thing a sinner must be in the eyes of him who is so holy, that the very heavens are not pure in his sight, but will pass away as a scroll! Yet God be thanked for the

new and living way that is cast up. I have seen the day when the eye of faith has run me back to the period when the Blessed Trinity covenanted together to make man in that noble structure, the body. Behold its joints and harmony. See it with all its veins, arteries, and sinews shaped into body, with ears to hear and eyes to see, a mind to think with, and everything in its proper order. When I consider its frame and structure as it came out of its Maker's hands, with a mind and body good, yea, very good, even so good that it could converse with its Maker, and see the light and understanding that Adam received from his holy Maker, who ever felt the change as he did? What must his spirit have felt when sin entered with all its train of defilement? But Christ came, as in the volume of the book it is written of him, to cast up a way for the redeemed to pass over, and not to leave them to their own wills, but to "work in them to will and to do of his own good pleasure." May he say unto my soul, "I am thy salvation." My thoughts run back to that day when he said, "Thou shalt be judged according to the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or evil;" when immediately the judgment was set, and the book of God's remembrance was laid open before my guilty soul, and I found that every imagination of the heart had been evil, and only evil, and that continually. O what a tremendous day will it be for that soul that leaves this world with no better shelter than his poor puny doings, when the awful voice of that great God is heard! Why, I can remember that his voice to my soul was full of majesty; yea, it rent my soul asunder. Who can bear the penetrating look of that dreadful Jehovah that can crush all worlds to atoms with the breath of his mighty power, or who can stand before him? I may say, and truly say, I fear the Lord greatly; yea, I fear offending him, because in that measure he saw fit to reveal a little of his majesty and might to my worthless soul; and here I am, a poor despised thing, not worthy to take his holy name into my poor polluted lips; and yet there is no atmosphere that I can live in except I can breathe the breath of life after him, desiring to say, "Abba, Father!" or, "Our Father, which art in heaven!" for holy and reverend is thy name. For he, even he, with terrible things in righteousness, has revealed to me that he is the great Jehovah who said, "I will lay thee low, and show thee the path that the vulture's eye has not seen, neither shall any gallant ship pass thereon, nor galley with oars." No; they shall walk on that path that was cast up in eternity to be trodden by those who were pre-ordained to walk thereon. And though in this world they have to taste of that cup which he drank quite up, yet the day is not far distant when every impediment will be taken out of the way, and the redeemed shall be housed in that harbour of rest where these souls will worship him without a veil between, to a never-ending eternity. Then the host of virgin souls shall always see him whom their souls longed after in a time-state; and this mortal body shall rest in the grave till the voice of him that makes the hinds to calve shall call them to meet their happy spirits in the air, when they shall wear the likeness of him

that created a new thing in the earth, when he condescended to veil his divinity in a body like that which he originally formed and pronounced "very good."

Who, then, under this influence would not worship this God, for he has imparted that very Spirit that he has declared he will be worshipped by? Is not this way the way of holiness? And he will take care that no beast of prey shall pluck those out of his hand whom the Father gave him and whom he redeemed like a God. Who, then, shall liken anything to him that trode the wine-press of his Father's wrath for those who deserved the lowest place in hell, and offered for them a pure sacrifice? Though they often feel robbed and spoiled of all, yet he says, "I have redeemed thee, O Jacob!" And the voice that spoke to Jacob spoke to all those that shall be found in life's fair book. God be thanked that ever my worthless name was found there! and O to think that the Lion of the tribe of Judah was found worthy to open the seal! God be thanked that his love is ever new; and when it is felt within, it renews every faculty of that consecrated part that is consecrated to him in the line that the Spirit measured every soul with where this living water runs. Really I sit here to admire, as my hand moves over this paper, that this water should ever in its issue run from under the threshold of the sanctuary; then my soul in holy wonder sees that it rose to the ancles, then to the knees, and then to the loins; and still the eye of faith views it till it comes to a river that none could pass over. The Lord be thanked for this. My soul prompts me also to walk about Zion and count her towers, and see how she is hemmed in. After she has suffered awhile, she shall be arrayed in a raiment of needlework, such as will be commended in the sight of him who can never look at the least taint. This beautiful raiment of needlework is made in the style to fit the King's daughters; and they shall be brought to the marriage supper of the King, and the train shall be virgins without number, save to him that is All in All. That winged host too, who veil their faces will stand astonished at the appearance of all those who sold themselves for nought, and yet will see them stand complete in the redemption of him who will be the wonderful Man for ever and ever, and see him stand at the right hand of the Father with that vesture on that he redeemed the church in.

O glorious things are spoken of thee, O Zion! which runs me back to that day when my soul first magnified the Lord for electing love. I find it just the same now, for it is ever new; and when I arrive in the new Jerusalem, I shall adore him who is my all as I pass through this wilderness. But if I cannot lean on my Beloved I am as one forsaken of all, for ever since he said, "Leave all and thy father's house, for the King greatly desires thy beauty," I have been in love with him; and many a longing look have I cast toward the heavenly Jerusalem, where dwell all the spirits of the just made perfect! How my soul has panted after him, more than the hart after the water-brooks; and when I find him whom my soul loves, I say unto all those that have found grace in his sight, "Wait on the Lord;

he is the everlasting Father and the Prince of Peace." Yea, God be thanked, he can extend peace like a river. God be thanked, the river swells beyond what a tongue of clay can express. The eye of faith can dart through all the armies of the skies, and view him who is invisible to mortal eye. Let the redeemed of the Lord praise him that is crowned with a royal diadem and the Lord our righteousness. What can be said of him that is the King immortal and the Prince of Peace? O he said unto my soul, "Live!" and I can witness that he is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. There is no change in him. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; and thanks eternal be unto him for the blessed manifestation of his glory. Truly he has visited one of low degree; and yet blessings on the name of that great Melchisedek, who is the Priest that offered up the prayer, "Father, keep those in my name." I have learned that there is no other name under heaven which can pass with the holy Father but the Son of his love, in that lovely name, God-Man, even the Mediator that wrought out and brought in that everlasting righteousness in which the church shall shine forth.

A DESPISED ONE.

A SCRAP FROM THE COAL-HEAVER.

Dear Brother and Fellow-Labourer,—This is to inform you that I am sick, yet in the sweet enjoyment of the best health; to let you know I am very low, yet surprisingly exalted; that I am exceedingly weak, yet stronger by far than the world, Satan, death, or hell; that I can hardly walk alone, and yet am able to travel to heaven in one day; that I stagger through weakness, yet have more props to support myself than heaven or earth; that my pains have been violent, yet I have felt nothing; that I am as happy as any soul can contain, and yet craving after more; that Satan has often looked at me, but dared not speak to me either good or bad; that I am as poor as a church mouse, and yet my estate increases daily; that I have lost my appetite, and yet feed daily on marrow and fatness, with wines well refined; that I am wasted sadly, and yet thrive like a cedar of Lebanon; that I am nothing but a bag of bones, yet flourish like the palm tree; that I have been occupied in great waters, and have gained much by trading; that I have been in the furnace, but none heated it but my matchless Lord; that I have put my hand on the cockatrice den, but he dared not come out, and I have played on the hole of the asp without one sting on my fingers; that I lay down with the lion, but arose with the lamb; that I have been preaching every day, yet have not seen a pulpit this week; that my soul loves Jesus because he loves me; that I brought nothing *into* the world, but shall carry Christ *out*; that heaven is eternally mine, but I am not my own; that my soul loves S., and I know he loves me. Go on, S., we shall at last reach the third heaven as sure as there is a God.

May 3rd, 1784.

W. H.

O B I T U A R Y.

ANNE TOPP, OF MARKET LAVINGTON, WILTS.

My dear Friend,—As the Lord has taken away from me my very dear wife and companion in this lower world, and as the blessed Lord has, in infinite mercy, appeared for her precious soul during her long illness and in her dying moments, and sealed its blessed effects upon my heart, I have felt a longing, day after day, to drop my mortal body, to depart from this world of sorrow, to dwell with Christ, which is far better. But the Lord hath spoken these words to my heart: “Thou shalt not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord;” “Do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, that it may give light to all that are in the house? Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.” And this morning these words have followed me: “Work while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work.”

Thus, my dear friend, the Lord has taught my soul to see that I am not to keep those blessed and wonderful acts of his free grace, rich mercy, and distinguishing favour in silence, so abundantly made manifest in the life of my beloved partner, and specially during her illness and in death. And as there are many favoured souls, both far and near, who are anxious to hear of the goodness of the Lord towards her, who for many years were personally acquainted with her, I feel constrained to send forth a little of what I have both heard and seen of the grace of the Lord, made manifest in her life and conduct, and also in her dying moments.

My dear wife, formerly named Anne Mead, was born into this world of sorrow on the 23rd of July, 1821. She was sister to the late Edmund Mead, whose death appeared in the “Standard” for September, 1846. Being the two only children, there was a far greater union between them than is usually seen in families. The Lord began his work in her soul in early days, sounding an alarm in her conscience when but a child, and made her feel his chastening hand for sin. These words were at that time applied with power:

“And thus approve thy chast’ning rod,
And know thou art my Father God.”

She was thus led to see her lost state without a Saviour; and the Lord was pleased to separate her in a great measure from the world and worldly circumstances, and implant desires in her soul after himself. As she grew up, the Lord was pleased to keep his work alive in her soul, his fear before her eyes, and draw her heart more away from everything here below, and fix her affections more steadfastly upon eternal things. The poor and needy flock, the outcast few, in this town, became her chief companions. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, could she receive or hear from any pulpit. The Lord’s sent servants became near and dear to her; they were indeed the excellent of the earth in her eyes; and she became separated more and more from those

around her who robbed the blessed Son of God of his finished work.

There now became a very close union between her brother and herself. As the Lord was leading their souls along in the strait and narrow path, they often spent many favoured hours together, both at their homes in singing the songs of Zion, and in going to the house of the Lord in company, and in mingling their voices with his people. When the Lord was pleased to lay his afflicting hand upon her brother, and death appeared in view, the union grew stronger, knitting them in the immortal bond of love that could not be broken by death. His happy end was made a blessing to her at the time, and many a time since the Lord sealed it upon her heart as a divine reality. Some time after the death of her brother she was brought to the very point of marriage; and being very uneasy concerning the event, fearing that it was wrong in the sight of the Lord, her continual cry was that she might meet with one who feared God, and that he would draw her affections away if not right in his pure and holy sight. The Lord was pleased to draw her mind away, and break it asunder, and send this verse with power:

“O Lord, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.”

It being Lord's Day evening, she left her home, and as she was coming across the fields to chapel from the neighbouring village where she lived, she sang this hymn throughout, as it was so sweet and precious to her; and when she reached the chapel they were singing the same hymn; indeed that service was made a special blessing to her. Some time after this the Lord was pleased to lay his afflicting hand upon her body, and brought her down, to all outward appearance, to the borders of the grave. During this long illness many lines of hymns were sweet unto her, and sometimes a piece in the “Standard” and the company of the Lord's people were made a blessing to her soul. But the Lord was pleased to apply the words of one of the thieves to the other: “Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly, for we receive the due reward of our sins; but this man hath done nothing amiss.” She was led to see that her affliction came from the hand of a sovereign God, and indeed justly, for the due reward of her deeds; and she had a little glimpse of Jesus crucified and bearing her sins in his own body on the cross, which melted her soul down at his blessed feet. And the words sounded again and again: “But this man hath done nothing amiss.” The Lord was pleased to raise her up again and sanctify this affliction to her.

She was once greatly strengthened under Mr. P., at Calne, from these words: “Thou hast showed thy people hard things; thou hast made us to drink the wine of astonishment. Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed

because of the truth." This day was indeed a day of days to the soul of my beloved partner. As she rode there and returned with two of the deacons of our little chapel, I have often heard her say that she never spent such a day before on earth, so sweet was the preaching to her, as was also the company and conversation of the two friends. The savour of this day lasted for some time.

On the 12th of May, 1842, our hands were joined in marriage. I received her in answer to prayer, as a gift from the Lord. I found her a God-fearing soul, with a tender conscience; and the little time we lived together was in the sweetest bands of love and affection.

Some time after, the Lord was pleased to lay the ordinance of believer's baptism on her mind, and she felt a longing desire to obey the commands of her dearest Lord, but feared at times that it would be presumptuous to come forth. Yet she felt a constraining power that followed her, till at last she was enabled to come forth and take up her cross and follow her blessed Lord through the watery grave. And indeed this was a good day to her soul. At the table in the breaking of bread, and for some time, she seemed alive to eternal things, and her aim and desire was to live becoming the gospel of Christ before the world and in the church.

Nearly her whole delight was with the people of God, so that many times she found the service of her blessed Lord perfect freedom. Often have I seen her return from chapel with her soul softened and melted down. And sometimes the hymns have been so sweet and lasting on her heart, that I have seen tears running down her face, on a Lord's Day evening, as she sang them over again; and I have felt a sweetness to sit by and witness her. At other times, when she had been shut up in bondage and hardness, I have seen her sit alone by the fireside, with tears in her eyes, mourning and grieving at the distance she felt from the blessed Lord, saying that the Lord's Day was past, and that she had felt nothing all the day. The Lord had given her a voice and good judgment in that most delightful part of worship, the singing. Here the Church feels her loss greatly; and the Lord's sent servants have lost a kind and affectionate handmaid, whose willing heart and hand have been engaged many times in providing a bed, a table, a stool, a candlestick, and a cup of cold water for those whom she could receive into her heart and conscience. These she received into her house, seeing the image of Jesus stamped upon them. She loved them for his blessed sake, and she is now gone to her reward; forasmuch as she hath done these things unto one of the least of these his servants, she hath done it unto her blessed Lord and Saviour. In nearly everything of providence, as coming from the Lord, she desired to give thanks. Indeed she was a good wife, an industrious soul, and many times felt a thankful heart for the least providential mercy. I have frequently heard her repeat these lines of Bunyan:

" He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low no pride;

He that is humble ever shall
 Have God to be his guide.
 "I am content with what I have,
 Little be it or much,
 And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
 Because thou savest such."

In the beginning of January the Lord was pleased again to lay on her his severe afflicting hand, with a bilious complaint, which terminated in consumption. During the former part of her illness this verse was much on her mind:

"The Lord is just and true,
 And upright in his way;
 He loves, but will correct us too,
 Whene'er we go astray."

The address of the January "Standard" was blessed to her soul. By it she was led to look back on the past year and mourn her base ingratitude. She repeatedly read the address, and kept the "Standard" by her bedside for some weeks. Seeing me weeping, she said: "The Lord is wonderfully good to me. Do not weep, my dear; see how the Lord supports me. Do not weep, for

'He cannot do but what is just,
 And must be righteous still.'

If it be his will to raise me up again, he will in his own time. I would wish to lie submissive in his blessed hands, and know no will but his. 'He is too wise to err, too good to be unkind.'

'All our times are in his hand,
 All events at his command.'

Indeed the Lord kept her for nearly a month in a sweet frame of mind, and she was made willing to bear anything or everything, that her dearest Lord might be glorified.

During the month of February she felt at times darkness of mind, but still there was something, even in her darkest moments, that her soul could not give up, and at times she felt a little sweetness unto Jesus and a resting upon his blood and righteousness and finished work. Often during that month have I asked her how her mind was; she generally replied, "Much the same. I want to feel Christ more precious, but there is something that I cannot give up. I cannot but hope in his mercy, in his precious blood." She continued to get worse, and all hope of recovery was now lost.

About this time friend D. called to see her, but she being so ill was unable to speak many words to him. At parting she desired him not to say much at her funeral concerning her. Friend D. replied, "I shall speak just as I feel the union that I have felt to you during your life. It will remain the same, whether you are left to die under a cloud or in the sunshine of the blessed Comforter." These words were the means of reviving her soul for several days.

On the 21st of March friend D. visited her again, and his

visit was especially blessed. He read Psalm xxii., and spoke very sweetly of the sufferings of Jesus, particularly on these words: "I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint. My heart is like wax; it is melted in the midst of my bowels." "I may tell all my bones; they look and stare upon me." He said, "You can now come in with your suffering Lord." "I may tell all my bones," she replied. "Yes, he has gone before you, and tasted the bitterness of death, and drunk up the dregs of the cup of wrath and incensed justice, which must have sunk all worlds to rise no more," replied Mr. D., "but the immortal Redeemer paid off the score that we had contracted, was entombed in the grave, and paved a way for his people to follow him, and rose victorious over death, hell, and the grave. He is now enthroned in glory. You are going a little before us; we shall soon follow after you." In prayer it was a very solemn time to us. At parting this verse recurred to her with much sweetness:

"Why should we shrink at Jordan's flood,
Or dread the unknown way?
See, yonder rolls a stream of blood
That bears the curse away."

She repeated it. Friend D. said: "You cannot get beyond that blood." She replied, "O no; precious blood! The very word blood is dear to me." Friend D. then took his farewell of her, and they parted in the sweetest union, believing that they should soon meet again in eternal glory.

(To be continued.)

We can walk together in a better sense. We have both been taken from the broad way. We have been summoned to Mount Sinai, and have been proved to be fellow-sinners and fellow-criminals, and have been shut up in unbelief, in hardness of heart, under sin, and in legal bondage; and here we have been fellow-prisoners, as well as fellow-villains. We have been severely and justly punished for our wickedness, and this has made us fellow-sufferers. We have been pardoned by the clemency of our Sovereign, and this has made us fellow-heirs of the benefit. We have been blessed with a sense of divine love, which has cast out all fear and torment, and thus we are fellow-citizens. We have now and then endeavoured to prop one another up, when neither of us could stand alone, and in this sense we are fellow-helpers; and we have oft been laid by the heels, and yoked with legal bondage, for our pride and base ingratitude, and thus we are true yoke-fellows. We have at times been stubborn, perverse, rebellious, and inflexible, and have taken a base part with the devil and unbelief, and in this sense we have had fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness. We have often been unmindful of the Rock of our strength, and have lightly esteemed the God of our salvation, when we knew that his grace had been abundant upon us, and thus we have been fellow-rebels and fellow-rascals. And if *we* cannot walk together, who can?—*Huntington.*

REVIEW.

Obituary of Mrs. E. Parsons, wife of Mr. Edward Parsons, late Minister of the Gospel, at Zion Chapel, Chichester. From a Manuscript by her Husband. London: E. Justins and Sons, 59, Fenchurch Street.

(Concluded from page 276.)

Death sets a solemn and final stamp on the life. The setting sun casts its expiring rays over air, earth, and sky, and tinges the whole prospect with its peculiar and prevailing colour. Be that hue lurid and threatening, or be it bright and golden, such also is the general tone and complexion of the landscape. Whatever darkness and gloom, mist and fog, cloud and storm, may have marked the day, a beautiful evening, a bright sunset, makes amends, and stamps its character on the whole. In many a tried, tempted believer has this been spiritually verified. A bright sunset has made amends for a day of mist and fog, cloud and storm.

But ah! how different with the ungodly! When the wicked are in full prosperity they are like a river flowing on to a cataract. We view only the wide, gentle flow of waters dancing and gleaming beneath the sunbeam; and the sound of the cataract in the distance is not heard. We see only how the ungodly spend their days in prosperity and their years in pleasure; and we forget the abyss of misery and woe to which they are hastening. When the waters have fallen down the precipice, and we are stunned with the noise and wetted by the spray, we then see the beginning from the end, and how deceitful and perilous was the river's former flow. Their pursuits and pleasures, sins and follies, all come to remembrance, and we see misery and destruction stamped on all their ways, from the cradle to the grave—from the first rise of the rill to the river's final fall. If connected with us by ties of blood, how painful the thought of their past life and present condition! and if anything particular has marked their end—suddenness or despair, the reflection is too acute to be borne, and it is driven from the mind by any means, if possible.

How different the end of the righteous! Old John Newton, whose remarks usually embody much sound sententious wisdom, used to say, "Don't tell me how the man died; tell me how he lived." There may be some truth in this, but not the whole truth. If it is blessed to live well, it is blessed to die well. If living faith is desirable, is not dying faith desirable? And if victory over the first enemy, unbelief, and over the three middle enemies, the flesh, the world, and the devil, is so highly prized as God's gift and faith's conquest, why should not victory over the last enemy, death, be still more highly prized as God's last gift and faith's greatest triumph? It is true that we read in the Scriptures much of the life, but little of the death of Job, Abraham, Isaac, Joseph, Moses, Aaron, and other saints of old. Stephen's blessed end, and that chiefly as connected with his martyrdom, is, we believe, almost the only happy death specially mentioned in the

New Testament. And yet it cannot be denied that a peaceful, happy end is greatly desirable, not only for the departing but for those who remain behind; for strength and comfort to survivor as well as to sufferer. The rays of the Sun of Righteousness, gilding a dying pillow, reflect a blessed light over the whole spiritual life of the departed. If there have been circumstances in life, such as infirmities of temper, errors in judgment, a trying path in providence, a doubting, fearing track in grace, which may have cast somewhat of a shade over him, an end marked beyond contradiction by the power and presence of the God of all grace fully dispels it. Former specks and blemishes are lost in the last flood of light; dubious marks are cleared up; doubts and hesitations are dispersed; and triumphant grace swallows up the last remnant of suspicion. His looks, his words are embalmed in the memory; the tears that flow over him are not bitter and scalding, but soft and tender, mingling holy joy with affectionate sorrow; and his very remains seem consecrated by the spirit—the now glorified spirit, which but yesterday tenanted them. To them affection and respect pay the last services. Faith digs the grave; Hope deposits in it the mortal remains till the resurrection morn; and Love writes the epitaph, on which SUPERABOUNDING GRACE is traced in capitals so large as to leave no space for the small print of the good qualities, or the misprint of the bad qualities, of the departed. Nor does the blessing end when the tomb has closed over the pale cold relics of mortality. Dying words are remembered; and often, like seed scattered from a harvested sheaf, afterwards spring up and grow. To many a wild son, to many a thoughtless daughter, have the dying expressions of a believing parent been in after life an awakening voice, and made them to feel that there was a power in that still chamber, a reality in religion on that bed of suffering, to which they are strangers. As the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church, so the last life-drops of a dying parent have often not fallen to the ground like water spilled, but have sprung up into a spiritual seed. Samson slew more in death than in all his previous life; and thus many an expiring parent has done more to slaughter a worldly spirit and a worldly religion in the heart of a child by a death in faith, than by a whole life of warning and admonition. Dying words are remembered when living are forgotten; and the wild boy who capered and sung at the warnings of a living mother, may, in after years, when tossing on the wide Atlantic, or camping beneath an Australian gum-tree, look up and say, “My poor mother! Would God I were like thee!”

Truthful memoirs, then, and simple genuine obituaries* are, we

* At the risk of raising a smile, we cannot forbear to mention the following: A poor woman some years ago, when several numbers had appeared without any obituary, asked a friend of ours “when Mr. Obi-tary” (accenting the third syllable) “meant to write again, for she was very fond of Mr. Obi-tary’s writings.” We agree with her, that when Mr. Obi-tary has a good subject, what appears under that name is both interesting and profitable.

believe, really profitable to the church of God; and for this reason are we pleased, as occasion offers, to introduce them into our pages.

The Obituary before us is that of Mrs. E. Parsons, wife of the late Mr. Parsons, for some years an esteemed minister of the gospel at Chichester. Mr. Lewis, whose experience has lately been perused with so much interest by many of our readers, was a deacon in his church, and most highly esteemed him.

It would appear that the memoir before us was found in manuscript after the decease of Mr. Parsons. The following extracts will show its general character.

The account of the first work on her soul is thus given :

"It is now about twenty years ago since the Lord convinced my dear wife of sin. This brought her into great trouble, and caused her to weep daily, and to supplicate the Lord for mercy and for a knowledge of salvation by the pardon of all her sins. The burden of her iniquity, the wrath of God, the curse and terrors of the law, and the constant fear of death, brought her very low in her mind, and for about two years they kept her in such a weak state of body and nerves that her life was often despaired of. Medicine neither eased her body nor relieved her burdened mind. These things, together with the overwhelming temptations of the enemy, and especially the temptation to put an end to her then miserable life and the life of her own dear children, often sank her in horror and gloom, and caused her to weep bitterly for days and months together; and, to complete her distress, she sometimes had nothing for food for her tender offspring. Nevertheless, through all her distress she was enabled to call upon the Lord to 'deliver her soul from death, her eyes from tears, and her feet from falling;' and she did so by his blessing the reading of good Mr. Bunyan's 'Holy War' to her. It was that part where the prince Emmanuel pardons the men who came with ropes round their necks. Again she sank under the hidings of the Lord's face, the fear of death, the temptations of Satan, and many more troubles; but God was gracious to her again, and raised her up by blessing this precious portion of his holy word to her soul in the power of the Holy Ghost, 'Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?' She then sang in her happy soul the sweet song of love, unprecedented mercy, great salvation, full and free redemption, and eternal and unmerited goodness; and although her temporal troubles were many and grievous, yet she was enabled to sing her joyful song as she sat upon the lonely stile, or while she was in the house, or in the street, or upon her bed in the dead watches of the night. Then again she was brought very low through the fear of death; so low that she could not endure to hear the Lord's children say that when the Lord blessed them with perfect love, they longed, like good old Simeon, to depart, for she was kept in bondage through the fear of death. But again the Lord heard her prayer, and delivered her from her fears for a time by these precious words: 'I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.'"

Of the intermediate period between her state of soul, as thus described, and her last illness there is not much here recorded. We gather, however, that her path was for the most part one of trial and affliction, being weak in body, nervous and dejected in spirits, tried in soul, pressed with family cares, and, through fear of death, all her life-time subject to bondage.

But we come to the closing scenes of her afflicted life:

"On the 12th of August, I went to Midhurst for her. I found her much worse than she was when she left home; but the Almighty gave her strength to reach home; and, ill as she was, the dear Lord supported her, by assuring

her that 'he would never leave her nor forsake her.' She continued quiet and peaceable in her heart and mind until Saturday, having both heart and mind stayed on the Lord and his word by the power of the Holy Spirit. She would then talk of death with as much freedom as she would of the nearest friend, and gave orders for her funeral with the greatest composure. She said the fear of death was gone from her; and her death's Abolisher, her sin Atoner, her everlasting Redeemer and perfect Saviour was with her; therefore, 'When I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.'

A striking feature, as will presently appear, in her experience is, her total dependence on the Lord's support and smile. Whilst the everlasting arms were underneath, and the Sun of Righteousness shone, she was happy in soul; but when night came on, all the beasts of the forest crept forth. Some call this weak faith. We would rather call it dependent faith. Say, however, that it is weak. It is in weakness that the strength of Christ is made perfect; and no man has a grain more faith than the Lord bestows upon him. As we are sitting writing, a thought occurs to our mind. Last night there was a heavy thunder-storm. Lightnings flashed, the thunder rolled, and the rain came down in torrents. This morning the sun is shining brightly; but dark hanging clouds occasionally gather, and a shade comes over the scene. When the dark cloud is gone by, how much more brightly does the sun seem to shine forth—far more brightly than were it a day without a cloud! Is there no instruction here? The thunderstorm of convictions clears a path for the bright morning; the passing clouds add by contrast fresh lustre to the sun. So it was with Mrs. Parsons. Her first distress of soul was the thunder-storm; her death-bed experience the day chequered by cloud and sun:

"On Sunday morning, August 17th, she was very dark in her mind, bowed down in her soul, and in trouble about her dear boy, who was gone from her, and whom she had before been enabled to leave in the hands of the Lord. The enemy took advantage of this trouble, and told her that all her faith was vain and false, or she would not take up again that which she had pretended to leave with the Lord. He also laboured hard to bring on again the fear of death, through which she had all her lifetime been subject to bondage; but in this he could not prevail, for her hope was an anchor to hold the poor tempest-tossed vessel in the storm. I went to chapel with a heavy heart, a troubled mind, and a burdened soul, to proclaim good news and glad tidings to others, when I seemed to be of all men the most unfit, having nothing but sorrow and grief myself; but the Almighty brought me through with a great and high hand. I returned with a grain of faith in my heart that he would hear prayer in the behalf of my dear afflicted partner, and that he would do as he had said to her in the morning before I left, which was, 'What think ye, that he will not come to the feast? He will surely come and not tarry.' And, blessed be his dear name, he did come, and displayed his great power, showed his amazing love, and manifested his boundless mercy unto her. She wept for joy, and said, 'O what a precious Jesus is my Jesus! O how sweet he is!' And the dying love of such a dear friend blessed her sweet and tender heart; and although her pain was very sharp at times, yet she said it was nothing compared to her dear Saviour's sufferings. She then repeated Mr. Hart's hymn:

'Heaven is that holy, happy place,
Where sin no more defiles;
Where God unveils his blissful face,
And looks, and loves, and smiles,' &c.

She then said to me, 'O what a prison is this poor body! I long to be freed from it, and see my dear Jesus without a veil between.' I said, 'There the Lord will be your everlasting light, your God, and your glory for ever, and the days of your mourning will be for ever at an end.' She replied, 'Yes; bless his dear name, I hope soon to be with him.'

But thick clouds gather. A storm is at hand—nearly as heavy, but not so long, as the first which broke upon her soul:

"On Monday, the 18th, the scene was changed. Darkness overspread her whole soul; her joy was gone, and sorrow came in its place; her Lord had hidden his face; and Satan was come in his room; the Bible was a sealed book, her evidences were lost, unbelief was prevalent, and the devil began to come in like a flood and carry all before him; but the grace of God in her heart, that will stand in all and through all and live for ever. In this conflict of mind and body, and in the fire of temptation, she cried with bitter and lamentable cries, that she was deceived, was a hypocrite, and dying. What should she do? She said she should be left in the pains of death to cry out to us all to save her. Then she burst forth into the most pitiful and heartfelt cries to the Lord, 'O Lord, help me! O Lord, save me! O Lord, have mercy upon me! "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"' We laboured to comfort her by recalling to her many promises, showing her the path of the saints; and I did so, in particular, by telling her what I had been brought through, of floods and fears; but all in vain. She said it was useless, it was not for her; therefore, said she, 'Say no more, for I am full of desperation. I could jump into a well or take poison.' She then repeated one of Mr. Kent's hymns:

'Twas in the night when troubles came,
I sought, my God, for thee;
But found no refuge in that name
That once supported me.

'I saw no day-star in the skies,
'Wrapt in perpetual gloom;
I said, "When will that sun arise
That shall my soul illumine?"'

The last verse she much dwelt upon. I said, 'He will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice.' She said, with many tears, 'I think I shall go to heaven. Yes; I hope I shall.' I said, 'The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion above with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; and you, in spite of the devil, your unbelief, and all your enemies, shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away from you for ever; for in that blessed country the inhabitant shall no more say, "I am sick."' She then said, 'I am shaken to pieces in body and soul by the enemy. O that my God would come and put him to flight.' I said many more things to her to comfort her; but the Comforter that should relieve her soul was far from her, although he enabled her to maintain her hope."

With her it was a day of clouds almost till the very last. Streaks and bars were spread even over her setting sun. The closing scene is thus described:

"Thursday morning, at about one o'clock, I was called up at her request. When I came to her, I found her in a cold sweat, dark in her mind, and molested by the enemy of her soul. I said to her, 'You know where you are going to through it all.' 'O yes,' she said, 'to heaven, to heaven!' At about five o'clock, she cried out, in conflicts of soul, 'O Lord, hear my prayers.' We could see that she was much distressed, but could not learn the cause of it, as she could not speak. At about eight o'clock, she spoke out, 'O dear Lord, I do not know where I am going, and I am dying. Do you think that I am a child of God?' I then said that the enemy was thrusting sore at her and her interests in a dear Redeemer. I then began to point out to her that all the saints of God had been tried on the same ground, and that the in-

fermal foe had brought his daring 'buts,' 'ifs,' and 'hows,' to her dear Jesus, to try to dispute him out of his Sonship; and that she would be more than a conqueror over the devil, sin, death, hell, and the grave through him that loved her and gave himself for her. Then I brought forth this precious portion of God's word, 'The Lord is good, and a stronghold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that put their trust in him.' She gave me a sweet smile, and replied, 'Yes, he is good to me.' She then lay suffering much in body, and at times rambling, through extreme weakness, until about half-past ten o'clock, when she looked up with a bright and heavenly countenance, and said to me, 'He will never leave me nor forsake me, world without end.' I said, 'I know, my dear, his word is firmer than heaven and earth, for these must pass away, but not a jot or tittle of his word shall ever fail, but shall be fulfilled in your behalf and in behalf of the Lord's family. "Faithful is he who hath called you, who also will do it."' The enemy was again obliged to fly before the almighty Captain of salvation, and to leave her again in peace and quietness, for she was returned to her rest; but her conflict with death was still upon her, and she said, 'Now the enemy is afflicting my poor body.' At about twelve o'clock, she said to me, 'Do you not see that blood?' I could not understand her. 'Why,' she said, 'the precious blood of Christ.' About half an hour after, she said, 'My heart sinks; but how can I sink with such a prop?' She had not strength to utter the whole sentence. I then said, 'As bears the world and all things up.' She then nodded her head, as much as to say, 'Yes, that is what I meant to say.' She continued while the cold sweat of death was upon her, to call upon the Lord to help her and grant her patience to go through the valley of the shadow of death. At about six o'clock, she thought as well as we that she was going to her rest. I took her up in my arms, she then lifted up both her hands to heaven, and said, 'Come, Lord Jesus, and receive me!' and then sank breathless into my arms. We then stood in silent sorrow, and thought that her sufferings were at an end, but they were not quite filled up, for she revived again and brought up the phlegm, and said that she should see the light of another morning. At about nine o'clock in the evening, she shook hands with us all, and said, with a heart full of comfort and a real feeling of love to each, 'God bless you! God bless you!' Her nurse said to her, 'You have not kissed me for some time.' She then took her round the waist and kissed her several times. Then she said, 'Now all of you lay down and sleep and rest, and I will go to rest;' and to me she said, 'You come here and lie down with me, my dear.' Then she said, 'Now, my God, do not forsake me in my last moments.' Then she went off into a sleep, and neither moved hand nor foot for several hours, but she lay labouring for breath, and with the cold hand of death upon her. Some time before she breathed her last, she looked very earnestly upon us, and was very sensible; and, as I stood by her bedside, she fixed her eyes upon me, beaming with the love of her Saviour, and tried hard to speak, but could not. I said to her, with a heart too full to bear any more, as I thought, 'My dear, I know you cannot speak.' She then put up her cold and almost lifeless hand, and waved it towards heaven and over her head, as a token of triumph, victory, and joy in God her Saviour, and breathed out her happy spirit unto the Lord her God, at five minutes past eight o'clock on Friday morning, October 3rd, 1845."

