

Theology on the Web.org.uk

Making Biblical Scholarship Accessible

This document was supplied for free educational purposes. Unless it is in the public domain, it may not be sold for profit or hosted on a webserver without the permission of the copyright holder.

If you find it of help to you and would like to support the ministry of Theology on the Web, please consider using the links below:



Buy me a coffee

<https://www.buymeacoffee.com/theology>



PATREON

<https://patreon.com/theologyontheweb>

PayPal

<https://paypal.me/robbradshaw>

A table of contents for *The Gospel Standard* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_gospel-standard_01.php

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

VOL. XXIV., 1858.

LONDON:
JOHN GADSBY, GEORGE YARD, BOUVERIE STREET.
1858.

INDEX TO THE SIGNATURES.

- A. B., 295.
 A Constant Reader, 33, 122.
 A Lover of Gospel Order, 188.
 A Lover of Truth, 155.
 An Inquirer after Truth, 123.
 A Pilgrim, 52.
 A Poor Worm, 33.
 Axford (J.) 180.
 A Servant of the Church, 293.
 Baker (Arthur), 22, 72, 238.
 Berridge, 35, 51, 190, 227.
 Brimble (A.), 117, 147, 183, 214.
 Bunyan, 146, 227, 246, 251.
 C. C., 49.
 Charnock, 17, 203, 233, 204, 329, 372.
 Cole (H.), 27.
 Coles (Elisha), 335.
 Congreve (G. T.), 219.
 Dark (S.), 46, 87, 334.
 D. B., 352.
 Delta, 354.
 Dorney, 36, 41, 84, 116, 121, 317, 344.
 Editor, 5, 33, 122, 153, 155, 173, 188, 353, 354, 371.
 E. E., 171.
 E. F., 303.
 E. H., 85, 172.
 Erskine, 58, 91, 187, 308.
 Fenner (David), 101, 336.
 Flavel, 239, 266, 283, 323, 335, 341, 381.
 Floyd (E. B. K.), 27, 53.
 F. P., 13, 75.
 Gadsby (John), 309.
 Godwin (T.), 133.
 Grace (John), 83.
 Grace (Mary), 83.
 Gurnall, 26, 58, 88, 91, 113, 156, 356.
 Hall (Bishop), 74, 355.
 H. & E. G., 211, 340.
 Herbert (D.), 339.
 H. G., 342.
 Holloway (Elizabeth), 106, 141, 174, 204, 307.
 Huntington, 35, 37, 68, 88, 212, 276, 342, 362, 372.
 H. Y., 249.
 Jacob, 18.
 Jenkins (J.), 21, 213.
 Josiah, 357.
 J. R., 240.
 Kershaw (John), 202.
 Keyt (John), 38.
 Luther, 48, 91, 121.
 Macgowan, 156.
 Martin (John), 325.
 M. S., 360.
 N., 165, 197.
 Newton (John), 26, 91, 105, 275.
 One that would be Instructed, 153.
 Payton (G.), 210, 343.
 Philpot (J. C.), 345, 363.
 P. L., 242, 267, 299.
 R. B. P., 234.
 R. K., 114, 330.
 R. M., 364.
 Rolf (Ann), 276.
 Rusk (John), 270, 370.
 Rutherford, 187, 223, 283, 306, 329, S., 50.
 Shelley (S.), 169, 277.
 Shorter (D.), 69.
 Taylor (A. B.), 317.
 T. B., 42.
 T. C., 275, 360.
 T. G., 25.
 T. H., 49.
 Tiptaft (W.), 237.
 Toplady, 52, 68, 132, 190, 324.
 T. S. S., 24, 82, 252, 359.
 Walsh (T.), 278.
 Warburton (J.), 229, 261.
 W. P., 80, 371.

SIGNATURES TO THE POETRY.

- Anonymous, 228, 200, 324.
 C. S., 292.
 G. B., 324.
 G. T. C., 356.
 J. B., 99.
 Sturton (Mrs.), 36, 67, 131, 196, 260, 382.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

JANUARY, 1858.

MATT. v. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

ADDRESS TO THE READERS OF THE GOSPEL
STANDARD.

EVER since the subject of our annual Address has presented itself to our thoughts, a word of the Lord has been on our mind, which we feel should be our guiding rule, not only in what now lies before us, but be ever present with us from the beginning to the end of the year, if we are to be of any real service or spiritual profit to the Church of God in the position which we occupy as the Editor of the "Gospel Standard." The word is this: "Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them; for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee." (1 Tim. iv. 16.)

They are the words of Paul the aged, Paul at the end of his race and in sight of his crown, to Timothy, his own son in the faith; and they are words of solemn warning and admonition, which should ever be before the eyes and in the heart of every servant of Christ; for though written by the pen of Paul, they are, as part of the inspired testimony, the express language of the Holy Ghost to all whom he has made overseers to feed the Church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood. If the Lord, then, in his providence and grace, has placed us in a position whence we may speak in his holy name to any of his redeemed and regenerated family; if he has given us any singleness of eye to his own glory, or any desire that what we send forth from our own pen, or that of others, may be made a blessing to his people; and if he has bestowed upon any who seek his face and believe in his dear Son any willingness to receive with affection what, in all faithfulness and love, is in our pages set before them, we are bound by every gracious tie to listen to the admonition that we have quoted, and which seems so peculiarly adapted to our case and situation.

I. The first part of the admonition comes home with solemn weight and power to our own conscience, "Take heed to *thyself*." As all evil begins, so all good commences in a man's own bosom. Sad then must be the lamenting cry for any minister, or any editor of a religious periodical, to be compelled to take up, as his own bitter and painful experience, "They made me a keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept." To take care of other men's souls, and take no care of one's own; to warn, to admonish, to reprove the flock of Christ, and listen to no warning, admonition, or reproof that belongs to one's self; to teach others, day by day, and

week by week, and seek no heavenly instruction from the Lord for ourselves; to contend for a living faith, without any inward experimental acting of it on its Author and Finisher, or any earnest breathing to the God of all grace to bestow a larger measure of it, and draw it forth into more living and continual exercise; for a good hope through grace, and not to realise it; for love to the Lord and his saints, and neither to feel, nor to be desirous to feel it; to set before the people the joys of heaven and the smiles of God, with the terrors of hell and the frowns of the Almighty, yet neither seek the one or dread the other—surely, surely, there are no men, much less ministers, so deceiving or deceived as to act thus! Yes; but there are, and more in number than any of us probably dream of; nay, such shall we, and you, ye ministers who read these lines, and all be, who fill any public office in the Church of God, but for special grace. Familiarity with sacred things has a natural tendency to harden the conscience where grace does not soften and make it tender. Men may preach and pray till both become a mere mechanical habit, and they may talk about Christ and his sufferings till they feel as little touched by them as a tragic actor on the stage of the sorrows which he personates. Well, then, may the Holy Spirit sound this note of warning, as with trumpet voice, in the ears of the servants of Christ. “Take heed unto yourselves.” It was Paul’s public warning to the elders of the church at Ephesus. (Acts xx. 28.) It was Paul’s private warning to his friend and disciple, his beloved son, Timothy. And do not all who write or speak in the name of the Lord need the warning? Are they not all men—men of like passions with their hearers, and usually more tried and tempted than they? Have they not, besides the snares common to all the children of God, snares peculiar to themselves—snares connected with the ministry itself? How many a star has fallen from the bright firmament of the church! How many burning and shining lights, as they were once considered, have smouldered out, or been suddenly extinguished! How many have cooled in their youthful zeal; left their first love; fallen into sin; embraced error; and made themselves and their profession to stink in the nostrils of men. If the way to heaven be strait and narrow; if surrounded with snares and pits on every side; if the heart of man be deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; if Satan be ever on the watch to deceive and allure; if all our strength be weakness, all our knowledge ignorance, all our light darkness, and such they are without grace in its continued supply, who can walk in this path except as guided by the Spirit, and upheld by the power of God? The mercy is, that those whom the Lord loves, he loves unto the end; that those whom the Father has given him, he keeps in his name; and that He who is in the midst of the candlesticks holds the stars in his right hand, that none may pluck them thence, hide their lustre, or extinguish their beams.

But apart from this special and divine keeping, as the Lord does not work mechanically, but makes use of the word of his grace, of his own promises, precepts, and admonitions, as gracious means to keep the feet of his saints, we shall do well to give earnest heed to the

things which we have heard from his lips, lest at any time we should let them slip. And sure we are that no Christian man or minister will, in his right mind, think himself placed in a position where such an admonition can be safely neglected; or, that, whilst he is in the flesh, he is beyond the necessity or reach of such warnings. There are few Christians, and we may well add, few Christian ministers, who have not ever found self their greatest enemy. The pride, unbelief, hardness, and impenitence of a man's own heart; the deceitfulness, hypocrisy, and wickedness of his own fallen nature; the lusts and passions, filth and folly of his own carnal mind will not only ever be his greatest burden, but will ever prove his most dreaded foe. Enemies we may have, enemies we shall have from without, for all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution, and we may at times keenly feel their bitter speeches and cruel words and actions. But no enemy can injure us like ourselves. In five minutes a man may do himself more real harm than all his enemies united could do to injure him in fifty years. And if this be true of a private Christian, how much more will it hold good in the case of one who occupies a public situation in the church of God? "Take heed then to thyself." To thyself thou canst be the most insidious enemy and the greatest foe. "Take heed to thyself," minister of the Gospel, writer, reader, editor, that thy loins may be girt, thy lamp burning, and thou engaged in the Master's work, with the Master's presence, the Master's smile, and the Master's blessing.

We would then, in the opening of the present year, view this admonition as placed before our own eyes as a lamp unto our feet, and a light to our path, and as such we would open the words a little more closely and fully, as bearing more immediately upon our own conscience.

1. First, we seem specially admonished thereby to take heed that we ourselves should *experience the power*, and live under the influence of the truths for which we contend. It is impossible for us otherwise to fulfil our office as the glory of God and the good of the Church both require. We have many communications to read, many inquiries to answer, many nice and difficult points to weigh, the good of many to consider, the petulance, quibblings, and enmity of many to endure; many books to peruse, many Reviews to write, friends whom we must not flatter, foes whom we must not fear, and, above all, to be ever looking up for wisdom to guide, and power to strengthen; feeling, as we do, that we have neither one nor the other in our own hands, or at our own command. We have instrumentally, unworthy as we are of the position and inadequate as we are to the task, some to instruct, others to comfort, others to encourage, others to feed of the saints of the Most High; and when we say "*we*," it is meant thereby to include whatever appears in our pages, whether written by our own pen or that of others. Without then, the continual power and influence of the Blessed Spirit upon our heart, how soon the hands hang down, how soon the knees totter, how soon do eyes and ears and heart all become weary in well-doing.

2. We are also admonished thereby to take heed to *our own spirit*. Here we are liable chiefly to fail. We are not much afraid of being entangled in the slough of Arminianism—at least, as far as regards any open adherence to, or expressed sanction of, its God-dishonouring views and sentiments. The truth as it is in Jesus is, we hope, too dear to us to sacrifice it to any broad and palpable error, come from what quarter it may, and last of all from a point that proclaims, with shameless forehead, creature strength and righteousness. But to maintain truth in a spirit of tenderness, affection, and love; not to be betrayed into a contentious, wrangling temper, nor be provoked by any obstinate opposition to call down fire from heaven on all who do not or will not see as we see, and believe as we believe; here we have much need to watch our own spirit, lest it betray us into words and expressions unbecoming the meekness of Christ and the spirit of the Gospel. To be bold and faithful, on the one hand, in defence of truth and godliness, yet without wrath and bitterness, and to maintain, on the other, “the love of the Spirit,” the affection and tenderness which ever become a sinner in this vale of tears, and a follower of the meek and lowly Lamb, and yet not to be entangled in that wretched universal charity, that false and canting spirit which, either in pretence or self-deception, thinks well, hopes well, and speaks well of everything and everybody who can prate about Jesus Christ and the Gospel, this safe, this Christian path, we would desire to tread. The servant of the Lord is to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints; (Jude 3;) but he is not to strive, but be gentle to all men, apt to teach, patient in meekness, instructing those that oppose themselves; (2 Tim. ii. 24, 25;) and he is to put away all bitterness and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking. (Eph. iv. 31.)

3. We are also warned and admonished, in taking heed to ourselves, to watch against *any carnal influence* that, under the guise of religion, may work with craft and subtlety on our own mind, and impose itself upon us for the work and witness, the power and teaching of the Holy Spirit. We are expressly bidden in the word of truth, “not to believe every spirit, but to try the spirits whether they are of God.” Spirit has its filthiness as well as the flesh; (2 Cor. vii. 1;) and if not so gross and sensual, is much more subtle and deceptive. In all its forms, whether in our own bosom or that of others, in a profession or out of it, in the pulpit, the pew, the closet, or the study, self in its inmost spirit is still a deceitful and subtle, restless, proud, and impatient creature, masking in a thousand ways, all the while, its real character, and concealing by countless devices its destructive designs. We have but to look on the professing church to find the highest pride under the lowest humility, the greatest ignorance under the vainest self-conceit, the basest treachery under the warmest profession, the vilest sensuality under the most heavenly piety, and the foulest filth under the cleanliest cloak. But if self be such, and those who know its features will be the best judges of its likeness, well may we take heed to ourselves lest, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtlety, we should be deceived by the twining

movements and glozing speeches of this serpent, and, professing to exalt Christ, be secretly exalting ourselves.

4. To be kept from *all evil* and to be preserved from *all error* may form also a part of that solemn admonition, "Take heed to thyself." We know too much of what we are as a fallen sinner to think for a moment that we can keep ourselves from either. Sin is sweet to the flesh; error suits well the reasoning mind. Who can mortify the one, who can shut out the other, without special help from the sanctuary? But if we take no heed to our steps, or receive without fear or care doctrines that are preached and taught from pulpits and books without number, we may soon fall into as much sin as may make us limp all our days, and embrace as much error as shall make us a wandering star and a rainless cloud to the church of God.

"Take heed then to thyself;" but in so doing may a sense of the Lord's own blessed keeping ever be deeply engraved on thy heart and conscience. "He keepeth the feet of his saints;" "I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment. Lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." "Keep me as the apple of thine eye; hide me under the shadow of thy wings." "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." "Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." Only in the strength of these promises and in the experience of their fulfilment, would we say to ourselves, would we say to those who have ears to hear, "Take heed to thyself."

II. But we are bidden also to "take heed to the doctrine." And surely this is a most needful admonition, not only to us, but to all who profess, whether by tongue or pen, to teach the church of Christ. Few, comparatively speaking, seem so realise sufficiently the solemn position of standing forward to teach the Church of Christ. Almost any body who has a little fluency of tongue thinks himself able to preach, and almost everybody in a profession who can hold a pen deems himself capable of writing upon the weighty matters of salvation. But in so doing they profess to be the mouth of God. Well, then, may every one who fears God and trembles at his word take heed what words his mouth utters; for God can only speak his own truth, and it is a fearful position to stand up as his mouth-piece, and then to speak lies in his great and holy name. How careful then should we, and those who, like us, fill any public office in the church of Christ, be that what we speak by mouth and what we teach by pen is according to the oracles of God.

By the word "doctrine" we understand all that holy truth, whether viewed as one consistent harmonious whole, or as branching out into various parts, which the Blessed Spirit has revealed in the word of truth, and which he makes experimentally known in the hearts of the people of God. The word "doctrine" has in the New Testament a larger, broader, and nobler meaning than that comparatively limited signification which is generally attached to the term. Doctrine is often now spoken of as something distinct from experience and precept, whereas it comprehends both. The word "doctrine," translated literally, means, "teaching;" and therefore includes every branch of

divine truth which the Holy Spirit teaches, whether outwardly in the inspired Scriptures, or inwardly by his sacred unction and power. As used with reference to the ministry of the word, it means, as well as includes, all that "teaching" wherewith a servant of God according to the ability bestowed upon him, instructs, feeds, comforts, and admonishes the Church of Christ. In this sense our pages should be full of "doctrine," that is of heavenly truth, according to the teaching of the Holy Spirit in the word and in the heart.

What need then is there that we, as Editor of these pages, should take heed to the *doctrine!* in other words carefully watch and examine whether what we write ourselves, or insert as written by others, be in strict accordance with the truth of God as revealed in the Scriptures, and as experienced, under the power and teaching of the Holy Spirit, in the heart of his saints.

1. If we are enabled then to take heed to the doctrine as there directed, the first quality looked for will be *purity*. How, "clear as crystal," did holy John see the pure river of water of life proceed out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. (Rev. xxii. 1.) Such should be, though alas! from human infirmity, never can fully be, the truth as preached by God's ministering servants.

Three times in one short Epistle does the apostle Paul urge on his son Titus "sound doctrine," (i. 9, ii. 1, 8,) that is healthy, untainted with error, free from all the sickly corruptions and pestilential disease of human wisdom or human ignorance. "In doctrine," again he urges, that is, in thy teaching, in what thou settest before the people, "showing uncorruptness, gravity," (not jokes and ridiculous anecdotes, to make fools laugh and saints sigh,) "sincerity," (not craft and hypocrisy, flattering the rich and keeping back the truth for fear of giving offence,) "sound speech," wise and weighty, "that cannot be condemned," as commending itself to every man's conscience in the sight of God from its intrinsic authority and power. Whether the writing and preaching of the day resemble this divine model, let those judge whose ear trieth words as the mouth tasteth meat. But it should ever be our earnest desire, and watchful care, to preach and write only what bears this divine stamp upon it.

2. In taking heed to the doctrine we should see that it be *impregnated with the life of God*, anointed with his unction, watered with his dew, and accompanied by his power.

What is all our preaching and writing worth if it fall upon the ears and hearts of the saints of God with no weight or influence; if it never melt or soften, comfort or bless his tried and exercised people? There is a power in the word of his grace, when God is with his servants, to kill and to make alive, to wound and to heal; there is then in their hands a two-edged sword, which pierces even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit; there is a balm, too, which brings pardon and peace to a troubled, distressed mind; and there is an influence that reaches the inmost thoughts, lays bare the hidden depths of conscience, and speaks with a voice that unmissakeably assures the soul it is the very voice of God himself. It is true that he who has the keys of David, who opens and no man

shuts, and shuts and no man opens, keeps in his own hands this power, for it is his own heavenly voice by which he himself speaks to his own sheep. But he does from time to time thus speak from heaven by his own sent servants; and when they thus preach, it is Jesus himself who gives them mouth and wisdom; (Luke xxi. 15;) yea, the Spirit of their Father which speaketh in them. (Matt. x. 20.) And his sheep know his voice and follow it, but they will not hear the voice of strangers.

Now, are we to take no heed to our "doctrine" whether it be accompanied or not with this heavenly power? Is it quite enough to preach or write consistently with the mere letter of truth, and there leave it, with a sort of reckless, Antinomian carelessness, "I can only preach the truth; God must apply it?" True; but are there no blessings to be called down upon your preaching by prayer and supplication? Is there no inward experience in your own soul of the power of God, no sense of his absence or presence, of his opening or shutting up? How can you preach or write to the comfort and edification of the saints of God, if you are an utter stranger to the things in which is all their life and all their religion? And if you do not know vitally and experimentally the things you preach and write, why do you preach or write at all? If you call experience "cant," and the life of God in the soul "frames and feelings," beware lest God say unto you, "What hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldest take my covenant in thy mouth; seeing thou hatest instruction and castest my words behind thee." (Psa. l. 16 17.)

3. That the doctrine shall be such as *shall save the soul*. This is what the Apostle seems chiefly to insist upon in his admonition, "Take heed to thyself, and to the doctrine," for he adds immediately, "continue in them; for in doing this, thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee."

When the people of God come to hear a servant of Christ, or read a book that professes to show the way to heaven, they want to be well assured that what they hear or read shall be such saving, vital truth; that they can rest their souls upon it for time and eternity. A man's own soul is a tremendous stake to put into the balance; and he who holds the scales should be equally well satisfied that they are such as Christ holds in his own hands for heaven or hell. "What this man preaches, what this book teaches, can I rely on it as able to save my soul? Is it the real truth of God? Have I any evidence that it is so from salvation having reached my heart through the truth I now read and hear? Can I, as before a heart-searching God, with heaven and hell both before my eyes, hang all the weight of my soul for eternity upon what I hear from this pulpit, or what I read in this book?" Well may a dying sinner thus narrowly and anxiously weigh and consider this point; well may he interrogate again and again his own conscience in this matter, for if he has no internal evidence, from what he has felt in his own soul of its saving power, that this man preaches or writes what can and does save, let him at once leave the man, let him without delay throw aside the book. A guide who does not know the way, a chart that does not

About this time it pleased God to break in with light and mercy upon our benighted circle, in the person of one of my brothers. He was away from home at the time; but I remember the letters he sent home made much impression upon my mother; and she often dwelt upon their general beauty and truthfulness. But I never read them, for my mother little knew that I ever thought on these things. He soon after returned home, and his life proved his letters to have been written in all godly sincerity, and that he indeed possessed that grace which teaches those who have been touched by it, to "put off the old man and his deeds," and to "live righteously, soberly, and godly in this present evil world." I lived with him for a time, he having commenced business in the town; and my mind was still engaged with thoughts of repentance on account of a judgment to come. Yet still it was only the workings of nature, and so it availed nothing. I seemed possessed with two very opposite feelings; for though I felt urged to repeated efforts of repentance, and endeavored to amend my nature and condition; yet, on the other hand, I felt religion was a heavenly gift; and I hoped that in some happy moment I might possess it. Alas! how superficial is our knowledge of sin and grace until taught of God; and how mighty is the world, the flesh, and the devil, to break down all that is not of his grace.

I now left home, and lived with a surgeon in S—shire, for a short time; but his health proving bad, other arrangements had to be made, and I was not required. I once again returned home, but only for a few weeks; for soon another situation offered itself, in L—shire, whither I repaired, little dreaming how ultimately I should be associated in my life with that county; and how, in the matter of my eternal destiny, owing to that covenant which is "ordered in all things and sure," it might be hereafter said, "This man was born there." But however, in 1845, I arrived at B—, and entered the house of a Mr. P—, as dispensing assistant. For nearly three years, did I toil night and day in this my new life; but, I have to confess, that it was only as "unto man;" it was all done with "eye service," lacking any higher motive, destitute of faith; and an apostle has said, "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin." And so I was led to do that which was an evil in many ways. I prescribed, for instance, much more medicine than otherwise I should have done, in order to augment our practice and returns; thus in fact deceiving and robbing the patient.

I at this time prayed almost regularly, as also I did for matters concerning me in my calling; such as wisdom to direct my head, and hands, and for the people to have confidence towards me. But still they were not the prayers of Gospel faith; and so, if answered, could only have been as were Hagar's of old, who, if not a vessel of mercy, as it respects spiritual things, was made such in time of need, in regard to temporal things.

I went on in this way for nearly three years ere any life was implanted in my soul, kept back by restraining grace from many temptations in my calling, and from much hurtful company from a re-

erved disposition, and the calls of my daily life; and though enjoying the good-will and respect of my master all the time I was with him; I did much towards him which I cannot now approve of; I mean in the way of disputing and arguing, of which I was much too fond.

But to return to the workings of my soul. I was still possessed with my peculiar views of religion, and used to suppose thus: That if I left this town unconverted, I might never hope to be; for I now sat under a very zealous preacher, one more so than I had ever heard before; and I was, moreover, in a house where religion was much attended to. My desires now seemed answered, when, in my ignorance of self, I had hoped for more opportunities of repentance ere I was called away; and this desire and fear was so strong upon me that, though so often solicited by my friends to come away, (they thinking that the hard work would injure my health,) and though the situation was anything but lucrative, and held out to me no hopes of any future livelihood, yet, with all their incentives to leave, I nevertheless remained, stimulated by a vague hope of being converted some day, and fearing that this was now my day, which if lost, was gone for ever. I cannot but think that God was thus bringing about his designs towards me, in inclining my mind secretly to stay here. It is not the only time that he has done so even towards me; and has overruled an earthly feeling to a heavenly end.

I attended, at this time, at church, and that for three years, without God doing anything for me in my soul. But about this time matters concerning me were to be altered; a way was at hand, when, with the church of God, I might say, "For the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and ransomed him from the hand of him that was stronger than he." It was in December, 1847, that the realities of another world were first brought more strongly to my mind. I was lying ill with inflammation in the lungs, and my recovery despaired of, though, for myself, I had no such fears; neither, as yet, was my soul harassed with any true fears as to its state. Still, however, from this time the salvation of my soul became the all-engrossing subject of my mind; and as sometimes little circumstances usher in great events, so, in the present case, I began almost I may say unconsciously, to ask questions on religion.

It arose in my mind thus: As I was ill in bed, I suddenly felt anxious to see Mr. W—, the incumbent of the church where I attended. What motive prompted me, I can hardly say; but as far as I can analyse the workings of my mind at that time, it arose more from idle curiosity than aught else; for certainly, ill as I was, and though death to the minds of many was not far off, yet was I without any fears as to any immediate danger of my soul's damnation; but I can remember well that the conversation on his first call was chiefly on my part respecting the fears that had so long hovered over, and, at times, oppressed my soul; but there was an absence of all earnest inquiry of the way of salvation. Mr. W. talked with me some time respecting God's sovereignty and his way of salvation; and chiefly

to this end, I think, that he might break off my previous views of my own unhappy destiny. In fact, from the beginning he formed too favorable an estimate of my case, and would rather if I did and would think upon the subject of God's electing love, to look upon it as speaking good and not evil to me; for he seemed to take all these prior feelings as evidences of grace working in me; and from them tried to prevent me from writing bitter things against myself. And to this end I ascribe it that he left me to read as I lay in bed a portion of Eph. ii., as I was able in body to do so. But this mistaken judgment on his part led me on presently to make a wrong estimate of myself; and so I, who before only thought on election as a bar to my entrance into heaven, now too slightly built my hope of being converted because of it. But though as yet I knew not sin, and had felt nothing of its exceeding sinfulness as I did soon after, I felt a sweet power many times when in prayer, to which before I was an entire stranger. It was an indescribable feeling, bearing my soul upwards to a Being, who I before was unconscious of as being so really everywhere present. It was repeated to me many many times during my recovery, and deadened me, for a time, to all thoughts but that of heaven, and of a Being whose presence seemed so sweet, so near, and yet so far off. But I gradually recovered in body; and though after these choice moments I was possessed with an idea that I was converted, and was thought so to be by my then pastor, (though I never disclosed these happy frames to him,) and though I publicly returned thanks to God for his mercy to my body, yet I, as it were, felt nothing substantial to look or rest upon; and had any one examined the ground of my hopes, they would have seen but little evidence of spiritual life in me. I was sincere, that is true; but then ignorance blinded me, or I should not have acted as I did.

I went on thus till the beginning of February, 1848, when I left for home; and as yet there appeared so little evidence of grace in my soul, the blessed moments I enjoyed seem to have been given for various reasons. But here I would walk softly, for I feel that I am treading upon ground but little broken up to my mind, and which, in this world, probably never will be; but I have thought that perhaps they were intended as tokens for good when I might need some such tokens; and I have thought again that they were to prove to me the blessedness of God's presence above all this world can give, and so to prove a stimulus to prayer and watchfulness in all seasons of my life. "Draw nigh to God," says James, "and he will draw nigh to you." And I had now felt that such nearness was indeed heaven upon earth.

Such was I when leaving for home, one who had felt much, professed much, but knowing little, and possessing nothing solid. I took with me James's "Anxious Inquirer," but little dreaming how soon I myself was to be one so anxiously concerned about salvation, and what sore troubles awaited me. But before I leave B— station, I will mention one other point indelibly impressed upon my soul, though I do so with some backwardness. But I was riding out to see a pa-

tient, on the R— Road, about two weeks before I left for home, when I was arrested on a sudden in my soul, as I was pondering over things lately come to pass towards me, with this text, and that with such savor and sweetness as I never felt before, or even since; it was this: "Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?" I may say truly, "that whether I was in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell." It seemed, nevertheless, as though spoken in tender love, yet in reproof; and even then it seemed to foretell some great rebellion in my heart; but yet withal mercy was to reign in the end. The sense of it did not last many minutes in its power and sweetness; and never yet have I liked to tell any one of it. I can never look back upon it without feeling humbled; and even now, the lane where I was riding seems sacred to my mind, and I can seem to fix upon a point in the skies where I entered, in my soul, into a heaven of grace and light. It is now more than eight years ago, and I can even yet say but little concerning it.

But to proceed. I left B— for D— in February; and I entered the railway carriage. Though I had tasted so lately of the powers of the world to come, and the good word of God, I left the carriage in quite another state of mind. I had been looking forward to a season of rest and contentment when at home, and of evincing, by my life, a change of character, in the self-righteous pride and ignorance of my heart; but I was to testify of the truth of religion more thoroughly, though more sadly and painfully to myself. But what, asks one, came upon you whilst travelling? Did some message of the law strike down at one blow all your self-righteous notions of self? Or did some text, proclaiming the deceit and sin of the heart, testify against you? No, I cannot say so. No text came upon me; but a horrible darkness overwhelmed and possessed my whole soul. It was a night of heavy gloom and terror to me. I cannot say how I was. There was such confusion and such distraction; and yet even then I did not cry out, "What shall I do to be saved?" but felt lost as to what was enveloping me, so peculiar and so unlooked-for was the feeling that possessed me. My mind seemed held with agitation, suspense, and a gloomy, uncertain foreboding of troubles to come.

(*To be continued.*)

GOD is slow to anger and great in power; so his power moderates his anger. He is not so impotent as to be at the command of his passions, as men are; he can restrain his anger under just provocations to exercise it. His power over himself is the cause of his slowness to wrath; as Numbers xiv. 17: "Let the power of my Lord be great," saith Moses, when he pleads for the Israelites' pardon. Men that are great in the world are quick in passions, and are not so ready to forgive an injury, or bear with an offender, as one of a meaner rank. It is a want of power over a man's self that makes him do unbecoming things upon a provocation. A prince that can bridle his passions is a king over himself as well as over his subjects. God is slow to anger, because great in power. He has no less power over himself than over his creatures. He can sustain great injuries without an immediate and quick revenge; he hath a power of patience as well as a power of justice.—*Charnock.*

I WAS BROUGHT LOW AND HE HELPED ME.

My dear Friend and Brother in Christ,—The sweet singer of Israel called on the saints of God in the following language: "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul;" and the language of my soul at the present moment is the same. What a mercy to have something to declare of his loving kindness, and to be enabled with one of old to say by living faith, "He brought me into his banqueting house, and his banner over me was love." I have been favored this week to hear those dear men of God, Mr. P— and Mr. M—; and though compelled to go a long distance to do so, yet, when a loving Father smiles, how short even a long distance seems; for not only did he smile on my soul during the journey, and sweetly bless me in hearing his truth from those his dear servants, causing the dew of heaven to rest on my soul, but in his goodness and mercy he has been pleased to ravish and overpower my heart with his love for many days since; and I desire here to raise an Ebenezer to his praise. I will, therefore, if the Lord enable me, speak a little of his dealings with my soul in convincing me of sin (now nine years since), and leading me to cry for mercy, pardon, and salvation, through the blood of the Lamb.

My father being a strict churchman, I was, in consequence, compelled to follow in his steps, and dared not attend a dissenting chapel; and, forming a part of the choir, I was in the midst of much sin, immorality, and vice, which my nature loved. Though at times conscience-stricken, and feeling it was wrong, yet I could not leave it; but the Lord saw fit to remove me from my father's home, to my present abode, and to call me away from all these things. For some time after leaving my home, I attended an Independent chapel, and associated much with the enemies of sovereign grace, being myself exceedingly bitter against those blessed truths which are now the meat and drink of my poor soul; but here I was not long to remain, for one Sabbath morning on my return from chapel, a solemn feeling came over my mind, and it was this, "That there was such a thing as *going* to heaven, and a path to be travelled in." I went to the same chapel the following Sunday morning, but it was the last time, feeling in my conscience, I must "come out from among them and be separate;" and I felt I was all wrong. I then procured some works of truth, amongst which were Mr. P's "Heir of Heaven Walking in Darkness, and Heir of Hell Walking in Light;" which work, I trust, was the means, in the Lord's hands, of bringing me down at his sacred feet as a lost, ruined, and hell-deserving wretch, feeling that without the mercy of God, I must perish for ever, and crying with the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." But I seemed to cry in vain, and felt I was altogether deceived, and should be lost to all eternity. To strengthen the feeling, the enemy suggested to my mind that I had not, as was the case with the Lord's people, experienced a deep law work, and felt, as it were, the horrors of the damned in my soul;

yet, at the same time, I felt from the bottom of my heart I was the vilest sinner in or out of hell, and I was trying to get deliverance; I was left to tempt the Lord my God in a way I refrain from naming, or attempting to describe, for the very thought has, many times since, made me tremble. But what an unspeakable mercy! the Lord did not leave me to my just deserts, and consign my soul to eternal darkness. What a long suffering God is our God! But this was the means of sinking me lower still, and of giving me a deeper view of my awful state as a sinner; for I cried again unto the Lord that he would pardon my many sins, for I felt that nothing short of a manifestation of his mercy would satisfy my guilty helpless soul. Creatures tried to comfort me, but in vain; nothing short of Christ would do for me; and I was not long without having a gleam of hope raised in my soul from the application of these words, "Deliver him from going down into the pit; I have found a ransom." But it did not bring a full deliverance, and I went on hoping and fearing for some days. When I was one day engaged in my daily calling; and standing on a spot I shall ever remember, the words, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee," were applied with power to my mind. It broke my heart in pieces, and tears of love flowed down my cheeks; and I felt it was too much for such a wretch, and for a short time it filled my soul with joy and peace; but Satan was determined to harass my mind, for he soon suggested to me that it was all delusion, and that what I had so lately felt was from familiarity with the portion. But a gracious God did not suffer me to remain long under this fiery temptation, for a few days afterwards, and whilst standing on the same hallowed spot, the still small voice of God whispered into my soul these words, "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty, they shall behold the land which is very far off." O what a heavenly visit was this. It brought me low at his sacred feet, and again filled my soul with joy and peace and a sorrow that needeth not to be repented of. Yet I seemed at a loss to know whether it was real or not, being in total ignorance of the passage, or of its existence in the word of God, until shown it by a dear and esteemed sister in the Lord, who was the only person I felt able to speak to on the things of God. Now was my deliverance complete. My sins were all gone; they were not to be found, being all drowned in that blessed sea of Everlasting Love; for days and weeks I enjoyed heaven in my soul; nor could all the malice of hell disturb that peace of God which, indeed, passeth understanding; and I was enabled to challenge that arch adversary, and tell him he was a liar, now that the Sun of Righteousness had arisen with healing in his wings.

"Why was I made to hear his voice,
And enter while there's room?"

"Why me, Lord? why such mercy towards such a wretch?" Such was the language of my soul, whilst basking in the sunbeams of his forgiving love. What but Almighty love could have shown mercy towards such a monster of iniquity? O the height, the depth, the length, and breadth! And to know the love of God. This is the mercy, to

know something of that love "which passeth knowledge, and all understanding." That love which bore with my sins before grace took possession of my heart, and while under the condemning power of sin, still bears with me; that love which has kept me to the present moment, and which has engaged to land my soul in glory! and, blessed be God, that while writing this letter my whole heart and soul is filled, yea, overpowered and vanquished with that precious love.

"O, what is honour, wealth, or power,
To such a gift as this?"
"I'm lost in wonder, melt with grief,
And faint beneath the bliss."
On such love, my soul, still ponder;
Love so great, so rich, so free.
Say, whilst lost in holy wonder,
Why, O Lord, such love to me?
Hallelujah! Grace shall reign eternally."

What a mercy, what a divine and solemn reality, to feast and dwell on redeeming love, and to prove the faithfulness of a covenant God. My soul has, in times past, been favored to enjoy something of his love, but never in such a measure as in the past week; and it is indeed "Sovereign Grace o'er sin abounding," for I do love to prove it is all of grace, free, sovereign, and unmerited. O the condescension of our God in raising up such rebels, and making us kings and priests, and redeeming us to himself by his most precious blood!

What can be compared to a precious Christ? He is indeed "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." But being at times the subject of so much that is contrary to my God, I feel as though I should one day fall by the hand of the enemy. But he has promised to keep the feet of his saints, and I am a living witness to his faithfulness; for, blessed be his holy name, here I am to the present moment, a monument of his love and power. Oh, had I ten thousand tongues, they must be all engaged to praise his holy name, the language of my soul being with the Psalmist, "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord." But when the Lord is pleased to withdraw, (blessed be his name, he only withdraws,) and leaves me to the depravity of my wicked heart, like a ship in a rough storm, tossed about on the waves which roll forth from that vast abyss of woe, what misery and wretchedness it brings into my poor soul. Yet, the mercy his here, that "underneath are the everlasting arms;" and low as my soul sinks, or far as it wanders from him, those arms of mercy go lower and further still; yes, that blessed hope remains both sure and steadfast as an anchor to the soul, and as firm as the rock on which it is built. O, my dear brother, these are eternal and solemn realities, peculiar to God's elect. What a mercy to know something of them in our own souls, and, like Naphtali, to be satisfied with favor, and to be full with the goodness of the Lord. O what a blessed fulness is treasured up in the Lord Jesus Christ. But dear Hart says:

"Their pardon some receive at first,
And then compelled to fight
They feel their latter stages worse,
And travel much by night."

In these words, I often feel my own experience lies; but though "travelling much by night," yet, what a mercy it is not all night; for, though at times compelled to fight and wrestle with principalities and powers in high places, yet the Lord is stronger than the strong, and is at times pleased in mercy to subdue all things unto himself; yea, though Satan goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he *may* devour, what a mercy it is not whom he *will*. He cannot devour the Lord's people, for he that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps. O what a gracious God is the God of Jacob! Truly my soul can with a holy boldness exclaim, "This God is my God for ever and ever, and will be my guide even unto death," and at last receive me unto himself. O the preciousness of Jesus's love! I cannot praise him as I would; but while enabled to cast a look within the veil, and see him, our exalted Head, at the right hand of God, for ever interceding for us, and filled with that love which nailed him to the cross, how it humbles the poor broken-hearted sinner into nothingness before him; and how everything sinks, in comparison, as a precious Jesus exalts himself in our affections. But a few fleeting hours, days, months, or years, and our souls will be favored to enjoy that precious never-dying love, in all its fulness and glory; and then shall we sing that song which we are all our lifetime learning, "Not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and thy truth's sake.

That the Lord may bless and spare you for many years to come to be a blessing to the church and people, is the prayer of,

Your unworthy though favored Brother in Christ,

August, 1857.

JACOB.

A LETTER BY MR. JENKINS, OF LEWES.

My dear Friend,—Your letter has now been some time in my hands. I do not forget you, but much travelling about, and sometimes indisposition, have been the cause of my not answering it sooner.

There are many grievous complaints in it, but all may be summed up in this—the commandment is come, and sin is revived. So it was, and so it is, and so it will be. The law came that sin might abound; and by the law is the knowledge of sin; I had not known sin, except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet; then sin, taking occasion by the commandment, which is good, works in us all manner of concupiscence. Before the law comes, sin is dead, and we are alive; but when the commandment comes, attended with a divine power, sin then is revived, and we die. It is Almighty power that cuts up the false hope of the sinner, drives out the strong man armed from his castle, which is the human heart, and binds the transgressor in his two furrows. It is my desire, says God, that Ephraim should be chastised, and chastised he shall be, as his congregation has heard. Ephraim has been an heifer long unaccustomed to the yoke. But it is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth. This will tame him. After he has struggled a while, he will sit down and be quiet, because he hath borne it upon him, and he will put his mouth in the

just, if so be there may be hope. The yoke of our transgressions is bound by God's hands; yea, they shall be wreathed and come up on our necks, and he maketh our strength to fail. This sadly galls the old man; he is not pleased with this; he is an old one, a subtle, and a crafty one, and Satan, being his friend and ally, assists him; and it is from this port that the devil throws out all his fiery darts. From hence came all evil thoughts, rebellious thoughts, hard thoughts of God, rebellion, enmity, and blasphemous suggestions, and it is God that maketh man to know what is his thought. It is divine power that stirs up the nest; and it is light that discovers the brood. That which is reprov'd is made manifest by the light; for whatsoever makes manifest is light; and this is the true light that now shineth in your heart, and the hidden things of darkness are discovered there. Humble yourself before this mighty hand of God, and he will exalt you in due time. Be patient; endure this yoke, and bear the indignation of the Lord. Your back has called for all this, and much more: Nothing strange has befallen you; it is the path that all who will be saved shall walk in, more or less. If they are without chastisement, then they are bastards and not sons. Your speaking to the people what God has made you feel, agreeable to his word, is not declaring the vision of your own heart, but is speaking out of the abundance of the heart, as Christ says they shall. The vision of one's heart is what one learns from the letter of the word, when God has shown him nothing.

Ever yours,

Lewes, Dec. 28th, 1795.

J. JENKINS.

A LETTER FROM A SOLDIER IN INDIA.

My dear Brother in the Smitten Rock, Christ, who is Lord of All, —By his blessed aid I will once more attempt to send you a few lines in answer to your soul-comforting letter, which came to hand two months since. It should have been answered before, but owing to my position, I could not write; but I trust our love does not altogether exist in letters.

Well, my brother, how is it with your poor soul in this perilous day of gross evil, and enmity at God's sovereignty? Surely it is and shall be well with the righteous. God has declared by the mouth of his prophet that they shall eat the fruit of their doings. But how can we understand this truth when we know by experience that all we can do apart from Christ is sin, and the fruits of sin are death? Yet, my brother, it rejoiceth the poor, sin-bitten soul to have this precious grace of faith to believe in Jesus, and to know that he is justified in all things through the blood of the Lamb, because the imputed righteousness of Christ is upon those who believe in his name. Thus they are accepted in their Beloved, and the fruits of Christ's obedience is that which covers all the nakedness of poor Zion. Thus it shall be well with the righteous. It was well with Peter when in his sinking moment, because the omnipotent arm of God was underneath him; because he was a son, a mouth-piece for God's glory, to declare his truth, and boldly preach Christ Lord

of all. "It was well with Jonah in the storm, though cast into the mighty deep. It was well with the few despised ones when they were met together, and Jesus stood in their midst and said, "Peace be unto you." My brother, fear not; for the love of our God is immutable; having loved his own he will love them to the end. "This is the peace of God which passeth all understanding, and for our comfort God has given us this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us. Thus, my brother, the new wine is put into new bottles, and both are preserved when persecuted.

It gladdened my heart, on reading your last, to hear you were again raised up to health of body, and that you have felt your poor drooping-soul pardoned through the blood of the ever blessed Jesus, and your interest renewed in that immutable covenant of grace, which can never fail. Surely the God of Jacob is with you and with your dear pastor, Mr. T—. Please give my love in Jesus to him. You ask me how I am. I would tell you in the words of the poet:

"Do you ask of me, my brethren,
How I am, and how I've been?
I feel I'm vile, although forgiven,
Full of fears and prone to sin.
Yet I would adore that Saviour
Who delivered me from hell.
O the bliss, the heaven-born favor!
Jesus hath done all things well."

"But, my dear brother, since I wrote to you, which was in June last, my soul has been in many deeps; but I bless and for ever adore the Lord, out of them he delivered me. I am still the spared monument of God's grace and mercy. You will, I have no doubt, have heard of the state of this country. I have been most mercifully brought through, unhurt, out of seven general engagements. What I have had to suffer I cannot describe to you; but God was with me, and knew neither my heart nor soul was in it. Since those seven battles I have been taken ill with fever, and passing blood; so that I was unable to go on with the army that has since been engaged at Lucknow, in the kingdom of Oude.

My dear brother, your deep affection toward me I do desire to appreciate. Well did the blessed Lord know his sheep would hear his voice and follow him, and a stranger they will not follow. You appear to have rejoiced in the few lines I have been enabled to send you. Oh! the rich honour of God to condescend to help such poor worms of the earth to speak forth his praise one to another. I hope you will soon be able to send me a few more lines, accompanied with a few more of those precious sermons. They do so gladden my poor soul with the good old wine of the kingdom, well ripened; for, dear brother, these truly are perilous days, and the Lord whom we seek shall come; but who shall abide his coming? Blessed are those who are found worthy to enter into the joy of the Lord.

Blessed be the Lord for the pardoning blood of Jesus. What manner of people ought we to be in all things, for the love of God has come into our hearts, and has brought us to the light of his

was pleased to manifest himself to my soul when overwhelmed with grief, feeling myself such a sinner before God, and I thought I should go to hell. When the Lord was pleased to turn my captivity, in the simplicity of my heart I told the Lord that I would do anything for his honor and glory; but, alas, since he has called me to proclaim his truth, how many times have I groaned to the Lord to send by whom he would, but not by me, for I have many times fainted through the things which I have met with from sinner and from saint. But I can say with Paul, that I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me, for I feel to be such a poor weak worm, and I want the "Fear not" spoken so often to my soul. Sometimes I have to stand up before the people without a text, and in my feelings think I shall break down every moment, and glad when it is over to get away, feeling so ashamed of my preaching. Yet often at these seasons the word has been blessed, and I have proved again and again that it is not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts. O how sensible do I feel that unless the Holy Spirit bless the words from my lips, my preaching is vain and also the hearing; but if one or two of the Lord's family come forward to tell how the word has been blessed to their souls, how apt we are to forget that we are earthen vessels, pipes through which the blessing is conveyed. But I must leave off. May the Lord keep us faithful unto death, with a tender conscience, and the fear of God in lively exercise.

T. S. S.

THE WORK AND WAGES OF A LABORER.

My dear Friend,—After my long silence, I avail myself of this opportunity of writing a line once more, although I seem to have nothing but poverty, leanness, death, hardness, and bondage, to send you; and doubtless you are furnished enough with those things yourself. Yet the Lord may bring something out of my heart and soul which may suit you. We have many times mourned together, have walked together, talked together, fasted together, fed together, and mingled our poor prayers together; and I hope we shall rejoice together for ever and ever; for we have a faithful, covenant-keeping God and Father, to do and deal with.

Many changes have taken place since I left your house in May last; but the Lord has been very kind, gracious, and merciful to my soul. I do not remember having one barren time in the pulpit since I left A—; indeed, my soul was never so much favored in speaking, since, I hope, the Lord opened my mouth to tell forth his truth. Nay, the life, power, freedom, flow, and liberty that I have felt within my soul, with the sweet springs of love, joy, and peace flowing within my heart, like so many streams from a fountain, have begotten within my very soul such a love to the dear Saviour, his people, truth, and work, that I have been made willing to labor. I often think about my affliction in January and February. I had made up my mind never to labor so much again

if the Lord raised me up; but you see last week I spoke on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, and reached L— on Saturday, and here yesterday, and have three more evenings following this week. So much preaching draws one's inside out. What a blessed week my soul had last week in the pulpit; and, I hope, many poor souls, hither and thither, were fed, comforted, encouraged, and blest. I often think there is a barren season before me. The warm weather has tried me; but, through God's great goodness, I am nicely in health, and desire to thank the Three-One God for all his mercy to worthless and unworthy me, whom the Lord hath taken care of for many years. And although my enemies have done all they could do to root me out of the land of the living, the Lord, I trust, has been rooting my soul deeper into the truths of the everlasting Gospel of the blessed Redeemer. No man can enter into the path I have had to travel in and through for many years gone by; yet the Lord sustained me, and kept my feet from slipping; and here I am, a poor, hell-deserving sinner, hanging, hoping, trusting, looking, and, at times, longing to be with Jesus, to see him as he is, and be like him; but at other times my soul cleaveth unto the dust.

Yours affectionately,

Bedworth, August 11th, 1857.

T. G.

ART thou humble under the assistance and strength God hath given thee? Pride stops the conduit. If the heart begins to swell, it is time for God to hold his hand and turn the tap, for all that is poured on such a soul runs over into self-applauding, and so is as water spilt in regard of any good it doth the creature, or any glory it brings to God. A proud heart and a lofty mountain are never fruitful.—*Gurnall*.

THE power of divine grace in a man may be exemplified in a great variety of situations. A man may be rich or poor, learned or illiterate, of a lively natural spirit, or of a more slow and phlegmatical constitution. He may have a comparatively smooth, or a remarkably thorny path in life; he may be a minister or layman; these circumstantialia will give some tincture and difference in appearance to the work; but the work itself is the same; and we must, as far as possible, drop the consideration of them all, or make proper allowances for each, in order to form a right judgment of the life of faith. The outward expression of grace may be heightened and set off to advantage by many things which are merely natural, such as evenness of temper, good sense, a knowledge of the world, and the like; and it may be darkened by things which are not properly sinful, but unavoidable, such as lowness of spirits, weak abilities, and pressure of temptations, which may have effects that they who have not had experience in the same things cannot properly account for. A double quantity of real grace, if I may so speak, that has a double quantity of hindrances to conflict with, will not be easily observed, unless these hindrances are likewise known and attended to; and a smaller measure of grace may appear great when its exercise meets with no remarkable obstructions. For these reasons we can never be competent judges of each other, because we cannot be competently acquainted with the whole complete case. But our great and merciful High Priest knows the whole; he considers our frame, "remembers that we are but dust," makes gracious allowances, pities, bears, accepts; and approves, with unerring judgment.—*Newton*.

Obituary.

MRS. E. B. K. FLOYD.

As we have been earnestly requested to insert the following memorial without alteration or mutilation, we have consented to do so. Though this so far relieves us from the responsibility of approving of every expression, it does not preclude the declaration of our feeling that we should much prefer the omission of what is said about the Church of England Burial Service. We fully admit, as, indeed, all must, the great beauty and solemnity of that service, but after all, it is but a form, and its miserable prostitution, as read over all indiscriminately, whether they died in Christ or died in their sins, must shock every Christian heart, and has not only grieved hundreds of conscientious clergymen, but has driven many to secede altogether from a system which sanctions, if not compels, such a sacrifice of conscience.

My dear Sir,—Can you not find a place in your valuable periodical for the following precious memorial? for precious I deem it, and I doubt not that it will be so esteemed by all those members of the church of our adorable Redeemer, into whose hands it may fall.

Mrs. E. B. K. Floyd was a native of, and a 90 years' resident in, Deptford, Kent. And, remarkable to relate, she was born, and lived all those years in the same house; and, moreover, she was born, and, after her marriage, always slept, and at last died, in the same room; at the "good old age" (Gen. xv. 15) of nearly 91; in the possession of every faculty, perfect; even her eye-sight *without glasses*. Nor is this all. Her life, by the singular providence of God over her, was preserved during the awful visitation of the cholera, the destroying ravages of which were so great that 60 persons died of it within a short time, in her own street alone. But her narrative will tell its own heavenly tale. She used to travel all the distance from Deptford to London, above seven miles, generally walking, till latterly, as often as her age and infirmities permitted, to worship God in his public courts, first in Fetter Lane, afterwards at Islington Green, and lastly, at St. Mary Somerset, Upper Thames Street; even up to the age of 82 or 83, a period of more than 25 years. Her death was quite unexpected, at the last, and after a few days' indisposition; and it was as a child falling asleep and full of peace. She lately expressed a great desire to see me, once more, before she died. To satisfy that desire, and to gratify myself, (for I loved her in Christ dearly,) I went down from town to see her, about three weeks before she died. All was holy cheerfulness, perfect peace, and anxious, but submissive, waiting for her summons to "depart and be with Christ." Just before I left her, after speaking a little from Heb. vi., (especially the last eight verses,) and prayer, she put into my hands the following brief, but blessed testimony. And I have no doubt that one motive of her great anxiety to see me once more before she departed was that she might commit the rich crumb to my hands,

with her last blessing; for her last it eventually proved to be. It is a great and I believe will be a lasting grief to me that the unexpectedness of her death, the very lateness of the intelligence of it, and my own peculiar state of health, with many other insuperable difficulties, prevented my burying her, as I certainly (God willing) should have done, with the Church of England burial service. Could I have gone down to Deptford, I should certainly have preceded the sainted corpse, in all the olden Church of England *form*, from her house to her grave; and should have read over it there, with all happiness and thankfulness, that beautiful service so appropriate to the committal of the body of a departed *saint* to its original earth:

“Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of his great mercy to take unto himself the soul of our dear sister here departed, we therefore commit her body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall change our vile bouy, that it may be like unto his glerious body, according to the mighty working, whereby he is able to subdue all things to himself.”

And again:

“Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of those that depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity; we give thee thanks that it hath pleased thee to deliver this our sister out of the miseries of this sinful world; beseeching thee that it may please thee, of thy gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of thine elect, and to hasten thy kingdom; that we, with all those that are departed in thy holy name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss both in body and soul, in thy eternal and everlasting glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

The beautiful hymn, at the end of the narrative, is not our departed sister's own composition, but copied by her as being exactly suited to her happy case, and greatly enjoyed by her, in her prospects of death. I have, or had, by me, many of the dear gone-before one's letters, but I fear they have been lost.

I am, my dear Sir,

Always yours in the truth “as it is in Jesus” our Lord,
London, November. H. COLE.

TRUTH AND PEACE.—A NARRATIVE OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE, AND SPIRITUAL PROSPECTS WAITING FOR DEATH, OF A MOTHER IN ISRAEL; WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

Being encouraged by the words of David, in Psa. lxxvi. 16, “Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul,” I have endeavored to set down some of the most gracious dealings of the Lord with my poor soul. I pray the Lord to bless the reading of it to all my dear family, that they may, “Seek the Lord while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near.” They will feel the comfort of it in their last moments, when all creature comforts fail. They will be able to say by faith, The Lord Jesus Christ is my salvation, and my everlasting inheritance and portion. This is the prayer of their affectionate mother,

E. B. K. FLOYD.

After walking the downward road that leadeth to destruction, 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, forty years, my blessed Lord was pleased to send these words with power to my mind, one morning, in my sleeping-room, to raise me from the sleep of death: "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near. (Isa. lv. 6.) It struck me with astonishment, as I never remembered to have had a word of Scripture come to my mind before; and while I pondered it over in my mind, it suddenly came to me that I had never sought the Lord in his appointed means. O my ignorance! I knew nothing of the appointed means of grace; I knew nothing of the Lord Jesus Christ as a Saviour, nor the plan of salvation any more than a Hottentot, though brought up in the Church of England. About a fortnight after, these words came with power, so that I really thought I heard the words spoken to me: "Look unto me, and be saved." These second words coming, began to make a shaking among the dry bones. I began to feel quite unhappy; what to do I did not know, and I was ashamed to speak to anybody about what I felt. Many other words came to me, which made me feel I was a great sinner; but where to fly for refuge I knew not. At last I was constrained to open my mind to an old lady who lived with me at that time, and she persuaded me to go and hear Mr. Burgess preach, as she was a member of his chapel; and I went on Monday evening. The first time I went to chapel, the text was, "And I will cause you to pass under the rod, and I will bring you into the bond of the covenant." (Ezek. xx. 34.) It appeared as if it was sent for me; it was so impressed on my mind. I did not know much of the sermon. It was the first time I had heard a gospel sermon.

From that time my heart was drawn there, and I left the Church of England; but as often as I could I went and heard Mr. Burgess. Sometimes I got a little encouragement; at other times quite distressed, fearing there was no mercy for such a sinner as I felt myself to be. Then the Lord was pleased to send some sweet words to encourage me to press on; such as these: "I never said to the seed of Jacob, Seek ye my face in vain;" and, "Fear not, I am with thee; be not dismayed, I am thy God." I could not get to hear preaching very often, and when I did I was ashamed that any one should see me. Then these words would follow me, "He that is ashamed of me, of him will I be ashamed; and this, "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of heaven." One time, being in deep distress of soul, and harassed by many enemies, from without and within, as I was going to chapel, one Wednesday evening, I was begging of the Lord, in my poor way, to show me if I was in the right way; and he was pleased to speak these words to my heart, "Thine eyes shall see thy teachers." When I came there at that time I was looking to man, not knowing that power belongeth to God. I thought to see Mr. Burgess, but it was a stranger that came, which was a damp to my spirits; but when he took his text it was this: "Because the Lord heard I was hated, he hath given me this son also." When he began to open the text, he so described the trials, oppositions, and difficulties that a heaven-born soul meets with, that if he had known all my concerns he

could not have described the state I was in more clearly than the Old at that time. Under the sermon I felt I had that blessed Son in me; which is Christ, the hope of glory. I can say it was the first time I felt the Word preached with any power and comfort, and I had a hope it would continue; but, alas! how soon it was all gone! I then understood what Mr. Hart says:

“ True religion's more than notion;
Something must be known and felt.”

And a blessed sensation it is. I heard afterwards that the minister's name was Locke; and I really believe the Lord sent him that evening with tidings of comfort to my soul. After this I sank very low again; when Mr. Burgess preached from Luke xix. 5, and it was much blessed to my soul, as I felt interested in a great part of the sermon. Likewise I was very much exercised about the new birth, like Nicodemus: “How can these things be?” An old gentleman I used to converse with tried all in his power to make me understand it, but I could not; and I can say, to the glory of my blessed Lord, that what teaching I have had is from himself, and not from man. In this exercise of mind I went to chapel, when Mr. Barret preached, who ministered in turn with Mr. Burgess, from these words: “Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.” (2 Cor. v. 17.) He treated so much on the new birth, and the Lord was pleased to give me so much understanding to receive it, that I felt clearly what it was, and that I was born again.

And so the Lord was pleased to lead me on for five years, before he manifested himself to my soul; not but that I had many sweet foretastes of his love to my soul. And about a fortnight before he gave me to feel the pardon of my sins, and to see my interest clear in my dear Redeemer, my soul, if I may so express myself, was like a spiritual dialogue, with texts of Scripture, such as these: “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;” Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief;” continually passing through my mind, that I can say I lived quite above the world.

On April 23rd, 1812, as I was in my sleeping-room, these words came with such power to my heart as I had never felt before: “Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you.” O the joy and the comfort that followed those words cannot be described! And these texts of Scripture followed: “Come unto me, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul;” “My beloved is mine, and I am his;” “He brought me into his banqueting-house, and his banner over me was love;” and many more; so that I felt I was a pardoned sinner. I felt my interest clear in my dear Redeemer; washed in his blood, and clothed in his righteousness, I could feel his anger was turned away, and I was comforted. I could feel the kingdom of heaven was come into my soul. “O taste and see that the Lord is good.”

“ O, my Jesus, thou art mine,
With all thy grace and power;
I am now and shall be thine,
When time shall be no more.”

Not long after this, the enemy beset me with this: "How do you know your sins are pardoned? The Lord did not say, 'Daughter, go in peace, thy sins are forgiven.'" Then I began to think I was deceived altogether, and I begged and entreated the Lord to make it clear to me, and not let me be deceived, and rest in a false hope short of the salvation of my immortal soul. The Lord was pleased to send these words, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." I knew there was nothing in my flesh that would satisfy my soul, and I could rest in nothing short of the Spirit witnessing with my spirit that I was born of God; and I felt the power of it, and went on very happy, in the light of the Lord's countenance for some time; till the enemy beset me again as before,—that I did not know I was a pardoned sinner—that I knew those words were now applied to me; so down I sank lower than ever; but my ever-blessed and condescending Lord did not let me be many weeks in this desponding state; for one day, as I was reading my Bible, I came to these words in Isaiah xliii. 25: "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for my own sake, and will not remember thy sins." Well, said I, now I know my Lord has pardoned my sins, and when they are sought for they cannot be found, and I cannot come into condemnation. The Lord was pleased to bless me with the light of his countenance, and the manifestation of his love, for nearly three years. And when he was pleased to withdraw his *sensible* presence, and bring me down from the Mount, I did not know what to make of it after such sweet indulgences; for if such sweetness in the streams, what must the fountain be! Then, as Mr. Hart says:

"I to my own sad place return,
My wretched state to feel,
I tire, I faint, I mope, and mourn,
And am but barren still."

After this, I sank into great darkness. I did not know at that time I was to be weaned from the breast of consolation, and to go in and out, to find pasture. But I can say, glory be to the name of my dear Lord! he has led me in a right way, and has promised never to leave me nor forsake me; and I know his promise can never fail, let me be in whatever frame I may. One time I was meditating on the ever-blessed and adorable Trinity; and I felt it so clear as I could never express it, that the Three adorable Persons in the Trinity were from eternity all concerned in the salvation of my soul. Had it not been so I could never have been saved; and I was preserved in Christ Jesus, and, in his own time, called out of nature's darkness into his most marvellous light to glorify his blessed name to all eternity.

Nothing very particular occurred till our dear pastor's (Mr. Burgess's) last illness. I shall pass on till then. When he was so ill he could not venture out of an evening he gave us exhortations on Thursday mornings; and if I mistake not he spoke eight times from these words: "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh

away; and every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." (John xv. 2.) And most sweet seasons I enjoyed in hearing him. He was then fast declining, and all his friends could see and know that as his outward man decayed, his inward man was renewed day by day. That day when the Lord was pleased to take him from this world of sorrow, to be for ever with himself in glory, these words were on my mind the whole day: "Although I feed thee with the bread of adversity, and with the water of affliction, yet thy teachers shall no more be hid in a corner, but thine eyes shall see thy teachers." I could not make it out, knowing our teacher was so soon to be taken from us. I said, Lord, how can this be? Not being in expectation of any one, when he was no more. I knew the blessed Spirit is the best teacher. Not long afterwards, a separation took place in the chapel. The under shepherd was gone, and the sheep were scattered. We have never since assembled together at Mr. Burgess's house for prayer, singing, and reading. Sometimes we have had good experimental ministers to preach to us there, and we have felt a great deal of comfort at times; and I can set my seal to the truth of the Lord blessing us with his presence at our meeting in his name. But still I was at a loss to understand that text of scripture being so impressed upon my mind, as we were still without a teacher, and have been so for five years and a half.

About this time the Lord was pleased to bring Mr. Cole forth to preach in Fetter Lane, Fleet Street. I went to hear his first sermon. It was from these words: "And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding that we may know him that is true, and we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ; this is the true God, and eternal life." (John v. 20.) He spake at that time from the first clause: "And we know that the Son of God is come." He said no one could speak that language but those that had Christ formed in their heart the hope of glory. It brought to my mind the very time that I did receive Christ into my heart, and I felt the power of it. And many things he mentioned in that sermon which seemed to revive the good work in my soul that had been hid for many years; and I went home quite revived, and blessing the Lord for bringing him forth to speak in his name. The next time he preached from this: "And hath given us an understanding that we may know him that is true." When he began to open the "understanding" I was astonished; for I felt I was in possession of it, nearly all. It brought to my mind the very time I felt my soul sealed to the day of redemption, under a sermon of Mr. Burgess's: "Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arms." (Song of Solomon viii. 6.) I felt I was justified, and sanctified; and that in his own time I should be glorified. "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" The next time he spake from these words: "And we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ," (our Covenant Head from eternity.) I felt the manifestation of it in my soul, as he went on, that I was one of that blessed number that were in Christ from eternity, and could never be lost. So, my soul

was sweetly fed from Sabbath to Sabbath. It was quite a new life to me after so much deadness for so many [fourteen] years, except now and then a little revival. It appeared, indeed, as if one of the days of the Son of Man was come.

(To be continued.)

INQUIRIES.

Dear Sir,—Seeing that you are so kind to answer many questions, I take the liberty of asking you whom Christ meant in Matt. xi. 11, where he says, “The least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than John.”

London.

A POOR WORM.

ANSWER.

To understand the meaning of the text, Matt. xi. 11, to which our correspondent refers, we must take a comprehensive view of what the Lord Jesus meant here to set forth, which was his own grace and glory; and that according as he himself is viewed as the sum and substance of all truth, and as the grand Centre to which all the lines of prophecy converge and from which all the lines of preaching radiate, is any man great or little. All preachers and prophets rise or sink in worth and value as they testify more or less of him. Why was John the Baptist so great that “among those that are born of women there was not a greater than he?” (Luke vii. 28.) Because no other prophet testified and prophesied of Christ so clearly as he. Elijah was greater in miracles and in the glory of his end; and as regards the consolation derived to the church in all ages from his prophecies, Isaiah was greater than John. But as being the immediate forerunner of Christ; as pointing to the Lamb of God in the days of his flesh, he was greater than any prophet because his testimony was clearer. So when Christ had come in the flesh and set up his kingdom of grace on earth, which he did by the ministry of his apostles, the least preacher of that gospel in that day was greater than John for the same reason that John was greater than any Old Testament prophets in proportion to the clearness of his testimony.