Well has Hart said,

"See the suffering church of Christ,
Gather'd from all quarters;
All the names in that red list
Were not murder'd martyrs."

There are other martyrs than those who were torn by wild beasts in the Roman amphitheatre, or burnt to ashes in Smithfield. All suffer *with* Christ, though all do not suffer *for* Christ; for if we suffer not with him, we shall not reign with him. Judging from this memoir, Mrs. Parsons was one of these inward martyrs. Since

her departure, her widowed husband has been called to pass Jordan's flood. There we leave them, inscribing on their tomb that memorable voice from heaven: "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." (Rev. xiv. 13.)

P O E T R Y.

"God be merciful to me a sinner."—Luke xviii. 13.

<p>Gracious Jesus, see thy creature Trembling on dark ruin's brink; Stretch thy arm; O Lord, relieve me; Saviour, help me, else I sink.</p> <p>Language is too lean to picture Half the misery that I feel, Thou alone art wise to search it, Thou alone hast power to heal.</p> <p>I have nothing, Lord, to bring thee, But, alas! this heart of stone; Take it, melt it, and in mercy Grant a portion of thy own.</p> <p>Sin's vile vapours have beclouded The dim eyesight of my soul; Thou art bright, but I am blackness; Son of David, make me whole!</p> <p>Or if yet, as something tells me, I have never seen at all, Trembling, weakly, still I seek thee, Humbly still on thee I call.</p> <p>From the pit of death or slumber Call me forth to walk with thee, Grant me faith to tell the tempter, "I was blind, but now I see."</p> <p>See my broken, sad condition, Look upon my outcast soul, Loathsome, leprous, ruined, wretched, Gracious Saviour, make me whole.</p> <p>O have mercy on a rebel, Base, contemptible, and mean! Bring me to the fount and wash me; Bathe me, purge me, make me clean!</p> <p style="text-align: right;">April 20th, 1852.</p>	<p>To thy cross I flee for shelter; At thy sov'reign feet I lie; Hear me, help me, speak within me; Heal me, Saviour, else I die.</p> <p>Deign to look and think upon me; Free me from this yoke of sin; In the sea of sov'reign mercy Quench the fire of death within.</p> <p>O deliver from presumption; Enmity's black motions quell; Save from error and delusion; Quench the fiery darts of hell.</p> <p>I am worthless; he is worthy, For whose sake I beg and cry; Looking, longing for the vision, Here before thy feet I lie.</p> <p>Lay thy healing hand upon me, Make me hear thy gentle tone, Drop rich sparks of love within me, Make me only, all thy own.</p> <p>Nothing less than grace victorious, Nothing less than love divine, Can avail my dark condition, Can affect a case like mine.</p> <p>O I cannot, cannot leave thee! Whither, where else could I fly? Saviour of the lost restore me, Hear a wretched beggar's cry.</p> <p>Destitute, defenceless, fearing, On thyself I hang my soul; Palsied, wither'd, nigh despairing, Take me, touch me, make me whole.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">D. M'P.</p>
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I would not boast; but to my Master's honour and free grace be it spoken, I can prove this true by happy experience. When I have considered that I am a child and cannot speak, and I have seen so many of you come out into the wilderness to be fed, I have often said within myself, What can I do with my little stock of grace and knowledge among so great a multitude? But, at my Lord's command, I have given you to eat of such spiritual food as I had, and before I have done speaking, have had my soul richly fed with the bread which cometh down from heaven.—*Whitefield.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

No. 202. OCTOBER, 1852. VOL. XVIII.

PRAYER FOR MERCY.

PART OF A SERMON BY RALPH ERSKINE.

(Concluded from page 283.)

IV. The fourth thing proposed was, to show that it is both *seasonable* and *reasonable* to plead that he would remember mercy in the midst of wrath and wrathful times. This will appear evident if we consider these six particulars.

1. It is both *seasonable* and *reasonable* to do so, because we are *warranted of God* to plead his promised mercy at all times, and especially in the midst of wrath: "I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them;" (Ezek. xxxvi. 37, compared with Ps. l. 15:) "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." There needs be no other reason, and there can be no higher reason than the will and authority of God; his command obliging us to plead with him and put him in remembrance. (Isa. xliii. 26.)

2. It is *seasonable* and *reasonable* in the midst of wrath to plead that he would remember mercy, because *wrathful dispensations are ordered of God* for this very cause, to stir up his people to seek after him, and plead for his merciful return: "I will go and return to my place, till they acknowledge their offence, and seek my face: in their affliction they will seek me early." (Hos. v. 15.) And, indeed, seldom do we seek him in earnest till the rod be made use of, and the way be hedged up with thorns; then we begin to say, "I will go and return to my first husband; for then was it better with me than now." (Hos. ii. 7.)

3. It is *seasonable*, because as this has been the way of God's people, in their distress and under *wrathful dispensations*, to fly to his mercy, so it is *God's way* toward his people to show mercy to them in their

greatest extremity of distress. He makes their time of need his time of love; their time of misery his time of mercy: "I called upon the Lord in distress; the Lord answered me, and set me in a large place." (Ps. cxviii. 5.) Their experience has it to say, "Many a time I was brought low, and he helped me." "He brought me out of the horrible pit and miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings."

4. *Necessity* makes it both seasonable and reasonable. In the midst of wrath the people of God see their need of mercy, and see mercy to be mercy indeed. When all the waves and billows of God's wrath are flying over them, then it is time for the Lord to work for his church and people; as the Psalmist says, "It is time for thee, Lord, to work; for they have made void thy law." (Ps. cxix. 126.) It is time for us to pray and plead for mercy, and it is time for God to work mercifully, when clouds of wrath are gathering and showers of wrath are falling.

5. It is then reasonable and seasonable to plead that he would remember mercy, because in the midst of wrath we are apt to conclude that he has *forgotten mercy*, and to say with Zion, "The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me." (Isa. xlix. 14.) Then it is that unbelief is ready to affront and deny the mercy of God, and to conclude that he has laid aside his merciful nature, saying, "Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will he be favourable no more? Is his mercy clean gone for ever? doth his promise fail for evermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?" (Ps. lxxvii. 7—9.) In time of affliction and wrathful days they are ready to think mercy is drowned in the ocean of wrath; therefore it is seasonable, in time of wrath, to plead that he may remember mercy.

6. It is seasonable, because then faith has *sure and clear ground* to go upon when in wrath we plead mercy. A time of wrathful dispensations and killing and slaying providences is a proper time for faith to step in and say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." To believe mercy in the midst of wrath is no great matter; but to believe mercy in the midst of wrath is a great matter, and argues strong faith. A time of contradiction is a time for faith. If we believe the promise when providence seems to contradict the promise in appearance, it is, like Abraham, to be "strong in faith, giving glory to God." Under a sense of guilt to believe pardon, under a sense and feeling of wrath to believe mercy, and plead that God would remember mercy, is the very season for faith to act; and then God gets the glory of his mercy and we the good of it.

If we may pray and plead for mercy in the midst of wrath, then we may *hopefully* plead mercy in the face of all other discouragements whatsoever. Here is a door of mercy opened in the midst of wrath.

Some, perhaps, may be ready to say, "Many things discourage me in prayer, weaken my confidence, and mar my hope." Why, but here is encouragement to sue for mercy, and to hope and plead for it in the face of all opposition whatsoever, since we are to

plead mercy even in the face of wrath. You may hopefully plead mercy in the face of *old sins, former transgressions, and great iniquities*. (Ps. xxv. 7.) You may plead mercy in the face of *present guilt* staring you in the face, as the prophet Jeremiah did. (xiv. 7.) You may plead mercy in the face of *present indisposition* for duty. You may plead mercy in the face of *dark and angry dispensations*. (Ps. lxxix. 5.) You may plead mercy in the face of *great unworthiness* and fears of *communicating unworthily*. You may plead mercy in the face of *many challenges* for omissions and commissions. You may plead mercy in the face of *strong unbelief* and *weak faith*; in the face of living unbelief and languishing faith. You may plead mercy in the face of *manifold miscarriages in duty*. You may plead mercy in the face of *seeming refusals* and *harsh answers*. You may plead mercy in the face of *real refusals, rejections, and reproofs*. You may plead mercy in the face of *improbabilities*; yea, and seeming *impossibilities*, when there is no appearance of his showing mercy. You may plead mercy in the face of *prevailing iniquity*. In a word, you may plead mercy in the face of all *temptations* to the contrary, from whatever airth.* Though the devil should suggest to you that your pleading will bring a curse instead of a blessing, and that God has decreed the contrary to what you ask; yet God's revealed will being the rule of your duty, and his revealed mercy, through Christ, being the ground of your hope, you are to have no regard to these wicked suggestions. "In the midst of wrath," in the midst of woes, in the midst of all the sin and misery you can be surrounded with, as long as you are out of hell, there is ground to plead, "Lord, remember mercy."

Your pleading for mercy will exclude your *presuming* upon mercy. The presumptuous sinner pleads mercy as an excuse for his sin; this is not pleading for mercy to his soul, but mercy to his sin; whereas they that duly plead mercy plead for vengeance upon their sins.

The pleading for mercy supposes a *sense* of sin and misery and of wrath deserved. Those who have no apprehensions of wrath will have no due apprehensions of mercy.

True pleading for mercy excludes *all other* pleas; the man has nothing to plead but mercy; he has no merit of his own to plead, but the merit of hell. If he pleads the merit of Christ, this is the same with pleading mercy; for mercy vents no other way but through the merit of Jesus. The soul dares not plead his duties, prayers, or tears; his frames, affections, enlargements, or good qualifications. No; he has nothing to plead but mercy.

The true pleader for mercy pleads it at the *mercy-seat*, sprinkled with the blood of Christ; where he sees mercy secured by the blood of the covenant, which makes them the sure mercies of David.

While you plead that the Lord would remember mercy in the midst of wrath, do you *yourselves* also remember mercy in the midst of wrath? Are you tempted to wrath and wrathful resentment against your friends, neighbours, brethren, and acquaintances? ()

* A Scotch word, meaning point of the compass, quarter.

remember mercy in the midst of wrath, remember pardoning and forgiving mercy. With what confidence can you expect that God should remember mercy towards you, notwithstanding your innumerable sins and provocations, if you cannot remember mercy towards others, notwithstanding some real or supposed injuries? How can you pray that God would forgive your sins, if you forgive not those that sin against you? "To the merciful he will show himself merciful; be ye, therefore, merciful, as your heavenly Father is merciful." If you have beheld the glory of his mercy to you, you will be changed into the same image, from glory to glory; and, may I not say, from mercy to mercy? O remember mercy to all that are about you; mercy to the poor and needy; mercy to the destitute and afflicted. And even though you should see them surrounded with the tokens of God's wrath, yet remember mercy towards them, because you expect that, in the midst of wrath, he will remember mercy towards you. If you remember mercy towards men, it is a good evidence that he is remembering mercy towards you.

One of the great reasons why the Lord says, "Put me in remembrance," and allows you to plead that he may remember mercy, is not that he can forget mercy, but because *you* are in danger of forgetting it; and, by putting him in remembrance of it, you put yourselves in remembrance of it. Unbelief is ready to say, especially in the midst of wrath, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious? will he be favourable no more? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?" But faith is a reminding the soul of the love and mercy of God, a recognition of his grace and goodness in Christ Jesus. Faith is acted to great advantage by a sanctified remembrance of the mercy of God in Christ; and whenever mercy comes into the believer's mind, the believer puts God in mind of his mercy, saying, "Lord, remember what thou didst for me at such a time; remember what thou saidst to me, 'Remember thy word, on which thou hast caused me to hope;' remember thy promise, remember thy name, remember thy Son's name, remember thy covenant, remember thy goodness."

Christ is as truly ours *now* as he will be in the upper and brighter world. Our enjoyment of him will indeed differ in degrees, but not in the object. Change of worlds makes no change in his person, nor of our interest in him. And all that is in Christ, and all that is connected with Christ, and all right in what belongs to Christ, is as much the believer's portion now, while on earth, as it will be when in heaven.—*Hawker*.

Scripture promises are real bank-notes of heaven and the riches of believers, who do not live on stock in hand, but traffic with this paper-currency. Where Divine faith is found, it takes the notes for payment and receives the cash. But human faith cannot use this paper; it reads the notes, and owns them good, but dares not take them to the skies for payment. No faith can act on God but that which comes from God.—*Berridge*.

A LETTER TO A SERVANT OF GOD BY THE LATE JOHN KEYT.

Beloved in the Lord,—Your very kind and affectionate epistle was to me a welcome new year's gift indeed, being intermingled with many evident tokens of that *love* which the apostle places *first* in the list of the fruits of the Spirit, and as such it met with a most cordial reception in my heart; for, through the free and sovereign goodness of the Most High, your poor friend, even to the present day, has many gracious inflowings of the love of Christ, which passes knowledge, while, at the same time, I sensibly feel the full import of Jacob's confession: "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast showed unto thy servant," &c. These are wonderful things to find in one and the same heart together, especially in such a heart as mine. Yet so it is; and the spouse in the Song gives a full solution of the matter: "I am black, but comely; as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon."

I cheerfully acknowledge myself deeply indebted to you for your kind admonition respecting the description which had been previously fastened upon my mind under your discourse from 1 Sam. ix. 6. I believe there will be no need for a repetition of the same counsel, as I have had my fill of those characters so well delineated by our dear Doctor in the person of Ahimaaz. (2 Sam. xviii. 19—30.)

I can but admire the condescension and overruling hand of God in bringing the dear woman from Lewes to London on that particular evening when she was anointed for her burial. My whole soul was delighted in reading the interesting account. You may well exclaim, "O my often doubting heart!" for I believe, without any doubt upon the matter, that in similar cases, (which may, in the wisdom of God, be now close folded up,) it will be found hereafter (John xiii. 7) equally true in some other instances that shall be your joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of Jesus Christ.

I have lately found some strong consolations, while meditating upon Malachi iii. 16—18, in considering (in this night of Sardis) the walk and conversation of those that fear the Lord in truth, and of his great condescension in hearkening, hearing, and observing the operations of his own grace in their communications with each other: the book of remembrance expressly written before him for them that feared the Lord and thought upon his name; the crowning blessing promised in the 17th verse, and the comfortable experience of it in the believing heart.

A few evenings ago, two dear friends spent an hour under my humble roof. One of them read Psalm cxlv., after which we presented our supplications before the Lord. Before we parted, one of them observed to the person who engaged, "Your prayer was the very language of my heart." To which the other replied, "So it was of mine; and in the mouth of two or three witnesses shall the matter be established," &c.

The sweet account of the "Aged Pilgrim" was truly a blessing to me, by giving an additional confirmation to the truth and faithfulness

ness of Israel's God in the performance of his own promise recorded; (Ps. xcii. 12—15;) and nothing under heaven can be a greater source of consolation to a feeble aged saint than to be favoured with a transcript of his own heart's experience, embosomed and unfolded in the immutable and precious promises of the Lord's everlasting covenant, especially as viewing them with the eye of faith to be the peculiar portion of the children of Zion's family, and none else.

I frequently reflect with pleasure and inward satisfaction upon a passage in the first letter our beloved Doctor ever wrote to me. It runs thus: "But let us delight our souls in our own God, and make up our happiness in him, and then we shall take our house and home, our goods and chattels, our gold and silver, our riches and honours, pleasures and profits, ornaments and jewels, about with us, and leave nothing behind but that which is not worth taking, and that which will not pass current in the heavenly country," &c. (See Vol. I., Letter 41, page 115.) This blessed counsel still abides with me, with increasing sweetness, in the midst of surrounding changes and manifold tribulations, and, together with the following letter, (the 42nd,) are numbered among the many precious legacies the dear man of God bequeathed to me, a poor sinner, at his decease.

I am at present very feeble, being oppressed with a heavy cold, that has much shaken this frail tabernacle; but I do hope to be enabled to meet my dear friend in the courts of the Lord's house on Lord's Day morning, if it be his good pleasure, and to share with you in the gospel feast; for our bounteous Lord keeps a rich table, and never sends the poor and needy empty away. (Ps. cxxxii. 15, 16.)

May the Lord Jesus Christ himself comfort your heart, and bring you forth in his work clothed in his strength, and, under the rich anointings of the Holy Spirit, speaking in you and by your mouth to the souls of his afflicted, poor, and weary heritage that are now left in the midst of Zion. (Zeph. iii. 12.)

I am well aware that discouragements and impediments of various kinds and from various quarters are found in your path as a minister of the sanctuary; but how cheering it must be to consider and believe that every step is ordered, marked out, and appointed by the sovereign Ruler of heaven and earth. When sent out without visible supplies the disciples lacked nothing. What they had freely received they freely gave; and when brought before the great ones of this world, their blessed Lord engaged to give them both mouth and wisdom, which no adversary was able to gainsay or resist. And so it is to this day, notwithstanding the doubts and dubious cogitations of the mind how they shall be carried on and carried through the great work in which they are engaged. The Lord's command to the leaders of his people is, "*to go forward.*" He himself goes before them, and is also their rearward; therefore his cheering voice to his own messengers and standard-bearers is, "*Fear thou not!*"

But I must conclude this poor scrap, with sincere thanks for your last kind favour, and shall be happy at all times to hear from you.

I remain, affectionately yours,

Foley Street, London, Jan. 25th, 1833.

J. KEYT.

REPENTANCE UNTO LIFE, WHICH NEEDETH NOT TO BE REPENTED OF.

My dear Friend,—No doubt you will think it long before I write, and probably take it unkind, because I have not replied sooner to your last kind letter received, dated Oct. 5th, 1845. Perhaps my friend will allow the following reasons as an excuse for me. I have a retail business to attend to, and am called off sometimes every few minutes while I am writing. When I have the most leisure I feel the most bound and shut up in my feelings and less disposed to write, and when I have the least leisure time I often feel the most disposed and desirous to write. But at all times my soul's delight is to write the most when I feel God the Spirit sweetly helping my manifold infirmities, but that is not so often as I could wish. So what can I do? my friends are pressing me to write and my soul is willing, but lacks opportunity, and would rather stay to feel the power. Let this apology suffice.

I thank you for your anxious concern respecting my health. My dear children, and partner, and our little cause, all are drawing me back, else I would rather depart and be with Christ, the beloved object of my soul's desire, and sin no more, which would be far better than being here. Through mercy, our dear Lord has raised me up again. How surprisingly kind and gracious he has been and still is to me, although I feel myself nothing better than a cumber-ground; and the thought lies very heavy on my mind still, that before I see him face to face in his kingdom above, I shall see, feel, and know more of the marvels of his love and the wonders his grace can do here below than I have as yet seen. My soul thirsts for God, for the living God, and longs for powers to spread abroad his fame, and tell to Zion how my soul desires to love, serve, obey, and glorify him below, and reign with him above. When shall I appear before him, and feel power sufficient to prevail with him to grant me and my dear friend the requests of our hearts? Lord, let not the vision longer tarry, for our souls are growing sick, and tired, and faint in waiting for thee. My friend asks, and longs, and pants to feel and know her interest in Christ and his great salvation, and desires to enjoy sweet and constant communion with him; and my soul desires to enjoy again the like favour. "My dear Lord, hast not thou said, when 'two shall agree in the thing that they ask, it shall be done unto them?' Then give us both the requests of our hearts, so that we may enjoy the comfort thereof, according to thy word, I beseech thee."

But notwithstanding all my friend's desires, and groanings, and longings, and complainings, she is fearing the Lord will not grant her "repentance unto life," because she feels her hardness of heart to that degree that it surprises and distresses her sore, for fear she should be found at last to be only a "hypocrite," a deceiver in God's sight. It is no marvel she should think so under these feelings, for in an established Christian such extreme hardness of heart felt often makes him stand amazed and tremble in his very soul; and if

it cause such to tremble, well may it make my friend fear and stand in doubt. O the rackings and tortures of mind I have endured while in this state, before the Lord has taken the stone away and melted me down again at his dear sacred feet, no tongue can tell nor pen can describe! Therefore can my soul feel for you.

But there is still hope for my friend. God the Spirit has convinced her of her lost, ruined, undone, and helpless state by nature. She is flying, with inward groanings, and longings, and intense desire, to Christ for refuge from the wrath to come. Her soul is now made sincere; nothing but Christ revealed in her heart, the hope of glory, his pardon sealed and felt in her conscience, and peace, the fruit of cancelled sin, enjoyed, will do. Now all this appears to me to be my friend's real state and case before God, from her mournings, and groanings, and bewailings, and bitter lamentations because of sin, and expressed desires to feel her interest in Christ and his salvation. Rest assured, my dear friend, though you may not be able to believe it now, I think the day will come when you will know, with joy unspeakable, that you have now that repentance which is unto life, as sure as I hope and believe I know what it is to have felt it myself; for your feelings expressed, and your fears and desires are exactly as mine were. And what can I say more? for could I assure you of it with the tongue of men and angels, unless God the Holy Ghost was pleased to attend the word with divine and sovereign power, it would be all in vain; therefore I will endeavour to commit thy case unto the Lord, and do hope you will be enabled to do so too, and also to trust in him, and he will bring it to pass.

Repentance which is unto life proceeds from the life of God in the soul, by the power of the Holy Ghost, there worked in and maintained, a proof of divine life within, until it is swallowed up and lost in life immortal above. The effects it produces are a hatred to, and a godly repentance, groaning, and mourning over and for sin, because they, the possessors thereof, cannot cease from sin and grief for grieving their Lord, while faith points them to the Antidote, Christ and his blood, and weeps for him, and looks above to the rest prepared in heaven. This repentance is not only unto life, but it is not to be repented of. My friend will never have to repent of repenting for sin; nor repent of seeking to Christ for mercy, pardon, and peace through his blood, and merits, and sufferings; nor repent of taking up her cross, and espousing his cause, and confessing his name amongst men, for such he declares he will confess before his Father and the angels; and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation.

Then let my friend consider, and not hastily conclude that she has not this repentance already within. What is the cause of her mourning and groaning because of the weight and burden of sin which she feels within, and over the hardness of her heart, as she does, if she has not this special, this heavenly gift? Feeling is a proof of life; and repentance for sin, connected with faith looking to and hanging upon Jesus for salvation, is repentance unto life; and as

this repentance will never need to be repented of, so sin repented of and absolved through the blood of the Lamb shall never rise up in judgment against us while here below, nor at the last great tribunal day.

O what a cluster of sacred, solemn truths is here! How blessed the soul who has savingly repented of sin, and is tasting by a living faith in exercise of the untold sweetness thereof, the preciousness of redeeming and dying love! Does my friend from hence feel any risings of hope? Let her soul still hang on a "Who can tell?" and wait and watch unto prayer; for her Lord will surely grant her the desire of her heart; as it is written, "The desire of the righteous shall be granted," and finish the work he has begun in her soul, to the praise of his glory. "Blessed are they that mourn," as says the Lord, "for they shall be comforted." God's shalls and wills stand firm as the pillars of heaven, and his faithfulness is for ever, though we believe not; and having this seal, he knows those who are his.

Praise ye the Lord, my soul;
 Lord, help my friend to join,
 Herself on thee to roll,
 And seal her ever thine.
 Then her repenting soul shall know,
 The joys of heaven begun below.

We are much as usual, through mercy. Our united love to you in Christ Jesus. Adieu. Yours affectionately, for Jesus' sake,
 Bedworth, Nov. 6th, 1845. G. T. C.

Tell me, are there not many of you saying within yourselves, "This is a licentious doctrine; this preacher is opening a door for encouragement in sin?" But this does not surprise or terrify me at all. It is a stale antiquated objection, as old as the doctrine of justification itself. And (which, by the way, is not much to the credit of those who urge it now) it was first made by an infidel. Paul, in his epistle to the Romans, after he had, in the first five chapters, most plainly proved the doctrine of justification by faith only, in the sixth brings in an unbeliever, saying, "Shall we continue in sin, then, that grace may abound?" But as he rejected such an inference with a "God forbid!" so do I. For the faith which we preach is not a dead speculative creed, "an assenting to a thing credible, as credible," as it is commonly defined. It is not a faith of the head only but of the heart. It is a living principle wrought in the soul by the Spirit of the everlasting God, convincing the sinner of his lost undone condition by nature, enabling him to lay hold on the perfect righteousness of Jesus Christ, and continually exciting him, out of a principle of love and gratitude, to show forth the same by abounding in every good word and work. This is the sum and substance of the doctrine that has been delivered; and if this be licentious doctrine, judge ye. No, my brethren, this is not decrying all good works, but teaching you how to do the same from a proper principle.—*Whitefield.*

THE MOURNING OF HADADRIMMON IN THE VALLEY OF MEGIDDON.

A LETTER BY THE LATE WILLIAM MOORE.

Dear Friend,—I am much obliged by the receipt of yours, dated the 13th instant. I humbly bless my God on your behalf and for the raising up of Mrs. W. from her bed of languishing; and, to the praise of our most merciful Lord, I have to declare to you that he has very lately raised up my poor weak, suffering wife in a similar manner. We are under the highest obligations unto him who has said, “Behold, I bring health and cure.” “I am the Lord that healeth thee;” and “I will heal thee of thy sickness.” May it please him, in his pity and compassion, to visit you with the joys of his salvation, and uphold us with his free Spirit! He can heal the wounded conscience by pouring in oil and wine. He can apply his great atonement to purge the conscience, under the operation of the Holy Ghost. The Spirit can open our heart; and Christ can come into the soul with all his saving benefits, saying, as Mr. Hart,

“My body and my blood receive;
It comes entirely free;
I ask no price for all I give;
But O remember me!”

This leads me to a scene of sorrow, and thoughts of the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megididon: Last evening was the most solemn national order of mourning I ever witnessed,* so that sleep departed from my eyes. After I had discharged my family I remained alone for prayer and reading the Scriptures; and soon after the guns fired.† At midnight I went to bed, sympathising with the distressed mourners for the much-lamented death of the late blooming princess. First, the infant branch and its glory vanished together; and next, the royal mother and her earthly glory

* W. Moore alludes here to the funeral of the Princess Charlotte, on the 19th of November, 1817. Those who are not old enough to recollect the circumstance, can little imagine what a shock her decease in childbirth gave to the country. We were but a boy at the time, but can never forget the universal gloom in London when her death was posted up at the Mansion House, where, but a short space previously, her safe delivery had been in a similar manner announced. We most distinctly remember the day of the funeral, as well as the Lord's Day after, on which the national mourning commenced. At that time black was not worn by men, coloured clothes being the invariable dress. This made the universal mourning strike the eye then as it would not do now; and this, with the dulness of the weather, the gloom on every face, the tolling of the great bell of St. Paul's, the still crowds listening in solemn silence, and doubtless the sympathetic impression which all this aroused, independent of individual feeling, produced an effect in London which those who witnessed it never will forget. The blow seemed to reach every heart, and was felt and mourned over as a national calamity.

Mr. Huntington, it will be remembered, was much attached to the Royal Family and the house of Brunswick, and we see the same feeling in Rusk and W. Moore, his hearers.

† This was the firing of minute-guns at the Tower and in the Park at the time of her funeral, which took place, as usual, at night, at Windsor,

suddenly passed away also, together with the hope of the family and nation. O what a solemn event and painful bereavement to the royal family! May it please the Almighty, in his great condescension and tender mercy, to sanctify it to the House of Brunswick and our sinful nation at large, if it be his holy will! And as David said of Jerusalem, so I still say of my country, "Because of the house of the Lord, I will seek thy good." I cannot refrain sympathising with the disconsolate, affectionate Prince Leopold; for I do feel a respectful, reverential regard to the royal family, for our good old king's sake. We as Protestants are much indebted to him, under God, for our privileges, civil and religious. And what is greater than that salutary law of our beloved land; I mean the kind protection of us in the solemn worship of our most merciful God? My heart says, "God save the king! Long live the king! May the king live for ever! Amen. Amen. Hallelujah!" Praise God for making him a nursing father unto us; and may his hoary head be laid down to sleep in peace; and as a shock of corn fully ripe, which cometh in his season, I pray that he may be gathered by the reapers into our Lord's garner. As a king may he resign his earthly crown for a heavenly one, that he may cast it at the feet of Christ Jesus our Lord, whom he has heartily acknowledged here below to be the King over all the earth; and God will acknowledge him. One of his declarations is sweet to me, namely, when at a particular time he said, "I have courage to descend from my throne to a cottage, or lay my neck on a block; but I have not courage to falsify my coronation oath, nor to deny *my God*." Bless his old soul! And I humbly bless my most merciful Lord for sparing his valuable life, and so lengthening out our tranquillity.

But O my country, my country! Ingratitude, oppression, pride, &c., are still reigning in thee, which reminds me of 2 Tim. iii. Our cry is next to the sin of Sodom. O what a departure from our God, even in the midst of his signal favours bestowed upon us. But our benign Parent, the Lord of Hosts, has protected us. And yet as a tender Father he shook his rod over us and smote the fruits of the earth in 1816.* Then the poor cried unto the Lord for themselves and their country; but many blasphemed; one we read of was struck instantly dead for his presumption, and others were obliged to acknowledge the Lord's hand lifted up. (Isa. xxvi. 10, 11.) But this year our bountiful Benefactor has bestowed an abundant harvest in our land, and suitable weather for the ingathering of the same, followed with a good seed-time also. Are not these great favours? Yes; and this reminds me of what our Lord says of his vineyard, "What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it?" (Isa. v. 4.) My poor petition is unto the Most High, that in the midst of deserved wrath he would remember mercy, for it must be an aggravating crime in the sight of Almighty God; I

* This was a sad wet harvest; and the wheat was so much grown that a person whom we know said the other day, referring to the late weather, that bread could then be eaten with a spoon.

mean the monopolizing oppressors sporting with the staff of life, and so cutting off the poor, which God will avenge;* also the taking down of that barrier which kept Arians, Socinians, and Papists out of political power and public offices or command in our highly-favoured nation. And although it might be considered by some very unbecoming in such a poor obscure one as I to attempt in the least degree to advise or dictate, yet, for the honour of God, the respect I feel for the house of Brunswick, Hanover, and my country, constrains me to humiliation and prayer on this account, and that this mournful event may be sanctified, that we may confess our sins, and cry unto him that can turn us to himself; so that church and state might cry unto the Shepherd of Israel, saying, "O Lord God of Hosts, turn us again, and cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved!" for it is a blessing to a church and nation, when their hearts are humbled, to turn to him that smites them. But the contrary was seen in Nebuchadnezzar, and the awful effects of it followed at the end of twelve months. Daniel had said, "O king, let my counsel be acceptable unto thee, and break off thy sins by righteousness, and thine iniquities by showing mercy to the poor; if it may be a lengthening of thy tranquillity." (Dan. iv. 27.) But the haughty king's spirit rose up, and his kingdom fell. May we be enabled to set our "face unto the Lord God, to seek by prayer and supplications, with fasting" from all evil practices, and say, "O Lord, to us belongeth confusion of face, to our kings, to our princes, and to our fathers, because we have sinned against thee. To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him." (Dan. ix.) In this chapter is the declaration of the angel Gabriel to Daniel that Messiah should be cut off, but not for himself.

This leads me to my first intended object in writing this letter, of the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddon, which was a sore mourning for good King Josiah, who was slain near Megiddo. And this afternoon, (21st,) I was informed* that Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales was decided against the Papists in favour of the Protestants, which makes the loss so much the greater to both church and state.