It will thus be seen that the greatness of the prophet or the preacher does not arise from or depend upon the greatness of the man himself—for in the sight of God no creature can be great—but his greatness depends upon the message which he carries, and the tidings which he bears.

The expression, “the least in the kingdom of God” does not therefore mean the least believer in Christ, but the least of the apostles whom he made use of to preach his gospel and set up his kingdom of grace upon earth, which is often called “the kingdom of heaven.”

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly oblige me by explaining the meaning of 1 Tim. iv. 10, “Who is the Saviour of all men,” for as *all* men will not be saved, I must confess, to my mind it appears a little difficult.

Yours very sincerely,

A CONSTANT READER.

ANSWER.

This is one of those texts which are continually brought forward by Arminians in defence of their views, and may be taken as a type of the class of Scripture quotations which they adduce to overthrow the truth of the Gospel. The same key which opens this lock will also fit most of the same kind. We shall, therefore, first address ourselves

to a general view of such passages, (as we often receive similar Inquiries,) before we open up the meaning, as it seems to us, of the words quoted by our correspondent.

1. Now, we must lay it down as a broad, undeniable principle that no single, isolated texts, must be interpreted so as to overthrow grand fundamental truths. All truth, especially God's truth, must be consistent with itself, harmonious throughout its whole structure, from the lowest basis to the topmost pinnacle. If, then, any one text seem to contradict what the apostle calls "the proportion of faith," (Rom. xii. 6,) that is, the general harmony of truth which is revealed to faith, this contradiction cannot be real, but apparent; for if it could be sustained as a valid contradiction, it might be used, as Arminians use it, as a lever to overthrow the whole truth of God from the very foundation.

2. But, secondly, this text, with others of a similar character, may be explained as representing the *wide* character of the Gospel as compared with the narrow, restricted genius and spirit of the Jewish dispensation. According to that covenant, no one had any right or title to the mercy and favour of God, who was not either a lineal descendant of Abraham, or admitted as a proselyte to Jewish privileges. One grand feature in Paul's ministry, both in preaching and writing, was to beat down that narrow contracted view which a Jew almost necessarily had, that the Gospel was to be as restricted as the covenant made with Israel. When, therefore, he speaks of Christ dying for all men, and being the Saviour of all men, and God willing all men to be saved, he does not mean it so in the sense taken by the advocates of universal redemption, (for how can God will a thing that he does not accomplish?) but that it is God's expressed will that all sorts of men, Jew and Gentile, Greek, barbarian, bond and free, might be saved, and that the narrow limits whereby God only willed the salvation of Israel after the flesh, were now broken through and the middle wall of partition was thrown down, so that all men of all ranks and classes, of all nations and countries, might now have a manifested interest in the great work of salvation.

It is this declaration of the will of God that salvation no longer belongs to the Jew, which opens the way whereby the Gospel may be preached in every place and to every creature. This does not prove that Christ died for all, or that salvation is to be offered to all, or that the will of God is to save every human being, for it is impossible that the will of God can be wider and more extensive than electing love, for that is only the expression of his will; and one perfection of God can be no more larger than the other than one attribute can clash with the other. But as it is not manifestly known who God's elect are, while in the unregenerate mass, a way is opened for the Gospel to be preached in the hearing of all, leaving it to the blessed Spirit to apply the word to those whom God has in his own eternal mind predestinated unto eternal life.

3. Besides this, it is necessary to make the promises and declarations of Scripture as large and wide as they possibly can be without infringing upon, or contradicting grand foundation truths. At present, in spite of what we may call the largeness of Scripture invitations and promises, doubt and despondency make great head in many of the saints of God; but were the promises as strictly limited in their expression as they really are in their application, unbelief and Satan would take the greatest advantage thereby to distress and harass those who are coming to Jesus Christ for salvation.

4. Such texts seem left in the sacred word as tests of the believing and obedient, and as stumbling blocks to the unbelieving and disobedient. Ungodly men cavil at them, stumble over them, and abuse them to their own destruction; whereas the believing and obedient submit their minds

to the teaching of God, and leave what they cannot altogether understand, feeling convinced that God in his own time and way will clear up all difficulties. Thus, whilst he confounds all the pride of man, and banishes all rebels into the blackness of darkness for ever, he will make manifest his own wisdom and his own glory to those whom he has chosen in Christ, to be partakers of his crown.

5. But the text, quoted by our correspondent, admits a different, and we believe, an easier solution. The words, "Saviour of all men," it will be observed, are spoken of God the Father, not of Christ; and, therefore, seem rather to mean that he is the *preserver* of all men in a *temporal* sense, which he is by giving them food and raiment, (Deut. x. 18; Acts xiv. 17; xx. 28.) watching over them, and keeping them in a thousand different ways in the same way as he feeds the raven (Ps. cxlvii. 9) and holds up the sparrow. (Matt. x. 29.) In this sense God is the "Saviour," or preserver "of all men," but in a more especial sense "of those that believe," for he will take more peculiar and constant care of their bodies, seeing he has loved and redeemed their souls through the blood of his dear Son.

We do not, therefore, consider that the word "Saviour of all men," as spoken of God here generally, has any reference to the salvation of the soul, but simply means the preservation of the body. It is evident that God does not save all men in a spiritual sense, but all are indebted to him for their preservation from day to day and hour to hour as long as they live upon earth.

My dear Master will make several slow advances, momentary and transient visits to thee previous to the day of espousals. He will appear on the mountains, and many obstacles will lower their towering heads. Then he will show himself through the lattice, which will make some slits and crevices through the old veil that is upon thy heart; but it will not destroy the face of that covering, nor wholly swallow up death in victory. Then he will stand behind the wall, and the old strongholds will begin to shake; prejudice, enmity, hardness, infidelity, and despondency, will scarcely hold together. But O! when once he puts his hand in by the hole, and rends the caul of thine heart, then unbelief flies back, faith goes in, and love, sorrow, and evangelical repentance will flow out, for thy bowels will be moved for him more than ever Joseph's were over Benjamin, or the real mother over the son that Solomon ordered to be cut in two.—*Huntington.*

FAITH in Christ implies not only a hearty belief of the Saviour's doctrines, but a whole dependence on the Saviour's person, as our Prophet, Priest, and King. It requires a careful use of the means of grace, but forbids all trusting in the means. I must read the word of God with care, yet not rely upon my own ability, to make me wise unto salvation, but wholly trust in Jesus, as my Prophet, to open my dark understanding, and direct me by his Spirit into all saving truth. I must watch against sin, and pray against it too; yet not rely upon my own strength to conquer it, but wholly trust in Jesus, as my King, to subdue my will, my tempers, and my affections, by his Spirit; to write his holy law upon my heart, and influence my conduct to his glory. I must be zealous of good works; performing them as if my pardon and a crown of glory could be purchased by them; yet wholly trust in Jesus, as my Priest, to wash my guilty conscience in his purple fountain, and clothe my naked soul in his glorious righteousness, thereby receiving all my pardon and my title to eternal life.—*Berridge.*

POETRY.

*A RAY OF LIGHT IN MIDNIGHT DARKNESS.**(By the late Mrs. Sturton, sen.)*

THE SUN had gone down and had left me in darkness,
 As cheerless and gloomy as midnight, to prove
 My spirit, still panting and longing and looking,
 To see my dear Jesus, and feast on his love.

I feared former comforts might prove a delusion;
 Not born of the Spirit, and carnal their end;
 Yet ventured once more, midst distress and confusion,
 To seek my Beloved, and hope him my friend.

I cried, Speak, O speak, to my languishing spirit;
 Prolong not a silence so deathlike to me!
 Apply to my heart thy all prevalent merit,
 And help me, dear Jesus, to triumph in thee.

I'm helpless, and vile, nor a moment would venture
 To seek or expect any other retreat;
 My heart is with Thee; all my hopes in Thee centre,
 And if I must perish I'll die at Thy feet.

To prove Himself gracious no longer He waited,
 But strengthened my faith on His promise to rest;
 Said He, "Tho' I try thee, my love's not abated;
 I'm Jesus the faithful and thou shalt be blest.

"To show that my counsel's above all mutation,
 Behold I have deign'd to confirm it by oath,
 That those who have fled to my wounds for salvation
 Might strong consolation experience by both."

Here, Lord, let me live in the prospect of sorrow,
 Recline on the bosom of Covenant Love;
 Committing to Thee all the cares of to-morrow,
 Rejoicing in hope of the glory above.

Should death be at hand, then I'll fear not undressing,
 But cheerfully throw off my garments of clay;
 To yield up my breath is a Covenant blessing,
 Since Jesus to glory, through death, led the way. A. S.

FAITH is the giving up of our souls to God in an act of reliance on him for himself, and those things we desire of him, according to his will. Assurance is rather the flower or seal of faith than faith properly. Christians are often much mistaken about faith, in taking it for a sure confidence and belief that God will help and deliver, &c. But faith chiefly consists in a recumbency and reliance on God, a leaning, a rolling upon him to help us, or for whatsoever mercy we desire of him; and not that he will help or deliver out of such a particular trouble, or to bestow upon us such or such a thing we want, or remove such an evil we fear; that being rather the product, effect, and privilege of faith. Many complain they have not faith, when they have no assurance of God's performance, though they are all the while in the exercise of believing; and that faith is the faith that justifies; and that true faith is such as realiseth things present, remote, and future. It is not the nearness of a thing that makes it real; but faith seeth a thing to be real though afar off; when we are apt to judge many times of the reality of things, because they are near. Also true faith dwells in a pure conscience; it makes its nest there; it purifies the heart.—*Derney.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

FEBRUARY, 1858.

MATT. v. 6; 2 TIM. i. 9; ROM. xi. 7; ACTS viii. 37, 38; MATT. xxviii. 19.

PROVING THE WORK.

"But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing of himself alone and not in another. For every man shall bear his own burden."—Gal. vi. 4, 5.

THE work mentioned in my text is not the works of the law. No, no, no; for the Scripture says, "By the works of the law shall no flesh living be justified." But the work here mentioned is faith. Hence we find the apostle says, "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith. Prove your own selves," &c.; and here it says, "Let every man prove his own work." Thus it is plain that this in my text is the work of faith.

"But, then," say you, "how shall we know that we have faith?" Why, if you have these six things in you which faith always attends:

1. Faith purifies the heart; (Acts x. 43;) "Whosoever believeth in him shall receive the remission of his sins."
2. It is prevalent with God in prayer; (1 John v. 14, 15;) "And this is the confidence we have in him."
3. It overcomes the world; (1 John v. 5;) "Now this is the victory that overcomes the world, even our faith."
4. Faith attends the Spirit's witness; (1 John v. 10;) "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself."
5. "Peace in the conscience; (Rom. xv. 23;) "Peace in believing through the power of the Holy Ghost."
6. It attends the preaching of the word; (1 Thess. i. 5;) "For our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but in power;" and elsewhere it says, "The word preached did not profit, not being mixed with faith."

The next thing is to *prove this work*; to prove the work of God. 1. The Bible says, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Well, say I, "I am the person; for I hunger and thirst after righteousness. Then this proves it." 2. "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten." Now if I am rebuked and chastened, this proves it; and thus I prove my own work by the word of God.

The next thing is this *rejoicing*. It is common for people in a natural state, when on a death bed, to send for the minister, and he reads over a few prayers to them; and if conscience begins to lash them, then he administers the sacrament to them, and thus patches up a false peace, and the sick person rejoices in the testimony of another. But what is all this? Supposing, on the one hand, every one of you were to tell me I was a child of God, and my conscience cursed me, and told me I was not, what signifies your testimony?

"Why, no," say you. And, on the other hand, suppose every one of you cursed me, and told me I was not, what should I care for that if the Spirit bore witness that I am a child of God? I care not what you say. And thus I rejoice in myself alone, and not in another.

I will now show you in a three-fold sense how every man shall bear his own burden. You may say you think it is wrong, for Paul says, "Bear ye one another's burdens." "O," say you, "that's the moral law;" but I answer, "No;" for the moral law never commands me to bear another's burden." But Isaiah says, "He bore our sins in his own body on the tree;" and we are to take pattern by him, so if a brother is in distress of soul, by my telling him of my having been in the same state, and praying to God to deliver him as he did me, I make his trouble my own; and this is well-pleasing; for it is the law of love. It was nothing but the self-moving love of Christ that occasioned him to bear our sins. But this burden in my text is different, as I shall show you in a threefold sense. 1. It is a *daily cross*: "Let him deny himself, take up his cross," &c. 2. The depravity of our nature: "We that are in this tabernacle do groan;" (1 Cor. v. 4;) 3. *Bodily afflictions and trials*. Thus I have endeavored to show the meaning of the text, and I add no more.—*Huntington*.

A LETTER FROM THE LATE JOHN KEYT.

Beloved in the Lord,—Two full months have elapsed since I parted with my dear Christian friends in the island, but though absent in body, yet have I a daily remembrance of each one of you with whom I enjoyed fellowship in the things pertaining to the kingdom of God. This is indeed the only means in my present state by which I can in the least requite the great kindness of my beloved Ely friends; and whenever the Lord condescends to favor me, a poor and needy sinner, with nearness and access unto the throne of grace, the dear souls at Lakenheath, Littleport, and Downham are never forgotten; as I feel a strong persuasion that the Lord himself hath taught each of us to love one another; and you well know there is a bond of union running from heart to heart, among real saints, that cannot be broken. "Charity never faileth." Many waters cannot quench it; neither can the floods drown it. No floods of temptation or persecution; no, nor can the hateful streams of indwelling sin overflow so as to extinguish the sacred fire of divine love kindled in our souls by the ever blessed Spirit of all grace. It is true we have our winter seasons, many cold, chilly frames; together with many cloudy night seasons; yet, notwithstanding all these, the celestial fire of Everlasting Love, when once kindled in our hearts, never can be put out or totally quenched. This was sweetly typified by the fire upon the altar of burnt offering, which was not to be put out. "The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar; it shall never go out." (Lev. vi. 13.)

We may, and too often do, get damped in our affections, and now and then sink into a lukewarm frame of spirit; but the Lord our God having circumcised our hearts to love him that we may live, we are

sure to be revived again, for "whatsoever the Lord doeth, it is done for ever," and this he hath graciously promised: "They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine;" and the cause of this revival lies in the promise also, "I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon." (Hosea xiv. 5.) This may be seen in the two disconsolate disciples in their journey to Emmaus, (Luke xxiv.) their Lord was crucified and laid in the tomb, and their hopes were buried with him. "We trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel;" but now they were sad and perplexed indeed. This mysterious transaction had well nigh quenched the fire in them; but when their hope was at the giving up of the ghost, then their risen Lord drew near, though they did not know him; and this is often the case with us; we conclude he is gone, and we shall enjoy his blessed presence no more. But this is our infirmity, for, "The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite (or tender) spirit." (Ps. xxxiv. 18.) Yea, "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth." (Ps. cxlv. 18.) Thus it fared with Cleopas and his companion in their solitary walk; they little thought of meeting with such a blessed Visitor when they set off for Emmaus; but he knew well their sorrowful state of mind, and when he had by a few questions drawn out the griefs of their hearts, he then poured in the precious effects of his dying love, sweetly opened their eyes to behold a glimpse of his ever blessed self, and then vanished out of their sight. But this was not all, for he set their heart on fire afresh, and though it was towards night, up they rose and away back to Jerusalem, to tell their companions the pleasing story that they had seen the Lord, and had found sweet communion with their risen Saviour.

Now these things are left upon record for our encouragement and consolation, and we know that the Lord Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; yea, we have experienced his gracious visitations by which our hope and faith have been kept alive to this day. Under the preaching of the gospel; in our retired moments, when pouring out our hearts before him, and showing him our troubles; when tried with temptations, when exercised in the furnace of affliction, and when sorrowing under outward tribulation; how often hath the Lord in mercy appeared "A refuge and strength, and a very present help in trouble." And as Mr. Hart sweetly sings, so have we experienced, that

"He pities all our griefs,
When sinking makes us swim.
He dries our tears, relieves our fears,
And bids us trust in him."

These things, my dear friends, we have certainly found in the house of our pilgrimage, and by this experience we learn to value and esteem every means of grace we may be favored with. We highly prize the preaching of the pure gospel upon every opportunity; we feel thankful when we can assemble with those that fear God in so-

cial worship; and we are truly happy, when in secret or in prayer with one another, the Lord condescends to bless us with his most glorious presence. Sometimes in reading the Scriptures, and in our meditations on divine truth, we find that "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart," and prove the truth of Jeremiah's words, "Thy word was found and I did eat it; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." For oftentimes, when oppressed with various troubles, both within and without, the Holy Spirit is pleased to speak to our hearts by the application of some sweet promise exactly suited to our case. We then feel comforted and encouraged; we thank God with our whole hearts, and take fresh courage to persevere in our Christian warfare; and having, in the use of every means granted to us, obtained help of God, we continue to this day the monuments of the Lord's tender care, of his never-failing compassion, his immutable truth in every promise, and his faithfulness and power in the performance of every good word he hath spoken unto us. And when we consider in our hearts what poor, unworthy, unprofitable, sinful worms we are, we may well wonder and adore that ever the Almighty should take the least notice of us, or ever lend his ear to our imperfect petitions. But this he hath done, for "though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly." David had sweet experience of this in his own soul, and calls upon us to attend to it: "Ye that fear the Lord, praise him! All ye, the seed of Jacob glorify him; and fear him all ye the seed of Israel. For he hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted, neither hath he hid his face from him, but when he cried unto him he heard." (Ps. xxii.)

These considerations, one would think, are sufficient to draw out our hearts in continual praise to the God of all our mercies; but, alas! how apt we are to forget his former loving kindnesses towards us, for the very next cross or trial that comes, down we sink into desponding fear, while unbelief and carnal reason help forward our calamity, by objecting that the Lord will be gracious no more, and that we shall no more see his delivering hand stretched forth in our behalf. But when faith again begins to speak she acts the part of Manoah's wife, and insists upon it that "If the Lord was pleased to kill us, he would never have received a burnt offering or a meat offering at our hands, neither would he have shewed us all these things," nor the many deliverances we have had in times past. But we have learned by experience that neither faith nor the exercises of it are in our own power. Therefore we must in every trial "look unto Jesus, who is both the author and finisher of our faith, for without him we can do nothing." Blessed Paul knew this well, hence his earnest exhortation to his beloved Timothy: "Thou, therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus;" and this shows us the necessity of a continual coming to the Fountain of Grace for fresh supplies to help us in every time of need; and had we not a succession of troubles we should not so deeply feel our need of him. Ah, my dear friends, there is an overflowing fulness of blessings treasured up in our Covenant Head, and we never could have known his infi-

nite value, nor his all-sufficiency, had we been suffered to escape the daily cross. Isaiah saith, in chap. xxvi., "Lord, thou wilt ordain peace for us, for thou also has wrought all our works in us;" but in a following verse we may discern that trouble is found before peace is enjoyed, "Lord, in trouble have they visited thee, they poured out a prayer when thy chastening was upon them." Thus we may see the portion of God's children in their pilgrimage state is made up of tribulation and peace, as the Lord hath promised to all his disciples, and both these together are sure evidences of our sonship, "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth," and brings into the bond of everlasting covenant.

In my thus running on I do not write for the sake of information, as my Lakenheath brethren are well acquainted with the subject, but my motive and desire is to stir up your pure minds to a more diligent following on in the ways of the Lord, knowing by experience that the path to the kingdom lies through much tribulation; and that we are apt to faint and grow weary on account of the roughness of the way. When I consider my growing infirmities, and the number of my days, it may not be in my power to send you another scrap with "paper and ink," therefore I hope you will accept this as a small token of my unfeigned love, always remembering your work of faith and labor of love to me-ward.

On Monday, the 4th of this month, I visited the dying bed of a beloved brother in the Lord, who fell asleep on Wednesday, the 6th day. I found him waiting for his Lord's coming, and had some sweet converse with him. When speaking to him of the Lord's goodness in visitiug him, he lifted up both his hands, and said, "O for more of his blessed visits; my soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning. O, when will he be pleased to say, Loose him, and let him go?" To another observation of mine he replied, "O, he is the desire of all nations, and the desire of my soul;" and afterwards he said, "His name is indeed as ointment poured forth." When I bade him farewell, and left his chamber, those words dropped upon me, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." This good man's name was John Ball; he was a dear lover of Mr. Chamberlain, who also had a great regard for him. I must intreat you, the first opportunity to present my most cordial love to all my dear brethren at Downham and Littleport. I long to hear of their welfare, if they should be inclined to favor me with a line. I hope they have not suffered loss by the late heavy rains that have been prevalent here. Please to remember me to all the holy brethren as they may come in your way. I shall be happy to receive a few lines from you when you can find opportunity to write to such an one as I am. Yours, most affectionately,

JOHN KEYT.

76, High-street, Shadwell, London.

THE Lord deliver me out of one cross, and fit me for another; for crosses I do expect, and the graces of God's Spirit must have matter for their exercise, while I am in this world.—*Dorsey.*

THE EXPERIENCE OF AN AGED TRAVELLER.

Dear Sir,—It was my lot to be born of parents professing Particular Baptist principles, and I was therefore brought up among Dissenters. Being left fatherless at the age of seven, I was taken under the care of my grandfather who was of the same profession, but who died when I was twelve years of age. My mother married again. Her second husband was a drunkard, and I was thus left unrestrained in the world, in the broad road to ruin; but, O the goodness of a covenant-keeping God! I do not to this hour recollect taking the name of God in vain, or swearing, or doing any thing immoral, but my conscience would condemn me for it. Thus I went on until the 19th year of my age. In 1796 I left S— and went to H—, where I became acquainted with a person who appeared a very moral man. I had not been there more than a few months before it pleased the Lord to visit me with a frightful vision of the world in a blazing fire. Oh, the terror of my poor sinful affrighted soul, without a hope. Such was the terror I felt that when I awoke all around me was as wet as though I had been in a river. It had a powerful effect on me. I cannot recollect being guilty of swearing after this dream. My acquaintance soon after this offered me a book, as I was fond of reading; he said it was very entertaining, but I was rather doubtful of its being any good. At length he told me it was “Paine’s Age of Reason.” I did not accept his offer, though he importuned me much to do so, for he called it a “masterpiece of reason.” To which I replied, “John, if it be of such value to you as you say it is, keep it in your own hands. I have heard of it, but never saw it; nor do I intend even touching it, except it be to put it in the fire.” This ended our intimacy. I returned to S— within a year, and here the Lord met me with very heavy convictions of sin. I soon found that the soul trouble was such, that like as Moses’ serpent swallowed up those of the magicians’, so it swallowed up worldly trouble of every sort. Yet at this time my eyes were not opened to see where I was, or what I was. But I can truly say, I was at my wits’ end. My most intimate acquaintance was an old man who boasted of having been a member forty years, and nobody was able to say anything to his charge. At that time I looked upon him as an angel of light. . . . I regularly attended the old chapel, and often stopped to see the ordinance of the Lord’s supper administered. At one time, coming away along with several members, one of them turned to me, and said, “It won’t be long before we have you down amongst us, I hope.” To which I replied, “The word says, ‘Without faith it is impossible to please God,’ and ‘Whatsoever is not of faith is sin;’ now I want you to tell me what true faith is, and whether I am in possession of it or not.” But to my surprise I did not receive any answer whatever. As for the preaching, I never obtained the least good under it. None of my feelings were pointed out, none of my doubts, fears, or hopes spoken of, not a word was said respecting false and true faith, the work of the Holy

Spirit, the power of unbelief, the suggestions of Satan, the old man of sin and the new man of grace, or the marks and evidences of the work of God upon the heart, &c. I used to come from chapel as I went, without light, often with hardness of heart, seldom able to utter a word to God in prayer, and many times when on my knees have felt such unbelief as was awful to feel. I could see every blessing my soul wanted in Jesus, but could not reach one. "You should believe," said they. This, they said, would relieve me; but I found, to my sorrow, I could as soon make a world as believe to the removing of my guilt by the atoning blood of the Lamb of God. The doctrines of the gospel I did not want any man to teach me, as I saw them clearly set forth in the word of God. At this time I was sorely tried by the enemy with the fear of having committed the unpardonable sin, and underwent much distress of soul night and day on this account. I went to the minister to tell him my trouble, but never having experienced the darkness I was under he could not understand me. He told me I ought not to believe this, or give way to that. I left him, as he was an utter stranger to my distress, and it pleased the Lord that Bunyan's "Good News to the Vilest of Men," should fall into my hands; therein I saw I had not committed the unpardonable sin. In a little while Satan attacked me about election: "You are left out of God's elect, and they that are not included in it cannot be saved." This I believed with all my heart, for I never could read the Scriptures without seeing the doctrine of election. Another time he suddenly came upon me to set me reasoning about the being of God. O how soon I was carried away with this suggestion, into such awful darkness, deep despondency and distress that I cannot describe. Then he brought Jacob and Esau's case before me: "Can he be a just God to love one and hate the other before they were born?" At another time he led me to the giving of the law at Mount Sinai in the wilderness, to Israel, who at that time were not able to fulfil the law, and yet were damned for breaking it. Could that be just? His mercy brought me through all these temptations, and never suffered me to say, "He is unjust." Blessed be his name. I believe the people had a great desire to have me as a member with them, but I could not see that amongst them that I wanted to find, viz, the dealings of the Lord with them. I was invited one Lord's day to take tea with one of them. I soon found it was to inform me there was to be a collection for the support of the Academy. I soon gave them my views of it, viz., "That as long as the Lord had a gospel to be preached he was as able to prepare his ministers as ever, and as long as he wanted them, he would, quite independent of Academies, prepare his own servants for his own work."

About this time I was under great darkness, fear and doubt, begging and wreatling with the Lord for the pardon of my sins. I was answered with these words, "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." O what a change took place in my soul! What love, what blessing and praising God! darkness fled away, and all was light, joy, and rejoicing. Another time, while in bed, I experienced a great change.

I had passed a night without sleep, blessing and praising God, for giving me a hope of his mercy through the Lord Jesus Christ. As I could not sleep I thought I would get up at 4 o'clock and make a fire in the shop and go to work. When this was done such awful darkness fell upon my soul with such weight and terror that I could not support myself standing, and so down on the floor I fell. O the horror I experienced; it was as if the enemy was let loose within me, and would destroy me. O the awful thoughts and terrors of my soul at that time, and I all alone. I tried to call upon the Lord and to bring forth some word of Scripture, but could not; at last Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" occurred to my mind, with these words, "And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations;" and his power was gone; but so heavy was this conflict it took away my strength. I did not get over it that day.

About the beginning of November, 1800, I was taken with the fever, which lasted three months, and very much reduced me, but the Lord raised me up again. In June, 1801, I went to live at M—, Derbyshire. Here I lived in a neighborhood of religious people, General Baptists, but alas! during my stay here I never heard one sentence from man or woman that gave me reason scripturally to believe that they had any light of life, or experience of the gospel. One of the deacons, who lived opposite, at times had a little talk with me. He was an old man, who had the form of godliness but not the power. Close to our shop lived a Deist, who had been formerly a General Baptist. This man had Paine's "Age of Reason," and offered it to me over and again; but I refused to have it, though he urged me day after day. His master the devil had furnished him with most seducing arguments. It was, he said, sound reason, and there could be no harm in looking at it. I told him our reason had received damage, at the fall, and therefore it was of no use his asking me any more.

About the year 1803 I was appointed to a job that connected me with the world, for which I suffered daily. I had left M— and returned to S—. There was a charter granted to our trade by Charles II.; but the trade had neglected it, and now wished to come under its protection. They appointed me as their secretary.

I was fearful in my mind we should be brought to ruin, unless something could be done as a preventative; so after a deal of pro. and con. in my mind, I took the situation. After wading through thick and thin for seven years, we accomplished what we started for, but the trade deserted their own cause. I was in a great measure ruined in my circumstances, and the word of the Lord was fulfilled me, viz. "The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways." O, what a time I had! Years of darkness and desertion, with scarcely a ray of light, and almost without hope. At the best it was hope against hope. I was shut up, and I used to feel shut out.

I was foolish enough to say, if I had the world, I would freely part with it, if free-will could be proved to be the truth; for then I should take my chance with the rest.

In 1818, when I was 40 years of age, I procured one of Hart's Hymn Books. I began with his preface and experience, and went through it; but while reading the first hymn, my dear Saviour and a poor, lost, helpless, hell-deserving sinner met together. I could not read for weeping. My heart overflowed with sorrow and joy, and I was enabled many times to say with the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless and praise his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who pardoneth all thine iniquities, and healeth all thy diseases." I had a visit with these words: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love;" the blessedness of which lasted for weeks. Guilt and fear were removed out of my mind, and my soul was filled with peace and joy. I was once favored under a sermon in our chapel from these words: "With joy unspeakable and full of glory." O how precious is the love of the Saviour to his lost sheep, when found and owned by him. It puts to silence all law and all accusers. But I can assure you that I have been in such darkness and doubt respecting my state, that I have been tempted to fear the power of the Almighty was scarcely sufficient to overcome my unbelief. When I have thought of the promise of the Lord to his Son that he would give the Spirit of prayer to his children, feeling so destitute of it in my heart, I have felt, times without number, as a beast before him, without a word to say; which has sometimes shattered my hope to pieces. Yet I have many times looked at the faith of Job and Habakkuk, how it enabled them to triumph over all their enemies, both inward and outward.

It is said, "The days of darkness shall be many," and as it is the word of the Lord, it must be so. "The hope of the hypocrite shall perish." In the first prayer that I recollect, I begged the Lord that he would keep me from hypocrisy, and make and keep me upright.

Years ago, I have often said to a person you know, I feared I had not the true faith bestowed upon me. I so seldom experience any life, love, joy, peace, godly sorrow, meekness, or patience; but darkness, doubts, unbelief, and fearful misgivings of soul, which has often made me fear my enemies within would prove my ruin; but O the long suffering and patient endurance of a covenant-keeping God! Were he not so, I should long ago have been cut down as a cumberer of the ground for my awful backslidings. But I can say, with Mr. Hart:

"Tis not for good deeds, good tempers, nor frames;
From grace it proceeds, and all is the Lamb's.
No goodness, no fitness expects he from us;
This I can well witness, for none could be worse."

Thus I have given you a brief account of the dealings of the Lord with me.

I hope the Lord will keep me wholly depending on him for all that is good, "for in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." nor can there be in this polluted world; and therefore the Father of all our mercies hath made his dear Son to be wisdom and righteousness, &c., for us. Your sincere Friend,

T. B.

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. DARK, FORMERLY OF BEVERLY.

My near and dear friend,—Something has just said in my mind, write no more. Would it be better to give it up—to have no more to do with it? Is it of no use making manifest so much weakness; tiring out friendship. How many excuses have I had lately from the long delay;—perhaps I have given the great enemy room to raise surmises in your mind;—yea, it may be that he has thrown in the dart of jealousy, and has led you to apprehend that the union and communion that we have felt is dissolving. They say delays are dangerous. I must again reassure you no change has taken place. When once a spiritual union that is formed above is manifested with me on earth, it cannot be out off. It is written, with the lowly there is wisdom. How suitable is the situation, position, name, and condition of a worm unto us! Situation—dwelling among the dust;—our original foundation is in the dust: never, never can we rightly get above the dunghill or the dust in ourselves. Position.—Sin original and actual, and internal, has placed us as far from God as it could place us; but ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though he was rich—in his infinity, immortality, invisibility, essential and eternal glory—yet for our sakes he became poor (and in his own testimony says, “I am a worm and no man,”) that we, through his poverty, might be made rich—rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom. Name.—Worm Jacob. This seems to come into our inmost soul. The younger by manifested birth—second birth—the elder, the first birth of nature, is to serve; and though these two are separate in their birth, and fixed so in the Divine purpose and declaration, and the elder is in direct opposition to the younger, and would slay him if he could, yet sometimes, in the midst of his anger, enmity, and rebellion, he is made to submit to serve; his wrath is restrained, and he falls either upon his brother's neck or at his feet, and every thought is brought into captivity and obedience. But Jacob the wrestler! Jacob proved strongest and prevailed over the angel of the covenant when he had but one leg to stand on; by the strength of the Lord Jesus he had power with God and prevailed: yea, he wept, and made supplication unto him, and there he spake with us. Condition—as poor as death and the grave. In earth and on earth entirely helpless. In self and of self, without hands or feet, or arms, or legs, or thighs, to raise itself above the earth, naked in its first birth, exposed by sin to God's just wrath, but has no knowledge of it; but when thy time of the second birth is come, its shame and nakedness appears, and now it would either get inside of fig leaves, or patch up a garment of its own, either to cover over the deformity of sin, or heal up the breach opened between offended justice, and an heart and soul, and mind, and conscience, and body defiled sinner, and when the great creditor brings in bills to the amount of ten thousand talents, the guilty sinner cries, have patience with me and I will pay thee all. This discovers something of the blindness of the worm.

What a poor blind worm, to think to hide itself from the eye of Divine Omniscience and Infinite Purity; how blind to think that Infinite Holiness can receive anything at the hands of a fallen creature, so as to put it to his account for acceptance with him, or to pay off debts so deep, so long made, and so foul, so death-like, sin-like, and devil-like, when every effort to cover, only precedes a deeper discovery of the nakedness, every effort to pay only makes the debt the heavier.

But worms revere him, the Lord Jesus, worms stand in awe of him; worms long to creep to his wounded feet; worms sigh to be heard on high; worms groan to be found in him and to be clothed upon with his righteousness, which is from heaven; worms see such blessed suitability in him, that they must be one with and in him or die for ever; worms love the dew—poor things!—love to creep out of their holes in the night. But shall I tire you about the worm? perhaps, you may say, I want some account of the present. Well, I must tell you, old Adam is not mended or bettered in the old stock or seed. After I began writing this to you, or just preceding, I found a desperate dart shot into him. We may see the fruits of sin in Cain, who was of the wicked one and slew his brother, because his own works were evil and his brother's righteous; but have we ever felt the murderous thought within us that would have done the deed on the body of one nearer than a brother. O, desperate wickedness! Sometimes the devil has interest in view in his kingdom, in his fiery designs; but I found this awful, hateful, dreadful dart against interest here, so that he will change his ground and his colors, and against every near and dear connexion on earth, hurling his darts.

Again; the day before yesterday when I began scribbling this, (for this is the third time I have been coming to you by scribbling,) hearing of others departing, rebellion heaved up against the blessed cross, and, under feelings of denial, my old nature wanted to do the same as the ungodly, and the thought passed through my mind suddenly, go into the public house, and do as others do, and have some little enjoyment; don't go on at this poor, self-denying rate. Well, in my mind I looked at this, but was not suffered to parley much with the Devil and his agent; but I found the standard lifted up, not from any particular word dropping from the gracious lips and loving heart of the all-sufficient Jesus, Jehovah,—but if I judge right, from the inner man, that loves and delights in the law of God. Being fixed in this conclusion, and relying on the all-sufficient grace of the Lord, I said, No, devil, let whatever will be my lot—however poor and dejected in this world, I would rather die than yield to thee. Though I had not at this time so much Christmas cheer as old Adam wanted, it was a home-thrust at Satan, and off he went. He that through grace denieth himself, and taketh up his cross daily, shall find the blessedness of it. But what can I say? I can say that my daily wanderings, backslidings, vile affections, foul rebellion, black departures, carnal thoughts, sinful imaginations, and forsakings are sometimes the

cause of much grief to me. I am a daily mourner, a daily repenter, a poor beggar, a disgraceful, forlorn, unbelieving wretch. O, my dear friend, it seems to me you will say that I do know something of this; but I fear there never was one so wicked, so base, so hated by man, so frowned on by the world, so disregarded! But, my friend, you and I, I believe, are of near kin. Our relationship is of both the first and second Adam. And though we are obliged to have so much communion with our own heart, which sinks us, yet sometimes our communion is with things above, and we are blessed with moments that we would not exchange for all the world.

Well, the sweet times and seasons of grace be with you? Mother and Mary, I cannot wish you better than to feel that Bethlehem's Babe is born in you; that there is manifested room for him in your hearts; that you have him there, the Hope of Glory, Death's Overcomer, Sin's Finisher and Pardoner, the soul's imputed and imparted Justifier. That you have him revealed in you as your sanctification, wisdom, and eternal redemption; yea, as your All-in-all. Then you will have a merry new year; your mourning will be turned into dancing, your sorrow to joy, the prison door thrown open, the captive soul set at liberty to give goodly words.

I have received a letter from poor S—P—. It seems that he had precious faith given him before the departure of his wife, and that there is no room left for him to sorrow without hope. Sometimes I think upon the word as it is brought to remembrance, since I have lost my children.

Yesterday morning, after feeling like a pelican in the wilderness, amongst many here, these words dropped: "They made me keeper in the vineyard, but my own vineyard have I not kept." Here I dwell, in this deathly Meshech,—In these black tents of Kedar—and it seems it must be so.

And now, dear brother, let me hear whether the harp is on the willows, or whether it be taken down, and every string of it timed and tuned by the Sacred Dove, to make melody unto the Lord; that a little of that sweet song is your employ, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will to your soul; then, if that is the case, there will be music in heaven, in your dwelling, and in your soul. Give my warm affection to mother Mary, and as many more among the people as dread a fair show in the flesh. Adieu.

Yours in love,
S. D.

Devizes, Dec. 31, 1849.

WHEREFORE let it not trouble us that our adversaries are offended and cry out that there cometh no good by the preaching of the gospel. They are infidels; they are blind and obstinate, and therefore it is impossible that they should see any fruit of the gospel. But contrariwise, we, which believe, do see the inestimable profits and fruits thereof; although outwardly, for a time, we be oppressed with infinite evils, despised, spoiled, accused, condemned as the outcasts and filthy dung of the whole world, and put to death and inwardly afflicted with the feeling of our sin, and vexed with devils.—*Luther.*

A FRAGMENT OF THE EXPERIENCE OF THE
LATE MR. HUSBAND, RESPECTING HIS BAPTISM. FROM
AN EAR-WITNESS.

On Sunday, October 6th, 1833, I went to Mr. Tiptaft's chapel, and heard Mr. Husband preach from Isa. xlii. 16. He explained the different sentences in the verse, and then related to us a little of his experience, and what trouble he had about his baptism. This was after he left the Church of England. He said he gave notice to the Baptist minister that it was his wish to be baptized, and the time was given out when it was to take place; but the week previous to it he was tempted very much to give it up, the tempter bringing to his mind his flying in the face of his dearest friends. He said he was very much troubled in his mind, the devil persuading him that infant baptism was right; and at the same time he was looking at the passages in the New Testament treating of baptism after conversion. After great trouble of mind and prayer to God for right instruction, on the Friday before the Sunday on which it took place, he went to the Baptist minister of the village and told him he could not go through the ceremony; he was so much troubled in mind that no one could tell except they were in the same circumstances. What dwelt upon his mind was the command in the Old Testament, that the males were to be circumcised on the eighth day, which made him think infant baptism was right. The minister told him he was not surprised at his being troubled and cast down, for he was looking to the law instead of looking to Jesus, who was the end of the law for righteousness to them that believe. Being convinced of the same, after a few more perplexing thoughts, he was relieved by the following text of Scripture: "Wherefore, seeing we are also compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and run with patience the race that is set before us, looking 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 now set down at the right hand of the throne of God." (Heb. xii. 1, 2.) This cleared away his doubts, and brought light into his mind, and also these words were brought home to his soul, "Go, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them," &c.

T. H.

A WORD OF SYMPATHY.

My dear Friend,—I hope you and your wife are better; but if not better in health, I hope your souls are supported by an Almighty arm. If the Lord is with you to bless you, and bring your mind and will to his will, you will not find fault with the way which he is taking with you in afflicting you and yours; but if you should be left to the evil workings of fallen nature and a tempting devil, so that your heart should fret against the Lord for afflicting you, yet he hath much longsuffering for you, as it is said of him that "he is

merciful, gracious, slow to anger, plenteous in goodness and in truth." Hear his pitying voice: "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires;" that is, abundantly bless, show mercy unto, comfort and support, instruct and liberate us; confound our fees and scatter our fears, bring out of trouble and make his way straight before us, reconcile to his dispensations, although ever so trying, bring boldly to his throne, give liberty in prayer, send gracious answers in return; and make a blessed discovery of himself as over all, God blessed for evermore; so that in righteousness thou shalt be established; thou shalt be far from oppression, for thou shalt not fear, and from terror, for it shall not come near thee.

My dear friend, such is good teaching; in it we learn our own weakness and wickedness, and God's power and lovingkindness; and the need of the God-Man to pity and save us. The world sinks in our esteem, and a high value is put upon the Person and finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Jesus is the chiefest good;
He hath bought us with his blood;
Let us value nought but him;
Nothing else deserves esteem;"

He will bring us to glory at last. It has come into my mind that such a poor, sinful, far-off creature as I am should not write to my friend after such a manner. Well, I confess that my heart is often hard, and eyesight bad; my soul often full of troubles, prayerless and rebellious. My case is worse than I can tell; but God is the same, his truth the same; and it is said, "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." And what more can my brother, his wife, or any of those whose hope is in the Lord want? May he abundantly bless us, if his heavenly will, that we may bless and praise him, for praise is comely to the upright.

Yours truly,

Fairford, Sept. 18, 1857.

C. C.

CAST DOWN, BUT NOT DESTROYED.

I, a poor weak worm, have been cast down for this last week with deep sorrow of heart. It seemed as though the Lord had cast me off for ever, and that he would never come again and speak a word of comfort to my poor cast-down soul. O the longings I felt for the Lord to come and say, "Peace be within thine house." But it seemed as though the Lord would not hear my cry. O, it seemed as there was no life in me Godwards. But still there was a something I could not give up; and one night, when going to bed, these words came to my mind, "Even as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." But that did not seem to cheer my poor heart; all was so dark. I thought that I was one of those that only had a name to live while they were dead.

few can tell the pangs of soul I felt then; and the thought came into my mind, if I was the Lord's, he would hear me. But it seemed as though I could not be one, or I should never have these feelings. But I felt that I wanted to love him; and then I thought, if I love him, why am I thus?

These are dark paths to be in! And then the enemy told me that it would have been better for me if I had never said a word to any one. O, I felt as if I could not live in such a dark state of mind; for O, to lose sight of him my soul desired to love! I continued in this state of mind for nearly a fortnight. On the Sunday morning I went to chapel; and as I was going, I thought as though a voice had said, This is the last time you will ever come. But as I was going up the street, these words occurred to me: "I have set thee upon my heart, and thou shalt hope when fear cometh." I felt a little hope spring up, but in a short time it seemed gone, and my heart grew sad, as it drew near chapel time. I felt as though the load increased, when this hymn was sung:

"How did my heart rejoice to hear;"

and when the Psalm was read, I thought sink I must. But when the text was given out, I felt a hope again spring up. I could fall in with some of the things Mr. G. described; but after, it seemed all to go again, and I began to think there was nothing for me; and I came home with a sad heart. After dinner I sat down heavy laden. O, I thought, did I know where I may find him, whom my soul desires to love! But, O if I am deceived, where, then, must I go for help? for I cannot live like this! And as I was thinking, these words came: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Bless his dear name, I felt like one let out of prison. I can say he is good. And O the joy I felt that he has said he will never leave me! I felt as though I wanted more hearts to praise him for his love.

"O love divine, how sweet thou art!"

I can say I have found

"My willing heart
All taken up by thee."

Bless his dear name, he does live over the storm of our poor weak minds, and sinners can say, and none but they, How precious is the Saviour! O may I be kept very near his dear feet, with a tender conscience; and may he still go on to be gracious to my poor soul, that I may feel his love shed abroad in my heart by his power. This is the prayer of a poor worm, one that loves the truth.

S.

Go search the records of sacred scripture, and see how it fared with the saints in all ages; what Job, David, and Paul, yea, our blessed Lord himself, endured, and passed through in this world. Should that be an argument against your interest in God, which is the common portion of all believers here? We are now chastened, that hereafter we may not be condemned.—*Berridge.*

PILGRIMS' WAY AND PILGRIMS' FARE.

Dear Sir,—Having experienced your kind sympathy in the hour of darkness, it has encouraged me to address you again, for I can now say that the Lord hath not forsaken me, neither hath my God forgotten me; for though he has for some time past been leading me in a very trying and mysterious path, and though at times "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," yet this is a stay to my soul, that my Father's hand deals out the cup; and though I cannot say that my enjoyments are so great as when I first felt his pardoning blood—when I first bathed in that fountain that was opened for sin and uncleanness, yet I have known what it is to feel that he has taken all my sins, and cast them behind his back. But though my joys are not so great, the dear Lord doth still condescend to visit me.

A few days since, as my husband was reading Isa. xliii., and the last clause of the twenty-fourth verse, "Thou hast wearied me with thine iniquities," I felt I had indeed done so; but O the forbearance and condescension of God! After bringing this charge, he said, "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgression." Inwardly I said, "Lord, canst thou indeed love me? I who have so often wearied thee?" My dear husband seeing me in tears, inquired the cause. I said, "O, I could lay myself at Christ's feet, that he might trample upon me." He replied, "He will never do that;" and I believed so too. From my heart I said, "Lord, do with me what thou wilt, only do not let me sin against thee." This often causes me sorrow, that I should sin against so much love and mercy. I often have to cry, "Lord, save me from myself." What a conflict is the Christian life; at least, I feel it to be so.

The other day, while wrestling with the Lord, I told him he knew how weak I was; how that temporal and spiritual trouble combined had shaken my frail frame. As I was pleading with him, these words came with great sweetness, "He remembereth that we are dust." "Ah, Lord," I said, "I have been telling thee that thou knowest how weak I am, but, Lord, thy words imply not only that thou knowest it, but thou takest it into consideration." It was as though the Lord had said, "I know thy frame that it is weak, therefore I will not lay upon thee more than thou art able to bear."

"Thus comforted and thus sustained,
With dark events I strove;
And found them, as I walked by faith,
All messengers of love."

Aug., 1857.

A PILGRIM.

THE gospel of grace may be rejected, but the grace of the gospel cannot. God's written message in the Scriptures, and his verbal message by his ministers, may or may not be listened to; whence it is recorded, "All the day long have I stretched forth my hand to a disobedient and gainsaying people." But when God himself comes, and takes the heart into his own hands; when he speaks from heaven to the soul, and makes the gospel of grace a channel to convey the grace of the gospel, the business is effectually done.—*Toplady.*

Obituary.

TRUTH AND PEACE.—A NARRATIVE OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE, AND SPIRITUAL PROSPECTS WAITING FOR DEATH, OF A MOTHER IN ISRAEL; WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

(Concluded from page 33.)

Being rather poorly, I was deprived of hearing twice, I believe; and that was a great trial to me, for after I had heard Mr. Cole once I could not stay away; for I can say I never felt tired in walking home, [a distance of seven or eight miles,] but sweetly refreshed. The next time, I heard him preach from these words, "Ye worship ye know not what; we know what we worship, for salvation is of the Jews." (John iv. 22.) When he began to speak of the *gospel idolaters*, I could look back to the time when I was one, and as proud a Pharisee as any one that went inside the walls of the church. In particular, when I had received the sacrament my pride was so great I could say, "Stand by, for I am holier than thou." But when the Lord was pleased to let me feel what a wretched sinner I was, that was my greatest distress; for I really thought I had ate and drunk my own condemnation. But to return. I felt under that sermon that the Lord had made me one of the true worshippers, that worship God in the Spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh.

The next time he preached from these words: "Now ye are clean, through the word which I have spoken unto you." (John xv. 3.) He spake so sweetly, in so many particulars, of the clearness and spotlessness of our dear Redeemer, and that it was impossible for an impure word to drop from his lips; and he opened so plainly the pollution of our sinful nature, that still when I feel it I am astonished to think that the Lord should ever have mercy on such a one as I feel myself to be. He was so sweetly led in these three sermons, on these words, that I never shall be able to express what I felt and enjoyed under them. Those three sermons, and all the rest that I heard had such an abiding sense that they were my food from day to day. In the last sermon he appealed to conscience: "Can you say, 'This is my comfort in my affliction, 'Thy word hath quickened me?'" I could answer, "Yes." He brought so many words to my mind that the dear Redeemer had spoken to my heart, that I felt I was clean through the words that he had spoken to my heart from time to time.

Now I began to have some thoughts about those words that were so powerfully spoken to my heart the day that Mr. Burgess was taken to glory; for we have had no teacher since his death; and I can say I never had my way so cast up before. I do believe (if I had a memory to retain what I heard from Mr. Cole in, I think, nine sermons) he brought forth my whole experience from the day the Lord was pleased to make me feel that I was a sinner to the present time, which is about twenty-two years. Dare I not say, therefore, that promise is made good and manifest in Mr. Cole being raised up

as my teacher, and not mine only, but I hope that of many hundreds, if it is the Lord's will and pleasure! For many years I have had him on my mind much, and begged the Lord to bring him forth to speak in his name, to be as a brazen wall and an iron pillar in his temple. At that time I did not know what I prayed for; but our blessed Lord says, "What you know not now, you shall know hereafter;" and, blessed be his name, I do know, now, to the comfort of my soul.

The night after I heard Mr. Cole's last sermon, on these words, "Now ye are clean, through the word that I have spoken unto you," I was taken very ill, but the comfort I enjoyed in my soul made me think very light of bodily affliction. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, I was so sweetly fed with the hidden manna that I wanted no other food. On Thursday evening I was on my knees blessing and praising my dear Lord and Saviour for his great mercies to me, so unworthy, when he was pleased to break in upon my soul again with those sweet words, "Now ye are clean, through the word which I have spoken unto you." My soul was melted in such a sweet manner! I felt more than words can express. I could do nothing but bless and praise and adore my loving God, for I had found Him whom my soul loved. I went to bed with my Beloved in my arms, and a most sweet night's rest I had. In the morning he was still with me. My beloved Lord brought me that morning where I had been praying to be brought for many years; that is, to say from my heart, "Lord, thy will be done." I felt so much of my dear Lord's presence that I longed to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better. I was in hopes every time I shut my eyes to open them in glory. But our Lord says, "Your time is always ready, but mine is not yet." I continued very ill till the Wednesday week after that sweet manifestation, when my complaint got so much worse that I was obliged to have medical advice. Not that I had any desire on my own account, for I longed to get rid of this body of sin, and to be for ever with my dear Lord and Saviour, who had done such good things for me; for

"If such sweetness in the stream,
What must the fountain be?"

but on account of my family. I was brought so low that it was with much difficulty I could move in my bed, and took very little else but medicine. Then my dear Lord was pleased to feed my soul from day to day with his blessed word. In the morning I could look up and say, "Dear Lord, thou didst in old times feed thy children from day to day, and I am looking to thee for my daily portion." And he always answered me with some sweet portion of Scripture to feed upon; such as, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God, shall man live." And sweet living it is. I can say I never felt an uneasy moment in all my affliction. When my medical gentleman told me he thought I was a little better, it struck a damp on my spirits, as I did not want to hear it. I wanted to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.

On Saturday I was so very low, that I thought I felt death approaching, when these words came:

“When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ’s presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days thy strength shall be.”

And then these words, “Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.”

On one Sunday morning, as I thought I was very near entering my everlasting rest, I was meditating on the sweet manifestations my Lord was pleased to favor me with, I saw, as with my bodily eyes, near the top of the foot-post of the bedstead, something moving before my eyes, the color of a rainbow. It moved gradually to the middle, over the foot of the bed, and then appeared the color of the sun, quite round, and in the form of the glory that is represented round our blessed Saviour’s head. It had such an effect upon my spirit that I shrank from it, as it were, and said, “O, Lord, is it not enough that I have had so many sweet manifestations of thy love to my soul, but I must have an open vision? Dear Lord, I feel it will be too much for my weak frame; I shall faint under it.” For I really thought to see it open and separate, and that I should behold my crucified Redeemer; for it appeared to me as if there was something most brilliant to be seen from behind; but it gradually withdrew from my sight. Then these words came to me, “But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise, with healing in his wings; and ye shall go forth, and grow up as calves of the stall.” And then this, “Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.” I answered, “Lord, thou hast healed my soul; I don’t want my body healed.” But from that time I thought I should be raised up again; and, bless his dear name, he has done so, I trust for his glory and for my good. But to think of the condescension of my gracious God, to condescend to listen to his unworthy creature to withdraw the scene at my request, until I had strength to bear it. One Sunday morning, as Mr. Parker was preaching from a text in the Song of Solomon, the Lord was pleased to give me such a faith’s view of my crucified Saviour, as if I had seen him with my bodily eyes, with the blood in great drops forcing through the skin; his head resting on his right shoulder, and his eyes fixed upon me; as much as to say it was my sins that had been the cause of my dear Saviour’s sufferings. It had such an effect upon me that I was enveloped in tears, and lost to all that was around me for some time. This was about three months after I was recovered from my illness. The Lord said to my soul, “I will make all his bed in his sickness.” And, blessed be his name, he has made mine. I can say it was a bed of mercies, and in very faithfulness he hath afflicted me. For if ever a poor sinner was indulged with the foretaste of eternal glory, I was. And I have been so full at times, that I have said, “Lord, it is almost more than my weak frame can bear.”

Mr. Cole was so much on my mind, and what the Lord had done for my soul under his ministry, I felt as if it was impossible I could

leave this world without telling him; and he was pleased to come to see me, which I took very kind, as we were quite strangers. The Lord was pleased to give me strength to speak my mind freely to him; which was a very great comfort to me, and I hope an encouragement to him. If I had never heard Mr. Cole preach, I should never have put pen to paper. But as the Lord has been pleased to give me such a sweet revival in my soul, and blessed the word with such power to my heart, and brought all things to my mind that he hath done for my soul, I feel it my duty to make it known to his minister and to his own children. The Lord has been pleased to raise me again, and I trust it is for his own glory. I think the first text of Scripture that came to my mind in my affliction was this: "He brought me into his banqueting-house, and his banner over me was love." (Sol. Song ii. 4.) The next was, "Arise, shine! for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." (Isa. lx. 1.) The next was, "This is my comfort in my affliction; thy word hath quickened me;" (Ps. cxix. 50;) followed by, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." (Deut. xxxiii. 27.) Then these two, "Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other." (Ps. lxxxiv. 10.) After them, "Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance." (Ps. lxxxix. 15.) The next was, "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of our God." (Psa. xlix. 4.) The next was, "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.) The next was, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." (Luke xii. 32.) The next was, "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint." (Isa. xl. 31.) Then these, "My Beloved is mine and I am his;" "Let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for thy countenance is comely;" (Sol. Song ii. 14;) "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know, when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." (1 John iii. 2.) The next was, "Be still, and know that I am God;" (Ps. xlvi. 10;) and this, "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." (Mal. iii. 17.) Then this, "In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness." (Zech. xiii. 1.) And then, "Trust in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength;" (Isa. xxvi. 4); and this, "And call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." (Ps. l. 15.) Then this, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God, shall man live." (Matt. iv. 4.) And then this, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." (Isa. xxvi. 3.) And this, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." (Exod. xxxiii. 14) And this, "The Lord pre-

serveth the simple; I was brought low, and he helped me." (Ps. cxvi. 6.)

When the Lord was pleased to withdraw his sensible presence, I could not but mourn, after nearly four weeks of such sweet indulgence as I had enjoyed. Then my dear Lord was pleased to speak these words to me: "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you again." (John xiv. 8.) And, bless his dear name, he has given me many sweet visits, though of short duration. These words were much impressed on my mind in my affliction:

"I'll tell to all poor sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to my Redeemer's blood,
And say, Behold the way to God!"

This was written in 1829 at first, after a great and blessed affliction, and again, [probably for revision and additional collections,] in 1852, and again in 1855.

David says, "My meditation of him shall be sweet." I do hope, in a small degree, that I can say I know a little of it. For my mind has lately been led very much to look into eternity past. It appeared to me as if by faith I could see the three adorable Persons in the Trinity, contriving the plan of salvation of sinners, by the covenant of grace, to save some of Adam's lost race; and I could behold our gracious God and Father coming forward and saying, "Save them from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom for them." And also I could see our dearly beloved Saviour, the only begotten Son of God, come forth and say, "I lay down my life for my sheep, and they shall never perish. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again; this commandment have I received of my Father." "All that my Father hath given me, shall come unto me, and him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." And I could also see the adorable Spirit ordained to manifest to the elect, or chosen people of God, those blessed truths, by taking of the things of Christ, and making them known unto them.

Then again, I have been led to look into eternity to come; when our dear Redeemer shall come in the latter days upon the earth, and every eye shall see him; when he shall say to his dear Father, "Behold I and the children which God hath given me." (Having all the elect, or God's chosen people, to deliver up to him, and not one of them missing.) "All for whom I gave myself, and suffered, bled, and died to save, are saved with an everlasting salvation." And I have faith to believe my unworthy name will be in the list, and that when my departure comes I shall be permitted to enter into that assembly of just men made perfect, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; and that I shall be clothed with the garment of salvation, for 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. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit; for the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin

and death," being chosen in the purposes of God before the world was made. "Therefore if anyone be in Christ Jesus he is a new creature: Old things are passed away; all things are become new."

ALL IS WELL.

What, what is this steals o'er my frame!
 Is it death? Is it death?
 Which soon shall quench the vital flame?
 Is it death? Is it death?
 If this be death, I soon shall be,
 From all my sins and sorrow free,
 I shall my Lord and Saviour see.
 All is well! All is well!
 Cease, cease, my friends, to weep for me.
 All is well! All is well!
 My sins are pardoned; I am free.
 All is well! All is well!
 There's not a cloud doth now arise,
 To hide my Saviour from my eyes;
 I soon shall mount the upper skies.
 All is well! All is well!
 Tune, tune your harps, ye saints, in glory.
 All is well! All is well!
 I soon shall sing the pleasing story,
 All is well! All is well!
 Bright angels are from glory come;
 They're round my bed, and in my room.
 They wait to waft my spirit home.
 All is well! All is well!
 Hark, hark, the Lord and Saviour calls me.
 All is well! All is well!
 I soon shall see his face in glory.
 All is well! All is well!
 Farewell, my friends! Adieu! Adieu!
 I can no longer stay with you.
 My glittering crown appears in view.
 All is well! All is well!

E. B. K. FLOYD.

WHEN troubles are real, fear, slavish fear, magnifies them, and points them out in the most disheartening and discouraging colors imaginable. This makes the cross terrible, when fear gets leave to paint it in the blackest color; whereas, when faith looks upon the cross, it extenuates and says, they are but light afflictions; they are but for a moment.—*Ralph Erskine.*

SUPPOSE it to be as thou sayest, thou hast pleaded the promise and waited on the means, and yet findest no strength from all these receipts, either in thy grace or comfort. Now take heed of charging God foolishly, as if God were not what he promised; this were to give that to Satan which he is all this while gaping for. It is more becoming the dutiful disposition of a child, when he hath not presently what he writes for to his father, to say, my father is wiser than I; his wisdom will prompt him what and when to send to me, and his fatherly affections to me, his child, will neither suffer him to deny anything that is good, nor slip the time that is seasonable. Christian, thy heavenly Father hath gracious ends that hold his hand at present, or else thou hadst ere this heard from him.—*Gurnall.*

REVIEW.

Meditations and Discourses on the Glory of Christ. By John Owen, D.D.
London: published by the Religious Tract Society.

IN that most sublime and touching prayer which the Lord Jesus Christ, as the great High Priest over the house of God, offered up to his heavenly Father before he shed his precious blood on the cross, there is one petition, or rather an expression of his holy will, which is full of unspeakable blessedness. "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me; for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." (John xvii. 24) The change from petitioning as a Priest to willing as a King is very remarkable, and casts a gracious light on the nature of Christ's mediatorial intercession at the right hand of God. On the footing of his covenant engagements, atoning sacrifice, and finished work, as well as from the perfect equality of his divine nature with that of the Father and of the Holy Ghost, he utters the expression of that sovereign will which was and is identically the same with the eternal will and fixed decrees of his heavenly Father. And O, how full and comprehensive, how gracious and condescending is the will of Christ as thus expressed! How it embraces in its firm and sovereign grasp all the members of his mystical body, all the sheep of his pasture and the flock of his hand, all that the Father gave him to be eternally his own! Yes; all the countless millions who before the foundation of the world were given him as his joy and crown, as his eternal inheritance, as the delight of his heart, and the promised reward of his incarnation, sufferings, and death, were included in this expression of his holy and unchanging will. Whatever be their state and condition here below, whatever sins and sorrows they may have to sigh and groan under, whatever opposition they may encounter from earth or hell, this will of Christ holds them up so that they cannot fall out of his hand, or be deprived of their glorious inheritance.

If we then have any divine testimony that we belong to that favored number who were given to Jesus by his heavenly Father, and thus have an interest in this blessed will of our great High Priest, it may well become us to fix our thoughts upon the subject which is brought before us in that little work which was the last that issued from Dr. Owen's pen, and which we may say embodies his dying experience. This we learn from the following interesting extract:

Dr. John Owen finished his course at Faling. It was there that he employed himself in writing his last work, "Meditations on the Glory of Christ." He died August 21, 1683, aged sixty-seven, and was buried in Bunhill Fields, London. On the day of his death, his friend Mr. Payne said to him, "Doctor, I have just been putting your book on the Glory of Christ to the press;" to which he answered, "I am glad to hear that that performance is put to the press; but O, brother Payne, the long looked-for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done yet, or was capable of doing in this world!"

As this little work was once made very sweet to us on a bed of sickness, we have always regarded it with peculiar affection, and for that reason, perhaps, prefer it to any other of Owen's productions. We know there are those amongst the family of God who do not feel much towards the writings of Dr. Owen. They consider them heavy and dry, and can scarcely read them with patience or attention, not to say, life and feeling. We cannot say that such is either our feeling or experience. It is true that the style of Dr. Owen is somewhat heavy, as he scarcely ever uses any figurative expressions to relieve his language; and as he sounds the

depths of every subject which he handles, a measure of patient attention is required to follow him step by step in his elaborate, methodical exposition of those profound subjects which chiefly exercise his pen. As he was a man of deep thought, and penetrated into every part of his subject, his interpretation of divine matters needs a close and patient attention to follow, and this but few readers are willing or able to give. He is, therefore, considered dull and dry, and his long, elaborate distinctions and explanations are deemed obscure and unintelligible. To persons who never care to think or reflect, all is dry that needs the exercise of a little thought. Were their minds engaged and their hearts touched with the solemn truths that Owen handles, they would often find the dry land a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water.

But we have usually found, when we have been in a spiritual frame of mind, a solemn weight and power in his writings which has touched our heart and reached our conscience. On such grand and exalted subjects as the Person of Christ, his atoning blood and righteousness, the freeness, fulness, and sufficiency of his superabounding grace, he writes as a master in Israel; and such experimental topics as temptation, the subtlety and power of indwelling sin, the hidings of God's face, and the restoration of peace, with its accompanying effects of spiritual mindedness and the other attendant fruits of vital godliness, he handles with great depth and feeling as one thoroughly and intimately acquainted with them by long and vital experience. He possesses a peculiar way of communicating the soundest and most scriptural instruction on these points, at least in our judgment, without becoming dead and dry, so that whilst we learn we feel, whilst we assent we believe, and whilst scripture after scripture falls with convincing evidence from his pen, truth after truth drops with power and savor into the heart. We only wish we were more often in that spiritual frame of mind when we could read him more, and could feel every day of our life as we have sometimes felt as his wise and weighty words have dropped into our soul.

It cannot be denied that the ministry of the day is generally very light and superficial, not merely in opening up and unfolding the teachings of the Blessed Spirit in vital experience, but in setting forth with clearness, weight, and power the glorious truths revealed by the same Holy Spirit in the pages of the Gospel. Without wishing unnecessarily to condemn or depreciate any laborers in the vineyard, and it is a matter for much thankfulness that there are still men of grace and gifts who are made a blessing to the churches, we cannot be altogether blind to the real character of much that in our day passes for preaching of the Gospel; and in nothing does it seem more deficient than in fulness, weight, and solidity. Truth is preached, but more the surface of truth than "the deep that coucheth beneath." Surely, there is something more in the word of truth than a few doctrines stated again and again in just the same words. Joseph's portion was "the precious things of heaven, precious fruits brought forth by the sun, precious things put forth by the moon, chief things of the ancient mountains, precious things of the lasting hills, precious things of the earth, and the fulness thereof," and last and best, "the good will of him that dwelt in the bush." This was the goodly portion of him that was separated from his brethren." (Deut. xxxiii. 13—16.) If so rich and various be the portion of the peculiar, the separate people, of whom Joseph was but the type, one would think that the dispensers of the portion, the stewards of the house, should bring forth some of these precious fruits for their spiritual food and nourishment. Taking a broad view of the ministry of the day, without fixing our eyes on any particular minister or ministers, so as to relieve our thoughts and words from all

personalities, may we not, in all Christian faithfulness and affection, ask, Are there many such "faithful and wise stewards whom the Lord has made rulers over his household to give them their portion of meat in due season?" But besides being a steward of the house, the minister is, or ought to be, the shepherd to feed, the guide to lead, the instructor to teach, the monitor to warn, the counsellor to advise, the reprover, where needful, to rebuke. May we not look around and say, Where shall we find all, or anything like all, this? Take one office of a minister—to *teach* the people committed to his charge. What little solid instruction is usually gained from the pulpit, so as to build up the soul on its most holy faith. We are not speaking of the doctrinal preaching of the day, which is no doubt all very correct, so far as it goes; but of that weighty, solid opening up of the truth of God, which instructs as well as edifies the soul; which gives it matter for subsequent prayer and meditation; which sends it home full of solemn thoughts and feelings, and spreads abroad a holy savor upon the heart. How often does the gracious hearer come on the Lord's Day to his earthly courts with a real longing desire for spiritual food. He may not, perhaps, be under a very heavy trial that needs a special blessing, or under a temptation that makes him so to reel and stagger that he is crying out for a very clear and marked deliverance, but he has that general sense of his poverty and need which makes him long for some spiritual food. He comes with a tender, prayerful spirit, for he has been on his knees in his bedroom, and has been favored with some earnest breathings for a blessing on the word to be preached, and has read his Bible that morning with a feeling which has softened and melted his heart. Glad to be released from the toils and anxieties of the week, he sallies forth to the place of worship, and feels a sweet and solemn pleasure as he meets his dear brethren once more in the house of prayer. The first hymn rather suits his feelings, and he hopes it is the beginning of a good day with his soul. He lifts up his heart for the minister as he stands up and opens the word of God. But O, how carelessly and hurriedly, blundering over the simplest words, and getting through that beautiful psalm, or that sweet and solemn chapter, just as a schoolboy recites his lesson, does he read that divine book. And then the prayer—the same, word for word, over and over again, as dry and as unfeeling, as careless and as irreverent, as if there were no dread Majesty of heaven to be feared or adored, no sins to be confessed, no mercy to be sought, no Jesus to be loved, no grace to be supplied. Surely, surely he who supplicates for so many fellow saints, yet fellow sinners, should have something more to bring before the throne of grace than a few threadbare, worn-out petitions which all the hearers know by heart. And then the sermon, all confused and indistinct; no straight lines in doctrine or experience, but the old thing over and over again; from which neither instruction nor encouragement, neither reproof nor comfort, can be gathered, and in which there is nothing clear but the preacher's intense self-satisfaction, who sits down as if he had preached with all the gifts of a Gadsby, and all the unction of a Warburton. What must be the feelings of a hearer who really needs, and feels he needs food for his soul, under this sad, sad exhibition! We may seem severe, but not against any good and gracious man, however small his gifts, who, with a single eye to the glory of God, speaks in his great name. There will be in that man, if he has not much variety of subject or of expression, a life and a power, a feeling and a savor which will refresh the soul, if it do not much instruct the mind, or enter very deeply into the heart. It is against the *imitators* who, without grace or gifts, think themselves qualified for any pulpit or any people, that we speak. Whether truly, let others judge. It is a very solemn thing to stand up in the name of

the Lord, to be his mouth to the people; and when we consider what a work it is to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood, well may any man, whatever be his grace or gifts, say, "Who is sufficient for these things?" When a man gets into a pulpit, he says thereby, "I stand here to instruct you, to feed your souls with the truth of God, to lead you step by step to the heavenly Canaan, and to be made a blessing to you, as you severally need it." But if he can do none of these things; if really gracious, spiritual hearers return home again and again uninstructed, unblessed, he may call himself a servant of God, but the King of kings does not seem very clearly to stamp his broad seal on the assertion.

We have digressed thus far to contrast with such a ministry as this that of a man like Dr. Owen. When the wearied and dissatisfied hearer goes home after his sad and gloomy Sabbath, let him take down Owen on Psalm-cxxx., or "On the Glory of Christ," and quietly read the first half-dozen pages. We are much mistaken if he will not see the difference between the clear, weighty, solid instruction he finds in them, and the light, chaffy, confused jumble under which he was so vainly trying to get some food for his soul. His enlightened understanding now goes hand in hand with a believing heart, and when he lays the book down, takes the Bible, and bends his knee before the Lord, he feels the weight and savor of the things he has been reading fresh on his spirit. Most true it is, that we can hardly look for a man like Owen once in a century; and therefore it seems unfair to compare ministers of our day, or indeed of any day, with a man of his grace and gifts. We allow the objection; but we have brought Owen forward not as a standard that ministers should reach, but as an example of what spiritual instruction is as unfolded by a servant of God.

The Mediatorial glory of Christ is a most deep and blessed subject, but one which requires to be handled with a reverent pen and a believing heart. In fact, no man is fit to write or speak on this solemn subject who has not had some divine manifestation of this glory to his soul. It was the view of this glory which, in the days of his flesh, drew to his feet his disciples and followers, as John beautifully speaks: "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth." (John i. 14.) The glory thus seen was "the glory of the only-begotten of the Father," that is, of the divine nature of Christ as the Son of God. As such, he is "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person, (Heb. i. 3,) so that in knowing him we know the Father, and in seeing him we see the Father. This made Jesus say to Philip, in that touching language of mingled reproof and wonder, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father?" (John xiv. 9.) How great, how elevated above all utterance or all conception of men or angels, must the glory of Christ be as the Son of the Father in truth and love! "No man hath seen God at any time," for "he dwelleth in the light which no man can approach unto;" but "the only-begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." And thus in the person of Christ the glory of God is revealed and made known to the sons of men. But to whom? Not surely to the unbelieving mass, to whom he is as a root out of a dry ground, in whose eyes he hath "no form nor comeliness," and who, when they saw him in the days of his flesh, beheld "no beauty in him that they should desire him." The meanness and lowliness of his birth and life, and the very veil of human nature itself which he assumed, hid his glory from the eyes of the carnal and unregenerate,

who saw his holiness only to hate it, and owned his power only to rebel against it. But there were those then, as there are those now, "who were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God;" and to these "he manifested forth his glory," and not only so, but in giving them his grace, gave them a part of it and in it, (John xvii. 22,) which made them believe in his name, and follow him whithersoever he went. (John i. 12—14; ii. 11.) Glorious, then, he is as God; for all the perfections of Deity are his. All the might, majesty, and power, all the holiness and purity, all the omniscience and omnipresence, all the mercy and compassion, all the truth and faithfulness, all the justice and righteousness, all the love and goodness, and we may add, all the anger, wrath, and indignation of God against transgressors,—in a word, all that the Father is the Son is likewise, for he is one with him in nature, essence, dignity, and glory. But as God is essentially and eternally invisible, he has seen fit, in the depths of his infinite wisdom, to make himself seen and known by sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, that he who commanded the light to shine out of darkness might shine into believing hearts to give them the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Thus not only is the Lord Jesus Christ glorious in his essential Deity as the Son of God, but glorious also in his holy, spotless humanity which he assumed in the womb of the Virgin Mary. For this, though the flesh and blood of the children, was "that holy thing which was begotten of the Holy Ghost," (Heb. ii. 14; Luke i. 35,) and was taken into union with his eternal Deity, that he might be "Immanuel, God with us." The purity, holiness, and innocence, the spotless beauty and complete perfection of this human nature, make it in itself exceedingly glorious; but its great glory is the union that it possesses and enjoys with the divine nature of the Son of God. The pure humanity of Jesus veils his Deity, and yet the Deity shines through it, filling it with unutterable brightness, and irradiating it with inconceivable glory. There is no confusion or blending of the two natures, for humanity cannot become Deity, nor can Deity become humanity; each nature remains distinct; and each nature has its own peculiar glory. But there is a glory also in the union of both natures in the Person of the God-man. That such wisdom should have been displayed, such grace manifested, such love revealed, and that the union of the two natures in the Person of the Son of God should not only have, so to speak, formerly originated, but should still unceasingly uphold, and eternally maintain salvation with all its present fruits of grace, and all its future fruits of glory, makes the union of the two natures unspeakably glorious. And when we consider further that through this union of humanity with Deity, the church is brought into the most intimate nearness and closest relationship with the Father and the Holy Ghost, what a glory is seen to illuminate the Person of the God-man who as God is one with God, and as man is one with man, and thus unites man to God, and God to man; thus bringing about the fulfilment of those wonderful words, "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." (John xvii. 21.) And again, "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one." Thus there is the glory of Christ as God, the glory of Christ as man, and the glory of Christ as God-man. And this threefold glory of Christ corresponds in a measure with what he was before he came into the world, with what he was whilst in the world, and with what he now is as having gone to the Father, according to his own words. (John xvi. 28.) Before he came into the world his chief glory was that belonging to him as the Son of God; whilst in the world his chief glory was in being the Son of man; and now that he is gone

back to heaven his chief glory is that of his being God and man in one glorious Person.

This latter glory of Christ, which is, an especial sense, his mediatorial glory, is seen by faith here, and will be seen in the open vision of bliss hereafter. The three disciples on the Mount of transfiguration, Stephen at the time of his martyrdom, Paul when caught up into the third heaven, John in Patmos, had all special and supernatural manifestations of the glory of Christ; that is, surpassing what is generally given to believers. But the usual way in which we now see his glory is by the Holy Spirit, "glorifying him by receiving of what is his, and showing it to the soul." (John xvi. 14.) This divine and blessed Teacher testifies of him; (John xv. 26;) takes away the veil of ignorance and unbelief which hides him from view; (2 Cor. iii. 16, 17;) shines with a holy and sacred light on the Scriptures that speak of him; and raising up faith to believe in his name sets him before the eyes of the enlightened understanding, (Gal. iii. 1; Eph. i. 17, 18,) so that he is looked unto and upon; (Isa. xlv. 22; Zech. xii. 10;) and though not seen with the bodily eye, is loved, believed, and rejoiced in with joy unspeakable and full of glory. (1 Peter i. 8.) Thus seen by the eye of faith, all that he is and has, all that he says and does is made precious and glorious. His miracles of mercy, whilst here below; his words so full of grace, wisdom, and truth; his going about doing good; his sweet example of patience, meekness, and submission; his sufferings and sorrows in the garden and on the cross; his spotless holiness and purity, yet tender compassion to poor lost sinners; his atoning blood and justifying obedience; his dying love, so strong and firm, yet so tried by earth, heaven, and hell; his lowly, yet honorable burial; his glorious resurrection, as the first begotten of the dead, by which he was declared to be the Son of God with power; his ascension to the right hand of the Father, where he reigns and rules, all power being given unto him in heaven and earth, (Matt. xxviii. 18,) and yet intercedes for his people as the great High Priest over the house of God. (Rom. viii. 34; Heb. x. 21.) What beauty and glory shine forth in all these divine realities, when faith can view them in union with the work and Person of Immanuel! A view of his glory and a foretaste of the bliss and blessedness it communicates has a transforming effect upon the soul. We are naturally proud, covetous, and worldly, often led aside by, and grievously entangled in various lusts and passions, prone to evil, averse to good, easily elated by prosperity, soon dejected by adversity, peevish under trials, rebellious under heavy strokes, unthankful for daily mercies of food and raiment, and in other ways ever manifesting our base original. To be brought from under the power of these abounding evils, and be made "meet for the inheritance of the saints in light," we need to be transformed by the renewing of our mind," (Rom. xii. 2,) and conformed to the image of Christ. (Rom. viii. 29.) Now this can only be by beholding his glory by faith, as the Apostle speaks, "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." (2 Cor. iii. 18.) It is this believing view of the glory of Christ which supports under heavy trials, producing meekness and resignation to the will of God. We are, therefore, bidden to "consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest we be wearied and faint in our minds;" and to "run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus." (Heb. xii. 1-3.) Sicknesses too sometimes befall us when we need special support; the sands of our time are fast running out, and there is no turning the glass; our "days are passing away as the swift ships, as the eagle that hasteth to the prey;" and death and eternity are fast hastening on. When the body sinks under a load

of pain and disease, and all sources of happiness and enjoyment from health and strength are cut off; when flesh and heart fail, and the eye-strings are breaking in death, what can support the soul or bear it safe through Jordan's swelling flood, but those discoveries of the glory of Christ that shall make it sick of earth, sin, and self, and willing to lay the poor body in the grave, that it may be for ever ravished with his glory and his love? Thus we see how the glory of Christ is not only in heaven the unspeakable delight of the saints, whose glorified souls and bodies will then bear "an exceeding and eternal weight of glory;" but here on earth, in their days of tribulation and sorrow, this same glory, as revealed to their hearts, supports and upholds their steps, draws them out of the world, delivers them from the power of sin, gives them union and communion with Christ, conforms them to his image, comforts them in death, and lands them in glory. We thus see Christ, like the Sun, not only illuminating all heaven with his glory, the delight of the Father, the joy of the spirits of just men made perfect, and the adoration of all the angelic host, but irradiating also the path of the just on earth, casting his blessed beams on all their troubles and sorrows, and lighting up the way wherein they follow their Lord from the suffering cross to the triumphant crown.

Dr. Owen may be said to have given the church of God the completest view of this divine subject that can be found in the pages of any writer. Our limits, however, will allow us but room for the following extracts. The first regards his glory in suffering:

The glory of Christ is proposed to us in what he suffered in the discharge of the office which he had undertaken. There belonged indeed to his office, victory, success, and triumph, with great glory. (Isa. lxiii. 1-5.) But there were sufferings also required of him antecedent thereto. "Ought not Christ to suffer, and to enter into his glory?"

But such were these sufferings of Christ, as that in our thoughts about them, our minds quickly recoil with a sense of their insufficiency to conceive aright of them. Never any one launched into this ocean with his meditations, but he quickly found himself unable to fathom the depths of it; nor shall I here undertake an inquiry into them. I shall only point at this spring of glory, and leave it under a veil.

We might here look on him as under the weight of the wrath of God and the curse of the law; taking on himself, and on his whole soul, the utmost of evil that God had ever threatened to sin or sinners. We might look on him in his agony and bloody sweat, in his strong cries and supplications, when he was sorrowful unto the death, and began to be amazed, in apprehension of the things that were coming upon him, at that dreadful trial which he was entering into. We might look upon him conflicting with all the powers of darkness, the rage and madness of men; suffering in his soul, his body, his name, his reputation, his goods, his life; some of these sufferings being immediate from God above, others from devils and wicked men, acting according to the determinate counsel of God. We might look on him praying, weeping, crying out, bleeding, dying, in all things making himself an offering for sin. "So was he taken from prison and judgment, and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off from the land of the living, for the transgression (saith God) of my people was he smitten." (Isa. liii. 8.) But these things I shall not insist on in particular, but leave them under such a veil as may give us a prospect into them, so far as to fill our souls with holy admiration.

How glorious is the Lord Christ on this account in the eyes of believers! When Adam had sinned, and thereby eternally, according to the sanction of the law, ruined himself and all his posterity, he stood ashamed, afraid, trembling as one ready to perish for ever under the displeasure of God. Death was that which he had deserved, and immediate death was that which he looked for. In this state, the Lord Christ in the promise comes unto him, and says, Poor creature! How woful is thy condition! How deformed is thy

appearance! What is become of the beauty, of the glory, of that image of God wherein thou wast created? How hast thou taken on thee the monstrous shape and image of Satan? And yet thy present misery, thy entrance into dust and darkness, is no way to be compared with what is to ensue; eternal distresses lie at the door. But yet look up once more, and behold me, that thou mayest have some glimpse of what is in the designs of infinite wisdom, love and grace; come forth from thy vain shelter, thy hiding place; I will put myself into thy condition; I will undergo and bear that burden of guilt and punishment which would sink thee eternally into the bottom of hell. I will pay that which I never took; and be made temporally a curse for thee, that thou mayest attain unto eternal blessedness. To the same purpose he speaks unto convinced sinners, in the invitation he gives them to come unto him.

Our next extract refers to his glory as exalted after suffering:

Our constant exercise and meditation on this glory of Christ, will fill us with joy on his account, which is an effectual motive to the duty itself. We are for the most part selfish, and look no farther than our own concerns. So that we may be pardoned and saved by him, we care not how much it is with himself, but only presume it is well enough. We find not any concern of our own therein. But this frame is directly opposite to the genius of divine faith and love. For their principal actings consist in preferring Christ above ourselves; and our concerns in him above all our own. Let this then stir us up to the contemplation of this glory. Who is thus exalted over all? Who is thus encompassed with glory, majesty, and power? Who is it that sits down at the right hand of the Majesty on high, all his enemies being made his footstool? Is it not he who in this world was poor, despised, persecuted, and slain, all for our sakes? Is it not the same Jesus who loved us, and gave himself for us, and washed us in his own blood? So the apostle told the Jews, that the same Jesus, whom they slew and hanged on a tree, God had exalted with his right hand to be a Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel, and the forgiveness of sins. (Acts v. 30, 31.) If we have any value of his love, if we have any concern in what he hath done and suffered for the church, we cannot but rejoice in his present state and glory.

Let the world rage whilst it pleases; let it set itself with all its power and craft, against every thing of Christ that is in it; which, whatever is by some otherwise pretended, proceeds from a hatred to his person; let men make themselves drunk with the blood of his saints; we have this to oppose to all their attempts, namely, what he says of himself: "Fear not, I am the first and the last, he that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hell and death." (Rev. i. 17, 18.)

Blessed Jesus! we can add nothing to thee, nothing to thy glory; but it is a joy of heart unto us, that thou art what thou art; that thou art so gloriously exalted at the right hand of God; and we do long more fully and clearly to behold that glory, according to thy prayer and promise.

The Doctor is justly severe upon those graceless professors who speak evil of what they know not; and with this extract we shall conclude:

But I cannot here avoid another short digression. There are those by whom all these things are derided as distempered fancies and imaginations. Yes, such things have been spoken and written of them as contain a virtual renunciation of the gospel, the powers of the world to come, and the whole work of the Holy Ghost as the Comforter of the church. And hereby all real intercourse between the person of Christ, and the souls of them that do believe, is utterly overthrown; reducing all religion to an outward show and a pageantry, fitter for a stage than that temple of God which is in the minds of men. According to the sentiments of these profane scoffers, there is no such thing as the "shedding abroad of the love of God in our hearts by the Holy Ghost;" nor as the "witnessing of the Spirit of God with our spirits, that we are the children of God," from which these spiritual joys and refreshments are inseparable, as their necessary effects; no such thing as "rejoicing upon believing, with joy unspeakable and full of glory;" no such thing as "Christ's

showing and manifesting himself unto us, supping with us, and giving us of his love;" that the divine promise of a "feast of fat things, and wine well refined" in gospel mercies, are empty and insignificant words; that all those ravishing joys and exultations of spirit that multitudes of faithful martyrs of old and in the latter ages have enjoyed by a view of the glory of God in Christ, and a sense of his love, whereto they gave testimony to their last moments in the midst of their torments, were but fancies and imaginations. But it is the height of impudence in these profane scoffers that they proclaim their own ignorance of those things which are the real powers of our religion.

POETRY.

AN INHERITANCE UNDEFILED.

BY THE LATE MRS. STURTON.

1 Pet. i. 3-5.

DEAR friends in Christ, be this our strife
 Who most shall him adore and bless
 Through whom a hope of endless life,
 Our souls are favored to possess.

Which like an anchor to the soul,
 Takes hold of what's within the veil,
 And rests secure, while billows roll;
 And nature's strength and courage fail.

Without it what a dreary waste
 Were earth with all her wealth or fame.
 No fruit she yields to suit the taste
 Of those who love the Saviour's name.

'Tis sweet by faith and hope to rise
 Beyond these shades, where Christ is seen
 Through mortal veils with darken'd eyes,
 While clouds unnumber'd intervene.

And O, the joy that cheers the breast,
 When favored with a sweet survey
 Of heaven; we in the thought of rest,
 Forget the briars of the way.

That heavenly land is undefiled;
 Its lasting beauties cannot fade.
 By sin's defiling power be spoiled,
 Nor be by endless years decayed.

It can't be forfeited nor lost,
 By all the ills we fear or see;
 No more than purchased at our cost;
 Glory to God, 'tis safe as free.

And may such vile polluted worms,
 Who carry in an evil heart
 The seeds of sin's most frightful forms,
 In that inheritance have part?

In their salvation Christ shall see
 The fruit of every pain and groan;
 For ne'er had nature's purity
 So made redeeming glory known.

Reserved is this inheritance
 In heaven, till God's appointed hour.
 Nor is our entrance left to chance;
 He keeps his saints by mighty power.
 My fellow pilgrims, why then fear,
 Or tremble in affliction's hour?
 Why shrink with mighty aid so near?
 Lions may roar, but can't devour.
 Thus kept alive, faith, hope, and love
 Shall in their Author still delight;
 Till faith and hope in heaven above
 Resign their place to sense and sight.
 Kept by God's power through death's dark vale,
 Tho' nature's frailty heaves a sigh,
 And flesh, and heart, and life may fail,
 Our hidden life can never die.
 Our sleeping dust his power will keep;
 'Tis his, he paid the ransom price.
 And those who in our Jesus sleep,
 Shall through a risen Saviour rise.

A. STURTON.

A MODERN schismatic, now living, thought he both showed his wit and graveled his opponents, in saying that, according to the doctrine of our church, "The souls of men can no more vanquish the saving grace of God than their bodies can resist a stroke of lightning." I would ask the objector, whether he ever knew of any lightning like that which flashed from the Mediator's eye, when he turned and looked upon Peter? And something similar is experienced by every converted person.—*Top-lady.*

WHEN the poor sinner is sensible of his lost state, and feels the plague of his own heart, he is the object whom Christ came to save, and the patient that he came to cure. Such a soul hungering and thirsting after righteousness; fixing his longing eyes upon Jesus; mourning, sighing, and praying to him, with sincere and honest confessions; pleading the promises; loathing himself in his own sight; acknowledging his guilt before God; pleading the blood and righteousness of Christ; covered with shame and confusion; driven on by a sense of want, and encouraged by the kind invitations in the word of God; such a soul, I say, is as formidable and powerful at a throne of grace as an army with banners. However abashed, however backward or reluctant, however accursed by Satan, law, or conscience; however discouraged by unbelief, carnal reason, or misgivings of heart, still we should press through all this crowd; and if we do but touch the hem of his garment, we shall be made perfectly whole. Never give up, nor let any business whatsoever hurry thee away from this blessed privilege, this unutterable blessing of calling upon God in prayer; and I hope by his assistance to mingle my petitions with thine; for when once the door of mercy is completely open, when the throne is accessible, when the intercourse is clear between God and us, we have a heaven upon earth, and that my soul knoweth right well. Every enemy that I have encountered has been subdued in this way; every care and burden that I ever felt I have got rid of at this blessed work; all the guilt that ever I contracted has been removed in this way; and out of every trouble and temptation have I been delivered by prayer to God. As soon as ever my pocket gets low, or if the Philistines be upon me, my only method is to shut myself up in my study for five or six hours together, and to give myself unto prayer.—*Huntington.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

MARCH, 1858.

MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. SHORTER, ON SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 24TH, 1846.

“And ye are Christ’s; and Christ is God’s.”—1 Cor. iii. 23.

THIS is a very great thing to say, friends, “And ye are Christ’s,” and a very wonderful thing too. A man must learn it before he can say this; for I believe that no preaching, reading, or conversation will settle the matter in a man’s mind of itself; it must be God alone that can persuade him that he is “Christ’s.” The Lord saith, “I will persuade Japheth;” and just so far as he is persuaded by the Lord, will he be persuaded, and no further. I believe that a man would sooner be shut up in darkness, and be miserable all the days of his life, than be deceived upon this subject, and set himself down for a child of God when he is not. He esteems it a most important point. Berridge says,

“The fountain open stands,
Yet on its brink I dwell;
O, put me in with thine own hands,
And that will make me well.”

And why, Berridge, are you afraid to get in? Oh! because there is a fear at the bottom that it is not open for me; so he says, “Lord, put me in.” But sometimes you may be certain about others that they are the children of God, when you cannot be sure about yourself. They love the same things that you love, and they hate the same things that you hate; they have been comforted with the same texts of Scripture that you have been comforted with, and tempted with the same temptations that you have been tempted with. Although you know that *they* are Christ’s, yet you cannot say that *you* are. And what is the reason of all this? Why, there is a certain thing called faith, which cometh from above; and just so far as thou hast faith, thou shalt believe; it is a secret working and persuasion in a man’s heart by the Lord. But it is well sometimes to have confidence in our brethren, to esteem them more highly than ourselves. There are times in your life when you can be sure about yourself, your brethren, and your minister; at other times you may be sure about nothing. Some can say, “I know there is no other hope but Jesus,” and that they can be saved in no other way; that they hope they are right, and can get no further than hope; but there are others that can go further than this, and are as sure of being Christ’s as that he is in heaven.

No. 267.—VOL. XXIV.

But it appears that the apostle was favored in some things, to know that he himself was Christ's, and that the Corinthians were Christ's. He begins with their calling. He saith, "For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world, to confound the things that are mighty; 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 which are." Yes, these poor, weak, and foolish things hath God chosen, and why? Because it should not stand in the wisdom of this world, but in the power of God. It appears that the preaching of the apostle was so effectual that it reached the hearts of this people, and made such an effectual change in their hearts and lives, that the apostle could say, "Ye are Christ's." His preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit, and of power. Demonstration is something very clear and decisive, something that cannot be denied. So it was with this people. God called them by the apostle's preaching; and what was there about them more than any other Christians to make Jesus fall in love with them? Nothing; they were previous to being called as bad as they could be; for the apostle says, "Be not deceived; neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God. And such were some of you." I dare say there are not any of you that would stand up before the congregation this morning, and say how much better you were than your neighbours when the Lord called you. I dare say there are not many sins in that catalogue but that you would plead guilty to. I used to go from one thing to another to try to fill my belly; but the Lord made me to feel an aching void, a gnawing worm at the very root. I used then to wonder how others could be such fools as to be pleased with such vanities. But the Lord calls his people out of the world. It is a truth I have preached for many years, that when the Lord calls a man by his grace, he calls him to two things, mourning and rejoicing; to mourning, to think that his sins have pierced the Lord of life and glory; and to rejoicing, to see how great a salvation he has wrought.

"Well," say you, "I should like to know whether he has called me." Well then, I ask you who made you sure about the being of Christ? and who made you sure that you could not be saved without him, and that there is no other way, and that you would venture all on him? You say, God; and any man or woman that can from their heart say this, I should not hesitate to say, "Ye are Christ's." Were it not for the sovereign mercy of God, where would you have been this day? You know that, had the Lord cut you off, and sent you to the bottomless pit, he would have been just. Why is it you are not among the profane? and, if not among them, why is it you are not among the professors of the day, building your hopes upon

your own works? Because you are Christ's; you are not your own; ye are Christ's sheep. It is a great thing to be one of Christ's sheep; and he acts the part of a kind and tender shepherd; he binds up the wounded, heals the sick, strengthens the weak; and he says, "My sheep hear my voice." He feedeth his flock like a shepherd; and when thou feelest that thou art Christ's, then thou canst enter into that text, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." Ye are Christ's husbandry, plants of God's right hand planting. 'Tis a great thing to be this, to be rooted out of everything but Christ, as it is said in the 61st chapter of Isaiah, "That they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified." And when the Lord favors a poor sinner, he roots him out of himself, to plant him into himself. Paul says of this people, "I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase."

Ye are Christ's building; yes, he is a builder too, and a good builder he is; he is the foundation too; he saith, "On this foundation will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Watts says,

"What though the gates of hell oppose,
Yet will this building rise;
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
And marvellous in our eyes."

The apostle says, "The whole building groweth together in the Lord." And so careful is the Lord over this building, that he keeps a watch over it, to see that no one hurts it; for if any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy. Any one that would attempt to hurt God's saints, him will God punish. The Lord employs under-builders, but they are only instruments; and what can instruments do of themselves? Sometimes, poor things, they come to a stand-still, and they are sometimes afraid that the work is not going on; and the devil tries with all his might to overthrow it, but it is sure and safe enough. He buildeth the temple of the Lord, and he shall have the glory; he built all things but sin. A poor soul may go on venturing all on Christ, and leaning upon him; but when the Lord is pleased to withdraw his hand, he finds in his own feelings that he sinks in the sand, and the poor soul says, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

Ye are Christ's branches too. He saith, "I am the vine; ye are the branches; my Father is the husbandman." All the world receive their natural life from him, but his children receive their spiritual life from him. As the branches cannot live without the vine, so cannot his children live without him; he lives in them, and they in him. And just as the branch cannot bring forth fruit without the vine, so his children cannot bring forth fruit without him; for they know and prove that saying, "Without me ye can do nothing," not even so much as to think a good thought. This is a thing that is not known by reading, but by experience, and felt too. And art thou brought to feel this, that without him thou canst do nothing? Then you are Christ's. And have you ever in your life, beloved, had your mind

taken off from thinking of the foolishness, darkness, and vanity of this world, to meditate on Jesus, and it came you could not tell how; and it went again, you could not retain it? Well, then, it is a clear proof that you cannot command it of yourself, and your religion is that which will stand; and Christ will say to you, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." To any one that has felt this, I do not hesitate to say, "Ye are Christ's."

Ye are God's heirs, too. All that God has is yours; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ. It is a very large possession; and thus the apostle says, "All things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

Well, I did not think of breaking out like this; for no one could have felt more distant from the Lord than I did this morning. I could not even think of a text; so what I have spoken has come warm from my lips; it has not been premeditated; and may the Lord add his blessing to the truth. Amen.

A LETTER FROM A SOLDIER AT THE SEAT OF WAR.

[The following letter will, we believe, be read with interest, not only on account of its own intrinsic value, but as written by one whom the Lord has mercifully preserved in ten engagements. The 78th Highlanders formed a part of Havelock's relieving force, which, under God's help and blessing, fought their desperate way through the armed streets of Lucknow, to rescue our besieged countrymen and countrywomen from all the horrors of a second Cawnpore massacre. May the Lord still cover his head in the day of battle.—Ed.]

My dear Brother in the everlasting Gospel of Peace,—Peace be multiplied unto you, from God our Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ. By the blessed aid of the same, I will once more attempt to pen a few words to you; and may the God of all grace bless your soul, and enable you to go forward singing, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name;" may we forget not all his benefits; for surely his benefits towards us are great indeed, and manifold are his mercies. He remembered us in our low and lost estate, and hath begotten us again to a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead; and this is the lively hope of our poor souls. For what would the whole world profit us if at last we be of that number who must hear the word, "Depart from me, I never knew you?" O, what manner of people ought we to be! And why is this? We must attribute all to the eternal electing love of the Father, treasured up in God the Son, and applied to the hearts of the redeemed by the Holy Ghost. When we were dead in sin, Christ died for the ungodly. But human nature cannot understand nor believe this; neither can salvation be obtained by silver or gold, but by the precious blood of Christ. This shall

never lose its power to save even to the uttermost. Yes, bless and adore his name! he still saves his Marys, and still puts forth his hand to lift up his sinking Peters. My brother, a mother may forget, but God abideth faithful. Fear not, for "greater is He that is in us than he that is in the world;" and "this is what overcomes in the world, even our faith," because the faith of God's elect worketh by love. "Having loved his own, he loved them unto the end." "We are passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." He that has done all this in us and for us is God; for "every good and perfect gift cometh from above," and thus we know and believe that salvation is all of grace.

But my pen has run on without asking you how it is with your poor soul at this season of your warfare. I hope all is well. Yes, all is well. I am happy to say, I am well, as to health of body, and am upheld day by day to live through grace and faith in the precious blood of Christ. But the confusion of sin and iniquity I am obliged day by day to behold is heart-rending to relate, more so for you to read. So I decline to say anything of this horrible war, only that our small army is relieved out of Lucknow, and we are waiting for large reinforcements to besiege the town. It is a large fortified town; and we had eleven days' hard fighting to relieve our people, and suffered great loss; but the enemy suffered most fearfully; 2,000 were said to be killed in one place or building. O, what has sin not done! But out of all this has the God of Jacob brought worthless me. Our brother Allen was wounded in the leg, and another poor sinner, who, I hope, has the life of God in his soul, was hit by a 24lb. shot on the knee; but they are doing well. Our brother Bolger is sent to Cawnpore for his health, and brother H. Meredith is at Allahabad; McKelly is with me. I am happy to inform you I had another comforting letter from you, with five precious sermons. Soul-cheering truth is in them. May the Lord add his blessing to them to our poor souls. I hope you are in a reviving state of spiritual and bodily health; and I hope I may say with John, "Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper, and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth." I am glad to learn that you are so favored to hear the true gospel of Christ preached to you. May God's blessing attend it to the souls of many, to strengthen the heart and hands of our dear brother, your beloved pastor. I hope to have an interest in the prayers of the poor of the flock of Christ; for with you I do believe the Lord delights to be inquired of by his poor and needy. I trust we do not forget to make mention of you all in our poor, feeble cries. But, O my brother, what a deceitful heart we carry about with us! How blind and deceitful! I often feel a desire to be thankful, yet am not thankful; but still I hope my poor soul can say at times with Peter, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." And I do hope that it is the desire of my soul to love him more and more; for though I am oft benighted and cast down, yet I am not cast off; though oft besieged by the manifold snares that the enemy lays for me, so that I say, like Jacob of old, "All these

things are against me;" but this is my sin and unbelief, for God has said, "All things shall work together for good to those that love him."

My brother, you asked me about the state of my mind when I am in the field of battle. All I can say is, when I am commanded to go forward, I go; so, though exposed to great danger in human eyes, yet in my heart I know God sees and knows all things, and in my spirit I commit myself and all to his kind, sovereign guidance, believing, as the poet says,

"Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit!"

When my poor suffering Commanders have fallen all around me, I have felt a spirit within me to look up to God, and a precious "Fear not" would rise up in my poor heart. From time to time thus has my head been covered in the field of battle. Thanks to God for it more than I can give; for out of ten engagements I am mercifully spared; and am well, bless the Lord for it. General Havelock is dead; he died a natural death. God knows how his interest stood in the Lamb's book of life. He was a man that made a profession of Christ, and held to the truth of baptism. (Matt. iii.) My brother, you gladden my heart to see your simple love to the God of all life and peace. It is truly unspeakable, the mercy of God to us, poor rebellious worms of corruption, that we are not consumed. Ah, my brother, this is because the doorposts of our hearts are sprinkled with the blood of Christ; thus we are covered, and not dealt with after our sins; yes, "the blood is the life thereof." But how am I to express my thoughts towards you? Your kindness I cannot value too highly; and if it is becoming to ask, I should like to know your position in life; and I would be most happy to send you a few pounds if you need it. Do not be backward; let all the sheep share alike.

But I conclude for the present. The Lord be all things to you all. My love to all who may inquire after us poor sinners. Remember me to all the family; and do write me as soon as possible; and, if you can, do send me a few more of those precious sermons. But I do not wish to be troublesome to you.

"O to grace, how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be."

Believe me to be

Yours truly, but not worthy, brother in Jesus, the only friend
of poor and needy sinners,

A. BAKER, 78th Highlanders.

Alumbagh, Lucknow, Oude.

BEFORE Abraham and Lot grew rich they dwelt together; now their wealth separated them; their society was a greater good than their riches. Many a one is a loser by his wealth. Who would account those things good which make us worse? It had been the duty of young Lot to offer rather than to choose, to yield rather than contend. Who would not think Abraham the nephew, and Lot the uncle?—Hall.

A MEMORIAL OF THE LORD'S MERCY.

(Concluded from page 17.)

Such was I when I entered the home of my more quiet days; and, though met with all the kindness of home, yet could I not drive away my gloomy feelings, nor force myself even to appear happy at meeting my friends. Most gladly would I have rid myself of these terrors of soul, could I have done so; but after a few more days in a like state, my mind became differently affected. I now became overburdened by a sense of the guilt of sin, and was unable to hide the exercises of my soul any longer. It was one mournful tale from me that my soul was lost, as I then thought, for ever—a blessed truth for a soul to be taught, ultimately considered, but until mercy is felt, one most truly wretched. But my sorrow of soul continued, in spite of all attempts to relieve it. Neither social kindnesses nor conversations with any who professed to know the Lord, made the least impression upon me; lost I felt, eternally lost. What human kindness can outweigh the sense of that loss? and what power short of a divine can give rest to such a soul? The medical man who was called in prescribed opiates, to procure sleep at night, of which, night after night, I had none, ascribing it to bodily causes; but I told him it arose from a mind torn with anguish; that all the cause was the guilt of sin. He endeavored to laugh and reason me out of this; but it was too deeply implanted within me for man to efface. He sent me his pills, but I never took them. I wanted a heavenly physician to heal my wound. The law damned me, and hell seemed gaping for me; and what man could avert these terrible realities from me? I cannot dwell now upon all the causes which aggravated my sorrows, though I must say a few words more; for as one healed of a bodily disease, by narrating his state when afflicted, gives others similarly affected confidence in his physician, and sings forth his praises, so would I here, that if one troubled as I was then read this, he may, under God's blessing, take hope in his great and abundant mercy. I have thought, then, that it was a kind Providence that led me home when my convictions were most agonizing; but yet, on other grounds, home aggravated my sorrows. The sight of brothers and sisters aggravated my grief; I dreaded my woe being increased by their coming to the same place of torment. for, like Dives, I could only remember that our lives had been spent in sinful security and pleasure; and so seemed to hold out nothing but a scene of aggravated horror when all together in hell. Anyone who has felt this cannot portray such a horrible state of mind to another who has not felt it. Another thing which made me to feel the more cast down was this, that all this terror in my soul followed former seasons of joy. My memory would look back upon this and that spot where I had tasted of the joys of the world to come; and then my present state would, to my apprehensions, seal me over unto a reprobate state. I looked back, also, to my profession, so lately begun, and could see in it nothing but formality and hypocrisy; that it was not in the power of God. Wherefore, I

thought, God is making me a terrible example and spectacle in the world of his hatred to my soul and its actings. That in Matt. xii. 43-45 was a sword indeed to my soul, and seemed to put me beyond all possibility of salvation. To make things worse, I heard at this time the vicar at the church preach from these very words, and from them he dwelt much upon similar cases to my own. The heavens now seemed as brass, and as God did not answer my cries for mercy, I went to the Independent minister; but he seemed ignorant of my case altogether; he said, in fact, that he could not comprehend me. No doubt I did speak strangely, but one who could judge aright might have seen under all a deep anxiety after salvation. I went from one to another till they were tired of me, and I, in fact, of them. Truly I might say of them all, "Miserable comforters are ye all;" and yet, with all this deep concern about my soul, I was distressed with the feeling and fear that I was not sincere, that I was not really anxious, that I was an apostate. But I dwelt in a dark place, and had to bear my burden all myself. The vicar gave some good advice, but did not meet me as I was. All dwelt so much on man's capabilities of repentance, faith, &c., and I felt unable to do either. Christ was "exalted to give repentance, as well as remission of sins." But they wanted me to reverse the order of grace. Christ is "the author" as well as "the finisher of faith;" but they wanted me to do the first work of Christ. I now seemed falling into dark and sullen despair. I used, indeed, when not chained down so close with its iron bands, to pray again for mercy; and night after night did I wander about the hills and lanes outside the town, praying for mercy; but as yet obtained no answer; and so hope deferred made the heart sick. I was now gradually lapsing into a hopeless abandonment of all means of grace. So far had despair hardened my heart that at last I endeavored to feel quiet under this impression, that damned I was, and so I might try at once to efface all thoughts of heaven or hell, and live as I liked, for mercy was not for such as I. But when from the tolling bell, or the conversations of others, my old impressions seemed reviving, I have run off, and, unaccountable as it may seem, have read over Matt. xii. 43-45, and endeavored therefrom, by deepening my despair, to drown convictions, and resign myself to hell for ever. But ere I arrived at this apparently hopeless state, my mind was filled with hard and angry thoughts of God; and even when in my lowest despair, my carnal mind, urged on by the malice of Satan and its own inward depravity, would indulge in much secret blasphemy against God. So far had despair hardened my heart that I endeavored to forget everything but this world; and when the terrible doom awaiting me hereafter flashed across me, I endeavored to drown it in forced mirth or attempting to credit atheism; for to me there seemed remaining nothing, unless I could arrive at complete atheism, "but a certain fearful looking for of judgment."

Having now remained at home for three months, it became necessary for me to return to B—. I left D— more miserable than when I entered it; in fact it was a marvel, except we view the

secret inclining power of God, however I should have ventured on such a step as this, as I might have been sure that there my former convictions and fears would be rekindled, and that, apparently, without any good as to the issue of them; but so it was. After giving away to my youngest sister my Bible, that the wounds in my soul might not bleed afresh by seeing it in my box, I left; and in the middle of the month of May, when the face of nature was clad in verdant beauty, and all creation seemed smiling around me, I dragged my sad and unwilling soul to B—. When I arrived in B—, I was perplexed how to act in regard to religion; my conscience was again re-opened by the thought of days gone by; the sight of those who knew me as a fair and promising professor in the flesh, and above all of Mr. W— and his church, did indeed rend my very soul, for now I had learnt that all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; that God is the author of all true religion; and thinking that he was against me, I might well despair of doing anything, for all such doings would be only as a Judas could act. In fact, had I had the wish to attempt a form of religion, from long continued despair I had lost the power; the sinews of my soul were, as it were, cut. Mr. W— called many times, and encouraged me to hope in God's mercy. He wanted me to begin again as though nothing had happened to me, but I really felt unwilling to look any more into the matter; I would rather for ever have forgotten all matters belonging to God, heaven, or hell. Men boast of free will; I cannot of mine. I shall have ever to thank God that he did not suffer me to follow mine, or I should have carried myself on to the bleak rocks of unbelief, and so for ever to have sunk into the sea of God's wrath. I have rather to thank him for making me "willing in the day of his power." Notion is one thing, but experience is another; and if men knew the power of sin in their members, they would not boast of a power that they really do not possess. I remember one night arguing with Mr. W— for more than an hour, endeavoring to show that I could not be saved, and he taking a contrary view of my state, though, as I could see, without much heart or hope respecting me, seeing that I seemed almost careless of anything better than hell, through despondency and a depraved heart and will. But he made this remark to me, "P—, do you want to be damned?" I made no answer; for so forsaken of God I felt, and of myself so unable to lift the iron chains of despair, that I felt it was not left for me to decide. From this night he gave me over as past his powers to speak to. I continued thus for two months more, when again did anxiety force me to look, if, happily, there was mercy for me; but O what two months they were! I tremble oftentimes when I review them; so desperate was I in my attitude against God. I sinned indeed with a high hand. I began now to find fault with religion, its professors, its ways. I endeavored to harden others against the fear of God, and to be pleased when I saw others scoffing at his ways; I endeavored as far as ever in me lay to force from me all thoughts of his name; and all this in the town and in the house where I had felt so much of the truths of eternity, and had received earnest

both of heaven and hell. I remember one day, the servant in the house said to me, "Why, you are worse than the devil." So I was, truly. She was herself dead in sins; but it was a check to me, nevertheless. No human tongue can tell how wretched I was during those two months. I walked over the earth as a cursed spirit; and it is wonderful how I got through the calls of daily life with so borne-down a mind. This brings me on to the middle of July, when other thoughts again occupied my soul, and my mind at times felt more sensible; for through despair it had got almost seared, and so become insensible to all impressions, whether of sorrow or hope.

The time was now coming when, in reference to myself as with those of old, the Lord was about to say, in his free and omnipotent grace, "They shall know whose word shall stand, mine or theirs," for I was led on again to look into the matter of salvation, to see if there was yet a way of salvation for me. I began to read the lives and experiences of such as had been saved, to see if in them I could see any counterpart to mine, and in them at times I found hope spring up. In the life of John Bunyan, in particular, I saw much that was similar to my own case; and it made me yet hope that peradventure Christ might save me. I began now again, also, to look in the Bible; but it terrified me, look where I might; and, strange to say, the New Testament was worse to me than the Old. Fresh fears compassed my path. I was afraid now I had sinned the unpardonable sin, and so had made myself too desperate for even God to save; and this fear would at times damp all my efforts after inquiry; but nevertheless I was kept on. What gave most hope, when delivered in some measure from this fear, was an insight into the plan of justification, that God justified the ungodly. For about six weeks I was thus between hope and fear; hoping, since men were justified though ungodly; fearing, lest from my being not one of the elect, it was not available to me. I knew not the will of God concerning me; and I felt that my salvation rested alone upon his having designed mercy for me, and that even from all eternity. I was led at last to learn these as secret things, and build hope upon those revealed for the support of seeking sinners, until the time should come of more immediate "refreshing from the presence of the Lord." I was now slowly emerging from my dark and hopeless state. One Saturday, I remember, I took the Bible, and opened at Isa. xlii., xliii., xlv., and read, almost, I must say, unconsciously, the promises to, and the happy lot of God's people; but as I read on, power rested on the word, and I felt myself as if interested and allied with that people and that Saviour. Yes; indeed it was a most happy day for me. I seemed now blessed once again with sensibility of conscience, and I felt deeply wounded in my soul for my backslidings; but as yet I had never felt the guilt of sin quite removed from my conscience. I had, indeed, step by step, here a little and there a little, been brought out of the horrible pit and out of the miry clay; despair had given place to hope; the gates of brass and bars of iron seemed to have relaxed their hold; and to me, for whom shortly before there seemed nothing but wretchedness here,

and eternal misery hereafter, a new world seemed dawning. The Sun seemed to dispel the darker shades of night, and its light and warmth began to enlighten and melt my dark and frozen heart. I now bought another Bible; and though there were those verses at which I durst not look, such as Heb. vi., x., and 2 Pet. ii. 20, 21, yet there were other parts giving me much encouragement. That in John vi. 37 was one that opened widely to the wants of my soul. But at last my soul was more fully and clearly to be delivered from the guilt, power, and damnation of sin. It was under a sermon from Zech. xiii. 1, preached by Mr. W—. I was now enabled to feel that the merits of Christ were mine, and that that fountain was opened for me amongst many others. What a calm Christ made in the minds of his disciples, when of old, by his word, the raging waves were stilled; so was it even here; here, as there, divine power was alike needed and manifested. It was in September when this happy change took place in my soul; and I began to look back at days and scenes passed through. I thought of that verse in Rom. vi. 1, which once so sweetly and powerfully entered my soul, ere I had passed through my darker conflicts and their accompanying sins; and as before it seemed to be prophetic of what I should yet do, now it seemed to confirm the greatness of his mercy towards me. And as the traveller who, returning by day through the way which he went in the darkness of night, shudders as he views the dangers he has passed through, how nigh to the precipice here, or the deep, rushing stream there; how nearly engulfed in the quagmire, or wandering, lost in the forests, thanks and loads his kind benefactor with blessings, who unseen led him through all the dangers of the way; so here with my soul and its wanderings, sadly, yet joyfully, did I look back upon the way in which for so long I had been. And in thus reviewing all the way, I could not but be struck with the feeling that no hand but a divine one could have so prevented me from falling into utter ruin. When I looked at all these things, and then at the state I now was in, deep feelings of grateful wonder would arise in my soul, and I could only resolve it by ascribing it to rich grace, which had done all these great things for me. Everything I had, I had received. Was I called? it was "when dead in trespasses and sins;" and well for me that his calling was "without repentance;" and though others may boast of a power to repent, believe in and obey the gospel, yet for myself I can only subscribe to what the Holy Ghost, by Zechariah, testifies, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." I must cast the whole work of my salvation at the feet of Him who is head over all things unto his church; and in the strength of him I will; for "when I am weak, then am I strong."

To you who know the Lord I will say, Receive this simple yet faithful recital only as a weak testimonial to the long-suffering grace of our Lord, and so do not criticise it apart from that, but receive it sent to those passing through deep waters. To such I would say that though the Lord cause disquiet, yet has he "thoughts of peace and not of evil," and that he is ever surprising sinners in his unlooked-for deeds of mercy.

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY.

My dear Christian Friends,—I felt it both pleasing and encouraging to be remembered by you, at a time when you are in all probability bowed down with so many troubles of your own; and I do sincerely thank you for your kindness. How reviving to a poor, weary, care-worn pilgrim is the voice of Jesus in the sympathy of a fellow-traveller, manifesting a desire to bear his brother's burden, though almost bowed down with the weight of his own! Even the desire to do such a thing seems to infuse fresh strength when made known. Surely one peculiar trait in our holy religion, if not a main feature, is Christian sympathy. It is our miseries, sorrows, and necessities that draw forth the sympathy of Jesus. These seem still the things appointed to exercise and draw forth the same principle from the body mystical; and by bringing forth this fruit of love, we prove that we are living epistles of Jesus; for "by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

I trust you are brought experimentally to know, that though no chastening for the present is joyous but grievous, nevertheless, being sanctified by the grace of God, and seasoned with salt, you are now enjoying the peaceable fruits thereof; and also the blessed truth that our Father chastens in love, (though we think in anger,) that we may be partakers of his divine nature. May the blessed Spirit enable us to see things in their true light! and, in the midst of all our calamities, never to lose sight of our mercies. It was a sense of God's mercy and goodness that sustained David, or he had fainted; and so should I have many a time, and so will you, my friends. But though we are called to go through seas of tribulation, and continual chastisement seems essentially necessary to keep down the pride of our hearts, yet is it not an infinite mercy to be "partakers of the divine nature?" To have the life of God put into our souls in any measure while we dwell in this sinful world is an unspeakable mercy indeed. Surely it must be a foretaste, an earnest of joys to come; and what is grace but the embryo, the bud of eternal glory? Yea, my friends, we are, we must be, partaking of the divine nature, the children of God, joint heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with him. And I trust, yea, I know, that yours is a suffering religion, which, according to scripture, is a higher privilege than an active one. There are many who will boast of doing great things for Christ, but very few who suffer with him; all have not that privilege; it is a blessing bestowed upon none but the royal family, a royal grant, a "gift." It is by suffering with him that we are brought near and into union with him; and from this baptism of the Spirit the fruits of the Spirit are brought forth, which are by Jesus Christ to the praise and glory of God. The Lord can keep us, my dear friends, from rebelling under the peculiar favor of bearing the cross; but rather let us glory in it, and that we are in any measure favored to suffer for his sake. But I have been thinking, these last few days, what a mercy to have heaven upon any terms whatever! It is true the sorrows of the

Christian are weighty; neither would I, nor can I, when I am oppressed, make light of them; but they are comparatively light compared with an exceeding and an eternal weight of glory. Moses had respect to the recompense of reward, and so had Paul; and the Lord grant that you and I may be able to keep the crown of life in view, and hold fast that which we have received, that no man take our crown. But, my friends, is it not a peculiar favor and privilege indeed for Jesus to take us into covenant union with himself in this time state, and solemnly engage to perform the office of a near kinsman unto us, to yield us all the help, succour, and supplies that we need, and to promise to be with us to the end, and bring us safe home "to live with him?" (Lev. xxv. 35.) And has he not hitherto been faithful to his charge, and to his covenant engagements? Have we not innumerable mercies and blessings—food to eat, raiment to wear, houses to dwell in, and beds to rest upon; a tolerable measure of health and strength, the use of our limbs, and sanity of mind; a social circle of natural and spiritual friends, the word of God, the throne of grace, the means of grace, public and private, a preached gospel, wholesome laws, liberty of conscience, and religious toleration; the protection of our person, property, and religious privileges, with Sabbath-days, and an innumerable quantity of blessings, which Satan would hide from our view, by pointing out the various calamities and clouds which sometimes arise in the horizon, and which he would fain tell us, and sometimes makes us almost believe will overwhelm us in destruction. I feel it to be at times a most desperate struggle between the flesh and the spirit; whether I should look at the things that are seen, or whether I should look at those which are not seen; whether I should look at the dark and dense clouds, or at "the bright light that is in the clouds," which is the almighty power and wisdom, faithfulness and love, of God in Christ Jesus; but "men see not that bright light" till the wind (of the Spirit) passeth and cleanseth away some of the dense vapors. But it is a solemn truth that he has sworn that the waters shall no more go over the earth, and has set his bow in the clouds to silence our fears. O for a believing heart, that we may rest in his love, and have strength in the most dark and cloudy weather to believe to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living, lest we faint! I have heard of your sorrows; and, knowing by sorrowful experience something of that terrible disease which has made such havoc in your family, I do sincerely sympathise with you. If ever I saw the great and terrible hand and awful majesty of God, it was under the scourge of that terrible disease. Many times, at the sight of his awful majesty in prostrating my family before my eyes, have I cast myself all my length on my face before him, and trembled at the majesty of his power and his holiness. But those days are past with me; and time will soften down those sorrows and distresses with which you have recently been exercised. But you will not forget them; and most likely in future days you will have to look back upon this season of trouble as an era in your Christian experience, from which you may date a more enlarged knowledge of God.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER IS ALL GLORIOUS WITHIN.

Dear Friends in the Lord,—Having thought of you both this evening, it came into my mind to drop you a few lines; and, while I was thinking what I should write about, Psalm xlv. 13 crossed my mind, "The king's daughter is all glorious within, her clothing is of wrought gold." But how often the poor child of God cries out, "I feel to be within one mass of sin and filth; oh, I cannot be glorious within!" Yet such are, though at all times they cannot believe it. But let us look at what makes them all glorious within. First, the *life of God* in the soul, and the graces of the Spirit; and this new life, the hidden man of the heart, cannot be concealed. There must and will be a forsaking of the path he once delighted in; but what a thought, that the Spirit of God should dwell in fallen man, and there maintain his throne in the face of so much opposition, and hostile resistance from the world, the flesh, and the devil, which often makes the child of God cry out, "Can ever the life of God be in my soul!" Again, *faith*. What a precious gift! For by faith we are enabled to believe that, though black as jet in our feelings, yet we are white as snow. By faith, we believe that Christ became a poor man to rescue us from hell and damnation. By faith we believe that as he came off more than conqueror, so we shall, through him. But sometimes the world gets us down, so that we are drawn aside; at another time, the flesh, and sometimes it is a combination—the world, flesh, unbelief, and the devil. And when such is the case, and faith is not strengthened, we begin to sink in our souls, and question if we are all glorious within. But again, *hope*, and this is within; and it is a good hope through grace, for it is the anchor of the soul; and, though often we are tossed in our minds, and do not get that comfort which we desire, still hope supports us up. Who can tell but that the dark cloud will disperse? Again, the *fear of God*; this dwells within us. How often it checks us when wrong. Oh, what a blessed monitor! That man is blessed in the highest sense who has the fear of God, for it is a fountain of life to depart from the enares of death. And the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will show them his covenant. But, again, *love*; this dwells within. And what can be compared to the love of God? For we love him because he first loved us; therefore it is all of free grace; but if we love him that has begotten us to a lively hope, we also love them that are begotten by the same Spirit. And here is an evidence that we are passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren; and love will be sure to make itself manifest in various ways. It is like the rest of the graces of the Spirit when brought into exercise; but we are so poor, we have no hand in this matter. I feel that I must contend for the power of God, put forth in every step I take towards Zion. But I must conclude.

Yours truly,

T. S. S.

QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT.

My dear Brother and Fellow-Traveller in the Path of Tribulation, —I send these few lines with kindest love to yourself and partner, wishing grace, mercy, and peace unto you; and my faith towards you is, that you will be kept by the almighty power of God through faith unto salvation. But it seems you are called to bear the burden and heat of the day. May we be so favored as to keep the Covenant Head in view, who has assured us in all our afflictions he was afflicted. This has often been a support to me in my trials; for I assure you mine has been and still is a thorny path; trials and temptations more or less await me daily; but I am persuaded it is all in love to my soul, although these things are not joyous but grievous; but the promise is, they afterwards yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness. And I can say, to the glory of his rich grace, that when I have been tried to the quick, and just at the point of giving all up, the Lord has come down on my soul as the showers on the mown grass, and I have been filled with love; I could then take up the cross, and bear it, as dear Hart says, because there has been a cushion between my shoulders and the cross. I was led to the 91st Psalm, and I could at that time claim it all, for it was just what I wanted. But more of this when I see you, for I cannot describe my feelings; but O, the condescending goodness of God to such a poor, hell-deserving rebel as I am, that he should hear and answer the petitions put up in so much weakness. I am writing this from a secret impulse, and I believe a command from God. When on my knees I felt such a giving way; I was melted into tears, and all at once I was led to remember my dear brethren, and to be with them in all their trials, particularly those I then bore on my mind, and you especially; I then appealed to God, who knows the heart, by saying, "Lord, I love thy family, and thou knowest I do." I then got up and went to my Bible, believing there was something more; and I opened upon these words, (1 John iii. 17,) "But whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" What you receive give God the glory for; and may a blessing attend it! I wish you would write and let me know how you get on in the best things. Tell me if you derive comfort from your minister, Mr. P—; I wish I could hear him; we have been hoping he would come here; but the Lord's time is not ours.

I remain, your sincere friend,

MARY GRACE.

My dear Friend,—I promiscuously met with the foregoing letter, written by my dear mother to a friend by the name of J— B—, of Gardener-street, in this county, in 1813. Feeling such a union of spirit, I was quite broken down under a sense of the goodness of God to the writer, and also to me, her son, recollecting how she used to pray with me and for me, and before ever I knew any-

thing of truth, which was not until after her death. She used to say, "I believe the Lord has a favor to John." How true! "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." The circumstance mentioned in the letter also brought so fresh to my mind a circumstance relating to myself and our departed friend, John Warburton. Whilst in my business I felt a secret impulse to retire for prayer, which has frequently been interrupted by the devil suggesting something must be done immediately, or presently will be more convenient; besides, you must not neglect your business; if this was the case, I have rarely found an opportunity. Mr. Hart says,—

"So gentle sometimes is the flame,
That, if we take not heed,
We may unkindly quench the same,
We may, my friends, indeed."

But how sweet it is to feel the Holy Spirit prompting us to secret prayer, which indeed was my case at this time. I went into a little closet in one of the rooms, (which I often look at when I go into the house, as it was in this very room where I first addressed the Lord as my God, and this blessed text was brought in sweet power into my soul whilst on my knees, "Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father;) I here felt a sweet nearness to the Lord; and, whilst pouring out my heart before the Lord, it was powerfully impressed on my mind that my friend Warburton was in trouble; and I said, "Lord, if the dear man is in trouble, make use of me as an instrument to help him out of it." I had not heard of him for months. I never wrote to ask the question, but waited; and, about three weeks from the time, I received a letter from him to say he was in a deal of trouble; his son, through some cause, had a piece of cassimere returned on his hands, and he had to pay his master for it. His inquiry was, "Can you take it?" When I read the letter, I was overcome, to think the Lord should hear my prayer in such a wonderful manner, as he had many friends more likely to do it than myself. You may suppose it did not require much consideration on my part. I immediately sent a draft for the amount, and had the cassimere, which was never any loss to me. I cannot tell why I have written this; perhaps to encourage some of the dear family of God still to pray and trust in him who has the hearts of all men in his hands, and whose is the gold and silver. "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord."

Yours, affectionately,

Brighton, 14th Jan., 1858.

JOHN GRACE.

If a poor child should come to his father, and say, "Father, I would not offend you; it goes to my very heart whenever I do offend and grieve you. Teach me, therefore, O my father, so as that I may not offend you in what I do." Will not hereupon an indulgent father compassionate such a child? And hath not God much more pity towards his children, who is the fountain of love and tenderness?—*Dorsey.*

I WAS BROUGHT LOW, AND HE HELPED ME.

My dearest M.,—You have known something of (for none but the Lord knows fully) what I have passed through at times for the last eleven years; the anguish of soul, the guilt, the bondage, the misery, the hell, in my feelings; the awful plunges of infidelity; (and “if the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?”) The vile suggestions of Satan, my own wicked heart, sins of childhood, youth, married life, all at times have been set before me, without a hope in Christ. I have not been able sometimes even to believe there was a Christ, a heaven, or a Bible of divine inspiration; yet able to believe there was a hell, a devil, and a judgment day, feeling sin to be a bitter and a dreadful thing; Satan suggesting that death would soon come upon me, and that in a delusion I should die. Truly can I say, “While I suffer thy terrors I am distracted,” a passage, I hope, once blessed to me, when, through fear, I sat afraid to close the door of the room I was in. Oh, I remember, at one time, how large the letters looked that spelt Eternity, large as they have since looked in the word that spells Mercy; for the time came when I had a little hope that the Lord would show mercy to me; and little lifts by the way (though not little to me) kept me from sinking altogether, and I could cry for mercy, mercy, mercy, when I could utter nothing else before the Lord. O how true it is that none but the Lord can deliver! and, blessings on his dear name, I hope I can now say, “And he doth deliver in his own set time.”

The name of Jesus, which once seemed notion to me, had become of late increasingly dear to me, and I seemed to like to read of him. especially the parts that spoke of his sufferings; and before the Lord I pleaded, “O that I might know him, and the power of his resurrection, and (at times was able to add) the fellowship of his sufferings,” believing it to be the only path to him; and to know him seemed now all my soul’s desire, and I was able at times to cry with sighs, and groans, and tears, “Give me Christ, or else I die;” “Jesus, reveal thyself to me.”