But I have been mourning for my country several years, on account of her departure from the Lord; and in the beginning of 1816 my mourning continued to increase, through dreams and the Scriptures of eternal truth pressing on my mind. And my heaviness greatly increased upon me in the night of October 6th, 1817, by a dream, and the word of God which I first opened upon the next morning: "Behold the Lord maketh the earth empty, and maketh it waste, and turneth it upside down;" (Isa. xxiv. 1;) so that I could not refrain speaking a little of it to my friends. But I had much to ponder in my heart: "Behold, the day of the Lord cometh, for it is at hand; it is even at the

* Ps. lxxii. 4; Hos. xii. 7; Amos iv. 1—3; Micah ii. 2; Prov. xiv. 31; xxii. 16; Eccles. iv. 1—3.

doors;" therefore I made a feeble attempt among my friends to sound an alarm, believing a day of affliction and trouble was at hand, and I was constrained to tell some that I believed a sudden event was at hand. "Be watchful, be sober, be vigilant;" and now "Be still, and know that I am God;" "And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh." (Luke xxi. 28.) I read the Prophet Joel; Isa. xiii. 10, 11; Jer. xv.; Ezek. xxxii.; and Amos viii.; so that, you see, my mourning began long before the public lamentation. But the Lord the Spirit condescended to support my mind, and at times cheer my heart with some encouraging promises of God, namely, "The Lord will be the hope of his people, and the strength of the children of Israel;" (Joel iii. 16;) also Psalms xlvj. and xci. But on Wednesday the 19th, the sable, solemn appearance of the people, the pulpit of chapel and church, the funeral knell until midnight, greatly affected me; but I was in some degree relieved by being carried in sympathy to the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddon, from thence to the Lord Jesus Christ, who, by his obedience, sufferings, and death, raised his princess, *his wife*, to eternal life. He is the Prince of Life and Lord of Lords, and King of Glory; and this, our glorious Christ of God, shall at last overcome Antichrist, however formidable he may rise. And may it please our most merciful Father, by his Spirit and grace, to keep us chaste in our affections to our Lord Jesus Christ, that we may not be left to commit adultery with the whore of Babylon, but by the Holy Ghost be enabled to resist the mark, the name, and the number of the name of the beast, and the worshipping of his image, although we be killed! But who is sufficient for these things? Not we; but our sufficiency is of God. But what is the death of the body when compared to God's eternal blast upon the body and soul of his enemies? O eternal death! wrath, weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth for ever; wrath to come, ever wrath to come: "If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in his forehead, or in his hand, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation; and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb; and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever; and they have no rest day nor night, who worship the beast and his image, and whosoever receiveth the mark of his name. Here is the patience of the saints; here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus." (Rev. xiv. 9—12.) The patience, sanctification, and justification *by faith*; and the blessed effects, are rest, felicity, and eternal glory in the heavenly fellowship of God, angels, and saints. A good old divine says, "To worship the image of the beast is to acknowledge the doctrines of the Church of Rome; and to have the number of his name is to profess justification by works of the creature." And O, awful as it is, we know hundreds of thousands are in this dreadful snare! But God be praised that we are enabled to

deny this, knowing we have nothing of our own to present to the Almighty acceptable to him, that we might gain his favour; therefore in the comfort of the Scriptures we have hope, and are glad it is thus written, "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." (Eph. ii. 8.)

But, my friend, you ask me a question: "Whether those that give the helping hand to the Lord's enemies to build up Babylon, the Mother of Harlots, have peace?" You answer the question in the words of Joram: "Is it peace, Jehu? And he answered, What peace, so long as the whoredoms of thy mother Jezebel and her witchcrafts are so many?" (2 Kings ix. 22; Hab. ii. 12; Rev. ii. 20—23.) By way of question you have another answer in 2 Chron. xix. 2: "Shouldest thou help the ungodly, and love them that hate the Lord? therefore is wrath upon thee from before the Lord." And the time will come that God will make his church a cup of trembling unto all the people round about, and in that day he will make Jerusalem a burdensome stone for all people; all that burden themselves with it shall be cut in pieces, though all the people of the earth be gathered together against it, for the Lord will smite them. And of his witnesses he declares, "If any man will hurt them, fire proceedeth out of their mouth, and devoureth their enemies: and if any man will hurt them, he must in this manner be killed." (Rev. xi. 5.) Therefore consider this; the enemies of Christ must fill up their measure of iniquity, and Christ's members must fill up, as the apostle says, that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in their flesh, for his body's sake, which is the church. And seeing Jesus, the Captain of our salvation, is made perfect in glory above, after passing through a path of suffering here below, let us not forget that our way into the kingdom lies through much tribulation: "For unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake." (Phil. i. 29.) The sufferings of the saints are increasing, especially of the poor; and I am sure both church and state must suffer by the establishment of the Jesuits' college, seminary, and chapels in the country, as well as by the Roman Catholic chapels, &c., in London and elsewhere. But our dear Lord says to his church, "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer. Behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." (Rev. ii. 10.) So says the King of princes; and may it please the Holy Ghost to take of Christ's, and show it unto us, that, by the unction of the Holy One and his blessed anointing, we may perceive the person of Christ, his undertaking and offices, and our interest in his finished work, that we may "sorrow a little for the burden of the King of princes!" And now humbly beseeching him to fulfil his gracious promise, as it is written, "I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications: and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for

his firstborn. In that day shall there be a great mourning in Jerusalem, as the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddon." (Zech. xii. 10. 11.) The sorrows and sufferings of Christ, you know, are prophesied of in Ps. xxii. and Isa. liii., and you see them fulfilled in Matt. xxvi. and xxvii., Mark xiv. and xv., Luke xxii. and xxiii., and John xix. It is good for a sensible, needy sinner, to travail here, with his sin in view, and with the burden of guilt upon his conscience, to be waiting at wisdom's gates, and at the posts of the doors of the Lord's house; for he says, "Whoso findeth me, findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord." It is a good thing to be found in the means of God's appointment, (James iv. 8,) reading the word of God and bowing at a throne of grace, having respect unto the Lord's Day, and cleaving to the children of God, especially those who are meekened and humbled before the Lord; for he dwells with them, and reveals his secrets to them. They sit at his feet and receive of his word. As little children they go to Jesus and receive the kingdom of God, his gospel and grace, in this world, and glory in the world to come; as little children abide in him, that they might have confidence in him, and not be ashamed before him at his coming. And it is a good thing to be afraid of sinning against God, either sins of omission or commission, a being afraid of offending a gracious God. This is working out our salvation with fear and trembling. God the Spirit moves us to it: "God worketh in us to will and to do of his own good pleasure." But a view of our sins in the glass of Christ's sufferings, a looking on him whom we have pierced in soul and body, and in the Garden in his agony, under the wrath of God against the sins of his people, causing that sweat of blood; O doleful midnight sufferings! In a dark, cold night he passed through that gloomy vale, crossed the brook Cedron, which ran between the mountains, then he entered the Garden of Gethsemane. It was there he took that bitter cup of wrath; there he was sore amazed; he began to be very heavy and sorrowful, even unto death, and, being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly. Here it is to be seen how his soul was pierced for the sins of his people; and you can see in the evangelists how he was afterwards led about, shamefully treated, and most cruelly handled, and, when on the cross, moked and derided by men and deserted by God, which produced that lamentable cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Here his poor followers mourned, wept, and lamented. And whenever a child of God descends into his own soul and finds his Saviour there also, in the Garden and on the cross for him, bruised for his iniquity, and wounded for his transgressions, seeing him delivered up to those cruel men, in Satan's hour and the power of darkness, for our transgressions, and finding pardon and peace flow into the soul, this will dissolve the adamant heart:

"A sense of blood-bought pardon
Soon dissolves the heart of stone."

This will produce mourning, a solemn mourning, and weeping over the burden of the King of princes; and all those whom God

condescends to bring here will have some little knowledge of the Holy Ghost's meaning by Zech. xii. Indeed, Christ himself spoke it by his Spirit in the prophet, saying, "They shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his firstborn. In that day shall there be a great mourning in Jerusalem, as the mourning of Hadad-rimmon in the valley of Megiddon."

But probably my friend's patience in reading will be like my strength in writing, almost worn out; but though I am faint, yet kept pursuing. Neither can I close this letter without looking again at the person of Christ, his natures, his offices, his satisfaction, and his sufferings for the vilest of the vile sinners, yea, the chief. You see Immanuel, God with us, God the Son, in human nature, pouring out his human soul unto death, in order to raise the dead in sin to a life of righteousness: "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us." The Second Person in the Trinity laid down his human life to atone for the sins of his people.

But, my dear friend, I must commit you to God and the word of his grace, which is able to save your soul and preserve you to his everlasting kingdom and glory. You see what an in and out way I have come to you at last; and now my poor feeble mind is at work, and my thoughts running after the person of Christ, his natures, his offices, his great undertaking, sufferings, death, and finished work; his resurrection, ascension, and glorification in heaven. There the glorious great God-Man, our Mediator and Intercessor, is sitting at the right hand of the Majesty on high, ruling for and in his people. And "shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Yea; he is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind. Well, then, though our way is rough, he says our shoes shall be iron and brass, and as our days so shall our strength be; and though we often walk in darkness, he says he will make darkness light before us, crooked things straight, and rough places plain, and not forsake us. And though we often feel deadness, leanness, and barrenness, he is the light of life; yea, the Sun of Righteousness. He can fructify our doleful souls even when they are as deserts and wildernesses. He is all and has all we can need. May the Holy Spirit give us faith, and in all humility lead us to him for all we need, to the praise and glory of his grace! Amen.

Tender my love to all friends, and request them to remember me. At the foot of my wife's sick bed.

Thursday, Nov. 20th, 1817.

WILLIAM MOORE.

Whosoever he be that professes and loves the Word unfeignedly; and zealously seeks the glory of God, he shall be judged and called of the world and worldlings both a foolish and a mad man. That it has been always so the histories declare, and also these our days witness the same.—*Luther.*

A LETTER BY THE LATE HENRY FOWLER TO-
WARDS THE CLOSE OF HIS PILGRIMAGE.—No. II.

My dear Sister in Jesus, the sinner's best Friend,—Your last was almost too much for me to read through, and I was obliged to stop several times before I could finish. But I must not say any more on that subject at present, only observing that I felt constrained to bless God on your behalf for his grace given unto you, and to bless him that he should condescend to bless the few hints hastily written to you by myself. I have long given up all attempts at letter-writing, unless mere notes in a business-like way; and for years I have been obliged to write with every finger of my right hand nearly closed to the palm, from a kind of paralytic stroke affecting my fingers. My last letter to you is the first that I have begun and finished with the free use of my fingers for a long time. But O my heart is more paralysed than were ever my fingers! and were it not for rich grace, I should sink in hopeless despair. I came here, but said, ere I left home, "*This is my last effort for my recovery.*" It was with reluctance I came here, though advised so to do some time since by my medical attendant. One circumstance I must name to you, which obliged me to attend to your note. On Lord's Day week I went to the chapel near us, [probably an Independent one,] but was much disappointed in hearing, and came away grieved. There appeared to me nothing in the preachment calculated to awaken the careless sinner, to alarm the Pharisee, or to comfort the mourning souls. I thought that priest and people were all alike *dead to God*; but I might be wrong. I from my heart wished I was far from this place. But as I was walking to — the same afternoon, I thought what a pleasure it would be to me to find out one of the Lord's own family in the poorest thatched cottage in the village; and if the Lord would prevent my cough and give me breath, I would say something to them of Jesus my Lord, and set forth his superlative excellences as God-man Mediator; and if his blessed Majesty would condescend to join our company, our hearts would burn within us! When your note came, this circumstance immediately occurred to me.

Sept. 17, 1838.

Yours for Christ's sake,

HENRY FOWLER.

Christ did not die for sin that we might live to sin.—*John Mason.*

We can in our prosperity sport ourselves and be too bold with Christ, yea, be so insolent as to chide with him; but under the water we dare not speak. I wonder now of my sometimes boldness, to chide and quarrel with Christ, to nickname providence when it stroked me against the hair; but now swimming in the waters I think my will is fallen to the ground of the water; I have lost it. I think I would fain let Christ alone and give him leave to do with me what he pleases if he would smile upon me. Verily, we know not what an evil it is to spoil and indulge ourselves, and to make an idol of our will.—*Rutherford.*

A LETTER BY RUTHERFORD.

Mistress.—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.

Though I have no worldly relation or acquaintance with you, yet (upon the testimony and importunity of your elder son, now in London, where I am, but chiefly because I esteem Jesus Christ in you to be in place of all relations) I make bold in Christ to speak my poor thoughts to you concerning your son lately fallen asleep in the Lord, who was some time under the ministry of that worthy servant of Christ, my fellow-labourer, Mr. Blair, by whose ministry I hope he reaped no small advantage.

I know grace roots not out the affections of a mother, but puts them on His wheel who makes all things new, that they may be refined; therefore sorrow for a dead child is allowed to you, though by measure. The redeemed of the Lord have not a dominion or lordship over their sorrow and other affections to lavish out Christ's goods at their pleasure; for you are not your own, but bought with a price; and your sorrow is not your own, nor has he redeemed you by halves, and therefore you are not to make Christ's cross no cross. He commands you to weep; and that princely One, who took up to heaven with him a man's heart to be a compassionate High Priest, became your Fellow and Companion on earth; by weeping for the dead. (John xi. 35.) And therefore you are to love that cross because it was on Christ's shoulders before you; so that by his own practice he has overgilded and covered your cross with the Mediator's lustre. The cup you drink was at the lip of sweet Jesus, and he drank of it, and so it has a smell of his breath; and I conceive you like it not the worse that it is thus figured; therefore drink, and believe the resurrection of your son's body. If one coal of hell could fall off the exalted head of Jesus, Jesus the Prince of the kings of the earth, and burn me to ashes, knowing I were a partner with Christ, and a fellow-sharer with him, (though the unworthiest of men,) I should die a lovely death in that fire with him. The worst things of Christ, his cross, have much of heaven from himself; and so has your Christian sorrow, being of kin to Christ's in that kind. If your sorrow were a bastard, and not of Christ's house, (because of the relation you have to him in conformity with his death and sufferings,) I should the more compassionate your condition; but kind and compassionate Jesus, at every sigh you give at the loss of your now glorified child, (so I believe, as is meet,) with a man's heart cries, "Half mine."

I was not a witness to his death, being called out of the kingdom, but you may credit those whom I credit, (and I dare not lie,) he died comfortably. It is true, he died before he did so much service to Christ on earth as I hope and heartily desire your son, Mr. Hugh (very dear to me in Christ Jesus) shall do; that were a real matter of sorrow if this were not to counterbalance it, that he has changed service-houses, but has not changed service or Master: "And there shall be no more curse, but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it, and his servants shall serve him." (Rev. xxii. 3.)

What he could have done in this lower house he is now upon the same service in the higher house; and it is all one, it is the same service and the same Master, only there is a change of conditions; and you are not to think it a bad bargain for your beloved son, where he has gold for copper and brass, eternity for time. I believe Christ has taught you (for I give credit to such a witness of you as your son Mr. Hugh) not to sorrow because he died; all the regret must be he died too soon, he died too young, he died in the morning of his life; this is all. But Sovereignty must silence your thoughts. I was in your condition; I had but two children, and both are dead since I came hither. The supreme and absolute Former of all things gives not an account of any of his matters. The good Husbandman may pluck his roses and gather in his lilies at midsummer, and, for aught I dare say, in the beginning of the first summer month; and he may transplant young trees out of the lower ground to the higher, where they may have more of the sun and more free air, at any season of the year; what is that to you or me? the goods are his own. The Creator of time and winds did a merciful injury (if I dare borrow the word) to nature in landing the passenger so early. They love the sea too well who complain of a fair wind, and a desirable tide, and a speedy coming ashore, especially coming ashore in that land where all the inhabitants have everlasting joy upon their heads. He cannot be too early in heaven; his twelve hours were not short hours; and withal, if you consider this, had you been at his bedside, and should have seen Christ coming to him, you would not, you could not have adjourned Christ's free love, who would want him no longer. And dying in another land, where his mother could not close his eyes, is not much. Who closed Moses' eyes, and who put on his winding-sheet? For aught I know, neither father, nor mother, nor friend, but God only; and there is as expedite, fair, and easy a way betwixt Scotland and heaven as if he had died in the very bed he was born in. The whole earth is his Father's; any corner of his Father's house is good enough to die in. It may be, the living child (I speak not of Mr. Hugh) is more grief to you than the dead. You are to wait on, if at any time Christ should give him repentance. Christ waited as long possibly on you and me, certainly longer on me; and if he should deny repentance to him, I could say something to that; but I hope better things.

It seems that Christ will have this world your step-dame; I love not your condition the worse. It may be a proof that ye are not a child of this lower house, but a stranger. Christ sees it not good only, but your only good, to be led thus to heaven; and think this a favour, that he has bestowed upon you free, free grace, that is, mercy without hire. You paid nothing for it; and who can put a price upon anything of royal and princely Jesus Christ? And that God has given to you to suffer for him the spoiling of your goods, esteem it as an act of free grace also. You are no loser, having himself; and I persuade myself, if you could prize Christ, nothing could be bitter to you.

Your brother and well-wisher,

London, 1645.

S. RUTHERFORD.

O B I T U A R Y.

ANNE TOPP, OF MARKET LAVINGTON, WILTS.

(Continued from page 301.)

She then desired to be left alone for a little time, as she felt her heart going out unto the Lord in secret prayer; and truly it was prayer, as I stood below stairs and heard her. She said to me afterwards, "How the words, 'The Lord is holy,' dwell on my mind with might." And frequently afterwards, seeing me weep, she said, "Do not weep, my dear, 'The Lord is holy,' and dear is his name. It will not be long that we shall be parted. You will follow after me; I am sure of it. O what a mercy if we should meet around that blessed God! And is not my father a favoured man, that both his children should meet in heaven?" Seeing me continually weeping, she said, "My dear, the Lord is very good, he will appear for you. He is a very present help in times of trouble. Is there not cause for thanksgiving to see that I am not in violent pains and how wonderfully the Lord supports me? You have been as good a husband to me as ever lived upon this earth; but we have made idols of each other, and must for a time be parted. Before I was taken ill, the love that I felt to you I cannot describe; I could scarcely endure for you to be out of my sight; and the day before I was taken so violently ill, I was led to admire and bless the Lord in answering my poor petitions years ago, that I might meet with one who feared God and was not walking according to the course of this world. But my dear Jesus must have the pre-eminence of our hearts. O that I could feel more love to him, and enjoy more sweet communion with him! I cannot but hope in his mercy; there is something I cannot give up." I said, "Nothing will do for you but the precious blood of Jesus and his finished work revealed to your heart by the Holy Spirit; and if this fails, you are lost and undone for ever." She replied, "O yes, that blessed finished work! The very word 'finished' is dear to me." I observed, "Had there been no Saviour found, no surety provided, no ransom paid, we should now have been on the borders of a dreadful eternity, and, with all the human race, sunk to rise no more; and we have justly deserved it." She answered, "Yes, we have justly deserved it." She then said, "Read the chapter about the crucifixion, where one thief said to the other, 'Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly, for we receive the due reward of our sins; but this man hath done nothing amiss.'" I said, "These words were blessed to you some time ago." She replied, "Yes, and they are very precious now." I read the chapter; she repeated again, "Dost not thou fear God? but this man hath done nothing amiss." Afterwards she said, "Read the chapter where it is recorded that Jesus said to his disciples, 'My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you;' as those words are sweet to me, and have been so for

several days." I read the chapter; she added, "'My peace I give unto you.' Sweet peace! How blessed it is to have a little peace, and that the Lord does not suffer the enemy to harass me. But I must not expect to go to the end of my journey free from his temptations."

On the 26th of March, in the silent watch of the night, she repeated, in a solemn tone, the verse,

"How vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And every sweet a snare."

The following night the enemy came with this temptation, that he would sorely try her before death, because she would not take the medicine, as she had given up the physicians the same day, nothing that she had received from them having done her any good. I told her that "she must not expect to escape his fierce temptations. But the Lord has promised that when the enemy comes in like a flood, his Spirit shall lift up a standard against him, and that is a precious promise. And when he comes again, may you be enabled to tell him of your Saviour's bleeding wounds, death, and cross. Tell him that he cannot come to the Garden of Gethsemane nor to the foot of the cross, where the work of redemption was for ever completed." She replied, "I told him of his bleeding wounds and cross; and that hymn came so sweetly into my heart that I wanted to sing it, but was not able, particularly these two verses:

'When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
'See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?'

I said, "You have many times sung those sweet lines in days gone by." She answered, "Yes, and it has sometimes been the sweetest employment that I have ever known. But at times I am afraid that I shall be left in the dark at last." I said, "Many of the redeemed of the Lord have had fears, and have been sorely tried, even till the last. The blessed Son of God himself was in darkness on the cross in his last expiring moments, when he cried out, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' So that if the Lord should leave you for a small moment at the last, your suffering Lord and Saviour has gone before you and travelled the same path." She replied, "He was in darkness; he was in darkness. O if I should reach that blissful home, how I will sing,

'And crown him Lord of all.'

How many times have I sung that sweet hymn in this life, and felt my heart expand with the words, 'Crown him Lord of all.'"

I said, "Will there not be abundant cause to praise and adore him, to see from what we are saved, and to see and admire the arm that has done it?" She answered, "Yes, there will be cause for praise. O that he would appear more precious to me! I want a clearer manifestation of my interest in him. O that I may never be deceived at the last! I do feel my heart going out after Christ, and a longing for home." I said, "We read of the woman that cried after Jesus, but the disciples said unto him, 'Send her away, for she crieth after us.' But he said, 'I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.' And you, my dear, feel yourself to be lost, and lost for ever, without him, and saved by grace alone. In him is all your hope and all your salvation; and all your expectation of immortal glory is in and through what the blessed Son of God himself alone has done. You cannot rest upon anything but his blood and righteousness, his blessed finished work; and it is the Spirit's work alone to give you a clearer interest in it. This he will do in his own time." She replied, "Yes; O that he would give me patience to wait his time!"

On the 1st of April she was taken much worse and thought she was dying, for she appeared near death. I went to her bedside, but she was not able to speak for some time. At last she looked at me and said, "O that precious blood of Christ! do, Lord, seal it upon my heart. O Lord, do appear for me!" I observed, "Nothing but blood will do for you." She replied, "O precious blood! Do, my dear, beg the Lord to appear for my soul, that I may leave a testimony behind." I said, "The Lord has appeared for your soul, and will appear; you will live to praise him for those things. The desire of the righteous shall be granted, if not fully in this life, in that which is to come." She replied, "I want to feel him near." I said, "This is the place to be brought to, to need real religion; nothing but the real thing will stand; everything else will give way in the hour of death." She again said, "I want to feel him near." A friend remarked, "You want dying strength in dying moments." She replied, "Yes, I do. O that the Lord would appear!" Being exceedingly ill, she could scarcely be heard. I said, "O what sin has done!" and then repeated these lines:

"O thou hideous monster, Sin,
 What a curse hast thou brought in!
 All creation groans through thee,
 Pregnant cause of misery.
 Thou hast ruin'd wretched man,
 Ever since the world began;
 Thou hast God afflicted too;
 Nothing less than that would do."

At this she was greatly affected. After she had been in this longing state for an hour or more, the Lord was pleased to send these blessed words into her soul with divine power, and melt her down into thanksgiving and praise: "Thy Maker is thy husband; the Lord of Hosts is his name." O my friend, what a change she felt in a moment! How she was enabled to praise the Lord! And he

gave her strength to sound forth his praise: "Bless the Lord, bless the Lord! Precious Christ, that ever he should have looked upon such a poor mortal as I! Praise his name, that ever he should have taken notice of me." I said, "Do the words seem precious?" She answered, "Very precious." I said, "Bless the Lord; one promise applied to your soul will carry you to heaven; one grain of faith will land you in glory. O what a wonder of wonders, that the Lord should have ever looked upon any of us! We all deserved to be sent to hell; but love moved the blessed Son of God to leave the abodes of glory and come down to earth to save our souls. Wonderful love! Surely there will be cause to crown him Lord of all." She replied, "Yes; bless the Lord." I said, "The enemy is a liar." She replied, "Yes; praise the name of the Lord." She was then for a little time overcome by her cough. Having somewhat recovered, she said, "Crown him Lord of all; crown him Lord of all! He hath appeared, and he will appear for me; bless his name." She then repeated these verses:

"Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truths at night.

"Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast.
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound!"

Of the few friends who came to take their farewell of her, one said, "I must leave you; and if we never see each other again, we hope to meet in a far better world, where there will be no more sickness. The Lord bless you with more manifestations of his blessed presence, and strengthen you through the valley of the shadow of death." She replied, "I believe he will; bless his name." Another friend said, "The Lord is better to you than all your fears." She replied, "Yes, bless his holy name." She continued for several days in a most sweet frame of mind, and the words, "Thy Maker is thy husband," were still sweet to her; so that she felt a longing to depart day after day. I told her that I was thankful every day that she was still spared to me. She said, "You may be more thankful when I am gone, and out of this weak state. How I can look back to my childhood, and see how the Lord has led me along and answered my prayer! I can see how he stopped me in my career, drew my affections away from my young acquaintances, and put a desire in my soul after himself; and how I have been led to admire his goodness in bringing us together. How wonderfully the Lord supports you, through this severe trial! I told you that he would appear for you; I was sure he would. I can say sincerely, 'Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.'" To a friend who gave her a cup of tea she said, "O what a privilege to have such good friends around me!" I observed, "We have drunk of the same cup here of our blessed Lord, and we hope to drink it anew with

him above, when we shall have left this clog of death behind; in that kingdom where the inhabitants shall no more say, 'I am sick.' She replied, "Yes." I said, "You will leave us nothing behind but your corruptible part, your body of death." She replied, "Nothing but my afflicted body. I do not know how soon the enemy may come again, but I do not fear death, nor does the sting of it in the least terrify me. What a sweet psalm that was which Mr. D. read that Lord's Day. How forcibly does David say, 'I may tell all my bones; they look and stare upon me.' These things confirm me in the conviction that the Bible is true. 'The Lord is holy.'"

(To be concluded in our next.)

ERRATUM.—In our last Number, p. 299, it is stated, "On the 12th of May, 1842, our hands were joined in marriage." This is an error. It should have been, "On the 17th of May, 1849."

It is well worthy of our observation, says a commentator, that no one sentence uttered by the Lord is so frequently repeated as this: "Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased, and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted." It occurs at least ten times in the Evangelists.—*Hervey.*

My connexion with sea affairs has often led me to think that the varieties observable in Christian experience may be properly illustrated from the circumstances of a voyage. Imagine to yourself a number of vessels, at different times and from different places, bound to the same port; there are some things in which all these would agree. The compass steered by, the port in view, the general rules of navigation, both as to the management of the vessel and determining their astronomical observations, would be the same in all. In other respects they would differ; perhaps no two of them would meet with the same distribution of winds and weather. Some we see set out with a prosperous gale; when they almost think their passage secured, they are checked by adverse blasts; and, after enduring much hardship and danger, and frequent expectations of shipwreck, they just escape and reach the desired haven. Others meet the greatest difficulties at first; they put forth in a storm, and are often beaten back. At length their voyage proves favourable, and they enter the port with a rich and abundant entrance. Some are hard beset with cruisers and enemies, and obliged to fight their way through. Others meet with little remarkable in their passage. Is it not thus in the spiritual life? Though all are exercised at times, yet some pass through the voyage of life much more smoothly than others. But he "who walketh upon the wings of the wind, and measures the waters in the hollow of his hand," will not suffer any of whom he has once taken charge to perish in the storms, though for a season, perhaps, many of them are ready to give up all hopes. We must not, therefore, make the experience of others, in all respects, a rule to ourselves, nor our own a rule to others; yet these are common mistakes, and productive of many more.—*Newton.*

R E V I E W.

A Treatise on Various Subjects. By John Brine. London: Paul, 1, Chapter House Court, Paternoster Row. 1851.

It is rather more than one hundred and ninety years ago since the Church of England cast out of her bosom two thousand of her most faithful ministers.* Nor was she satisfied with merely ejecting them and reducing them and their families to poverty and want; she added to it the most bitter and harassing persecution. Urged on by Clarendon, the same ungodly Parliament which passed the infamous Bartholomew Act, proceeded to treat as criminals not only the ejected ministers, but all those who cleaved to their ministry. Fine, imprisonment, and transportation to the colonies, another word for a worse than African slavery, were the punishments which ungodly magistrates, without judge or jury, could, on the oath of a common informer, inflict upon men of whom the world was not worthy.†

But it is not our purpose to dwell here on the sufferings of our Puritan ancestors. Let us rather endeavour to trace out in their sufferings the mysterious purposes of God. True religion never flourished, never can flourish, except in adversity. Prosperity is its death. However paradoxical the assertion may seem, true religion was in this country saved by the very blow that was aimed at its life. Had the scheme of comprehension succeeded which was to embrace in the National Church Bunyan, Owen, and Goodwin, with

* By the Act of Uniformity it was required that on or before St. Bartholomew's Day, Sunday, August 24th, 1662, every clergyman should be re-ordained if he had not before received episcopal ordination; should declare his unfeigned assent and consent to every thing contained in and prescribed by the Book of Common Prayer; should take the oath of canonical obedience to the bishop; should abjure the solemn league and covenant; and should renounce the principle of taking arms, on any pretence whatsoever, against the king.

It was the three first articles chiefly that the Nonconformist ministers objected to, and could not conscientiously comply with. Two thousand were in consequence ejected from all their preferments, or voluntarily relinquished them.

† By the Act of Uniformity, every clergyman who should officiate without being what was called properly qualified, was punishable by fine and imprisonment; but in 1684 an additional act was passed, in which it was enacted that wherever five persons above those of the household should assemble for religious worship, every one of them was liable, for the first offence, to be imprisoned three months, or to pay £5; for the second, to be imprisoned six months, or pay £10; for the third, to be transported seven years, or pay £100.

Think of a poor labourer, with a large family, being transported to Virginia, to work like a Negro slave in a tobacco plantation under the burning sun of America, nominally for seven years, but really for life. And for what? Because he met with a few gracious souls in a cottage to read and pray or hear the word. By the Five Mile Act none of the deprived ministers were allowed to come within five miles of a market town. And all this time iniquity ran down the streets like water.

Archbishops Sheldon* and Sharpe,† vital religion would have been strangled in its embrace. Owen, with a mitre on his brow, could hardly have written his work "On the Spirit." Bunyan, enthroned in a stall in Canterbury cathedral, would not have written "The Pilgrim's Progress." Bedford Gaol was a better place for him than the cathedral close.

The circumstances of the time were very peculiar. Few have any idea of the flood of ungodliness and profanity which characterised the reign of Charles II. It was not merely libertinism and the most unblushing profligacy which stalked abroad in open day, but the most avowed infidelity and coarsest profaneness. It was as if all hell had broken loose; and as if ungodliness, chained up by the iron hand of Cromwell, would now take its full swing, and make ample amends for past deprivations. The Puritans, called so derisively from their purity of principle and conduct, were hooted down, and driven from society as disturbers of the public peace. They had no need to separate themselves from the world; the world separated them from itself. Thus one grand point was gained. The church and the world were really separated. Ranks of society in those days were much more marked by outward distinctions than in our own. The gayest dresses, the richest silks, the most gaudy colours, were then worn by all of both sexes who aspired to worldly distinction. Here were our Puritan ancestors specially distinguished. Their plain garb and unadorned apparel at once marked them. This made a gulf between the world and them, now too much bridged over. And as thus they were driven out of the world, they were more closely united with each other than we have in our day any conception of. Two distinct forces were thus at work to bring together the people of God—external persecution and internal love. One drove and the other drew; one closed the circle from without, and the other attracted in the circle from within.

But as in all ages grain and chaff have been strewed on the same floor, wheat and tares have grown up in the same field, fish, good and bad, have swum in the same net, the Puritan assemblies were not exempt from admixture. If there was a Judas among the disciples, an Ananias and Sapphira among the Pentecostal converts, a Demas among Paul's personal friends, were the Puritans likely to be, according to their name, a pure heap of unmixed grain? But this very circumstance exercised a peculiar influence on their ministry and writings. If there had been no Talkatives in the little meetings at Bedford or Gamlingay, what materials would there have been for Bunyan's inimitable life-portrait? If no Mr. By-ends or Hold-the-world were to be found within reach of the

* Archbishop Sheldon among the bishops, and Lord Clarendon among the king's councillors, were the chief instigators of the Parliament which passed the Act of Uniformity.

† Sharpe, Archbishop of St. Andrews, was the chief instrument employed by Charles II. in restoring episcopacy in Scotland, and was a fearful persecutor of the Covenanters. He was cruelly murdered in 1679, on Magus Muir, near St. Andrews.

Tinker's eye and voice, they would not have fallen within the scope of the Tinker's pen. Mr. Money-love, it will be remembered, says to his good friend By-ends, "They, and we, and you, Sir, I hope, are going on pilgrimage." And pilgrimage in those days did not mean complying with the Act of Uniformity. In this, however, as elsewhere, we see good springing out of evil. Being thrown by the circumstances already mentioned more closely together, if there was on one side deeper hypocrisy, there was on the other clearer discernment. In their small assemblies *character* became more closely watched, and therefore better known. Professors of religion lived more under each other's eye. There was more spiritual conversation; more discussion of doctrine and experience; more marked displays of God's providence; more mutual intercourse and affection; more sympathy and communion; more bearing of each other's burdens; and more general equality and brotherhood than we have any idea of. Those who experimentally knew the things of God lived more under their power and influence than in our day; and religion, as a personal reality, was with them more a matter of daily and hourly experience and consideration. As a necessary consequence, counterfeits were better got up. If the coins from heaven's mint had in those days a clearer ring, were of brighter hue, bore a more deeply-cut impress, and showed a closer resemblance to the Sovereign's image, the master of the infernal mint was not then behind in his imitative coinage. The rude, mis-shapen, base money of the present day would not have passed in times when Bunyan and Owen were assayers. Their sharp eyes would soon have detected the clumsy counterfeit. This has made the Puritan writers so searching, so discriminating, so minute in the marks which they lay down of a real work of grace.