I could say much more; but, to pass on, the Lord in his kind and mysterious providence, brought Mr. — amongst us last Thursday. I got up in the morning quite ill from cold, and was obliged to lie down after dinner. He preached in the afternoon; and I with difficulty got up and put my things on, saying all the time, “Lord, there is nothing too hard for thee;” and, after sitting in the chapel a little time, I experienced the truth of it by freedom from pain. My soul seemed melted when he engaged in prayer; and, in the sermon, a still small voice seemed to bring a precious Christ to me. O the sweet savor of Christ in all three sermons I heard him preach! At —, on Friday evening, it seemed as if he preached only to me: yet I wondered all their faces did not shine as mine, after it was over. O, I hope I am not deceived in the measure of liberty I have found. I do, as the precious word says, “rejoice with trembling.” Last week I could have said, “God hath forgotten to be gracious;” but now I hope I can bless his dear name, his faithfulness, his covenant

mercy, and say, "He hath not forgotten to be gracious, but hath remembered me in my lost and ruined state." Ah! I can say, if the gospel saves me, it must be free. O how I creep about with "raised to a hope in Christ." I am almost afraid to speak of it, lest I should be robbed of it; the word seems so suitable as addressed to the church, "I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love till he please." Now, my cry to the Lord is, "Preserve me from living on my present happy feelings, which must, I know, change, perhaps before the next hour; but anchor me upon the Rock that is higher than I." It seems almost too much for me; Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, in the enjoyment of it. Last Lord's Day was the happiest day I ever spent on earthly ground. O that I could praise the Lord for his goodness, and tell out the wonders he has done for me! Satan is still at times suggesting it is all a delusion; but his darts at present seem weakened to me. Do not think I am lifted up; my heart is broken, and I am glad to get alone with God in any corner of the house. I thought when on my knees yesterday, weeping tears of joy, that I knew something of the poor woman's feelings who "washed his feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head." I still feel like the poor man whose eyes were opened to see men as trees walking. Do not mistake me; I cannot speak of great things, though they are great to me; for he hath, I hope, taken a beggar from the dunghill, and raised her to a hope in Christ, which is to me like a resurrection from the dead. My cry now is, "O that I might know more of him!" for his name is to me as ointment poured forth. This time last week three verses of the word seemed a toil to me to read; and last night, even while undressing, I seemed obliged to read three chapters, all seemed so suitable to me. I hope I may say the Lord has favored me with a portion or two of his word with power when Satan has come upon me, especially that portion, "Thy word was found, and I did eat it; and it was to me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." Since writing, I have begged the dear Lord, if what I have written be not honest before him, to let me throw it behind the fire, and quickly to undeceive me; but if it be the teaching of the Holy Ghost upon my soul, to let me rejoice in the mercy I have found. Though I believe well heard by many of the Lord's dear people, I do not hear of any one having a special blessing (if not deceived) as I have. Wonderful! that a dear man of God must come so many miles, an utter stranger to me, to bring a blessing to one so vile, so helpless, so lost! Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless and praise his holy name. I feel it as impossible to-day to wake up my miseries, sins, terrors, doubts, and fears, as I did but a few days since to come out of them, or to believe that I ever should.

I am afraid of presumption; but shall I dishonor the Lord by not owning the wondrous things I hope he has done, in raising a hell-deserving sinner to a hope in a precious Christ?

April 29th, 1850.

E. H.

[The above letter was written by the late Mr. Husband, of Hartley Row, Hants, whose death was noticed on the wrapper of the December Number.]

A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. DARK.

No. 2.

My much-loved and loving Friend,—How good it is when we drop into our secret corner, and find it a meeting-place with our Beloved! If I were now to be blessed by the sweet remembrances of the Divine Comforter—the holy testifier of the Father and the Son—the holy glorifier of Immanuel, God with us—I could communicate to you a little respecting the sacred meeting-place, which once the mercy seat set forth; not, dear friend, but that you know it; therefore it is only to stir up your spiritual or pure mind. It seems to me that the greatest manifested blessings to Zion almost would arise out of the revealed union and communion in, and at, and with the everlasting Redeemer. If that union and communion (I mean in secret) could be preserved and published—not but that the eternal Spirit can bring out, in Zion's solemn assemblies, every secret sigh, groan, moan, pining, cry, prayer, petition, trembling of the breast, heaving up of desire, longing, panting, thirsting, confessing, living, feeling, and believing, hoping, and loving moment that ever the regenerated soul enjoys in secret; but, dear child, some of our most favored, our sweetest, nearest, and most powerful seasons are in secret, and around the hearth-stone. The meeting-place you know is, our blessed Lord Jesus. A body was prepared for all the glory of Divinity, all the perfections of Deity, all the solemn attributes of the Godhead to dwell in, to constitute, to consecrate, to sanctify him as the meeting-place. His body was holy; and therefore the attributes of holiness can meet an unholy sinner in him. His life was holy, harmless, undefiled; therefore the living God could meet his own dead ones in him. His wounds were holy; and therefore a holy, sovereign balm issued for the healing of his own spirit-wounded. His blood was holy; and therefore justice, in all its awful nature, proclaims an eternal satisfaction, clears the guilty, and justifies the ungodly. His agonies were holy; therefore the weight of wrath is taken away for ever; and fury is not in the Most High towards poor sinners that are sensibly weighed down by sin, and cry and groan under its weight. His death was holy. O, what a blessed meeting-place is this with the Father of all mercies, and God of all comfort! What a plea against hell's deep designs! What a spot to meet upon, by a living faith, that hath flowed from God himself. Death was overcome. The sting of death, which was sin, original and actual, was taken away. A victory was obtained over the grave in his resurrection, which was holy. The Holy One could not see corruption. The grave could not hold him, and in his resurrection he gained a victory over every one of his and his people's enemies, external, internal, and infernal. His stay on earth, after he arose, was holy. When he pleased he showed himself, and when he pleased he hid himself; and it is so now. His ascension was holy, and the blessedness of it was, that he ascended to our Father and his Father, to his God and our God. And his intercession is holy; for he took his throne in his own

glory, and dwells for ever in his own essential, eternal, invisible, and immortal weight of glory; and the blessedness of it is, "If, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son; much more being reconciled by his death, we shall be saved by his life, who is ever living to make intercession for us." But, dear child, I have given you but a glimpse or two. This morning at times I rolled on my bed, and at times could scarcely stammer out a petition; such a weight hung upon me. Sometimes a few words escaped the lips; there seemed but little heart-feeling. After I got down stairs, I must go down on my poor, old, feeble knees, and soon I felt a hallowed, solemn, sacred time in prayer, at my old meeting-place. Now, my dear sister, how soon cold formality gives way before divine power; how soon a careless, lukewarm state is succeeded by every power of the soul being found in the sacred engagement; how soon stupor and languor yield to keenness and ardour. The Spirit quickens the soul, and lifts it up from the dust; makes the soul a living beggar; brings the poor, vile, black, polluted, loathsome sinner under victorious faith, that has a voice that is heard on high; and a vital, experimental knowledge attends it, with a tender conscience, the fear of the Lord, and all the virgin graces that join hand in hand. This, sister, makes it manifest, again, that we are members of his body, his flesh, and his bones. O great, solemn, wondrous, vital union, though its deep mystery eternity alone must develope! Now, child, whether you will, on receiving this, feel any life and power or delight in reading what the poor old scribbler writes, it is not for me to say; but should it be so, perhaps you will say it is the children's crumbs. You will be probably looking for the time to come when Mr. W—— may arrive at Bath. Unless you are fed with the bread of heaven through him in the morning, do not go to him. He is most reserved and retired in his habits until his day's labour is ended; then a little child may get near him, if his Master is near.

Ever yours, in love,

Long-street, Devizes, Aug. 28th, 1849.

STEPHEN DARK.

THE very considering of God to be God supposeth him to be Almighty to pardon as well as to avenge; and this is some relief; but then to consider it is Almighty power in bond and covenant to pardon, this is more. As none can bind God but himself, so none can break the bond himself makes. And are they not his own words, that "he will abundantly pardon?" (Isaiah iv.) He will multiply to pardon; as if he had said, I will drop mercy for your sin, and spend all I have rather than let it be said my good is overcome of your evil.—*Gurnall*.

I AM a medical man, and have in these parts considerable practice, for they seem determined to drain both my skill and my medicines. And, having done our best, daily experience proves that all our disorders return again. The plague of the heart, the risings of corruption, and the workings of unbelief, are among our incurable diseases. Satan's rage at our hope exasperates him to be continually rubbing fresh nitre into these old wounds, which are called our daily cross, being the peculiar lot of all those who follow the Lord Jesus Christ.—*Huntington*.

Obituary.

A VERY CONCISE ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF OUR DEAR DEPARTED SISTER, MARY BRIDGER, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE MR. THOMAS BRIDGER, OF WOOLHOUSE, STEDHAM, SUSSEX; WHO WAS FOR MANY YEARS A HEARER OF MR. VINALL, OF LEWES, SUSSEX.

It appears that she was first awakened to a sense of her sinfulness at the dying bed of her father, in the year 1846. She was not exercised, as many are, with a very deep law-work upon her heart, but brought as a lost, needy sinner to cry for mercy. The Lord, in her case, was pleased to grant speedy deliverance, and great enjoyment in the ways and things of God, very early in her pathway through this transitory world. She was blessed with great discernment of the Scriptures, which were her favorite meditation; and she greatly enjoyed the opportunity of hearing the Lord's ministers preach the truth, whether in church or chapel, and, as long as her strength allowed, would walk three or four miles to do so. Early in this year the disease, which was of a most painful and distressing nature, and ultimately caused her death, began to make rapid inroads upon her constitution, and so to reduce her strength as to confine her to her room in the beginning of September; and at about that time she began sensibly to feel and believe that the Lord was about to remove her from this world of sorrow, grief, and pain. On Friday morning, the 20th, she became much worse, and quite thought she was dying. She said to those around her, "The Lord blesses me with peace, which is a great mercy; but I should like to experience more joy, if it is his will, one bright glance before he takes me to himself, one look of pardoning love; still, peace is the promise, and perhaps it is not right for me to expect more. Jesus is very precious to me. O, who can tell what a glorious change it will be for me!" However, she rallied again, but the next morning (Saturday) her mind was not so comfortable; she was obliged to plead hard with the Lord, reminding him of past promises, and entreating him to appear to her comfort in that trying hour; and to add to her distress, her bodily sufferings were very great. At about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, she again appeared to be sinking, when, in a moment, she looked up and exclaimed, "O, Jesus is come! my precious Saviour! O, how kind! I thought he would not let me go off in the dark." She then called her friends round her, and took leave of them all most affectionately, commending them most earnestly to the Lord; and then said, "Now, Lord, do take me; I long to be with thee, thou precious Jesus! Dear father, mother, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, all there! and me too! O what joy, glory, splendor! Cut the thread of life, Lord, if it be thy will. I long to be with thee! thou hast been so gracious to me, a poor, worthless, helpless, sinful creature; but one drop of thy precious blood applied to my heart is enough. How it humbles me to think that he should deign to look upon one so unworthy. It is, indeed, no small mercy to be a favorite

of Heaven, and blessed with a knowledge of it. Never suffer me, Lord, to be lifted up with pride for thy great mercy manifested to me, for surely

“ Thy garden is the place
Where pride cannot intrude,
For should it dare to enter there
'Twould soon be drown'd in blood.”

To the astonishment of all her friends she again revived, when she said, “ I greatly hoped the Lord would have taken me then. It does seem so hard to think of coming back again to all this suffering; but the Lord's will be done, his time must be the right; 'tis

“ Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
And know no will but his.”

I would not have a voice in the matter, only that he will grant me patience to wait, and strength to bear all that it is his will I should suffer.” She continued after that time gradually to get worse, some days and nights with more or less pain; but blessed with many sweet visits from her precious Saviour; and so many expressions did she utter of the enjoyment she felt, that it would fill a volume to relate. One morning, after a night of very great pain and suffering, she said, “ What a mercy it is that this is only bodily suffering. My mind does not suffer. The Lord has taken away his wrath from me, and granted me sweet peace. I will bless his holy name; he keeps my mind so sweetly stayed on him. Even in this agony, my heart burns with love to him, and I bless the very hand that smites me. O that he would take me! I desire it not only as a release from my sufferings, but for the love I bear to him.” In speaking of a dear friend, whose ministry had been much blessed to her, and whose visits had been made a great comfort to her, she said, “ I should like to see him very much, but I do not think I shall live until the time he comes again; if not, tell him, with my Christian love, that I endured to the end, at least I trust I shall,” and repeated the following verse:

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

On the morning of the 26th of November, and during the day, she uttered many sweet and precious things. Her mind was much composed, although her sufferings were most distressing, which she sometimes feared would distract her mind; but her prayers were blessedly answered, for she continued perfectly sensible to the last. On her favorite hymn being read to her, beginning

“ O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave,”

she said, “ The two last lines are very suitable to me:

“ From all their afflictions my glory shall spring,
And the deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll sing.”

About half-an-hour before her death, the pain was so great that she cried out with agony, when she was asked if the enemy of souls was permitted to harass her. She immediately answered, “ No,

not a bit." She was then asked, "Is Jesus still precious?" Her countenance brightened up in a moment, and she said, "He is precious." Very shortly after that, she said, "Come, Lord, make haste." The pain then ceased, her head sank back on the pillow, and she truly "fell asleep in Jesus," without a sigh, groan, or struggle, at half-past 5 o'clock in the morning, November, 27th, 1857, aged 41 years.

Petworth.

IF once (like Hezekiah) we call in spectators to see our treasure and applaud us for our gifts and comfort, then it is high time for God, if he indeed love us, to send some messengers to carry these away from us, which carry our hearts from him.—*Gurnall*.

THE afflictions of God's children are bounded and limited of the Lord. Israel must come out of Egypt when the time of their bondage is expired. God is at the helm in the time of the storm; and we may sleep quiet, because he awakes. Again, we may here observe, how the Spirit of God would have us counting the time of trouble, not by years, nor by months, but by days. They are called sometimes but an hour, sometimes but a short moment. Art thou under a cross? Reckon it but from day to day, and that will make a long trouble seem short. Time is but days, and days hours, and hours moments; and how small is that when compared with the eternal crown of glory? Make not your time eternity, but be numbering your days and applying your hearts unto wisdom.—*Ralph Erskine*.

If the minister under whom you stately attend is made very acceptable to you, you will be in the less danger of slighting him. But be careful that you do not slight any other minister of Christ. If, therefore, when you come to hear your own preacher, you find another in the pulpit, do not let your looks tell him that if you had known he had been there you would not have come. I wish indeed you may never think so in your heart; but though we cannot prevent evil thoughts from rising in our minds, we should endeavor to combat and suppress them. Some persons are so curious, or rather so weak, that if their favorite minister is occasionally absent they hardly think it worth their while to hear another. A judicious and faithful minister in this case, instead of being delighted with such a mark of peculiar attachment to himself, will be grieved to think that they have profited no more by his labors; for it is his desire to win souls, not to himself, but to Jesus Christ.—*Newton*.

CHRIST himself, when he foresaw in spirit the great troubles which should follow his preaching, comforted himself after this manner: "I come," saith he, "to send fire upon the earth, and what will I if it be already kindled?" (Luke xii. 49.) In like manner we see, at this day, that great troubles follow the preaching of the gospel, through the persecution and blasphemy of our adversaries, and the ingratitude of the world. This matter so grieveth us, that after the flesh, and after the judgment of reason, we think it better that the gospel had not been published, than that, after the preaching thereof, the public peace should be so troubled. But, according to the spirit, we say boldly with Christ, "I come to send fire upon the earth, and what will I but that it should now be kindled?" Now, after this fire is kindled, there follow forthwith great commotions. For it is not a king or an emperor that is thus provoked, but the god of this world, which is a most mighty spirit, and the Lord of the whole world.—*Luther*.

REVIEW.

Communion with God—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. By John Owen, D.D. Edinburgh: W. Whyte and Co. London: Longman and Co. 1849.

As no heart can sufficiently conceive, so no tongue can adequately express, the state of wretchedness and ruin into which sin has cast guilty, miserable man. In separating him from God, it has severed him from the only Source and Fountain of all happiness and all holiness. It has ruined him, body and soul. The one it has filled with sickness and disease; in the other it has defaced and destroyed the image of God in which it was created. It has shattered all his mental faculties; it has broken his judgment, polluted his imagination, and alienated his affections. It has made him love sin, and hate God; it has filled him from top to toe with pride, lust, and cruelty, and has been the fruitful parent of all those crimes and abominations under which earth groans, and the bare recital of some of which, reaching our ears from

“India’s coral strand,”

has filled so many hearts with disgust and horror. These are the more visible fruits of the fall. But nearer home, in our own hearts, in what we are or have been, we find and feel what wreck and ruin sin has made. There can be no greater mark of alienation from God than wilfully and deliberately to seek pleasure and delight in things which his holiness abhors. But who of the family of God has not been guilty here? Every movement and inclination of our natural mind, every desire and lust of our carnal heart, was, in times past, to find pleasure and gratification in something abhorrent to the will and word of the living Jehovah. There are few of us who, in the days of our flesh, have not sought pleasure in some of its varied but deceptive forms. The theatre, the race-course, the dance, the sports of the field, the card-table, the midnight revel, or the stolen waters of sin were resorted to by some of us to afford what the Apostle calls “the pleasures of sin for a season.” Our mad, feverish thirst after excitement; the continued cry of our wicked flesh, “Give, give!” our miserable recklessness or headlong, daring determination to enjoy ourselves, as we called it, cost what it would, plunged us again and again into the sea of sin, where, but for sovereign grace, we should have sunk to rise no more. Or, if the restraints of morality put their check upon gross and sinful pleasures, there still was a seeking after such allowable, as we deemed them, amusements, as change of scene and place, foreign travel, the reading of novels and works of fiction, dress, visiting, building up airy castles of love and romance, studying how to obtain human applause, devising plans of self-advancement and self-gratification, occupying the mind with cherished studies, and delighting ourselves in those pursuits for which we had a natural taste, as music, drawing, poetry, or, it might be, severer studies and scientific researches. We have named these middle-class pursuits as less obvious sins than such gross crimes as drunkenness and vile debauchery in the lower walks of life; but, viewed with a spiritual eye, all are equally stamped with the same fatal brand of death in sin. The moral and the immoral, the refined and the unrefined, the polished few or the rude many, are alike “without God and without hope in the world,” until renewed in the spirit of their mind. We are often met with this question, “What harm is there in this pursuit or in that amusement?” “Is God there?” should be the answer. The harm is, that the amusement is delighted in for its own sake; that it occupies the mind, and fills the thoughts, shutting God out; that it renders spiritual things distasteful; that it sets up an idol

in the heart, and is made a substitute for God. Now this we never really know nor feel till divine light illuminates the mind, and divine life quickens the soul. We then begin to see and feel into what a miserable state sin has cast us; how all our life long we have done nothing but what God abhors; that every imagination of the thoughts of our hearts has been evil, and only evil continually; that we have brought ourselves under the stroke of God's justice, under the curse of his righteous law, and now there appears nothing but death and destruction before our eyes.

And yet, with all this misery and wretchedness, through all this remorse for the past and dread for the future, there are raised up desires after God—the fruit and work of his grace in the heart. These are the first breathings after communion with God, the first movement of the soul quickened from above towards its Father and Friend.

But whence comes this movement of the soul upward and heavenward? What is the foundation on which a sinner may venture nigh, yea, as brought near, may realise what holy John speaks of, “And truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ?” (1 John i. 3.)

God himself has laid the foundation in the gift of his dear Son. Had Jesus not taken our nature into union with his own divine Person, there never could have been any communion of man with God. This is beautifully unfolded by the Apostle. (Heb. ii.) “Forasmuch, then, as the 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 fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage.” “The children whom God had given him” were partakers of flesh and blood. But this flesh and blood had sinned, was become alienated from God, was tyrannised over by the devil, was subject to death, and the judgment that cometh after death, and the fear of death held them in continual bondage. Unless these poor bond-slaves of sin, Satan, and death were redeemed, they could not be reconciled to God, or brought near so as to have any fellowship or communion with him. But the Son of God “took on him the seed of Abraham,” that is, he assumed human nature as derived from Abraham; for the Virgini Mary, of whose flesh he took, was lineally descended from Abraham; and thus was “made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons.” And so, “in all things being made like unto his brethren,” (sin only excepted, of which he had no taint or stain,) “he became a merciful and faithful high priest to make reconciliation for the sins of the people.” Without this redemption, without this reconciliation, there could be no communion. Communion means fellowship; fellowship implies mutual participation and mutual interest. It is not single, but twofold—a community of nature, or interest, or affection, in which each party gives and takes. Thus the foundation of all communion with God is laid in this blessed truth, that the Son of God has taken our flesh; this gives him communion with man. He is himself God; this gives him communion with God. In the ladder that Jacob saw in vision, the lowest part rested on earth, the highest was lost in heaven. Thus the human nature of Christ touches earth with its sorrows, but his divine rises up to heaven with its glory; and man, poor, wretched man, may, by having communion with Christ in his sufferings, have communion with God in his love. John blessedly opens up this in his first epistle: “That which was from the beginning, which we heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of life.” (John i. 1.) What had John heard from the beginning? What

had he seen with his eyes? What had he looked upon, and his hands had handled of the Word of life? What but the Son of God in the flesh? His ears had heard the voice; his eyes had seen the form; his hands had handled the feet and hands of the Word of life; and not merely bodily, for that would no more have given him life than it did the Jewish officers who bound his hands, or the Roman soldiers who nailed him to the cross. It was the spiritual manifestation of the Word of Life to his soul, (as he himself declares: "For the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and show unto you that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us,") which enabled him to say, "That which we have seen and heard, declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us, and truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his son Jesus Christ." (1 John i. 3.) Now, as this divine way is opened up to our hearts, we begin to find access to God through Jesus Christ, as "the way, the truth, and the life." Until he is in some measure revealed and made known to the soul, there is no ground of access to God. Sin, guilt, and condemnation block up the path; the law curses, conscience condemns, Satan accuses, and in self there is neither help nor hope. But as Christ is revealed and made known, and the virtue and efficacy of his blood is seen and felt, faith becomes strengthened to approach the Father through him, until after many a struggle between hope and despair, the love of God is shed abroad in the heart, and this gives fellowship with God.

Dr. Owen, in the work before us, has penetrated into the depths of this divine subject, as few but himself could have done. He has shown, with his usual clearness, the foundation on which all communion with God is based; and he has in a very sweet and experimental manner, unfolded the fruits that spring out of it, in the heart and life of a child of God.

As God exists in a Trinity of Persons and a Unity of Essence, the Doctor has divided his work into three leading branches, and has unfolded in the first, communion with the Father, in the second, communion with the Son, and in the third, communion with the Holy Ghost. As it is, like most of Owen's, a very deep and elaborate treatise, sounding the depths and ascending to the heights of communion with a Three-One God, we can hardly give a sufficient idea of the work from a few detached extracts. Yet the following passages, taken from different parts of the work, will serve to show the spiritual and experimental manner in which he has handled his heavenly subject:

There are three things in general, wherein this personal excellency and grace of the Lord Jesus Christ doth consist.

1. *His fitness to save.* The uniting of the natures of God and man in one person made him fit to be a Saviour to the uttermost. He lays his hand upon God by partaking of his nature; (Zech. xiii. 7;) and he lays his hand upon us by being partaker of our nature; (Heb. ii. 14-16;) and so becomes a *daysman* or umpire between both. By this means he fills up all the distance that was made by sin between God and us, and we who are far off are made nigh in him. Upon this account it was, that he had room enough in his breast to receive, and power enough in his spirit to hear all the wrath that was prepared for us. This ariseth from his union of the two natures of God and man in one person; (John i. 14; Isa. ix. 6; Rom. i. 3-5;) the necessary consequences whereof are: 1. The subsistence of human nature in the person of the Son of God, having no subsistence of its own. (Luke i. 35; 1 Tim. iii. 16.) 2. That communication of attributes in the person whereby the properties of either nature are promiscuously spoken of the person of Christ, whether as God or man. (Acts xx. 28; iii. 28.) 3. The execution of his office of mediation in his single person, in respect of both natures, wherein is to be considered the agent, Christ himself, God and man; he is the principle that gives life and efficacy to the whole work, that which operates, which is both natures dis-

tinctly considered; the effectual working itself of each nature. And lastly, the effect produced, which ariseth from all, and relates to them all; so resolving the excellency I speak of into his personal union.

2. *His fulness to save*, from the effects of his union which are free, and consequences of it, which is all the furniture that he received from the Father by the union of the Spirit for the work of our salvation. "He is able to save unto the uttermost them that come unto God by him;" (Heb. vii. 25;) having all fulness unto this end communicated unto him; "for it pleased the Father that in him all fulness should dwell." (Col. i. 19.) And he received not the Spirit by measure; (John iii. 34;) and from this fulness he makes out a suitable supply unto all that are his, grace for grace; (John i. 16;) had it been given him by measure, we had exhausted it.

3. *His excellency to endear*, from his complete suitability to all the wants of the souls of men. There is no man whatever that hath any want in reference unto the things of God, but Christ will be unto him that which he wants. I speak of those who are given him of the Father. Is he dead? Christ is life. Is he weak? Christ is the power of God and the wisdom of God. Hath he the sense of guilt upon him? Christ is complete righteousness, "the Lord our Righteousness." Many poor creatures are sensible of their wants, but know not where their remedy lies. Indeed, whether it be life or light, power or joy, all is wrapped up in him.

There are two things that complete this self-resignation of the soul.

1. *The loving of Christ for his excellency*, grace, and suitability, preferring him in the judgment and mind above all other beloveds. In Cant. v. 9, 10, the spouse, being earnestly pressed by professors at large to give in her thoughts concerning the excellency of her beloved in comparison of other endearments, answereth expressly that he is the "chiefest of ten thousand, yea, (verse 16,) altogether lovely," infinitely beyond comparison with the choicest created good or endearment imaginable. The soul takes a view of all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, and sees it all to be vanity—that the world passeth away, and the lust thereof. (1 John ii. 16, 17.) These beloveds are no way to be compared unto him. It views also legal righteousness, blamelessness before men, uprightness of conversation, and concludes of all, as Paul doth, "Doubtless I count all these things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." (Phil. iii. 8.) So also doth the church (Hos. xiv. 3, 4) reject all assistances, that God alone may be preferred. And this is the soul's entrance into conjugal communion with Jesus Christ, as to personal grace, the constant preferring him above all pretenders to its affections, counting all loss and dung in comparison of him. Beloved learning, beloved righteousness, beloved duties, all loss compared with Christ.

2. *The accepting of Christ by the will* as its only husband, Lord, and Saviour. This is called receiving of Christ, (John i. 12,) and is not intended only for that solemn act whereby at first entrance we close with him, but also for the constant frame of the soul in abiding with him, and owning him as such. When the soul consents to take Christ on his own terms, to be saved by him in his own way, (Rom. ix. 31, 32; x. 3, 4,) and says, "Lord, once I would have had thee and salvation in my way, that it might have been partly of mine endeavors, and as it were by works of the law; but I am now willing to receive thee, and to be saved in thy way, merely by grace; and though I would have walked according to my own mind, yet now I wholly give up myself to be ruled by thy Spirit, for in thee have I righteousness and strength, (Isa. xlv. 24,) in thee am I justified and do glory;" then doth it carry on communion with Christ as to the grace of his person. This is to receive the Lord Jesus in his comeliness and eminency. This is choice communion with the Son Jesus Christ. Let us receive him in all his excellences, as he bestows himself upon us.

I shall choose out one particular from among many, for the proof of this thing; and that is, Christ reveals the secrets of his mind unto his saints, and enables them to reveal the secrets of their hearts to him—an evident demonstration of great delight. It is only a bosom friend unto whom we will un-

bosom ourselves. There is no greater evidence of delight in close communion than this, that one will reveal his heart unto him whom he takes into society, and not entertain him with things common and vulgarly known. And therefore have I chosen this instance from amongst a thousand that might be given of this delight of Christ in his saints. He communicates his mind unto his saints and unto them only; his mind, the counsel of his love, the thoughts of his heart, the purposes of his bosom for our eternal good. His mind, the ways of his grace, the workings of his Spirit, the rule of his sceptre, and the obedience of his gospel—all is spiritual revelation of Christ. "He is the true light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world." (John i. 9.) He is the dayspring, the day-star, and the sun. So that it is impossible any light should be but by him; the "secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he shows them his covenant," (Ps. xxv. 14,) as he expresses it at large, John. xv. 14, 15.

Now the things which in this communion Christ reveals to them that he delights in may be referred to these two heads: Himself; His Kingdom.

Christ reveals *himself* to his people. "He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father; and I will love him, and will manifest myself in all my graces, desirableness, and loveliness; he shall know me as I am, and such I will be unto him, a Saviour, a Redeemer, the chiefest of ten thousand. He shall be acquainted with the true worth and value of the pearl of price; let others look upon him as no way desirable, he will manifest himself and his excellences unto them in whom he is delighted, that they shall see him altogether lovely. The saints with open face shall behold his glory, and so be translated to the image of the same glory as by the Spirit of the Lord." He also reveals *his kingdom*. They shall be acquainted with the government of his Spirit in their hearts, and also his administration of authority in his word among his churches. Thus does he manifest his delight in his saints; he communicates his secrets unto them; he gives them to know his Person, his excellences, his grace, his love, his kingdom, his will, the riches of his goodness, and the bowels of his mercy, more and more, when the world shall neither see nor know any such thing.

And he also enables his saints to reveal their souls unto him, so that they may walk together as intimate friends; Christ knows the minds of all, "He knows what is in man, and needs not that any man testify of him." (John ii. 25.) He "searcheth the hearts and trieth the reins of all." (Rev. ii. 23.) But all know not how to communicate their mind to Christ. It will not avail a man at all, that Christ knows his mind, for so he does of every one whether he will or no; but that a man can make his heart known unto Christ, this is consolation. Hence, the prayers of the saints are "incense," "odours;" and those of others are "howling," "cutting off a dog's neck, offering of swine's blood," "an abomination unto the Lord."

When such a pen as Dr. Owen's has written on this subject, well may ours be slow to add anything to his wise and weighty words; yet we should be hardly satisfied to bring our Review abruptly to a close without expressing a little of what we see and feel upon this vital point, for in it we are thoroughly convinced lie the very life and power of all saving religion. Nothing distinguishes the divine religion of the saint of God, not only from the dead profanity of the openly ungodly, but from the formal lip-service of the lifeless professor, so much as communion with God.

How clearly do we see this exemplified in the saints of old. Abel sought after fellowship with God when "he brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof," for he looked to the atoning blood of the Lamb of God. God accepted the offering, and "testified of his gifts" by manifesting his divine approbation. Here was fellowship between Abel and God. Enoch "walked with God;" but how can two walk together except they be agreed? And if agreed, they are in fellowship and communion. Abraham was "the friend of God;" "The Lord spake to Moses face to face;" David was "the man after God's

own heart;”—all which testimonies of the Holy Ghost concerning them implied that they were reconciled, brought near, and walked in holy communion with the Lord God Almighty. So all the saints of old, whose sufferings and exploits are recorded in Heb. xi. lived a life of faith and prayer, a life of fellowship and communion with their Father and their friend; and though “they were stoned, sawn asunder, and slain with the sword;” though “they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented;” though “they wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth,” yet they all were sustained in their sufferings and sorrows by the Spirit and grace, the presence and power of the living God, with whom they held sweet communion; and, though tortured, would “accept no deliverance,” by denying their Lord, “that they might obtain a better resurrection,” and see him as he is in glory, by whose grace they were brought into fellowship with him on earth.

This same communion with himself is that which God now calls his saints unto, as we read, “God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord,” (1 Cor. i. 9,) for to have fellowship with his Son is to have fellowship with him. As then he called Abraham out of the land of the Chaldees, so he calls elect souls out of the world, out of darkness, sin, and death, out of formality and self-righteousness, out of a deceptive profession, to have fellowship with himself, to be blessed with manifestations of his love and mercy. To this point all his dealings with their souls tend; to bring them near to himself, all their afflictions, trials, and sorrows are sent; and in giving them tastes of holy fellowship here, he grants them foretastes and prelibations of that eternity of bliss which will be theirs when time shall be no more, in being for ever swallowed up with his presence and love.

Even in the first awakenings of the Spirit, in the first quickenings of his grace, there is that in the living soul which eternally distinguishes it from all others, whatever be their profession, however high or however low, however in doctrine sound or unsound, however in practice consistent or inconsistent. There is, amidst all its trouble, darkness, guilt, confusion, and self-condemnation, a striving after communion with God; though still ignorant of who or what he is, and still unable to approach him with confidence. There is a sense of his greatness and glory; there is a holy fear and godly awe of his great name; there is a trembling at his word; a brokenness, a contrition, a humility, a simplicity, a sincerity, a self-abasement, a distrust of self, a dread of hypocrisy and self-deception, a coming to the light, a labouring to enter the strait gate, a tenderness of conscience, a sense of unbelief, helplessness, and inability, a groaning under the guilt and burden of sin, a quickness to see its workings, and an alarm lest they should break forth—all which we never see in a dead, carnal professor, whether the highest Calvinist or the lowest Arminian. In all these, whatever their creed or name, there is a hardness, a boldness, an ignorance, and a self-confidence which chill and repel a child of God. Their religion has in it no repentance and no faith—therefore no hatred of sin or fear of God. It is a mere outside, superficial form, springing out of a few natural convictions, and attended with such false hopes and self-righteous confidence as a Balaam might have from great gifts, or an Abithophel from great knowledge, or the Pharisee in the temple from great consistency, but as different from a work of grace as heaven from earth. How different from this is he who is made alive unto God. His religion is one carried on between God and his own conscience, in the depths of his soul, and, for the most part, amid much affliction and temptation. Being pressed down with a sight and sense of the dreadful evil of sin, he at times dares hardly draw near to God, or utter a word before the

great and glorious majesty of heaven. And yet he is sometimes driven and sometimes drawn to pour out his heart before him, and seek his face night and day, besides more set seasons of prayer and supplication. And yet this he cannot do without peculiar trial and temptation. If he stay away from the throne, he is condemned in his own conscience as having no religion, as being a poor, prayerless, careless wretch; if he come, he is at times almost overwhelmed by a sight of the majesty and holiness of God, and his open, dreadful sins against and before the eyes of his infinite purity. If he is cold and dead, he views *that* as a mark of his own hypocrisy; if he is enlarged, and feels holy liberty and blessed confidence spring up in his soul, he can scarcely believe it real, and fears lest it be presumption, and that Satan is now deceiving him as an angel of light; if he has a promise applied, and is sweetly blessed for a time, he calls it afterwards all in question; if favored, under the word, to see his interest clear, he often questions whether it were really of God; and if his mouth is opened to speak to a Christian friend of any sweetness he has enjoyed, or any liberty that he has felt, he is tried to the very quick, before an hour is gone over his head, whether he has not been deceiving a child of God.

But by all these things living souls are instructed. The emptiness of a mere profession, the deceitfulness of their own hearts, the darkness, misery, and death that sin always brings in its train when secretly indulged, the vanity of this poor, passing scene, the total inability of the creature, whether in themselves or others, to give them any real satisfaction, all become more thoroughly inwrought into their soul's experience. And as they get glimpses and glances of the King in his beauty, and see and feel more of his blessedness and suitability to all their wants and woes; as his blood and righteousness, glorious person, and finished work are more sensibly realised, believed in, looked unto, and reposed upon; and as he himself is pleased to commune with them from the mercy-seat through his word, Spirit, presence, and love, they begin to hold close and intimate fellowship with him. Every fresh view of his beauty and blessedness draws their heart more towards him; and though they often slip, stumble, start aside, wander away on the dark mountains, though often as cold as ice and hard as adamant, with no more feeling religion than the stones of the pavement, and viler in their own feelings than the vilest and worst, still ever and anon their stony heart relents, the tear of grief runs down their cheek, their bosom heaves with godly sorrow, prayer and supplication go forth from their lips, sin is confessed and mourned over, pardon is sought with many cries, the blood of sprinkling is begged for, a word, a promise, a smile, a look, a touch, are again and again besought, till body and soul are alike exhausted with the earnestness of expressed desire. O, how much is needed to bring the soul to its only rest and centre. What trials and afflictions; what furnaces, floods, rods, and strokes, as well as smiles, promises, and gracious drawings! What pride and self to be brought out of! What love and blood to be brought unto! What lessons to learn of the dreadful evil of sin! What lessons to learn of the freeness and fulness of salvation! What sinkings in self! What risings in Christ! What guilt and condemnation on account of sin; what self-loathing and self-abasement; what distrust of self; what fears of falling; what prayers and desires to be kept; what clinging to Christ; what looking up and unto his divine majesty, as faith views him at the right hand of the Father; what desires never more to sin against him, but to live, move, and act in the holy fear of God, do we find, more or less daily, in a living soul!

And whence springs all this inward experience but from the fellowship and communion which there is between Christ and the soul? "We

are members," says the Apostle, "of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones." As such there is a mutual participation in sorrow and joy. "He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." "He was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." He can, therefore, "be touched with the feelings of our infirmities," can pity and sympathise; and thus, as we may cast upon him our sins and sorrows, when faith enables, so can he supply, out of his own fulness, that grace and strength which can bring us off eventually more than conquerors.

But here, for the present, we pause, having only just touched the threshold of a subject so full of divine blessedness. Such a subject as this, descending to all the depths of sin and sorrow, and rising up to all the heights of grace and glory, embracing fellowship with Christ in his sufferings and fellowship with Christ in his glory, is a theme for Paul after he had been caught up into the third heaven, and for John in Patmos, after he had seen him walking in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks; nor even could their divinely-taught souls adequately comprehend, nor their divinely-inspired pens worthily describe all that is contained in the solemn mystery of the communion that the Church, as the Bride of the Lamb, is called to enjoy with Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the great and glorious Three-in-one God.

P O E T R Y.

God the Father saith to God the Son, "I have heard thee in a time accepted, and in a day of salvation have I succoured thee. Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."—Isa. xlix. 8; 2 Cor. vi. 2.

<p>BEHOLD, now is th' accepted time; The Lord has sent his Son, Who was from all eternity His first elected one.</p>	<p>Behold, now is th' accepted time; He's risen from the dead; And justified their souls, and shown He is their living Head.</p>
<p>Behold, now is th' accepted time; God's Son has been on earth; And by the Holy Spirit's power Was born of humble birth.</p>	<p>Behold, now is th' accepted time; The victory is gain'd; The Conqueror unto heaven is gone, With blood his robe is stain'd.</p>
<p>Behold, now is th' accepted time; The Son of God and man Both in one person hath appear'd; A great, mysterious plan.</p>	<p>Behold, now is th' accepted time; Before his Father's throne He ever intercession makes, And pleads what he has done.</p>
<p>Behold, now is th' accepted time; This child has grown a man, And spent his life in sorrows here To work salvation's plan.</p>	<p>Behold, now is th' accepted time; The Mediator stands And pleads the wounds which he received In head, side, feet, and hands.</p>
<p>Behold, now is th' accepted time; This man has borne the weight Of all the sins of God's elect; The burden, O how great!</p>	<p>Behold, now is th' accepted time; The Father hears his prayer; For those who come to God through him They his beloved are.</p>
<p>Behold, now is th' accepted time; This man has stood the strife For those he had engaged to save, For them laid down his life.</p>	<p>Behold, now is th' accepted time; Jehovah hears his Son; And Justice, too, with smiling face, Accepts what Christ has done.</p>
<p>Behold, now is th' accepted time; Salvation's work is done; The Hero met the sinner's foe, For them the battle won.</p>	

Behold, now is th' accepted time;
Exalted high he is;
A Prince, a Saviour, King supreme,
To raise each saint to bliss.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;
God's well-beloved Son
The sinner's cause now undertakes,
And never loses one.

Behold, now is th' accepted time,
So long ago foretold;
The Father promised his dear Son
To succour and uphold.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;
The promise is made good;
The Father heard his only Son,
As he declared he would.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;
The Gospel is proclaim'd;
The love and power of God made
known;
Backsliders are reclaim'd.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;
These guilty souls may run
For refuge from the wrath to come;
The Refuge is but one.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;
Now is the Gospel nigh;
Through Christ they are accepted
all
Who at his footstool lie.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;
Salvation is complete;
Through Jesus, righteousness and
peace,
And truth and mercy meet.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;
Now Israel's Holy One,
The mighty God, united is
To human flesh and bone.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;
He hears his people's groans;
And to his Father he presents
Their cries, desires, and moans.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;
Salvation is brought nigh
To those who feel their lost estate,
Who are condemn'd to die.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;
These guilty rebels may
Come to him with their desperate
case;
He will turn none away.

Behold, now is th' accepted time
Of which Isaiah wrote;
Let us hold fast the truth of God,
For errors are afloat.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;
But not as some men say—
Dead sinners unto Christ can come,
Believe, repent, and pray.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;
But many here mistake—
They think the Lord has offer'd
grace,
If man will but partake.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;
But not as some expect—
They can accept the heavenly call,
Or, if they please, reject.

Behold, now is th' accepted time,
Which many men misplace,
Who say they first must come to
Christ
T' accept his offer'd grace.

Behold, now is th' accepted time,
Which is misunderstood;
Some think they can come when
they please,
And wash in Jesus' blood.

Behold, now is th' accepted time,
Which but few understand;
Some think repentance, faith, and
grace,
Are all at their command.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;
This time is known to few;
Some think they shall accepted be
For something they can do.

Behold, now is th' accepted time,
But few the meaning know;
They think the Lord accepts their
works;
Indeed it is not so.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;
Christ's work accepted was,
His life, his death, his suffering
sweat,
And death upon the cross.

Behold, now is th' accepted time;
The soul that's bless'd with faith
In Jesus' work accepted is,
And saved from second death.

J. B.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

APRIL, 1858.

MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

THE SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON PREACHED BY
DAVID FENNER, AT EBENEZER CHAPEL, HASTINGS, ON
LORD'S DAY MORNING, OCT. 5TH, 1856.

I FEEL very weak and ill; but, if the good Lord shall enable me, I may speak a few words from the following text: "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after death the judgment."—Heb. ix. 27.

The service of God, and especially that of his house, is a very solemn thing. God says he will "gather them that are sorrowful for the *solemn* assembly;" and solemn, indeed, that is, for "God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of his saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are about him." It is a solemn thing for me to stand here, as in his presence, to preach his gospel to you; and it is a solemn thing for you to come to hear it; and I feel the subject which I have taken for my text this morning to be of a particularly solemn nature. O, then, that our souls may be solemnized while we attend to it for a little while!

"It is appointed;" that is, it is appointed by God, and what he appoints cannot be altered, reversed, or changed; he has appointed for us all to die. We who are old "must needs die," and we must needs die soon; but you who are young may, perhaps, be taken before us. At most, none of us can calculate how soon we may be called, for our life is said to be "a tale that is told;" yea, the apostle says it is but "as a vapour," that appeareth, and is gone. Every pulsation brings us so many pulsations nearer when our soul must leave its tenement, and be taken to another state; the consideration of which Moses wished might occupy the minds of the children of Israel, and I would wish the same for you. He says, "O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!"

Not only is it appointed that we must all die, but the *time* and *manner* of it too, are all appointed by God, whether you are wasted by illness, and worn down by disease, upon your bed of sickness at home, or whether by some sudden and appalling accident abroad; all is alike "appointed" by him, nor can anything alter or change the manner he has fixed for your death. The time, too, is fixed by him; the bounds of your habitation are fixed, and he has appointed the day, the hour, aye, the very minute you are to

leave this world; it is all "appointed" by him. There is no chance or fortune in these things, but all are by divine appointment.

But man was not appointed to death by his original constitution. As he came out of the hands of his Maker, he was not created subject to death, but he was created mutable, that is, "liable to change." He sinned, and that change took place, and it is only by that "offence" that "death reigns." Had there been no sin there could be no death; for "by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; so death passed upon all men;" and the "wages of sin is death;" it is therefore "appointed unto men once to die."

This death is spiritual as well as temporal; and where deliverance from the spiritual death is not experienced, eternal death must follow. Hence the necessity of the new birth, which some are bold enough to contend there is no necessity for; whereas our Lord himself says, "Except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." And, depend upon it, whoever is not a subject of the new birth here, will endure the second death throughout eternity; and there, in all its dreadful meaning, "death will reign." But more of this by and by.

Then, there is the death temporal. This to the children of God is no death at all; it is called a "departure." Paul says, "To depart, and to be with Christ, is far better." It is not a destruction or an annihilation of either the body or the soul, but a separation, and that only for a time; but there is no real death in this. The body is said to "sleep" till the resurrection morning, when it shall be joined again to the soul, to be for ever with the Lord; "them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." But die in a penal sense they never shall, for Christ himself says, "If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death," and again, "I am the bread which came down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof and not die." We may call it death, but to the children of God it is not so. The body is said to be "dissolved," and to "sleep," and to be "sowed;" only that it shall spring up again, to life and glory, after undergoing a change, like unto Christ's glorified humanity; "it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body."

There has been much controversy as to the body with which we shall be raised. Some have written on one side, and said one thing; and others have taken an opposite part, and said another; but, in my humble opinion, neither have done any good, for error has been mixed with both. They have attempted to show and explain what John says cannot be shown and explained. One says we shall be this, and another says we shall be that; but the apostle says, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." And if it doth not yet appear what we shall be, neither doth it appear what *he* will be in his glorified humanity; for as we shall be "like him," could we tell what the one shall be, we could also tell what the other shall be. And yet, though this did not appear to the apostle John, these controversialists pretend it does appear to

them; and so they beat the air with words without knowledge, and do but little service to the propagation of truth.

I come now to the other part of my text: "It is appointed unto men once to die, but *after this the judgment.*" This judgment is said to be the "*day of judgment.*" Many scriptures call it a *day*. Paul does especially, for he says, "In the *day* when God shall judge the secrets of men," &c. It is called a *day* because of the light which shall shine about the whole matter; for as the day and the night are designated by the light and the darkness, so shall this be a *day* from the light which shall surround it, which light shall lay everything naked and open to view. But not only a day is it called, but it is also called "the *great day of the Lord;*" and a *great day*, indeed, it will be, and that for many reasons. I will notice one or two.

It will be great on account of the greatness of the deeds that will be done. It will be a great thing for myriads of men to be judged, and all their sins brought up in judgment against them; and a great thing to hear the judgment pronounced, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting damnation, prepared for the devil and his angels."

It will be also great on account of the greatness of the Judge, who is no less than the Lord Jesus Christ; for "the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son." This Son, who will be the judge at the last day, is not the Son that some worship; he is not merely a Son by name, nor yet by office character, but the true, proper, natural, ineffable Son of the Father, in truth and love. Hence all the divine honors which are due to the Father are also due to the Son, "that all men should honor the Son even as they honor the Father; he that honoreth not the Son, honoreth not the Father." He, therefore, that worships a Son of God by office, character, or by name only, worships not the true, proper, begotten Son of God, and will find at this great day the Deity of the great Judge shine through him, and cut him to pieces.

Not only so, but he is equally the "Son of man," though he is no man's son, and as such will also maintain his dignity at this "great day" of judgment. "When the *Son of man* shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory, and before him shall be gathered all nations, and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats," &c. Thus, you see, he will sit as Son of God and Son of man, to judge the people with his truth.

It says that "he shall come in his glory," and shall "sit upon the throne of his glory;" which no doubt refers to the righteousness with which he shall judge, for it is said that "righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne." This same throne of judgment in the Revelation is said to be "a great white throne," to denote the purity, righteousness, and truth of the judgment which shall proceed from it; and here he shall sit as the Son of God and as the Son of man. He is now upon his throne of grace; and well it is for those who apply to him there, for when he shall rise up from that throne, and sit down upon the throne of judgment, all who

have not applied to the first, and found mercy, will be brought up to the second, and receive damnation.

The eternal portion of the elect is decided from the book of life; but the judgment of the wicked will be conducted out of the *books* (in the plural.) "The books were opened, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."

The *books of the register of all their sins* will be opened, and the whole catalogue will stand against them, not being washed away with the blood of atonement. They are to be judged according to their works, and here their works are all recorded; hence they will be judged "according to the deeds done in the body."

The *book of God's remembrance* will be laid open. "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good;" his omniscience sees our every action, and the motive from which every action springs, and he remembers the whole, and it will be brought out at this "great day," and judgment pronounced accordingly.

The *book of the law* will also be thrown open, and the deeds of man measured by it; and this law is "exceeding broad," even to be spiritual in all its demands; and the infinite evil of man shall be shown by the infinite holiness of this law, and so condemnation must follow.

The *book of God's righteousness* will also be laid open; by which it shall be shown that no part of the law and its just demands can be dispensed with; "He shall judge the world with righteousness," and the law in all its just demands shall be righteously maintained, as the standard, the unflinching standard, by which the deeds of the non-elect shall be measured.

This judgment shall not only be according to the law, but also according to the gospel. Paul says "when he shall judge the secrets of men according to my Gospel." And Christ himself said, that the words that he spake then should judge them in the last day. Those who have sat under the sound of the Gospel shall be doubly damned for the wrath of God shall fall upon them as transgressors of the law; and the wrath of the Lamb shall fall upon them as despisers of this Gospel. Of all damnations this is the blackest kind. "He that despised Moses's law died without mercy under two or three witnesses. Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the spirit of grace?"

Therefore transgressors under the law and transgressors under the Gospel will both receive condemnation at the hands of the Judge unless their sins are washed away by the blood of the atonement. And O what a condemnation that will be! "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Cursed of God! Solemn thought! Solemn thought! What a dreadful curse that is! "Where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched!" Look too at the company to be kept, "the devil and his angels," and then to think, it is for ever. What words they are, "ever-

lasting punishment! No change, no mitigation, no end! An *eternity* of damnation! An *eternal* curse! O what a latter end this is, how awfully solemn, if any soul before me now shall then have in their anguish and terror to experience this dreadful curse, and in sentiment exclaim,

“In the dungeon of despair I’m lock’d,
Th’once open door of hope for ever block’d.
Hopeless, I sink into the dark abyss,
Banish’d for ever from eternal bliss.
In boiling waves of vengeance must I lie?
O, could I curse this dreadful God, and die!
Infinite years in torment shall I spend,
And never, never, never at an end?
Ah! must I live in torturing despair
As many years as atoms in the air?
When these are spent, as many thousands more
As grains of sand that crowd the ebbing shore?
When these are done, as many left behind
As leaves of forest shaken by the wind?
When these are gone, as many to ensue
As stems of grass on hills and vales that grew?
When these run out, as many on the march
As starry lamps that gild the spangled arch?
When these expire, as many millions more
As moments in the millions past before?
When all these doleful years are spent in pain,
And multiplied by myriads again
Till numbers drown the thought; could I suppose
That then my wretched years were at a close,
This would afford some ease; but ah! I shiver
To think upon the dreadful sound—*For ever!*
The burning gulph where I blaspheming lie
Is time no more, but vast *eternity.*”

May the Lord grant us a right and solemn impression of these things, and of our interest in the atonement made by the Lord Jesus Christ, and which alone delivers from this death.

The faithful ministers of the gospel are all the servants and ambassadors of Christ; they are called and furnished by his Holy Spirit; they speak in his name; and their success in the discharge of their office, be it more or less, depends entirely upon his blessing; so far, they are all upon a par. But in the measure of their ministerial abilities, and in the peculiar turn of their preaching, there is a great variety. There are “diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit; and he distributes to every man severally according to his own will.” Some are more happy in alarming the careless, others in administering consolation to the wounded conscience. Some are set more especially for the establishment and confirmation of the gospel-doctrines; others are skilful in solving casuistical points; others are more excellent in enforcing practical godliness; and others again, having been led through depths of temptation and spiritual distress, are best acquainted with the various workings of the heart, and know best how to speak a word in season to weary and exercised souls. Perhaps no true minister of the gospel (for all such are taught of God) is wholly at a loss upon any of these points; but few, if any, are remarkably and equally excellent in managing them all.

—*Newton.*

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE EARLY PART OF THE LIFE AND CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE OF ELIZABETH HOLLOWAY, WHO HAS BEEN FOR UPWARDS OF TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS, CONFINED TO HER BED FROM AN INJURY OF THE SPINE, AND IS STILL LIVING AT DEVIZES, WILTS.

(*Written by Herself.*)

AFTER much earnest prayer for the Lord's direction, guidance, and blessing, in compliance with the request of many dear Christian friends, and in dependence on divine assistance, I now write some account of God's most gracious dealings with me in providence and in grace, trusting my labor may not be in vain in the Lord; not studying to please men, whose breath is in their nostrils; "for if I should seek to please men, I should not be the servant of Christ," "whose eyes are as a flame of fire."

I was born in the parish of Worton, a village near Devizes, on 14th March, 1807. My father was a tradesman, a butcher, and had, at one time, a tolerable business, and might have lived respectably; but being a man of intemperate habits, he reduced himself and family to great poverty. My mother's name was Self. She was a woman of a patient spirit, and of persevering industry. There were eleven of us in family, most of whom experienced many hardships, and must, I think, have been starved, had it not been for my mother's brothers, who, in seasons of great pecuniary difficulty, often afforded timely assistance.

From my earliest infancy I was subject to violent indispositions. It was when I was about nine years old, and during one of these attacks, when being carried to bed at night by an elder sister, that I first felt convictions for sin, and that if I died in that illness, (as I feared I should,) hell would be my portion. I did not like my sister to leave me in the dark. She said I was to pray. I asked her how I was to do it. She replied, "Think upon God when you say your prayers." I told her I could think upon the devil and hell, but not upon God. Although a lively, busy little creature, often attracting the notice of visitors, I was one day, soon after this illness, very pensive, which my mother seeing, bade me run to play, the children being then in the street, full of spirits and mirth; but I remember, instead of this, getting my little hymn book, and sitting on a stool, close by my mother, repeating the following lines to her:

"My God, I hate to walk or dwell
Where sinful children are;
Then let me not be sent to hell,
Where none but sinners are."

These lines made a great impression upon my childish spirit.

About this time I had a great wish to go to a Dissenting Sunday school, but my father, with an oath, refused to let me go, saying, "I am a true Churchman." But importuning my mother, she sent me off; and my lively, energetic manner, and eagerness to learn and hear, together with my attention to the lessons set me, procured for me the kind interest of my teachers, who told my mother I was the

best child in the school, and begged her to allow me to go for a constancy. I was highly delighted, and learned many hymns, some of which were "On meditating on God," which I felt desirous to do, and had a wish to be good, though I knew not how.

My brother John suggested that he should like me to have a better education; as I was not fit for hard work. I was accordingly sent to a school a little above the then common order; but as it was two miles from home, I was exposed to unfavorable weather in going and returning, morning and night, and had not gone many weeks before a rheumatic attack, caused by sitting in wet shoes, seized me. This illness brought me again very low, but the event passed by without my feeling any concern about soul matters. I at length got better, and became well satisfied with my former companions, heartily joining them in their frolics and gambols; being also, I regret to add, guilty of acts of fraud, and taking my mother's halfpence, without hesitation, to procure sweetmeats, denying it when charged therewith.

After some time had elapsed, I got stronger, and was again sent to school as a weekly boarder, my brother engaging to pay the charge, as I was not able to bear the exposure to weather occasioned by the daily journeys. A few weeks only had transpired when St. Vitus's dance overtook me. My system being naturally weak and enervated, I became too feeble and indisposed to attend to anything. My speech became sadly affected, and my features distorted; and this was attended with involuntary contractions of the limbs. I was unable to walk along the street, and have sometimes been flung yards; upon one occasion I was hurled into a ditch. The medical man advised my parents not to send me to school, but to allow me to range in the open air. When sufficiently recovered to be trusted out of sight of my parents, and possessed of a little more equilibrium, I used to go amongst our neighbors, nursing their infants, and was as happy as if in a palace.

I was, when a child, delighted to go to a place of worship; and there being no church in the village of Worton, I sometimes went to Pottern. I remember going, on one occasion, with a friend, and that, feeling mortified at not being dressed so well as she was, in order to make myself appear to as much advantage as I could, I told her my sister who was in London was going soon to send me such and such articles of dress. But this was false. O the pride and deceit of the heart! Though I do not recollect even the text preached from, yet I recollect the pungency of feeling experienced by me during the service on account of the untruth I told on my way thither.

My natural liveliness of disposition was mixed with a good deal of hot temper; and when denied any little gratification, being often, through having bad health, left unpunished for my faults, I manifested asperity; but when spoken to, soon relented.

My school days were now at an end, and I was a poor, weak, emaciated little creature, with my bones nearly through my skin, and incapable of applying my mind to anything, yet extremely fond

of children; and being a lively, talkative girl, children were generally fond of me. At this time a neighbor, who was very fond of me, and whose servant was ill, obtained my mother's consent to my sleeping with her children, that I might take care of them, and assist her. This I called going to service; but an act of perversity in me, which greatly offended my master, and justly so, led to my leaving. O the amazing patience of a merciful God! Being now about eleven years of age, and much stronger, I left home to live with an aunt; but getting nothing for my service, and wearing out my clothes, of which I was very bare; I went, when about fourteen years of age, to a situation with some friends of my mother's, being an active girl, and willing to work, though very delicate. Having lived some time with my relative, Mrs. P—, whose husband had an extensive business and an increasing family, took me, and became very attached to me, placing great confidence in me, and treating me as one of the family. Her health being delicate, she was often laid aside, and I was called much into the shop, to assist in their business of a baker; in doing which I was thrown into sore temptations—temptations over which, for the sake of the feelings of others, I feel compelled to draw a veil. O God! Thou knowest, and thou alone, what I endured from this cause for more than five years. To thee, and to thee alone, I attribute it, that I did not, on account thereof, have to leave the place in infamy and disgrace. But thou knowest also that, in other respects, I have nothing to boast of, for when, upon one occasion, I was in want of a pair of new boots, and had not the means to purchase them, I, for a short time, took the money from my master's till, without his leave, fully intending to return it when I took my wages. Thou didst in mercy so smite my conscience, until it was returned, as to prevent my having any enjoyment in wearing these useful articles, and to cause me to tremble with fear lest I should die before doing so, and be sent to hell for my sin. It is to thy restraining grace, O Lord, I ascribe it that this was only the first and that it was also the last act of the kind; for notwithstanding these things, and notwithstanding that I could, at this time, endure to hear thy people spoken reproachfully of, it was not without being the subject of occasional strong convictions of my folly and sin.

While in this situation, one night on going to bed, the thought suddenly flashed across my mind that all was not right, for that I seldom or ever prayed. I accordingly repeated a few words of a form of prayer, but fell asleep while doing so; and this I did a second and a third time. Finding it impossible to get through even the Lord's prayer without sleep, I gave it up for that night, resolving to try again next night on my knees. At the usual time I commenced, but being again overtaken with sleepiness I immediately got up from my bed-side, angrily declaring I would sin no more and then I should not need to pray. Thus, for a time, was conscience pacified, and I went on without any further considerable checks, until a young man came, as a fellow servant, whose name was W—, and who was a regenerated character and well conducted. He spent

his leisure hours in reading the Bible, and I write it with deep regret that, while he did so, I frequently ridiculed and made sport of him; for which my master and mistress commended me as having done something clever, saying the meetings were such a sanctified set. Soon after this, I one Sunday afternoon opened the Bible, thinking, *as it was Sunday*, I would read a little; when, opening at these words, "He that offendeth in one point is guilty of all," this, thought I, is a hard case. Our Bible cannot be right (it was a new one, just brought home); so I shut it up and endeavored to concern myself no more about it.

On the same day I went to church, where my conduct was so light and giggling as to occasion the minister openly to rebuke me, which, though deserved, greatly mortified my pride, and gave me some concern for my character, as I thought I should soon want another situation, being now determined to leave my place. I trust this circumstance was overruled to give me a deeper sense of propriety, and to increase in me the desire after moral security which I had begun to feel, fearing I should stay until I was ruined. My mistress had very bad health and many sorrows, which made me desirous to keep the real cause of my leaving from her. At length, after entreating me much to stay, she reluctantly consented to my leaving, under a promise that if she were at any time very ill I would come, if possible, and nurse her; and also, after her death, take her only little girl, who was very fond of me. Dear child! within a few years after this she was safely housed in the upper region of happiness; being, I trust, through God's great goodness on my after instructions, made acquainted with that precious Saviour of whom I then knew nothing. Instead of my being nurse to Mrs. W., she was indeed nurse, and mother also, to me, before any great length of time. But to be brief. Leaving that scene of youthful temptation, I now entered on another situation of a very different character; but not finding it suitable, left it in eight months, wondering where next my lot would be cast; when, going on an errand to Mr. L—'s, and knowing the servant who opened the door, I told her I was in want of a place. She said "I am about to leave this on account of my want of health. Do come here, it is such a nice situation." In the evening I went, and was engaged; feeling happy in reflecting upon the wonderful Providence of God which had thus directed my steps. My feelings were much wrought upon by it, and on going to bed I felt enabled to pray now, in my poor way, without feeling sleepy; thinking I ought now to become religious, since God had been so good. I was now well satisfied with myself, though as ignorant of a Saviour's name and worth as any heathen. I knew one dear Christian woman at this time, to whom I used to go in my trouble, avoiding her at any other time, because she had so much religion. But one thing used to cause me much to wish to be like her, which was, that although she had an unsteady, drinking husband, she always appeared cheerful and contented; so that I thought God must have told her she should go to heaven when she died. I

lived, however, all this while, constantly in sin, though sometimes dreading the consequences.

In my new situation all was regularity, harmony, and peace—a great contrast to the one I had left. In addition to Mr. L. himself, who was a widower, the family consisted of one son and two daughters. Mr. L. and his daughters tenderly concerned themselves for my comfort, telling me of the value of the soul, and taking great pains to instruct me.

But the Lord's time was now at hand when I was to have my eyes opened to see my ignorance and sinful state by nature; like the Prodigal, I "began to be in want;" that is to say, I felt sore rebukes of conscience, consequent upon my base ingratitude and rebellion against that God who, in infinite goodness and mercy, had so spared me amidst all my wilfulness and wickedness; and as Israel's deliverance out of Egyptian bondage was to be remembered before the Lord for ever, and was a type of the soul's freedom from the tyranny and thralldom of sin and Satan, so would I record the lovingkindness of the Lord, who now brought me out of "nature's darkness into his marvellous light," with a high hand and an outstretched arm. Oh! it was indeed forbearing mercy thus to spare such a rebel. How amazing was the grace which thus slew the enmity of such a heart as mine; and how boundless is the love of him who reconciles sinners to himself through the death of his dear Son! Well might the apostle Paul exclaim, "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" God, in the sovereignty of his purpose "which he purposed in Christ Jesus before the world began," was about to manifest me as a vessel of his unspeakable grace and mercy.

"And O, how sovereign, rich, and free,
Was all his love to sinful me!"

It requires the same power to regenerate a soul which it did to create a universe. The Lord said, "Let there be light, and there was light;" and so it was in his dealings with my soul. It was irresistible, discriminating grace alone which plucked my soul from eternal burnings; and a work for eternity, accomplished on a soul "dead in trespasses and sins," is a work which none but an Omnipotent arm can perform. I felt it to be dreadful work indeed when aroused from my sinful torpor; and never was a person awoke at midnight, out of a deep sleep, more alarmed by the horrifying cry of "Fire," than was I when first made sensible of being exposed to the wrath of God, and of my being under the curse of a broken law; for all God's waves and billows seemed to roll over my soul. Thus it pleased God to deal with me in bringing my sins to remembrance; and all former pleasures, in which I once found my mind diverted, failed now to attract.

An awful circumstance, but one which I trust was overruled to my spiritual good, now crossed my path. When I was about nineteen years old, a poor man, who slept in my master's house during the absence of the family, and who went to bed in apparent perfect

health, was found by me, on the third night of his sleeping there, dead in his bed; and as I gazed upon his motionless form, and observed the bed clothes over him, without the least wrinkle, the Scripture rushed into my mind, "Thus saith the Lord, Cursed is man that trusteth in man and maketh flesh his arm." Alas! thought I, this is just my case, content to know there was this poor man, who had died in his sleep, to guard the house, and unconscious that "unless the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." And now, for the first time in my life, the arrow of conviction entered with power into my hitherto careless, hardened heart; and as I turned from the awful scene of this bed of death, and while in the act of descending the stairs, I actually sank down under overwhelming anguish, repeating to myself, "Man dieth, yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" If I die in my sleep (said I) as this poor man did, hell will be my portion; and the words, "How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment; they are utterly consumed with terrors," rushed into my confused mind, adding grief to my already distracted soul. And as I remained, panic-stricken, on the stairs, I said, "Why, this is scripture—God's word—spoken of the wicked, and I am one of them." O the deep concern I felt in thinking I might be removed by a death as sudden as his; and if I were not, yet if I died unregenerate, I knew I must be for ever miserable. The terrors of the Lord were upon me, and I found a hell created in my conscience, and that indeed "it is an evil and a bitter thing to sin against God." So true is it that

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

Most truly is he a wonder-working God, who, by apparently contrary means, in his overruling Providence, and in the secret purposes of his holy will, brings good out of evil; making some of the most distressing events in life eventually to become the very means of, and occasions for, joy; causing heavy trials to work together for our soul's welfare and his eternal glory. I can now see that this distressing occurrence had to me a voice of warning, and was, in reality, a message of mercy.