But the Puritan ministers were also men mighty in the Scriptures. When they had opportunity they had been hard students. Dr. Owen was one of the most learned men of the seventeenth century, and was appointed by Cromwell Dean of Christ Church and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, mainly for the advantage of the students. Most also of the ejected ministers were men of ability and learning. But persecution drove them from public libraries; and poverty soon compelled them to part with books for bread. A learned ministry was rather an idol with the Puritans; and this idol was to be broken. Having to defend the truth from the assaults of Popery on the one hand and infidelity on the other, they had been compelled, as they considered, to study works of learning. But, hunted down by informers, haled before magistrates, hooted by mobs, and immured in prisons, they had little time for learned researches. Poverty made them dig other roots than those of Hebrew words; and the prison taught them to tag laces instead of turning over lexicons. Hiding in a wood by day, and preaching in a cottage by night, expecting every moment to hear the door driven in, were not situations favourable to hard reading. Folios and quartos, the usual sized books of that day, were not readily carried about when soldiers were on their track; and a hollow tree or a

damp cellar made but an indifferent study. Thus were they driven to study the heart instead of books, and to watch the movements of grace and the workings of sin instead of confuting the infidel arguments of Hobbes, or replying to the objections of Socinus.

The work of grace on the soul, its various counterfeits, how far a person may go and not be a Christian, the certain marks of regeneration, the opposition made to it by sin and Satan, the privileges and duties of a believer, the misery and danger of an unconverted state, the work of Christ on the cross, and the influences and operations of the blessed Spirit on the heart—these and similar topics form the staple of the writings of the Puritans. And though in some points, such as the law, general invitations, &c., they may be obscure, or even erroneous, yet where they are at home there is a peculiar weight and power in their works. They are eminently scriptural and invariably practical. They were keen anatomists of the human heart, dissecting its hidden fibres to the very core. Its deceitfulness and hypocrisy were well known to them, and they possessed a peculiar ability in laying bare all its pretences and false refuges. They were sometimes, perhaps, too systematic, and would scarcely tolerate the least deviation from the prescribed formulas of doctrine and experience. But they were a blessed generation, maintaining alive by their writings, when persecution had much silenced their voices, the hidden life of godliness in the hearts of hundreds; and by sending abroad from their hiding-places their spiritual and savoury works, they much made up by their pen what had been lost from their tongue.

But as they obtained rest from persecution, they began to decline in power and savour. * The darkest period which the church of God in this country has ever seen, since the Reformation, was in the reign of Queen Anne. Dissent had obtained a legal footing at the Revolution of 1688. From that era commenced the decline of vital religion till the time of Whitefield. The eighteenth century arose in the thickest cloud that has overspread this country since Popery fell. We live, it is true, in a day of much spiritual declension; but things were much worse then. Nearly all the Dissenting churches were sunk into Arianism. Little else but dead morality was heard in pulpits where free grace was formerly proclaimed. Religion, in fact, had sunk so low that when Whitefield went about proclaiming the new birth, it was a doctrine as new to the Dissenters as to the adherents of the National Establishment. A rational religion was the order of the day, and as much preached in the chapel as in the church. The Lord doubtless had a people; a seed still served him; but the strength and vigour of those days when Bunyan preached and Owen wrote were gone. Strangers had devoured Ephraim's strength, and he knew it not. We admit that our day is a day of sad declension in the church, and of great ungodliness in the world. But those who speak of these days as the worst that England ever knew, religiously and nationally, are evidently unacquainted with either side of the subject. We feel not the least hesitation in asserting that one hundred and fifty years ago

there was more open brutality in the lower classes, and more profligacy in the upper, than the present generation would tolerate. Many, many years have elapsed since we read the works of that day and generation; but our memory, in some things too retentive, has not forgotten what made such deep impressions on the boyish mind. We have no desire, nor indeed would it be right, to bring forward the evidence to this point, which lies hidden in the memory and had best be for ever forgotten; but were it necessary, we could easily substantiate the truth of our statement by mentioning a few particular instances. Nor do we hesitate to say that the truth is now better known and more widely preached than in the days of Watts and Doddridge.

But the Lord has, in the darkest days, preserved a remnant in the earth, and has always maintained an apostolic succession, not indeed in the Puseyistic sense, but in the spiritual acceptation, of a series of gracious ministers to feed the church which he hath purchased with his own blood.

Amongst them we believe we may enrol the name of John Brine, whose name stands at the head of the present article.

To this republication of one of his best works is prefixed a short memoir of the author, from which we extract the following particulars.

John Brine was a native of Kettering, Northamptonshire, where he was born in the year 1703. He was one of the first fruits of the ministry of Dr. Gill, who was, when a young man, member of the Baptist Church at Kettering, and preached occasionally at Higham Ferrers. At an early age, Mr. Brine joined the same church, and after some time was called by it to exercise his ministerial gifts. After preaching occasionally for some time, he became pastor of the Baptist Church at Coventry. There he continued for a few years, when he was invited to the pastoral charge of the church assembling in Curriers' Hall, Cripplegate, London. His labours in London comprised a period of thirty-five years. He was a copious and able writer, and published many works which are now almost forgotten. He died Feb. 21st, 1765, in the sixty-third year of his age; and as he left positive orders that no funeral sermon should be preached, his request was partly complied with. His very intimate friend, Dr. Gill, preached, however, on the occasion, from 1 Cor. xx. 10: "By the grace of God I am what I am;" and in a note appended to the sermon, thus writes of his departed friend:

"I am debarred from saying so much of him as otherwise I could do. I was born in the same place, and he was among the first fruits of my ministry. I might take notice of his natural and acquired abilities, his great understanding, clear light, and sound judgment in the doctrines of the gospel and the deep things of God; of his zeal, skill, and courage in vindicating important truths, published by him to the world, and by which *he being dead yet speaketh*. I might also observe to you that his walk and conversation in the world was honourable and ornamental to the profession which he made, and suitable to the character he sustained as a minister of Jesus Christ, which endeared him to his friends and to all who knew him; but I am forbid to say more."

In Brine's day there was a very great departure in the Dissenting

churches from the discriminating doctrines of the gospel. This is evident from the writings of Skepp, Toplady, Gill, and other writers of that day, who now seem to us, from that circumstance, more doctrinal than experimental. The lamp of truth was hidden in the sepulchre, and they had to dig it out, trim the wick, and lift it up on high. We now content ourselves with *stating* doctrine. But they had to *prove* it. Election and the other glorious truths of God's word were with them pregnant with life; not, as often now, a cold, dead, lifeless statement. They had the soul where we too often have only the body. They felt, therefore, a holy unction and sacred boldness in bringing forth and defending the truth of God—truth which had been revealed by the Spirit with power to their soul. They clearly saw and felt that Arminianism was the parent of Arianism, Arianism the twin brother of Socinianism, and Socinianism the direct sire of infidelity. The low state of the churches in which the power and savour of godliness were well-nigh extinct, they attributed justly to the low doctrines then almost universally preached. And as they felt that the glorious doctrines of the gospel had instrumentally lifted their souls out of the pit, they preached them to others with the same unction and power with which they had themselves received them.

Some persons cannot understand why the doctrinal preachers of our day should not be as highly esteemed and as greatly blessed as the doctrinal preachers of the last century. They do not see the wide difference between receiving the truth at first hand and at second hand. When Toplady preached election, and Whitefield urged the new birth, they preached what their souls had received directly and immediately from God. It was not with them a second or third running, but the pure blood of the grape. Their souls had drunk of the wine of the kingdom; and, like the apostles on the day of Pentecost, they preached under its influence. Peter preaching Christ's resurrection at Jerusalem, Athanasius contending for the Trinity at Alexandria, Luther declaring justification by Christ's righteousness at Wittenberg, Knox thundering against Popery at St. Andrews, Whitefield pouring out his very soul in enforcing the new birth in Moorfields, Toplady urging election at Orange Street Chapel, all preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. Many ministers now preach just the same truths; but are they equally blessed? No. Why not? Because they have not received them in the same way, nor do they preach them under the same power and influence. Their thunders are mimic thunders; their preaching is rather acting than preaching. Some one asked to see the sword of Scanderbeg, a celebrated warrior against the Turks, which was preserved in a museum. "Why," exclaimed he, "there is nothing remarkable in this sword." "No," was the reply; "but you should have seen the arm which wielded it." So the doctrines of justification, as preached by Luther, and of the new birth, as urged by Whitefield, may be stated by any white-cravated youth, with a few hairs on his chin. It may be the sword of Scanderbeg; but where is the hand that made it drunk with the blood of the slain? The secret of all

preaching and of all writing is power; and if that be denied, the tongue and pen are both those of the stage.

But besides the doctrinal statements, there is in the writings of Brine much that is closely experimental. Here, we think, he peculiarly shines, for he was evidently a man who knew much of his own heart. Among the papers in the present volume there is one, "On the Causes of Declension in the Power of Godliness," which seems to us very excellent. He treats first of the *causes* of declension, showing that there is a connection between cause and effect, and that much of this declension is attributable to ourselves. An extract here may be profitable.

"IV. Criminal indulgences are very prejudicial to grace. It may be taken as a certain rule, that by whatever means sin is increased, grace is impaired, and the flesh grows in strength when and so far as it is gratified in its desires; it increases in its demands as fast as they are answered, for it is of an insatiable nature. In vain shall we expect sin to abate of urgency in its pleas and arguings for gratification, if in any degree, or in any acts, we are prevailed with to give it countenance; modesty and limits it has none. We shall always find it grow in impetuosity and violence by every act of indulgence it is able, through its artifice and cunning, to obtain. The only way of keeping it under is refusing to hearken to its solicitations. If once it gains a small advance, it will not fail of making a great advantage to itself by our inadvertency and folly; and, in proportion to the increase of the vigour of sin, grace declines in its strength, darkness spreads itself over the mind, and an indisposedness to spiritual acts and duties is the certain consequence of all sinful self-pleasing. There are lusts of the sensitive and lusts of our intellectual part; indulgence to the latter is as dangerous and hurtful as indulgence to the former, though but few seem to be persuaded of its truth. Pride is as pernicious as intemperance, and covetousness is not less hurtful than incontinence. If we follow after lying vanities of any sort, we forsake our own mercies. Backsliding is always attended with very ill consequences to ourselves, as it dishonours our heavenly Father. If our conversation is vain, frothy, and unguarded, we have no reason to wonder that we are lean in our souls, that our graces are languid, and that we are destitute of those spiritual comforts we formerly enjoyed. It is a dreadful delusion to imagine that we may pamper the flesh and at the same time preserve the vigour of the spirit. Grey hairs will certainly be found upon us, whether we are sensible of it or not, if the corrupt lusts in our hearts are suffered to break forth into acts. Indeed, it is not in our own power to give spirit to the new man; but we can sorely wound the new creature in us, and bring it under a sad waste of spirits, by acting a part agreeable to the old man. The eruptions of lust will assuredly be followed with a melancholy decay in grace; for if we live after the flesh we shall die, *i. e.*, we shall decay in the exercise of our grace, lose our comforts, and bring our souls into such a condition as may render it very difficult to determine, upon inquiry, whether we are in the flesh or in the Spirit—dead in sin, or dead unto it. O the egregious folly that many are guilty of who feed the carnal part, to the great detriment of their spiritual part! If, indeed, they are true Christians, it must be confessed that their behaviour affords very little evidence of real Christianity."

He next treats of the *symptoms* of declension, and unfolds the state into which the soul often sinks through carnality and self-indulgence. He shows how the conscience becomes deadened and hardened, and the grief and sorrow which always accompany true restoration.

Another chapter treats on the ways of revival, and the means by which God restores his wandering sheep; and with an extract from

this part of his subject, as we have somewhat exceeded our usual limits, we will conclude our present article.

“ Shall we be so ungrateful to our heavenly Father as to bury in forgetfulness the gracious discoveries of his kindness, grace, and mercy to our souls when we were overwhelmed with a sense of guilt, curse, and vengeance which we saw we had contracted, and whereunto we were exposed, without any ground of hope of relief and deliverance, but only from that infinitely glorious Object against whom we had been sinning all our days? *Let us remember how sweet the gospel was to us!* what a rich treasure and delightful food it was to our famishing souls! how we delighted in the ordinances of Christ, that we *‘ sat under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to our taste!’* The remembrance of these things, on the one hand, may produce joy; and on the other, shame, sorrow, indignation, and revenge against sin and ourselves, when we consider what a melancholy change we have passed under. Oh! surely with *shame, blushing, and confusion of face* we must think of our present declension. What want of watchfulness against sin is now found in us, and what near approaches do we dare to make unto it! What a *languor* is there in our *graces!* How little is *faith* in exercise! And how is our *love* abated to God, to Christ, to his gospel, his ordinances, and his people! We cannot wholly be insensible that we are without those gracious visits of divine love from our covenant Father, our only Saviour, our best Friend, and *Elder Brother*, who was born for our help and relief in the *worst of adversity*, which in time past our souls enjoyed. And this distance between God and our souls is the consequence of our *sin, sloth, negligence, and base ingratitude*. Are our hearts affected with this as they ought to be? They are *not*, God knows. We are in a *sad slumber*, perhaps some are in a *dead sleep*, as we used to say, and nothing will wake and rouse them out of their wretched carnal security, but some shocking and terrible dispensation, which, whenever it comes, will pull them into the utmost consternation and terror, and they may not be able to determine whether they are *of the living in Jerusalem or sinners and hypocrites in Zion*, whose portion will be *fearfulness* here, and *everlasting burnings* hereafter, notwithstanding that flourishing profession they once made! Awful thought indeed! Should we not each of us say, What have I done to cause God to hide his face from me? Wherein have I grieved the Holy Spirit, which hath occasioned him to withhold his benign, comforting influences from my poor soul, through the want of which I am attended with darkness, deadness, loss of spiritual consolation, joy in God, and am at a great uncertainty, in my own apprehension, whether I am in the way to heaven, or in the broad road to hell and destruction? Oh! the bitter effects of sin!”

We must exactly understand the difference between the Law and the Gospel, whereof we often teach. The law draws to the judgment-seat, requiring of us integrity of life, love out of a pure heart and a good conscience; it makes us also to exercise ourselves therein, and must go no further. But when it shall come and accuse you, and will reason with you, and have those things to be performed which it requires, then shall you be greatly troubled. For although you have done them, yet are you not able to stand before God, before whose judgment-seat many things are yet found wanting in you, which should have been done of you, and you have left them undone; neither are they known unto yourself. Whither, then, will you turn? Here the law urges you by all means, and your own conscience being witness, accuses you, requiring the sentence of the Judge against you. Then must you despair; there is no counsel or help to be had, except you know to fly from the judgment-seat to the mercy-seat.—*Luther.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6.

"Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. i. 9.

"The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."—Rom. xi. 7.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

NO. 203. NOVEMBER, 1852. VOL. XVIII.

NOTES OF A SERMON,

PREACHED AT GOWER STREET CHAPEL, LONDON, ON SUNDAY
MORNING, AUG. 3RD, 1823, BY WILLIAM GADSBY.

"When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them."—Isa. xli. 17.

A person who is a stranger to his own depravity, and who does not know his own heart, wonders, when he reads of Israel of old, to find that, after the Lord had done such great things for them, they should so revolt as to make a calf of gold, worship it, sacrifice thereunto, and say, "These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." (Exod. xxxii. 8.) But one who is acquainted with his own depravity, and knows and feels the plague of his own heart, wonders at nothing, except it is that mankind at large do not carry things to a greater pitch than they do, and that this world is not a very Bedlam. And indeed, if God did not lay a restraint upon mankind, this world would be as bad as hell itself.

In speaking upon the passage I have taken as a text, I will, as God shall enable me,

I. Describe the "*poor and needy*."

II. Their *seeking water*, their *not finding it*, and the *effect* it has on them.

III. The Lord's promise, to *hear them and not forsake them*.

I. We are to describe a *poor and needy man*. If we saw a man destitute of food and raiment, house, home, and credit, and so in debt as to be forced to hide himself, knowing that a warrant was out to arrest him, we should say he was indeed a poor wretch. Well,

what such a man would be temporally, God's people are spiritually. A quickened sinner feels, in some measure, the weight of his sins and the wrath of God due to him on their account; yet his experience is not so keen as is the experience of one who has known pardon and is now brought to mourn the absence of God. Satan suggests that he has committed the unpardonable sin, and this aggravates his misery; but the Lord has left on record a very encouraging word to such: "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." The soul says, "Lord, I am a worm, and so weak I am afraid." "Well," the Lord adds, "Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel; I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel. Behold, I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument, having teeth, and thou shalt thresh the mountains and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff." You may wish to know what this instrument is. It is *faith*; and with it the worm, who thought he should be crushed to atoms, is enabled to beat down unbelief, devils, hell, and sin.

But to speak more particularly of the soul that is under conviction of sin. Much is said in our day about treason against the king, and very justly. Treason is a great crime; but a soul which the Holy Ghost has taken in hand is convicted of treason and of many other crimes against the King of kings; and he needs the application of pardon to his heart, for Jehovah pardons sinners. Our king can grant a pardon by a single stroke of his pen. It costs him nothing; it is called an act of grace. But before the King of kings could pardon a sinner, he must die for him. Justice must be satisfied and honoured; wherefore the King, to pardon the traitor, poured out his heart's blood.

It is common for persons under conviction of sin not to know what is the matter with them. I knew a youth who told his feelings to a medical man, and he prescribed for him; but he found it of no use. He required a better Physician to heal his wound. If such a one talks to nominal professors, they think he is going mad. I knew a young woman who was under convictions of sin, and her mother (a professing woman) put her into a madhouse, and was caressed by her connections for so doing. Some time afterwards, she went to see her, when the daughter told her how graciously the Lord had appeared for her, had visited her soul with his love, and filled her with happy enjoyment. When her mother returned home, she told her connections that, alas! her daughter was quite as bad, only the disorder had taken a *turn*. This was all she knew about it. But blessed be God for such *turns*. I believe there are more of God's elect in St. Luke's and other lunatic asylums than in all the noblemen's families in this kingdom; for I know that when a soul convicted of sin is observed by the ungodly, they often call it melancholy, and think the madhouse the fittest place for him. Some will say such a one is nervous, and such a one is a poor nervous

creature; but I believe all God's people are so more or less, that conviction often shakes every nerve, and is sometimes so powerful as to impair the reason.

There was a member of our church who, when under conviction, could not bear to hear the tolling of a bell, for he thought it said, "Damn him, damn him, damn him," and that all nature seemed to curse him, and he said, as David said of Shimei, "Let him curse, for the Lord hath bidden him." This is trying experience. Such a man reads his Bible, weeps, mourns, and is disconsolate. In the hours of common repose he cannot rest, but perhaps often has to rise and go to prayer while his partner is asleep. She will say to her neighbours, "I cannot think what is come to my John. He goes moping about, and seems not fit for his employment; and when he comes home he does not joke nor tell me any curious tales to cheer me up, as he used to do." And so if conviction take hold of a wife; "O," says the husband, "she is not fit to manage for the family, nor to assist in the business. If I had known this before, I would not have married her." And if the person is in the single state, it is in a manner the same. He can neither satisfy himself nor those about him.

A man who is poor literally might be relieved with a little, for at most we want but little here; but not so the poor in my text. Nothing will satisfy him but everlasting life, and God says, by the Apostle Paul, "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

II. This poor man is said to *seek water*, &c. He has a burning fever in his heart, and desires that it may be satiated. If he is in a country where the gospel is preached, he will be found under the word, perhaps running from one place to another; but can get nothing. A few duties will not satisfy his conscience, like that of a mere professor. He fears he is mocking God. Some advise him to frequent places of amusement, and play at cards, it may be; others to be up and doing, and to double his diligence, and to get holiness; and others to receive the sacrament, &c. So he goes, perhaps, to the parish church and receives it; but now he feels worse than before, fearing he has taken it unworthily, and has eaten and drunk damnation to himself, and thinks he is not a whit behind Judas, who received the devil in the sop. Glad would he be to sink into nonentity and remain in non-existence, or at last be damned only with the *common* sinner, but he fears his punishment will be greater than any one's, as he feels he is an *uncommon* sinner. Jeremiah thus speaks of the distress of his soul: "He has brought me into darkness, and not into light. Surely against me is he turned. He turneth his hand against me all the day. My flesh and my skin hath he made old. He hath broken my bones; he hath set me in dark places, as they that be dead of old; he hath made my chain heavy. Also when I cry and shout, he shutteth out my prayer. He hath also broken my teeth with gravel stones; he hath covered me with ashes." Nor did he rise till he saw that

his affliction was for his good, and looked upon his Saviour's sufferings: "Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall. My soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled within me."

The great bulk of professors are utter strangers to these things. Our Lord thus describes the two classes, the self-righteous Pharisee, and the convicted sinner: "Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess." Here you see he tells God how *good* he is, and even thanks God he is so. But "the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other; for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

When you go from the house of God and converse together, take care to let it be on the things which are of the greatest importance; for the poor and needy, who cannot speak of his feelings to God's people, yet will listen to their talk to find if their path is like his; but if you talk only of this world, you will greatly distress him. I knew a man who, on one Lord's day, was, in the course of Providence, led to a distant place, where he went with his relations to their chapel. When service was over, he was desirous of conversing with some of the hearers, and as he saw several parties talking together, he listened, but could hear no talk but of war and trade. He then inquired of them if they could direct him to any place where the gospel was preached. "O yes," said they, "here," pointing to their chapel. "O no," said he, "that it is not; at least if it is, it has had no good effect upon you, for I have not heard one word from any of you about the gospel, or anything except war and trade." Beware, brethren, that you do not bring a similar reproach upon yourselves, for you do not know how you may wound the feelings of the poor and needy.

Again. If this poor soul seeks for comfort amongst God's own people, why, in some frames of mind, if they saw him coming in at the front door, they would rather run out at the back than stay to speak with him; for they have so much trouble going on within that they are unwilling to be burdened by him, forgetting that souls in trouble are often the means of comforting each other.

The effect of the poor soul's not finding the water he is seeking, is said to be that his tongue faileth for thirst. Job desired time to swallow down his spittle, being pressed, and pursued, and driven, as it were, to his wits' end. I should not be surprised if there is one here to-day, come to seek the Lord, determined, if the Lord does not show him mercy, to come no more, nor read the Bible any more, nor pray any more, but to go and destroy himself. You will perhaps say such a one is a fanatic; and I will tell you that such a

lunatic you will be if ever God brings you into very close quarters. "I went," says a poor soul, perhaps, "the other day to our minister and told him my pitiful condition. 'Ah!' said he, 'you have committed some great sin; you must remove the cause, and the effect will cease; you must watch and strive, and repent!' True, said I, I have committed many great sins, by which I have brought fresh guilt upon my conscience; and not only so, but I sin with every breath I draw; and as to the cause you bid me remove, it is in my breast, and I cannot remove it." But the poor parson, who is in reality much more poor than the poor soul himself, knows nothing about it. He is like Jonathan's lad, entirely out of the secret. But we will now leave such legal parsons and their legal preaching, and speak,

III. Of the Lord's promise to the poor and needy, to *hear them and not forsake them*. He hears them with attention, compassion, and delight: "The Lord hearkened and heard, and a book of remembrance was written before him, for those that feared the Lord and that thought upon his name;" "I have seen, I have seen the affliction of my people, and have heard their groanings by reason of their taskmasters, and am come down to deliver them." God is pleased to see the soul seeking him, because it is the work of his own blessed Spirit, who has brought him to feel his wretched condition; and he has promised that "whosoever calleth on the name of the Lord shall be delivered." "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." If a man literally poor came to our door for relief, we might, for decency's sake, stay and hear his tale, but perhaps pay but little attention to it, and at last say, "We can do nothing for you." But God could as soon cease to be God as to deny mercy to his redeemed, the poor and needy: "I said not to the seed of Jacob, Seek ye my face in vain."

Again. In one place we read of the heavens dropping down and of the mountains flowing down at the presence of the Lord. The Holy Ghost descends, and discovers to the soul how Christ became his ransom, and, by his sufferings and death, payed his infinite debt and reconciled him to God. But though his pardon is thus proclaimed, it is the soul's union to Jesus that brings him to heaven. Being so related as being a joint heir with him, he has a right and title to heaven. He is bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh: "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." Such a soul now enjoys a treasure not to be pent up; and though the Lord may exercise him in this world, for the trial of his faith, it is that he may know more of his faithfulness and goodness.

In conclusion, I would ask you if you know these things for yourselves; for they are personal matters, which we must know for ourselves if ever we are saved.

That those who do may enjoy the happiness of them more and more, and that those who do not may be brought to do so in God's time, is my desire and prayer. I add no more.

A FEW FRAGMENTS OF THE EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE C. LODGE, IN A LETTER TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

My dear young Friend,—I will declare unto you what God has done for my soul.

He, in his kind providence, through the instrumentality of a friend who had made me promise to that effect, some time in the year 1806, brought me to hear a Mr. A., at L—, preach the gospel. In the morning I heard the man, but understood nothing, and came away with a determination not to go and be shut up in such a place again. The person, however, to whom I had made the promise to go to chapel on that day, came for me to go again—in the afternoon, but I refused, until he brought a witness to prove that I had promised to go both morning and afternoon; on which I said, “I would not tell a lie over it,” so went again, but very reluctantly, for I would rather have been at an alehouse than at chapel. I heard the man preach to some peculiar people, and about some peculiar privileges belonging to them, but I knew nothing either of one or the other. In concluding his sermon, he used these words, “Sinners! sinners! you know nothing about these things, nor do you care anything about them; but if you live and die without acquaintance with them, you will be damned!” and abruptly took his seat.

These words had such force upon my mind, that as Nathan said to David, so the Holy Ghost said to my soul powerfully and feelingly, “Thou, thou art the man!” I felt the arrow of distress, and found I had no hiding-place. O the distress and horror of my poor soul no tongue can tell! for I had been a wretched sinner, viler and baser than any. Thus I experienced what Paul meant in Rom. vii. 9: “When the commandment came, sin revived, and I died;” feeling the law to be a “killing letter,” and the “ministration of condemnation” against sin. When I got home with this in my soul and on my mind, I could neither eat bread nor drink my tea. No, nor could I drink strong drink; O astonishing! though I had been a drunkard for many years.

After this, I felt inclined to go to a prayer-meeting at F. J.’s. I went, and a man was there with whom I was acquainted, having been with him in the militia for a long time. He took up the hymn-book, gave out a hymn, and engaged in prayer. In his prayer, he acknowledged the existence of God, which made me sigh deeply; confessed his great sins; thanked God for reclaiming him from them; and expressed a hope that they were pardoned through Jesus Christ. O how the Lord took all this and made it the means of deepening my conviction tenfold! The meeting being ended, this person (evidently glad to see me there) made way to come to speak to me, but I saw his intention and hastened out of the door before he could come near me.

I went home with a heavy, burdened heart, sighing and inwardly crying and roaring with unutterable distress, and retired to bed, but with no cry to God, according to my recollection. After a long time, I fell asleep, and dreamed that the devil was coming to fetch me, to

take me headlong with himself to hell. I awoke with the most horrifying and painful views and feelings that surely were ever felt by man, and rolled about till my poor wife was deeply affrighted. The Lord's ways, however, are in the whirlwind; he plants his footsteps in the mighty deep, and rides upon the storm; for on the same night, and ere very long, the name "Jesus" was presented to my mind, and impressed thereon sensibly, instantaneously, and exclusively, producing somehow a little ease, a little hope, a little comfort; after which I again fell asleep, and awoke in the morning with a deep feeling of thankfulness.

Having breakfasted, I felt a strong and anxious desire to know something of Jesus as such, and, with that object, sought retirement with my Bible, on the back of which you might have written Ichabod. But O, remarkable! I opened the book, and my eyes fixed on Matt. xi. 28, which scripture I read, and thought what a suitable passage to my case, but wondered who could be the speaker; so casting my eyes up to the 25th verse, I found, to my great wonder and delight, that the speaker was the same Jesus whose name had occurred so forcibly to my mind in the night. I instantly fell on my knees for the first time, and prayed and cried to Jesus for mercy, forgiveness, and pardon, and for instruction, as I was ignorance itself, and had no knowledge, no understanding at all, even in the letter of the gospel. While on my knees, I mentioned the name of Jesus many times over, I assure you, but it was in very broken accents and groans.

I passed the week over till the return of the Lord's Day, when I was glad to go to seek relief where I had received my wound on the previous one, and there, in the afternoon, I received a little encouragement from the preacher's saying that when the people of God are really convinced what sinners they are, and know it feelingly and scripturally, they write bitter things against themselves, from want of the knowledge that this conviction is the effect of the agency of the Spirit of God, to show them their need of Christ and of his salvation.

Let me trace out this work upon my soul from the Scripture. See John xvi. 8.

1. The Lord convinced me of my sin, and of my sin being a transgression of the law.

2. He convinced me that the wages of my sin is death, moral, corporeal, and eternal.

3. He convinced me of my utter inability to perform the just and right requirements of the law, which are holy, just, and good.

Now to convince and to condemn is all the law can do in the hand and by the power of the Holy Ghost; and a soul that is brought thus far is quickened by the Spirit of God, and sees, knows, and believes that if he is saved it must be by grace through the death of Christ; a truth which is burnt in his soul by the Spirit, and fixed so fast that all the men in the world and all the devils from hell cannot drive him from the belief of it any more than of his own existence.

Now for what the same blessed Spirit showed me of Jesus and

his salvation. See John xvi. 13, 14: "When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth; for he shall not speak of himself." (Mind that.) "He shall glorify me; for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you." The Lord gradually taught me this truth in about two years, and made me understand as a part of it.

1. Salvation by grace; (sweet theme!) salvation, everlasting (wonderful!) salvation from all sins, past, present, and to come. (Matt. i. 21.) This is one of the things of Christ which the blessed Spirit glorifies Christ in showing, for salvation is only accomplished by and found in the precious Saviour. (Acts iv. 12.)

2. Justification. (Glorious doctrine!) Now as justification stands opposed to that condemnation which the sinner most sensibly feels, so when understood by a good judgment, and appropriated by faith, the fruit of the Spirit, it makes that condemnation disappear; and the sinner sees himself to stand in Christ just and righteous before a God of unsullied holiness. O the blessedness of the man that stands clothed in Christ's righteousness! (Rom. iv. 6—8.) But this blessedness does not consist in freedom from sin, plague, and torment within, but in the knowledge of the truth that no sin is imputed to him. Sweet truth! God give me the enjoyment more abundantly, to the glory of Christ, of the truth which makes Jesus known as he on whom my iniquity was made to meet, that he might suffer for it; and as he, "who was made sin" (by imputation) "for us, though he knew no sin," (by perpetration,) "that we might be made" (by imputation) "the righteousness of God in him."

3. Redemption from all iniquity, from the curse of the law, he being made a curse for us; eternal redemption by an adequate price. Blood was the price and purchase-money. Blood freed the church of God. (1 Pet. i. 18; Eph. i. 7.)

In the time previously referred to, by God's blessing I had come to know in my judgment that which is said, "It is a good thing that the heart be established with grace." (Heb. xiii. 9.) I was very constant in the means all this while, I assure you, and the above are a few of the things he showed me of Christ, blessed be His sacred name for ever, during that period!

Further. The Holy Ghost glorifies Christ in showing these things. "He shall glorify me," says Christ, "in the dignity and infinity of my person, as the Word which in the beginning was with God, was, and is God, one divine Person in the divine nature, God over all, blessed for ever. Mark! "In the beginning;" here is his eternity. "The Word was with God;" here is his personality. "The Word was God;" here is his equality. The attributes of God belong, and are attributed to him: Omnipotence; (Col. i. 16, &c.) Omnipresence; (Matt. xvii. 20;) Omniscience; (John xxi. 17;) and Eternal Immutability. (Heb. xiii. 8.)

John i. 14.—Now, the blessed Word here spoken of was made flesh, and took not on him the nature of angels, but took on him the seed of Abraham. He caught not hold of angels, who therefore fell into hell, but he caught hold of men and lifts his

people up to heaven. (Heb. ii.) Blessed be his precious name for ever! O blessed union of two natures in one glorious Person, never to be dissolved! This is God (in the person of the Word) manifest in the flesh; seen of angels as such; justified in the Spirit as such; preached unto the Gentiles as such; believed on in the world as such; received up into glory as such. O blessed union! founded upon, resulting from, and likened unto the glorious unity of the Trinity; for out of the union of Three Persons in one essence arises that federal union which exists between Christ and his church,—Christ the Head, the church the members.

“Hail, sacred union, firm and strong!
How great the grace! how sweet the song!”