I feared there would be no hope for one so vile, who was living in rebellion against God, regardless of his word and of the Sabbath, and who had despised and spoken evil of God's dear children, who now appeared to be "the excellent of the earth." Gladly would I have given worlds to have been in the place of the poorest and meanest of them. All my past sins (and especially that of persecuting my fellow servant, as before mentioned), were laid upon my conscience and oppressed my guilty spirit; the great adversary telling me, moreover, that the day of grace was now past, that I had trifled with my early convictions, despised favorable opportunities, and in short committed the unpardonable sin. Day after day, and night after night was spent in bitterly bewailing my ruined, undone state by nature, fearing there was no mercy for me. In the fulness of

my grief, how often was I ready to tell the Lord that I wished I had never been born. Frequently sitting up in my bed until dawn of day, if for a moment I fell asleep, I used presently to awake up in an agony of mind, saying, Wretch that I am, thus to sleep upon the brink of woe? When asleep, I dreamt of horrid things, as that I was in hell and the flames curling around me. For nearly two years I went on in this dreadful, disconsolate state of fearful tremor. When in the street I dared not walk near a wall or house, fearing it, or a tile, would fall and strike me dead for my sins. Then I trembled lest the earth should open and swallow me up. I was afraid to let any one know what was passing in my troubled breast, thinking I should be discharged if it was known what a wicked creature I was; but my master and the young ladies of the family, seeing how dejected I was, would sometimes question me and speak kindly to me. It appeared, in my view, presumption to hope for pardon, for I seemed like one abandoned by God, unfit to associate with his people, and altogether undeserving of the least of his mercies. My being from day to day preserved in health, fed, clothed, and in a comfortable situation were not now, to my mind, matters of chance, but the blessed effects of God's merciful forbearance, though I was as yet ignorant of a Saviour. How intolerable is the load of guilt under which an awakened sinner groans, when the experience of the Psalmist becomes his, "Thou makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth;" "My sins are gone over my head; as a heavy burden they are too heavy for me;" and truly they seemed as if sinking me into the depths of perdition. I felt persuaded in my own mind that I could not endure a worse hell, and was at times tempted to put an end to my miserable existence. Thus did God cause me to "judge myself that I might not be condemned with the world," and thus was I being prepared to endure the "hardness" of after conflicts, "as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," and instructed, though it was "by terrible things in righteousness." O the goodness of that God who chose such worms of the earth to "the knowledge of salvation through the remission of sins," the grace of the Eternal Son who died to redeem them, and the unutterable pity and condescension of that blessed Spirit who applies the healing blood of atonement to their conscience! Well is it said, "By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God."

I was now led to attend, and to listen attentively to, the pulpit ministrations of Mr. R. E., of the independent persuasion; and well do I remember his preaching from this text, "How excellent is thy lovingkindness, O God, therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings." (Ps. xxxvi. 7.) He spoke of God as a God of providence as well as of grace; and under all he said I felt deeply humbled, but especially when he came to speak of him as the God of salvation, and entered at length into his divine operations upon the heart "dead in trespasses and sins;" setting forth their effects in convincing, quickening, regenerating, and sanctifying the soul. I felt a kind of overwhelming sense of the presence of

this most gracious God, and was led to hope I could trace some of the blessed evidences described in my own benighted soul. I cannot define my feelings, but my heart seemed melted within me like wax. It was the Spirit of the living God which was now moving upon the face of the dark waters of my soul; and when some passages were quoted from the Psalms, one from Ps. civ. 28, "Thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good," and the other from Ps. cxlv. 15, "The eyes of all wait upon thee, and thou givest them their meat in due season," there seemed such a sweetness communicated from these words, as if for the first time in my life I felt that there was, in reality, a God of power, providence, and grace. Truly, thought I, Thou dost, Lord, "open thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing." This portion of the word seemed so full of meaning that words cannot describe what I saw in it; the words "every living thing" conveying to my mind the idea of spiritual life, or something to which I was before a stranger; accompanied by such a delightful sensation of joy, producing contrition of mind and softness of heart, attended with life, light, and liberty of spirit, as is better felt than described; and all the time I was so suffused in tears that I knew not where to put my head. I felt to desire to sit and weep my life away, and had such a view of my base ingratitude, and felt so powerfully my own hell-deservings, that I was, in my own estimation, worse than the beasts of the field, and was lost in admiration of the patience of God towards a rebel so vile.

(*To be continued.*)

BESIDE the common ways that pride discovers itself, as by undervaluing others, and overvaluing itself, and such like, you shall observe two other symptoms of it. First: It appears in bold adventure, when a person runs into the mouth of temptation, bearing himself on the confidence of his grace received. This was Peter's sin, by which he was drawn to engage further than became humble faith, running into the devil's quarters, and so became his prisoner for awhile. The good man, when in his right temper, had thoughts low enough of himself, as when he asked his master, "Is it I?" But he that feared at one time, lest he might be the traitor, at another cannot think so ill of himself as to suspect he should be the denier of his Master. What, he? No! though all the rest forsake him, yet *he* would stand to his colors. Is this thy case, Christian? Possibly God hath given thee much of his mind; thou art skilful in the word of life, and therefore thou darest venture to breathe in corrupt air, as if only the weak spirits of less knowing Christians exposed them to be infected with the contagion of error and heresy. Thou hast a large portion of grace, or at least thou thinkest so, and ventur'st to go where a humble-minded Christian would fear his heels might slip under him. Truly now thou temptest God to suffer thy locks to be cut, when thou art so bold as to lay thy head in the lap of a temptation. Secondly: Pride appears the neglect of those means whereby the saint's graces and comforts are to be fed when strongest. Maybe, Christian, when thou art under fears and doubts, then God hath thy company, thou art oft with thy pitcher at his door; but when thou hast got any measure of peace, there gets presently some strangeness between God and thee; thy pitcher walks not as it was wont to these wells of salvation.—*Gur-nall.*

CAST UP, CAST UP THE HIGHWAY; GATHER OUT THE STONES.

My dear Friend,—I am neither weary of you, nor have I forgotten you; but since I last wrote I have been painfully exercised relatively and personally, as well from external circumstances as internal causes. However, as the storm has been in a measure hushed, and a little breathing time granted, through the good hand of our God toward and upon us, I now sit down to endeavor, as the Lord may be pleased to help me, to commune a little with you; and feel desirous (if the Lord's gracious will) to be instrumental in comforting you with the same comfort wherewith I myself have been comforted of God.

My dear friend, when I read your letter my mind was carried back to the time when my soul was similarly exercised, when the same suspicions, the same questions, the same doubts and fears, filled my breast, on the same account as they now do yours. There always appeared to be one thing lacking in my experience; and for the want of this one thing, uncertainty was stamped upon all, and consequently no settled peace or solid rest was enjoyed. I used to think that, although I and those with whom I associated were alike in many respects, yet they were in possession of a certain secret in true religion to which I was yet a stranger. With regard to my conviction of sin, although the depth of it, and the anguish therefrom were sufficient to drink up my spirits, and I have wished many, many times that I had been formed any creature but a man, yet I could not be satisfied that it was gracious conviction, conviction wrought by the Spirit of God. Here is a strong hold of Satan, which none but he who binds the "strong man" can pull down or demolish. For were a poor soul settled and satisfied upon this point, there would be comparatively little room for the enemy to work; because, let the first step be right, then it follows that every after step must be right. "Being confident of this very thing that he who hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." A living soul is enlightened to see that every sinner that is saved must be made acquainted with certain essential truths, that there must be a certain and special work wrought by God in his heart, and that he must be brought by the Spirit of faith to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ for himself, as much as if he were the only creature on the face of the earth who needed salvation.

The grand aim and object of that great adversary of God and man is, by his device, to keep, if possible, every one of the children from coming to that spot to which the apostle Peter exhorts the saints: "Giving all diligence to make your calling and election sure; for if ye do these things ye shall never fail; for so an abundant entrance shall be ministered unto you into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

The thing which seems to lie most upon your mind is, that your burden does not go off the right way; that it is not removed by an application of the blood of atonement, the blood of sprinkling, that

precious blood which cleanseth from all sin. Not that you are not at intervals lightened of your load, but because it is not removed through the application of that precious blood, and of the pardon of your sins thereby,—such as, “Son, or daughter, go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee;” or this, or the like, “I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy sins as a thick cloud.” These very things were to me for many years as so many dark mountains upon which I stumbled; they were stones in my path that I wanted gathered up and removed, for I was continually knocking my feet against them; nor could I find a plain path for my feet, until the Lord, I trust, was pleased to show me the truth. “When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he shall guide you into all truth; for he shall take of mine, and shall show it unto you; he shall glorify me.” And, blessed be his precious name, so he does.

Now, my dear friend, I would solemnly appeal to your conscience and ask you whether you have not once, or more than once, had a portion or promise out of the word of God brought into your heart with sufficient power to loose those bonds or fetters with which you have been bound, and for the time (no matter how long or short that time was) communicate a peace to your soul, so that you have felt your otherwise rocky heart melted into love and contrition at the dear feet of the Friend of sinners? And might not the following words be said to be (at that time at least) applicable to you, “Whom having not seen,” with bodily eyes, “ye love; in whom, though ye see him not, yet, believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory; receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your soul?” Well, then, if conscience constrain you to admit the truth of this, I say that you are a partaker of true peace, the peace of God. “All the promises of God in him are Yea and Amen.”

Now mark, it is impossible that any free grace promise or word of God can enter the heart of a sinner, but that word is in Christ, and Christ also is in that word; and remember that Christ is not divided; we cannot have a part of him, without having him altogether. Every word of God to us is through atoning blood, because a holy and a great God cannot commune with a sinner but through this blood. I do hope, therefore, my dear friend, the Lord may be pleased to give you clear views upon these points, and to establish you in the truth. I assure you that I have had to prove these things, by being brought through fire and through water; but, blessed be God, it issued in my landing on firm ground, in a wealthy place, and out of a strait into a broad place, where there was no straitness. Every child of God knows so much of Christ as his heavenly Father, through the Spirit, is pleased to reveal of him; and although the dear Saviour is set before us in the word in a variety of characters and offices, names and titles, and every one is big with meaning, yet we cannot draw out the sweetness of any one of them but by the Spirit spreading the odour of them in our souls. Where shall we at the present day find the man who can say with truth that he has been favored with a spiritual realisation of Christ in all and every one of his relations to his church? We must, therefore,

be content to know him in that way and through those means which he himself shall choose. You know when the dear Lord was upon earth he made an apparent difference with his disciples; not that his love was greater for one than another, only the manifestation of it. Hence it is said of one, "The disciple whom Jesus loved, and who leaned on his breast at supper." Then, again, when he entered the garden of Gethsemane, it is said he took with him Peter, James, and John, and also when he ascended the mount of transfiguration.

It appears to me, therefore, that one believer is favored to live more particularly upon him in one or more of his characters, as suited to the particular path in which he is pleased to call them to walk. If I may speak of him for myself, the first soul-ravishing view I had of him was about twenty-four years ago, as a glorious Intercessor, sitting at the right hand of the throne of God, an Advocate pleading the cause of those who had not a word to say why sentence of death should not be executed upon them; and up to this very day I rejoice that he is that living Advocate, for I shall always need him as such while in this world. Another of his characters in which I have felt his power and preciousness is that of a Shield, because I am called to experience the fiery darts of the wicked one, and nothing short of the blessed Shield can repel them. Another, Wisdom, feeling as I do such a mass of ignorance, utterly unable of myself to take one right step in any way. Another, Strength.

Now, if any one were to ask my dear friend whether the poor sinner now writing to you had experienced a true deliverance, and if you believed he lost his burden in a right way, what would be your reply? Probably you would answer, "Yes." Well, then, I assure you I was brought out of that horrible pit, into which I had been cast for so long time, by a revelation of the Lord Jesus to my soul in the character of Cyrus: "Say to the prisoners, Go forth; and to them that sit in darkness, Show yourselves. He shall build the temple of the Lord. He shall let go my captives without price or reward." And under the overwhelming of these words I was brought up, and sang praises to his blessed name. Now this was done by virtue of the promise that God the Father made to his dear Son; as it is written in the book of the prophet Zechariah: "As for thee, also, by the blood of thy covenant, (you see it was through blood,) I have sent forth the prisoners out of the pit wherein there was no water."

My dear wife unites with me in love. Also, give my love to any friend who may feel disposed to ask after me.

And believe me at all times to be,

Yours to love and serve, for the truth's sake,

Hoxton, December 7th, 1857.

R. K.

GOD afflicts us that we might be more rootedly useful, where he gives opportunity afterwards; and to bring us out of our sins; that as sin brings us into trouble, so trouble is sent to bring us out of sin, and for the exercise of grace.—*Dorney.*

Obituary.

MR. JOSEPH BRIMBLE, LATE OF BATH.

COMMUNICATED BY HIS DAUGHTER.

MR. JOSEPH BRIMBLE was born of ungodly parents, at Woolley, near Bath, where he lived, "having no hope and without God in the world," though professedly a church-goer, till the Lord opened his eyes to see the awful state he was in as a sinner before him.

The means by which the Lord convinced him were of a painful nature, being through natural convictions of sin in the conscience of his own father, of the effects of which he was a distressed observer. Sleeping at that time with his father, he became conscious from time to time of the dreadful state his mind seemed to be in. But at length his distress broke forth in heart-rending language, and, with perspiration streaming down his arms, he would lift them up and show them to him, as expressive of the state of his mind, crying out, "Lost! lost!" &c. Then, with the affection of a parent, he would beg him not to do as he had done, adding, "For, though I shall be lost, you might be saved." In great horror and affliction, he anxiously inquired what he had done to cause such distress; when his father directed him to a certain part of Scripture, where he might read his sin. He found it; and, as soon as he had read it, he felt the natural enmity of his heart rise against God, and immediately conviction of sin followed. The law of God entered his conscience, and caused his offences to abound. He knew not what strange thing had happened to him, and would have given the world, had he possessed it, to have been in the state he was before it took place, not knowing how such a one as he felt himself to be could be saved, nor that there ever was one upon the earth that felt as he did. And, indeed, the Lord did call him alone, as he did Abraham; for I have often heard him say that he never knew nor heard of one called besides himself in his native village, nor in any surrounding it; nor had he any hope of one other member of his father's house. The convictions of his father gradually wore off, proving that they were only natural. He died an unchanged character.

The following I find written by Joseph Brimble, April 20th, 1813, in an old Bible: "I was born the 27th day of June, 1789, and say, with a penitent of old, 'Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me.' And thus I continued twenty-two years, and then, in July, 1811, it pleased the Lord, who created me, and all things, by his almighty power, to begin a work in me, to convince me of my sinful, lost condition, by nature and by practice, by original and by actual sin, and of my insufficiency of myself to do any good thing, or to stand against any evil thing. 'I was alive once without the law, but when the commandment came sin revived, and I died.' When God brought home the spirituality of the law to my soul, it not only cut up all my righteousness but I saw it as filthy rags, and died to every hope of being saved by my own works. All my transgressions came to my view. I was greatly harassed by Satan

throughout my conversion, who was ever suggesting all manner of evil thoughts to my mind, which I tried to resist, but found of myself I was not able, which first caused me to bend my knees humbly to God in prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ, that he would pardon my sins and cleanse the thoughts of my evil heart, which I thought would be done immediately, not knowing that without fighting there is no victory, and no cross no crown. But I now feel and believe it. I labored under soul conflicts for nearly one year and a half, fearing often that I had committed the unpardonable sin, therefore could get no peace. I attended at Lady Huntingdon's Chapel (still desiring to know if such as I was could be saved), where I felt great encouragement for returning sinners. I believed Christ had died for such, but could not believe he had for me. I was like Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress, sometimes reading and sometimes praying, and at others crying out, 'What shall I do to be saved?' having a burden upon me that I feared would sink me lower than the grave, and getting into the slough of despond I was nearly going back with Pliable; but the Lord prevented me with these words: "To whom shall I go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." And this was all that supported me. This too was the glimmering light, I think, which Christian saw afar off. Travelling on till, I think, December 1812, between hopes and fears, fearing that I had committed the unpardonable sin, often desiring to get a volume of sermons, (a book I knew to be in the family, for in the days of my boyhood I had seen it amongst some old books which I had been accustomed to look over for the pictures, and had then read in it a short sentence upon the unpardonable sin, which, though a boy, had fastened upon my mind, and now gave me some little encouragement,) it pleased the Lord that that book should fall into my hands, and in reading what he says upon that sin, it also pleased the Lord to manifest 'the Sun of Righteousness to me with healing in his wings.' I did not see him with my bodily eyes, but with the eye of faith. So the burden began tumbling off, and I have lost it. The Lord hath done great things for me already, whereof I rejoice. But my warfare is not yet ended, I have still to fight.

'Thus far did I come laden with my sin,
 Nor could aught ease the pain that I was in
 Till I came hither. What a place is this!
 Must here be the beginning of my bliss?
 Must here the burden fall from off my back?
 Must here the strings that bind it to me crack?
 Blest cross, blest sepulchre, blest rather be
 The Man that there was put to shame for me.' "

The disease (consumption) which terminated his mortal life commenced through a severe cold, taken in April or May, 1854, which fixed on the lungs. A cough for some time distressed him, but no serious apprehensions were entertained by me respecting him. In June he was much better, and in July, when in London, I received a letter from him, telling me he was still better, but that he had had some solemn reflections as to whether his affliction would not terminate in death. He thus writes: "I received yours, and wish

to inform you that I am not yet quite dead, although I have had many thoughts whether or not it was the beginning of my end, which has caused many a solemn thought about my certificate, lest, when I come to the celestial gate, I should fumble for it and find none, as one did whom Bunyan noticed. But I do hope, (and I hope it is a good hope through grace,) this will not be the case, for 'this is my comfort in my affliction. thy word hath quickened me.' But I do want to be quickened again and again continually by the same blessed Spirit working mightily with the word in his unctuous, dewy, rainy, softening influences and operations. The Lord knoweth that I lie not. This is what I feel my need of almost continually, for without him I can do nothing; and almost everything one has to do with in this world has such a deadening tendency to one's poor soul, that, with David, it makes one groan out at times, 'My soul cleaveth unto the dust; quicken thou me according to thy word,' for 'I am a companion of all them that fear thee and of them that keep thy precepts;' therefore, 'let thy tender mercies come unto me, that I may live, for thy law is my delight.' I am very, very poor in spirit, but I wait as patiently as I can for the Lord to come to his temple, and with Hart would pray:

'More frequent let thy visits be,
Or let them longer last;
I can do nothing without thee;
Make haste, my God, make haste.'

Upon my return home I found him very much better than he had been for some time, and, as I thought, quite well. He continued so until Sunday, Aug. 6th, when he was attacked with sickness, and his general appearance quite alarmed me. He continued very poorly during the week, and on the Saturday, the 12th, sat all day by the fire, looking very, very solemn. I believe his thoughts were similar to those expressed in his letter of the 4th of July to me. For the first time I had an impression that he would not recover, and the thought seemed almost insupportable. I often begged the Lord to spare him a little longer to me, if his blessed will, which indeed, he was pleased to do, though for some time I saw no probability of it.

On the following Sunday he went to chapel twice, and found the preached word sweet. The next day a friend called to see him, and perceiving him just awaking from a slumber, remarked, "You have been to sleep." "Yes," he said, "and I have had a precious Friend with me too, at least I think so; but the enemy has been telling me it was only a dream, so I thought I would say nothing about it; but I have not had such a visit for a long time, and I do think it was real. I dreamt that Jesus was come; and the joy, love, and praise I felt were indescribable. The feeling awoke me, and I could scarcely keep from shouting out aloud. O how precious he was to me! That passage, among others, was very sweet to me, 'And the roof of thy mouth, like the best wine for my beloved, that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak.' It was a precious

visit, though I thought I would keep it to myself, lest it should not be real."

On Wednesday evening, the 16th, we were speaking of the conduct of some worldly people; and after decriing it, he said, "Ah, their position is not like mine. I have been feeling a little of the blessedness of mine, whilst here by myself, and many scriptures have flowed into my mind sweetly. This is one, 'And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day.' I was led to look back forty-two years, to the blessed sight I had of him then, and what I then saw and found in him; and not all the floods of temptation, sin, Satan, nor hell, have ever been able to destroy that love which I then experienced. And then followed, fitting so nicely, 'And every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God.' I do know that I love him, and I feel that the music of his name will refresh my soul in death," he continued, "and almost makes me long to be with him; but, with the apostle, I am in a strait betwixt two. For some things it might be more profitable for me to continue a little longer here, so that I know not what to desire, but I suppose must say, 'The will of the Lord be done.'"

Medical treatment, together with the agreeable change in the weather at this time, were temporarily beneficial to him, and hopes were entertained of his recovery. That strong natural tie which binds to earth, seemed now to gain increased strength; for, at times, a clinging to earth was very visible, and darkness of soul, temptations and darts from Satan gradually followed.

On the evening of Sept. 12th, he was attacked with violent internal pain; and though I had perceived a gradual wasting up to that time, yet, on the following morning, I thought him much altered. In the evening he was speaking to me of some of his fears, and the black prospect represented to him by the great enemy and adversary, the devil, of a very long illness, &c. I said, "Do you remember what you used to say the devil represented to you, that you would die in some garret, with no one about you to put a spoonful of anything in your mouth? and you know you are now surrounded with mercies, and have some one yet who could do that for you, however painful it might be to them." "I do," he replied. "And I know I have many mercies. All mercies. He is my rock; I hope so at least. I have trusted in him more than forty years, and he never forsook me yet. Yes, 'with wondrous joy,' I shall 'recollect' my

————— 'Toils and dangers past,
And bless the wisdom, power, and grace,
That's brought me safe at last.'

I hope so, at least, for I do not like anything like vaunting nor dishonoring the Lord."

Feeling very cold, I had a fire lit for him, and then left him alone by it for some little time. On my returning to him, I said, looking

at the almost extinguished fire, "You have not much fire." He said, "I have not been thinking of the fire; I scarcely knew where I was. I have been led to look through the whole of the way in which the Lord has led me, I think clearer than ever I have, and it seems to me I could remember to write the whole of it. The first passage that was ever blest to me was, 'I turned my feet to thy precepts, I made haste and delayed not to keep thy commandments.' O what a striving there was then to keep the Lord's precepts and commandments, and yet not in the least depending on my own power. All Sabbath breaking and ball playing was for ever cured, and from that time to this no ball has ever been in my hand, for the sake of playing. The next passage was, 'In the multitude of thy thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul.' O how sweet was the sound of the Lord's comforts at that time, though I knew but little of them. From thence I have been travelling on from one blessing to another, viewing the Lord's faithfulness in every trial, and my unfaithfulness, fretfulness, and rebellion. O the blessing received under Mr. Symonds's preaching! and though such a cutting, separating preacher, when anything fleshly was concerned, yet I see that in him, as well as in other great and good men, there was plenty of flesh, and that in his opposing baptism, as I have heard him. And though I have been turned from my steadfastness on that ground, through one and another, yet the Lord has brought me back to the same view of it as I formerly had. The Lord has been faithful to me through more than forty-three years, and I cannot but think that he will be faithful unto the end, though I have been so much in the dark about it of late. But I cannot bear the least atom of a thought that should seem to derogate from the free grace principle of the love of God. It is all of grace."

(*To be continued.*)

NOTHING doth more satisfy me in the verity of the religion I profess, than the oneness of the hearts of the people of God; who all give in the self-same testimony of the work of grace in the heart, the same spirit of faith breathing in them all.—*Dorney.*

HE that will preach the gospel truly, and confess Christ to be our righteousness, must be content to hear that he is a pernicious fellow, and that he troubleth all things. "They which have troubled the world (said the Jews of Paul and Silas) are also come unto us, and have done contrary to the decrees of Cæsar." (Acts xvii.) And in Acts xxiv. "We have found this pestilent fellow stirring up sedition among all the Jews throughout the whole world, and the author of the sect of Nazarites," &c. In like manner, also, the Gentiles complain in Acts xvi., "These men trouble our city." So, at this day, they accuse Luther to be a troubler of the Papacy and of the Roman empire. If I would keep silence, then all things should be in peace which the strong man possesseth, (Luke xi. 21, 22,) and the Pope not persecute me any more. But by this means the Gospel of Jesus Christ should be blemished and defaced. If I speak, the Pope is troubled and cruelly rageth. Either we must lose the Pope, an earthly and mortal man, or else the immortal God, Christ Jesus, life, and eternal salvation. Let the Pope perish, then, and let God be exalted; let Christ reign and triumph for ever.—*Luther.*

INQUIRIES.

Dear Sir,—I shall feel greatly obliged, if convenient to you, for your opinion on the subject of Paul being “the chief of sinners.” If it was the language of the Holy Ghost or not.

Yours truly,

A CONSTANT READER.

ANSWER.

One would think that none but an infidel could doubt whether the language of Paul, when he called himself “the chief of sinners,” was the language of the Holy Ghost. If once we begin to question whether this or that expression of the inspired writings is “the language of the Holy Ghost,” we shall very soon open a wide door for the vilest infidelity.

But as some even of those who desire to fear God have been somewhat staggered at the apostle’s calling himself “the chief of sinners,” it may be as well for their sakes to devote a few moments’ consideration to his meaning, and what it was that drew it forth from his heart and pen.

It seems to us that there were, speaking generally, two reasons which made the apostle apply this language to himself; for when he calls himself “the chief of sinners,” we can no more doubt that he meant what he said than we can doubt that the Holy Ghost inspired him so to feel and so to write.

1. The first reason, then, that made the apostle call himself “the chief of sinners” was, the most bitter and painful reflection that he had persecuted the church of God. We do not know how many he had brought to martyrdom and death; but, as he says of himself that “beyond measure he persecuted the church of God and wasted it,” and as it is declared that “he breathed out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord,” and “when they were put to death he gave his voice against them,” we may fairly conclude that he was instrumental in causing the death of many. Now, what greater crime could a man well commit than shed so much innocent blood? or how could he manifest greater enmity to the Lord Jesus Christ? For this reason, therefore, he carried about with him to his dying day the feeling that of all sinners he was chief; for he had such a view of the atrocity of his crime in persecuting even unto death the saints of Jesus, that other deeds seemed to him light in comparison. Of all sins, murder, one would think, must lie heaviest on a man’s conscience; and of that sin Paul must have felt himself specially guilty, when he kept the clothes of those that stoned Stephen, and, by doing so, participated in their crime.

2. But, besides this, the apostle had a very deep and abiding view of the dreadful corruptions of his fallen nature. As he was favored to see beyond most the glory of Christ by a living faith, and had fellowship with him in his sufferings and sorrows, so he had a proportionably deep view of the dreadful evil of sin and of the foul abominations of his own heart. A sight and sense of these has made many others besides Paul feel and call themselves “the chief of sinners;” nor, indeed, have we much opinion of any man’s religion who does not at times feel himself to be of sinners chief. We know our own hearts, but we do not know other people’s; we see and feel the filth, obscenity, blasphemy, pride, infidelity, and rebellion that dwell in us; but we do not see, though we may conjecture, how similar abominations work in the minds of others.

We see, then, no difficulty in the expression used by Paul, nor do we believe any one does who has seen light in God’s light, and knows and feels what a sinner he is before the eyes of Infinite Purity.

Dear Sir,—Will you be kind enough to favor me with your thoughts on Acts xiii. 34? How is it to be understood of Christ that “he should no more RETURN to corruption?” Does it imply by the word “return” that he had been there before? and if so, how does it agree with verse 37, which says, “he saw no corruption?”

Yours sincerely,

AN INQUIRER AFTER TRUTH.

ANSWER.

The word “corruption” here is used by a figure of speech to signify the grave, that being the place of corruption generally; but there is also an allusion to the bodies of those who, like Lazarus, had been raised from the dead, but afterwards returned to the grave, and by returning to it returned to corruption; for in it their bodies were corrupted which before had been raised to life. But not so with the Lord Jesus Christ. He rose from the grave where he saw no corruption, and ascended up to heaven in his glorified body, and did not, like Lazarus, return to the grave, that in it his body should receive a corruption from which it had been completely preserved.

In reading such passages where there seems to be an apparent contradiction, we should not dwell upon the mere words in which the seeming contradiction usually lies, but should look at the general meaning and scope of the whole passage, and, above all things, take into consideration what the apostle calls “the proportion,” or analogy, “of faith,” which, if we rightly understand it, will be found a key to open many hard locks, and a clue to guide us through many intricate passages.

REVIEW.

Communion with God—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. By John Owen, D.D. Edinburgh: W. Whyte and Co. London: Longman and Co. 1849.

(Concluded from page 99.)

WHAT Christ is to the Church, what the Church is to Christ, can never be really known till time gives place to eternity, faith to sight, and hope to enjoyment. Nor even *then*, however beyond all present conception the powers and faculties of the glorified souls and bodies of the saints may be expanded, however conformed to the glorious image of Christ, or however ravished with the discoveries of his glory and the sight of him as he is in one unclouded day,—no, not even then, will the utmost stretch of creature love, or highest refinement of creature intellect, wholly embrace or fully comprehend that love of Christ, which, as in time so in eternity, “passeth knowledge,” as being in itself essentially incomprehensible, because infinite and divine. Who can calculate the amount of light and heat that dwell in, and are given forth by the sun that shines at this moment so gloriously in the noonday sky? We see, we feel, we enjoy its bright beams; but who can number the millions of millions of rays that it casts forth upon all the surface of the earth, diffusing light, heat, and fertility to every part? If the creature be so great, glorious, and incomprehensible, how much more great, glorious, and incomprehensible must be its divine Creator! The Scripture testimony of the saints in glory is that “when Christ shall appear they shall be like him, for they shall see him as he is;” (1 John iii. 2;) that they

shall then see the Lord "face to face, and know even as also they are known;" (1 Cor. xiii. 12;) that their "vile body shall be fashioned like unto his glorious body;" (Phil. iii. 21;) that they shall be "conformed to his image," (Rom. viii. 29,) and "be satisfied when they awake with his likeness;" (Ps. xvii. 15;) that they shall be "before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple;" (Rev. vii. 15;) that "their sun shall no more go down, for the Lord shall be their everlasting light;" (Isa. lx. 20;) that they shall have "an exceeding and eternal weight of glory;" (2 Cor. iv. 17;) and shall "shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever." (Dan. xii. 3.) But, with all this unspeakable bliss and glory, there must be in infinite Deity unfathomable depths which no creature, however highly exalted, can ever sound; heights which no finite, dependent being can ever scan. God became man, but man never can become God. He fully knows us, but we never can fully know him, for even in eternity, as in time, it may be said to the creature, "Caust thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell, what canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea." (Job xi. 7-9.) But if, as we believe, eternity itself can never fully or entirely reveal the heights and depths of the love of a Triune God, how little can be known of it in a time state! and yet that little is the only balm for all sorrow, the only foundation of solid rest and peace.

In resuming, therefore, our subject, we are at once led to feel how little here below we can realise of that love of Christ in the knowledge and enjoyment of which mainly consists all communion with him. But we are encouraged to drop a few more hints on this sacred subject, not only from its peculiar blessedness, and in the hope that its further consideration may be profitable to our readers, but from the testimony that we have received from some of them that what we were enabled to write in our last Number met with their acceptance, and was read by them with interest and pleasure.

Love is communicative. This is a part of its very nature and essence. Its delight is to give, and especially to give itself; and all it wants or asks is a return. To love and to be beloved, to enjoy and to express that ardent and mutual affection by words and deeds; this is love's delight, love's heaven. To love, and not be loved,—this is love's misery, love's hell. God is love. This is his very nature, an essential attribute of his glorious being; and as he, the infinite and eternal Jehovah, exists in a Trinity of distinct Persons, though undivided Unity of Essence, there is a mutual, ineffable love between Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. To this mutual, ineffable love of the three Persons in the sacred Godhead the Scripture abundantly testifies: "The Father loveth the Son;" (John iii. 35;) "And hast loved them as thou hast loved me;" (John xvii. 23;) "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." (Matt. iii. 17.) And as the Father loves the Son, so does the Son love the Father: "But that the world may know that I love the Father," are his own blessed words. (John xiv. 31.) And that the Holy Ghost loves the Father and the Son is evident not only from his divine personality in the Godhead, but because he is essentially the very "Spirit of love," (Rom. xv. 30, 2 Tim. i. 7,) and as such "sheds the love of God abroad in the heart" of the election of grace. (Rom. v. 5.)

Thus *man* was not needed by the holy and ever-blessed Trinity as an object of divine love. Sufficient, eternally and amply sufficient, to all the bliss and blessedness, perfection and glory of Jehovah was and ever would have been the mutual love and intercommunion of the three

Persons in the sacred Godhead. But love—the equal and undivided love of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, flowed out beyond its original and essential being to man; and not merely to man as man, that is to human nature as the body prepared for the Son of God to assume, but to thousands and millions of the human race, who are all loved personally and individually with all the infinite love of God as much as if that love were fixed on only one, and he were loved as God loves his dear Son. “I have loved thee with an everlasting love,” is spoken to each individual of the elect as much as to the whole church, viewed as the mystical Bride and Spouse of the Lamb. Thus the love of a Triune God is not only to the nature which in due time the Son of God should assume, the flesh and blood of the children, the seed of Abraham which he should take on him, (Heb. ii. 14-16,) and for this reason viewed by the Triune Jehovah with eyes of intense delight, but to that innumerable multitude of human beings who were to form the mystical body of Christ. Were Scripture less express, we might still believe that the nature which one of the sacred Trinity was to assume would be delighted in and loved by the holy Three-in-One. But we have the testimony of the Holy Ghost to the point, that puts it beyond all doubt or question. When, in the first creation of that nature the Holy Trinity said, “Let us make man in our image, after our likeness,” and when, in pursuance of that divine council, “the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul,” God thereby uniting an immortal soul to an earthly body, this human nature was created not only in the moral image of God, (Eph. iv. 24,) but after the pattern of that body which was prepared for the Son of God by the Father. (Heb. x. 5.) The Holy Ghost, therefore, in Ps. viii., puts into the mouth of the inspired Psalmist an anthem of praise flowing from the meditations of his heart upon the grace and glory bestowed upon human nature, as exalted in the person of Christ above all the glory of the starry heavens. “When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained: what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet.” (Ps. viii. 3-6.) Here the Psalmist bursts forth into a rapture of admiration at beholding how man, that is, human nature, in itself so weak and fragile, so inferior in beauty and splendor to the glorious orbs that stud the midnight sky, should yet attract the mind, and be visited by the love of God; how that nature, “made a little lower than the angels” in its original constitution, yet should, by virtue of its being taken into union with the Person of the Son of God, be crowned with honor and glory, and dominion given to it over all the works of God’s hands in heaven and in earth. (Matt. xxviii. 18.) That this is the mind of the Holy Ghost is evident from the interpretation given of the Psalm by the inspired Apostle: “But one in a certain place testified, saying, What is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou visitest him? Thou madest him a little lower than the angels; thou crownedst him with glory and honor, and didst set him over the works of thy hands. Thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet. For in that he put all in subjection under him, he left nothing that is not put under him. But now we see not yet all things put under him. But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor; that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man.” (Heb. ii. 6-9.) When, then, the Son of God took our flesh

into union with his own divine Person, he not only invested that nature with unspeakable glory, but by partaking of the same identical substance, the same flesh, and blood, and bones, wedded the Church unto himself. This is the true source, as it is the only real and solid foundation of all the union and communion that the Church enjoys with Christ on earth, or ever will enjoy with him in heaven. He thus became her Head, her Husband, and she became his body, his wife. Nor are these mere names and titles, any more than husband and wife are mere names and titles in their natural relationship. The marriage relation is an unalterable tie, an indissoluble bond, giving and cementing a peculiar but substantial union, making man and wife one flesh, and investing them with an interest in each other's person and property, happiness and honor, love and affection, such as exists in no other relationship of life. Thus the assumption of human nature made the Lord Jesus Christ a real, not a nominal husband; yea, as much a husband to the Church as Adam became husband to Eve on that memorable morn in Paradise, "when the Lord God brought her unto the man" in all her original purity and innocence, (beautiful type of the Church as presented to Christ in her unfallen condition!) "and Adam said, This is now bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman because she was taken out of man." (Gen. ii. 23.) As then in the marriage union man and wife become one flesh, (Gen. ii. 24,) and, God having joined them together, no man may put them asunder, (Matt. xix. 5,) so when the Lord Jesus Christ, in the "everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure," betrothed the church unto himself, they became before the face of heaven one in indissoluble ties. As he undertook in "the fulness of time" to be "made of a woman," she became one with him in body by virtue of a common nature; and becomes one with him in spirit when, as each individual member comes forth into a time state, the blessed Spirit unites it to him by regenerating grace. Such is the testimony of the word of truth. "We are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones;" (Eph. v. 30;) "He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit." (1 Cor. vi. 17.) Her union, therefore, with his flesh ensures to her body conformity in the resurrection morn to the glorified body of Jesus; and her union with his spirit ensures to her soul an eternity of bliss in the perfection of knowledge, holiness, and love. Thus the union of the church with Christ commenced in the councils of eternal wisdom and love, is made known upon earth by regenerating grace, and is perfected in heaven in the fulness of glory.

The church, it is true, fell in Adam from that state of innocence and purity in which she was originally created. But how the Adam fall, in all its miserable consequences, instead of cancelling the bond and annulling the everlasting covenant, only served more fully and gloriously to reveal and make known the love of Christ to his chosen bride in all its breadth and length and depth and height! She fell, it is true, into unspeakable, unfathomable depths of sin and misery, guilt and crime; but she never fell out of his heart or out of his arms. Yet what without the fall would have been known of dying love or of the mystery of the cross? Where would have been the song of the redeemed, "Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood?" Where the victory over death and hell, or the triumphs of superabounding grace over the abounding of sin, guilt, and despair? Where would have been the "leading captivity captive," the "spoiling principalities and powers, and making a show of them openly, triumphing over them in himself?" What would have been known of that most precious attribute of God—*mercy*? What of his forbearance and long-suffering; what of his pitiful compassion to the poor lost children of men? As then the

church's head and husband could not and would not dissolve the union, break the covenant, or alter the thing that had gone out of his lips, and yet could not take her openly unto himself in all her filth, and guilt, and shame, he had to redeem her with his own heart's blood, with agonies and sufferings such as earth or heaven never before witnessed, with those dolorous cries under the hidings of his Father's face, which made the earth to quake, the rocks to rend, and the sun to withdraw its light. But his love was strong as death, and he endured the cross, despising the shame, bearing her sins in his own body on the tree, and thus suffering the penalty due to her crimes, reconciled her unto God "in the body of his flesh, through death, to present her holy, and unblameable, and unreprouvable in his sight." (Col. i. 22.) Having thus reconciled her unto God, as she comes forth from the womb of time, he visits member after member of his mystical body with his regenerating grace, that "he may sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word," and thus eventually "present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing." (Eph. v. 26, 27.) Communion with Christ, therefore, begins below, in our time state. It is *here* that the mystery of the marriage union is first made known; here the espousals entered into; (Jer. ii. 2, 2 Cor. xi. 2;) here the first kiss of betrothed love given. (Song i. 2.) The celebration of the marriage is to come; (Rev. xix. 7-9;) but the original betrothal in heaven and the spiritual espousals on earth make Christ and the church eternally one. As then the husband, when he becomes united to his wife in marriage ties, engages thereby to love her, cherish her, feed her, clothe her, count her interests his interests, her honour his honour, and her happiness his happiness, so the blessed Jesus, when in the councils of eternity, he betrothed the Church to himself, undertook to be to her and do for her every thing that should be for her happiness and honour, perfection and glory. His own words are, "I will betroth thee unto me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving kindness, and in mercies: I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness; and thou shalt know the Lord." (Hos. ii. 19, 10.) And again, "For thy Maker is thine husband; the Lord of hosts is his name; and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel; the God of the whole earth shall he be called." (Isa. liv. 5.) "For as a young man marrieth a virgin, so shall thy sons* marry thee; and as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." (Isa. lxii. 5.) There must be union before communion, marriage before possession, membership before abiding in Christ and he in us, a being in the vine before a branch issuing from the stem. It is the Spirit that quickeneth us to feel our need of him; to seek all our supplies in him and from him; to believe in him unto everlasting life, and thus live a life of faith upon him. By his secret teachings, inward touches, gracious smiles, soft whispers, sweet promises, and more especially by manifestations of his glorious Person, finished work, atoning blood, justifying righteousness, agonising sufferings, and dying love, he draws the heart up to himself. He thus wins our affections, and setting himself before our eyes as "the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely," draws out that love and affection towards himself which puts the world under our feet. What is religion without a living faith in, and a living love to the Lord Jesus Christ? How dull and dragging, how dry and heavy, what a burden to

* We prefer the rendering, "thy Maker," which only requires the change of a point in the Hebrew, and is not only more agreeable to the meaning, but corresponds more exactly to the parallel clause in the same verse. Bishop Lowth renders it "thy Restorer;" literally, it is "thy Builder."

the mind, and a weariness to the flesh, is a round of forms where the heart is not engaged and the affections not drawn forth! Reading, hearing, praying, meditation, conversation with the saints of God—what cold, what heartless work where Jesus is not! But let him appear, let his presence and grace be felt, and his blessed Spirit move upon the heart, then there is a holy sweetness, a sacred blessedness in the worship of God and in communion with the Lord Jesus that makes, whilst it lasts, a little heaven on earth. Means are to be attended to, ordinances to be prized, the Bible to be read, preaching to be heard, the throne of grace to be resorted to, the company of Christian friends to be sought. But what are all these unless we find Christ in them? It is He that puts life and blessedness into all means and ordinances, into all prayer, preaching, hearing, reading, conversing, and every thing that bears the name of religion. Without him all is dark and dead, cold and dreary, barren and bare. Wandering thoughts at the throne, unbelief at the ordinance, deadness under the word, formality and lip service in family worship, carelessness over the open Bible, carnality in conversation, and a general coldness and stupidity over the whole frame—such is the state of the soul when Jesus does not appear, and when he leaves us to prove what we are, and what we can do without him. He is our sun, and without him all is darkness; he is our life, and without him all is death; he is the beginner and finisher of our faith, the substance of our hope, and the object of our love. All religion flows from his Spirit and grace, presence and power. Where he is, be it barn or hovel, field or hedge, closet or fireside, there is a believing soul, a praying spirit, a tender conscience, a humble mind, a broken heart, and a confessing tongue. Where he is not, be it parlor or chapel, public worship or private prayer, hearing the word or reading the Bible, all is alike empty and forlorn to a living soul, pregnant with dissatisfaction and loaded with self-condemnation. It is this inward sense of the blessedness of his presence and the misery of his absence, the heaven of his smile and the hell of his frown, that makes the sheep of Christ seek communion with Him. He has won their heart to himself by discovering to them his beauty and his love, and they having once seen the glory of his Person, heard the sweetness of his voice, and tasted the grace of his lips, follow him whithersoever he goeth, seeking to know him and the power of his resurrection, and counting all things dung and loss that they may win him, and have some manifestation of his love. What is to support the soul under those trials and temptations that at times press it so sore; relieve those cruel doubts which so disquiet, take away those fears of death which so alarm, subdue that rebelliousness which so condemns, wear from the world which so allures, and make it look beyond life and time, the cares of the passing hour, and the events of the fleeting day, to a solemn and blessed eternity, but those visitations of the Blessed Lord to the soul which give it communion with himself? Thus were the saints of God led and taught in days of old, as the Holy Ghost has recorded their experience in the word of truth. Remembering the past, one says, "Thy visitation hath preserved my spirit. (Job x. 12.) Longing for a renewal, another cries, "O when wilt thou come unto me?" (Ps. ci. 2;) and under the enjoyment of his presence the church speaks, "He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love." (Cant. ii. 4).

We are, most of us, so fettered down by the chains of time and sense, the cares of life and daily business, the weakness of our earthly frame, the distracting claims of a family, and the miserable carnality and sensuality of our fallen nature, that we live at best a poor, dragging, dying life. We can take no pleasure in the world, nor mix with a good conscience

in its pursuits and amusements; we are many of us poor, moping, dejected creatures, from a variety of trials and afflictions; we have a daily cross and the continual plague of an evil heart; get little consolation from the family of God or the outward means of grace; know enough of ourselves to know that in self there is neither help nor hope, and never expect a smoother path, a better, wiser, holier heart, or to be able to do to-morrow what we cannot do to-day. As then the weary man seeks rest, the hungry food, the thirsty drink, and the sick health, so do we stretch forth our hearts and arms that we may embrace the Lord Jesus Christ, and sensibly realise union and communion with him. From him come both prayer and answer, both hunger and food, both desire and the tree of life. He discovers the evil and misery of sin that we may seek pardon in his bleeding wounds and pierced side; makes known to us our nakedness and shame, and, as such, our exposure to God's wrath, that we may hide ourselves under his justifying robe; puts gall and wormwood into the world's choicest draughts, that we may have no sweetness but in and from him; keeps us long fasting to endear a crumb, and long waiting to make a word precious. He wants the whole heart, and will take no less; and as this we cannot give, he takes it to himself by ravishing it with one of his eyes, with one chain of his neck. If we love him it is because he first loved us; and if we seek communion with him, it is because he will manifest himself to us as he doth not unto the world.

Would we see what the Holy Ghost has revealed of the nature of this communion, we shall find it most clearly and experimentally unfolded in the Song of Solomon. From the first verse of that divine book, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth," to the last expressed desire of the loving bride, "Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe, or like to a young hart upon the mountains of spices," all is a "song of loves," (Ps. xlv. title,) all a divine revelation of the communion that is carried on upon earth between Christ and the Church. She "comes up from the wilderness leaning upon her beloved," whilst "his left hand is under her head, and his right hand doth embrace her." She says, "Look not upon me because I am black;" but he answers, "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee." At one moment she says, "By night, on my bed, I sought him whom my soul loveth; I sought him, but I found him not;" and then again she cries, "It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found him whom my soul loveth. I held him, and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me." (Song Sol. iii. 4.) Comings and goings; sighs and songs; vain excuses and cutting self-reflections; (v. 3-6;) complaints of self and praises of him; (v. 7-16;) the breathings of love, and the flames of jealousy; (viii. 6;) the tender affections of a virgin heart, and the condescending embraces of a royal spouse; (i. 7; ii. 3-7;)—such is the experience of the Church in seeking or enjoying communion with Christ as described in this divine book.

O that we could walk more in these gracious footsteps! Whatever be our state and case, if it can truly be said of us what the angel said to the women at the sepulchre, "I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified," we have a divine warrant to believe that, "he is gone before us into Galilee. There shall we see him." He is risen; he has ascended up on high, and "has received gifts for men, yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them." He is now upon the mercy seat and he invites and draws poor needy sinners to himself. He says, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He allows us, he invites us to pour out our

heart before him, to show before him our trouble, to spread our wants at his feet, as Hezekiah spread the letter in the temple. If we seek communion with him, we may and shall tell him how deeply we need him, that without him it is not life to live, and with him not death to die. We shall beg of him to heal our backslidings; to manifest his love and blood to our conscience; to show us the evil of sin; to bless us with godly sorrow for our slips and falls; to keep us from evil that it may not grieve us; to lead us into his sacred truth; to preserve us from all error; to plant his fear deep in our heart; to apply some precious promise to our soul; to be with us in all our ways; to watch over us in all our goings out and comings in; to preserve us from pride, self-deception, and self-righteousness; to give us renewed tokens of our interest in his finished work; to subdue our iniquities; to make and keep our conscience tender; and work in us every thing which is pleasing in his sight. What is communion but mutual giving and receiving, the flowing together of two hearts, the melting into one of two wills, the exchange of two loves—each party maintaining its distinct identity, yet being to the other an object of affection and delight? Have we nothing then to give to Christ? Yes, our sins, our sorrows, our burdens, our trials, and above all the salvation and sanctification of our souls. And what has he to give us? What? Why, everything worth having, everything worth a moment's anxious thought, everything for time and eternity.

We conclude our Review, already perhaps too long, with one more extract from the wise and weighty words of Dr. Owen:

“First. The saints cordially approve of this righteousness, as that a one which is absolutely complete, and able to make them acceptable before God. And this supposeth five things:

“1. Their clear and full conviction of the necessity of a righteousness wherewith to appear before God. This is always in their thoughts. Many men spend their days in obstinacy and hardness, adding drunkenness unto thirst, never once inquiring what their condition shall be when they enter into eternity. Others trifle away their time and their souls, sowing the wind of empty hopes, and preparing to reap a whirlwind of wrath. But this lies at the bottom of all the saint's communion with Christ—a deep, fixed persuasion of the indispensable necessity of a righteousness wherewith to appear before God. The holiness of God's nature, the righteousness of his government, the severity of his law, the terror of his wrath, are always before them. They have been convinced of sin and have looked on themselves as ready to sink under the vengeance due to it. They have cried, ‘Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?’ and have all concluded, that if God be holy, and of ‘purer eyes than to behold iniquity,’ they must have a righteousness to stand before him; and they know what will be the cry, one day, of those otherwise minded.

“2. They weigh their own righteousness in the balance, and find it wanting. And this in two ways: 1st. In general; when men are convinced of the necessity of a righteousness, they catch at everything that presents itself to them for relief; as men ready to sink in deep waters catch at what is nearest to save them from drowning, which sometimes proves a rotten stick that sinks with them. So did the Jews; (Rom ix. 31, 32;) they caught hold of the law, and it would not relieve them; the law put them upon setting up a righteousness of their own; this kept them doing, but kept them from submitting to the righteousness of God. Here many perish, and never get one step nearer to God all their days. This the saints renounce. They have no confidence in the flesh; they know all they can do will not avail them. See what judgment Paul makes of a man's own righteousness, Phil. iii. 8-10. This keeps their souls humble, full of a sense of their own vileness, all their days. 2nd. In particular; they daily weigh all their particular actions in the balance, and find them wanting as to any such completeness as upon their own account to be accepted with God. ‘O,’ says a saint, ‘if I had nothing to

commend me unto God but this prayer, this duty, this conquest of a temptation, wherein I myself see so much imperfection, could I appear with any boldness before him? Ah, it is all as filthy rags.' (Isa. lxiv. 6.) These thoughts accompany them in all their duties, in their best and most choice performances. Lord, what am I, in my best estate! How little suitableness unto thy holiness is in my best duties! O spare me, in reference to the best thing that ever I did in my life! When a man who lives upon convictions hath got some enlargement in duties, some conquest over a temptation, he hugs himself, like Micah, when he had got a Levite to be his priest: now surely God will bless him; he hath peace in what he hath done. But he who has communion with Christ, when he is highest in duties of sanctification, is clearest in the apprehension of his own unprofitableness, and renounces every thought of setting his peace in them or upon them. He says to his soul, Should God deal with thee according to thy best works, thou must perish.

"3. They value and rejoice in this righteousness for their acceptance, which the Lord Jesus hath wrought out and provided for them. This being discovered to them, they approve of it with all their hearts, and rest in it. (Isa. xlv. 24.) 'Surely shall one say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength.' This is their voice and language when once the righteousness of God in Christ is made known to them. 'Here is righteousness indeed, here have I rest for my soul.' Like the merchantman in the gospel, (Matt. xiii. 45, 46,) that finds the pearl of price. When first the righteousness of Christ, for acceptance with God, is revealed to a poor laboring soul, that hath sought for rest and hath found none, he is surprised and amazed; and such a one always in his heart approves this righteousness on a fivefold account. (1). As full of infinite wisdom. 'Unto them that believe,' saith the apostle, 'Christ crucified is the wisdom of God,' (1 Cor. i. 24,) they see infinite wisdom in this way of their acceptance with God. In what darkness, says such a one, was my soul! How little able was I to look through the clouds and perplexities wherewith I was encompassed! I looked inwards, and there was nothing but sin; I looked upwards, and saw nothing but wrath; I knew that God was a holy and righteous God; I knew that I was a poor vile unclean and sinful creature, and how to bring these two together in peace I knew not. But in the righteousness of Christ doth a world of wisdom open itself, dispelling all difficulties, and manifesting a reconciliation of all this. 'O the depths of the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of God!' (Rom. xi. 33, and Col. ii. 3.)"

POETRY.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

BY THE LATE MRS. STURTON.

COULD I the friendship of the world obtain,
 I would not have it, for I count it vain;
 And since 'tis enmity with God at best,
 I'd not provide it room within my breast.
 The dear Redeemer's blood-bought, chosen race
 Shall have within my heart the warmest place;
 And such in his great name my soul would greet;
 He the blest centre where our spirits meet.
 Though distant oft, and separate in place,
 Yet each to each is bound by love and grace,
 Which recognised us while yet dead in sin,
 And still embraces us, through every scene
 We're call'd to witness, in this vale of tears,
 Till each in Zion with the Lord appears.
 All one in Christ, who is our mutual Friend,
 Our interest one, one motive, and one end.

The same atoning blood has wash'd us clean;
 One spotless robe which Christ himself brought in
 Shall be our glorious dress, our rich array,
 In that anticipated, long'd-for day,
 When Jesus shall appear to fetch his Bride
 To live and love for ever by his side.
 And one our central spot, the throne of grace,
 To which we pass in every trying case.
 One Sun is lighting us the journey through,
 And one the final rest we have in view.
 A happy meeting there our Lord insures;
 And long as his eternal throne endures
 Together we shall dwell with him at home,
 Where parting seasons never, never come.
 These are the characters my Lord approves,
 And these are they my ardent spirit loves;
 And theirs the only friendship I would know
 Till gladly I retire from all below.
 But there's a friendship this surpasses far
 As the meridian sun a twinkling star;
 Its highest acts on calvary were display'd,
 When the dear Friend of sinners bow'd his head.
 There saints adoring stand, while faith beholds
 How boundless love her mysteries unfolds.
 There the perfections of Jehovah's name
 Received full honor through the bleeding Lamb.
 There mercy shone in all her radiance mild;
 There Justice on the trembling sinner smiled.
 Our dear Immanuel there the victory won,
 Nor bow'd his head until the work was done
 For rebel foes! who, but for sovereign grace,
 Despise, reject, insult him to his face.
 Wonder, O heaven! at friendship such as this;
 Earth, be astonish'd! Saints, adore and bless.
 Strike, strike the lyre, ye happy souls above,
 While we on earth will join the song of love!
 We'll tune our harp-strings to their highest pitch,
 And swell *ye* loud the notes *we* cannot reach.
 And this shall be our everlasting theme—
 "All honor, praise, dominion, power to him
 Who wash'd us in his all-atoning blood,
 And made poor sinners kings and priests to God."

ALAS! how hardly are we brought to accept salvation as a gift of pure favor! We are for bringing a price in our hands, and coming with money in our sack's mouth; notwithstanding the celestial direction is, "Buy wine and milk, without money and without price;" *i.e.*, take as absolute possession of pardon, holiness, and eternal life as if they were your own by purchase; but remember that you, nevertheless, have them gratis, without any desert, nay, contrary to all desert of yours. We did not bribe God to create us; and how is it possible that we should pay him any thing for saving us?—*Toplady*.

Erratum.—The letter in our last Number, p. 86, signed E. H., was written by the late Mrs. Husband, of Hartley Row, Hauts, and not by Mr. Husband, as by a misprint it is there stated.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

MAY, 1858.

MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

NOTES OF A SERMON BY MR. GODWIN, PREACHED AT TRINITY CHAPEL, ALFRED STREET, LEICESTER, FEB. 28TH, 1850.

“When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee.”—Prov. vi. 22.

The book of Proverbs is very instructive, under the blessed Spirit's teaching, to the exercised soul. The Lord has therein very plainly separated and divided the characters, and also set forth “wisdom” to be the principal thing, declaring that there is nothing to be compared with it,—no, not all the riches that the world can produce, whether in houses, lands, gold, or silver; it matters not; no worldly wealth can be compared to a little spiritual, heavenly, and divine wisdom, which “cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.”

There are three characters spoken of in this chapter. One of them is “the sluggard;” and God's people frequently put themselves down to be that very character, because they are so troubled, at times, with dead sloth, and afterwards with fear lest this denunciation should drop upon them, “O, thou wicked and slothful servant,” &c. We see that the sluggard is set forth as being wiser in his own conceit than seven men who can render a reason. O, how the poor soul is troubled and tried when he is brought into such a state, and under such exercises. He seems to possess no feeling, no life; and yet there is a feeling within him desiring to be religious; but there is no power to put it into practice; for when he would do good, evil is present with him. He sees it declared by God that “the hand of the diligent is made fat;” and that “the hand of the diligent maketh rich;” and this is the very spot to which his soul desires to be brought; but through painful exercises he is obliged to learn that power, in every sense of the word, belongeth unto God; and that, although he is a quickened soul, yet he cannot move his soul towards the Lord; he cannot raise up his affections unto him without his help.

There is another character, which sets forth the state and condition in which the child of God is. The Lord speaks of six or seven abominations in the heart. And here the child of God is tried again; for he reads, “These six things doth the Lord hate; yea, seven are an abomination unto him: a proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood, a heart that deviseth wicked imagi-

nations, feet that be swift in running to mischief, a false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren." There are many of these characters existing, who are spoken of in the last words that I have read, who seem to delight in doing those things which, in the word of God, have God's threatenings pronounced against them; but if God's children are left to fall into that snare, it will be broken, sooner or later. It takes a deal of religion sometimes in a man's soul, it takes a deal of weight, to make a man watchful; and a wise man may be led to explain these characters, and also the divine teaching under which they are set forth.

But I desire, by the help of the Lord, to speak a few words from the text.

1. "*When thou goest.*" In the experience of every living soul, the man is brought more or less, at times, to be set fast; and in this state he frequently feels that his feet are sunk in deep mire, where there is no standing. He is shut up in soul, and left apparently destitute even of desire. Desire seems to fail, and he feels nothing but poverty, death, hardness of heart, blindness of mind, and darkness of soul. He seems to be destitute and desolate in every sense of the word; but he sometimes cries with poor David, "Leave not my soul destitute." Now those who are brought to enter into this experience learn their helplessness and their ignorance. They learn that they cannot move one step forward, neither can they stand still to see the salvation of the Lord. But still, as we read in the word of God, "*When thou goest,*" it is evident that there is a going forth, that there is a going forward. When the Lord spake to Moses, and told him to speak to the children of Israel on the borders of the Red Sea, they were addressed in this way, under their fears, under their exercises and perplexities: "Fear ye not; stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." Thus you will find, that the church is under such exercises. The Lord speaks unto Moses; and tells him to say unto the people, "Go forward." Now it is evident that, in an experimental way, it is impossible for a living soul to move forward till power is communicated; till God's leading, holding, and guiding hand and counsel is made manifest to the heart. But still there is a going; "*When thou goest.*" What a difference there is in soul feelings, when in a moving state, to those days of sloth, that state of death and bondage, when a person is bound in his spirit, shut up in his heart, and his soul under anxieties and perplexities, fearing lest he be wrong altogether. Sin ever will bring this dread into the soul. The Spirit quickens, and then the soul cries; the Spirit draws, and then the soul runs. What is running? Why, the affection going out after the blessed Jesus, the only object, mark, and prize that is set before, and appears to the eye of faith, in every regenerated character's heart. "*When thou goest.*" What sweet going it is.

There is another going: "He that goeth forth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Goeth weeping. What is this weeping? This going and weeping is the feeling that the soul is brought into the very spot

where Mary was, when she said, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." So it is evident, when the Holy Ghost is pleased to draw forth the affections of the heart, and the faith, hope, and confidence of the poor child of God, then he goes; for it is said, "When thou goest, thy steps shall not be straitened;" and what a sweet going is that. Then all other objects, deathly feelings, doubts, fears, and darkness, are chased away for the time, and the heart, affections, mind, and soul go after Jesus. He is then the only object before the mind.

What sweet feelings there are, when the Lord says to us, "Be still, and know that I am God." When this takes place in the soul, how he reads the word of God, and knows it is the truth of God. Why? His heart is in it; his mind and feelings are in it. Why? Because the Lord the Spirit is in his heart, and brings it into his soul;—sprinkling his heart from an evil conscience, and washing his body with pure water. So the children of God are not always standers still in one place; there is a going, and a feeling after God. There is no standing still under divine teaching. The soul is always going through some branch of experience. Where his heart is not going out after the Lord Jesus, he is learning his ignorance and filthiness, wretchedness and misery; therefore he is always learning something. The Lord is teaching him to profit, and teaching him in the way that he should go.

Do you and I know anything about this? Does it ever drop upon you as you sit by your fire-sides? Does it come into your mind at home, or abroad, or in the house of God? Or do you not find sometimes that your soul goes out in breathings! You cannot help breathing when the Spirit drops prayer into your heart, whether in words or not. It is in your heart as Hannah's was. She prayed in heart; but her voice was not heard. "The words of wise men are heard in quiet;" and so with the poor soul under this experience.

"When thou goest." O, what a mercy is this going! What a mercy to go in this strait and narrow path! What a mercy when the Lord draws, and we run after him,—when the heart and soul are going heavenward, that we are drawing towards our everlasting home.

"When thou goest, *it shall lead thee.*" The poor soul does not go alone: "When thou goest, it shall lead thee." The Blessed Spirit leads him. How does he lead him? He leads him out of himself; leads him unto the person of the Lord Jesus Christ; to hunger and thirst, to pant and long; and he leads him to the Rock that is higher than he; for what saith the Psalmist? "When my heart is overwhelmed within me, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." O! what sweet water there is in that Rock; and O to be led there, my brethren. You seem to be, from time to time, when under temptation, exercises, darkness, trouble, or distress, to be left quite alone; but think not that you are. There is an almighty arm under you. "Underneath are the everlasting arms." Here is a righteousness unmoveable.

"As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." Therefore the poor soul has a Leader into spiritual myste-

ries; into divine realities. They shall know the truth. "When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he shall guide you into all truth." And what is truth? Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life; and therefore the Holy Ghost says to the regenerated soul, "when thou goest, it shall lead thee." It shall lead thee, poor, doubting soul, who standest in jeopardy, from time to time, fearing that thou wilt be left to make a false step and fall. You are not your own keeper. Lay this hope aside, and the poor soul can neither see nor feel anything. Why, the Lord the Spirit is almighty; the devil is mighty, and sin is mighty; but the Lord Jehovah is almighty. He is the invisible God; and, this being the case, he is everywhere present, and the poor soul is led to him. "When thou goest, it shall lead thee."

And how sweet to be led, experimentally, feelingly led, into the sorrows, into the sufferings, of the Lamb of God, the Son of God! There is something very sweet, when the soul is here; for what said the apostle? "That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death." How blessed it is when the soul is led into the sufferings of Jesus, and not only into his sufferings, but also into his finished work, the work of redemption, that complete work which he set a seal upon with his last dying words, "It is finished!" O what a finish that was! "When thou goest, it shall lead thee." And where does it lead the soul to? It leads the soul experimentally unto the great compassions of the Lord Jesus; for nothing moves the bowels of a poor soul like the compassions of Jesus. There is plenty of natural compassion that grows in the poor soul; but when he is here he is farther off than ever. But one look, one drop from his pitiful eye, will bring him back. He can "have compassion on the ignorant, and on them who are out of the way." When the poor soul is led into this compassion, and is led to see that there is a sufficiency, how it humbles him; and he says, "Lord, why look upon me? How canst thou look upon such an unworthy creature, such a vile creature, such a depraved creature, such a wandering creature, such an out-of-the-way creature as I? Why, mercy brings the soul back, and, at times, makes Christ precious; while the man feels himself to be a great sinner, the chief of sinners, and less than the least of all saints.

"When thou goest, it shall lead thee." This is evidently manifested again, at times, in the feelings of all the children of God, when the Lord leads them into his beauty; and as the soul is thus led, it sees such beauty in a precious Jesus, such loveliness in his person, that it is lost in wonder; he is overcome; his heart breaks; his spirit melts; his mind is humbled; his neck is laid low; and he feels that it is Jesus indeed. "When thou goest, it shall lead thee."