O what beauty and glory there is in the words, “And for their sakes I sanctify myself.” (John xvii. 19.) For whose sake? The objects of the Father’s everlasting love—sovereign, special, immutable love, expressed in his eternal choice of them in his Son Jesus Christ before the foundation of the world, that they should be holy and without blame before him in love; and in his predestination of them to the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will, (praised be his name for ever!) and also in his gracious act of the gift of them to Christ, in which capacity they are several times mentioned in the context. These are they for whom he says, “I sanctify myself.” Blessed Jesus, of whom I hope I have a scriptural view! But what is meant by sanctifying himself? Not to make himself more holy—the idea is impossible, and it would be blasphemy to assert it; nor to make himself more perfect, but to set apart himself: “*I am*: and for their sakes I set myself apart.” Marvellous, wonderful, deep, stupendous love and grace beyond degree! The offended dies (as set apart) to set the offenders free. I set myself apart as a Husband for my bride. (Is. liv. 5.) I set myself apart as a King for my beloved queen, that she might stand at my right hand as such, clothed in gold of Ophir. (Ps. xlv. 9.) I set myself apart as a Brother, to show that he that sanctifies and they who are sanctified are all of one; and thus am not ashamed to call them brethren; (Heb. ii. 11;) declaring that they and I have one Father and God. (John xx. 17.) I set myself apart as their Saviour, as their Redeemer, as their Righteousness, as their Resurrection, as their Intercessor; and the foundation of my intercession is my propitiation, atonement, passion, expiatory death and oblation, having appeared once in the end of the world to put away sin by the sacrifice of myself. When he had by himself purged our sins, he sat down at the right hand of the majesty on high. And thus on the foundation of truth and justice he says, “Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me” (and for whom he was set apart) “be with me where I am, to behold my glory.” Blessed Intercessor!

“Founded on right, thy prayer avails;
The Father smiles on thee;
And now thou in thy kingdom art,
Dear Lord, remember me.”

In two years' time the Lord taught me these truths, and principally through a regular attendance on the means, in which I delighted, and found myself growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. I felt my mind impressed with a sense of the importance of the doctrine of baptism, as set forth in God's word; and the example and command of Jesus affected me so far as to lead me to attend to it, after stating an account of my experience to the church, which they received, as being of the Lord. That which was the direct means of deciding me to join the church was my seeing the solemn ordinance of the Lord's Supper administered, a scene which drew out my soul in love and warm affection to the suffering Saviour; and the hymn sung at the table was much blessed to my soul, so that I committed it to memory before I slept. Often has the Lord's ordinance been blessed to my soul since that time. How sweet and precious is the love of Christ, and the expressions of his love, as made known in the observance of it, when under the blessed anointings of the Holy and ever-blessed Spirit!

“Here at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admired that I
Should find a welcome place.

“I that am all defiled with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood.

“What strange, surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Jesus takes me by the hand;
My Jesus bids me come.

“‘Eat, O my friends!’ the Saviour cries,
‘The feast was made for you;
For you I groan’d, and bled, and died,
And rose and triumph’d too.’

“With trembling faith and bleeding hearts,
Lord, we accept thy love;
’Tis a rich banquet we have had;
What will it be above?

“Ye saints below, and hosts above,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

“Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I’d give them all to thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.”

But since then the Lord has more fully taught me my needy and dependent state by profitable but painful experience, for, for a long time, I knew but little comparatively of the deceitfulness of my heart, and of the depth of iniquity that lodged there. But when he did discover to me the heart's core to be a cage of unclean birds, to be full of lust,

pride, arrogancy, deception, hypocrisy, adultery, fornication, it proved to be a shaking time indeed. And these things in connection with the temptations of Satan, and his abominable darts and machinations, and the Lord's hiding his face and leaving me to grapple with them, made me out of breath, and ready to halt; but in due time the Lord made it all work together for good, and brought me to his feet, with something to say to him there :

“ ‘ Lord, why is this ? ’ I trembling cried ;
 ‘ Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death ? ’
 ‘ ’Tis in this way, ’ the Lord replied,
 ‘ I answer prayer for grace and faith.
 “ ‘ These inward trials I employ,
 From self and pride to set thee free ;
 And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
 That thou mayst seek thy all in me. ’ ”

He now led me more to his precious word, to see if I could find any of the Lord's people spoken of there as being in my situation. I found many: Job, David, Isaiah; the first saying, “ Even to-day is my complaint bitter, my stroke is heavier than my groaning; ” the second, “ Lord, keep thy servant back from presumptuous sins; cleanse thou me from secret faults; ” the third, “ I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell among a people of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts. ” A display of God's purity to our minds always produces soul-humbling effects, and lays us at his feet, crying, “ Save, Lord, or I perish ! ” “ God be merciful to me a sinner ! ” that he may lead us feelingly to know and enjoy him as a faithful, sin-pardoning God, through Christ Jesus.

Thus I have given you the substance of a little of what the Lord has done for my soul; and I have further to say, to the honour of his name, that he has opened my mouth to speak his precious truth to and for the sake of his people, and for their benefit; and I can say that many of the Lord's people, among whom I have gone as a filler up of gaps, have been blessed, through the blessing of God, with and upon my communications to them.

Now, my young friend, whilst I state the above as my experience, I set it not up as an infallible standard for you, though I believe it to be the effect of the infallible truths of God's word and Spirit upon my soul. It matters not whether the old building of working for life be taken down stone by stone, (which, you know, would take a long time,) or whether the foundations be sprung, and all tumbles in or down in a short time; whether your convictions have been in power and degree like going through hell flames, or whether they have been more mild; it is by their effects we prove them to be genuine and real. The effect of real convictions is, that the subject of them says, “ I am damned to all intents and purposes if not saved freely by sovereign grace, through the atonement and expiatory death of God's dear Son; ” a cry to God for pardon, (“ behold, he prayeth, ”) through Jesus; a confession of sin, not in compliment, but honestly, sincerely, shamefacedly, and blushing before God, with a degree of loathing them as vile, and ourselves

as the subjects of them; a sacred hope mixed with it all, that God will hear our cries and answer them; "For if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness;" "For the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin;" and, "Whoso calleth on the name of the Lord shall be saved."

"Hail, sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place.

"Against the God who rules the sky
I fought with hand uplifted high;
Despised the mention of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

"But thus the eternal counsel ran:
'Almighty love, arrest that man!'
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.

"Indignant Justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But Justice cried, with frowning face,
'This mountain is no hiding-place!'

"Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,
And Mercy's angel form appear'd;
She led me on, with placid pace,
To Jesus, as my Hiding-place."

CHARLES LODGE.

[The late Charles Lodge was, we believe, much esteemed for his singular honesty and uprightness by Mr. Gadsby, at whose chapel he was for many years in the habit of occasionally supplying the pulpit. Mr. G. once said he learnt more of the gospel from Charles than from all the Commentators whose works he had ever read.]

An earthly parent considers it as no diminution of his tenderness to a beloved child that he sends him abroad for education, or that he himself instructs and disciplines him at home; because his future prospects in life are best promoted by this process; and why should our heavenly Father be supposed to have lost sight of "the sure mercies of David" to his children because absence and discipline are made use of by him to forward his gracious designs of greater tenderness towards them?—*Hawker*.

When God is about to perform any great work, he generally permits some great opposition to it. Suppose Pharaoh had acquiesced in the departure of the children of Israel, or that they had met with no difficulties in the way, they would, indeed, have passed from Egypt to Canaan with ease; but they, as well as the church in all future ages, would have been great losers. The wonder-working God would not have been seen in those extremities which make his arm so visible. A smooth passage here would have made but a poor story.—*Newton*.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM MR. J. JENKINS, W.A.
No. I.

God bless thee, my daughter, and God Almighty perform the word which he hath spoken. Blessed is she that believed, for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her of the Lord. The Lord recompense thy work, (of faith,) and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust. And blessed be the Lord for ever, who hath not left thee this day without a kinsman, that his name may be famous in Israel. This shall be unto thee a restorer of thy life, that was forfeited by sin, and a nourisher of thine old age, when that comes on; for "even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you. I have made and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you." O what wonders has the Lord done for us! "According to this time, it shall be said of Jacob and of Israel, What hath God wrought!" He visited us in his anger, and found out the iniquity of his servants, but we never felt it in full extremity; he punished us less than our iniquity deserved. He made us to feel his rod, and yield under his sovereign power; he courted our worthless affections, and won them; he actuated our hearts and took them. Farewell, idols, for ever! To the moles and to the bats with them! "Ephraim shall say, What have I to do any more with idols?" I have heard him and observed him. "I am like a green fir-tree," says the Redeemer, "from me is thy fruit found." O let us by all means keep near him!

I returned many thanks to God when I received your letter; I found my heart warm to the dear Redeemer of perishing sinners. I wept at his feet, and was filled with wonder and astonishment, that he has condescended so low as to make use of such a poor, insignificant worm, and that he has taken such a vile, despicable, and base rebel in his hand as an instrument to do any good to his children. Indeed he chooses the base things of this world to confound the wise; "yea, and things that are not to bring to nought things that are." I am a living witness of this. Among all the legal, vain, self-conceited, proud, haughty, presumptuous, daring, and letter-learned upstarts of the age, I was the most foolish, blind, vile, presumptuous, and basest of them all, and the most unlikely for God to fix upon beneath the sun. But so it is; the lot fell upon Jonah; and I believe he was the perversest creature in all the land of Israel. Thus he works, and these are his doings, and they are marvellous in our eyes. The bows of the mighty are broken, and *those that stumbled are girded with strength.*

I see by your letter that your worst days are over; guilt, wrath, and the curse, are gone, and cast into the depth of the sea. The storm and tempest of Sinai is all at your back, and the blessed Mount Zion is full in view; and from strength to strength you shall arrive there, and from faith to faith his righteousness shall be revealed. A few more brushings are needful, that the dust might be shaken off; a few more humblings, a few more faintings, and

then he that cometh shall come, and will not tarry. Do not be surprised when these come, for the trial of faith is "more precious than the gold that perisheth." And by fire the Lord will try it; but he sits at the furnace, and not a hair of their head shall fall to the ground.

Enclosed is a letter from Mr. H., which I received to-day; he directed it to me, but the contents are for you. God bless you, my dear friend, and prosper you in soul, body, and family; and I entreat you never to forget to pray for

Malling Street, Lewes, Feb. 16th, 1797.

J. JENKINS.

Jenkin Jenkins, W.A., (by which he meant Welsh Ambassador,) was a native of Wales, and received some education at Trevecca College, after which he continued for a time as a preacher in Lady Huntingdon's connexion. The ministry of Mr. Huntington was much blessed to him, whose most intimate friend and fellow-labourer he continued till his death, Sept. 2nd, 1810, near three years before Mr. H. He was interred in a vault in the burying-ground at the back of Jireh Chapel, Lewes, Sussex, where afterwards Mr. H.'s remains were deposited; which chapel was erected by the voluntary contributions of their friends, and remains in trust. Mr. John Vinall, his successor, is the present minister, and has laboured there for nearly forty years. Mr. Jenkins was never married, and suffered much from bodily afflictions and deep trials of mind.

A LETTER FROM THE LATE G. BROADBRIDGE.

My dear Friend,—Your letters have been some little help and comfort to me, by the way, at times, for which I trust and do desire to give the glory to him who is worthy of praise and glory from such sinful worms of the earth as we; for the least lift by the way, whilst in this wilderness, is more than we deserve, to comfort or cheer our drooping spirits, from time to time, either by letters from one friend to another, or in conversation. The last three verses in Mal. iii. have often been blest to me. "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name," &c. What a mercy to have that fear implanted in our hearts, and that the God of the whole earth should remember us, and our poor broken accents from time to time; either in our letters, or in conversation, and to write them down in his remembrance book. This has often caused me feelingly from my heart to breathe out for the Holy Spirit, when to open my mouth and to direct my tongue to speak; and also when writing, to guide my pen, and indite my breathings, so that my heart, tongue, and pen, may all go together; for I do truly find that without his teaching, direction, and instruction, that in and of myself I cannot do it; and I learn daily the truth of that portion, in which Christ said, "For

without me ye can do nothing." My proud nature does not say so. No, it wants to think itself able to do everything right. But O what a mercy to be brought to feel spiritually, and to know that it is all of rich sovereign mercy and grace, from first to last! And why is it? because he has said, "I will have mercy upon whom I will have mercy," and "Whom he will he hardeneth." Then what an unspeakable mercy to be found among the number of his saved and called ones, who have found grace in his sight. Well may we then sing,

"O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee."

I have suffered much from lameness for more than sixteen weeks, with sciatica or lumbago, and also from my side, where I had an accident about twenty years back. The beginning of February I went to London for further advice, to Sir Benjamin Brodie. I have been much better since then. I can feelingly say from my heart that the Lord has been very merciful to me, and better than all my fears, in not leaving me to myself to murmur, kick, and rebel against him and his ways towards me in afflicting me. No, but he has enabled me to bear patiently what he has seen fit to lay upon me, and Hart's hymn, "And must it, Lord, be so?" &c., has been very sweet to me. I did often feel, and said,

"Lord, what is all our pain?
How light compared with thine!"

Indeed, my friend, I have tasted the sweets as well as the bitters; they have both been blended together; and, "He has given me strength equal to the day;" therefore, I can but speak good of his name, and do desire to extol him with the Psalmist in the 103rd and 145th Psalms, for he is worthy of unceasing praise.

Yours, in the truth,

Faversham, April 9th, 1851.

G. BROADBRIDGE.

The great Head of the Church did not take his wife exactly as you and I took our wives. We took ours, according to the Church of England service, "for better or for worse;" but Christ knew that there would be no "better" about his wife, but that she would be all "worse;" and yet he took her; yes, and laid down his life for her too. O what matchless love!—*Gadsby*.

The new covenant is shown to consist of a rich and gracious collection of free promises, in which "I will," and "I will," runs through the whole. God does not say, "Make yourselves obedient, and then I will sprinkle clean water upon you to wash away guilt;" but he says, "I will do both; I will pardon you, and make you obedient also; yea, I will do everything, and do it by my Spirit. Not your own might, but my Spirit shall sanctify your hearts and engage your feet to walk in my statutes."—*Berridge*.

"FOLLOW ME."

My dear Friend in the Lord,—Mercy and truth be with you and with the little company with which you mingle as one of the hills of Zion; and may the presence of a gracious God accompany this line of my communications, and all my movements.

What is religion without God? A name without a reality. Jesus Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life of his church; and without him there is neither life, truth, nor way, nor gospel worship. God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself; and "he that hath the Son hath the Father also." How essential is the communion of the Spirit, in order to know the things that are freely given to us of God! "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me" for good, I humbly trust; for he hath not yet cast me off, though I am a most unprofitable sinner; in his sacred service too often a poor blind blunderer, a treasure spoiler, a darkener of the divine glories of Mount Zion. The Lord's pure grace and mercy sin and self sadly darken and abuse, both when the whole tide of grace and rich streams of mercy are not carried back again to their divine origin in songs of praise, and their effects manifested on earth in a life and conversation which correspond to such a favour as having found redemption in the blood of the Lamb. But our God is merciful, of one mind, and changeth not, therefore I, as one of the sons of Jacob, am not consumed.

It is now nearly fourteen years since I entered a terrible furnace, in which the Lord has shown me hard things, and made me drink of the wine of astonishment, but has given me the banner of the cross, that it might be displayed because of the truth. Here is my only hope and salvation—the precious blood of the Lamb. I would desire to humble myself under his mighty hand, if he will give me grace so to do, and would desire to walk humbly before him in the land of the living; certain of this one thing, that if I differ in anything from the fallen sons of Adam, it is through matchless, sovereign, free, discriminating, eternal grace. Mercy, moment by moment, I stand in much need of. What love, then, must be in the heart and bosom of Christ, that constrained him to leave his heavenly Father's bosom, in the sensible enjoyment of it, to become a Man of sorrows, and expose himself to all those pungent griefs which awaited him under the cross! "There they crucified him." The wilderness temptations, his agonising conflicts in Gethsemane, his dolours on the cross—what a scene of sorrows and sufferings made up the bitter cup which was put into his hands, which he drank up that his people might drink the cup of salvation, call on the name of the Lord, and "sing his bleeding heart." Surely Zion's service should be perfect freedom, when the sons of God meet together for praise and prayer, and to hear the good news of a Saviour's birth and finished salvation. Having abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel, he has the keys of hell and of death, and sits upon his most glorious throne in all the august majesty of the incarnate God of Israel. At the name

of Jesus, may my poor stupid heart bow and give him the glory of his great name, "I am that I am," by trusting in it. I had need be sober-minded in what I say and do, for the Lord trieth the righteous, proves his work by fire, and burns up all vain-boasting, tongue religion which flows not from the heart. He sits a refiner, and purifier, and trier of gold and silver. It is the gold and silver that he tries and proves. Precious faith, however small, is a grace that unites a poor sorrowful sinner to a rich Saviour. All such have eternal life, and he has said "they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." But the devil, notwithstanding this, will have many a tearing pull at them. I find in my experience that there is something more in the gospel than "Believe and rejoice." There is connected with believing, the work of faith, marching, fighting, wrestling, and running; but faith and prayer fetch all their sufficiency out of the laid-up treasures of grace. With rejoicing in hope of the glory of God, there is connected the sowing in tears, weeping sore in the night, soul-travail for deliverance, until the gospel morning comes; and then comes He, who is as the light of the morning: "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice."

Glad was I, my dear friend, to learn by your notes sent to me at L—, that the morning had come and your captivity turned. Surely the Lord has done great things for your soul, whereof I would be glad. May you be favoured with a near place at his throne, often feast upon his love, have a single eye to his glory, and aid his cause as ability is afforded. I would not reproach Zion, for this would be to reproach myself; but I fear these are sad times. Our life and power are gone; strife and division mark, alas! almost every hill of any standing. But what have disciples of Jesus to quarrel about? Nothing, when in their right mind. Whence, then, come wars and fightings? From the devil and the lusts of the flesh. But the Lord, who only knows the end of things from the beginning, can glorify himself in his own mysterious way of working salvation in the midst of the earth. It ill becomes me to take the judgment-seat, or to pretend to any knowledge of the future. I have long ago received a marching word, "Follow me!" and "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." These words, received at different times, seem to carry something in them that I do not at present understand. One thing I have been obliged to learn something about, that is, the necessity of Christ's prayer and power to keep my little faith from failing. Blessed be his name and mercy, hitherto he has helped me in every battering storm against my life. I have endeavoured to hold fast at the cross, and wrestle by prayer with my feeble breath until he comes and gives me a succouring or a delivering word, when I learn, to the honour of his precious name, "he is faithful that promised;" "he is the Rock, and his work is perfect;" he is "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." A visit from Jesus is worth worlds; however short, it leaves a something that carries a divine testimony with his footsteps, which gives us the feelings and confession of Jacob, "Surely the Lord is in this place." Thus the Lord manifests himself

to our souls, by his applied word, lifted up countenance upon us, by his life and power in us, and his providences toward us. How unspeakably blessed in the substance of it to be enabled to say, "This God (Immanuel) is our God for ever and ever;" and to feel assured that we shall one day be like him, for we shall see him as he is. These times of refreshing in the house of our pilgrimage encourage us to rise up and go our way either rejoicing, contemplating, or trusting. It is a great mercy to be kept sensibly awake to the importance of the things of the Spirit by the Spirit. What a poor dead lump I am! at times as senseless as a beast; at others often seeking Jesus, but cannot find him; sometimes a wreck of helpless misery. "Vain is the help of man." If I fall down, help myself I cannot; but Jesus kindly sets me upon my hands and my knees to wait upon him by prayer. He sometimes sets me on my feet, and I try to walk again. If I wander out of the way of understanding, I am like a lost sheep; but I cannot put myself in the right way. After I have smarted for my folly, or got worried by the devil, how precious is Jesus in restoring my soul! how valuable my privileges! His word, Spirit, ordinances, house, and providences, carry with them a divine testimony of his hand and favour, and that the Lord rules in Jacob unto the ends of the earth. How precious the anointings of the Spirit in prayer! How desirous then am I to walk in the Spirit before the Lord, in the fear of God before the world, and in love before the church! In the manifestations of Christ, under the influences of his Spirit, we see, feel, and know what the gospel is, it being the power of God, adequate to all the vast designs of God in gathering together the children of God scattered abroad, forming them for himself a peculiar people, to show forth his praise. The gospel is not a rod to flog naked backs, and hungry souls, and weak hands, because they cannot work; but it feeds the poor, clothes the naked, and says unto the fearful heart, "Be strong, fear not; your God will come and save you" from all your fears by removing the cause. Guilt and condemnation are removed by a revealed, crucified Christ; and the devil dare not stay when the sinner tells him that the Man that died on the cross bought him with his blood; that cross will one day crush all its adversaries, Satan and his kingdom. The sword of the Spirit and the blood of the cross are weapons that the devils dread when wielded in the power of the Spirit by the warriors in Zion fighting the good fight of faith. The devil has got the earnest of what he may expect at the last day. He is destroyed in his power over the election of grace, who have seen the cross. He may howl after his prey, and make us almost sweat blood when we are down, as he has done me. Blessed be His holy name that sweat blood, and gave me the victory when the host of hell came out as a whirlwind to scatter me. Woe unto me at this season of the hour of darkness if I had been alone! O the value of a crucified Christ to a lost sinner when he comes to deliver souls, and thus take the prey from the terrible one! O what is salvation! The salvation of God certainly is a salvation from sin and all its consequences, with the promise of the life (of

faith) that now is, which is living by the faith of the Son of God. Faith is not sense, but a secret living principle. God manifests himself unto faith, and makes all things work together for good to his elect. Light shines out of darkness. Life, yes, a secret life, manifests itself in the midst of death; lives, notwithstanding the spite of hell, the clamours of carnal reason, the wisdom of vain philosophy, rage of infidels, hatred of pharisees, and scoffs and persecutions of an ignorant world. A man must be a Christian in order to know what vital Christianity is. Catholic, Churchman, Dissenter, are all upon a level here. If there is no life, death reigns. When life reigns, it vents itself and manifests itself in a thousand forms, if we had but eyes to see Christ living in a redeemed sinner. One Spirit manifests the elect in the bond of love. If disciples quarrel, the communion may be broken, but the bond remains, and all the reason and arguments a man may marshal together can never finally do away the certainty of once having had communion in the bond of love, in the manifested union with Christ. To deny this would be to strike at vital Christianity, and raze the gospel church from its foundation. What a mercy the Lord knows them that are his! But faith discovers a divine order of an arranged plan of infinite wisdom, ruling and overruling all things; and thus order arises out of a confused state of things of good and evil. The good is of God and the evil is of the devil, as to their origin. How near is the flesh to the spirit! yet how opposed and separate! The one earthly and earth-bound, the other heavenly and heaven-bound. But the new man is free in Christ, pants, breathes after, and loves the Lord, minds the things of the Spirit, follows Jesus, and fights the good fight of faith. O for more of that pressing energy, to press towards the mark, to get into the suburbs of the celestial city, ere the gates of eternal day are thrown open to admit us into the full fruition of faith's eternal glory in Christ! O for a few banqueting seasons beneath the cross! and then the devil and the Catholics may do what the Lord permits them. Zion has an armour for the field, and a Captain that will not fail her in the day of battle. Sorry should I be to see old England under the Papal yoke. The Beast has nearly got his paw upon the throne, and unless the Lord interposes to disentangle our governors from the net that their carnal policy has taken them in, they have no way of escape. The Lord heal the breaches in Zion, and spare a guilty land! If the Lord will give us prayer and honest confessions of our sin, it will be a token for good, I hope.

If you feel disposed, write at any time. No apology is necessary, dear friend. When heaven's gates are thrown open to admit the sinner saved by blood, the chief of sinners will indeed enter. Heaven must wonder, and if hell could do anything, they will gnash their teeth, as they have lost their prey. Blessed be God for Jesus Christ. Amen.

The best of blessings be with you, even Christ himself. With love in him,

I am, yours,

King's Cliffe, March 5th, 1851.

R. H. I.

O B I T U A R Y.

ANNE TOPP, OF MARKET LAVINGTON, WILTS.

(Concluded from page 332.)

April the 4th, being Lord's Day, she said, "I think this will be the last Sabbath that I shall spend on earth; but I hope soon to enter an eternal Sabbath." She appeared to be fast sinking into the arms of death. She repeated these words, "He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth." Afterwards she repeated the verse, "For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground; he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him." I said, "You can see a beauty in him, as your only hope, and all your salvation, so as to desire him." She said, "Yes. O that he would appear more precious now and in my last moments!"

Many friends called to take their farewell of her. On being asked how her mind was, she answered, "The Lord has been wonderfully good to me, far beyond what I have deserved. The Lord has severely afflicted my body, but he has wonderfully supported my soul." To a distant friend who came to take her farewell, she said, "I am glad to see you once more. I shall never see you again in this world; but we hope to meet in heaven." As I was taking her hand, and was about to leave her for a little time, she said, "The Lord be with you; his presence go with you and comfort your soul, strengthen you, and bring you back in safety, that I may see your face again in the flesh, which I believe I shall; but if we should never see each other again in this world, we hope to meet in a better."

Hearing that Friend G. was coming amongst us, she seemed very thankful, and for several days she felt a longing to see him, adding, "I hope, if it is the will of the Lord, to live to see him." I said, "Do you feel a love to him?" She replied, "Yes, a sweet union; and who can tell but that the Lord may send a word by him to me?" When he came, he was much pleased to find her in such a lively frame of mind. He asked her how she was. She replied, "The Lord has greatly afflicted my body, but he has wonderfully supported my soul. Nearly all the time of my illness he has been very precious to me; but I sometimes think I shall be left in the dark at the last." He replied, "It does not matter whether you die under the light of his countenance or in the dark. The glory of it is, once in Christ, in Christ for ever. His precious atonement stands the same; the work is completed and done for ever." She answered, "O yes, it is finished, or there would not be the least hope for me. His precious blood is all my hope." The conversation of Friend G. was sweet to her; but, after a little time, seeing her so weak, he said, "I will not stay to hurt you." She said, "You will read a few verses, and speak a few words in prayer?" He replied, "I cannot pray for you to live, when your

soul is 'so near the wicket gate that opens into glory, and when we see what a toilsome wilderness we have to pass through; for death is but the wicket gate to open into glory, to let the soul into the presence of Jesus, away from all sin and sorrow." Friend G. engaged in prayer, and indeed the Lord was near. It was quite a reviving time to my dear partner. After prayer he said, "It is not dying; it is only falling asleep in Jesus. And the Lord is now going to answer your prayers." She replied, "Yes, the Lord has heard my prayers on many occasions. I can look back and see how frequently he has answered my poor petitions. This is the third time that the Lord has brought me down near the grave; and since I have been ill, nearly all the ease from my pains which I have received has come from the Lord in answer to prayer. For some time after I was taken ill, I was afflicted with inward spasms. I begged the Lord to take them away, and, bless his name, he did, and they have not returned." Friend G. took her by the hand, and said, "Good bye; it will not be long before we shall meet again and never part. We shall soon follow you; you are only going home to glory a little before us. Farewell." My dear partner felt a sweetness in her soul, and a longing to enter the wicket gate.

As she continued to get worse, the day after my sister urged her to take a little food, as she had taken scarcely anything but water for many days past. She said, "I cannot. The bread that perishes will not save me; I want the bread that will never perish."

The following day she was scarcely able to speak to any one, but her heart and affections appeared to be after her eternal home. She was heard to say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Afterwards she said, "Wilt thou not receive me, Lord?" And during the night she was exceedingly ill and desired to depart, saying, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Come, Lord Jesus."

The next day she appeared fast sinking into the arms of death. She said, "I can say with David, 'I can tell all my bones.'" A friend who came from a distance to see her, asking her if Jesus was precious to her, she said, "Yes." She was unable to speak many words during the day.

In the evening of Lord's Day, April the 11th, she was taken much worse, and appeared to be dying. She was much exercised the greater part of the night, and her soul was drawn out with ardent longing desires after her blessed Lord to come. She said, "I cannot doubt him; I cannot but believe him.

“ ‘Give me Christ, or else I die.’

O I want to see him! I want a precious Christ!" Afterwards she said,

“ ‘The covenant made with David's Lord,
In all things ordered well.’

Blessed covenant! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Why tarriest thou?" Being so dreadfully ill that she could scarcely be heard, she

yet said, "Gracious Lord. Three persons in one undivided Godhead. Come unto me. Christ will save all that come unto God by him. Come, my blessed Lord, I am weary of this earth. Come, my Lord, and fetch me. I want to come up with thy children; I am weary of being here. Come, my Lord; come, my blessed Lord, come and fetch me. Three persons in one God." In this sweet longing state she continued for several hours. At times she appeared to have conflicts with Satan. After them she said, "Christ is precious; Christ is very precious." I said, "Is he precious? Bless the Lord." She looked at me earnestly, and smiled with such a sweet, heavenly smile, that the glory of the Lord sparkled through her eyes, and said, "Precious Christ! I have seen him; I have seen him! He is come; he is come!" She afterwards said, "O how precious it is to feel a little of Christ!" And her happy soul seemed earnestly longing to go home. She said, "Come, Lord. I want to come; I want now to come up. Three persons in one God. Three persons." We thought that she would not live through the night; but she lingered on all next day, occasionally longing to depart. Frequently during the day she exclaimed, "Christ is precious."

On Monday night, my friends being around her, she looked at them and said, "A good hope through grace.

"Look where the streams of mercy flow."

Praise the Lord; praise him all of you;" and desired them all to kneel down around her bed, to praise the name of the Lord. She felt such love to every one whom she could receive as the children of God, (nor indeed did she want to see any others,) that she wanted to kiss nearly all who came to see her. Though extremely weak in body, her poor trembling hand was held out to welcome the beloved of her heart in whom she could see and feel the image of Jesus was stamped, and who were assembled around her sick bed to witness the goodness of the Lord towards her.

A few days before, she expressed a desire to have a little prayer meeting, with a few of the friends, once more in her room, but was unable, being so very ill.

Amongst the many friends who came to take their last farewell of her, was her father and mother-in-law. There had been for many years a very close union between the father and the daughter; indeed a father's kindness was seen in the life and death of his daughter; and now he had come to take his final farewell of his dear child. He took her by the hand and kissed her, and said, "The Lord will soon come and release you, my dear child." She kissed him repeatedly, and said, "Yes, he will; the Lord bless you. Good bye." To her mother-in-law, they having kissed each other, she said, "And the Lord be with you, and bless you." And thus they parted, never again to see each other.

About the middle of the night she said, with a very solemn voice, "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.' Thou wilt save them that put their trust in thee. Thou art good, Lord, beyond what I deserve." She now became very restless, as the agonies of death were coming on. She began to shrink away at death's ghastly appearance. She continually wanted to be moved, and for a little time the Lord was pleased to withdraw the beams of his countenance from her. I shall never forget the evident longings of her soul; for nearly two hours she cried out, "The Lord be with us; the Lord be with us! The Lord come amongst us! Precious Christ, come amongst us! My dear husband. O precious Christ, O gracious God, I want to go home! Come and fetch me. Let me not sink in the deep waters. I am weary of being here; I am weary of this world. The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with me and comfort me. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. I must be lost without thee; take me home to thyself, where there are pleasures for evermore. I want to come up. Come, my blessed Lord, and fetch me. Come, Lord; come, Lord. Come, my blessed Lord; I cannot abide here. I want to come home." After this she was exceedingly ill, and her eyes became fixed. She smiled and said, "Christ for ever! Christ for ever!" A little time after she said, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son," she tried to repeat the words, "Holy Ghost," but was unable. As she was so extremely weak, her words could not now be heard by any of us. We expected every moment that she would be choked by the phlegm, as she had not strength to cough it up. She had several times expressed a desire that she might not be choked with it at the last, as her brother was, which she witnessed.

And now we could hear her desires going up unto her dearest Lord, in broken moanings, that she might not be choked. It was wonderful to see the blessed hand of the Lord put forth in this last extremity, for the phlegm in her throat was removed, and she breathed more easily, till she breathed her last, which was about an hour after this, and when the last moaning after her blessed Lord to fetch her was over; for as long as she was able to speak the least word, she did so. She waved her hand twice, and laid it down, in token of victory; as I had requested her, when able to converse with me, that if she was unable to speak, but could see her way clear at last, and Christ was still precious to her, to give me a sign by lifting up her hand, to which she had said, "I will." And this being done, she never moved afterwards, but quietly breathed forth her precious soul into the hands of her beloved Lord, and entered the abodes of immortal glory; entered in through the gates into the glorious city, where Christ the forerunner, her blessed Lord and Saviour, has entered into the Holy of Holies, the new Jerusalem, where the righteous nation that keepeth the truth enter at the hour of death, to be for ever in the sight and presence of the King of kings and Lord of lords; to behold his wounded hands, feet, and side, to cast her crown at his immortal feet, to praise, adore, and admire the grace, free favour, rich mercy, infinite love, and divine compassion that have reached her and landed her

precious soul for ever far away from all the fiery darts of Satan, the curse of the law, the wrath of devils, from sin, death, the grave, and the bottomless pit; where all tears, sorrows, griefs, and troubles will be for ever wiped away; where she will no more say, "I am sick," but for ever behold her dearest Lord face to face, and bathe for ever in the river of immortal glory, without bottom or shore, through a long and lasting eternity.