Now, how is it possible for any poor soul to walk in such slippery paths as there are in the world without being led? He brings "the blind by a way that they knew not, and leads them in paths which they have not known; he will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and will not forsake them." Therefore there is a manifested proof that

the Lord is with these characters, and leading them through these dark and dismal paths. "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flames kindle upon thee." Why? Because the Lord is with the poor soul. The soul may be in the depth of trouble, and may fear it will never be brought out. But it will. Why? Because the Lord has said that it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom. So the soul must pass *through* it; and it *shall* pass through it. "When thou goest, it shall lead thee."

O what a blessing is divine leading! I say, what a blessing; and I am sure of this one thing, that there is no good comfort, no, nor good confidence without it. The path of duty is the path of divine faith; and the Lord says, "I lead in the paths of righteousness, and in the midst of the paths of judgment." The Lord will bring all his people to be obedient, and to walk in his blessed ways.

Many poor souls are exercised in their minds respecting believers' baptism. They are tried upon it. They see it to be an ordinance of God, and they cannot get rid of it. It is fastened upon the conscience. The word of God cuts and condemns his soul, because he does not obey him from the heart. Well, it may be that you are afraid to venture. You want a greater testimony than you have ever had; you want the Lord to speak to your soul; but notwithstanding all this, if you fear you will never get through, but that you will be left in the way, and that the Lord will not be with you in the ordinance to help you and bring you through; what saith the Lord? "When thou goest, it shall lead thee." The ordinance is clearly laid down in the word of God, and it is the children's privilege to obey. Therefore, as it is their privilege to obey, may the Lord strengthen your hearts, and encourage your soul to follow in his ways. "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me, shall be loved of my Father; and I will love him and manifest myself unto him." To these characters, that are brought here, I would say, "When thou goest, it shall lead thee."

Again. The Lord will lead the poor soul when under horrible temptations; for we find when the Lord Jesus came up out of the water, he was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil. He will support and be with the soul through all temptations. The Lord hath supported and led my soul through all the temptations and besetments that I have ever been in, up to the present moment. It is evidently to encourage such as are afraid they shall never hold on, that the words are used.

2. "*When thou sleepest, it shall keep thee.*" This is sensibly felt at times. "When thou sleepest, it shall keep thee." Frequently the soul appears to be asleep, in a sleepy state of mind; but what is the exhortation and precept? "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." This was addressed to the Church of God, although you find that it is applied to carnal professors by the Arminians. You will see in the word of God it is spoken again and again: "Awake, awake, put on strength; O arm

of the Lord." "Though I sleep, my heart awaketh." As soon as the Lord speaks, the heart of the spouse awakes. We find that the ten virgins, the wise as well as the foolish, all slumbered and slept. So it is evident, this being the case, being in a slumbering state of mind, the exhortation meets the child of God in that state.

"When thou sleepest." My soul sometimes seems to be asleep, and hears no admonitions, no precepts, no commands. It sees nothing, hears nothing, neither enters into anything, in this sleepy state of mind. When this is the case, when the soul is in this state, it cannot even read. It is not only asleep in the spirit, but often falls into natural, common sleep; as even the people of God sometimes, when tired in harvest, may fall fast asleep the greater part of the time while in the chapel, because they are weary with hard labour. But if the Lord the Spirit speaks to the soul, and to the conscience, there is no heaviness, no drowsiness, though the poor child of God may have had no rest all the night. "When thou sleepest, it shall keep thee."

When the Lord took Peter, James, and John, and told them to watch while he prayed, we find that as soon as he was gone, though he told them to watch and pray that they entered not into temptation; yet they fell asleep, for their eyes were heavy. Why? "The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak." And this is the very condition in which he found the wise virgins; but as soon as the shout was raised, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh," they were ready to go in with him. The Lord had made them ready. The child that is born again is born from above; and we read, when the Bridegroom comes, he is ready; because the new creature within him is born from above, the child's sins are blotted out, his transgressions are pardoned, and he is brought sweetly into the person of Jesus. But when these sweet manifestations are withdrawn, they may stumble and fall, and have to groan all the days of their life. This was the case with Peter; yet he found the text true. He had lost sight of the keeping power of God. But the Lord says, "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." What a mercy then it is, to be kept here. When we go to lie down on our beds, and fall into natural sleep, and can understand nothing; even then to be kept, kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation.

How sweet it is at times, when brought into this feeling, to commit our spirit into the hands of God, and say, "Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth;" and to find there is such a thing as committing the keeping of our souls into the Lord's hands. And has he not kept us? Sometimes I feel such things run through my heart that I can express to none but God; yet I desire to thank him with all my heart and soul; for he has kept me up to this very day and moment.

If there is any soul here, left, like Job and Jeremiah, to curse the day of his birth, it may be that you will have to bless God for the same. If I had never been born into the world, I had never been born again. If I had never been born again, I had never known Jesus. If I had never known Jesus, I should have had no desire to be in heaven with him. So, poor child of God, if you are sunk

down in fear that you will never see his face in righteousness, if his fear is in your heart, you shall see him for yourself and not for another; and not only so, but you will be with him for ever and ever.

If there be a poor backslider here, who has been left to wander from the Lord, and the Lord in tender mercy has picked him up again, brought him back, made his broken bones whole, and caused his supplication and cry to come up to God, he now walks more in the fear of God than any pharisee upon earth. He has received a double testimony of God's faithfulness. He has received double for all his sins. The Lord has manifested a double pardon to that man's conscience. He has been led to see that God is long-suffering and full of compassion, and delights in mercy.

3. "*When thou wakest, it shall talk with thee;*" that is, when the Lord, in his tender mercy, is pleased to awake up the soul. For instance, some of us, on the one hand, know what it has been to be awoke up in the midnight watches, in the greatest distress of soul, trembling and shaking from head to foot, within and without, when the Lord has been communicating his judgments and his threatening denunciations against sinners. This has been most dreadful and terrible. Again, on the other hand, we have awoke up in the night, and the Lord in tender mercy has communed with our hearts and spoken to our consciences. His word has been like oil to our hearts. Our affections have been set upon things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. Our souls have been sweetly led out unto him, and the Lord has sweetly smiled down upon us. The poor soul knows what it is to be awaked up naturally and spiritually, and for the Lord to talk with him as a man talks with his friend; and communing with him, bringing a sweet word into his heart, and letting a promise drop into his soul. How sweet and precious it is. I know very well it may last for only two or three minutes, or it may last for hours.

Whilst in the body we are sometimes in deep soul exercise, sometimes with love in the heart, and sometimes under temptation; yet notwithstanding, "when thou wakest, it shall talk with thee." What a wonder it is that God should ever stoop so low as to look upon a poor sinner, and say, "Come now, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." And when this is felt in the experience, when the Lord thus talks with us, how sweet it is! Abraham talked with the Lord. When the Lord communed with his soul, then his soul had communion with the Lord; but as soon as the Lord left off communing with him, Abraham returned to his place. It is the case with us. When the Lord calls, the soul says, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." If the poor soul is waiting for the Lord to speak any particular thing to him, such as, "Son, or daughter, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee;" O what a speaking is this; the pardon of sins to be sealed home on the conscience, to be made kings and priests unto God and his Christ, and to have the assurance that we shall reign with him for ever and ever!

Do not you find this sometimes when walking by the way? Does

not the Spirit speak with you? Is there not a necessity laid upon you, drawing you to the person talking with you, thanking, blessing, praising, and adoring his blessed Majesty for looking down upon such a creature, and making known his light and salvation to your heart? "When thou wakest, it shall talk with thee."

So here are God's wills and shalls; and wherever God speaks, it shall be accomplished. You that know God's shalls know that they stand firm, to the everlasting praise of God; for, "heaven and earth shall pass away; but my word shall not pass away."

To the poor soul that is shut up in a sleepy state of soul, in prison, and in the dark, and who knows what felt darkness is, the word is gone out of the Lord's mouth. He that goeth forth weeping and sighing, fearing that the Lord hath forsaken him, the Lord will put his finger to the work again. He will bring your soul out of distress, and you shall come up shouting, "Victory" over all your enemies, whether internal or external, whether men, sins, or devils. You shall say, "All is well with those that fear God, that fear before him." You fear it will be ill, because you are such sinners; but it must be well; it shall be well. What! with such vile creatures, such disobedient creatures? Yes; for though they feel themselves to be so vile, yet these are the righteous in God's esteem. They cleave to the righteousness of Jesus, hang upon his arm, and hope in his mercy. O what a keeper he is, not because you and I deserve it; but he keeps us because he will keep us. What a blessing that the Lord ever talks with us, and makes manifest his mind, will, wisdom, ways, and the power of his salvation, to our hearts and consciences. But when I feel that my soul is saved with an everlasting salvation, that God has told me this, and made it known to my heart, and talked with such a poor sinner by the way, how I am brought in a moment into humility, and how I can deliver up all to the Lord, leaving all in his hands. We then know the meaning of these words, "Trust in the Lord at all times, ye people; pour out your hearts before him." These are the characters that are obliged to show the Lord their troubles, to flee to Christ, the refuge, the only way, the truth, and the life. They are obliged from necessity to cleave to him, with full purpose of heart. When there is a divine power felt, the soul sweetly believes; it is compelled to believe; but when there is no power, the soul is plagued with the power of unbelief. Satan tells the depressed creature that he will never see the Sun of Righteousness, shining with healing in his beams, nor enjoy his presence. Poor soul, here is a *shall*. He will bring forth unto life; for "who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and blottereth out the transgressions of the remnant of thy people."

Some of you feelingly know what these things are. There is a reality in religion; there is a power, there is a certainty in it. It is real soul comfort to a poor child of God. He sees many cut down on the right hand, and on the left; and some left to put an end to their lives, while he is kept and preserved. Yes; "the Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in; from this time forth, and for evermore." Amen.

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE EARLY PART OF THE LIFE AND CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE OF ELIZABETH HOLLOWAY, WHO HAS BEEN FOR UPWARDS OF TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS, CONFINED TO HER BED FROM AN INJURY OF THE SPINE, AND IS STILL LIVING AT DEVIZES, WILTS.

(Continued from page 113.)

But, alas! being as yet ignorant of a Saviour's righteousness, and going about, in a manner, to establish my own, I soon again sank very low, losing all my pleasing views and joyous feelings. Though my own righteousness was as filthy rags, and my own strength perfect weakness, I had yet to learn the meaning of that most blessed truth, "When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both." Hard lesson for our pharisaical hearts! I still continued sinning and repenting, and, like too many, I strove to hold religion in the one hand and the world in the other. The idol self also was not yet effectually dethroned.

How wonderful in counsel and excellent in working is God! We are told of Israel of old, "He led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye;" designing by this up and down, in and out course, to teach us our helplessness and vileness, and his faithfulness and mercy. Thus he brought the Israelites to the very borders of the promised land, and then led them to retrace their steps; so that after traversing the wilderness, with weary steps, for years, they appeared further off from the promised land than in the early part of their history. For purposes best known to himself, he permitted me to go on hoping and fearing; having enough religion to make me miserable, but not enough to make me happy; being neither fit for the world nor the church. As yet, there had not been an entire surrender of my heart to God; and being naturally of a volatile disposition, the great enemy took advantage of it to entrap me into "foolish talking and jesting, which are not convenient," thus bringing additional guilt upon my conscience; in doing which, and in worrying the sheep of Christ, he has a malicious joy, though to "devour" them is not in his power. I was thus often brought to question whether there could be a spark of grace in my heart, guilt hung so heavily on my spirit.

About this time I was overtaken by a severe illness, occasioned by rheumatic fever, by which I was, for five weeks, laid on a bed of great bodily suffering, and reduced to a state of infantine weakness, my life being despaired of. I was often delirious, but, when sensible, my fear of death was indescribable, being tempted to believe everything which the tempter had before suggested—that the day of grace was entirely past; that I had added to all my other sins that of sinning against light and knowledge; and that there remained nothing now but a "fearful looking for of fiery indignation." Mr. E. kindly visited me, and spoke of the compassion of Him who came to seek and to save the lost; but I obstinately rejected all; for every word he spoke seemed only to aggravate my woe, and, with the prophet Jonah, I felt as if "in the belly of hell, with the weeds wrapped round my head."

"Law and terrors do but harden,
 All the while they work alone;
 But a sense of blood-bought pardon
 Soon dissolves a heart of stone."

"Now, no affliction for the present is joyous but grievous." My earnest cry was, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" my inward distress being far greater than my bodily pain, though unable to move even a finger. I was allowed to go through the whole of this severe suffering without experiencing even a ray of spiritual light or comfort; and, like the disciples at sea, with their bark tossed on the tempestuous waves, while Jesus slept, apparently regardless of their trouble, so it seemed with me; but I am now convinced that "he led me by a right way," and am assured that, whether we are exercised with pleasing or painful dispensations, he pursues one plan of love and mercy, often delaying, but never denying, the blessing of salvation to his chosen people; for "he has not said to the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain."

How did I promise the Lord that, would he restore me, my course should be different, and, in the words of Dr. Watts, say,

"Among thy saints that fill thy house
 My offering shall be paid;
 There shall my zeal perform the vows
 My soul in anguish made."

And in infinite pity the Lord granted my request; and soon afterwards I heard a sermon, preached by Mr. E., from Heb. v. 8: "Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered," &c.; and the discourse could not have been more suitable had it been preached with reference to my case alone. Most clearly did the preacher enlarge on the unequalled sorrows and sufferings of the Son of God; setting forth his death as a vicarious sacrifice for sin; reminding us that God's design in afflicting his people was to lead them to see sin in its true character, and to hate it from feeling its effects. Thus he showed that we were "chastened for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness;" at the same time observing that though "many are the afflictions of the righteous," yet in due time "the Lord delivers them out of them all." Most earnestly did I pray that it might be thus with me; and while listening to these blessed truths of God, I felt much comforted; but, alas! no sooner had I got out of the chapel than despair again seized me. On reaching home and entering my room, I threw myself down on my bed in an agony of mind, thinking myself eternally banished from the presence of that God whose favor I nevertheless desired above even life itself. In this state I sprang upon my feet, seized a Bible, and thought within myself, "I will look at it just this once, to see if there is any word of comfort for me; and if not, then I will put an end to my miserable existence;" when I opened it at Rom. iii. 26, "To declare I say at this time his righteousness, that he might be just, and the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus." The words seemed as if put there that instant for me. No passage in all the Scriptures could have been more blessedly suited to my case. All questionings as to how God could be just in saving one

so vile as myself vanished. Unbelief dropped its hateful head; and by faith looking up I saw Jesus as my burden-bearer. The load of guilt which, like a mountain, lay upon my conscience, now rolled away, and the deep-seated pain caused by that mortal disease *sin*, now began to abate, as well as the dread of its tremendous consequences. A sight of Christ, in the glory and beauty of his mediatorial character, now afforded unutterable relief to my mind. Amid the din of worldly friends, the stratagems of the evil one, and, above all, the accusations of a guilty conscience,—having obtained this glimpse of the King in his beauty,—onward I ran through all the plain, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, crying, "Life, life, eternal life!" The same blessed Spirit who had convinced of sin now manifested Jesus to me as an all-sufficient Saviour; causing his word to be a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my hitherto dismal, dreary path. Passage after passage was applied to me with power, especially this, "For he hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." (2 Cor. v. 21.) The blessed God-glorifying doctrine of imputed righteousness was opened to my admiring view, so that I "rejoiced in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom I had now received the atonement." In the words of the prophet, I "sang for joy of heart," and experienced the truth of the words, "Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing;" for I repeated aloud,

"If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure;
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gave sin its damning power,
But Christ, my Ransom, died."

"Glorious Ransom!" I exclaimed, scarcely conscious of what I did or said, so overjoyed was I at having found redemption through a Saviour's blood; and with the prophet Micalah I exclaimed, "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." My sins did now, indeed, seem cast into the depths of the sea, to be remembered no more for ever. I was constrained to cry, "Abba, Father," and say,

"Though clothed in rags, by sin defiled,
The Father hath embraced his child;
And I am pardon'd, reconciled,
O Lamb of God, in thee!"

And the language of my heart was, "Into thy hands I commit my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth." Peace flowed into my mind like a river, and the happiness, yea, the rapture of my soul was almost overpowering; so that I was obliged to entreat the Lord to sustain my feeble frame, which, through disease of body and grief of mind, had become so much reduced as to lead my friends to conclude I was fast hastening to the grave. My now liberated spirit could say, "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof and be glad." How did I long to speak to others. The language of my heart was, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he has done for my soul." O the sweet assurance which I had of God's favor! and

the freeness of access enjoyed at a throne of grace was as if speaking to a friend face to face, who replied with the tenderest love and compassion. He whose majesty, glory, and beauty are indescribable, appointed unto me "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." I felt the blessedness of those words, "They who dwell in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty;" and I could now say of the Lord, "He is my Rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him."

Often, when looking back on my past history, do I wonder and admire to see how the divine Saviour, when I knew him not, and feared I never should call him mine, marvellously sustained my soul, maintaining his own work in my soul by his Spirit, "bringing the blind by a way that they knew not." Blessedly, O Lord, do I trace thy dear hand; and when my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then, even then, dear Lord, thou knewest my path and the way wherein I walked.

But O! this earnest of the inheritance made me long to take possession of the inheritance itself; and I felt sure I was now in possession of grace and strength sufficient to carry me to the end of my journey. But I had to prove that "it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom," and that it is by this the heart is made steadfast in God's covenant. We have need to watch against sudden impulses; growing thick in foliage, but not deepening in root; and now, lest the vivid, glowing feelings of joy and delight should carry me beyond bounds, some darker shades were given to the picture, only, however, through mercy, the more strikingly to set forth the bright. After walking for some considerable time in the light of God's benign countenance, enjoying such a sense of his tender mercy as at times scarcely to know how to bear up under the "exceeding and eternal weight of glory" manifested, I had to prove that, for purposes best known to himself, "the Lord trieth the righteous." Severe bodily sufferings were again at hand, and soon were my principles to be fully tested. "I will (says God) refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried. They shall call upon my name, and I will hear them; I will say, It is my people, and they shall say, The Lord is my God." One afternoon, when cutting thin bread and butter for tea, the knife slipped and passed quite through the "heel" of my thumb, causing such an incision that, though I immediately sewed it up, on my going to washing next day, it became poisoned; and, an abscess forming on the part, I for five weeks endured indescribable pain, never having a night's rest the whole of that time. This again reduced my little stock of strength very low, rendering it necessary to have medical advice, and compelling me for a time to seek shelter under my mother's roof, an elder sister meanwhile supplying my place. And now, having a joyful sense of my interest in the blessings of salvation, I felt desirous to exert every effort for the good of others, especially my relatives; but they, perceiving such a change in me, thought me going out of my mind; and, instead of sympathy, I met with violent opposition from my

poor, infatuated brother T., who managed the business for my mother, my father having been dead for some years. He was most intemperate in his habits; and though he had previously professed a fondness for me, finding me determined to discountenance his ways of sin and wickedness, now took an utter dislike to me. My feelings will not permit me to detail all I went through from this source. Suffice it to say that his hatred to the truth, and to me for the truth's sake, was most violent and glaring, leading him to burn my books, and even threaten my life. One instance of his violence, and only one, can I persuade myself to write, and that was as follows: He one day left his slaughter place, and came into the house in a great rage, with the avowed intention of throwing me out at the chamber-window if he found me at prayer there, (which it so happened that I actually was, and that poor fellow, for him.) As he entered the room, and I arose from my knees, the Lord gave me these words, "The Lord is on my side, I will not fear what man can do unto me." I felt so calm, happy, and confident, that I looked him boldly in the face, when he uttered an oath, and went away as he came, without injuring me—a merciful deliverance! Indeed at that time I felt so "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might," that I could, I think, if called to it, in dependence upon him, have gone to the stake. It seemed too much for one so worthless to see and feel so much of a Saviour's love and mercy. O the pitiful tenderness which I felt for my brother; doing everything I could, in return, to oblige him, and to convince him that the religion he witnessed in me made me no enemy to his person, however much I might hate his sin; for I verily thought, in the simplicity of my heart, that by telling him of the evil of his ways, and that "the wages of sin is death," I should do him much good, and he would become an altered man. But, alas! the "god of this world" had so blinded his mind that he could not see his danger; but having spent everything, and reduced my mother to poverty, so that the home had to be given up, he went to London, and there, after a drinking "bout," when walking along the street, was seized with his complaint (disease of the heart) and taken to an hospital, where, in a few hours, he died, leaving me to sorrow for him without hope. It is very humbling to have thus to expose the failings of one so near and dear, but God knows I do it only as a warning to others. When the melancholy news of his death reached me, what distress was I plunged into! But the passage, "I was dumb, and opened not my mouth, because thou didst it," wonderfully allayed my agitation. This circumstance led me to pray, with renewed earnestness, for the salvation of my remaining brothers; beseeching God to pluck them, if his will, as brands from the eternal burning.

But to return. My hand getting well, thankfully did I return to my situation, blessing that discriminating grace which alone made me to differ from any. O the green pastures, the still waters, and the bright prospects which now opened to my view,—the path of communion with a holy God in a way which no fowl knoweth, and the vulture's eye has not seen! The unconverted know nothing of

these heavenly delights! But these sweet enjoyments did not last long. The threatenings, instead of the promises, became again uppermost in my mind. Through the power of temptation, I felt a great backwardness to prayer, and began to think perhaps I had been more desirous of escaping the consequences of sin than right concern to be holy. But God, who is very pitiful and of tender mercy, enabled me to see that my convictions were genuine. I would gladly have hailed even death itself to obtain freedom from sin. Thus the blessed Spirit again communicated filial fear, renewing the spirit of grace and supplication in my soul to the praise of his holy name.

I now felt a strong desire to declare myself publicly on the Lord's side, and, like a loyal subject, to show my allegiance to my King, and participate in the privilege of God's regenerate ones; sincerely also desiring to testify of the grace of the gospel; which I did by letter to the Independent church of which Mr. L. was a deacon. The church cordially received me, and the estimation I had of the privilege was so great as to lead me almost to forget that I had but just entered on my pilgrim journey, and had as yet experienced but few of the many heavy trials which awaited me. Young Christians, in the warmth of their first love, are apt to expect too much from others, and so did I, though I have no cause to regret this step, believing that in taking it I acted according to the will of God. Satan, however, grievously tempted me about it, and it was with fear and trembling that I approached the table of the Lord for the first time; and though I was not permitted to feel much of the Lord's sensible presence there, my heart felt truly grateful to him, for thus giving me a place amongst his dear, blood-bought family, with whom I enjoyed sweet fellowship. The delight arising from Christian communion is still refreshing to me to look back upon. In those days the Son of God, his word and ways, day and people, were my all-engrossing subjects, nor could I dwell upon any other theme.

About this time, an engagement which I had formed with a young man, who had made proposals of marriage to me, was broken off, because (though I trust he was a subject of grace) his conversation and pursuits seemed to savour so much of natural, though lawful things, which I called "the beggarly elements of this world." I do not set up this course of acting for others; for the grace of God in the heart is not calculated to embitter, but to endear the relationships of life. But it seemed to me that by so doing I should be able to follow the Lord more fully; and I acted accordingly, willing to be accounted a fool for his dear sake who gave his life for me.

(To be continued.)

NAY, I have myself known some that have been made to go and hear the word preached against their wills; others have gone not to hear, but to see and be seen, nay, to jeer and flout others, as also to catch and carp at things; some also to feed their adulterous eyes with the sight of beautiful objects; and yet God hath made use of even these things, and even of the wicked and sinful proposals of sinners, to bring them under the grace that might save their souls.—*Bunyan.*

Obituary.

MR. JOSEPH BRIMBLE, LATE OF BATH.

(Continued from page 121).

Some time after, speaking of pride, he remarked, "Even in the house of God, how hard it is to do anything without pride. It is felt in the giving out of a hymn, reading a chapter, and engaging in prayer. As Hart says,

'Tis pride, accursed pride,
That spirit by God abhor'd;
Do what I will, it haunts me still,
And keeps me from the Lord.'

Was there ever such a hymn as that written upon the subject? There is but one place that will cure it:

'The garden is the place
Where pride cannot intrude;
For should it dare to enter there
'Twould soon be drown'd in blood.'

And so it would." He had been reading some of Mr. Newton's letters in the day, and speaking of him he said, "If I were where Newton is I should bid adieu to cares, though I am in the dark about it now." I said, "I thought you were not very dark just now." "O," he replied, "I had light to look back through my past experience; but that is one thing, and to have the comforts of the Holy Ghost bearing testimony to present experience is another. But I cannot vaunt; I dislike vaunting; 'Charity vaunteth not itself.' He then spoke of Cennick's hymn, which begins,

'What object's this which meets my eye?'

I read it to him. "O," he said, "that never-to-be-forgotten sight I once had of him with the eyes of my faith." And again, "O that I could continue in the state expressed in that hymn."

On Sunday, the 17th, he was sweetly melted under the hymn, (given out at chapel) beginning,

"Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near."

And the words

"As thy day thy strength shall be,"

were very encouraging and strengthening to him. In the evening a friend called to see him, and, during the course of conversation, was speaking of his darkness and sinfulness. Upon which he remarked, "Yes, it is still being in a sinful body that gives strength to doubts and fears. One is continually sinning against him. But, O what sweet gospel has been preached to me from that text, when tried with sin and Satan working upon it, 'And what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?' The 'do justly' used to frighten me, till the Lord made it plain, and I then saw that 'to do justly,' in that sense, was to acknowledge myself a sinner and to beg of the Lord that mercy I so much needed, thus giving myself my just due and the

Lord 'the glory due unto his name,' for his great love toward such a sinner. Thus the publican did justly when he smote upon his breast and said, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' And, again, what gospel have I drawn from those words, 'Say, we are unprofitable servants.' As though the Lord should say, I know you are but unprofitable servants before you confess it; you are not telling me anything but what I knew you would be; and now you know yourself, by experience, to be an unprofitable servant, come and confess it. O how sweet the consideration of this has been to me, seeing I could never do anything profitable, for I never could get to the end of the text. 'You have done what was your duty to do,' since it ever appears to me that I am one of the most useless of all the Lord's children. Therefore, 'Say, we are unprofitable servants,' suits me well."

On the morning of the 20th, after having been some time alone, upon my coming to sit with him, he exclaimed, "O what a mercy it is to have the mind exercised with the glorious gospel of the grace of God. It runs through my mind so sweetly at times that I want neither candle nor company." Then, alluding to the Arminian doctrine, he added, "What should I do now were it not for the knowledge I possess, that whatever my experience may be at the present time, it does not alter it. Being grounded and settled in the truth, that, 'having loved his own, which were in the world, he loved them unto the end.'"

From that time until the evening of November 7th, there was but little dropped from his lips by which I could discern the real state of his mind, though he was generally wonderfully cheerful. That evening some friends called, to whom he spoke of the steady support he had hitherto experienced during his illness; but added, "I feel something within (whether from the enemy or myself I scarcely know) that says, 'You had better say nothing about it, for though you have put out to sea, and have gone calmly some distance, storms may spring up yet and you be almost wrecked; therefore you had better be silent.'" Then, speaking of the devil's snares, he said, "I had a sore attack from him one night, not long since, in a dream; but upon awaking, the sweetness that flowed into my mind I cannot describe. I lay praying and blessing the Lord for some time for the unalterable covenant in a Trinity of Persons, Father, Son, and Spirit, all engaged in the transactions thereof. I could appeal to the devil and tell him he could not produce the feelings I then experienced, nor, with all his hellish darts, could keep the love of God from flowing into my heart or from my lips." In the course of the conversation, he continued, "In my musings one day, and thinking who began the work, I felt assured it was no other but the Lord, for not one in the village I then lived in, nor in any of the surrounding villages, as far as I could ever learn had the least spiritual concern, and I am sure, not knowing what was the matter with me, nor that divine life had entered my dark heart, I would have given worlds to have been in the state I was previously, and strove hard to get rid of my feelings, thinking I was in a better state before; but think-

ing, as I said, of all these things, that hymn of Toplady's came very sweetly,

' The work that his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is yea and amen,
And never was forfeited yet.
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Nor sever my soul from his love.'

O what a mercy it is to be thus fixed in the unalterable love of God. What a stay it is to the mind in affliction."

Another subject was introduced, which brought to his mind a dream he had had many years before, and which he said he had been led to think much of lately, as being, he thought, now about to be fulfilled in him. He thus related it: "At a particular time in my life, when sorely distressed and plagued from morning to night with a body of sin which I strove hard to resist, feeling in my vehemence against it that if I could but get it out of my body, and put it under a blacksmith's anvil, how I would hammer it to pieces, I dreamt that I was in a house in a very loathsome condition, and was hard at work scraping and brushing the walls, to try to cleanse it. But the more I worked the filthier it became; till, at length, wearied and almost breathless, I gave up my work in despair, and, turning to a friend who appeared to be present, I said, 'O, I see it is of no use scraping the walls, and trying to cleanse this house; it must come down;' and, leaving the house with my friend and a gospel minister (Mr. S.), I saw a ladder, the rounds of which were all broken; upon seeing which I said, "That is of no use; the rounds are broken. There is no getting up by that.' Mr. S. (I thought) then left us, and went across an open field, and we saw him no more. Then we came to a beautiful park, and continued walking in a narrow path (fearing we were trespassing, but comforting ourselves with knowing that we were honest men, and intended no harm), till we came to a beautiful fig-tree, laden with figs and covered with spreading leaves. And I thought we plucked the fruit, which we ate with great avidity. When beyond the tree, was the city full in view. In the morning the dream was thus interpreted to me: The house represented this poor leprous body of mine, which I was so trying to cleanse; and I saw there was no getting the leprosy of sin out of it, nor destroying it, but by the tabernacle being taken down; which I think is now about to be done. The ladder with the rounds broken represented the law, and I knew there was no getting to heaven by that, if it was broken. The park was the Lord's enclosure, and the narrow path I felt to be in. By plucking the fruit and eating thereof, I thought we should have a fig or two by the way, and feel the healing of the leaves that were for the healing of the nations. And then there was the city—the heavenly Jerusalem, at the end. Mr. S. dying soon afterwards, made that part clear."

He also spoke that evening of the settled rest he found in the prospect of his approaching end, and mentioned one particular night

when the passage of Scripture, "I will lay me down and sleep, for thou only makest me to dwell in safety," was so sweet and comforting, that (as he also felt under his first deliverance) could it have been possible for a ton weight to have been suspended over his head by a thread, he could have lain down and slept without fear, under the sweet confidence of the Lord's protection and power.

On Sunday, 26th, he had a melting season in hearing the gospel from Mr. —; and, after service, being asked by a friend how he was, he replied, "O, it is all well; the Lord is faithful. I have had a sweet view of his faithfulness, care, and compassion this morning, so that I almost forget the body altogether." But after he had spoken he was followed by his almost constant temptation, "You had better be silent; you have not come to the worst yet; you do not know how it will fare with you yet." But in the evening he could not help referring to the kindness and goodness of the Lord to him in so blessing him from time to time, notwithstanding all his rebellion, sinfulness, and ingratitude.

27th. Upon retiring to rest, he had a particular desire that all evil might be kept from him through the night, and that the Lord would condescend to refresh his spirit whilst sleeping, which was blessedly granted him. He told me he fell asleep, and thought himself present with some minister, to whose declarations he added a hearty Amen; when such a love and going out of ardent affection after Christ sprang up in him that he was in ecstasy, and exclaimed, "O, I'll seek him, I'll seek him in everything; I'll seek him in the Old, I'll seek him in the New Testament. 'And may the music of his name refresh my soul in death.'" Then he said he thought he looked on the book he had before him, and saw a tree of a weeping form, which in a moment represented Christ to him; and, in rapture at the sight, he burst forth with the lines,

"Under his shadow may I be,
Life-giving and life-healing tree."

He awoke with such a rich savor resting on his spirit as he could not describe; and during his wakeful hours he experienced much comfort, and lay with a heart full of gratitude, praising and blessing his dear Redeemer. The following day also he was much favored in sweet contemplation upon the dream and what it prefigured to him, and seemed at times almost lost in wonder, love, and praise. He had been many times in the course of his life much favored with dreams, which he knew to be evidently from the Lord by their effects and fulfilment. Nor could he bear to hear gracious men speak against dreams, as he sometimes heard, knowing that the Lord did now and then condescend to commune with his people in dreams and in visions of the night. But though he had been often thus favored, still oftener had he been painfully distressed by dreams from a different source, and of a tendency the reverse.

Sunday, Dec. 10th, feeling weak and ill, he took a little wine, and after drinking it, said, "O, how good the Lord is! I wish I could be ten times more thankful to him than I am. What mercies does he bestow upon me—a vile, sinful worm—above my poor fellow-

sinners! How great have been his preserving mercies over me! In my days of unregeneracy, what miraculous preservations have I been the subject of! Three times was I thrown from a horse, and laid by a month at a time, so hurt that it was a wonder death had not been the result. But I was preserved till called, and since called have been preserved to the present moment. To the honor and praise of his dear name I speak it, in which I have trusted many years, and do still trust." He was very ill the whole of the week, from having taken a fresh cold; but his sweet confidence in divine realities remained unshaken. When speaking of them, his eyes would sparkle with joy, and such expressions as these would burst from his lips: "O, his mouth is so sweet." "There never was such a mouth as his." "Whenever he speaks he is sure to awaken the soul, and make it feel; and all its dormant passions fly towards its beloved Centre immediately. There is no doubt then with the soul about the object of its love. It is sure it does, in reality, love the Lord. Then, as Cowper says,

'There if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love
She communes with her God.

'Then, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.'

For some time darkness of mind seemed again to be his portion, but with now and then a gleam between.

On the evening of January 12th, 1855, he expressed a strong desire that the Lord would again visit him; "for," said he, "I have now sat long in darkness and the shadow of death; but I can do nothing in it otherwise than wait for the Lord. I desire to be kept waiting." The following night, the 13th, he was blest on his bed with a sweet feeling of the indescribable nature and worth of the love of God. He felt that the divine blessedness of that love was too great to be rightly valued or estimated, and that it was truly worth waiting for, even if a lifetime; also that the soul which had once felt it would be sure of heaven at the end, notwithstanding whatever darkness might cloud his path here. Still he was sure that even in this world "the needy" should "not always be forgotten;" for he had felt very needy, but had now had another "token for good."

A long season of darkness and trial now once more commenced—darkness which might truly be felt. The devil was permitted sorely to distress and bring to his poor mind sin after sin which had long been forgotten, and made it appear to him that they had never been pardoned. Even the sins of a dream which he had had more than forty years previous, and which he believed him to have been the author of, were set before him in a magnified light, and made him groan in spirit. Temptation followed temptation, with scarce a glimmering ray of saving light to cheer the gloomy path, till he began to think it was all over with him. And he felt that it was

but upon an even balance with him whether he should be lost or saved after all. He tried to harden himself in sorrow, and in feeling to put himself in the place of the lost, should that at last prove his unhappy lot. He said the misery he felt at the thought of an eternal separation from his best Beloved he could not describe; and the sound of "for ever" was unendurable to him. This snare was in a measure broken from reading a sermon in the "Gospel Ministry" No. 10, by Mr. Philpot, entitled, "The Accuser of the Brethren Overcome and Cast Down." This sermon, he said, he could not put a price upon, it was made such a blessing to him. But in February, whilst reading a quotation from Elisha Coles in the "Standard" for that month, 1855, his soul was again for a time fully liberated from all its entanglements. When speaking of it to me, he said, "I laid down the 'Standard,' and, clasping my hands together, with overflowing eyes and heart, exclaimed, 'Now from this time—from this time, bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies. Bless the Lord, O my soul, who hath raised up a mighty salvation for us, that we, being delivered out of the hands of our enemies, might serve him without fear in holiness and righteousness all the days of our life.' I then began to bless the dear Redeemer, and said, 'I love the Father, I love the Son, and I love the Holy Ghost, the three Persons in the ever-glorious and blessed Trinity. Bless the Lord, O, my soul.'"

With evidences now cleared and brightened, my beloved parent again looked forward to his dissolution with joy and comfort, longing for the hastening of the day when his immortal part should be summoned to its eternal home of blessedness. And not long after, when walking in the garden, and feeling much weaker than usual, he told me he felt so pleased with the hope that his end was nearer than he had feared it was, that he smiled and laughed with delight in the anticipation of his future bliss, and at the thought of again proving the devil a liar, who had been trying to distress his mind by representing a long and lingering illness before him.

Still the subject of changes, and of experience painful or pleasing, he struggled onwards (though nothing, however, very remarkable), until the 12th of August, on which day he was much refreshed and strengthened whilst hearing Mr. —, both morning and evening, from Coloss. i. 21, 22, upon the subject of reconciliation. The sermons were very remarkable, according to circumstances then about to transpire, though unknown to us at the time; treating much of the many hard things the Christian met with in his pilgrimage to which he had to be reconciled, after the one great and grand reconciliation in the text; also how he was reconciled to them, illustrating the same in the case of Job and other Scripture saints. Little did he think, whilst hearing with such pleasure, that he would have to be reconciled, with great and sore conflict, to the most trying of natural circumstances he had ever before experienced.

On the following day a telegraphic message was received from London, informing him of the death of his affectionate and only surviving son, by what is called "accidental drowning," under painful circumstances. Feeling the shock most severely myself, and almost broken-hearted, I dreaded to communicate the sad intelligence, not knowing what effect it might have upon him in his very weak state of health. But I was compelled to do so; and upon hearing it he looked most piteously, clasped his hands together in agony of feeling, exclaiming, "O, this will bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave! 'Would God I had died for thee, O, Absalom, my son.'"

(To be continued.)

I N Q U I R I E S.

Dear Sir,—There is a practice that is called "offering up children" observed in Surrey and Sussex by some ministers known as Particular Baptists. The mode is for the minister to take the child and give it a name before the congregation, and then offer up prayer on its behalf, but using no water; and then the parents (who are supposed to be godly) are said to have "offered up their child to the Lord." Being called to speak where it had been done by a minister that was, I considered, all the head and shoulders taller, both in experience and knowledge, than myself, I followed the example. But, as I could not see sufficient scriptural ground to tread upon, I have since feared to step on, lest it should be a trap of the enemy.

I therefore told the people that I must give it up until I could see further light in the matter. But they are not satisfied at its being given up, and especially as it is practised by men whose names appear on the cover of the "Gospel Standard." As I am but young in the way, and in a measure illiterate, your advice on the subject, through the medium of the "Gospel Standard," is earnestly solicited by

ONE THAT WOULD, WITH OTHERS, BE INSTRUCTED
IN THE RIGHT WAY.

ANSWER.

The practice mentioned by our correspondent is one of which we have never previously heard as existing in any congregation, where the minister and church professed Particular Baptist principles; but, it seems to us, as far as we are able to judge, to have no warrant from the scriptures of truth. Most certainly there is not a trace of the practice in the pages of the New Testament, much less is there any precept or promise; and, if we are not much mistaken, it is one step in advance towards the error of infant sprinkling.

But let us briefly examine the practice in the light of the word of truth. What is a congregation, viewed in a spiritual light, but an assembly of worshipping saints? It is true that our congregations contain many persons who, so far from being saints, make no profession of personal, spiritual religion; and so it was doubtless in apostolic times, for we cannot believe for a single moment that the congregations to whom Paul preached were entirely composed of spiritual worshippers, any more than that the wives and children who kneeled down with him on the shore of Tyre (Acts xxi. 5) were all true believers. But to arrive at

a truth we must examine the principle that lies at the bottom of it, severed from all contingent and attendant circumstances, and thus disentangle it from all confusion and embarrassment. Now, viewed in this light, a congregation is an assembly of spiritual worshippers, all whose worship is or should be spiritual, for what is not spiritual is but a solemn mockery of the Majesty of heaven. All prayers, therefore, and offerings made in that assembly are or should be spiritual; and in order to be spiritual they must be made in faith, for "without faith it is impossible to please God," and "whatsoever is not of faith," in the service of God "is sin." Now there can be no spiritual faith where there is neither promise nor precept in the word of truth; for faith is to be "mixed with the word," and a faith that is not founded upon the word cannot be mixed with the word, and, therefore, is but presumption or superstition. This may seem hard doctrine, but it lies at the very foundation of the spiritual worship of God in the assembly of the saints. Whenever, therefore, men introduce into the service and worship of God ordinances which he has not appointed, and practices which he has not enjoined, they cannot be done in faith, and therefore can only be done in presumption. This is the very groundwork of our separation from the National Establishment, and without it dissent would be schism. The Church of England enjoins certain practices in her assemblies for which there is no warrant in the word of God, and some of which are plainly contrary to it; we, therefore, cannot perform those practices without committing sin; for being introduced into the service of God without his command, and contrary to his divine rule of faith and practice, they are as much opposed to his revealed will as the strange fire offered by Nadab and Abihu.

The question then, when disentangled from all its contingent circumstances, and probed down to its very root, comes to this: Has God in any part of the New Testament bidden believers offer up their children to him in the solemn worship of his house? Observe this; it is not merely a supplication in public to his divine Majesty to remember, if it be his sacred will, those who are near and dear to us in the flesh; nor is it a seeking of his blessing upon our offspring in private upon our bended knees, which we believe every Christian should do; but it is the taking of unbelieving infants into the presence of God, amongst his worshipping saints, and offering them in their carnal, unregenerate state to him who is a Spirit and requires spiritual worshippers. This is a perfectly different thing from making mention of them in our prayers, as Paul did for unbelieving Israel (Rom. x. 1.), and as he bids us do for "kings and all that are in authority." (1 Tim. ii. 2.) It is the offering and dedicating to God, thus consecrating to his service and worship those who are carnal and unregenerate, that is so objectionable, as being a deliberate mingling together of a spiritual and carnal worship, thus introducing confusion into the service of God, and turning what should be acts of faith into acts of presumption or superstition. The weakness of the flesh is one thing; the doing a thing of and in the flesh is another.

We may perhaps seem to be writing strongly on the subject, and condemning what may be considered a harmless, if not perfectly scriptural practice; but we cannot be too jealous of introducing into the service of God anything carnal and self-pleasing. It may gratify the natural feelings of parents to see their offspring dedicated to God, prayer publicly made for them, and they, as it were, consecrated in infancy to his service. But what change is produced thereby? Does it put the child's name into the book of life? Does it convey the seeds of regenerating grace to the infant soul, or secure to it any privilege above those children not so offered up? What is it then, at best, but a form, a ceremony, a rite of man's

invention, without any warrant from scripture, liable to further abuse and opening a door to the introduction of further error—practically confounding the church and the world, and breaking down the strict barrier of the spiritual ordinance of baptism, by introducing a kind of semi-ordinance for the children of believers, as if they by virtue of their parents had a claim upon the mercy of God not possessed by others in the congregation.

Dear Sir,—I should feel obliged if you would give your mind, according to the word of God, as that is the only safe rule for believers, if it would be scriptural for a few to break bread by uniting together as believers by mutual agreement, without inviting ministers in a public way to do so.

I am, Sir,

Yours sincerely,

A LOVER OF TRUTH.

ANSWER.

The above question is somewhat obscure; but as we think we can guess the meaning of the writer we shall shape our answer accordingly. In order to arrive at a right and scriptural conclusion on this as indeed on all similar subjects, we must first have a clear view of fundamental Scriptural principles. Now we believe that according to the principles and practice of the New Testament, the ordinance of the Lord's Supper is restricted to a church. It is not a friendly meeting, a social meal among believers, but an ordinance of God's house, and therefore restricted to the house; and as such is not only a commemoration of the Lord's death till he come, but a pledge and token of the mutual union that exists between the members of a church of Christ, and a gracious means of reviving and strengthening their communion with him and with each other. It is eminently and solely a church ordinance; and therefore so strictly requires that there should be a church in order to partake of it, that where there is no church there can be no ordinance. The church may be very small, as we read of the church in one house, (Col. iv. 15, Phil. 2.) but it is a church still, whether large or small; but two or three or twenty people meeting together, whether baptized or unbaptized, to break bread, no more make a church than a heap of stones or a pile of bricks makes a house. The ordinances are the ordinances of God's house, which house is a gospel church, and as such quite distinct from few or many uniting together to break bread on the mere principle of recognising each other as believers. This is one of the features which distinguishes the two ordinances, baptism and the Lord's supper, from the means of grace, such as preaching, praying, reading, singing. These latter may be practised wherever believing individuals may meet together; but the Lord's supper being a special ordinance of God's house must not be administered out of God's house, that is the church of Christ. The place, the time, the persons who administer, provided they are members of the church, are matters of indifference; but it is not a matter of indifference for two or three or twenty people to meet together and say, "We will break bread among ourselves, and this is quite as acceptable to the Lord as if we did it all being members of a church, and assembling ourselves stately for that purpose." God is not the God of confusion but of order. His order is that there should be a church, that his ordinances should be observed in and by the church; and therefore every infraction of God's appointed order is disobedience, to say the least of it, to his revealed will.

It is difficult to bring forward express passages to prove this; we are to be guided by the general analogy of faith; but it is evident that immediately after the day of Pentecost a church was formed, for we read, Acts ii. 47, that "the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved;" and it is equally plain that in the church there was the Lord's supper, for we read, "And they continued steadfastly in the apostle's doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers." (Acts ii. 42.) Now suppose that two, or three, or twenty persons, calling themselves believers in Christ, in that day had rejected the apostles' doctrine, and fellowship, and church order, and meeting among themselves, celebrated what they called the Lord's supper, would not that have been schism and disobedience? And how really and truly does it differ *now*? If there be still the Apostle's doctrine and fellowship, and breaking of bread and prayers, and all these be attended to in the house of God, that is, the church, what is it but schism and disobedience for a few people to meet together who were never formed into a church, and have what they call the Lord's supper, but which really and truly is but an eating bread and drinking wine, without any sanction of God's word for it? It is not the presence or absence of a minister that has any thing to do with it. A church is at perfect liberty to have the Lord's supper without a minister, but a minister has no warrant to have the Lord's supper without a church.

GOD himself, (Hos. xi. 9,) when he had aggravated his people's sins to the height, then, to show what a God can do, breaks out into a sweet promise: "I will not execute the fierceness of mine anger!" And why not? "I am God and not man. I will show the Almightyness of my mercy."—*Gurnall.*

WHEN people join themselves to a church of Christ, they are apt to form very high, and very unjust expectations; as if the church militant were composed of perfect and sinless beings, rather than imperfect beings, who in many things offend, and who, in all they do, come short of the glory of God. Hence it happens, their disappointment is frequently great; and some people, on the discovery of imperfect conduct in churches, are ready to wish they never had given themselves up as members, not considering the true end of church-fellowship. It is an institution designed only for imperfect men, and which could, in reality, be of no use to them had they already attained or were they already perfect. *He that is perfect can walk alone; he that can walk alone has no need of a companion;* and therefore there is a necessity, from the nature of its constitution, that the believing Church should be imperfect in its members; consequently they err exceedingly who expect perfection from the church below. It appears to me that those who expect to escape trouble by being admitted into the church communion have not a right view of the subject. Our leading view ought to be, to receive and impart more liberally, and this will lead to a taking up of the cross even in church communion; and I am greatly mistaken, or it is there where the cross is principally to be expected in these days of external peace and legal protection. Nor ought we to think it at all strange that many things should turn up disagreeable to the spirit of Christianity. For, were it not so, to what purpose should we be admonished to bear with and to forbear one another? If the conduct of a church, in all its members, were indeed uniformly consistent with the spirit and commands of the adorable Jesus, there would be nothing to bear, no exercise for a forbearing disposition, no exercise for God-like forgiveness.—*Macyowan.*

REVIEW.

A Selection from the Correspondence of the late Rev. Joseph Chamberlain, Minister of Salem Chapel, Leicester; and Sketches of some of his Sermons; with Brief Recollections of his Life and Last Illness. By his Widow. In Two Volumes, with a Portrait. Leicester: Published by Subscription. Price 11s. 6d. To be obtained of Mr. Henry Morgan, The Crescent, Leicester. 1858.

NOT many now remain in this vale of tears who were favored with the personal friendship and familiar correspondence of Mr. Huntington. One after another they have been gathered into that happy and eternal home where they are now enjoying, in one unclouded day, the open vision of that glory of their risen Lord of which, during their sojourn here below, they had but transient glimpses and short though ravishing foretastes. Mr. Locke, Mr. Beeman, Mr. Turner, and now Mr. Chamberlain, have all followed their beloved friend and spiritual father into those mansions of eternal bliss where the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne feeds them and leads them unto living fountains of waters; and God wipes away all tears from their eyes. (Rev. vii. 17.) Mr. Vinall still survives, waiting his dismissal, knowing that, at his advanced period of life, he must shortly put off this his tabernacle, and, as a servant of the Lord who has long borne the burden and heat of the day, will enter into rest and his works will follow him. Both Mr. Huntington and his friends were, for the most part, spared to a good old age, proving the truth of that gracious promise, "Even to hoar hairs will I carry you;" and having served their generation by the will of God, are fallen on sleep and laid unto their fathers. But though dead they still speak, either by their writings or by those living witnesses to whom their ministry was blessed, and who, as long as life is spared, will remember, with gratitude to God and affection to his servants, what they received with power and savor from their lips. Though not ourselves Huntingtonians, in the usual sense of the word, yet, as lovers of good men, as admirers of the grace of God wherever seen, and as pressing forward to the experience and enjoyment of the same power of godliness, we venerate with the greatest esteem and affection the memory of Mr. Huntington and his immediate friends and followers. It is impossible, we believe, for any person who knows anything of the power of vital godliness in his own soul to read half a dozen pages of Mr. Huntington's writings without feeling that there is a peculiar stamp upon them which none of his friends and followers, as they themselves would willingly and readily admit, have ever been able to reach. It is not merely the great and striking grasp of thought, the singular boldness and originality of expression, the wonderful aptness of scripture quotation, the firmness and decision of mind, the vigor and clearness of style, the lively wit and playful humor, the sparkling figures and pregnant comparisons, all which must ever characterize them as literary performances of a very high order to those who understand what mental ability and powerful writing are; but it is not, we repeat, these mere literary excellences (though even these have an unperceived weight and influence on the minds of many who from want of education or mental cultivation can hardly appreciate them) that stamp Mr. Huntington's writings with such undying worth and value. It is the force of truth, the weight of deep and undeniable experience, the close and strict accordance with the testimony of God himself in the inspired word, and the life and power in them which so search the conscience and reach the inmost heart that make them acceptable to the family of God, and will always render them a priceless treasure to the Church of Christ.

But if we who never saw nor heard him so feel his words as goads, and as nails fastened by the great Master of assemblies, how must those have felt who sat under his ministry, heard his prayers, listened to his private conversation, and personally witnessed the grace that was in him. We have in Mr. Warburton's "Mercies of a Covenant God" an account of an interview which he had with Mr. Huntington, in which he relates what power and unction he felt under his parting blessing, and that it long abode with him to revive and encourage his soul in the work of the ministry. In the work before us we have a similar testimony to the benefit and blessing received by Mr. Chamberlain from the conversation of the same eminent saint and servant of God.

"He had ever considered and esteemed it a great mercy and blessing of the Lord towards himself, that so early in life he met with Mr. Huntington's works, heard him preach, and became acquainted with him. He ever blessed God for Mr. Huntington,—that he should, in great mercy and goodness, have sent forth such a 'burning and shining light' in this 'cloudy and dark day,' when 'the shadows of evening are stretched out.' He knew well what he had witnessed in that eminent servant of God, to the last month of his life, having spent some weeks with him a very short time before his death, when he received from him those cautions, admonitions, and instructions which he never lost sight of. Mr. Huntington gave him the kindest advice and every encouragement; showing him, from his own experience, what he might expect to meet with; and that the more it might please God to bless his labors, the more he might expect to be troubled from one quarter or another, the adversary being ever ready to oppose all good. He frequently mentioned the benefit he had derived from Mr. Huntington's conversations in these last interviews with him, and that his words had been a comfort and support, a stay and encouragement to him in the many trials that were appointed him."

If such a power and blessing rested on his private conversation, how great must have been the privilege of those who stately sat under his ministry, and were taught and influenced by the same blessed Spirit that so evidently dwelt in and spake by him. The ministry of the word is such an express ordinance of God that he himself accompanies it with a peculiar blessing. No writings, therefore, of a servant of God, nor even his published sermons, however faithfully or accurately reported, can come up to what he is in the pulpit when his Master is with him. The sweetness and savor that fall with his words, the entrance they find into the conscience, the demonstration of the Spirit and of power that attend them to the heart, the blessing that they communicate as speaking peace, pardon, and salvation with the very voice of God himself, the softening influence that they spread to melt and dissolve the soul into humility, contrition, and love,—these, and similar effects, cannot be reproduced by our holding in our hands the exact words which, as they fell from the lips of God's servant, were attended with these blessings. At this distance of time, therefore, though we have Mr. Huntington's works, we have not Mr. Huntington. We have the sermons, but we have not the minister; we have the words, but we have not, at least not in the same measure, the power which accompanied them. It was *himself*, whom they saw and heard—the reality, the substance; we have but the shadow. When he stood up before them, he so spake what he personally and experimentally knew, what he had tasted, felt, and handled of the word of life, what he had received by divine revelation from the Lord of life and glory, that his words fell with a weight and power upon their consciences which we who read his writings can hardly now realise; for his speech and his preaching were not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power; and thus the faith of his believing hearers stood not in the wisdom of man but in the power of God. From this power resting on his ministry

Mr. Huntington gradually gathered round him not only a large body of hearers who warmly loved and deeply revered him for his work's sake, but a circle of attached friends who vied with one another in showing him unfeigned respect and affection. The letter ministers whom he exposed sometimes with such keen, caustic humor, and sometimes with such sharpness and severity, and the empty professors whom he sent away stripped naked and bare of all their professed religion, naturally enough, in their spite and vexation, reviled and slandered him. He took away their gods, and what had they more? This was an unpardonable offence, and his unsparing mode of doing it made it worse. But their very outcry against him only made his real friends cleave more closely to him, as seeing in the very scorn and contempt manifested by them only the stronger proof that he was walking in the footsteps of his despised Lord, and that it was enough for the disciple to be as his Master.

Among these personal friends of Mr. Huntington, few were more attached to him or regarded him with greater respect and more deserved veneration than the late Mr. Chamberlain, of Leicester. He had, indeed, much reason to do so, as Mr. Huntington's preaching and writings were made such a signal blessing to his soul. In the "Epistles of Faith" there is a letter (reprinted in the work before us) written by himself to Mr. Huntington, in which he gives a most clear and blessed account of his soul travail, powerful temptations, and distress and bondage under which he labored for many years, and under which he first met with his books and heard his ministry. Our limits will not allow us to give as copious extracts from this truly experimental and most interesting letter as we could wish, but we cannot pass over the signal deliverance which he obtained under a sermon preached by Mr. Huntington:

"When I came to Grantham to hear you, in the year 1807, I was bowed down with trouble, till my spirit sank within me, and, as Paul says, I seemed 'pressed out of measure, above strength;' and my countenance proclaimed to all who saw me the disconsolate and distressed state of my mind. What I suffered I can never express; I felt as if the time was just at hand when all would be over with me, and that something would take place to make manifest to all the awful state I was in. I thought that no one seemed to care for me, which added abundantly to my grief; 'I looked on my right hand and beheld, but there was no one that would know me; refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul.' (Ps. cxlii. 4.) In this state I went to the chapel on Sunday morning, and you preached from Hab. iii. 2: 'O Lord, I have heard thy speech, and was afraid; O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years; in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy.' While you were speaking, I found a very great change in my feelings, and was very comfortable; the Lord's presence was with me, and I had some little brokenness of heart before him; but this was only the beginning of that which was afterwards to follow, for there were yet greater things in store for me. 'Ask, and ye shall receive,' saith the Saviour, 'that your joy may be full.' Before I left Grantham, on relating to you a few of the trials I had gone through, I remember that what you said to me was very encouraging, and your last words were, 'When submission to the will of God takes place, I have no doubt he will appear for you.' When I left you to return home, my heart was ready to break with a mixture of grief and joy. I had no expectations of hearing you again the following week; but God's thoughts are not ours, neither are his ways our ways; wherever he intends to do his people good, something must occur to bring them there, as nothing can hinder his purpose. 'God will work, and who shall let it?' A way was opened for me to go to Newark, which I gladly embraced; and on the following Sunday morning I found my mind more serene, calm, and quiet than it had been for some time; and in prayer I found nearness of access to the Lord, and a little enlargement; I was led out in great earnestness that the Lord would be with me, to bless and comfort me; and I felt a confidence spring up in my mind, and a persuasion in my heart, that God had heard and would answer the petition that I had put

up to him to bless your ministry to me that day. 'Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen.' (Heb. xi. 1.) And blessed, for ever blessed be the Lord, he condescended to fulfil all my petitions, and attended his word with power to my heart, while you were speaking from Isa. xxxv. 3, 4: 'Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not; behold your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompence; he will come and save you.' I may say with the Psalmist, 'Now know I that the Lord saveth his anointed; he will hear him from his holy heaven with the saving strength of his right hand.' (Ps. xx. 6.) He strengthened me out of Zion; but what I felt I shall never be fully able to express; 'the God of hope filled me with all joy and peace in believing, that I might abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost.' (Rom. xv. 13.) While your doctrine dropped as the rain, and your speech distilled as the dew upon my soul, my beloved was come, and his reward was with him, and his work before him; the Holy Spirit testified of him, and took of the things which were Christ's and showed them plainly unto me. And I felt in my soul such quietness, composure, tranquillity, and submission to the will of God, and such brokenness of heart and contrition of spirit, together with such unction, power, rest, and peace, as I am not able to speak of; but I found that 'godly sorrow that worketh repentance to salvation, not to be repented of.' (2 Cor. vii. 10.) All my bondage, darkness, and fear were gone, and I rejoiced in God as the portion of my soul, who had reconciled me to himself by Jesus Christ; 'For your shame ye shall have double, and for confusion they shall rejoice in their portion.' All that I had suffered before was not worthy to be compared with that glory which was now revealed; 'Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.' (Isa. lx. 1.) The Lord was the health of my countenance; he anointed my head with oil, and my cup ran over; my soul delighted itself in the Lord; and as I said then, so say I now again, I would not take all the world for what I then enjoyed, and what I have many times experienced since; it is that which makes all things in this life sink into nothing."

There is one thing well worthy of notice in the experience of Mr. Chamberlain, as described in the letter which he wrote to his spiritual father and friend, from which we have given the above extract, and that is, the long and varied travail of soul which he was called upon to pass through, both before and after his deliverance. The work in him was not only deep, but it was thorough. The Lord never ceased to deal with his conscience till he had searched it through and through, and his own gracious work he tried to the uttermost, so that he received nothing from the Lord which was not proved over and over again. This made him honest before God and man, and settled the work of the Spirit in his heart on a firm and solid basis, as really and truly wrought in his soul by a divine power. Mr. Chamberlain probably did not see it at the time, but the Lord was thus laying the foundation of his ministry in after years. He was thus enabled to enter experimentally into the varied trials and exercises of the Lord's living family, to sympathise with the grieved in spirit, the captive exile, the prisoner in the dungeon, the beggar on the dunghill, the self-condemned and self-aborred, the tried and tempted, the cast down and the cast out. Having deeply tasted in his own experience of the wormwood and the gall, having had his teeth broken with gravel stones, and having been smitten into the place of dragons, he was able to speak a word in season to the weary; and having been in his own soul sweetly blessed, delivered, and comforted, he was equally able to comfort those who were in any trouble with the comfort wherewith he was comforted of God. Thus what he spoke was out of a feeling, believing, experienced heart, and as such dropped with weight and power, savour and unction, into the heart of the exercised family of God. By the present generation Mr. Chamberlain's ministry was scarcely known, as he was either in his youth or his prime. We

mention this as necessarily restraining us from offering any opinion of our own upon it. To judge of the ministry of a man of God, it is neither sufficient nor fair to take one part or period of his preaching. It must be viewed as a whole. What he was in youth, when full of life, warmth, and zeal; what he was after a longer, deeper experience, when greater maturity of life and a riper judgment had softened what might have been harsh, without impairing its strength and faithfulness; what he was in declining years, when much family affliction was added to bodily infirmity, and, as a shock in its season, he was being prepared for the heavenly garner. No due estimate can be formed of a minister's grace and gifts, power and life, usefulness and acceptability to the Church of God, by taking him only at one portion of his ministerial career. Take, as an instance, those two eminent servants of God, Mr. Gadsby and Mr. Warburton. We only knew them personally after they had been many years laboring in the vineyard. What Mr. Gadsby was when he first went to Manchester; what Mr. Warburton was when he first settled at Trowbridge, were both quite different from what each was thirty or forty years after—not different in doctrine, not different in experience, not different in any one vital point of the truth of God; but different, as in nature a man of sixty differs from a man of thirty. Bodily powers decline, the mind becomes less active, youthful zeal is, in a good measure, cooled, and all this change exercises an influence on both the man and his ministry. Would it not be unfair, then, to take a man of God at his first entrance upon the work, and say, "What this man now is, he ever shall be; I form my judgment of him from what he *now* is, and I do not mean to alter my opinion of him, whatever he may hereafter be, or however he may himself alter? He is a boy now, and a boy he always shall be." But view the opposite extreme. Take the same man forty or fifty years afterwards. He is now an old man, with many of the weaknesses and infirmities of old age. You hear him now. "He is an old man," you say, "and always was an old man." Now take him at another period—in middle life, when naturally and spiritually he is in his prime, his youthful zeal moderated, his judgment matured, his experience enlarged, but the infirmities of old age not yet come on. Will you now say, "I have him at last, just as I would have. He never was young; he never shall be old; he always was, he always shall be in my mind, just what he is at this present moment?" But would this be fair any more than before? He might still lack much of what was beautiful in youth, when his bow abode in strength and the fresh dew rested on his tabernacle; he might still lack the softened tone and affection, the gentleness and meekness of old age. Is it not, then, unfair to take any one portion by itself; and must we not, if possible, take the whole of a man's ministry, from first to last, before we are in a position to form a right judgment upon it? It would be rash, therefore, and presumptuous in us to express an opinion of Mr. Chamberlain's ministry, nor are we called upon to do so. But viewing the depth and clearness of his experience in youth, and judging from the letters, here given, of the continued dealings of God with him to the latest period of his life, we should say that we have every reason to believe it was solid and weighty, full of scripture—a marked feature in all Mr. Huntington's followers, thoroughly sound in truth, feeling and experimental, and, at times, attended with great sweetness and savour, dew and unction to the heart. But we have another element from which to form a sound opinion. There is no better testimony of a man's ministry than the character of his hearers. If they are light, frothy, and vain, full of doctrine in the letter, but devoid of savour and power, without a vital experience of the things of God to humble and break them down into humility and contrition, but puffed up with pride, ignorance, and self-conceit, is there

not the clearest evidence that such is their minister? "Like people, like priest," is a proverb neither dead nor buried. But take the converse; let them be a solid, weighty, truly gracious people, many of whom are possessed of a deep experience, others much tried and exercised, and others well established in the truth of God—who, as a body, can only permanently cleave to and love a ministry that can feed, instruct, and comfort their souls. Show us this people for a number of years cleaving closely in affection to one minister—it may be idolising him too deeply, and from the warmth and esteem they feel towards him scarcely allowing there is any one but he who can feed the church of God—but show us such a people, and take him with all his and all their faults and failings; we will show you a savoury, well taught man of God over them. Now we know that Mr. Chamberlain had for many years a gracious people of this solid, weighty kind, not only at Leicester, but at Newark, Nottingham, Grantham, Loughborough, Bottesford, and other places, where he was in the habit of going steadily to preach, some of whom we have personally known and much esteemed, and others whom we know by report. This we view as one of the strongest testimonies, if not the very strongest testimony, of what a man's ministry really and truly is. Gifts may draw a crowd of light and flighty hearers; talent and ability may raise admiration; friendliness and kindness may engender affection; and strict consistency of life may procure esteem; but none of these qualities singly, nor all combined will bring together and keep together for a number of years, a body of gracious, feeling, experimental hearers. To have such, a man must be able to feed the church of God which he hath bought with his own blood, and must be thoroughly commended to their consciences as the mouth of God to their souls. If then not able to form a judgment of Mr. Chamberlain's ministry, not only on account of the considerations beforementioned, but also from the want of personal knowledge, we may still arrive at some solid opinion from what we have seen and known of his hearers. And we must say, that some of the most savoury, gracious, and feeling persons that we have known were his hearers and friends. It is true that as regards the ordinances of God's house, and the nature, formation, and discipline of a gospel church, we widely differ in our views and opinions from him; but that does not and never did affect our esteem and affection for him as a saint and servant of God. We should do violence to our own conscience if we suffered our esteem for either Mr. Huntington or Mr. Chamberlain to lead us to follow them where we believe they were not led by the Scriptures or the Holy Spirit; but we view the manifested grace of God as far beyond any external ordinances. There is no inconsistency here. We admire and love Toplady, Berridge, and Newton; but that is no reason why we should admire episcopal government, written prayers, and baptismal regeneration. So we love and esteem Mr. Huntington and Mr. Chamberlain; but that is no reason why we should love infant baptism and admission into a church without the church itself having the chief voice in the important matter of church communion. Differences of opinion in religious matters must necessarily lead to differences of action; and thus many ministers and people may be compelled to walk separately who are really united in heart. This is unavoidable in our present time state, for I can no more call upon you to act contrary to your honest conscientious convictions, than you can call upon me to act contrary to mine. But, because, as regards church communion or personal intercourse, there may not be a walking together (for "how can two walk together except they be agreed"), yet there may be esteem and affection on higher grounds and an abiding spiritual union, and this is our feeling now, and ever was, towards Mr. Chamberlain.

The volumes before us are very neatly and carefully got up, and reflect great credit on both editor and printer. Many religious books are so miserably edited, so full of grammatical mistakes, errata of the press, bad spelling, and printed on such wretched paper, with faulty type and thick blotchy ink, that they disgust and repel, by their very appearance, many readers who are accustomed to the beautiful productions of the modern press. Mr. Huntington would never suffer his works to be so mangled and marred, nor to be printed except in the best possible way. His friend, Mr. Bensley, was the best printer in London of his time, and his edition of Mr. Huntington's works is to this day a beautiful specimen of his care and skill. What has been the consequence? That his edition is still a handsome library book which will last when all the cheap editions will have tumbled to pieces. But, besides this careful editing and excellent getting up of the book, we much admire the judgment and wisdom displayed in weeding out all superfluous matter. Familiar letters, never meant for publication, necessarily contain much that it is neither wise nor needful to submit to the public eye. Little family matters, inquiries about health, kind messages, expressions of regret for not writing before, and all that mere surplusage to the general reader, have been wisely omitted from the letters of Mr. Chamberlain, and nothing left but what is purely spiritual and experimental. And we must say, that there is a great deal of sweet, savoury, vital, experimental religion in these letters. They breathe the very spirit of pure truth, with nothing to jar on the mind, and we especially admire the entire absence of everything sectarian, everything self-exalting and depreciating or condemning others. From these letters you would not learn that Mr. Chamberlain had any enemies, any opposers or troublers. There is scarcely a single name mentioned, or anything personal beyond his own trials of mind and exercises of soul, with the support and comfort that the Lord bestowed upon him. We wish we had room for one or two of his letters, but our space only admits the following interesting account of his blessed death-bed:

“On the Wednesday and Thursday, 27th and 28th February, Mr. Chamberlain continued in the same cheerful, calm, and happy frame of mind, and was much interested on Thursday evening, in hearing several notes read, which were written to several friends in acknowledgment of their kindness in contributing to the testimonial. Indeed it is impossible to describe his sweet serenity and cheerfulness, his calm and steadfast reliance upon God and submission to his will, combined with his ardent longing and desire for dissolution, when the appointed time should come. He retired to rest at his usual hour on the Thursday night, apparently not more indisposed than he had been for some weeks; but about 2 o'clock in the morning Mrs. Chamberlain was alarmed by hearing him breathe with great difficulty; she immediately aroused the family, and they found him suffering most acutely from extreme oppression of breathing, spasmodic pain, and faintness. It was with difficulty he could articulate a word or two, but he evidently thought his departure was near, and appeared anxious that his family should be conscious of it, until one of them said, ‘You wish us to be aware that you think the Lord is about to take you to himself.’ He immediately smiled, and seemed quite relieved. On the arrival of his medical attendant, who was instantly sent for, he expressed his opinion that such suffering could not continue long; if it were not alleviated death must ensue. But it pleased God to rebuke this extreme suffering in the course of a few hours; and, to the surprise of all, he continued some days. Days of much suffering, indeed, they were, respiration entirely ceasing at intervals, and then again rushing through the lungs with great violence, causing most distressing feelings, attended by extreme restlessness and faintness. But not one murmur escaped his lips; all was patience, thankfulness, and praise for the Lord's goodness, and for every effort of those around him to mitigate his affliction. He tried to comfort them, frequently taking their hand and blessing them.

"It pleased God that some of the symptoms should be alleviated by the medicine which was prescribed for him, which was viewed by his family as a great mercy. Several scriptures were quoted, which gave him pleasure, especially Ps. xxiii. and Rev. xxi. 4-7: 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.' 'He that overcometh, shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.' To which he replied, 'Yes, precious.' Also Rev. xxii. 5, 'And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.' To all which he sweetly assented.

"On Saturday he was so ill it was grieving to witness his suffering; yet, in the worst, not the least impatience was shown, but, on the contrary, thankfulness for any little relief that was afforded him. And when his wife expressed her fears that he suffered greatly, he would answer, with a smile, 'Patience.' It was with great difficulty he uttered a word, but the sweetness which attended the few broken accents, and the heavenly smile which rested upon his countenance, will never be forgotten, as at intervals he faintly said, 'Happy,' 'Happy,' 'Precious Jesus,' 'All is peace,' 'All is well,' 'Precious,' 'Precious Jesus.' And to various passages which were repeated he would say, 'Blessed,' 'Yes, precious.' Such was the extreme faintness at times that it was feared every minute might be his last; but he once suddenly revived, and by the broken expressions he uttered it could be told how greatly he was favored, and how abundantly he was sustained. The breathing was so distressingly bad through the night that the pillows were moved every few minutes; but although those around rendered him all the support in their power, yet nothing alleviated his sufferings. Amidst all, however, he still smiled, and when able to speak, kept saying, 'Bless the Lord.' On the Sunday, the respiration was so greatly affected that he was scarcely able to speak throughout the day; but he once said, 'My Lord and my God.' Then, in the evening, as though his thoughts during the day had been in connection with those words, he faintly and slowly said, after it had been observed to him, 'The Lord is your helper,' 'I believe he is;' 'My Lord and my God;' and then more faintly added, 'My Redeemer, my Saviour, my King.' Late in the evening the respiration was mercifully relieved, and the dear patient fell asleep for the first time since Thursday. He continued sleeping for some hours, and when he gradually aroused and was able to speak, he expressed himself in a way which clearly showed the Lord's presence was near; and his happy countenance testified of the inward peace which he experienced. He first observed to his wife, 'Write, Blessed are the dead;' when she finished the passage he smiled most peacefully, moved on his pillows, and was again asleep for a few minutes. After which, on awaking again, he several times repeated, 'Blessed, blessed,' 'Worthy, worthy,' 'Yes.' 'And I shall sing, Worthy the Lamb.' 'They shall cry—cry—and I shall cry, Worthy the Lamb.' Some time after, he said, 'O Christ! Christ!' It was remarked, 'Christ is your all in all.' He replied, raising his hands, 'Yes, yes; my Saviour, my Lord.' Again it was said, 'You are in a blessed state.' He replied, 'Yes; O let us be thankful.' 'You will be glad to depart and be with Christ.' 'Yes, yes.' 'You have longed and waited for the time.' 'Ah!' he exclaimed, with fervor and animation. He continued much the same during the afternoon and evening, dozing at intervals, and speaking a few words occasionally, until about 9 o'clock. At half-past 10 he was gently raised on his pillows, and in a few minutes he was in a calm sleep, from which he never aroused. After 12, the breathing became rather quicker, and the intervals of cessation longer; at 4 it changed again, becoming fainter and regular, and it was fully expected the closing scene was near. There was no alteration; the same peaceful slumber continued, the features were placid and happy, a heavenly smile rested upon the countenance; he moved not, but continued to breathe more and more faintly, until five minutes before 11 o'clock, on the morning of the 5th of March, 1856, when he gently opened his eyes for a moment, breathed a little quickly, and without even a sigh, the happy spirit entered into the joy of his Lord."

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

JUNE, 1858.

MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

DRAWN BY LOVE.

WHILE perambulating the streets of the city, the other day, my mind and thoughts were attracted by three words, viz., "Drawn by love;" and so closely did they stick to me that, for a time, I completely lost my way, through musing over what seemed to arise out of them. I thought of the vast numbers who stand in the ranks of the mongrel Baptists, Independents, and general Dissenters, of whom, if you were to ask them individually to give a reason of the hope that is in them, the majority would say, "I was drawn by love;" which in reality means that they came into a profession of religion without any particular discipline or soul travail. Now all such use the term in an unlawful sense. It may be used in a lawful sense, and in accordance with Scripture; but even then an amazing deal more arises out of it than mere nominal professors and easy-going religious people are aware of. Such persons are very fond of citing the case of Lydia. But there is no proof to show that that particular time was the period of her conversion, or the season that regenerating grace first took possession of her heart; indeed it clearly appears that she was a woman who feared God by the company she kept. "And on the Sabbath day we went out of the city, by a river side, where prayer was wont to be made, and we sat down and spake unto the women which resorted thither; and a certain woman, named Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, who worshipped God, heard us; whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the things that were spoken of Paul." My impression is, that Lydia had already passed under the rod, as a naked, guilty, and helpless sinner; but that it was under Paul's preaching that she was brought into the bond of the covenant, to realise the blood of sprinkling, and to behold, by a living faith, a precious Lord Jesus as her Saviour. Through the instrumentality of the great apostle, she enjoyed for the first time true gospel liberty; and not only was the ordinance which is a part of the obedience of faith embraced by her, but the fruits and effects of divine love flowed forth into act and exercise: "And when she was baptized and her household, she besought us, saying, If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house and abide there; and she constrained us."

Others, again, will say that the Lord "allures" many of his people into the gospel fold of joy and peace. Now this is a sad perversion of the word, for although the Lord says, "I will allure her, and

No. 270.—VOL. XXIV.

bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her," yet there are thirteen verses previous, in Hosca ii., wherein God rebukes, strips, makes bare, hedges up her way, causes her mirth to cease, and destroys her pleasant fruits, because of her iniquity. Therefore the Lord's general method is to humble, to bring down into self-abasement, and to make his people sorry for their sins, before he speaks comfortably unto them. "The daughters of music must be brought low" ere they can sing the song of Moses and the Lamb; for "the Lord killeth and maketh alive; he bringeth down to the grave and bringeth up; the Lord maketh poor and maketh rich; he raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory." Supposing it were granted that Lydia knew nothing of a divine change until the Lord opened her heart, could that be accomplished without pain? The heart is the seat of natural life and (when regenerated) of spiritual life also; and one of the new covenant blessings which God has promised to bestow upon his people is, that "he will take away the heart of stone, and give them a heart of flesh." Now a heart of flesh has life and feeling in it, and is susceptible of the least touch; the word of God, in the hands of the Spirit, makes indelible impressions upon; and deep incisions in it, and searches its inmost recesses. These things prepare it for the seed of the spiritual sower. "The entrance of thy words giveth life; it giveth understanding to the simple." Paul says of himself, "When the commandment came, sin revived, and I died;" and he says, moreover, that "the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart." What a fulness and depth there is in this solemn language, which fairly outvies the natural figure of a sword, which the apostle takes up, that can only wound and pierce the body. Can all this be accomplished, and no acute pain be felt by the individual? Reason alone could return an answer, "No." It is easy for a man to confess himself a sinner; but divine feeling far outstrips mere confession or lip service. I should feel grieved to discourage any poor, coming sinner, but the experience of God's people now, as well as of Bible saints, will bear me out in asserting that true religion begins with fear, trembling, anguish, and sorrow; and all who were ever brought under the bond of the covenant underwent these things in measure, according to the good pleasure of a Three-One God. Eighteen years ago I heard the late Mr. Gadsby make this solemn remark in Gower Street Chapel: "I believe all who die without having a law work in their hearts are damned, be they who they may." And long after, I heard Mr. Shorter from the same pulpit say words which went through my very soul. He was preaching from these words, "He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our transgressions;" and among other things he said this, "No, my friends, he hath not; had he dealt with us as our just desert merited, we should have been brought forth in hell." This was a hard saying to me

for a long time after; but as months and years rolled on, my surprise at him for using such an expression entirely ceased. When the fountains of the great deep in a man's soul (the mystery of iniquity) are in any manner broken up, the discovery of these will oftentimes force out words which would shock the modesty of whitewashed pharisees.

In the primary sense of the word, all the heirs of promise are in reality "drawn by love;" as it is written, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee;" "I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love;" "No man cometh unto me except the Father which hath sent me draw him." The way of life is called "a narrow way;" and the Lord himself says, "and few there be that find it." Now, as the gate of life is strait and narrow, it follows that all will fall short of the promised rest except those who are in downright earnest. These have to press through a mighty crowd to get at it; and every one who ever entered through the door into the sheepfold found it so difficult to get in that they were all obliged, sooner or later, to be taken into the stripping-room, there to be made willing to part with everything they possessed, both natural and acquired, and to esteem them as dung and dross, that they "might win Christ and be found in him." Yea, they could not so much as get in with their own clothes on, but "naked came to him for dress." Ignorant men have, in all ages, attempted to widen this gate by various means and subtle misrepresentations; notwithstanding, it yet remains in its exact place in Zion, and its original dimensions are still so firm and unalterable that none but the humble and sincere followers of the Lamb are privileged to go in and out and find pasture. "A highway shall be there, and a way; and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." All the dealings of God with his people flow from love. Love wrote the name of every elect vessel of mercy in the book of life, and gave them to the Lamb. Love devised a way whereby they should be saved from sin, death, and hell, and be privileged to sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Love found a divine Surety, who had infinite power and ability to stand in the gap for poor, perishing sinners, to lay his hand upon both parties,—offended Deity and ruined man. Love said to a broken law, "Exact thy utmost demands of me, but let these go their way." Love said to stern Justice, "Let me endure all the hells due to my people, and thrust thy glittering sword into my heart; turn thy hand of defence upon these my little ones, and thy smiles of satisfaction upon their souls." Love endured the ignominious death of the cross, snatched a brand from the burning who hung by his side 'twixt heaven and hell, and "through death destroyed him that had the power of it, that is, the devil." Love, having "tasted death for every man" of the elect seed, was laid in the grave that he might arise "the firstfruits of them that slept;" for it was impossible for him to be holden by the cords of death. His resurrection gave validity to his life and death, the effect of

which must have convulsed the confines of the damned. "O death, I will be thy plague; O grave, I will be thy destruction," was then literally fulfilled. Love ascended into everlasting glory, and sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high, until all his enemies shall have become his footstool. Love, having finished the work his Father gave him to do, he can justly demand salvation for all who come to God by him. He sees of the travail of his soul. Like a mighty warrior he can recount his victories o'er, and exult in the fruits and benefits which flow through the same into the heart and conscience of his blood-bought family. "God is love." The Father's love is displayed in his choice, in sanctifying and setting apart for his praise "a number which no man can number," and in the free gift of his dear and only-begotten Son. The love of the Son is displayed in the welcome reception he gave to his church from the hands of his Father, "Thine they were, and thou gavest them me;" in becoming their Surety, Daysman, Priest, Sacrifice, and Saviour. The love of the Holy Ghost is manifested by his quickening, calling, and bringing forth to the light all the heirs of salvation. So, then, there is perfect unity, harmony, and agreement betwixt the Persons in the ever blessed Trinity:

"To save our souls were all concern'd."

Surely, then, "God is love," and nothing but love, to his own dear children. He says, "Fury is not in me." Although love is the moving cause and the ruling principle by which the Lord governs and deals out his acts of grace to his people, yet the operations and manifestations of that love are sovereign, various, and discriminating. All the children are brought to feel their danger, misery, and undone state by nature; but all do not suffer to the same extent. The period in which they are to remain in felt bondage is only known to the Holy One of Israel, "who works all things after the counsel of his own will," in measure and in time, duration and degree. But all must be brought to certain points; to know their sinnership, and their need of a Saviour; their lost condition, and their need of a Guide; their malady, and their need of the good Physician. Jesus says, "I am not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel;" so that it is quite a contradiction for any really to desire salvation except those who feel the plague of their own heart. There are thousands to be found who are content to eat their own bread, and wear their own apparel, provided they may be called by the name of Christ to take away their reproach. These are nominal professors, who retain the shell, but are destitute of the kernel; having the form, but denying the power; from all such the living family are to turn away. "For what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?" How Mr. Hart cuts up all such shallow professors where he says:

"Hear the terms that never vary—
To repent and to believe;
Both of these are necessary,
Both from Jesus we receive.

- “ Would be Christian, duly ponder
 These in thine impartial mind;
 And let no man put asunder
 What the Lord hath wisely join'd,
- “ O beware of fondly thinking
 God accepts thee for thy tears;
 Are the shipwreck'd saved by sinking?
 Can the ruin'd rise by fears?
- “ O beware of trust ill-grounded,
 'Tis but fancied faith at most
 To be cured and not be wounded,
 To be saved before you're lost.
- “ No big words of ready talkers,
 No dry doctrine will suffice;
 Broken hearts and humble walkers,
 These are dear in Jesus' eyes.
- “ Tinkling sounds of disputation,
 Naked knowledge, all are vain;
 Every soul that gains salvation
 Must and shall be born again.”
(To be concluded in our next.)

A LETTER FROM A SOLDIER NOW SERVING IN INDIA.

My dear Brother in the Everlasting Covenant of Grace,—May grace, mercy, and truth be multiplied unto you, from God our Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Now what shall I say? My mind is carnal and worldly, yet my soul would speak; but I know that I cannot to any profit in my own strength. But I trust he who has begun the good work will never leave it nor forsake it. He has said he will, and his word cannot be broken; yet we try everything at times before we would go to Christ. But only when he speaks can we cry out, “My Lord and my God!” It is wonderful what love the Father has for his church through his dear Son. But when I feel myself to be such a wretch, as I do at times, I am afraid the good work cannot be yet begun. At times, when the blessed Lord is pleased to remove the veil from off my eyes, it is then I feel the love the apostle John speaks of, the love that passeth all understanding. But this, I am sorry to say, is not always felt by me. Perhaps you cannot form any idea of what a wretch I feel myself to be. O my wicked and hard heart, how deceitful! None but the Holy One of Israel can know it, how worldly it is. Yet I hope the Holy One of Israel will subdue it, that none but himself may reign in me; and to him be all the praise! If you look into the 5th chapter of Luke's Gospel, you will see, I think, my case. I am as Peter. When he had been toiling and rowing, and caught nothing, he became quite downhearted; but as soon as the Lord bade him cast his net, he caught enough to sink the ship. So with me. My mind is often full of the things in this wicked world; and I am sorry to say that I often seem to go to the throne of grace with my lips only, and my heart in the world. But this should not be; for God, we know, is a Spirit; and those that worship must worship him in spirit and in truth. O may he who alone can subdue my foul nature subdue it, and strengthen me in the inner and new man, that I may put off

the old man with his deeds, which are corrupt. Many may speak of this, but do not know the power of it. While I write, I feel as though I should like to hear some one speak of a risen Saviour. But I fear there is not one in this camp can tell me of him. The apostle John says, "Ye need not that any man teach you." But depend upon it that where two or three are near each other, there is great happiness derived from it; and so I have found it since my brethren left me, some four months since. Still I hope that he who has kept me through that time will keep me for the time to come; for I am a poor stammering child; I know not how to ask for anything aright. But he whom alone we can trust, only can teach me how to ask and what to ask for in his own name, and give me faith to believe in his promise; for you know that nothing less than himself will suffice a poor sinner. Only when we are brought to feel our need do we cry for help; but we never cry in vain; for he is more ready to hear than we are to pray. If it is the will of God that I should be spared to come home to my native land, I hope to meet you, and tell you of his great love wherewith he has loved me.

I would ask you, my brethren, to pray for us; for we need your prayers in these troublous times. What more shall I say? I will try a little news of the land; but that is not favourable at present. You know that our brother Badcock was lying here (Aurangabad) when he wrote to you; but now the part of the regiment he belongs to is ordered and gone to another place, called Asseerguhr; and where they will go from there it is impossible to say at present. But there are four of the brethren together there, so they can meet together in the Lord's name, in the Malwa field force; and brothers Caste and Trump with the Deccan field force. At present I am alone; but there are more of the army to join us, and I hope one of the brethren with them; I expect Maynard. I hear that we are to march for Mhow on Monday morning, for the British force has been repulsed with great loss there; but I hope that is not true. But the Lord's will must be done in all things. I shall be very glad when this cruel war is all over; it is more like war now than before. As they take a place, and stand to give us battle, you cannot form any idea, perhaps, of the way these men are led on by a spirit of rebellion. But you know they know not the Lord, nor his ways; they know not that they can go so far and no farther. But now I must again thank you for the sermons you so kindly sent us. I received them on Sunday last at Ahmednuggur, one by that dear old saint, W. Gadsby. I was happy to see you have received some of Brother Richardson's tracts from him; but how to thank you for your kindness I know not, and must leave it to our Lord and Master; and so I will say good night for the present, for a night in bed is what I don't often get just now. But I hope that the Author of all good gifts will bless us more and more in the knowledge of himself, and keep us under the shadow of his wings. This is the prayer of

Your unworthy Brother in Christ,

S. SHELLEY,

Camp, Aurangabad, Dec. 5, 1857.

H.M. 14th Light Dragoons.

MIRACLES NOT CEASED.

My dear Sir,—I feel inclined, as the Lord shall enable me, to give you a line or two on the Lord's gracious goodness to a poor, sinful worm. "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." What a mercy it is to be enabled thus to acknowledge the Lord, and to commit our way unto him by prayer and supplication; but above all, to think that he bears with us, and rests in his love, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" to see his hand in every dispensation, and to say, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." This affliction of body, under which I have been laboring now for several months; I saw approaching long before it came, and from the first was enabled to receive it as coming from the Lord, as his chastening hand. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." What a mercy to be chastened by the Almighty, and not to be suffered to go on in sin, to the neglecting of a throne of grace and God's word. In my former days I was much favored of the Lord. I had, indeed, many trials and temptations, but I knew the value of prayer and a throne of grace, and had many special and gracious answers to my poor petitions. My conscience was kept tender; I was preserved from the world and its spirit; lived near to God; and what I received from the Lord I received in answer to prayer. But in later years, having come in contact with professors, and professors only, I became "snared in holes." The enemy knew how to entangle and entrap; and thus my poor soul has been ensnared, my heart hardened, my conscience seared, sin looked upon as not such a sinful thing, a throne of grace slighted, the word of God neglected, and the saints of God shunned. "If my people forsake my ways, and walk not in my commandments, then will I visit their transgressions with a rod, and their iniquities with stripes." I had many checks, but they were ineffectual, and therefore I knew the Lord would use means that should accomplish the desired end. My earthly prospects he kept blighting, and gave me to see that "riches make to themselves wings, and fly away." That which I was resting upon of a temporal nature by my own industry withered under his hand; and at one stroke, "my all" was clean swept away. What folly to build below the skies! And why all this? To teach me to live by faith for temporals as well as spirituals. And what supplies are so sweet as those we receive in answer to prayer, and of which we can say, "The Lord sent this in?"

When I take a retrospect of my life, I can say, "Goodness and mercy have followed me all my days." This portion was some sixteen years ago made very precious and suitable to my soul in a great trial, but the connection was then added, "and thou shalt dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

But to come more particularly to the point which has induced me to write. This day month I was very ill, and only just able to walk across the house; the fever was very high, my tongue black almost to the tip; my friends were giving me up as a tenant for the grave, and spake of me accordingly. But I thought differently, and on

these grounds. The Lord gave me a promise, some years ago, in great trial and sore exercise of mind, which he had not fulfilled. But while I was thus ill, he was pleased to pour upon me a spirit of prayer, and gave me faith in his own blessed word; and to his gracious Majesty be all the praise and glory. The substance of my petition was this, "O Lord, I am suffering under a great fever; do thou, for thy name's sake, rebuke it. Thou didst remove the fever in Peter's wife's mother; do the same for me. This poor body is nothing but skin and bone; O Lord, for the name of thy dear Son, clothe it with flesh; restrain these bodily propensities, and turn nature into its proper channel.* Thou hast said, 'Whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name he will give it you.'†" My report‡ will tell you how the Lord was pleased to bless the means, and how soon my prayer was answered. How wisely the Lord times his mercies.

Mr. — had taken steps to fill my post with another, and had I been ill one more week he would have done so. With you I say, "To God be all the praise."

Yours sincerely,

Feb. 7th, 1858.

E. E.

STRENGTH MADE PERFECT IN WEAKNESS.

My dearest M.,—I feel that you will be anxious to hear from me, and of the Lord's dealings with my soul at this eventful period of my life; and, bless his dear name, I can speak of his faithfulness to one so utterly unworthy, and can say that he was my all-sufficient strength in the hour of utter weakness. But, dear M., he did not thus manifest himself till he had stripped me of my own fancied strength; till he had shown me the nothingness of creature aid, and thus driven me wholly to himself. My soul has been deeply exercised since we parted; Satan has sadly buffeted me, and the hours of darkness have been many; indeed, it is only those who have passed through these things who can understand me. Christ seemed quite gone, and fears and unbelief appeared to take full possession of me, so that on Lord's Day week, when my baptism was given out, I told the deacon I was sure he must contradict it in the afternoon, for I could not possibly go through it. I felt truly wretched; even the Lord's dear people seemed no longer dear to me, and I almost murmured against him who appeared to require this ordinance from me. I was, indeed, thoroughly wretched at the thought of giving it up; yet Satan told me I should only draw the people together and make a fool of myself. During my ride home I envied the cattle grazing by the road-side, the ungodly, and all who were not under my trial.

* The disease under which he was laboring was *diabetes*, in which there is an unnatural deposit of sugar, from which he was almost miraculously restored.

† We have, through the kindness of the physician to whom the above letter was addressed, seen the report here mentioned, which is truly marvelous, from the diminution of the disease and the restoration of flesh and strength; but, being purely medical, it is not necessary or indeed advisable to give it here.

O the goodness of the Lord in not casting me off! Amidst all these evil workings, I went to bed miserable; jumped out on my knees two or three times, beseeching the Lord to appear for me. I sought him, but could nowhere find him. Next day I wandered into the fields that I might cry aloud to him; and when my dear husband returned from Moreton I burst into an agony of tears, for I felt that refuge failed me. In this state of mind I went on till Thursday evening, when, after the visit of a Christian friend, the Lord set my soul at liberty, turned my heaviness into joy, and I was so overpowered by his manifested presence that I sobbed for joy, and could not reconcile the thoughts of going to bed or to sleep, lest I should lose him again. I felt I could pass through fire and water for him whom my soul had found; yet something of fear crept in lest I was deceiving myself. The next morning I seemed sweetly led into Solomon's Song, for the first time in my life. I thought now to go singing to the pool; but yet but a little while, and he was gone again, and I was left to mourn his absence. But this sweet visit kindled a hope in my now distressed soul that I should again find him; the blessed Lord enabled me to hold on my way, to expect deliverance; and several things spoken to me by my dear husband dropped encouragingly into my soul. When the Lord's Day morning arrived, I felt comparative peace and strength; but my poor body had under all this been much weakened, for I could neither eat nor sleep; but the Lord stood by me. You, who know my natural fears, will believe what the first sight of the water was to me; but I was enabled to sit in the chapel, and to gather spiritual strength from the services; and though at times very faint, yet, when my dear husband came for me, I felt strengthened beyond all my hopes, stood with him at the steps of the pool, seemed to glory in the cross and shame, thought nothing of the people, who were all beautifully orderly, went down into the water with a strength not my own, and while standing there lost all my fears, for I had such a view of the blessed Jesus that I almost called aloud his dear name. The happiness I felt was visible on my countenance, for there was a mistake in giving out the hymn, which kept us standing in the water. I felt quite overcome with joy in the vestry; yet after all this I am brought to feel the need of Christ's blood to wash away the guilt of even that happy season. I could not help writing thus long to you, for my mouth seems filled with praise, and you can understand me.

Believe me, dear M.,

Your affectionate Sister,

E. H.

[The above sweet and touching letter was written by the late Mrs. Husband, of Hartley Row. She was a very tried woman for many years, was almost always doubting and fearing, had a large measure of bodily affliction, by which, before her death, she was reduced to the greatest weakness and emaciation, and lost her husband almost on her own death-bed, but made a good end. We knew them both for many years, and shall always bear their memory in the most affectionate esteem, as two gracious, God-fearing characters, who adorned by their lives what they professed with their lips.—Ed.]

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE EARLY PART OF THE LIFE AND CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE OF ELIZABETH HOLLOWAY, WHO HAS BEEN FOR UPWARDS OF TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS, CONFINED TO HER BED FROM AN INJURY OF THE SPINE, AND IS STILL LIVING AT DEVIZES, WILTS.

(Continued from page 146.)

But Satan was now permitted of God to put me into a crucible, in which I thought he would have burnt me to ashes. The words of the prophet Jeremiah, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them, and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart," were exceedingly precious to me; but all my previously sweet soul experience seemed only preparatory to the trouble now at hand, in which I found deep necessity for taking unto myself "the whole armour of God," in order to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand. Under the inshipings of the divine presence, I was ready to say with Peter, "Lord, it is good for us to be here; let us make three tabernacles;" but soon had I to descend from this "holy mount," for trouble was near in the shape of powerful temptations to doubt the reality of all my past experience, the truth of the Bible, and the very existence of God. I was inconsolable; and all that kind friends could say was of no avail. The flowers, the trees, the blades of grass, the birds as they hopped from spray to spray, warbling forth the praise of their Creator, and even the formation and wonderful powers of action of my own body, seemed to rebuke my infidelity, and cry aloud, "Verrily there is a God;" but human reason, O my God, thou knowest is weak, and fails to bring one ray of spiritual comfort to the soul in seasons of darkness and distress. Thy Spirit alone can comfort those that are thine. Marvellous is the fact that a soul so favored as mine had been should ever doubt a Saviour's love. O the depravity of the heart, and the depths of Satan! Dreadful is it to "walk in darkness" after having enjoyed the light; but it may well be questioned whether a soul that never doubts has ever believed. But faith is God's most precious gift, and, however tried, shall be "found to praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ." Deliverance was at hand. The following passage being quoted by Mr. L. one evening, in family prayer, "So, then, we see they could not enter in because of unbelief," my unbelief was subdued under it; the enemy relinquished his hold; the snare was broken, and my soul escaped. Infinitely compassionate is God, and infinitely tender are his dealings, proving to my soul's happy experience that "many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

And now, by slow and difficult though safe steps, was I led further down into the valley of Achor, there to encounter the enemy and prove the strength of the heavenly armour, having to "endure hardness" as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. This valley of humiliation is a profitable, though not a pleasant place; but whether on the mount or in the vale, we need to have the eye of faith fixed on Jesus, that we may be kept from being unduly elated by the exhilarating sights of "the house Beautiful," or unduly depressed by the

sorrows of the way. But more of this valley hereafter; indeed, all that remains to be said is an account of what I have met and am meeting with in it; an epitome of my miseries and of God's mercies.

"And though life's valley be a vale of tears,
A brighter scene beyond that vale appears."

The Apostle reminds us, "If ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards and not sons; for what son is he whom the Father chasteneth not?" and often, in my subsequent afflictions; have I thought of the words of Archbishop Leighton, who says, "God has many sharp-cutting instruments and rough files for polishing his jewels; and those he esteems most highly he has most often his tools upon." Painful is the discipline of the school of affliction; but who would be without it that really believes the truth of God's word? "If ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards and not sons;" and "All things work together for good to them that love God and who are the called according to his purpose"—a purpose of wisdom and love!

The Lord, about this stage of my experience, was pleased to favor me with a glorious vision of faith, in which I had ravishing manifestations of his divine presence and love, and could say, "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul." I was also favored sweetly to enter into that passage, "But after that the kindness and love of God, our Saviour, toward men appeared; not by works of righteousness which we have done; but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ, our Saviour." (Titus iii. 4.) A blessed sense was indeed given me with these words, of the Father's love, the Son's grace, and the Spirit's quickening power. Sweet views of Jesus and of the pardon of all my sins were given me; every thought being, for the time, "brought into subjection to the obedience of Christ." O the heavenly dews of divine grace shed upon me, worm of the earth as I am! It was nothing less than "joy unspeakable, and full of glory." How did I pray the Lord I might never more grieve or dishonor such a precious Saviour, "who remembered me in my low estate, for his mercy endureth for ever."

How precious were the words, "Being confident of this very thing, that he who hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." "If we love him, it is because he first loved us." But wretched pride began to work; and I found the truth of Mr. Hart's words:

"The heart uplifts with God's own gifts,
And makes e'en grace a snare."

I also found myself in danger of being more taken up with these sensible comforts than with the Giver of them; and to prevent this, the Lord saw fit to take them away, in order to lead me from the stream to himself, the Fountain, who alone can satisfy the soul as with marrow and fatness, and enable it to praise him with joyful lips. Far be it from me to decry a feeling religion, for there is no

real religion without feeling; but when we rest in ordinances, or even in frames and feelings, we rest in that which is short of him who is the promised rest, peace, and portion of his people Israel,—the sum and substance of all the gospel promises. O for grace to come up out of this wilderness world, leaning upon him alone, as the beloved of our souls! To follow after and lean upon an unseen Saviour is to “walk by faith, and not by sight;” and it is the work and office of the blessed Spirit to enable us so to do.

How varied are the experiences of the soul of the Christian; but we “war a good warfare,” and shall eventually come off “more than conquerors, through him who hath loved us.” Faith does not put a final end to our doubts and fears, because it does not eradicate the indwelling of sin in our body of death. Although I had experienced so much of God’s discriminating love and mercy, I became, about this time, much exercised in reference to the doctrine of eternal, unconditional election before time; having many thoughts as to the justice of God in choosing some and passing by others; condemning them for what, it appeared to me, they could not help, and requiring what sinners, without his grace, are unable to perform. Thus did Satan seek to get an advantage over me, by tempting me to exercise myself in matters too high for me. “Death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned;” and is not God just if he permit this death to become an eternal death? Surely he is. It becomes us, instead of arraigning the wisdom, justice, and holiness of God, to submit to his divine sovereignty, and exclaim, with the great apostle to the Gentiles, “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!” (Rom. xi. 33.) Why Jacob should be predestinated to eternal life, and Esau left to perish in his sins, and that “before the children were born, or had done either good or evil, that the purpose of God, according to election, might stand,” what mortal tongue can explain? It is a deep only known to God; but no *injustice* is done. Reason staggers at the astounding truth, and cannot comprehend it; but faith believingly adores the sovereign “Judge of all the earth,” knowing that

“He cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still.”

“Secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those which are revealed [as election so plainly is] belong unto us.” Those who know and feel that they have merited nothing at the hand of God but his righteous indignation will not reply against him, but will account it an inexpressible mercy that he hath “predestinated to eternal life” a “multitude which no man can number,” through “the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.” Accounting themselves to be “of sinners chief,” and “less than the least of all saints, and not worthy to be called disciples;” remembering “the rock [of nature’s quarry] whence they were hewn, and the hole of the pit [of hell] whence they were digged,” they do, and ever will confess salvation to be of electing love and redeeming, superabounding grace, and with joyful adoration say, “He hath done *all things well!*”

I cannot omit to mention here how very useful the conversation of "an old disciple" (Mr. Dolman) on this subject was made to me at this time. Let not Christians, therefore, be slack in holding out a helping hand to inquiring souls, for "a word spoken in due season, how good it is!" The poems of good old Daniel Herbert also were useful to me in reference to it.

All that I have hitherto related respecting my spiritual experience took place within a period of about four years, during which time I was privileged to sit under Mr. E.'s ministry; and it was through his instrumentality that the law, in all its spirituality, was applied to my conscience, and the healing balm of Gilead applied by the Spirit. From his kind sympathy have I received many cheering words, and for him must I ever cherish an affectionate regard, although, after patient searching of the Scriptures, I am led to differ from him in reference to the ordinance of believers' baptism by immersion, which I see to be of God's appointment.

An event now took place in my history, which ended my active service in life, laying the foundation for a series of sufferings which have been accompanied by such an evident display of the sustaining power of God as to sweeten the accumulated sorrow and suffering of two-and-twenty* years' duration. In the month of May, 1830, by falling down stairs, my spine became so severely injured that, after the most skilful medical treatment that experience could devise, under the advice of medical gentlemen for whose kindness I am indeed grateful (particularly to Drs. Brabant and Everett), I am still bed-ridden, and heartily do I desire to bear my humble testimony to the truth of his word who says, "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is perfected in weakness."

The Lord, who loves his people with an everlasting love, will have the evils in their deceitful and desperately wicked hearts subdued; and I am one of those refractory children in his family requiring stripe upon stripe. This has been given in fatherly love, in the shape of sickness, poverty, desertion, and loss of friends, as well as disappointments and the frustration of earthly schemes; but all these, taken together, are not to be compared with the distress occasioned by the hiding of God's blissful countenance, which of all other trials is the most overwhelming to my mind, inducing me often to say,

"Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself
I were a wretch undone."

And now the Lord saw fit to test my principles in a way hitherto unknown. By my late affliction I became plunged into great difficulties and distress. Without a home (my poor mother being now dead) without money, except one half-sovereign, without muscular strength to earn any, and compelled to relinquish my situation, I knew not what to do, except to cry to the Lord, in the words of

* It will be observed that this memoir was written in 1852; the writer's sufferings have therefore now extended over twenty-eight years.

David, "Give me help from trouble, for vain is the help of man." At this juncture, though some of my relatives were able at that time to assist me, they avoided me, as one (to use their own expression) "eaten up with religion." A brother, however, who came into Wiltshire, to bury my dear mother, a few weeks after I met with the injury, told me I might have a home with him if I would leave my religion and my Bible behind me. I told him I would rather live in a stable, quoting these lines of Dr. Watts to him:

"Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart."

And never since have I seen his face or heard his voice, though I have more than once written to him affectionately, endeavoring to conciliate his favor, but without effect. Nevertheless, it becomes me to say, and I do say, "O that we might meet in heaven!"

Although "my mother's children were angry with me," and that scripture was verified in me, "He turned their hearts to hate his people," I would look beyond *them*, and recognise the hand, the wisdom, and the love, of him who appointed me this sharp trial. This was permitted of the Lord to cause me to trust in himself alone; though often, at the time, (as he says) "what I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." His voice to all his chosen is, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you;" and though at times despondency worked in my mind, and I was ready to say, with the unbelieving lord, when plenty was prophesied of in time of famine, "If God would make windows in heaven might such a thing be" as that I should be provided for, at other times I was comforted by thinking of the fowls of the air, which neither have storehouse nor barn, yet (says the word) "your heavenly Father feedeth them." My heavenly Father had designed to keep me helpless and dependent for the display of his own power and goodness in providing for me in his own time and way. This he did by inclining my former master and mistress (Mr. and Mrs. W.) to afford me a present shelter; and though, from the circumstance of their having a large business and three young children, the home was not so quiet as was desirable for me, kindly did they treat me, and used their influence to get me into the Salisbury Infirmary, in which they were ultimately successful. But, alas! how enveloped in darkness and gloom was my mind at times during this interval. How mistrustful of the faithfulness of that God who has said, "Bread shall be given thee, thy water shall be sure." Often did I look on the right hand, and on the left, ready to say with David, "Refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul." This was further to divert my attention from creatures, until at length he showed himself strong on my behalf; "For the needy shall not alway be forgotten, neither shall the expectation of the poor perish for ever." In the month of January, 1831, I was admitted to the infirmary. The journey much tried me, in my weak state, but I was received with such kindness in this house of

mercy that I scarcely thought of my present misery; though this, like every thing here below, was not without its counterbalance in the jealousy of some of the inmates. Here again I experienced the goodness of the Lord. Vigorous means were resorted to, namely, blistering for the first six weeks; after that, leeches in great numbers; then cuppings, occasioning such profuse bleeding as well nigh drained the life out of me, causing most distressing faintings. When slightly recovered from the effects of loss of blood, two powerful issues, opened in the spine, were tried. The matron, who, though rather haughty in manner, was a woman well adapted for her situation, took great notice of me from the first hour of my entrance, concerning herself much for my comfort, frequently sending me delicacies from her own table, and allowing friends, against the rules of the house, to come and see me, and often ladies to visit me out of visiting hours. It was also entirely through the medium of her kindness that Mr. G., Independent minister, and some Christians connected with him, found access to me, and were a source of comfort and instruction. Thus did the Lord (for it was his doing) give me favor in the sight of all; and I am not without some hope that, through the Lord's blessing on my poor instructions, the matron was brought to feel something of her state as a sinner before God. But after having been in the infirmary for eight months, the doctors (eleven in number), after thoroughly investigating my case and consulting upon it, pronounced me incurable, to my great disappointment. Preparations being made for my journey, I returned to Dévizes, where a lodging, with all necessaries, had been kindly provided for me by dear Mrs. W., at Mrs. T.'s, next door but one to her own house, and in which I spent six years of my captivity; finding in Mrs. T. and her family affectionate and agreeable society.

But while here, a circumstance occurred which laid the foundation for much sorrow of heart, because my soul was ensnared and God thereby dishonored; and on account of it I shall have to go softly all my days, though God in mercy delivered me from the snare. Although so afflicted, and although there was so little probability of my restoration, I was induced, through the kind attentions of a son of Mrs. T.'s, to listen to proposals of marriage, in the event of my being restored. A romantic attachment existed and a correspondence was kept up between us, notwithstanding discouragements, for seven years, although he was at that time an unconverted young man; and it ended at last, as it was ever likely to do, in nothing but disappointment and distress. I only mention this as a warning to others. But though, as it respects our connection, our already gloomy sky became at length enveloped in thick clouds of darkness, for ever blessed be his glorious name, who is exalted above all blessing and praise, that there was abundant evidence of the renewal by grace divine of this object of my affections, and that, I trust I may add, through the circumstances attending our acquaintance and separation being overruled to the promotion of that very end; so that I have the prospect of yet meeting him in that blessed world "where they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God." "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take

heed lest he fall;" for there is no situation in life which has not its temptations and allurements. That I who, not two years previously, had been enabled, with an eye to God, to wrest my affections from one dear and worthy object, for the truth's sake, should he suffered, under such circumstances, to place them on another is humbling indeed. Ezek. xvi. 63 was the language of my heart under this humiliating circumstance: "That thou mayest remember, and be confounded, and never open thy mouth any more for shame when I am pacified toward thee, saith the Lord." I have wondered at the goodness and mercy of God, that he did not say to me as he did to Ephraim of old, "He is joined to idols, let him alone." O the desperate idolatry and wickedness of the heart. Although he hid the light of his blissful countenance from me, justly causing my own backslidings to reprove me, and my own wickedness to correct me, it was not until the words, "Speak no more to me of this matter," were applied with power to my heart that I was convinced it was not his will to restore me, and that, consequently, the connection must be given up.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THANKSGIVING IN AMERICA.

"It is good to give thanks unto the Lord."—Ps. xcii. 1.

It is the custom in the United States of North America for the governors of the different states to designate some day, usually in Oct. or Nov. each year, to be religiously observed as a day of public thanksgiving and praise. Generally, a few weeks previous to the time appointed, a document reading something like the following is published, under the title of a

PROCLAMATION.

"A humble sense of our dependance on Almighty God for all the benefits and blessings we enjoy renders it especially proper at this time to return thanks to the great Giver of all good for another year of plenteous harvests and general health. The promise that seed-time and harvest shall never fail has been most signally manifested during the past season, while health and contentment have dwelt within our borders. For these gracious manifestations of the power and goodness of God, I recommend the people of this state to assemble together, and to raise their united praise and thanksgiving to him in whose hands are the issues of life and death, that they have been permitted to witness and enjoy, during another year, the noble works of his hands, the fostering care of his goodness and mercy. To that end, and in accordance with established usage, I hereby designate and appoint Thursday, the 26th day of November next, as a day of general thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God our heavenly Father, and invite all to unite in so meet and right an acknowledgment of his power and goodness, and of our own helplessness. In witness whereof I have hereunto signed my name and affixed the privy seal of the state."

The following, however, is an exception to the general tenor of such documents. The year 1857 was an extraordinary year, and

will long be remembered by the commercial world as one of great monetary revulsion and extreme derangement in business affairs; and the governor of one of the states certainly issued a very extraordinary proclamation when he published the one containing the following extract:

“Since I have been in office I have in each year, as governor of this state, without any difficulty of law, but sustained by ancient custom, appointed a day of thanksgiving. Thursday, the 19th of this month, is now the day appointed, and I trust it will be observed. There is certainly some super-ruling Providence which has brought us into existence, and which will ultimately accomplish the ends for which we are created, not only as individuals but as a people. Nothing can therefore be lost by recognising the obligation we are under to some Being, but much may be gained.”

But I have written the foregoing merely by way of introduction to my subject. My main object is to raise an Ebenezer to the name of my covenant-keeping God for his goodness towards me, one of the most unworthy of all his creatures.

To-day (Thursday, Nov. 26th, 1857) is set apart by the governors of nineteen of the United States as what is called a day of thanksgiving; and while many are assembled in their different meeting-houses for worship in a formal manner, professedly to thank the great Benefactor of the universe for his bountiful supply of the necessaries of life the past year, I desire to record a tribute of praise and thanksgiving to the ever-blessed God, for his many unspeakable mercies manifested unto me ever since I had a being.

First of all would I desire to bless and praise the Almighty for that he did, many years ago, unless I have been much deceived, remember me when in my low estate, and manifest his matchless mercy and boundless love to my soul, by giving me to see my wretched, undone, and lost condition by reason of sin, and showing me that I was by nature a child of wrath, even as others, and that unless I had a better righteousness to appear in at that great day than that of my own, damnation would surely be my doom. Seeing and feeling this, I was led to cry out, like the publican of old, “God be merciful to me a sinner.” By degrees all my earthly props were removed from me; and in his own good time my gracious God was pleased to lead me to that fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, just suited to such a feelingly guilty sinner as I was. He stripped all my filthy garments off, washed me and cleansed me, and clothed me in that blessed robe of righteousness which Jesus spent his life on earth to prepare for all his children, so that they might stand complete in him, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.” “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies.” (Ps. ciii. 2-4.)

“Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?”

Again. Especially would I to-day render praise and thanksgiving to the God of all my mercies for his distinguishing goodness in blessing me with another sweet love-visit this morning. Truly, ere I was aware, my soul was drawn away from the low, grovelling things of time and sense, and I was enabled once more to rejoice in Christ "with joy unspeakable and full of glory." I had been detained at home for several days by illness of body, darkness of mind accompanying it, and I was mourning and lamenting over my sad state; but before leaving my sleeping apartment this morning, when I was not in the least expecting anything of the kind, the dear Lord was pleased in mercy to appear and shine into my soul, and give me a fresh token of his love, reviving his work in my heart, and speaking comfort and consolation to my drooping spirit. The words, "Christ in you the hope of glory" came home with sweetness and power. Then, thought I, if I have Christ, I possess all things; all things needful while in health, and all things needful when in sickness; all things when in poverty's vale, and all things should I abound in wealth; all things suitable in every case while passing through this vale of tears; all things while I live, and all things when I shall be called to die; all things necessary to sustain me when passing through the "valley of the shadow of death," and

"While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there,"

I shall have all things necessary to bear me on and bring me through, and land me safe on the shores of everlasting bliss and blessedness.

"There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

A blessed eternity I shall then spend in praising and adoring the holy Three-in-One,—the Father, for his everlasting love in choosing me and giving me in covenant to Christ; the Son, for receiving me into union with himself, and who, for the love he bare to me and all his chosen family, was manifested in the flesh, "made of a woman, made under the law," lived a life of deprivation and suffering on earth, died an ignominious and cruel death, "even the death of the cross," for my redemption, rose again from the dead for my justification, triumphantly ascended on high, and successfully pleaded my cause in the court of heaven; and likewise the eternal and ever-blessed Spirit, for his infinite love displayed in quickening me when "dead in trespasses and sins," and teaching me to pray for life and salvation for the sake alone of Jesus; and when just ready to give up all for lost, and sunk in almost black despair, was graciously and mercifully pleased to appear for my relief by revealing Christ to me as the only hope of that eternal glory which I shall be then in the full possession of. Thus the all-wise and unchangeable Jehovah will get for his everlasting love to unworthy me an everlasting song of adoration and praise.

New York City.

J. AXFORD.

Obituary.

MR. JOSEPH BRIMBLE, LATE OF BATH.

Continued from page 153).

Sorrow was now indeed depicted on his countenance, and little else but lamentations heard from his lips. It was truly a bitter cup that was put into his hands, and he felt it; for this his much-loved son had been continually upon his heart before the Lord. Not one day had he been forgotten; but his constant prayer was that the Lord, “‘according to the exceeding riches of his grace,’ would quicken his poor dead soul.” And on the very day on which the doleful circumstance occurred, he in his pleading, with the Lord had expressed before him that the only thing he now in particular had to petition of him before he went hence and was no more seen (in subjection to his blessed will), was that he might see his only son called by grace; that he might not be suffered to die in the dark kingdom of Satan, but that he would translate him from thence “‘into the kingdom of his dear Son,” “‘in whom” he might “‘have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins.” But now, though wonderfully supported under this truly heavy trial, the devil thrust sore at him that he might fall. And indeed it really appeared to him that Satan had at last prevailed against him, prayers and all. And what made the affliction the greater was, that the Lord hid his face; nor could he feel that his love sympathised with him in the trial. An extract from a letter, received by me whilst compelled for a short time to be absent from him, will show somewhat the state of his mind: “‘I have sent this to you, which I hope you will receive safe, having had one more solemn lesson that, however the horse may be prepared for the battle, safety is only of the Lord. But though I thus speak, my poor little flickering faith is more like the dying wick of an expiring candle than Abraham’s. In short, I am almost dumb before the Lord. I can sympathise with poor Job when his friends came to console with him, and sat for seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word to him, for they saw that his grief was very great:

‘ Though thou severely with me deal,
Still will I in thy mercy trust;
Accomplish in me all thy will,
Only remember I am dust.’

For sensible I am I can do nothing, nor bear anything of myself. My strength is perfect weakness, and all I have is sin. It is of the Lord’s mercies I am not consumed, or if I am not to be consumed.

‘ Mercy is welcome news, indeed,
To those who guilty stand;
Wretches that feel what help they need,
Will bless the helping hand.’

O, my dear child, to be found in him, living and dying, is my constant desire and never-yet-ending prayer. But I am poor and very sorrowful, and am brought very low; nor can any but the Lord bless

me. It seems at times as though the enemy had at last prevailed against me, prayer and all. And you know for many, many long years what a weapon this has been for me. But I will leave my complaint for the present. O that I could cast my burden upon the Lord! but I am not able to do that, yet am hitherto sustained; blessed be God for that. But I am full of confusion and tossings to and fro till the dawning of the day; and with all of it

‘ His judgments are too deep
For reason’s line to sound.’

‘The Comforter that should relieve my soul is far from me.’ ‘O for an interpreter, one among a thousand. For ‘I am like a bottle in the smoke,’ saying, ‘When wilt thou comfort me?’ But I will leave my complaints upon myself, lest I should add grief to your sorrow.”

But after a time he again enjoyed the light of the countenance of his God and Saviour, and would often exclaim, “O, this is the riches of grace, to have salvation secured to me;” whilst his overflowing soul showed itself through his brightened countenance, and thanksgiving, praise, and glory sounded from his opening lips. Darkness, however, again crept on him, and he found it often hard work to maintain the battle with soldier-like behavior. Long and wakeful nights were the particular times of the enemy’s attacks, during which he often assaulted his soul in every part, and forced this appeal from his deeply-wounded spirit, “Lord, thou knowest ’tis more than I can bear, ’tis more than I can bear; do rebuke this devourer.”

Error springing up in the church of which he then stood a member was at this time, too, a source of deep trial to him, in reference to which these words were one morning spoken to him, “And their word will eat as doth a canker;” and truly they were painfully verified in him, till his very moisture was, as it were, consumed. Yet did he feel it his duty, as a good soldier, to fight for the truth as much in the absence of his divine Master as he would in his presence; and though these words often sounded in his ears, “If you, in contending for this truth, were doing what was pleasing to the Lord, is it not likely that you would have his approbation and presence? Would he hide his face from you as he does if you were contending for his truth?” But still he would and did contend earnestly for that part of the faith once delivered to the saints which was now called in question amongst us, to the sore grief of his soul. And now again a suitable word from the Lord brightened his path, which was, “Kiss the Son, lest he be angry.”

His love now began to burn stronger and stronger towards this beloved object of his affections, and with vehemence he exclaimed, “No, no! the love shall not be all on one side; it shall not only be ‘Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth,’ but I also will kiss him. Whenever I can find him, I will kiss him. I’ll kiss him in his eternal Sonship, I’ll kiss him in his birth, I’ll kiss him in his sufferings and death, I’ll kiss him in his resurrection and ascension; in whatever character I can find him in the Scriptures I will kiss

him, for I do love, adore, and worship him; nor shall any rob me of him finally, though they have been trying hard to spoil my resting-place." Again the Lord's mercy was the theme of his song, and the joy of his heart. That mercy which had delivered him from evil and his feet from falling, had led him about and instructed him, established him in the truth, and kept him from confederacy with error, was greatly extolled. Under such feelings he walked his room, and begged the Lord not to lay the sin of the grievous error which had so distressed the minds of some of his children to the charge of the individuals who had introduced it, but to bring them to repentance for it, and a forsaking thereof in this life, and that he would grant them his pardoning mercy; for he could not bear to think of the consequences of their dying in their delusion.

"Because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God," could not be said of Joseph Brimble, for change of experience still often clouded or brightened his path. Sometimes nature and the enemy seemed to prevail strongly against him, causing his gradually wasting body to bow beneath the inward pressure; at others, grace prevailed, lifting his downcast countenance upwards, and giving him faith to "call to remembrance the former days, in which, after he was illuminated, he endured a great fight of afflictions, partly whilst he was made a gazing-stock, both by reproaches and afflictions;" thus strengthening and refreshing him, so that he could attend to the exhortation of the apostle, "Cast not away, therefore, your confidence, which hath great recompence of reward," feeling that he had need of patience, that after he had done the will of God he might receive the promise; and that in a little while he whom he so much desired to come would come, and would not tarry. And then when the desire did come, he found it a tree of life, causing a healthy soul, though in an unhealthy body, to magnify the Lord, new songs to break from his lips, and vanquished foes to gather themselves together and fly to their lurking places.

Sunday morning, Dec. 7th, 1856, this passage of Scripture dropped into his thirsty soul with great sweetness, "Thou art fairer than the children of men; grace is poured into thy lips." With astonished faith he exclaimed, as the sweetness of the text diffused itself through his spirit, "Fairer! O yes, there never was so fair a person, for he was God and man in one glorious Person, Immanuel, God with us. 'Grace is poured into his lips,' and 'out of his fulness have we received, and grace for grace.'" He said the heavenly touch he felt was past describing, for in the trying to relate it, it was "like wine that lost its taste, exposed to open air;" but that he felt, had he been then dying, as fit for heaven as he could be. Not long after this heavenly feeling, a circumstance was presented to his mind of a boyish trick of his done in childhood, and ere he was aware of it, a smile was drawn from him at the remembrance of it. The devil now immediately tried to cast a veil over his felt fitness for heaven, and to bring him in a guilty, condemned wretch, on account of that smile which he had wrested from him. And indeed, greatly self-condemned, he was compelled to fly to the fountain of his blood,

and beg and implore the cleansing application thereof to his wounded conscience. This gave him another distinct view of the two natures in a believer, the flesh and the spirit; and that "that which is of the flesh is flesh, and that which is of the spirit is spirit."

On the 18th, feeling very weak, he seemed to be more strongly reminded of his approaching end, and in a solemn but sweet frame of mind said, "O what a mercy not to be left to hardness of heart now in the eventide of life, but to feel touches of love and meltings of heart, with a crumbling sense of mercy at the remembrance of his name, so that I can hardly quote a hymn without a brokenness of feeling." This hymn he spoke of as expressing exactly the vision of faith he had 44 years since this month (Dec.):

"So fair a face bedew'd with tears."

"O," said he, "that never-to-be-forgotten vision, after nearly 18 months' hard bondage under the law, makes the remembrance of this month sweet to me. July and December are ever two memorable months with me. I was quickened into spiritual life July, 1811, and lay under the sentence of death with the arrows of the Almighty sticking fast in me, feeling 'He was turned to be their enemy, therefore he fought against them,' until Dec., 1812, when it pleased the Lord to set my soul at happy liberty. Then did my soul go forth in the dances of them that make merry; then did the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing. Now I feel I am a dying man, and I solemnly feel the truth of God precious unto me. Mortals are nothing to me now. What would the testimony of man avail me on that bed to which I must shortly come? But O, to have the testimony of the Holy Ghost then, and of a good conscience, is what I desire; and the hope of its being granted me at such a time is sweet to me now."

Gradually declining in strength of body, but blessed with many sweet renewings of the inward man, also plagued at times by his unwearied adversary the devil, he reached March, 1857, when a decided change for the worse was apparent; but though not enjoying that sensible comfort he desired, still his faith was unshaken. On Sunday, the 29th, some friends came to see him, with whom his conversation was sweet, Jesus being the theme. "Christ," he said, "is the Rock upon which I have built for nearly 46 years, and I find it does not give way now. He is a rock, his work is perfect. Christ is the eternal Rock on which his church is built. Built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone. But he is to be a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence to both the houses of Israel; for they stumbled at that stumbling-stone. O what a miserable man I should now be if I held any error respecting his Person. But now, through mercy, upon lying down at night I can appeal to God and say, 'O God the Father, thou knowest that I love thee; O God the Son, thou knowest that I love thee; O God the Holy Ghost, thou knowest that I love thee.' Three distinct persons in the one Israel's Lord God." He then gave some little advice respecting the cause of truth recently opened; wished it prosperity in the name of the Lord, and

said, "You will have my dying prayers, I hope, for the welfare, peace, and prosperity of you all." Upon leaving, one of the friends (a minister from a distance) said, "I should be glad to see you again, if it be the Lord's will." "No," was the reply; "I feel I am taking a final farewell of you;" and he pronounced a heartfelt blessing upon him. The friend said, "May the Lord be with and support you to the end." He answered, "I believe he will."

The following Lord's Day he was again visited by several friends. They asked him how he was; to whom he replied, "Gradually sinking, but it is well in soul. O how great is his mercy; the remembrance of his mercies towards me melts me before him. He is a Rock, his work is perfect. These words have been very sweet to me:

'And takes to glory
All who meet for glory are.'

There must," he continued, "be a meetness for glory; and the whole work of the Lord with a sinner, from first to last, is to produce that necessary meetness for a soul to become an inhabitant of a glorified inheritance. O what indescribable glory I have seen lately in these lines:

'And scenes of bliss for ever new
Rise in succession to their view.'

Bliss for ever new; who can comprehend what that will be? Scenes of bliss continually rising before one's astonished view. 'For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE devil sends faithless-fear first and foremost, and then brings up his army. No trouble has been found to be deadly to God's people till first slavish fear has killed, wounded, and weakened them; therefore our Lord cautions against this killing enemy, slavish fear. "Fear none of these things which thou shalt suffer."—*Ralph Erskine.*

OUR faith, in reference to dispensation, is to do two things: 1st. To believe in general. Though dispensation be rough, stormy, black, yet Christ is fair, sweet, gracious; and, that hell and death are servants to God's dispensation toward the children of God. Abraham must kill Isaac; yet in Isaac, as in the promised seed, all the nations of the earth are blessed. Israel is foiled, and falleth before the men of Ai; yet Israel shall be saved by the Lord. Judah shall go into captivity, but the dead bones shall live again. Read the promise in general, engraved upon the dispensation of God. Garments are rolled in blood in Scotland and England. The wheels of Christ's chariot, in this reformation, go with a slow pace. The prince is averse to peace, many worthies are killed, a foreign nation cometh against us; yet all worketh for the best to those that love God. 2. Hope biddeth us to await the Lord's event. We see God's work; it cometh to our senses; but the event that God bringeth out of his work lieth underground. Dispensation is as a woman travelling in birth, and crying out for pain; but she shall be delivered of two men-children,—Mercy to the peopl. of God, Justice to Babylon. Wait on till the woman bring forth, though you see not the children.—*Rutherford.*

INQUIRIES.

Dear Sir—Believing you to have a deep and heartfelt interest in the spiritual welfare of Zion, and that anything you may conceive as adapted to accomplish such an end you would be ready to communicate, through the pages of your valuable magazine, I have written for your views and advice on matters which, to my own mind, are to be deplored, and in which an alteration for the better is needed. The first thing I would bring before you is, the very irregular observance of the Lord's Supper by churches having no settled pastor over them. I would ask, Is it proper for churches, under such circumstances, to wait for months without attending to the ordinance, merely because they want a more than ordinary Supply to administer it unto them? Do they not, by so doing, wrong themselves and also their constant Supplies, who would be glad to remain at home on such occasions, but who for the sake of others go out to labor amongst them, whilst by being thus treated they sacrifice a privilege, one of the sweetest they here enjoy, and are not able but seldom to obey the command of their dying Lord, "Do this in remembrance of me?"

Another thing I have to ask is, whether in our public worship we should leave the leading of the singing part in the hands of unconverted characters? and whether both church and choir do not stand condemned in the matter?

My last request is, that you would point out to our churches the importance of church discipline being attended to when required, and their best mode of proceeding with it. I have seen the baneful influence of its neglect, and also of its being attended to in an unscriptural way. Some there are who have been suspended from membership for years, concerning whose case there has been no decision come to by the church, who occupy a sort of middle station between the church and the world—neither received back into the church, nor yet finally rejected by them. Others there are, whilst professing themselves Baptists, can allow Pædobaptists (for what ends God knoweth) to sprinkle their children, and yet remain members of a Particular Baptist church, holding the views of strict communion.

If, dear Sir, you should at your leisure deem all or either of these things worthy your notice, I think it not improbable but that God's Zion may be benefited and God's glory promoted by the reflections you may offer concerning them.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours truly,

A LOVER OF GOSPEL ORDER AND CONSISTENCY.

ANSWER.