Thus died and fell asleep my dearly-beloved wife, Aun Topp, on the morning of April the 13th, 1852, in the thirty-first year of her age. Her mortal remains were committed to the grave belonging to the little chapel, on the following Lord's Day. By her request, nearly all the members attended her funeral. The hymns which were sung in the chapel and at the grave were chosen by her, and she appointed nearly everything concerning her funeral some weeks before she died.

She lived and died a witness for the truth advocated in the "Gospel Standard," as she had read that publication nearly from its commencement. She lived and died in the faith of the little few in this town, and was a witness against the blind religion of the day. And now she is gone to be with Jesus.

I have often observed that when I have been shut up and kept fasting for several days together, I have lost nothing in a long run. If my soul exercise has been violent, my succeeding joys have been superabundant. If the conflict has been long and lingering, just so has been my future enlargement, long also. If my soul has sunk into gloom and horrors, when I have got my wings again I have soared the higher. If my soul has been remarkably dry, dead, lean, and barren, I have also found a feast of the fattest things afterwards, that has made my soul lively, active, and flourishing.—*Huntington.*

In my preaching of the word, I took special notice of this one thing; namely, that the Lord did lead me to begin where his word begins with sinners; that is, to condemn all flesh, and to open and allege that the curse of God, by the law, does belong to and lay hold on all men as they come into the world, because of sin. Now this part of my work I fulfilled with great sense, for the terrors of the law and guilt for my transgressions lay heavy on my conscience. I preached what I felt, what I smartingly did feel; even that under which my poor soul did groan and tremble to astonishment. Indeed, I have been as one sent to them from the dead. I went myself in chains, to preach to them in chains; and carried that fire in my own conscience that I persuaded them to be aware of. I can truly say, and that without dissembling, that when I have been to preach, I have gone full of guilt and terror even to the pulpit door, and there it has been taken off, and I have been at liberty in my mind until I have done my work; and then immediately, even before I could get down the pulpit stairs, I have been as bad as I was before. Yet God carried me on, but surely with a strong hand, for neither guilt nor hell could take me off my work.—*Bunyan's Grace Abounding.*

REVIEW.

"The Greatness of the Soul, and the Unspeakableness of the Loss thereof." "No Way to Heaven but by Jesus Christ." "The Strait Gate." By John Bunyan. To which is prefixed an Introductory Essay on his Genius and Writings, by Robert Philip, Author of "The Life and Times of Bunyan." London: Nelson, Paternoster Row.

There is a yearning in the mind of man after name and fame. Shrinking from oblivion, grasping at an earthly immortality, the ambitious heart desires not wholly in-death to die. It would not pass away as unnoticed and as unknown as the leaf which falls into the babbling brook, and, after a few whirls, sinks to the bottom with scarce a bubble to mark its vanishing out of light into darkness. Few indeed care for life eternal—for an immortality of happiness and holiness in the mansions of heavenly bliss; or if there be a passing desire for heaven, it is but to escape hell. But to achieve an immortality amongst their fellow-men; to be or to do something which shall secure the proud and rare distinction of living after death in the memories and on the lips of successive generations, is a deep-seated feeling in the human breast. This felt Absalom, as the Scripture records: "Now Absalom in his lifetime had taken and reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the king's dale; for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance: and he called the pillar after his own name; and it is called unto this day, Absalom's Place." (2 Sam. xviii. 18.). This feels the school-boy who cuts his name on the form, as much as the painter, who longs that the canvas may breathe his name when the fingers which spread it with form and colour lie mouldering in the dust; or the poet, who is content to die if his verses live for him from generation to generation. But this coveted distinction is attained by few. "Surely," says the Psalmist, "they are disquieted in vain." "Their memorial is perished with them." But could they obtain their object, it would be but a shadow. No applauding breath of man reaches them in their gloomy abode; no rills of human praise let fall a drop of water from earth to hell to cool their burning tongue. Most names that are remembered and handed down to posterity are of men in whom the Spirit of God was not. They were of the world; their words and actions were inspired by a worldly spirit, and directed to worldly ends. Therefore the world loved them in life, honoured them in death, and bestows on them after death the only reward it has to give—an earthly immortality. But when we view what they were in life, and what they are in death; when we lift up the veil which hides the mansions of the dead, is their lot worth coveting? Alas! no. Their soul is no more cheered by the honours paid to their memory than their mouldering dust is gladdened by the marble monument which stands over their grave. Solomon has already written the epitaph of this admired son of fame, the compendious history of his birth and death, beginning and end. "For he cometh in with vanity, and departeth in darkness, and his name shall be

covered with darkness. Yea, though he live a thousand years twice told, yet hath he seen no good; do not all go to one place?" (Eccles. vi. 4, 6.)

But there are a few, and a few only, who have won a double immortality. Their names, their works, their influence survive them on earth when their happy spirits are bathing in the bliss of heaven. To be a Shakspeare, a Byron, a Voltaire—who that fears God would accept so wide-spread a name to accept with it what we may well apprehend is their present and future portion? Better be the meanest pauper who starves on a parish pittance; better be the shoeless wretch that sweeps the public crossing; better live in a hovel and die in a hospital, with the grace of God in the heart, than have a world-wide, time-enduring name when the soul is howling in hell.

And yet there is, we will not say an immortality, for that word is inappropriate to what blooms only on earth, but a living after death here below which is worth coveting. It is to be made a blessing to the church of God, not only in our day and generation, but when the grave shall have closed over us. The usefulness of most of God's servants necessarily terminates with their life. When their tongue is silent, the Spirit of God speaks no more by them, except at least so far as he may bring to remembrance words dropped from their lips. Few ministers of Christ leave any memorial behind them but souls called by their ministry, or the affection which recalls their names and words to remembrance. Some indeed write books, useful in their day, but they slowly fall into the gulf of oblivion. How active were pen and press in the days of the Reformation! Who now reads Bucer, Beza, Œcolampadius, or numerous other authors found in almost every hand in the sixteenth century? Who reads even the still more famed works of Luther, Calvin, or John Knox? They are to be found in dusty libraries, and are sometimes consulted by men of learning and research; but do they stand as of old on every book-shelf? Where, too, are the works of the seventeenth century, a more prolific period still? Howe, Owen, Goodwin, Flavel, and a few others still survive, and their works are sometimes reproduced; but the great majority of the Puritan divines have gradually sunk into oblivion.

One honoured name forms, however, a striking exception. That name we need hardly say, is BUNYAN. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is known wherever the English language is spoken. Nay, it has become known beyond those limits, by the means of translation into most of the European, and into some Oriental tongues. A great critic and historian* has said that the seventeenth century, so prolific in writers, produced but two thoroughly original works, which would be handed down to posterity; and it was noteworthy that both these were produced by the pen of Dissenters—Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and Milton's "Paradise Lost."

Bunyan himself, we believe, was not aware of his own peculiar

* Macaulay.

genius. Owing nothing to education, his powerful intellect grew like a wild tree, unpruned and unnailed to university walls; but it made up in strength for what it might lack in symmetry. He possessed by nature three rare gifts, which education might have refined, but could not have imparted, and possibly might have weakened—a most vivid imagination,—a singular power of dramatic representation,—and a most expressive style and language. The first and last are self-evident; the second may require a few words of explanation. Bunyan possessed, then, one of the rarest faculties of the human mind—the power of so throwing himself into the very character which he was drawing that he makes him speak exactly as that person would have spoken had he actually existed. A Puritan in principle and practice, he justly abhorred the theatre; and yet, without knowing it, he possessed in the highest degree that very talent in which consists the perfection of that species of writing. By means of this peculiar talent, his men and women are to us as substantial realities, as thoroughly living, breathing characters, as if they had actually existed. Christian, Pliable, and Obstinate, Faithful, and Hopeful, with matronly, prudent Christiana, and modest, maidenlike, timorous Mercy—we know them all as if we had lived next door to them. This perhaps is his most striking faculty, and has made the “Pilgrim’s Progress” a spiritual drama. What life and animation has this gift cast over it! Look, as a sample, at Obstinate’s short and characteristic sentences. “Tush! away with your book. Will you go back with us or no?” “What, more fools still!” Compare these sharp, short, iron sentences with Pliable’s soft, wax-like, ductile words, “And do you think that the words of your book are certainly true?” How his pliable disposition is shown by this soft, drawling sentence to turn and wind itself round Christian’s belief! But what a peculiar gift was this to strike off with a few words two characters which have imprinted themselves on the minds of hundreds of thousands! But look also at his vivid, powerful, picturesque *imagination*. How image after image comes forth with unflagging interest and boundless variety! What force and power in his pictures! The Slough of Despond, and the Wicket Gate, and the Hill Difficulty, and the Castle of Giant Despair, the Vale of the Shadow of Death, Vanity Fair, Faithful’s trial, and the close of all—the passage of the Dark River—why does the mere mention of these scenes recall them at once so distinctly to mind? Because they are drawn by a master’s hand, giving form and body to scenes pictured in his imagination as living realities. His hand but executed what his eye saw; and thus his vivid imagination has engraved them more deeply on our memory than many scenes which we have seen with our bodily eyes. Is any book so well remembered? Has any made so vivid an impression? And all without the least effort on the part of the writer. In the Apology which he prefixed to it, for he must needs apologise for a production so different from the usual stamp of Puritan writings, he says,

“Well, so I did; but yet I did not think
To show to all the world my pen and ink

In such a mode; I only thought to make
 I knew not what; nor did I undertake
 • Thereby to please my neighbour; no, not I;
 I did it mine own self to gratify.

"Neither did I but vacant seasons spend
 In this my scribble; nor did I intend
 But to divert myself, in doing this,
 From worsor thoughts, which make me do amiss."

He wrote not to go down to posterity, but "to divert himself."

"Having now my method by the end,
 Still as I pulled, it came."

So John pulled away at the skein and weaved the bright threads into a web of unfading colours and imperishable texture. But even then, when he took it off the beam, and rolled it out, neither he nor his friends knew what to make of it.

"Some said, John, print it; others said, Not so:
 Some said, It might do good; others said, No."

Simple-hearted John! Admirable critics!

The third striking feature is the plain, clear, strong, noble, good old Saxon English in which it is written, a style so admirably suited to the great mass of readers, and at the same time possessing, from its purity and simplicity, a peculiar charm for the most refined English ear.

"But," suggests a reader, "you have merely noticed the genius of Bunyan! What was that? It was only nature. There was no grace in that. Why do you not speak of his grace, and experience, and the teaching of the Spirit in his soul?" But, my good friend, don't you see how the Lord bestowed this genius on a poor illiterate tinker for a special purpose? Did not grace sanctify his natural genius, and direct it to the glory of God and the good of his people? And don't you perceive how this peculiar genius, of which you think so lightly, was absolutely necessary to produce the "Pilgrim's Progress," a work which will live when our heads are laid low? Bunyan was not striving after effect, beyond the best of all effects—being made a blessing to the church of God. He was not aiming at a dramatic representation of character, which a playwright might well envy. He saw Christian with his mind's eye in the Slough of Despond. His own feet had been fast held there. He saw and heard him in the dungeons of Giant Despair. He had lain there himself, and the iron had entered into his soul. He did not sit down as a play-writer to produce a drama, of which every character and scene were thoroughly fictitious. He had himself passed through all the scenes, and was, under the name of Christian, the leading character, the hero of the piece. The successive scenes were all deeply imbedded in his memory, and they came forth from his mind and pen as the deepest and most solemn realities. He therefore, under an allegory, described what he himself had seen, and where he himself had been, as a voyager in the Arctic regions might depict the frozen seas and piercing climate where the iceberg dwells

in lonely grandeur; or as a tropical traveller might retrace the bright skies and lovely isles where the sun walks in its meridian glory. Thus Bunyan is himself reflected from every page of the "Pilgrim's Progress." He is the pilgrim who progresses from the City of Destruction to the heavenly Jerusalem. It is, in fact, his own experience so far modified as not to be exclusive. He did not, like some, set up his own experience as a standard from which there must not be the slightest deviation. Mercy, who hardly knows why or wherefore she set out, except to accompany Christiana, is drawn as a vessel of mercy as much as Christian, who spends his nights in sighs and tears. But still he has drawn with vigorous hand a certain definite path, in tracing which the highest genius and the greatest grace combined to produce a work blessed beyond measure to the church of God, and yet so animated with natural talent as to be handed down to an earthly immortality. Who shall say the hand of God was not here? Who but He raised the immortal tinker to this distinction? The same hand which took David from the sheepcotes to feed his people Israel raised Bunyan from the tinker's barrow to feed the church of God; and the same power which gave David strength and skill to sling the stone put into Bunyan's hand a pen which has done far more execution.

But besides these extraordinary endowments of genius and grace, Bunyan's *experience* was in itself peculiarly calculated to produce a work like the "Pilgrim's Progress." Were we to characterise this experience in one short sentence, we should say, it was the *abiding power of eternal things resting on his soul*. He did not only believe, he saw. The word of God did not merely speak to him; it entered into his inmost soul. Hell, with its sulphurous flames, Heaven, with its glorious abodes, were to him more distinct realities than the earth on which he trode; for the latter was but temporal, whilst the former were eternal; the one but a passing shadow, the other an enduring reality. So when the law sent its curses into his inmost conscience, he saw more clearly its lightnings, and heard more distinctly its thunders, than his outward eyes ever saw the vivid flash or his natural ears ever heard the pealing thunders of a passing storm. The dark clouds of the natural sky soon rolled away, and ceased to peal forth their terrors, but the Law knew no intermission for time or eternity. Thus, too, when Christ was revealed to him, he saw him by the eye of faith more distinctly than he ever saw any literal object by the eye of sense; for the natural sun itself, the brightest of all objects, could but fill his eye, but the Sun of Righteousness filled his very soul. When he talked with God, he talked to him more really, truly, and intimately than he could ever talk with an earthly friend, for to God he could unbosom all his heart, which he could not do to any human companion. His spiritual sorrows far outweighed all his temporal griefs, and his spiritual joys far surpassed all his earthly delights. The one were measured by time, the other by eternity; man was but the subject of one, God the object of the other. A few sentences from the "Grace Abounding" will abundantly prove this peculiar feature in Bunyan's experience:

"By these things my mind was now so turned, that it lay like a horse-leech at the vein, still crying out, Give, give, (Prov. xxx. 15,) which was so fixed on eternity, and on the things about the kingdom of heaven, (that is, so far as I knew, though as yet, God knows, I knew but little,) that neither pleasures, nor profits, nor persuasions, nor threats, could loose it or make it let go its hold; and though I may speak it with shame, yet it is in very deed a certain truth, it would then have been as difficult for me to have taken my mind from heaven to earth, as I have found it often since to get it again from earth to heaven."

"At another time, as I sat by my fire in my house, and musing on my wretchedness, the Lord made that also a precious word unto me, 'Forasmuch then as children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through the fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.' (Heb. ii. 14, 15.) I thought that the glory of these words was then so weighty on me, that I was both once and twice ready to swoon as I sat; yet not with grief and trouble, but with solid joy and peace."

"Oh! I cannot now express what I then saw and felt of the steadiness of Jesus Christ, the Rock of man's salvation. What was done could not be undone, added to, nor altered. I saw indeed, that sin might drive the soul beyond Christ, even the sin which is unpardonable; but woe to him that was so driven, for the word would shut him out."

"Thus was I always sinking, whatever I did think or do. So one day I walked to a neighbouring town, and sat down upon a settee in the street, and fell into a very deep pause about the most fearful state my sin had brought me to; and, after long musing, I lifted up my head, but methought I saw as if the sun that shineth in the heavens did grudge to give light; and as if the very stones in the street, and tiles upon the houses, did bend themselves against me. Methought that they all combined together, to banish me out of the world. I was abhorred of them, and unfit to dwell among them, or be partaker of their benefits, because I had sinned against the Saviour. O how happy now was every creature over me! For they stood fast and kept their station; but I was gone and lost."

"At which time my understanding was so enlightened, that I was as though I had seen the Lord Jesus look down from heaven through the tiles upon me, and direct these words unto me. This sent me mourning home; it broke my heart and filled me full of joy, and laid me as low as the dust; only it staid not long with me. I mean in this glory and refreshing comfort; yet it continued with me for several weeks, and did encourage me to hope."

This same experience of the power of eternal things made Bunyan such a mighty preacher. What a key he gives to his ministry in the same book!

"Also when I have done the exercise, it hath gone to my heart to think the word should now fall as rain on stony places; still wishing from my heart, Oh! that they who have heard me speak this day, did but see as I do, what sin, death, hell, and the curse of God is; and also what the grace, and love, and mercy of God is, through Christ, to men in such a case as they are, who are yet estranged from him. And, indeed, I did often say in my heart before the Lord, that if I be hanged up presently before their eyes, it would be a means to awaken them, and confirm them in the truth, I gladly should be contented."

"For I have been in my preaching, especially when I have been engaged in the doctrine of life by Christ, without works, as if an angel of God had stood by at my back to encourage me. Oh! it hath been with such power and heavenly evidence upon my own soul, while I have been labouring to unfold it, to demonstrate it, and to fasten it upon the consciences of others, that I could not be contented with saying, I believe, and am sure; methought I was

more than sure (if it be lawful to express myself) that those things which then I asserted were true."

His was no cut-and-dried ministry, but the outpouring of his whole heart; and as God had blessed him with remarkable powers of expression, he sent arrow after arrow from his full quiver, lodging them in the hearers' conscience up to the very feather. He was not what men commonly call eloquent, and yet was so in the highest sense of the term, for his words were words of fire. The most manly fervour was combined with the greatest simplicity; language which a child could understand came forth from his lips, but a giant wielded the words. Blow after blow, thrust after thrust came from his vigorous hand. The subject was simple, the manner of handling it was simple; but the simplicity was that of the life-guard's sword, of which the hilt is not gilded nor blade filigreed. Ornament would be foreign to the massive strength of either. Bunyan will make himself understood. He uses many words, but not a cloud of idle epithets. He thus addresses at the same time the understanding and the conscience, and reaches the latter through the former. The point of the sword enters the understanding; one home-thrust carries the blade deep into the conscience. This is the perfection of preaching—clear thoughts and words which pass at once into the understanding, and home-thrusts which reach the very soul. How many preachers and writers fail here! Confused ideas, cloudy, long, entangled sentences, which require the utmost stretch of attention to understand, perplex alike speaker and hearer. "What is the man driving at? Poor fellow! he hardly knows himself what he means;" and similar thoughts rise up almost involuntarily within. Others again speak and write with tolerable clearness, but their words are like Jonathan's arrows. None hit the mark. The arrow is beyond the lad, and the conscience is no more touched than the great stone Ezel, behind which David hid himself.

Bunyan was a most prolific writer. His mind teemed with divine thoughts. His heart was ever bubbling up with good matter, and this made his tongue the pen of a ready writer. Besides the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Grace Abounding," his two best works, for in them his whole heart lay, his "Holy War," "The Two Covenants," his little "Treatise on Prayer," his "Broken Heart the Best Sacrifice," and others which we need not name, are deeply impregnated with Bunyan's peculiar power and spirit. There is some powerful writing in the three treatises contained in the little volume before us. Take the following specimen, and see if it is not stamped with Bunyan's peculiar force and power:

"And never think that to live always on Christ for justification is a low and beggarly thing, and as it were a staying at the foundation; for let me tell you, depart from a sense of the meritorious means of your justification with God, and you will quickly grow light, and frothy, and vain. Besides, you will always be subject to errors and delusions; for this is not to hold the head, from or through which nourishment is administered. (Col. ii. 19.) Further, no man that buildeth forsakes the good foundation; that is the ground of his encouragement to work, for upon that is laid the stress of all; and without

it nothing that is framed can be supported, but must inevitably fall to the ground. Again; why not live upon Christ always? and especially as he standeth the Mediator between God and the soul, defending thee with the merit of his blood, and covering thee with his infinite righteousness from the wrath of God and curse of the law. Can there be any greater comfort ministered to thee than to know thy person stands just before God, just and justified from all things that would otherwise swallow thee up? Is peace of God and assurance of heaven of so little respect with thee that thou slightest the very foundation thereof, even faith in the blood and righteousness of Christ? And are notions and whimsies of such credit with thee that thou must leave the foundation to follow them? But again; what mystery is desirable to be known that is not to be found in Jesus Christ, as Priest, Prophet, or King of Saints? In him are hid all the treasures of them, and he alone hath the key of David to open them. (Col. ii. 1, 2; Rev. iii. 7.)"

That he is in places somewhat legal, and speaks too much of the "proffers" of the gospel, we freely admit. This was the prevailing theology of the day, from which scarcely any writer of that period was free. But he sometimes employs the word "proffers" where we should rather use the term "promises" or "invitations;" these said "proffers" being not so much proffers of grace to dead sinners as promises of mercy to God's living family who feel they are sinners.

But we are unwilling to dwell on his blemishes. The Lord, whose servant he was, honoured him in life, was with him in death, and his name will be dear to the church of God whilst there is a remnant on the earth.

If so be that a Christian does good works, whereby he shows love to his neighbour, he is not, therefore, made a Christian or righteous, but he must needs be a Christian and righteous before. He does good works indeed, but they do not make him a Christian. The tree brings forth and gives fruit, but not the fruit the tree; so none is made a Christian by works, but by Christ.—*Luther*.

I was tempted, before I could get to sleep, with high thoughts of my own righteousness, both as a man and as a minister. The enemy plied his fiery darts very thick, and came in as a flood; but the Spirit of the Lord lifted up a standard against him. I was enabled (glory to divine grace) to reject the cursed insinuations as I would hell-fire. O that ever such a wretch as I should be tempted to think highly of himself! I, who am, of myself, nothing but sin and weakness; I, in whose flesh naturally dwells no good thing; I, who deserve damnation for the best work I ever performed! Lord Jesus, humble me to the dust, yea, to the very centre of abasement, in thy presence. Root out and tear out this most poisonous, this most accursed weed from the unworthiest heart that ever was. Show me my utter nothingness. Keep me sensible of my sinnership. Sink me down deeper and deeper into penitence and self-abhorrence. Break the dragon of pride in pieces before the ark of thy merits. Demolish, by the breath of thy Spirit, the walls, the Babel of self-righteousness and self-opinion; level them with the trodden soil, grind them to powder, annihilate them for ever and ever. Grace, grace be all my experience and all my cry! Amen. Amen.—*Toplady*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

“Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.”—Matt. v. 6.

“Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.”—2 Tim. i. 9.

“The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded.”—Rom. xi. 7.

“If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.—And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”—Acts viii. 37, 38; Matt. xxviii. 19.

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J U D G M E N T.

All the elect are brought, in this present world, more or less to delight themselves in God, and he is the sovereign choice of their regenerated minds, through enabling grace, as their portion and inheritance. They are brought to find the world a wilderness; sin mixed with all they do; the honied pleasures worldlings sun themselves in more or less filled with danger. What is there worth their living for? I answer, the unction and sweetness of God felt. This eclipses the sweetness of flower gardens, the brightest and happiest scenes under the sky. See the godly person in a solitary room where no eye can see him but God. There, when the unction and dew of God are feelingly upon him, I will undertake to say he neither envies rich bankers the earthly paradises riches can procure, nor does he envy any one. Satiated, satisfied, happy, contented, and blessed, what does he want? God gives him, or will, in answer to prayer, what he stands in need of in earthly things; will drown his eyes in tears with supplies to want in worldly things; and will comfort him more or less on every side.

But do these and spiritual blessings come at random? No, not to God's own people.

Repentance and faith are the two legs, as it were, on which a Christian stands. With these he walks with Christ. If he is lame in either of these two legs, his Christianity is so far marred. God is not mocked; sowing to the flesh and sowing to the Spirit bring their different reapings. Self-righteousness is rottenness and filth; and so is holding the truth in unrighteousness. Any one complete in Christ by pure grace and faith without works, often sees the beam of the scales and balances against him with this written on, “Hast thou not procured these things unto thyself?” At least I do in every thought; for “there is not a thought in my mind but what thou knowest it altogether.” And Christ will bring every thought,

as well as every idle word, and every action into judgment. "The thought of foolishness is sin."

The Lord will judge his people at three different times. 1. In the court of conscience. 2. At, or just before death, when illuminating, enlightening grace will show them all their sins, in their most aggravated abominations, all overtopped and swum over by pardoning grace! Then more than victory will wave its colours in their souls, when they *see* their sins pardoned; and how can they *see* their sins pardoned, if they are not, as "spirits of just men made perfect," perfectly aware of *what* their sins are? This I am certain of, we cannot know the price we are bought at by the blood of Christ but by knowing the exact measure of our sins. 3. At the dreadful day of judgment, when the dead bodies are raised, when in the highest sense he will be seen by every eye as the God of judgment, by damned and saved.

How these things have made me tremble! And as God hates a false balance or deceitful scales, the more narrowly a saint is enabled to examine and look into these things, the more his comforts will abound; for "the Lord loveth judgment."

"Souls, by whom the truth's explor'd,
Wonders of mercy best proclaim."

I know these things are not relished by the harum-scarum swarm of doctrinalists, whom great swelling words of vanity, having a name to live, will satisfy. But I believe every truly elect soul will be brought to stand astonished and amazed at the exactness of God's plummet and line in judging his people, and not those only who are to be damned.

When I was curate of Baydon, in Wiltshire, about the year 1832, or 1833, I was convinced of this in an unspeakable degree. In a long, mournful, and melancholy captivity of soul, the Lord did so lay judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet, in showing me the greatness and horribleness of my sins, my heart aching, my mind distressed; all my sins of my entire life so raked up together and placed before my eyes. When I went out of doors, or walking, still before my eyes in all their native ugliness, dreadfulness, and terror. My very heart bleeding. No prisoner, with two policemen on each side, ever sank lower. Confessing, asking for repentance. Perhaps for three weeks one sin hung over me by a thread, like a drawn sword. O the achings, sinkings, and sighings in the unfathomable deeps of my soul! Insomuch so, that I have often said publicly, I believe I should never be judged after I was dead; so thoroughly was every item of my life ransacked, torn open, and dragged to the light by the all-seeing judgment of God in my soul felt. And not only at that time, but year after year, for God shall judge his people. O the dreadfulness of falling into the hands of the living God! Were it not for a Saviour's blood, we should go distracted. This is one part of a fellowship of the sufferings of Christ. Here is where every bastard without chastisement comes short. Here is one part where the seal of God is manufactured in fires, to receive in due time the shining mark of manifested salva-

tion. "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee, but with everlasting mercy will I gather thee." Did Christ suffer for our sins? We suffer with him; not a notional suffering; not a suffering of joy only, as some say, but "remembering mine affliction and misery, wormwood and gall, therefore have I hope." And so have I; for I have been secretly convinced thus, that God does not intend to damn me.

In these things, as Hezekiah said, is the life of my spirit. In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence. A sense that one has been damned makes salvation sweet. A sense that we have been judged already gives us through grace a comfortable prospect of death and the grave.

These are awful and solemn things; and have many times given me a view that there have been many poor things who have prattled even of the righteousness of Christ who have no part or lot in it. A partaker in the righteousness of Christ is one spiritually like "Lazarus dead and buried, lo! these three days," (longer or shorter,) under the curse of God. A prattler of the righteousness of Christ is one drawn by love; and who has therefore never known the first of the two covenants of promise, the law. "If they believed Moses, they would believe in me," says Christ.

A sense of this "judgment" which has passed on me in the court of conscience gives me confidence to meet the second judgment at or just after death; and thirdly, at the terrible day.

This judgment is also passing on me day by day in the covenant of grace in my soul; for God has a fire in Zion and a furnace in Jerusalem. And I would not give a fig for that man's religion if there is not that in him which is pained at a sinful thought.

Thoughts, words, deeds, there is that in me from Christ seeing them all in me feelingly with an eye that cannot be mocked. The Judge lives in me. Of that I am aware. Not a power of body or soul can I exercise, in thought, word, or deed, but what an all-seeing eye, that hateth sin, is observing me. At one time like a wild bull in a net; and yet knowing that God will bring me to judgment in my conscience by and by for it. For rebellion is like the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry; iniquity, because it is sin; idolatry, because it is preferring our will to his. Every thought is to be brought into captivity to the mind and will of Christ. Be not deceived, God is not mocked. Esau shall serve, Jacob. And when the spiritual Esau, our old nature, gets the yoke off his neck, it only makes work for deeper repentance. Jacob then will wrestle a whole night with the angel of the covenant; so frightened is Jacob, the new man, at what is coming. At least, so it is with me. Day by day, hour by hour, moment by moment, the Lord Jesus, the Judge of quick and dead, is sitting in judgment in my soul. And I am certain it is Jesus; for my own flesh hates him as much as the devil or the world does. But strong is the hand of the Lord God that judges thee.

And on the contrary. There is a principle in me that loves this Judge. No lover eyes his beloved with more tender and melting

flames of the purest and most honourable affection than I do this Lord Jesus. And when I see the dagger of divine justice steeped in his innocent heart for me, I cry out, in frantic gratitude and joy, why should such a fool and beast as I be in the covenant of grace? Bathed in the tenderest endearments, swum with the softest bliss, a gracious hatred of sin, in a fellowship of the Lord's sufferings, solemnly enraptures every feeling in my soul. Engrafted feelingly into the Tree of Life, with a gracious hatred of sin, I feel my soul safe for eternity. Dews, rich and warm, with the liveliest bliss, charm and overjoy my spirit. Enrapturing glories, as it were, bewilder my delighted eyesight. I see a never-ending eternity ready to burst on my sight; the Judge standing at the door. Judge, did I say? Nay, he is my Lover. Verily, thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour. And so he is. Who would have thought, in the lowly Jesus of Nazareth, the Creator of the world was hidden? Yes, my soul; and at one time thou didst not think that under an angry Judge was hidden thine eternal Lover.

No rest have I, or want I, except in the same degree as I am in perfect peace with this Judge and Lover of mine, called Jesus. Through floods and flames my soul is following after him. Stung, buffeted, and driven by every wind and venom of indwelling sin, Satan, and the world, my soul cleaves to Jesus as my All in All. I respect in love neither myself, neither anybody else, except in the same degree as changed into the image of this Jesus. The creation around me is to be burned up; and so will every man and woman be in hell, if not, sooner or later, changed perfectly into the image of this Jesus.

When I have parted for a time with the dearest friend I have on earth, I have gone back into my solitary room, I have burst out into tears, and said, "But I have not parted with thee, my dearest Jesus."

"The rocks and mountains may decay;
The seas their wand'ring streams remove;
The heavens and earth may pass away;
Yet God can never change his love."

Overcome by the sweet and solemn flow of these feelings, a life of meditation fills my soul with the highest pitch of rapture. And at several times, overpowered and overwhelmed with divine bliss, it has dropped into my soul, "If you are so delighted now, what will it be above?"

"What are these little tastes of love,
To those which we shall have above?
A drop of water to the sea!
A moment to eternity!
Saints, who have tasted of this grace,
Take more and more with thankfulness;
Drink heavenly wine, eat heavenly food;
And feast with the ALMIGHTY GOD!"

Mine has been a life of suffering affliction for above thirty years. I have had my share of bitters.

But, with regard to this "judgment." If God does not judge you in this world, you will be damned in the next. Does it not say, "Christ will bring every idle word and every secret thought into judgment?" Reader, if thou art a Christian indeed, and not only in name, all the honest grief thou art inwardly pierced with for all thy sinful thoughts, words, and deeds, is one part of thy fellowship of the sufferings of Christ, who suffered for his people's sins, and nought else. And if there is not a tender conscience there is no evidence of a new birth. Love to God and hatred of sin, (thoroughly, and Christianly, and graciously,) is the neck that fastens thee to thy glorious Head and Husband, Christ; and in the same degree as a real saint knows not supernaturally these things in experience, however much he may shine in head-knowledge or letter-knowledge, he is in the same degree as ignorant of *felt* salvation as a Chinese heathen or pagan is. The elect of God inherit substance, while the non-elect can be entertained with shadows.

Abingdon.

I. K.

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. BAILEY,
IN ANSWER TO ONE WRITTEN TO HIM BY A YOUNG PERSON.

My dear Friend,—It is at all times a mercy to know and fear the Lord. Better late than never; but I think it is a peculiar mercy to "remember our Creator in the days of our youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when we shall say we have no pleasure in them." I rejoice that the Lord has been pleased to give you a concern about your immortal soul in your youthful days. O that you may escape those evils peculiar to youth in our days! I trust the Lord has given you to see and feel your state and condition as a sinner before him; for none but sinners, poor and needy sinners, prize a rich, able, and willing Saviour. It is the sick, not the healthy, that need the good Physician. Be assured that it is only as you see and feel your helplessness, that Christ will be precious to you by the Spirit's power. As the strength of Israel and the God of our salvation, blessed be his dear name, he is life to the dead, eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, wisdom to the ignorant, righteousness to the condemned, pardon to the guilty, sanctification to the unclean, and redemption to the poor sin-bound and sin-burdened soul. Jesus Christ is the one thing needful; this I sincerely hope you are brought to know, and increasingly to desire a felt interest in him, in other words, the knowledge of your salvation by the forgiveness of all your sins; for blessed is that man and woman "whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed are they to whom the Lord will not impute iniquity." O that Christ may be your hiding-place, your high tower, and the rock of your salvation! He is a refuge for the needy, a refuge in times of trouble. God grant that you may be enabled to make him your refuge when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against a wall.

Remember, my dear friend, you are now travelling in a waste howling wilderness, wherein are many ravenous beasts of prey. Satan is represented as a roaring lion, walking about, seeking whom he may devour; not whom he *would*, but whom he *may*, for if he could he would devour us all. The wicked also are compared to wolves, ravenous wolves, bears, serpents, &c. Sometimes the tremendous roar of the old lion and the prowling wolves will frighten and alarm your fears; the serpents will hiss and sometimes bite you; but the blood, the precious life-giving blood of Jesus, (for the life is in the blood,) will heal the adder's bite and the serpent's sting. Nor have you less to fear from the thieves and robbers that you will find, as the Holy Spirit is pleased to discover them, in your own heart, which is, as the prophet Jeremiah says, "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" a nest of unclean birds, a den of thieves, a sink of iniquity, from whence proceeds every evil imagination, every blasphemous thought, and every lustful desire. Ah, my Christian friend, you will often cry out, "The Canaanites, the Canaanites are in the land!" and, like Gad, a troop comes, and these troops will overcome you while you are in this world; but, through the Captain of your salvation, Jesus Christ, you and all the redeemed shall overcome at last, though now, as the hymn says,

"Like Gad, by a troop overcame,
They fall through the workings of sin;
Yet glory they not in their shame,
But mourn their defilement within.

"On Zion's bright summit above,
Victorious at last they shall stand,
Though now for a season they prove
The Canaanites still in the land."

I am, your soul's well-wisher,

J. BAILEY.

"Verily I know you not; depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Remember, I entreat you to remember, they are not sent away for being fornicators, swearers, Sabbath-breakers, or prodigals; no, in all probability, as I observed before, they were, touching the outward observances of the moral law, blameless. They were zealous maintainers of the form of religion, and if they did no good, yet no one could say they did any one any harm. That for which they were condemned and eternally banished from the presence of the Lord (for so much is implied in that sentence, "I know you not!") was this, they had no oil in their lamps, no principle of eternal life, or true and living faith and love of God in their hearts. But, alas! if persons may go to church, receive the sacrament, lead honest moral lives, and yet be sent to hell at the last day, as they certainly will be if they advance no further, where wilt thou, O drunkard? where wilt thou, O swearer? where wilt thou that deniest divine revelation and even the form of godliness? where wilt thou and such like sinners appear?—*Whitefield*.

THOUGH ABSENT NOT FORGOTTEN.

My dear Friend and Brother in a precious Christ,—Grace, mercy, and peace from Jesus, the Fountain of life, love, and blessedness, be multiplied unto you.

We received with great pleasure your very kind, affectionate, and savoury epistle from America, dated May 17th, 1851, on Friday morning, June 6th, and kindly thank you for it, being truly glad to hear that you had arrived safe, as we had heard before from your brother, and that you still remain, through mercy, in tolerable health.

Having commended you to God in the very feelings of my soul before you embarked, I was not in the least afraid of your not safely reaching your destined port; and now my heart melts with love and praise to the God of my life for another instance, in this case, of his great lovingkindness, in condescending to hear and answer the fervent cries of a worthless, nothing worm. So many proofs that he does hear and answer my prayers I have had, that I do feel, in every time of need and trouble, more and more disposed and encouraged to take my case, and concerns, and miseries, and wants, to him, rather than, as many do, to others. Not that I object to the Lord's people communicating to each other, by the way; it is good, and often they find it profitable so to do. I have felt it good and profitable to communicate to and talk with my brother in our troubles, and concerning Christ and his great salvation, in quiet by our fire-side. I have felt it good and profitable to hear him pour out his soul before God in the midst of our dear Lord's solemn assemblies, and in mingling my groans and cries with his and those of the brethren. And my very heart and soul does feel it also good, and profitable, and precious, too, to hope, ere long, to join with them above in the triumphs of the redeemed before the eternal throne for ever. But to return to your report of America.

But above all things, your report respecting the scarcity of revealed truth known and felt in the conscience, and lived upon by faith, and seen in their lives, in those parts you have travelled over, is the most solemn. I am sorry to say this is the case also in very many parts of England as well. And your mind is so uneasy and troubled that you cannot rest nor endure the pain you feel because of the company you are exposed to, and especially the sweet savoury feeling, unction, and power of the heart-melting and self-crucifying religion of Jesus and his cross which you often enjoyed among your friends here in England, you cannot in your travels from New York, through Ohio, &c., find to your satisfaction. This is lamentable indeed, but I am not surprised at it.

Blessed be God for giving you and me a spiritual discernment of mind to know from our feelings where this peculiar savour is, and where it is not; and for giving you such a tender conscience as will not let you rest or remain among a people where this sweet testimony of our dear Lord's great loving-kindness is wanting.

“Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his

friend." The presence of Christ enjoyed makes the soul joyful in the midst of the heaviest troubles. Godly sorrow, and the comforts of the Holy Ghost combined, compound a sweet unction, a blessed mixture indeed. My soul desires to be anointed therewith every hour and moment I live.

You desire to be in that position and place where you may be most useful to the Lord's family. This desire is good and acceptable to God. You cannot see that you can be of any service where you are. Then come back, my brother, and help us. The bounds of my habitation are fixed till death, among God's dear, despised, praying poor at Bedworth. Your name is recorded there with mine, and I hope my Lord has fixed the bounds of your habitation not far distant, so that you may live and die with us.

The deathliness and misery you feel you say you cannot describe. O the blessedness of being companions with God and his spiritually-minded favourites, with those with whom we can feel a sweet union of soul! The heart is deceitful above all things; therefore it does not take much to draw it aside; then darkness and misery are sure to be the consequence. But as long as felt misery is kept up within, it will still make the heart groan and cry with bitter sighings unto God, and preserve you from that treacherous calm in which I was once for years. I pray God you may never be overtaken with the like. Do not despair, my brother; this deathliness is not unto death, but to teach you and me a lesson in the school of Christ that we cannot easily forget. Nor is this misery for your hurt, but, if continued until the prayer of necessity brings down mercy felt within, it will end well indeed. O the thousands of times I have, through the deceitfulness of my base, wretched, and deceitful heart and sin, felt so lifeless, and cold, and prayerless, and careless to that degree, as though I never had felt one desire for Jesus, or for the knowledge of his ways, or ever felt one spark of love for his dear name! I have feared I never should again, and thought it was impossible I could ever feel any movings of soul after Christ again, and meltings of heart, with mercy divine felt within, at his dear sacred feet. But, to my wonder and surprise, all in a moment I have felt the healing waters begin to move, bringing a secret, sweet calm, a gentle glow, stealing so softly and heavenly over my spirit, until my heart, and soul, and eyes wept with the love I once more felt for his dear name, and people, and ways; and hoped ere long to be with Christ above, free from this vile body of sin and death, and from sin and all its effects, that I might sin against him no more for ever. Thus has the Lord put my unbelief to the blush so many times that I now begin not to consider any of the changes I pass through, or anything above measure strange, but oftentimes, venturing hard, I begin rather to sing in my heart, with David of old, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him."

Again, you say you are at home anywhere where all is right between God and your soul, and nowhere else. This speaks volumes in my brother's favour. All is right with the quickened soul when

atonement blood felt within has purged the conscience from guilt, and sin, and shame, and he is brought and kept near to God in holy and sweet communion, casting all his cares, and sorrows, and guilt, and sins, and all that grieves him, on Jesus, Zion's Burden-bearer, and can feelingly lie in the dust at his dear Redeemer's feet, clothed and in his right mind, and knows no will but his. Then is he right, and only then; then I know my brother is right when he is so favoured, and only then; and when he is not so favoured everything is wrong. And I am sure he will feel himself at home where he is so favoured, and among that dear people who are so favoured too; as it is written, "Happy are the people who know the joyful sound; yea, happy are the people whose God is the Lord." It is just so with me; therefore, though upwards of four thousand miles apart, I suppose, by this time, give me your hand, and look upwards. If thus you cannot feel in a foreign land, I say return home to your friends, in hope to feel so with them again, and probably to a more blessed degree than before.

To be with Christ above when he has accomplished all his will in, through, and by me below, and sin no more, is deeply engraven on my heart. O how sweetly the hope bears up my sorrowful mind as I pass on through tribulation's path! Every night I am saying inwardly, "One more trouble, one more day from the appointed number is gone," while "hitherto!" forms my nocturnal song of praise. Every morning commending myself, and partner, and family again to God, my soul waits and rejoices in hope. And every noon and every hour I live, my heart and soul refuses to be comforted when my dear Redeemer hides his smiling face. O how sweet a rest will heaven be to me! My soul triumphs in Jesus at times, in hope and prospect of that day of sweet release now fast approaching. Yet I feel inwardly willing and desirous to live here a little longer in this trembling way, to report all around the debt of love I owe to my dear Triune covenant God, for the great things he has done for me. The secret is this—"A Sinner Saved by Grace" desires to be consecrated body, soul, and spirit, to the declarative glory of God. I am the subject of many changes; as it is written, "What shall ye see in the Shulamite? As it were the company of two armies." As dying, and behold I live; sorrowful, and rejoicing; a mystery of mysteries; a wonder to many, but the greatest wonder to myself. There will be a wonder indeed in heaven when I am there; a brand plucked from the burning, and proved to be a son, a heir of the King. Blessed be God that ever I was born! Once I wished in my very soul I never had been born. Not so now.

O my dear brother, it is more to be a Christian than thousands in England, or tens of thousands in America, or the whole race of ungodly sinners knows anything of. Yet God has made you one, and me one, in mercy. O what a favour, sovereign, rich, and free! Does my brother often call it in question? So have I, with respect to myself, thousands of times twice told. But now abide these three in my heart, "faith, hope, and charity, but the greatest of these is charity."

Furthermore, from what you witness around you, and do also

feel within you, you say you are daily led to see more and more that none will flee to the Rock of Ages but the lost and undone, and none know that they are lost and undone so as to seek for a shelter but those who are taught of God. And this, my dear brother, you will prove to be the case more and more the longer you live. The dead in trespasses and sins cannot act, or hear, or move; or live spiritually of their own accord. They must be first quickened and empowered so to do by the Holy Ghost. But I need not so speak to my sorrowful brother; he knows it well. The new birth is essential to salvation. No mortal on earth, you know, can be saved unless thus he is made a new creature in Christ Jesus. This work all the wooings, and beseechings, and fleshly labours of all the blind guides on earth combined cannot perform. Through this mistake nine-tenths of the preaching here, and in America, and in the world, will be weighed in the balances of God's sanctuary and found wanting. And "who hath required this at your hands?" will thunder thousands into everlasting misery. O the fearfulness, and tremblings, and horrors that await all such who are not thus quickened, and taught, and sent of God, and the blessedness of those who are! My heart and flesh desires to live and die his witness. My soul seems to leap in my body with joy, in hope of the glory that shall be revealed in us. O my dear, gracious Lord,

"Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

Because I was beloved and chosen of God, and ordained to obtain this great salvation. Others would rather starve than come, as above written, because they had no will. Such was my case once. But when God quickened my soul, he gave me a will, and in his own time wrought in me the power also to come to Jesus, with a "Lord, save, or I perish!" This was the last cry of my soul before mercy reached and broke my heart. Such a necessity was laid on me that I could not take a denial; and I assure you, I really did then feel willing, as I have ever since, and now do still, to be saved in his own appointed way. Thus do my feelings testify that both power and will comes from him. And thus my soul and powers will witness while life and breath remains; for every moment I live, during my wakeful hours, I prove it to be true.

Great is the mystery of godliness. Zion's mysteries all the wisdom of the wise and noble cannot understand; yet God does reveal them to babes, young men, and fathers in Christ, by his Spirit. The new birth is one of these mysteries. So is faith in a pure conscience; faith flying to, taking hold of, embracing, and enjoying a precious Christ, and the conscience cleansed with atoning blood. Christ in the heart the hope of glory is another of these blessed mysteries. To live a life of, and to walk by faith in holy communion with God, are both of them mysteries. The life of every true Shulamite is a mystery. The warfare, changes, conflicts, sorrows, and joys which they feel within are mysteries. They are mysteries.

to others, and greater mysteries to themselves. It is a mystery and a wonder to them how God can bear with them so long as he does in the wilderness, and help, and bless, and pardon, and multiply to pardon their sins and transgressions as he does. Why they should be chosen and taken, and others left is a mystery. Why Christ should die for them in particular is a mystery. How it is they are enabled to hold on their way is a mystery. The sting of death taken from the conscience is a mystery. But the greatest mystery and wonder of all will be to find themselves delivered from a body of sin and death, and from sin and all its effects, and safe beyond the gun-shot of earth and hell, safely lodged in the everlasting embrace of Jesus above; the glory, joy, and boast of their souls. An earnest of the inheritance felt and locked up within the breast, gives an assurance of the safe possession and enjoyment of all this blessedness. May the dear covenant God of Israel lock this heavenly treasure up in my dear brother's breast, as he has done in mine; and soon return him to us, no more to part until we meet in heaven to part no more for ever.

With melted heart and eyes I must now stay my rambling, as time admonishes and business calls, or I feel that I could thus ramble with you day and night.

The brethren received your affectionate salutation very kindly, and we do all wish your return, and do desire our kindest and united love in Christ Jesus. Our dear old pastor, Mr. S., remains about the same as when you left us, and sends his kind love. As a church, we remain in peace, and the Lord is with us. Our prayer-meetings prove it; our dear infirm pastor and his little flock feel it; and my soul knows it by happy experience.

Remember us at the mercy-seat, as also we do feel it blessed there to remember you. Write again soon, and say when we may expect you. We are as well as usual, through mercy.

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

Bedworth, near Coventry, June 12th, 1851.

G. T. C.

WE SEE NOT OUR SIGNS.

My dear —,— I think I can gather from your letter that your mind has received spiritual strength equal to your day. May you be preserved from sinking in your nerves after this excitement and agitation is subsided; but the Lord is able to uphold and strengthen you; and one sweet visit from him will do you more good than all the doctors in the world. A manifestation of his love to your soul will bring with it such sweet submission to his will, and resignation to his chastening rod, as will produce peace in the midst of perplexity and a calm in the midst of storms. Both body and soul are in his hands, and I feel a hope that he will sustain you with a good hope and reliance on his arm alone; and I feel no doubt that in the issue he will bring you out into a wealthy place, put a new song into your mouth, turn your captivity, bring you deliverance from bondage.

and enable you to praise him for all that he has caused you to pass through, looking back and desiring nothing to have been altered. And I believe you may even now say,

“ Though painful at present, ’twill cease before long,
And then O how pleasant the conqueror’s song !”

If it were put to your conscience now as to whether you would exchange your lot for any wordling’s portion, however seemingly happy, you would reject it at once,

“ For though your cup seems filled with gall,
There’s something secret sweetens all.”

Although you cannot see your signs, they are there, visible enough to the eyes of others, and marked before God as the genuine work of his blessed Spirit: “ Thy walls are continually before me.” The signs spoken of in the word, “ We see not our signs,” (Ps. lxxiv. 9,) are the marks and evidences of life in the soul. These signs of a state of grace are often most hid from the possessors of them when most visible to the eyes of those who have discernment given to know and love all those in whom they see these signs appear, however low such may appear in their own eyes. And they know such shall be exalted to safety, when the whole herd of mere professors shall be swept away in the destruction that awaits the ungodly. Therefore blessed are they in whom are these signs.

1. One of these signs is a *trembling at God’s word* and being duly affected therewith. This sign you know you have, however at times it may be hid. Your conscience testifies that you would willingly bear double your calamities, heavy as they are, than have any part or portion of his word against you. This is a sign that all God’s people have. They reverence his word, and seek in it for their own character; as Hart says, speaking of such, they

“ Take the whole gospel, not a part,
And hold the fear of God.

This sign is visible to others; and God himself says he will look to that man (or woman) that trembles at his word, and with a look of approbation too. They not only tremble at it, but they look to it for guidance, and you know you would not go contrary to it. They look to it for instruction in righteousness, and would not hold any opinion contrary to it, however convenient to flesh and blood to do so. They look to it also for comfort and consolation, and would not have any false comfort contrary to it. However much they may be cast down, yet they would shrink from receiving the least benefit, except on the ground which the Scriptures testify of as being firm and good.

2. Another evident sign is *the fear of God*, which is the beginning of wisdom and root of all the rest. Where this fear is there is a departing from evil. You are sensible that your cry to God continually is to enable you to do this, and, as far as you are enabled, you do depart, not only from the grosser evils of the world, but the evils you feel daily prone to, as flowing from an evil heart within.

You would also and do depart from all evil company, as tending to lead your soul from God and the things of God, however moral and seemingly right. You cannot be happy with them, except you see those signs in them which you desire to find in yourself; therefore you depart from them, first in heart, and then in practice. This sign is visible to others also, and God takes notice of it, and says, "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

3. Another of these signs is a *cleaving to the dear children of God*, as well as forsaking the wicked. This is more particularly felt to those who are manifested in your conscience as blessed with a goodly portion of his Spirit; the more they savour of that, the more closely you feel to cleave to them, esteeming them as the excellent of the earth; and you have more delight in their company the more they are enabled to testify of what God has done for their souls. So that you cleave to them for the sake of what you feel towards them as partakers of that hidden life you so much desire. to be blessed with in your own soul; not for any external qualifications of mind, body, or circumstance, but purely of love to them as children of God. This is a sign soon visible to others before the soul sees it in himself, and the Lord takes notice of it too. And when they that feared the Lord spake often (or communed) with one another, the Lord hearkened, and a book of remembrance was written before him; and they shall be mine, saith the Lord, in the day when I make up my jewels.

4. Another sign is a *love to the real truth* as far as you have been led to receive it. The more the Lord's ministers are enabled to enter into the substance of divine truth, the more you feel your soul to go out after it, to cleave to it; and the more you love those who preach it earnestly, desiring to become more and more savingly acquainted with the blessings it contains; and as you grow in the right knowledge of divine truth, the more your desires grow with it; for it is an inexhaustible fountain flowing out of the fulness of him who fills all in all, the God-Man, Christ Jesus, who is emphatically said to be "the Truth." Now this sign conscience will testify that you possess, and it is obvious to others when unseen by yourself; and the Lord looks upon such, and promises to send them his Spirit to guide them into all truth.

5. Another sign is to have the *eyes of the understanding enlightened, to see Jesus Christ as the sum and substance of all real religion*, and to be blessed with a heart to go out after a knowledge of personal interest in him, as being the one thing needful, holding all religion short of this as being nothing. When a soul is blest with this sign, it drops its hold of everything else to bring before God for acceptance, and is made willing to count all things but dung and dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus the Lord, saying from the very heart, "O may my soul be found in him! O that I may know him and the power of his resurrection, the fellowship of his sufferings, and be made conformable unto his death!"

No mere professor ever came here in reality, for there is a deal of

gospel labour gone on in a soul before he be made willing to renounce his righteousness, his hollow profession, his good name among men, his false hopes and sandy foundations; none will ever give up these until they are obliged from necessity by such a teaching as you have for some time been under; and you can truly say, in desire at least,

“ Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.”

I must perish without him. But the knowledge of this is hid from all the wise and prudent professors; therefore they can be satisfied with a name to live, which you feel you never can. This sign, then, is visibly to be seen in you by those most acquainted with you; and the Lord looks upon it and says of all such, “Blessed are your eyes, for they see,” by this enlightening, what is the hope of their calling, and the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints; and this hope will never perish nor this glory ever fade away.

6. Another conspicuous sign of the living family is that they will one and all bow to his sovereign way of saving sinners, justify him in their condemnation, and acknowledge that if ever they are saved, it must indeed be by an act of sovereign grace, for they have been feelingly taught that they are worthless, helpless, and utterly undeserving of any favour at his hands; and, as the hymn says,

“ If death by due desert should go,
Then sure their due desert is death.”

This sign most of those who have it are sensible of themselves, and you will fall in here, and say, it is even so with you. O may the Lord bless you with grace sensibly to see your signs, and enable you to press on through all discouragements, as it is strivers, gospel-strivers, through grace, who win the prize; and souls in your state cannot be easy nor happy; they must strive or perish. Through mercy the Lord holds them to the work, or Satan would soon damp their cries and strivings.

But my paper is out, and time up. If the Lord should condescend to own and bless anything I have written, to your soul's comfort, how happy I should be to hear it. And that he may support, comfort, and strengthen you in this our day of calamity, and bring you home again in peace and safety, is the sincere desire and prayer of your affectionate

Aug., 1852.

H.

Men had rather hear of Christ crucified for them than be crucified for Christ.—*John Mason.*

It will avail you nothing to say you have not been so bad as such a one. When a man is going to be tried for his life, it will be of no use for him to say, I have not done such a thing and such a man has. He will be told what he *has* done; and “he that offends in one point is guilty of all.”—*W. T.*

DIVINE MYSTERIES.

A SERMON PREACHED AT TROWBRIDGE, ON TUESDAY EVENING,
FEB. 18TH, 1851.—BY J. WARBURTON, SEN.

“As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things.”—2 Cor. vi. 10.

What a contradiction here in our text to carnal reason! Carnal reason and natural wisdom can never comprehend this. There are two complete opposites in it, evidently contrary to natural reasoning: “Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; poor, yet making many rich; having nothing, and yet possessing all things.” It can never be fathomed by any mortal man in a state of nature. But the testimony of God clears it up. When a man has the testimony of God in his conscience, as Paul had, it is all opened to his view; as he says, “I came not with excellency of speech, or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man’s wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.” (1 Cor. ii. 1, 4.)

Now sorrow and joy are two opposites. How then can it be said with truth that these two opposites are in exercise at the same moment? It strikes my mind that there is only one spot where this can be said to be true; only one place. We are sorrowful and joyful at the same moment when we have faith to see what was done for us, when we have faith to see Jesus bleeding and dying for our iniquities. It makes us sorrowful to behold what he endured for us, that he who knew no sin should come and take upon him human nature, and suffer, bleed, and die; and it makes us joyful, when we have this faith in exercise, to see and feel that by his sufferings we are for ever saved from sin, and death, and hell. God favours his children thus sometimes; and how sorrowful it makes them, when they have a believing sight of the sufferings, of the weakness of the Son of God, and of his dying for their transgressions. It is at these times and seasons that such godly sorrow is produced, such godly sorrow felt in the heart for the transgression of crucifying the Son of God; and then there is such a solemn awe and rejoicing in the heart for his love, his tenderness, his kindness, and his patience, that we cannot describe. God himself has described it, my friends, better than any words of ours can express it: “They shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him as one mourneth for his only son.” (Zec. xii. 10.) Ah! what godly sorrow does a sight of such a sorrow as this produce! How that soul mourns over the sacrifice that God made to redeem so vile a wretch as he! He feels in a measure *his* pangs. His very soul is melted in wonder that ever Christ should die for such a wretch, such a hell-deserving wretch; that Jesus should redeem such an unworthy worm as he feels himself to be,—one who has crucified him; and his very soul is ashamed of what he has done in times that are past. He says, and feels within himself, that he thrust the sword into his heart, and drew the thorny crown upon his head. Here is godly humility; and yet such a joy mixed with it, a joy of

humility, that his soul is lost for words to express it. But these are not frequent times and seasons. God does not indulge his people with many of them, but only as it pleases his holy Majesty. The generality of God's children are sorrowful. The Lord himself says, "Because I said unto you that I go away, sorrow hath filled your hearts; but I will see you again, and your sorrow shall be turned into joy." So that you see there is sorrow without the exercise of joy. Why, then, how can it be said, "as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing?" Why, so it is at times, when the Son of God returns; always when he comes to visit the soul again there is joy. And, my friends, there never was a scene of sorrow with God's family but joy will follow it; there never was a tossing or a warfare, that the child of God has been in, but victory will end it; there never was, or will be, a time of adversity with God's people, but there is prosperity behind it. It is a time of rejoicing when God returns. Then indeed we find joy, and we can never find joy till then.

Now, the Lord tells us again, in the Scriptures of divine truth, that "sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." We are not to understand when he is speaking of his people having sorrows, and night seasons, and seasons of grief, and the hidings of his face, and sorrow of this sort, that they have always joy in the midst of these sorrows. No, my friends; no, no; joy and sorrow are two distinct things. When we view Jesus as our Redeemer, when we see what he endured for our sakes, see him in his love taking all the curse of a broken law for us, *then* there is joy and sorrow mixed up together. But then it is such a godly sorrow that there is never any need of repentance for it. It is a godly sorrow and joy. It produces humility, and love, and wonder, and adoration. But in the night seasons, my friends, the Lord has withdrawn the light of his countenance, and, in consequence, there is sorrow felt in the soul. O! the language of some of the old saints describes the state of the soul exactly as it is. When they were in sorrow and in grief, they had no where to go to but to him; yet they could not always find him. They searched for him, longed for him, fainted for him, and looked on the right hand and on the left; but could not find him whom they were seeking after. And God's children experience something of the same sort of feeling now. My friends, at such times as these they mourn like a dove, and roar like bears; they grieve like a widow that has lost a beloved partner, one in whom she could confide, but now finds herself struck off from every natural friend, and like the spouse of old that cried out and said, "If you see him whom my soul loveth, tell him I am sick of love;" "O that I knew where I might find him; I would come before him, and I would pour out my complaint before him." My friends, when the soul is there, there is no rejoicing; but as sure as ever there is sorrow, there is rejoicing at the end of it, fixed by God himself, as sure as ever there is a Saviour. God says it is to come, and it is sure to come. When the morning dawns, light breaks into the soul, and the poor soul hears the voice of the Son of God. Then joy and delight come unto him, for there is no voice like His, there is no power like His;

and when he comes with his mighty power and love, and says, "My spouse, my beloved, that is in the mountains of leopards and in the lions' den, come, come forth," then the soul comes forth skipping over the mountains; then his sorrow is turned into joy; and the joy that this gives him in his heart no man can meddle with or take from him. Joy is come; the voice of his loving and kind Lord and Master gives him a joy that no man can rob him of. So that, my friends, notwithstanding the children of God have sorrow, and will have sorrow, yet always in the end of night there is joy. There is joy in the morning after a night of sorrow; they experience God's blessed and sweet presence, and then they shout for joy. Now I think this is very clear and evident in the apostle Paul himself, as we have it in the 7th chapter to the Romans. You will there see an account of the sorrow that bowed him down, and the misery he had. There was no joy, no thankfulness in the miseries of his wretched nature, when he suffered the hidings of God's face. But joy sprang up when the Lord came, when He appeared in his glory. And then in another place he says, "But thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." (1 Cor. xv. 57.) But, my friends, while the soul is fighting, the devil roaring, and his carnal heart boiling up like a pot, he finds there is nothing within himself but misery and wretchedness, and he cannot say that he is always rejoicing, but rather, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death? (Rom. vii. 27.) "Why," says God, "it is in my beloved Son. It is by none other but him. All your salvation and peace is in him;" and when the blessed Comforter leads him up to have a sight of Christ, then joy breaks forth, and he finds it all joy, so long as his God, his best Friend, is with him. Then he says, "With my mind I serve the law of God, but with my flesh the law of sin." How his soul then rejoices, when he looks up into the glories of a precious Jesus; and then, and then only, he can say with the apostle, "With Christ strengthening me, I can do all things, but nothing without him." So that, my friends, they shall always come off victorious over every foe, till the Lord Jesus Christ shall make known his glory in bringing them home to be with him for ever and ever.

But here the apostle tells us what seems to be a complete contradiction, "As poor, yet making many rich." Whoever out of poverty ever made any person rich? Is it possible, my friends, for poverty to enrich poverty? It is the poor that want riches. They want everything to produce comfort. There never was a poor man in the world, nor ever will be, that ever can make one rich from want. I believe the poor that is here spoken of, or meant, is the very poor man that is spoken of by Solomon; for Solomon tells us, under the teachings of the Spirit, that "There was a little city and few men in it, and there came a great king against it, and he besieged it, and he raised up strong bulwarks against it. And there was found in this little city a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city, but no man remembered the poor man." And then said Solomon, "I said that wisdom is better than strength."

(Ecc. ix. 14—16.) And so it is. But who was this poor man in this little city, that could deliver it? Why, my friends, it is the very man that Paul speaks of when he says, "He for your sakes became poor, that ye through his poverty might be made rich." (2 Cor. viii. 9.) Here are riches through poverty. In him only is this to be found,—riches out of poverty. None ever can make a man rich out of poverty but he. Here is the glorious Second Person in the Holy Trinity comes and takes our law place, room, and stead, though he was equal with God, though he was God, yet was made in the form of a servant; yes, and humbled himself, and became obedient to death, even the death of the cross. Thus he was born of a woman, and became debtor to the law, and to all that ever justice required of the objects of his love; and, my friends, he was poor and needy; but here are riches through *his* poverty, through his sufferings, through his humiliation, and through his death. Here are all the riches, all the perfections of God; here they all meet together in him. And I believe in my very heart and soul that it was here that the apostle comes, and where he hangs the hinge upon, that "as poor, yet making many rich;" for he knew that out of his poverty he could make many rich. The apostle knew himself to be poor, to be a poor rebellious worm, that had all his dependence upon God, entirely from first to last; for he tells us that his preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom; no, my friends, but by the demonstration of the Spirit, and of power. And he tells us again, when the Corinthians had been contending which was the greatest amongst them, which was the greatest speaker, Paul cuts them up; why, says he, "I write unto you as unto little children." What! quarrelling about which is the greatest? What is Paul? what is Apollos? (1 Cor. iii. 5.) Why, says he, are we not all servants, receiving our messages from the Lord, receiving everything from him that we have to carry to the people? What can we do? Every man has his own labour and his own work; and whether it is Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, all go as servants. And here the apostle says, "We have the treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us." So that you see Paul was a poor and empty,—poor and empty soul, that had nothing to go to the church with, to the poor of Christ's family with, but what God put into his earthen vessel. Now what a difference there is between earthen vessels and what they contain. I have looked at it many times, and it has been most humbling to my soul. If you take a water pot, there is nothing in it; it is empty. It is of no use at all. There is nothing about it that is of any use till there is something put into it. No, no; it is only useful for you to go to the pump or well with, for the pot of itself can produce nothing. So you see a man does not need to understand Hebrew, Greek, or Latin to understand the word of God. Why, it is as simple as ever God can make it. So that the apostle, when speaking of himself, says that he is nothing but an empty earthen vessel, and therefore *he* can never make any rich, but as God is pleased to make him his mouth, and to give him utterance before the people. And here the apostle, as God's mouth, says, "As sorrowful, yet alway

rejoicing; as poor, empty, weak, helpless creatures, having nothing, yet making many rich." Well, and how is this? Why, it must all come from God. He must put it into their earthen vessels before they can enrich poor souls; for if Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas water, or preach to the people, the blessing that enriches the poor souls must come from God. It is by his divine power. And therefore sometimes when the apostle went to preach he was so shut up, I have no doubt, that he was hardly able to say anything; but what then? Why the blessing enriched those poor souls, some of them, although, when the apostle began speaking, he thought what he was going to talk about could never enrich any one; he was in such a low place. "Though I am bound," he says, "the word of God is not bound;" but the earthen vessel. And thus his preaching was a savour of life unto some, and a savour of death unto others. When God gave him his message to deliver, all that he could do was to deliver it unto the people, leaving the result to God. The word that God gave him was a mystery to many; for Christ is the righteousness of the unrighteous; Christ is the justification of the poor condemned soul; Christ is the fountain to the poor guilty soul that is full of iniquities, and that feels his sins to boil up within him; Christ is the shield for the tempted; Christ is the way, the truth, and the life; Christ it is that makes us rejoice and rich, and it is he that is everything that our souls can stand in need of. How many times have I seen this when I have been in this pulpit. I have not known how to hold my head up for shame for the people to look at me. I thought it was such ignorance for me to preach, I felt so shut up, and so bewildered in my feelings; but how many times I have proved all my fears to be groundless, and at some particular times have had evidences that they were so; and O! how thankful this has made me! How astonished I have been that ever God should make use of such a weak creature as I have felt myself to be! I recollect one time very particularly when a person, and that was poor dear Richard E., whom some of you knew, came to me, after I had felt so shut up, and cut up too in my feelings, and told me how he had been blessed. I took for my text that portion where it is said, "My soul thirsteth for thee; my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;" (Ps. lxxiii. 4;) and I could talk about nothing at all but the thirsty soul, and how the law of God had dried up his spirits, and how he was brought to be so thirsty, that all he could do was to cry for mercy. And I recollect very well that I got as far as here, and I could not get any further. I did not know what to say; but after a time I said, "If there is a poor soul in the chapel that knows this to be true in his own heart, thou art a child of God, and born to be saved;" and I sat down. These were the very words and the text that were the means of setting his poor soul at liberty; and I thought when he told me his experience that I should have swooned away, to see the Lord's work in releasing such a poor soul that had been tempted by Satan, and had been told many times by the great adversary of his soul that it was all in vain for him to think God would appear for him, and likewise that he would not make use of such a poor

weak, empty creature as I was in releasing one of his own children. O how good and how kind of God thus to indulge a soul, and bring him to enjoy such riches as this, by bringing him into sweet and glorious liberty. This is making rich out of nothing. Aye, and how many poor souls go sometimes with their heads hanging down like a bulrush, and God is pleased to bless his own truth to them, while the minister trembles at his ignorance, and sometimes is afraid he is presumptuous. It seems as if he is taking too much upon himself, and goes into the pulpit trembling at the work; but while he is trembling and afraid he is presuming, God is pleased to bless the text, and carry it home to the consciences of some poor souls, and enable them to see the glories of Christ in the word. O how this enriches many poor souls! and they sometimes go and bless God for it, for the blessing that they have received. Why it is these poor souls that come and praise Christ who suffered and died; he that hath all riches, and glory, and honour for his people.

Then the apostle concludes the text, which seems really to be a complete contradiction, "As having nothing, and yet possessing all things." Why, however can any body make this out? What! A man that has *nothing*, possessing *all* things! Why, we consider a *rich* man to possess all things, not a man that has nothing. My friends, these are the things of God, not the things of nature, of flesh, and blood. "As having nothing." They have nothing, my friends, but a mass of misery in and of themselves by nature. God says we brought nothing with us into this world, and we did not anything that is holy or good. We brought nothing but sin, nothing but confusion, nothing but God-dishonour. And the poor dear child of God is brought at times to know that he has nothing at all to recommend him to the notice of God. O what a blessing this is for God to teach us that we have nothing of our own to plead, nothing of our own to look to. Poor soul, thou hast nothing that thou canst produce of thy own, nothing whereby thou canst deserve the least notice of God. It seems to thy feelings at times that thou art a complete nothing; and there is none,—none but God, can honour these nothings. He says in one place, he hath "chosen the foolish things, and base;" and then he comes again and says, "and God hath chosen the things that are not to bring to nought things that are." So that that soul, my friends, is precious in the eyes of God, and God will stand by him for ever.

Now, how can it be said that these souls that have nothing possess all things? Why, my friends, he tells us that Christ in the heart is the hope of glory. Christ in his heart suits the soul; Christ in his heart is the Lord his righteousness; Christ in his heart is the fountain of living waters; and having Christ in his heart, he is in possession of all things, whether food, or raiment, or health, or strength, or the use of his senses, or righteousness, or peace, or salvation, or joy, or anything else; all is in him; and therefore it is of the gift of God that he possesses all things. But then the possession of this is not by his own doing or his own management. Nothing that he can do can put him in possession of this; for it is a posses-

sion of all the blessedness that ever God can give, and it will be for his own good, and for God's honour. All is his by the gift of Christ. A man can have nothing but what God is pleased to give him. Glory not in men; look not to men; look to nothing whatever from this quarter, for man's breath is in his nostrils.

And then the apostle says, "All things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas." They are your servants; they can but go at God's command; look not to them; glory not in them—in the poor old cracked water-pots. They are poor earthen vessels, ready to be broken to pieces. "All are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's;" and you have it all in and through him, and it shall come, just as you want it, day by day." "As your day so shall your strength be;" for you have a never-failing store in Christ Jesus the Lord, that can never be emptied, nor ever be plundered. And this blessed possession is in Christ, and all Christ's glories are wrapped up with it for the dear children of God. We bless God if ever he has entered into our hearts, for he has blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus our Lord. So that, though we are empty and unrighteous, yet we are in possession of all things. Having Christ our Lord, there is not a single blessing but what is entailed to us, and shall come in its proper time.

What a blessing it is, my friends, to be poor and yet possess all things. Poor dear Martha was cumbered about many things, and she spoke to him for him to give Mary a hint to help her; but he says to Martha, "Martha, Martha, thou art cumbered about many things; but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her;" that pure and rich part, that full part, that God-glorifying part, that part that fills all aching voids, that fills every particle of God's perfections, that blessed part which fills all his Marys, and all his chosen. It is a good part, and they shall never be robbed of it to a never-ending eternity. My friends, to be possessed of such blessed riches as this, how precious it is when God brings it home with power to our hearts.

"GLORIFY GOD IN YOUR BODIES."

Dear Brother,—On Monday morning I rose early, to seek him whom my soul loveth; and I found him to be "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely to my poor soul." "The Lord sitteth king for ever. The Lord will give strength unto his people; he will bless his people with peace." Oh! my dear friend, I can declare unto you that it is my greatest delight to have the beloved Three-One God to sit upon the throne of my heart, to feel that goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and that I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. God makes his dear children to know the truth of that sacred Scripture where it says, "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" They might as well ask me, when I got up

from your table, how did I know that I was filled; because I had taken of the food and was satisfied. And there can be as much mistake about the one as the other, when God fills our earthen vessels. Yesterday morning it pleased the Lord to pour into my soul the riches of his grace, and such a longing desire to grow in grace and the knowledge of God that my soul longed to exalt and glorify Emanuel, and I walked about my house and wept, and cried, entreating of him that I might glorify his dear Son. The dear Lord poured such love, gratitude, and submission to his sovereign will and pleasure into my poor soul that I felt his pleasure was mine, and I believe that either a look, wish, or thought that was wrong would have grieved my poor soul, I was so taken up and overcome with my Beloved, for I knew that I had got him and that he had got me of a truth; that he was in the Father, and I in him and he in me, and that we were bound up together in the bundle of life. The language of Paul (Romans iv.) was my own, by the free gift of God's dear Son. This power was so great in my poor soul that I thought I must have laid me down on the house floor. I said to my wife, "I do want to glorify the Lord, but I can't live to glorify him as I want to do." I said I did not know what I was fit for. I felt quite unfit for the world; and I think to have sat and wept myself away in those dear arms of love would have suited me very well. I found some sweet and precious food in reading John v. I; Eating flesh and drinking wine refreshes the body, and eating the flesh of the Son of God and drinking his blood I know has two glorious effects; it refreshes both soul and body when bowed down, and it bringeth both soul and body down to wash His feet with tears and to dry them with the hair of the head. The language of a poor soul when he gets here is, "Do not wake my beloved until he please." This is my meat and drink, and my poor soul would wish to live and die here. I do trust in my gracious Father, that he will go on to feed and clothe this poor soul of mine with the fruits of the body of his dear Son. It is a blessing unspeakable and full of glory when the Lord speaks home to the poor soul and says, "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee!" In the evening I was all alive, and ready to dance for joy. My dear friend, when the Lord pours a little wine into the heart to cheer it, and a little oil to make the face to shine, it makes a man's soul to dance within him; for it is my very soul's desire to live before God. I do love to feel my heart burn within me whilst we talk and have communion together. But on Wednesday night there was a gloomy feeling came across my soul, and a dread and fear of some sad prospect for me to pass through; and I soon began to feel peevish and fretful about it, but God was better to me than all my fears, for it lasted but for a few hours, and he showed himself as the King of Peace. So with a fair wind, the vessel travels along pretty gaily. Things are comfortable, and I am still entreating that where I go he may go, and stay where I stay, that we may abide eternally together. I trust that the gospel of the Son of God will ever find a place in my heart.

I long for the understanding of the gospel of the Son of God to be given unto me, that they may be revealed mysteries unto me, to the glory of his great name. Pray for me, dear friend, if it be consistent with his will to grant me the request of my lips, and the desire of my heart. I shall not soon forget the sweet feelings I had when I was under your roof. You remember how I told you that I had to bow myself two or three times before him, and even that precious book I was obliged to clasp in my arms, even in bed, and could not turn over without grasping it. These are some of the things I have been experiencing since I left you, and to him be all the praise. I must now conclude.

I am yours, in the best bonds,

Stamford, Jan. 29, 1849.

T. B.

DELIVER HIM FROM GOING DOWN TO THE PIT.

Dear Sir,—I have, I trust, been many times refreshed in spirit by reading, from time to time, the experience of some of the Lord's own tried family in the "Standard;" and thinking perhaps my own might, by God's blessing, be the means of comforting some in whom the Spirit of Truth is beginning to work, I venture to address to you as brief an account of the Lord's dealings with my soul as I can.

I had been in a situation in London for sixteen years, where my apprentice time was served, and had a general character for being steady and trustworthy. I did not know myself what need there was for a change, as I was going on so nice and easy, when, on a sudden, my little boy, about four years of age, was taken very ill of scarlet fever, and, in four days, died from the glands in the throat swelling so much as to stop his breathing. That night, yes, Sir, that night, after I had gone to bed, the holy law of God was revealed in my conscience in a most terrific manner, and for four hours I could not tell what to do. All my life was brought before me, and every action seemed to be condemned, I should say, from as early as five years of age. My conscience condemned me as a wilful violator of that law.

I arose in the morning early, got a light, and went down stairs; but the dreadful apprehension I was under of the divine wrath seemed so heavy upon me that I hardly knew how I got down. I then crawled to a chair, and tried to pray, but could not; it really seemed as if I must be choked when I attempted to speak. After kneeling some time, I ventured to get up, and proceeded to light the fire for my wife, which I usually did in the cold weather; and while so doing, and as it began to burn, something said to me, "Ah, you will soon be in the fire of hell!" and I seemed to feel as if I must. The first words from the Bible which came to me were those where it is said "the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of them who hold the truth in unrighteousness."

When I went to the shop to work, my fellow-workman who sat next me said, "What is the matter with you?" I could not tell him or speak, being assured, from my knowledge of him, that he had never met with such a law as had found me out. Now what am I to do? thought I. Repentance came to my mind. Yes, repent I will; and never shall anything be done by me that is wrong any more. Well, at tea time, when I got home, the "Youth's Magazine" came to my hand, and in it an article upon repentance. Well, this is just what I was after. The tears began to roll as I read. My wife noticing this, said, "It is no use fretting for the boy." No, thought I to myself, I care not about the boy; it is my never-dying soul. O what shall I do to escape the damnation of hell? And my poor conscience already seemed to feel something of it. Well, the reading of this article seemed to act upon me for an hour or so, and to give some slight comfort; but before I came home at night I was more miserable than ever, and in this state I continued for a year and nine months, not having any hope of ever being saved. What passed through my mind during this lapse of time is impossible for me to describe, but sure I am the devil tried to drive me to utter despair. I used to creep into chapel, so that no one might see me, and especially where the minister might not; and I also read the Bible and the "Gospel Standard," to see if any relief might be obtained, and several other books. The only thing that seemed to do me any good, and that was not lasting, was an account of a woman, Sarah Church by name, who was, or had been, in a very dreadful state of mind, thinking herself lost. I never could read any of the promises in the gospel as belonging to me, but the condemnatory parts of the word of God seemed all to belong to me. The devil, too, I thought, would stand in front of my board, and make faces at me, and say that he should have me. During most of this distress of mind, I was full of all manner of evil, swearing dreadfully inwardly. O how I tried to pray! Many times, when some horrible blasphemy has seemed as if it would force its way out of my mouth, have I left my work and gone to try to pray; and many sleepless nights I have had, calling for mercy. Often, too, have I found myself asleep, from weariness, with my Bible before me, entreating the Almighty to pardon me. But it seemed there was no pardon for such as I; from chapel to chapel, from book to book I went, but no mercy. "Now," says the devil, "you may just as well destroy yourself, for you cannot be more unhappy in hell than here; and, live as long as you may, you are sure to be damned at last." Many times have I resolved to do so, and once especially I started from home on purpose to cut my throat, and throw myself off the steamer, to make sure work of it. Indeed I was in such a wretched state, that it often is a matter of astonishment how I went again and again to my work. My friends and my wife's, for the most part, thought I was going out of my mind. Some said, "Why don't you leave off reading the Bible, and go to the theatre?" Others, "Take a newspaper in, and this will relieve your mind." But my God said, though not then loud

enough for me to hear it, "There is a set time to favour Zion;" and sure enough it was so. I had sent my wife to Gravesend for a few days, and I went with some other London friends to a chapel there. The text preached from was from Ps. li. 17. All was for me. Had I been in a well a thousand fathoms down, I could not have felt deliverance more sensibly. Christ came to me in that sermon, by the almighty ministry of God the Holy Ghost. He then gave me that which I had not before, nor all the preachers I had heard before. The minister did not know me, nor that I was in the chapel, yet every word he spoke told upon me just as if he had been shooting at a target, no arrows failing, but striking right into the centre; so in my poor depressed, hopeless, and dejected soul did his words tell right into the seat of my disorder; and so surprised was I that I could scarcely believe it would be lasting. That night the stars in heaven shone with an unusual lustre; and as I sat looking at them, the thought came to my soul very sweet, "The same hand that made those wonders has delivered thee from going down to the pit." Indeed, I seemed quite another creature. All things to me bore such a wonderfully different aspect, that I was almost afraid to tell my wife that I felt a great change in my mind, lest it should not be lasting. But, bless his dear name who came to seek and save the lost, it was a real deliverance, and every one, more or less, that I was acquainted with soon saw the difference in me.

• A BELIEVER.

Where God gives repentance, it is never meant to purchase pardon; for tears pay no debts. They will not pay your neighbours; and much less those due to God, which are weighty debts indeed.—*Berridge*.

God regards the intense desires of the soul as real prayers, and has made many promises for the comfort and encouragement of such of his poor weak family who cannot address him as they would; such as these, "The Spirit helpeth our infirmities, and maketh intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered;" "Because of the deep sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord." He often stands behind the wall, and shows himself through the lattice in our distress, and now and then gives us a ray of light, a drop of comfort, a feeling sense of his power nearer than usual, to enlarge the heart, to raise hope, to increase our expectations, to set an edge to our appetite, and to make us expect no less than his real manifestation to our souls; and then off he goes, and takes all the bag of money with him, and we seem further off from the mark than ever. Then jealousy burns, anger rages, disappointment cuts, the devil comes, sin revives, unbelief prevails, and all confidence is cast away; and the language of the devil and unbelief is, "Let him go if he will; I would to God I could rest satisfied without him;" but this ends in grief, sorrow, honest confession, double love, and treble desires; cursing self, and crying for mercy.—*Huntington*.

REVIEW.

The Christian Philosopher Triumphant over Death. A Narrative of the Closing Scenes of the Life of the late Wm. Gordon, M.D., F.L.S., of Kingston-upon-Hull. By Newman Hall, B.A. Seventeenth Thousand. London: John Snow, 35, Paternoster Row. 1852.

THE SOVEREIGNTY of God is a great deep—a deep utterly unfathomable to human reason. This will be readily admitted by all whose creed is sound and judgment clear in the truth of God. To disbelieve, to doubt, to cavil at God's sovereignty exposes a man to a suspicion, and for the most part a well-grounded suspicion, of unsoundness in head or heart. But do all who receive the doctrine of God's sovereignty receive the truth of God's sovereignty? for there is a difference between receiving a doctrine and receiving a truth. The judgment is the seat of the former; the heart the seat of the latter. Job, doubtless, had received the doctrine of God's sovereignty, and by it had instructed and comforted others, as Eliphaz told him, "Behold, thou hast instructed many, and thou hast strengthened the weak hands. Thy words have uphelden him that was falling, and thou hast strengthened the feeble knees." (Job iv. 3, 4.) But how did Job feel when put into the furnace of temptation? Where was his hold then of the sovereignty of God, as applicable to his own case? "But now it is come upon thee, and thou faintest; it toucheth thee, and thou art troubled." (Job iv. 5.) When David went out with the sling and stone, and specially when he returned with the Philistine's head in his hand, he doubtless believed and admired God's sovereignty. He felt it, too, when hunted like a partridge on the mountains, and even when driven from Jerusalem by his son Absalom, as is evidently shown by his touching speech to Zadok: "And the king said unto Zadok, Carry back the ark of God into the city; if I shall find favour in the eyes of the Lord, he will bring me again, and show me both it and his habitation: but if he thus say, I have no delight in thee; behold, here am I, let him do to me as seemeth good unto him." (2 Sam. xv. 25, 26.) But when tidings came that Absalom was slain, his crushed spirit could hardly submit to God's sovereignty when displayed in a manner which cut his very heart's strings. The feelings of the father overcame the feelings of the saint. His own life, which rested on the sovereign will of God to shorten or prolong, he could freely have laid down to have spared for awhile the life, equally determined by divine decree, of a rebellious son, who would, if permitted, have steeped his hands in the blood of his own father, and God's anointed king. The deep, full tide of the father's love swelled above all the restraints of grace, and burst forth in that heart-rending cry, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" (2 Sam. xviii. 33.)

But not to speak of such deep and painful trials, in which natural feelings are so overwhelmed that the voice of grace is almost si-

lenced, there are other cases wherein the sovereignty of God is with difficulty bowed down to, or reverentially held by. Take, for instance, the work of grace on the soul. Our own experience, the experience of others most commended to our conscience, that of the preachers and writers most eminently blessed, all point to a certain line of divine teaching. This, therefore, we feel constrained to abide by. But even here, in our own stronghold, our impregnable fortress, divine sovereignty seems sometimes to run counter to our firmest creed. In election itself, that cardinal feature of divine sovereignty, the objects of eternal choice are not always such as we should seem, at first sight, to approve of. But will the Lord walk within our narrow limits? Say, for instance, that he has chiefly chosen the poor in this world's goods. May he never take any comparatively rich? Or admit that the Lord's people are generally of uncultivated minds, and devoid of human learning. Has he none in the wide reach of his gracious embrace whose minds have been cultivated by education, and whose acquirements he sanctifies to the use of the sanctuary, as the jewels of old which were brought up out of Egypt? Or allow that it is a rare instance for any one of noble or distinguished birth to be called by grace. Is there never such an exception, now, as that of Queen Candace's noble chamberlain, or Luke's "most excellent Theophilus?" Or allow that the great bulk of God's children are dissevered from the National Establishment. Has the Lord no children in her pale? Upon such points as these the sovereignty of God sometimes startles us. But even in that important matter, Christian practice, undoubted saints have been permitted to act in a way which seems opposed to fundamental principles of gracious obedience. We are not speaking here of slips or falls acknowledged and repented of, but of a line of conduct for which no repentance was felt, or at least ever expressed. Colonel Gardiner continued in the army for years after his most striking conversion, and was killed at the battle of Preston Pans; and though it may be pleaded that he died in defence of his king and country, and indeed of the Protestant faith, all of which were perilled in the rebellion of 1745, yet to fight for pay, and charge at the head of a regiment with the intent to destroy hundreds of lives in the most murderous possible manner, seems inconsistent with the requisitions of the gospel of peace. John Newton, for some considerable time after he was called by grace, was master of a slave-ship, and trafficked backwards and forwards from Africa to the West Indies in that horrid and accursed trade, carrying slaves, and as he says, enjoying the presence of God amidst all the horrors of the middle passage. Think of John Newton enjoying communion with God in his cabin, separated by a few inches from a crowd of miserable slaves, manacled and fettered, torn from family and home, and dying by scores of suffocation and disease! Even apart from grace, think of the newly-married husband writing daily the tenderest letters to his wife, and almost dying of a broken heart for fear she was dead, when he was dragging hundreds of husbands to die under the lash in a sugar plantation! But who would unchristianise

Colonel Gardiner or John Newton? We do not mention these things to disparage these eminent saints and servants of God, but to show how in the sovereignty of God things are done, or permitted to be done, which seem to run counter to those views of Christian practice which we feel constrained to hold by. But do these instances overturn sound scriptural views? Not a whit. Nay, they rather confirm them. It is in grace as in grammar. The exception proves the rule. Jan. 1, 1851, was, we believe, a warmer day than June 1, 1851;* but that does not turn winter into summer. In the commencing, carrying on, and completing of the work of grace in the soul, the Lord usually moves in a certain path; but he does not always confine himself within certain prescribed limits.

The work before us, which has given rise to these observations, is in some points the most remarkable book which we have read for a long time. Its main object is to give an account of the last illness and happy death of Dr. Gordon, late physician in Hull. We may be deceived, but we cannot but think that Dr. Gordon was a most remarkable instance of the sovereignty of grace. And yet we cannot but feel that in some leading points there was a deficiency, or at least a discrepancy, in what we consider to be the decisive work of the Spirit. As a man, naturally Dr. Gordon was eminently distinguished and favoured. He possessed a searching and highly cultivated mind, was a most ardent and indefatigable student in the fields of science, had an extensive and lucrative practice, and was much looked up to and respected. His moral character and disposition too were peculiarly beautiful. He possessed the warmest possible affections; was of a singularly upright and truthful disposition, and especially full of benevolence and solicitude for the interests of the poor. To show this latter trait in his character it will be sufficient to mention, that after his death a monument was erected to his memory chiefly through the contributions of the poor, bearing this inscription: "Erected by public subscription to William Gordon, M.D., F.L.S., THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND."

But all this others have been, who lived and died enemies to God's grace. Not so with Dr. Gordon. The displays of the grace and power of God in his sickness were indeed most remarkable. But up to his last illness he scarcely seems to have made even a profession. Still, as he declared on his death-bed, his soul had been long secretly exercised. Nor, again, have we any distinct and clear account of the way in which mercy reached his heart. But his joy and peace, as having received mercy, were most remarkable. It must be borne in mind that he was a most acute sufferer in body, and most sensible of the gradual approach of death.

The following extracts will show the acuteness of his sufferings, arising from a disease the nature of which much baffled all medical skill:

* The thermometer was ten degrees lower on June 1, 1851, than on Jan. 1, 1851.

"Dreadful agony now came on, arising from spasm of the heart. He frequently raised himself in bed, and lifted up his arms in great distress, comparing his sensations to the effect of ten thousand screws tearing him to pieces. As his powers of patient endurance were remarkable, it was evident that the suffering which would cause such indications of it as were witnessed, must be of the most intense kind. He once cried out, 'O my friends, my children, can you do nothing for me? O my heavenly Father, help me! O my dear Jesus, take me!' Frequent vomiting, and the necessity of continually changing his position, added to his distress. But he retained most fully his self-possession, frequently feeling his pulse, making remarks on its intermittent character, and calling for remedies as the symptoms varied; often expressing his surprise that he continued so long."

"At intervals he made the following remarks: 'Remember, this pain is only bodily. I've no fear. Is this because I've no dependence on myself, but am trusting to Jesus alone? If I come, will he reject me? And will he put those white robes on me? This is indeed agony, *torture*; but what a mercy that my *mind* is at perfect peace.'

But amidst the most racking tortures of body and the prospect of almost immediate dissolution, his peace and joy were most remarkable. It was not stoicism, nor mere mental endurance, as the soldier at the triangles bears the lash without a groan, or the Indian smiles at the burning pincers, but a solid rejoicing in the felt presence of Christ and the prospect of eternal bliss. Could this be delusion? Had he been unsound in doctrine, or devoid of experience, we might well suspect the ground of his peace. But he had fully received the doctrines of grace, laid hold of and embraced Christ's righteousness, and had felt mercy and pardon in his soul. Nor was he likely to be deluded by false joys. He was a man as far removed from enthusiasm as well could be. The turn of his mind was rather sceptical than enthusiastic; and all through his illness he had the most complete possession of his intellect.

The author, who, as his son-in-law, was almost constantly with him, and took down in short-hand, unperceived, what fell from Dr. Gordon's lips, records the following dialogue:

"Dr. Doddin called to bid him farewell, when the following dialogue took place:

"Dr. G.—'This affliction was all for my good, my happiness.'

"Dr. D.—'God sends afflictions that we may remember him.'

"Dr. G.—'Not only that we may *remember* him, but that we may have *joy*. I have had more enjoyment the last few weeks than in my whole life. I could not have a doubt, not one. He saw me a rebellious child. I am a miracle—an example of a marvellous interposition of God. A short illness would not have been enough. He saw I needed all this, and O—the blessing that has attended it!'

"Dr. D.—'More seems necessary to be done for educated men than for others. They have pride of intellect and of heart to be subdued. But there's only one way.'

"Dr. G.—'Only one. I trusted too much to human learning; but when I saw how to get this, by coming as a little child, it burst on me in a way I cannot describe. But man could not have taught me this. It was the Holy Spirit of grace. Then it all rushed upon my view at once. I saw Christ my Saviour; stripped off all my filthy deeds, went to the foot of the cross, and Christ presented me to God.'

"Dr. D.—'This is the best wisdom.'

"Dr. G.—'It is the *only* way. I could laugh to scorn the man who rests in his learning.'

"Dr. D.—'The true wisdom is in coming to Christ. This is joy.'

"Dr. G.—'And power and majesty. You have a greatness in your soul you never felt before. You have no fear of the world, or death, or anything. You feel God is your companion and friend, cherishing you by constant intercourse. O the hours I have spent of the most delightful kind, such as I never experienced before.'"

The strength, simplicity, and firmness of his mind are very remarkable in the preceding conversation. The author records another, in some respects more interesting :

"Mr. and Mrs. J. V. H., arriving unexpectedly in the evening from Maidstone, that they might have the melancholy pleasure of bidding him farewell, the following conversation took place :

"Dr. G.—'How kind to come and see so unworthy a creature.'

"Mr. H.—'You are a monument of mercy.'

"Dr. G.—'I am indeed. I am as black as sin can make me.'

"Mr. H.—'We grieve to lose you, but the will of God must be done.'

"Dr. G.—'That is what you must say; what I say every hour.'

"Mr. H.—'We ought not only to submit to, but acquiesce in his will.'

"Dr. G., very earnestly.—'I love it.'

"Mr. H.—'Don't let me weary you, but I love to talk of the grace of God.'

"Dr. G.—'I should like to hear it talked of from morning to night.'

"Mr. H.—'I am afraid of exciting you.'

"Dr. G.—'It does not excite me. I love it. I have had a joy and a peace which I did not know existed. And how did I get it? There's the kindness, the blessing! No clouds, no doubts, no fears—peace unbroken. I am a marvellous instance of the gracious interposition of a kind God. If he sought me when I did not seek him, why should I doubt now I have gone to him? O that magnificent book!"

"N.—'The wise cannot understand it, but only the fool and the babe.'

"Dr. G.—'Human wisdom is folly, folly! though I once did not think so. I have felt my degradation and my black wickedness, but he has forgiven me and washed me.'

"Mr. H.—'What a blessing that he "has forgiven us *all* trespasses." They alone know this peace who have tasted it. You have.'

"Dr. G.—'I have indeed. If such an impossibility could take place that I should be restored, nothing could give me the least trouble. I do not think fear of any kind could ever enter my breast. Had I no other evidence than my own feelings of the truth of Christianity, it would be sufficient. If all the world were anti-Christian, I should be a Christian.'

"Mr. H.—'This confidence is from God. Not all the books you have read could have given it.'

"Dr. G., emphatically.—'Never.'

"Mr. H.—'I remember once thinking it folly to talk of being born again. We knew not what it meant.'

"Dr. G.—'But we know now. It is the strong conviction of the truth of Christianity which gives me peace and blessedness. It has so changed my whole nature. This is the evidence.'

"N.—'John Newton, when entangled by scepticism, resolved to test the truth of Christianity by seeking the divine influence promised in answer to prayer, arguing that if the religion were true, the result of such seeking would be an evidence of it.'

"Dr. G.—'That is the argument which weighs with me. No mere reason of man could have written that book. Reason may find *fault* with it, but could not have *made* it. O it *is* a book! Read every word of it, and believe it just as it is.'

"On taking leave for the night, he said, 'Let me see a great deal of you. Constant talk of my blessed Saviour will be my greatest happiness.'

"Mr. H.—'How blessed it is to feel a thrill of joy within at the name of Jesus!'

"Dr. G.—'To know it in the *head* is not to know it.'

"Mr. H.—'I have been called mad because I love Christ, and delight to talk of him continually.'

"Dr. G.—'I wish all the world were mad. My blessed Saviour is always with me.'"

We do not say that there are not a few expressions in the above dialogue which may not quite lie square with our own views, but there is, to our mind, a singular force, and almost majesty; in his energetic expressions.

But the question arises, How did Dr. Gordon get this peace and joy? Is there no account of the way in which it was produced in his soul? The author records the following conversation with him:

"In the course of the day, the author said to him, 'You have told us that, had it pleased God that you should recover, it would have been your delight to preach Christ. I have been thinking that you could do this very emphatically at your funeral. Many people, of all descriptions, will be gathered together, and your dying testimony would be very impressive. If you would like to say anything I will write it down.'

"Dr. Gordon.—'O I cannot find words sufficient! I am afraid I cannot convey the thing sufficiently. I should be doing injustice to my Saviour! He then, after a brief pause, very solemnly and emphatically spoke as follows: 'All human learning is of no avail. Reason must be put out of the question. I reasoned, and debated, and investigated, but I found no peace till I came to the gospel as a little child, till I received it as a babe. Then such a light was shed abroad in my heart, that I saw the whole scheme at once, and I found pleasure the most indescribable. I saw there was no good deed in myself. Though I had spent hours in examining my conduct, I found nothing I had done would give me real satisfaction. It was always mixed up with something selfish. But when I came to the gospel as a child, the Holy Spirit seemed to fill my heart. I then saw my selfishness in all its vivid deformity, and I found there was no acceptance with God and no happiness except through the blessed Redeemer. I stripped off all my own deeds, threw them aside, went to him naked—he received me as he promised he would, and presented me to the Father—then I felt joy unspeakable, and all fear of death at once vanished.'"

A few more extracts from this remarkable work will show what joy and peace reigned in his soul:

"In conversation with his family, he said, 'How can I help loving him? I seem to see him with his heavenly countenance smiling on me now. He has pardoned me, washed me, clothed me, is preparing mansions for me—I feel I *could* not rebel against him! What are men about when, with such a theme, they can preach such sermons as many of them deliver! There are not only joys to come, but joys in this world. Having him so near as a companion takes from us evil thoughts, ambition, and avarice. He says, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." And what are his commandments? Not grievous! There he was, seeking me out first, and not I seeking him! And whence came this? By grace we are saved. O think of Christ! How can any one think of himself? Analyse any one act of his life, how imperfect compared with that pure and spotless Being! But Christ says, "Though thy sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow!" and he has forgiven me, and clothed me with the robe of righteousness. It has come to me in so mysterious a manner. I now see how full the whole Bible is!"

"To his family, who were sitting at his bed-side, he said, 'What joy I have had! no one can describe it. I have often told you, when in great pain, that I could not have conceived any human being could suffer so much. I am sure I may now say I could not conceive any human being could *enjoy* so much! And to compare these pleasures with the pleasures of the world, O how foolish! I have seen all grades of life, but I never found full satisfaction, because I had not got the pearl. I honoured Christianity, thinking it a great and noble thing, but I did not *feel* it. What a difference! Now I feel God is my Friend. Christ has covered my sins; I am fit for heaven.

I could not dread danger and death. But this is not to be had by reasoning. How true that saying is, "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." But directly we come as little children, we obtain everything we need. I never disbelieved, but I did not feel, as I now do, the wisdom and goodness of the gospel."

But though in some points the experience of Dr. Gordon might seem less marked or decisive than usually accompanies the Spirit's teachings, yet let it not be thought that he received mercy without a sense of guilt or sin. He repeatedly spoke of himself as the chief of sinners. On one occasion he said,

"I am so *deeply* sensible of my unworthiness and wickedness! But then I look to Christ, and he has pardoned me, washed me, and clothed me in his robe of righteousness. And why, then, should I fear? This is why I am now contented and happy, with no dread of death, because, though I see my own vileness, I see Christ as my Saviour."

We cannot forbear giving, as our closing extract, the account of his departing moments, in which, as far as human eye could see, his soul was bathing in heavenly bliss before he dropped the mortal body. The author, who was present at this wondrous scene, where to sufferer and spectator death was alike swallowed up in victory, thus relates his last moments on earth:

"Increased difficulty of breathing was the only distressing symptom. He appeared no longer conscious of what took place around him. He gazed upwards as in a rapt vision. No film overspread his eyes. They beamed with an unwonted lustre, and the whole countenance, losing the aspect of disease and pain with which he had been so long familiar, glowed with an expression of indescribable rapture. As we watched in silent wonder and praise, his features, which had become motionless, suddenly yielded for a few seconds to a smile of ecstasy which no pencil could ever depict, and which none who witnessed it can ever forget. And when it passed away, still the whole countenance continued to beam and brighten, as if reflecting the glory on which the soul was gazing. Like Stephen, he was, by faith, looking up to heaven, and with a clearer vision than may be hoped for till the river of death is well nigh passed, was beholding, through the opening gates of glory, 'the Son of man standing at the right hand of God.' It is not too much to say that, as far as the expression of holy rapture could contribute to it, like Stephen's, 'his face was as it had been the face of an angel.'

"Though his emaciated frame, propped up by pillows, was incapable of the least effort, yet such was the effect on the bystanders of his upward outstretching gaze, that even the motionless body itself seemed to be reaching forward as if impatient for the summons to depart. We saw as much as mortal eye *could* see of the entrance of a soul into glory. Nothing more could have been given us but the actual vision of the separate spirit and its angelic convoy. This glorious spectacle lasted for about a quarter of an hour, increasing in interest to the last, during which the soul seemed pouring itself forth from the frail tenement which had imprisoned it into the embrace of its Lord. The breathing now became shorter and shorter, then, after a long pause, one last gentle heaving of the chest, and without a struggle, at two o'clock, the soul had fled."

When a Bible and a newspaper are found upon your table, I can guess which your hand will take up first; and the heart directs the hand. The worldly magazine is sweeter to your taste than the heavenly leaves. You may force and drive your thought; on heavenly things, but can you set your heart upon them?—*Berridge.*

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