We love gospel order as well as our correspondent; but are well satisfied in our own mind that it does not consist in a mere obedience to certain rules and a subjection to a certain discipline, however good or scriptural, but must be maintained by the power of the Spirit and the influence of his grace upon the heart. Viewed in that light, gospel order is a choice fruit of the Spirit and clearly manifests that the church

in which it is maintained is living under the teaching and blessing of God. Thus Paul, writing to that highly favored church "the saints and faithful brethren in Christ at Colosse," says, "Though I be absent in the flesh, yet am I with you in the spirit, joying and *beholding your order*, and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ." (Col. ii. 5.) He rejoiced at beholding their order, not because it was an outside, letter obedience to the rules of the church, but because it sprang from the steadfastness of their faith in Christ, and was therefore a walking orderly with one another because they walked believably with him. All other order is the shell; this and this only is the kernel. But that gospel order is acceptable to the Lord Jesus Christ is most evident, not only from his own precepts and example in the New Testament, but from various expressions in that Song of loves where he commends his bride for the possession of it. "I have compared thee," he says, "O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots;" the beauty of which mainly consisted in their being well matched, well paired, well broken, well bitted, and well pulling together. (Song Sol. i. 9.) He tells her also that she is "terrible as an army with banners;" (vi. 4;) the force and strength of which chiefly consist in the order with which the ranks are maintained, or the banners would be a mass of confusion. He also compares her together in "a flock of sheep which go up from the washing," all moving together in one harmonious flock. Thus we see that a church of Christ can never flourish without the maintenance of gospel order, which consists in the due observance of the ordinances of God's house, in the administration of gospel discipline, in the obedience and submission of the members to those that have the rule over them, (Heb. xiii. 17,) in the subjection of the whole body one to another, from being all clothed with humility, (1 Pct. v. 5,) and in each looking not on his own things but also on the things of others, and especially those which make for peace. (Phil. ii. 4, Rom. xiv. 19.) Unless this spirit be in the churches of the saints, mere outward order will bring little glory to God or little good to man. But on the other hand, the want of gospel order is a proof of grace being at a low ebb in the church, for the ordinances of God's house would not be neglected, nor would other evils inseparable from loose discipline be rife if grace were bringing forth its blessed fruits. Having dropped these general reflections on the nature of gospel order as a fruit of the Spirit as distinguished from mere attending to church rules and regulations, we will now look at the first of the inquiries before us.

1. First, then, as to the *regular observance of the Lord's Supper*. This we consider highly desirable, not that we attach any importance to times and seasons, but as viewing evils that usually if not necessarily spring out of their neglect. When the ordinance of the Lord's Supper is administered regularly, the time becomes well known to the members of the church. It often happens that members live at a distance, nor is it always convenient for them to attend every Lord's Day. They may have no conveyance of their own, and the distance may be either too great to walk, or they may not have the health and strength to do so. There is therefore great disappointment experienced by them when they have made arrangements, and gone perhaps to some expense in procuring a conveyance, and have come in the full expectation of sitting down to the ordinance, to find it is not attended to, but is put off because some favorite Supply has not come, or it is not his Lord's Day. But again, others besides those who live at a distance have most probably been lifting up their hearts to the Lord that he would meet with them at the breaking of bread, and they have come with a hope and expectation of getting the blessing which they have been praying for. But

if there be no ordinance, because it has been put off for some such reason as is named by our correspondent, or because there is a general laxity and uncertainty about it altogether, their prayers seem to have fallen to the ground, and Satan and unbelief may tempt them to believe that God does not hear their petitions, or there would not have been this disappointment. Laxity in one thing also often leads to laxity in another, until by degrees all order and discipline are lost, which unruly members take advantage of to throw the church into confusion immediately that the loose reins are gathered up, and thus, like children spoiled by indulgence, they become eventually too wilful and headstrong to be controlled by any discipline whatever. Besides which, if this irregularity often occur, how can members be reproved by the deacons for absenting themselves from the ordinance when the answer is so ready, "Why you are so irregular, that I never know when it is to be administered or not?"

But the case mentioned by our correspondent goes even beyond this. As he states it, it looks very much in our eyes as a piece of systematic favoritism. Where the pulpit is occupied by Supplies, there is a great tendency to favoritism; in fact it is unavoidable, as different men will have different gifts, and greater or less acceptability with the people. But this favoritism which is scarcely avoidable in the pulpit should certainly not be carried to the Lord's table. There must be no favorites there, whether ministers or members. Surely we are not going to set up gifts in the administering of the Lord's Supper, and say, "I want my favorite Supply to break bread for me, as I do not consider anybody else fit to do it. He may be fit enough to preach, but not fit enough to break bread to the church." Surely no one who fears God and has a right view of the Lord's Supper would use such language openly and deliberately. And yet what other language is really used when a church will not allow a simple, honest, God-fearing Supply to break bread to them; because on the next Lord's Day, or on that day fortnight, they are expecting a man who may have greater gifts, but not perhaps as much grace as the Supply whom they tacitly set aside as unfit to break bread to them? We should say, therefore, to those churches which have not a settled pastor, "Have the ordinance as regularly as you well can, and let the Supply who is with you that day break bread; it may be the means of cementing a spirit of love and union to him, and showing him that the church esteems him for his works' sake quite as much as any of his more gifted brethren."

The two other questions both require a larger space for consideration than we can give in our present Number, being much straitened for room, but we hope (D. V.) to examine them on a future occasion.

THE heaviest afflictions this side hell are less, far less, than my iniquities have deserved—*Berridge*.

ALL human righteousness is imperfect; and to suppose that God, whose judgment is always according to truth, will, by a paltry commutation, which he every where disclaims, and which the majesty of his law forbids, be put off with not only a defective, but even a polluted obedience, and justify men by virtue of such a counterfeit (at most a partial) conformity to his commandments; to imagine that the law accommodates itself to human depravation, and, cameleon-like, assumes the complexion of the sinners with whom it has to do, is Antinomianism of the grossest kind. It represents the law as hanging out false colors, and insisting on perfection, while, in fact, it is little better than a formal patent for licentiousness, and degrades the adorable Law-giver himself into a conniver at sin.—*Toplady*.

REVIEW.

A Short Account of the Life and Conversion of Sukey Harley, of the parish of Pulverbach, near Shrewsbury. Taken from her lips by the late Rector's Daughter. In Two Parts. Part Second. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

THE SOVEREIGNTY of God is a great, an unfathomable depth, and needs ever to be approached by the saints and servants of the Most High with trembling steps, and looked at and into with believing, reverent eyes. "My flesh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy judgments;" "My heart standeth in awe of thy word;" "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor, and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." Such is the frame of soul in vital experience, however in our day little known and less regarded, in which it becomes "those that are escaped of Israel" (Isa. iv. 2) to look at the sovereign good pleasure of Jehovah in "doing according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth." Many fight, with all the desperate enmity and rebellion of the carnal mind, against the bare idea that all men and all things are at the sovereign disposal of the great God of heaven and earth; and others, who are not thus held down hard and fast in the chains of rebellion and error, hold the doctrine of divine sovereignty, if not in unrighteousness, at least in a carnal, presumptuous spirit, which plainly shows that they never learned it feelingly and experimentally in their own souls under the teaching and unction of the Holy Ghost. It is hard, perhaps, to say which of the two is the more repulsive to the spiritual mind—the daring denial of the rebellious Arminian, or the flippant boldness of the dead Calvinist. Error is hateful, but truth in a hardened conscience is awful. The grand and glorious truths which are revealed in the word of God are to be received not as mere speculative doctrines into the natural judgment and reasoning mind, but into the tender heart and living conscience, as the gracious unfolding of the mind and counsel, the will and wisdom of Him who is "greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are about him." And surely of all truths revealed in the Scriptures none is more to be regarded with trembling awe and holy reverence than the sovereignty of Jehovah in electing some to eternal life and appointing others to eternal destruction. We believe this on the authority of Him who cannot lie; but when we look up into heaven, and see its unspeakable bliss and glory, and look down into hell and view its ever-burning flames, we may well pause and say, "Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known." (Ps. lxxvii. 19.) There are those who seem almost to exult in a carnal spirit over the destruction of the reprobate. There is, indeed, a solemn submission to, and a believing acquiescence in the sovereign will of the Judge of all the earth, knowing that he must do right, as Aaron "held his peace" when fire from the Lord went out and devoured his two sons, Nadab and Abihu. (Lev. x. 2, 3.) Nay, more, there is a holy joy in the conquest of the Lamb over his enemies, as expressed in the words, "Rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets; for God hath avenged you on her;" (Rev. xviii. 20;) and, "So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord; but let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might." (Judges v. 31.) But this is a very different feeling from a carnal exultation over the lost, which shows a state of mind, to say the least of it, the exact opposite of Paul's "great heaviness and continual sorrow of heart" for his unbelieving brethren, (Rom. ix. 2,) and breathes a language

very unlike the prayer of Moses, "Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written." (Exodus xxxii. 32.) Who can think, without grief and sorrow of heart, upon a dear parent, child, or husband departed without any evidence of a work of grace upon the soul? When you awake at midnight and think of the departed one, where is your exultation over those fixed decrees which determined his eternal state? Submission there may be and should be to the will of God; but a man must be a very heathen—"without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful," (Rom. i. 31,) who has neither sigh nor tear for his own flesh, at the thought of their eternal woe.

It is when we look at the sovereignty of God on what we may perhaps call its *bright* side—its merciful and gracious aspect, as plucking innumerable brands out of the fire, and especially when the decree of election turns its smiling face upon us, that we can rejoice in it, and admire and adore the electing love of God in delivering our souls from the bottomless pit. And not only we who have been made alive from the dead, but every regenerate soul is a living witness of the sovereignty of grace. There is not, there never was, there never will be a manifested vessel of mercy, who is not a monument of the sovereign electing, redeeming, regenerating, and preserving love of a Triune Jehovah; and this every saint of God feels when mercy visits his heart and he is sealed by the Holy Ghost unto the day of redemption. "Why me? why me?" must ever be the wondering, admiring, adoring cry of every child of God when blessed with a feeling, appropriating sense of his personal interest in the precious blood and love of the Lamb. But there are instances which seem to shine forth with peculiar lustre, and to stand out beyond the usual dealings of God as prominent examples of the sovereignty of his eternal love. As in a garden every flower may be beautiful in its kind, and all were planted by the same gardener's hand to deck and adorn his beds, but there may be some which strike the eye as more signal in beauty of shape and brightness of color than the other occupants of the border, so in the church of God there are trees of his right hand planting which display more conspicuously than others the wonders of his sovereign, distinguishing grace. Saul of Tarsus and the thief on the cross have always struck our own mind as two of the most signal instances of sovereign grace contained in the Scriptures. The self-righteous Pharisee, imbued with all the learning and pride of the Sanhedrin, and overflowing with all the persecuting spirit of the murderers of Stephen, and the malefactor, loaded with the crimes of a life of violence and bloodshed, yet snatched from the jaws of hell at the last gasp—Reader, and admirer of the grace of God, can you strike the balance between these two monuments of electing love, and decide which was the more indebted to sovereign grace? "Ah," but say you, "I know a greater monument of sovereign grace than either." Well, be it so; but next to yourself, can you decide whether Paul or the dying thief was the more indebted to the heights and depths, lengths and breadths of atoning blood and redeeming love? We really, for our part, cannot tell. We look at Paul before and after his conversion, and wonder at and admire the grace of God that made out of such a pharisee, such a bigot, such a strict consistent legalist, such a bloodthirsty persecutor, a saint so rich in every grace, an apostle so endowed with every fruit and gift of the Holy Ghost. Saul on his road to Damascus "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord," and Paul, with the words in his heart and mouth, "What mean ye to weep and break my heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus;" (Acts xxi. 13:)—O what grace thus to change

the lion into the lamb, the man ready to martyr into the man ready to be martyred! But next we turn to the dying thief. Listen with wondering ears and admiring heart to his believing prayer, addressed under such circumstances and at such a moment to the Son of God, in his deepest humiliation, at his lowest point of ignominy and shame, when his very disciples all forsook him and fled, and his glory was hidden under the densest, darkest veil. A risen Jesus appeared to Paul in all the blaze of heavenly glory; a crucified Jesus was hanging before the dying thief in little less shame and degradation than himself and his twin malefactor. O, what faith at such a moment to call him, "Lord," and to believe he had a kingdom, and to desire to be made a partaker of its present grace and future glory! Has not this prayer, believing reader, been mine and thine? Have not we sought to realise the blessed Redeemer as set thus before our eyes? and whilst we threw all our heart and soul into the petition, breathed forth, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom?" The prayer of the dying thief shines we must say, in our eyes as one of the greatest, if not the greatest act of faith recorded in the Scriptures, and only paralleled, we cannot say surpassed, by Abraham's sacrifice of his son.

But let us not think that there are not now walking on the face of the earth like monuments of sovereign grace. Up that court, in that garret, there is a dying Mary Magdalene, out of whom the Lord has cast seven devils. Down in that coal-mine there is one whom once "no man could bind, no, not with chains," "neither could any man tame him;" but he is now "sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind." Walking under that hedge, now weeping, now praying, now singing, now looking into his little Bible, is a returned prodigal—a base backslider whom the Lord has forgiven, but who can never forgive himself. Hiding his face in the corner of the pew is that persecutor of his poor broken-hearted wife, now in glory, whom since her death the Lord has called by his grace, and whose tears and sighs show how deeply he repents of his sins against her and Him. Whilst the world is going on buying and selling, eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, God is here and there raising up these monuments of his grace to live for ever and ever in his presence, when the world and all the fashion of it shall have utterly passed away.

To a spiritual mind, what sweet food for faith, what a field of holy meditation is opened up in the sovereignty of grace as thus displayed in those wonders of redeeming love which every now and then come under our own special knowledge and observation! To what praise and adoration does it give birth; what openings up of the depths of the Father's love; what views of the fulness and perfection of the Redeemer's blood and obedience; what a sight of salvation as a free, irrevocable gift; how independent of all creature works of righteousness, how distinguishing, how superabounding over all the abounding of sin and guilt is grace seen to be; what love and union are felt to the objects of this signal mercy; how the soul is more and more firmly established thereby in the truth of God; and that "it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy!" Dare any call the sovereignty of God in his electing love and discriminating grace "a licentious doctrine?" Ignorance coined that lie; and enmity gave it circulation. The sovereignty of grace received into a believing heart has led many a one from sin; it never, under the unction of the Holy Spirit, led one into sin. Many a poor, despairing wretch it has saved, not only from the guilt of sin that distressed his conscience, but from the power of sin that entangled his inclinations, and carried him captive. The same Christ Jesus who of God is made to his people "righteousness and

redemption," is also made unto them "wisdom and sanctification;" (1 Cor. i. 30;) and those who are "washed and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus," are also "sanctified by the Spirit of God." (1 Cor. vi. 11.)

But to what are all these remarks—perhaps already extended too far, preparatory? To what signal instance of sovereign grace are they intended as a preface? To one that shines in our eyes with distinguished lustre, but one not wholly a stranger to our pages. About nine years ago* we reviewed the first part of the experience of Sukey Harley. A greater monument of the free, sovereign, discriminating grace of God than this poor, ignorant woman, we believe, scarcely stands on record. We must refer our readers to the Review to which we have alluded for an account of what Sukey was before grace reached her heart. But as there are probably among them some who have not read that Review, or cannot readily refer to it, we may very briefly mention Sukey's birth, pedigree, and education. Do any of our readers know the manners and habits of the working classes who occupy that extensive coal and iron district, commonly called "the black country," stretching between Birmingham and Shrewsbury, and which, from the clouds of smoke by day, and the blazing furnaces by night, would almost recall to the imagination of a poetical traveller Milton's lines?

"At once, as far as angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild;
A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flamed."

Sukey was, by birth and origin, one of those men-like women who are to be found amongst the wives and daughters of the colliers and miners that are as much at home under ground as above it, and as expert with the hammer as the fist. Sukey before her call by grace, could neither read nor write, but was a stout, strong woman who, to use her own expression, could "get through lots of work," and in her carnal days danced, and raved, and worked, and swore, with all the exuberance of health and strength, amidst this lawless population—much more wild, be it remembered, and lawless fifty years ago, when well nigh every collier in his Sunday dress sat on his heels on the pit bank, with his bull dog between his knees. Amidst this wild race Sukey was born and bred; married a collier whom she despised in her heart because he would not quarrel and fight like other men, and whom she was ready to beat with her brawny fist when he gently reproved her for her unceasing flood of oaths in her common talk. Sukey was not, in her carnal days, immodest or immoral; but rough, and ignorant, and dark beyond description as to the commonest ideas of any kind of religion. But sovereign grace, before time had birth or being, before the foundations of the earth were laid or the dayspring knew its place, had written Sukey's name in the Lamb's book of life, and by firm decree had fixed her "first and second birth." It was not of chance that she was born in a collier's cabin any more than it was of chance that she was new-born into the kingdom of God by his word entering with power into her heart, or of chance that she is now in glory, singing the high praises of God and the Lamb. "Sanctified by God the Father, and preserved in Jesus Christ and called" was as true of Sukey as of all the election of grace. "Sanctified" she was "by God the Father" when, in the electing decrees of his sovereign will, he set her apart to be a partaker of his own holiness, and uniting her to the Son of his love as a member of his mystical body thus constituted her holy in the Holy One of Israel. "Preserved" she was

* See "Gospel Standard," vol. XV., p. 171. May No., 1849.

“in Jesus Christ,” amidst all her ignorance and wild, untamed life, and in the Lord's own time and way was “called” to know him in the sweet manifestations of his love.

Sukey was alive when the first part of her experience was published, but the circumstance was carefully concealed from her; she has now passed to her everlasting rest, and therefore all objection has now ceased to its being made public. We cannot say that the second part is so striking or so deeply interesting as the first, but it is of the same decisive stamp, and as giving a further account of her experience in her latter days, forms a worthy and appropriate sequel. With great honesty and faithfulness the compiler has mentioned some of Sukey's infirmities and failings; not to depreciate her, but to manifest the grace of God in subduing them; and has given us some very interesting conversations with her, preserved in her own, honest, homely talk. There is also an account of her death, in which there was nothing remarkable. It was our intention to conclude our Review in this No. with copious extracts from the book itself, as not only extremely interesting and profitable, but because we understand the work itself is so scarce that a copy can hardly be procured. But the exigencies of the printing-office will not this month permit us to insert any more than the following spiritual and experimental letter of Mr. Bourne (whose happy death we lately reviewed) to her after reading the first part of her experience:

“Dear Friend in the Lord,—I have read your account with great delight and sweet spiritual refreshment; and bless God for displaying his sovereign pleasure in choosing out of a wicked world the least likely in all the village where you dwelt. You can never boast of your goodness or natural wisdom, but can with me say, ‘It is of his free mercy he has saved us by the washing of regeneration.’ True enough, you could not find out how you were to be born again; yet you at last perceived that this spiritual wind blew where it listed, though you could not tell whence it came or whither it went; so is every one that is born of the Spirit. (John iii. 8.) I was much encouraged by your description of the way the Lord taught you to read. Is anything too hard for him? No. This ought to encourage you and me to come boldly to a throne of grace with all our wants, and not (as we are so ready to do) go everywhere else. We have all a most foolish feeling that an arm of flesh can do wonders; but this is one thing the Lord will be continually striking at all our days; and will never cease to show us, by various means, that none but Jesus can do helpless sinners good. How the Lord, in your ignorance, instructed you according to his written word! There is no salvation for sinners, but through Jesus Christ; this revelation was made known to you; and the Lord the Spirit put that prayer into your heart, ‘Lord, bring me into the true light and knowledge of thy dear Son.’ This prayer was heard; and he came into your heart with all his saving benefits. Thus his coming drove out all other objects; all your fiddling, dancing, swearing, and all other vanities, the Lord cast into the depths of the sea of his love, and left no desire to return to them. ‘What fruit had you in those things whereof you are now bitterly ashamed?’ What fruit?—Misery and wretchedness was the fruit. But what fruit found you in the revelation of Jesus Christ to your soul? The fruit was love, joy, peace, goodness, mercy, and many more fruits of the Spirit, which are always found when he has possession of the heart; and when we walk in the Spirit, and in the sweet enjoyment of these things, what a discovery by the Spirit we often find of the pride of the heart! These evil beasts will show their heads; that corrupt principle called the old man will often seek for the mastery, and fight for it too;

and this is the reason the Lord tells us to endure hardness as good soldiers, and put on the whole armour of God—not our fleshly armour, but God's strength, which shall be made perfect in weakness. So, my dear friend, when you are attacked by any of these evil beasts, and they bring on great fears, there are also many confessions and cries; and then your weakness will be manifest, and you will come to the right place where God sends this help, 'Let the weak say, I am strong.' This causes hope to abound and courage to increase, and we again press on, and Christ our Captain never leaves us, but leads us on to victory. May this be your happy lot, not to be discouraged because of the way, but rather look at the almighty arm of our blessed Redeemer, and see if we can

' — Sink with such a prop,
That holds the world and all things up.'

“ To Sukey Harley. “ From, Yours in the Lord,
“ Nov. 8th, 1836.” “ J. BOURNE.

POETRY.

LINES WRITTEN DURING SOME RIOTS. (Nov., 1830.)

BY THE LATE MRS. STURTON.

YE pilgrims and strangers, surrounded by dangers,
Perplexed on every hand,
Your enemies, crosses, enjoyments, and losses,
Are all at Jehovah's command.

Though all in disquiet, confusion, and riot,
And sorrows your pathway attend,
Though dire conflagration convulses the nation,
Yet all shall be right in the end.

'Tis painful at present; no trials are pleasant;
Yet righteousness lies at the root;
And soon 'twill be found rich clusters abound
Of peaceable, heavenly fruit.

For nothing be careful, in everything prayerful,
Committing to Jesus your way;
Think not for to-morrow, 'twill load you with sorrow;
Enough are the griefs of to-day.

Too often dejected by sorrows expected,
Which never, perhaps, may exist;
Forgetting our Tower of safety and power,
We turn from our refuge and rest.

But God will deceive not, though we may believe not,
His promise is, Yea and Amen;
The arm which upheld us when everything fail'd us
Will help us again and again.

Jehovah omniscient is God all-sufficient;
Once loving, he loves to the end.
O blessed reflection! With hearty affection
Let praises unceasing ascend.

'Though sin may oppress us and sorely distress us,
And Satan our spirits dismay,
'There's no condemnation for heirs of salvation.
Then sing on your heavenly way!

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

JULY, 1858.

MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

DRAWN BY LOVE.

(Concluded from page 169.)

The saints are a peculiar people, and, as one observes, "There are no people under heaven so miserable as they are, and there are none so happy; there are none so much chastened as they, and there are none so highly favored and blest; there are none brought so low, and there are none raised so high."

Therefore, taking the word of God as a whole, the experiences of the Lord's family generally, and the teachings of God in my own soul in particular, I am led to conclude that real, solid, and vital religion begins with trouble respecting the never-dying soul and an awful and never-ending eternity; and that in general the Lord brings down the lofty looks of man and his impenitent heart with hard labor, crosses, losses, distresses, and keen sorrows. "When Manasseh was in affliction he besought the Lord his God, and humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers, and prayed unto him: and he was entreated of him, and he heard his supplications, and brought him again to Jerusalem, into his kingdom; then Manasseh knew that the Lord was God." When the three thousand heard the word with power, "they were pricked in their hearts, and said to Peter and the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do?" When the gaoler was quickened, he sought to lay violent hands on himself, had not Paul cried out with a loud voice, "Do thyself no harm;" but he came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas, and brought them out, and said, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" Many other instances might be quoted to prove what has been asserted, if needful. The Holy Ghost, speaking of the church, by Isaiah, says, "The Lord hath called thee as a woman forsaken, and grieved in spirit, and a wife of youth when thou wast refused, saith thy God;" which implies the forlorn condition of a sinner under his first awakenings, his lonely position in society, and the critical situation of his own soul. The Lord likens him to one "forsaken," (it is God's general method I am aiming at,) proving that the citizens of Zion are termed "forsaken" before they are said to be "sought out." In proportion as the poor sinner is helped to forsake, so, in proportion, is he forsaken by divers kinds of people. He forsakes all immoral acts, vain amusement, and carnal company, and through such reformation he offends and is forsaken by the world that lieth in the wicked one, and by

all who are "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." He is now in earnest after the salvation of his soul; and if he get mixed up with the congregation of the dead, there are many useless remedies prescribed for his disease; such as, "Take God at his word, live up to your privileges, act faith in the atonement, and get above your doubts and fears;" these all fail one by one, and have no effect upon him in whom the arrows of the Almighty are sticking fast. He is such a singular character that the feigned love of professors cannot attract him, nor their persuasions rule him; their soft speeches cannot allure, nor their hard speeches awe him. He finds it impossible to act faith of himself, for it is the gift of God; and respecting his privileges, he feels he can never know them feelingly until he is manifested to be a citizen of Zion, and of the household of faith. He is now brought to an understanding that it is not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord, that any are ever brought to believe in the Son of God. Being now brought to see that by natural strength no man can prevail, he measures himself and others by that unerring rule, the word of God. He finds the majority of his associates all joy, all peace, always believing, and going on easily and quietly, while he himself "is plagued all the day long, and chastened every morning." These things make him wiser than all his teachers. The dear Lord is now making him a judge in Israel, by circumcising his ears and heart, and giving his eyes the light of the living. With his illuminated eye he watches those who live at ease in Zion, and discovers that they love not the pure gospel, that their garments are of linsey-wolsey, their bread impure, their waters stolen; with his ears he tries words as the mouth tasteth meat; and he finds their conversation light, frothy, vain, and foolish. In vain he listens to hear them tell of exercises they never felt, of blood that was never applied, and of a salvation never made known; so, in the poor believer's haste, he says, "All men are liars." None of them can show him the way to the city; if they do, it is like a dead finger-post, for they are strangers to that rugged road that leads all its weary travellers to the celestial city. The pilgrim now begins to be a puzzle to all around him, and a plague to those who are destitute of the fear of the Lord. They rebuke him for his criticisms, and he is called a "troubler in Israel," so that necessity drives him from them to seek for "that sect who are everywhere spoken against." All those who are without the grace of God are glad to get rid of him; and they cast out his name as an evil-designing person. In this forlorn state he becomes "grieved in spirit," for he is cast out by professing Israel, hated by the world, plagued by the devil, and opposed by unbelief. The law of God, to which he was formerly wedded, now reveals its curses, and that which he once thought to be unto life he now finds to be unto death. It has now broken silence, and with lashes, accusations, and rebukes, has become a schoolmaster in the hands of the Spirit to bring him to Christ. He is chidden for evil thoughts, but cannot stay them; for evil acts, but cannot overcome them; and for evil words, but cannot steer them; moreover, he is brought in guilty of original sin,—that

spot at which so few arrive. He has no stone to cast at Adam when he partook of the forbidden fruit, for he lay in the loins of him who was his federal head; and being part and parcel of himself, he feels he as much transgressed by such participation as though he had actually stretched forth his hand and grasped the forbidden fruit.

Thus "in Adam all die, but in Christ shall all [the election of grace] be made alive." "Two cannot walk together except they be agreed;" and as it was never designed by the Lord to send salvation by the law, (but by and through the promised Messiah,) he comes to untie the fetters of those who in their own feelings are "appointed to die." The law cannot act the part of a husband to this virgin soul, for by so doing it would mar its own inheritance. Its only prerogative is to command those who are under it, and to curse all defaulters; it cannot justify or redeem of itself, and has no power or dominion over those who stand righteous in Christ; and its real inheritance, and most dreadful, is in all those who die out of Jesus, and have no part or lot in the matter.

What a mercy then to be divorced from Moses and married to the Lord our righteousness! Well may it be said, "Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law; that thou mayest give him rest from the days of adversity, until the pit be digged for the wicked." The poor sinner is now brought to his wits' end, and ready to die of his wounds; the priest and the Levite pass over on the other side, and leave him a fit object to be healed by the good Samaritan, whose time is now come to pass by that way. His blessed Majesty now shows forth the Gospel invitations, and the Spirit applies them, for they are suitable, and point to him as the very character. They are big with tenderness to the weary, the heavy-laden, the downcast, the contrite, the ready to halt, the maimed, the blind, the lame; yea, over every one that is in distress, and debt, and discontented will Jesus become a Captain; for he is wanted to deliver those who, through fear of death, are all their life time subject to bondage. The invitations warm the heart of the contrite one. He would fain put them from him, he feels so utterly unworthy; but they are irresistible, because applied by omnipotent power, and they beget a good hope in the soul that God will yet be gracious. His addresses to the throne of grace are warm and full of divine energy; the fear which hath torment is in a measure cast out by a little of the holy anointing; his meditation is now sweet; he feels no longer the terrors of an angry God, but faith beholds the smiles of Jesus as one who "speaks in righteousness, mighty to save." The seeking sinner is now brought into the meaning of some of the blessed promises which so aptly describe his case, and the Holy Ghost engraves them into his very soul, especially such as these: "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer. For this is as the waters of Noah unto me; for as I have sworn the waters of Noah shall no more go over the earth, so have I sworn that I will

not be wroth with thee nor rebuke thee. For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." The dear Lord is now gathering his beloved child "with great mercies." The set time to favor Zion, yea, the set time is come when the prey is taken from the mighty, and the lawful captive delivered from all his hard bondage wherein his enemies have made him to serve. The God of all grace and truth now seals him a heir of heaven; and that which was purposed in eternity is now bound and made fast on earth, even the salvation of the soul. "For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one; and there are three that bear witness on earth, the Spirit, the water, and the blood, and these three agree in one."

The Lord is a sovereign, and he "commands deliverances for Jacob," how, by whom, and by what means he pleases; sometimes under the preaching of the gospel, or in more secret retirement, or in the silent watches of the night; but be it how, or by whatever instrument it may, one thing is sure and certain, the redeemed sinner never forgets that day of days when he was bidden to rise up and come away from his sins, doubts, fears, misery, and woe, to receive from the fulness of Jesus pardon, peace, satisfaction, reconciliation, and bliss; the blood of sprinkling for his guilty conscience, the wine and oil for his wounded spirit, the best robe for his naked soul, the shoes of iron and brass for his feet, and the ring for his finger as a token and pledge of that everlasting love which death nor hell shall ever destroy. That was a memorable time, because he saw light in God's light, wherein he discovered the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the spotless holiness of the Son of God, who alone could put it away by the sacrifice of himself. There he saw that the Father had laid upon Jesus the iniquity of us all, and that he could not so much as spare him who had become surety for a stranger, but freely gave him up for our offences, that by his stripes we might be healed. There he has a faith's view of Jesus in his sufferings, upon whom he gazes with reverence, grief, astonishment, and delight. If ever he felt a mortal hatred against sin, it was then. Here it was that he felt true compunction, unfeigned faith, and love which was entirely free from all dissimulation. Here it was that he experienced that blessed freedom by which the Lord makes his people free; "for if the Son make you free, then are ye free indeed!" Here it was that he felt that holy familiarity and that child-like simplicity which is peculiar to the living in Jerusalem. It was then he could say, "Abba, Father," without a faltering tongue. Being anointed with fresh oil, he has the witness within that he is born of God; he is moreover sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise which teacheth him all things, and is in him as a well of water springing up unto everlasting life. Being thus equipped, he is led forth "as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," and can enter into the spirit of what Paul wrote to the Ephesians, viz., "Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil; for we wrestle not against flesh

and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand. Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked; and take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God; praying always, with all prayer and supplication, in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints." The work of God upon his soul, in all its bearings, has to be tested on the battle-field. That great adversary the devil, the spirit of the world, the corruptions of the flesh, and the sin of unbelief, are all arrayed against the heavenly warrior. Every evidence bestowed, every manifestation received, every grace of the Spirit imparted, all, all have to be tried as it were by fire, "for the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is," to the end that all true believers and all true faith "might be found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

Relatively to the point which was the occasion of my taking up my pen at this time, the words of Hart have just come to my mind,

" The meek with love he draws,
Restrains the rash by fear ;"

But from the general drift of his hymns, none can say that he anywhere lays it down as a rule that a man can be regenerated and born again without sore conflicts, many fears, and numerous exercises. Doubtless he had an eye to those who are naturally of a meek and quiet spirit,* mixed up with the world, and in general kept from outwardly gross sins. He no doubt saw the sovereignty of God displayed towards many of this class in his own day. Being kept in a goodly measure from the evil without, conscience had not to writhe under the guilt of those sins which have proved a bitter cup to many Christians all their days. But with the meek the Lord has been pleased to begin a work hardly discernible at first sight, as he has only opened to their view here a little and there a little. It has been like a little leaven hid in the meal, which has kept rising and rising and rising for many months, or even years, until at length the whole is leavened. These dear souls are often at a loss to tell you when and how the Spirit of God first wrought upon their hearts; they are hardly satisfied that it is the finger of God, and some of them, in their haste, have wished that the Lord had found them in an open ungodly and profane world, that the work might have been made more manifest to themselves and others, entirely forgetful of that solemn crucible into which Manasseh, and Saul of Tarsus, with many others were put; for in proportion to the sin, so is the wrath

* The "meek" of Mr. Hart are those made spiritually, not naturally so.—ED.

of God in the conscience revealed against all unrighteousness. But there are numbers of Scriptures addressed to the meek, such as, "Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth;" "The meek will he guide in judgment;" "The meek will he teach his way," &c. The very fact of these being troubled because they have not trouble enough establishes the point in hand. That master in Israel, John Bunyan, in his allegory, introduces Mercy, who was one of this class. Her great fear was, lest she had come without being sent for; she could not tell of dreams and visions, as Christiana could, yet her soul clave to the pilgrims, and she had a blessed reception in divers parts of the road.

But with the following words I must now conclude, which are full of meaning: "With the merciful thou wilt show thyself merciful, with an upright man thou wilt show thyself upright, with the pure thou wilt show thyself pure, and with the froward thou wilt show thyself froward. For thou wilt save the afflicted people, but thou wilt bring down high looks."

Chelsea.

N.

ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD TO THOSE THAT LOVE GOD.

My dear Brother in the Lord,— * * * The breaking of my arm has been a heavy affliction, as it has caused much pain, and makes me so helpless. In my Lydia I have one of the best of wives and a good nurse; and I am surrounded with many kind and sympathising friends. Many have been the kind letters of inquiry and sympathy that my wife has had to answer. Thanks to the Lord, I have every needful temporal-comfort that I can require in my present state. The doctor examined my arm last night, and was much pleased to find it was doing so nicely, seeing it was so badly broken. The dispensation was to me very mysterious, and has been so far overruled by my Lord and Master for my good in the following particulars:

1. On the night after the arm was broken, the pain was so heavy that I could not sleep. I knew the cry would go forth that Kershaw, of Hope Chapel, Rochdale, had fallen; and O, my brother, I cannot tell you how thankful I was that it could not be said I had fallen into sin or error, to the displeasing of my Lord and Master, the wounding of my own spirit, the grieving of the brethren, and the opening of the mouths of the enemies to blaspheme. I was led to look to the way the Lord had led me the last fifty years, since he put his fear in my heart, and the forty-four years in the ministry; how he has kept me in his truth, and upheld me in his paths. The following have been great words in my soul, "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not." (Ps. xvii. 5.)

2. Having travelled so many thousand miles in safety, I fear I have put too much confidence in my own prudence and cautiousness, and not looked as I ought to the Lord, to guide me by his eye. I

am now taught more fully that while all present means are to be used by us, the Lord is the God of the means, and that we are only safe so long as the Lord watches over us and keeps us.

3. It has been the means, in the Lord's hand, of humbling me more and more before him, and causing me to feel my dependence upon him, through faith in the Son of God, more than I ever did in all my life.

4. That God, who preached to Peter by the crowing of a cock, has preached by a broken arm to an old and true friend and hearer of mine for thirty-seven years, so that he came before the church to give a reason of the hope that is in him, with meekness, and fear, and with tears; the particulars of which I cannot so well give you in this epistle as I can when you come over.

I have had to give up several week-day engagements, but have been able to preach at home on a Lord's Day, and, with the assistance of the deacons, I was enabled to baptize three persons last Lord's Day, and to administer the Lord's Supper. I have much work before me this spring, and I hope our Master will enable me to go through it. I was very much exercised on Saturday how I should get through my work on Lord's Day, when these words dropped into my soul, "And obtain grace to help in time of need." The Lord made good his word. We had a good day; I never before remember seeing so many at the Lord's table at Hope Chapel; and we never had so much money collected at the ordinance for the poor saints as we had on that day. On Lord's Day evening I could not find language to thank and praise the Lord as I felt it in my heart. When you come, I hope our Lord and Master will enable us to speak one to another as those who fear the Lord are wont to do for each other's comfort.

The Lord bless you, my brother, with life and power in your own soul in preaching the word of life. This is the prayer of

Yours in the Lord,

Rochdale, April 6th, 1858.

JOHN KERSHAW.

THE Jewish state was a state of childhood, and that administration a pedagogy. The law was a schoolmaster fitted for their weak and childish capacity, and could no more spiritualise the heart than the teachings in a primer school can enable the mind and make it fit for affairs of state; and because they could not better the spirit, they were instituted only for a time, as elements delivered to an infant age, which naturally lives a life of sense rather than a life of reason. It was also a servile state, which doth rather debase than elevate the mind; rather carnalise than spiritualise the heart; besides, it is a sense of mercy that both melts and elevates the heart into a spiritual frame: "There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared;" and they had, in that state, but some glimmerings of mercy in the daily bloody intimations of justice. There was no sacrifice for some sins, but a cutting off without the least hints of pardon; and in the yearly remembrance of sin there was as much to shiver them with fear as to possess them with hope; and such a state which always held them under the conscience of sin could not produce a free spirit, which was necessary for a worship of God according to his nature.—*Charnock*.

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE EARLY PART OF THE LIFE AND CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE OF ELIZABETH HOLLOWAY, WHO HAS BEEN FOR UPWARDS OF TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS CONFINED TO HER BED FROM AN INJURY OF THE SPINE, AND IS STILL LIVING AT DEVIZES, WILTS.

(Concluded from page 180.)

From deep exercises of mind and afflictions of body I became reduced to such an enervated state as for nearly two years to be precluded from all society, unable even to bear the light of day, and scarcely the flickerings of a fire in my room. The mere drawing aside of the window-curtain would render me delirious, and I was unable to taste solid food for six or seven weeks together. Yet was I at times favored to ascend Pisgah's top, where, by faith, I had a view of "the King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off;" and I have ever found that "as my afflictions have abounded so have my consolations in Christ Jesus."

These circumstances, together with some others of a painful character, which I cannot now name without involving others, induced me to remove from Mrs. T.'s hospitable roof (which I left with regret), and ultimately I went into a room at Mr. O.'s, in ——— Street, where my esteemed friend A. T. again became my nurse and companion. This was on the 27th May, 1839, and here we had good accommodation and enjoyed many comforts; but the remembrance of the past much embittered them, causing me to exclaim:

"Wretch that I was to wander thus,
In chase of false delight;
Let me be fasten'd to the cross,
And never lose the sight."

It is not written in vain, "If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments . . . then will I visit their transgressions 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." (Ps. lxxxix. 30–33.)

In this house, Dr. Verral, of London, through the liberality of Mr. Cartwright's family, attended me for two years, recommending the use of a "prone couch," which, though it was kindly designed, and procured for me by the kindness of friends, proved only an aggravation of my misery so far as the spine was concerned, though it was useful in removing a contraction of the hip which shortened one leg. May the Lord reward his dear people who so kindly assisted me in this and numberless other instances.

Some time after this, being seized with an attack of inflammatory spasms, Dr. E. was sent for, from whose mild and judicious treatment I have frequently derived great benefit, under God, in seasons of most distressing pain.

Having experienced a measure of restoration to spiritual comfort, and a desire that others might benefit by my experience, I was induced to receive in the large, airy room, in which I then was, all who came in the name of the Lord, and a Sabbath-afternoon prayer-meeting was commenced in it. I also soon after this became ac-

quainted with Mr. L., a Particular Baptist minister, who personally knew Dr. Hawker, and who manifested a desire to minister to my spiritual necessities, and with this view preached a sermon for six successive weeks; when many came to hear. And O the sweet truths which he set forth! How was my soul replenished, and my spiritual strength renewed, while listening to these heart-cheering discourses. I was often enabled to mount up with wings, as the eagle, and, for the time, to forget the sorrows of the way. Thankful was I, in my solitude, to enjoy the privilege of hearing the Gospel, reading the word, and mingling my prayers and praises with those who desired to fear God; and at these meetings how many others heard the word of life! Surely it will be seen in the last great day that they were not held in vain. And after the greater portion of the company had separated, what sweet communion was experienced by those who remained, sometimes for hours. What encouragement was derived from a comparison of each other's hopes and fears; what strengthening and building each other up in the faith of the gospel; what helping of each other's joy in the Lord, while each told of danger and difficulty peculiar to themselves, and of the Lord's merciful deliverance under it. We were a company of pilgrims, looking back upon the way which the Lord our God had led us, and besieging the throne of grace for renewed tokens of God's favor, cheering views of his Son, and renewed supplies of grace and strength, to fight manfully, under the banner of Christ, against the world, the flesh, and the devil.

“ Thus souls that carry on a blest exchange
Of joys they meet with in their heavenly range,
And with a fearless confidence make known
The sorrows sympathy esteems its own,
Daily derive increasing light and force
From such communion in their pleasant course;
Feel less the journey's roughness and its length,
Meet their opposers with united strength;
And one in heart, in interest, and design,
Gird up each other to the race divine.”—*Cowper*.

At one of these meetings, a person who had been led to see and feel her state as a sinner before God had a blessed revelation made to her of the pardon of her sins through the precious blood of the Redeemer, which was communicated to her soul while I related a remarkable vision of the glory of Christ, with which the Lord had favored me during the previous night; in concluding which narration I expressed my desire that we might all be led to think more of Christ in his incarnation, self-denying life, gracious characters, glorious Person, unexampled sufferings in Gethsemane and on the cross, his dying love, risen power, and prevailing intercession. I also said it was good we should ask ourselves what views we had of his infinite perfections, laws, and government; and whether we were willing he should rule and reign in us, and save us from the commission of sin now, as well as its condemnation hereafter.

But, as it was in the days of old, so it was amongst us; there were sometimes “false brethren, who crept in at unawares;” and this was the case on the night in question; for a young man was present who

(making high pretensions to religion, though he had been previously very dissipated) soon afterwards joined the Independent church, and sat down to the Lord's Supper, but was the next night found in a house of ill fame, denying the very existence of God. Thus Judas, immediately after he had received the sop, went out and betrayed the Lord. But "who maketh us to differ, and what have we that we have not received?"

Soon after this, I had the following dream as I was lying asleep upon my bed. A female stranger appeared to be present, and I thought a young man of prepossessing appearance entered my room, and, walking up to me, familiarly presented me with a necklace and several trinkets, with which I at first sight seemed pleased, but in a moment returned them; when he appeared disconcerted, and with an assumed meek tone of voice said, "I have a favor to ask," (at the same time offering me a string of beads,) "I wish you not to talk so much about the Person of Christ. You think too highly of his Person and righteousness; he is no more than any other man." "O," I said, "no Ave Marias for me; I must speak well of his precious name who has done so much for me;" and looking down, and observing his cloven foot, I exclaimed, "O, Satan! dost thou not know that he is the sent, the anointed Son of the eternal Father? and more, he is my Saviour, and I will praise him!" Upon this, he looked fiend-like, and attempted violence, which I successfully resisting, he again assumed his fair form, and turning to the female friend before alluded to, who was a stranger to me, they went away, leaving some feeling of guilt on my mind for having appeared pleased with his first offer of gifts. But, looking up, I seemed to observe the Saviour in one corner of the room, directing his eye with a sweet look of complacency towards me, saying, "If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light." This filled my soul with such a blessed sense of his love, that there appeared in his character such a combination of excellences as was never before seen upon earth by mortal eye. While thus beholding him, I seemed filled with the light of life eternal; when suddenly those Christian friends who usually met with me on Sabbath afternoons seemed to be present, and I saw in the distance a glorious high throne erected, which we were directed to approach; and as we came nearer to it, and saw the steps erected around it, I felt most anxious to ascend, as did one friend who was in front with me, more particularly than the rest, who lagged behind, and whom we beckoned forward. On our arrival the pearly gates seemed thrown open; all within most lovingly inviting our entrance into the interior, which was most magnificent. Fixing my eyes at once on one unequalled Object, whose countenance shone with resplendent lustre, I was given to understand he was "Immanuel enthroned." "And the books were opened, and another book was opened, which is the Book of Life." (Rev. xx. 12.) We were all told to read our portion out of this book, which appeared to me the most beautiful that eyes ever beheld, legible, and written in characters of gold; but my friends appeared gloomy and dejected, in consequence of not being able

clearly to read their portion, upon which my mind became distressed, and I said, "This ought not to be; it is God's appointment for us." Whereupon, looking upon the book, I read my own portion, and began to sing for joy, the heavenly hosts joining me. But suddenly I lost sight of my friends, when, being left alone with Immanuel, he addressed himself to me, saying, "I have further discoveries to make to you," producing at the same time a most beautiful, long, flowing, glistening robe, which no mortal eye could look upon, saying, "This is for you;" but adding that I must go back to earth for a little time, that the will of God might be accomplished in me. Feeling overcome by his amazing condescension, I sank down at his gracious feet, as he sat on his throne, inheriting glory unspeakable, tremulously telling him I should never be able to keep this exquisite robe clean and white, while passing through this defiling world. To which, with infinite dignity, he replied, "I will take care of it for you;" folding it as he spoke, and putting it into a chest by his side, saying, with a sweet smile, "My seal is on it." Then the heavenly hosts broke forth with acclamations of "Glory, honor, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever." Upon this I awoke; and "behold, it was a dream," but the effect it left was not such; for it left on my mind a deep impression of the dignity and grace of the Redeemer, and of the suitability of his glorious righteousness.

But I would here add one word of caution, conscious that Satan too often leads persons to trust in dreams who have had no previous intimation from the Lord of their soul's safety. Mr. Newton has well said, "The promises are not made to those who dream, but to those who watch;" yet it is true that the Lord, "in dreams and visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, opens their ear, and seals their instruction," as, I trust, was my case; but I can say, with Bunyan, that I do not rest my salvation upon these things, though I believe them to have been of him, but upon the manifestations of his grace, love, and mercy to my soul; adored be his name! I have perceived this also, that, through the depravity of our nature, any extraordinary revelation of this kind has a tendency to puff us up, unless a corresponding measure of grace be also given. The Lord gives us a memorable instance of the certainty of this tendency by sending the apostle Paul "a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan, to buffet him, lest he should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations given to him." What he writes on this subject, while it is deeply humbling, is very edifying and instructive.

Thus shut up in my sick and solitary chamber, like David in the cave of Adullam, many who were "in distress, in debt, or discontented," came unto me, from this time; and, as led of the Spirit, I speak to them from time to time of the love, goodness, and mercy of God, especially as shown towards my unworthy self; and sweet communion with God and fellowship with his saints am I at times favored to enjoy in so doing; while glimpses of the holy city, the new Jerusalem, breaking in upon my view, cheer my gloom, alleviate

my pains, and soften the hardships of poverty. "In the world," says Jesus, "ye shall have tribulation, but in me peace." O, it is indeed good to see sin in its true character; and this is never so effectually done as when we feel its effects. All our sufferings of body, with the humiliating circumstances attending them, are the consequences of sin, as well as drought and darkness of soul, fears and misgivings; and though sin is forgiven, for the sake of "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," God will have his people see and feel its exceeding sinfulness. It is in love and infinite mercy that he chastises for sin; but O how sweet and consoling the thought,

"That soon we all shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in."

The death of my brother-in-law, Mr. K., taking place on the 28th Aug., 1839, led, in the providence of God, to another change in my abode. His death was a melancholy circumstance. He was cut down by a fever, leaving my sister and two sons to mourn the loss of an affectionate husband and a good father, and thus ending my sister's short but happy marriage union. My sister, thinking that I might, by divine assistance, in some measure supply the vacuum thus created by death, I was, some time after, removed to her house; and this bereavement, and the destitute circumstances to which it reduced her, were overruled to be the means, I trust, of bringing her as a humble suppliant to the feet of Jesus. Troubles, however, it is truly said, seldom come alone. While thus mourning over the death of one beloved relative, Death was preparing to strike another with his fatal dart, for on the 12th Oct., 1840, the beloved wife of my brother Joseph died of rapid consumption, leaving four children. This was a great additional trial and shock to my weak nerves; but while called to weep over the grave of departed friends, it becomes us, with humble submission, to bow to his will who says, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter;" and though we cannot trace the hand of God in many of his mysterious dealings with us, surely we may safely confide in the tender heart of him "who died for us, and rose again for our justification," and whose voice, in all his dispensations, is, "Follow thou me." It has been well said, that our happiness should not be so much to enjoy as to do or suffer; and this is in accordance with the words of the divine Redeemer, in which he says, "I came not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work."

Under Dr. E.'s unremitting care and skill I became able, after a fixed paralysis in the limbs for upwards of twelve years, to draw them up in bed; but the suffering in the spine, occasioned by my removal, continued to be very acute, and my hopes were raised only soon to be dashed again by violent inflammation of the lungs, occasioned by the dampness of my sister's room. This nearly terminated my life, I being reduced so low that the necessary remedies could not be applied, except with the greatest care, faintings ensuing upon the least loss

of blood. This severe attack lasted during four long winter months, and left me in a state of the greatest exhaustion, my life hanging in doubt from congestion, inflammation, and spitting of blood. But he in whose hands are all my times saw fit to spare me, to encounter yet more of the perils of the enemy to tempt me to believe that "sin had the dominion over me;" but in alleging that I was happy in it, which he did, he outwitted himself; God knows my sincere desire was to be delivered from its power and practice in every respect. But this troublesome inmate, this Canaanite in the land, seems left to convince us, by the renewed manifestations of pardoning love and mercy which it gives occasion for, that salvation is wholly of free grace, and that God's strength is made perfect in creature weakness; and when brought to reflect on our own foolishness and baseness, we also discern more of the immeasurable mercy and forbearance of God towards us. Truly, in seeking to have our own way, we forsake our own mercies;" but rebel as we may, the Lord "performs the thing that is appointed for us," bringing us, step by step, notwithstanding all, to our desired haven; for "even as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. He knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust."

Thus have I been enabled, through divine assistance, under great disadvantages from severe bodily pain and being unable to sit up in bed, to give a few hints of the Lord's merciful goodness manifested towards me in the earlier stages of my experience. The record of his subsequent merciful dealings with me in providence and grace, in which I have more fully acknowledged the unremitting kindnesses manifested by kind friends, from day to day, during a life of sufferings of no ordinary character, I must for the present suppress; but I do so with reluctance, fearing lest I should seem ungrateful to them as well as to the God of all my mercies. When they and I shall be placed beyond the reach of the censure or applause of mortals, perhaps there may come a time when their justly-deserved praise shall be known "in the churches." Meantime I can only, in all the warmth of Christian affection and gratitude to them, as instruments in the hand of my gracious, merciful, and compassionate God and Father in Christ Jesus, commit them, one and all, to his fatherly care and keeping who has said that whosoever shall give to drink to one of his little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, shall in nowise lose his reward. (Matt. x. 42.)

[The above narrative needs no commendation or recommendation from us; but if our personal testimony can be of any service or satisfaction, we have a pleasure in adding that we have for many years been personally acquainted with Elizabeth Holloway; have often sat at her bedside, and listened to her own account of the Lord's gracious dealings with her soul. Her bodily sufferings are, at times, very great, as she can only lie in one posture, and the least movement will sometimes, from the affection of the spine, jar the whole frame. But the Lord has blessed her for the most part with much submission to his holy will, raised up kind friends who have ministered to her necessities, and above all, frequently visits her soul with the manifestations of his love, so as to comfort her in all her tribulation, and make her, at times, bless the Lord for his afflicting hand.—ED.]

A LETTER BY THE LATE GEORGE PAYTON.

My very dear Friend,--I hardly know how to begin, as I am but poorly in body, and not very well in mind; and, as you know, the body and soul are very near together, they feel one with the other. This, however, is the greatest of all blessings, that Jesus Christ has redeemed the soul from all corruption, and he will, in his own time, raise up the body too, free from corruption; and then they will be much fitter companions than they are now. The soul groans in this earthly house, being burdened with a load of corruption, though it is not felt by any but the children of God. These having spiritual eyes can see what others cannot. In this the children of the Most High have the advantage of all other men. The blessing of wisdom is bestowed on such poor, blind, foolish creatures as we; and what makes the blessing still greater is, that we should never know our blindness and foolishness were a view of it not given us. Hence it is that the children of God are said to "be made wise;" not to *grow* wise, but to be *made* wise. Every year they live they see themselves more foolish. An apostle tells us that "we know nothing yet as we ought to know." Yet there is a growth in knowledge and in understanding. The greater knowledge I have of my weakness, vileness, and foolishness, the greater understanding I have in divine truth; inasmuch as I daily feel a greater need of the Lord's strength to support me in my way. Without him I can do nothing, yet through him I can do all things to which he shall be pleased to call me. Thus, through a discovery of my vileness, I see a greater need of his precious blood to cleanse me from daily pollutions, if not in act, yet in thought. There is constant need of coming to this fountain for cleansing. Well may it be called "a fountain;" and it had need be a fulness to supply the multitudes who have come and are coming to it, knowing that they must come and drink, or perish. Again, by seeing my daily foolishness, I perceive the need of the Holy Spirit to "lead me in the way everlasting." My own wisdom will not do here. This is a way in which no man can walk without a guide. Another thing I learn is, the danger of the snares and entanglements of the world and the flesh, with Satan's temptations. Thus I am enabled, in some measure, to see the greatness of the salvation which was wrought out by Jesus, the only friend of the sinner who is laboring under the sore plagues mentioned above. Ah, my friend, David might well say, "There is no soundness in my flesh, neither is there any rest in my bones because of my sin;" and yet David could say with much confidence that the Lord was "the health of his countenance and his God." You see that one man might utter both these expressions and speak the truth in both. Paul says the same, "In me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing;" and yet he tells us that Jesus Christ "lived in him." Surely this must be a good thing; if there be anything desirable in heaven or in earth, it must be this. "Christ liveth in me;" then he must be Paul's health, for he is the good Physician, and he "recovers the health of the daughters of Zion." It is by these things men live

and learn, and the longer they live the more they have to learn. Paul's manner was rather different to that of some men. His aim was "to forget the things which were behind, and to reach forth to those which were before." What a blessed thing it is, my dear friend, to know something about these things. It is a thousand times better than to be born earthly kings. Yea, we are "kings and priests unto God," and that is better than to reign over men. The one dignity will perish, but the other shall endure for ever.

Well, notwithstanding all the difficulties of the way, the end of the journey will be good. Everlasting rest and joy shall be unto them that fear the Lord and hope in his mercy. Surely, whatever Satan and the other enemies may say, God has made us love his truth; and the more clearly it shines the better we like it. Then we cannot be enemies to it; and it seems as if our gracious Lord would put all doubting out of the way in this one sentence, "He that is not against us is on our side." Yet sometimes, in a cloudy day, we cannot see our signs, though they stand so plainly in sight when the light is clear.

I have sent you Cennick's hymns. The reading of them again lately brought many sweet things to remembrance, and seemed to communicate something of the old wine with a new relish.

I am, yours affectionately,

Edenbridge, Aug. 17th, 1820.

G. PAYTON.

P.S.—I have written as the subject flowed; it was not premeditated. Such as it is, it is my earnest prayer that the Lord may bless it and make it useful, for his name's sake.

[We have received, through the kindness of a friend, a considerable number of letters written by the late G. Payton, from which we have selected the above; and as they are, for the most part, very simple and truly experimental, we shall hope, as our pages admit, to present one occasionally to our readers.—Ed.]

THE CHILDREN'S PORTION.

My dear Friend,—We received your letter and were glad. We have often thought of you and your partner. Truly, many are the afflictions of the righteous, but, "there is a river, the streams whereof maketh glad the city of God;" and although, as Hart sings,

"Our cup seems mix'd with gall,
There's something secret sweetens all;"

and when this is felt, and we are led to reflect upon our baseness and utter unworthiness of the least of all God's mercies, and the goodness and mercy that have followed us all our life long, surely we must say with the prophet, "Unto us belong shame and confusion of face, but unto the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him." And sure I am it is our own folly that so often brings the chastising rod of God upon us. But O what a mercy we are not to be put off with the bastard's portion, for "whom the Lord loveth he correcteth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." The dear Redeemer was a man of sorrows from the

manger to the cross; despised and rejected, oppressed and afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth. Here, indeed, is the perfection of beauty; and when led by the blessed Spirit to ponder these things, what can we say or think of ourselves?

“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?”

Well, he knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust; and hath graciously said, that “like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.” O, it is the goodness of the Lord that breaketh the heart and leadeth to repentance. And when the soul is favored to desire to “know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and him crucified,” we can say, then,

“Let worldly minds the world pursue,”

but their laughter will be turned into sadness, and end in bitter lamentation, when the poor tempest-tossed child of God will surely be brought through every storm to his desired haven, “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.” So he bringeth them through floods, and sorrows, and afflictions, to their desired haven. “There remaineth a rest to the people of God,” and blessed be our Rock for ever giving us a taste of it here, unworthy though we be. But the Lord our God delighteth in mercy, and mercy shall be built up for ever. “Thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens.”

We have had a deal of family trouble since we saw you, and have reeled to and fro; but I do hope “our eyes have been drawn up unto the hills, from whence cometh our help;” and surely the Lord has wonderfully appeared and given us some fresh token of his love and compassion, so that we can say with David, “All thy works praise thee, O God, and thy saints shall bless thee: they shall speak of the glorious majesty of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power.” But I must conclude with dear Hart:

“Gracious God, thy children keep;
Jesus, guide thy silly sheep;
Fix, O fix our fickle souls;
Lord direct us, we are fools.”

My dear partner joins me in kind love to you both. We are
Yours affectionately,

H. & E. G.

THE balm of Gilead, under the Spirit's testimony of Christ, calms and composes conscience, when the sparks of love and the oil of joy melt the mountains, dissolve the doubts, and make servile fear give way; while grateful acknowledgments expand the heart, and flow out with a thousand blessings and praises to the sympathetic High Priest of our profession. Our best obedience in affliction is to lie passive; we were so when formed anew in Christ Jesus; and we must be the same under every future transformation, being ordained to be conformed to Christ's image.—*Huntington.*

A LETTER FROM MR. JENKINS, OF LEWES.

Dear Brother in the Lord,—If I were to retaliate, I should defer writing till some time after Ladyday next. You parted from me at Midsummer, and I received your letter at Christmas. However, I had purposed to answer your letter sooner than this, but was prevented by some difficulties and sharp exercises which took up the greatest part of my time of late.

We must remember that we are called to suffer, and must endure hardness, if we are good soldiers of Jesus Christ; and it is clear we are engaged in the good fight of faith, or the devil would not rage against us as he does. His strongholds are beset, and his fort, which is the human heart, begins to feel the force of the artillery of heaven, which is mighty and powerful to cast down all high things, and to bring the sinner's thoughts into the obedience of Christ. He cares for none till one that is stronger than he comes upon him; then the palace is taken, and all the goods that were in peace are disturbed. Now he inspires all his agents to raise their voice, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and "Those who turn the world upside down are come here also." I can clearly enough see where my dear brother is, for I have travelled every step of the path. This is laboring in the fire, Brother Locke, with a witness! This is revealing our work by fire, and the fire shall try of what sort it is. This is the fiery law, the spirit of burning, the refiner's fire, and the fiery trial, all of which is to try us, and we must not think it strange, for it is the path where the footsteps of the flock are seen. The Lord trieth the righteous. Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, as Abraham did, who obeyed by faith. Though his path was so very dark, yet he went on expecting a way to escape, though he knew not how, till he heard the voice from heaven, and saw the ram caught in the briars; then, "in the Mount of the Lord it shall be seen." God will not suffer us to be tempted above what we are able, but will, with the temptation *make a way for our escape*. We are to endure, and that to the end. No cessation of arms is to be expected. Do not complain, my brother, of running with the footmen, for what you have seen yet is no more; and if you are wearied with them, how will you contend with horsemen? Submit to God; resist the devil. Be quiet, be patient, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh. I have had a deal of the same sort of work as you have at present, and I murmured and rebelled much against it, and thought I was hardly used; but this was my pride, my haughtiness, and self-importance; and a legal spirit is a nurse for all these; but God will stain the pride of all glory, and lay low the haughtiness of man. I labored to get them down, and then I promised myself a fine life of it, free from trouble and trials; but instead of that, I find that no sooner one is removed than another comes, and every furnace is hotter than that which I came out of. From vessel to vessel we must be emptied, that carnal and legal sense may be purged from us. Go on, my brother, and the Lord will be with you, as he has said.

Jan. 23, 1799.

J. JENKINS.

Obituary.

MR. JOSEPH BRIMBLE, LATE OF BATH.

(Concluded from page 187).

The very mention of that precious name which to him was above every name would now cause his heart to flow forth in gratitude; nor could he endure the thought of any error respecting his glorious Person. The error of denying his eternal sonship he again warmly denounced, saying, "What an awful thing it is to make God a liar. 'He that believeth not God, hath made him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son.' I am at my old work again," he added; "but I cannot help it. I have said I should think myself happy to be permitted to die bearing my faithful testimony against that error. Give my love to the friends, and tell them that I still testify against it. Tell them so," he said again emphatically. "I wish all the church to know that I die bearing my testimony against that error." On taking leave of the friends, he observed one in tears; to whom he said, "Cheer up, Elizabeth, it will be well; though it may be dark now, the sun will shine again." When one told him of the death of Mr. Warburton, he said, "Ah, blessed man! He has got the start of me, but I shall soon follow him. And he died shouting, too! Well, and I hope to do so likewise." He then spoke with much pleasure of the sweet times he had had in hearing him preach, particularly of one sermon preached from the text, "Lo! children are an heritage of the Lord, and the fruit of the womb is his reward. As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man, so are children of the youth; happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them; they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate." (Ps. cxxvii.) This sermon was much blessed to him, and the savor he felt under it continued long with him.

To friends who called during the week, he spoke sweetly and much of the mercies of God to him at some memorable periods of his life, when he had made bare his arm for him, and delivered him, to the joy and rejoicing of his heart. To one friend, after speaking of the solid peace he felt within, he said, "It seems to me that the powers of darkness have done their worst upon me, though, so be sure, I do not know what they may yet be permitted to do. But," he continued, "I have been an adversary to the devil now near forty-six years, and have never made peace with him, nor ever will. The Lord blessing me, I'll die his adversary." One said, when taking leave of him, "Peace be with thee." He replied, "And it is, too." Indeed, that passage was strikingly verified in him, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." Often was he so full of the everlasting theme, that he could not refrain from giving it utterance, though his weakness would scarcely allow it. Friends have often looked at him with astonishment, whilst the wonderful flow of savory words from his lips has kindled the holy fire of love in their hearts, and

drawn tears from their eyes. Then, upon retiring to rest, and feeling his weakness, he would sometimes look at his wasted frame with wonder. "But there," he would quickly say, "it's all mercy; there's not a drop of wrath in it. He's well pleased with me for his righteousness' sake. O, what a mercy!"

'For blessings like these so bounteously given,
For prospects of peace and foretastes of heaven,

(which I trust I have,)

'Tis grateful, 'tis pleasant to sing and adore.'

If I could but be as thankful as I would, this room would not hold my gratitude, nor myself either."

On the 30th of April, Mr. Tiptaft visited him, and Mr. T.'s conversation and prayer were very sweet to him. He often spoke of both, and said he must go upon the strength of that for many days, as it would most likely be long before he should hear anything again. He felt it a great trial to be deprived so long of hearing the preached word, for which he was generally blessed with a good appetite, and esteemed it a great privilege. For some time he continued in this weak, sinking state of body, but mostly happy in soul; till at length, the weather becoming fine, he was again unexpectedly able to reach the garden, and by degrees even to work a little in it. But though a lawful employment, still the enemy took advantage of his weakness (being permitted of the Lord) to draw almost all his thoughts towards that garden, which he had planted, not for his own benefit, but, as he said, for the benefit of those he should leave behind. Observing his spirituality of mind decline, I once said to him, "Why, father, your poor head seems full of planning and contriving." "It is," he replied, "and I can't help it. And if it were not that, it would be something worse, for the devil is permitted to assault me with such awful things, particularly when I close my eyes, so that I am obliged to open them again immediately with horror. But I do not forget Zion, though; and if the Lord were only to touch the string of my soul, plants and everything else would vanish."

June 6th.—Mr. Godwin came to see him, in whose company he found it good to be, and a sweet relief in unbosoming some of the things which were besetting him on all sides.

July 20th.—Mr. Tiptaft again visited him; and his labor of love was the means of again helping him with a little help. Often did he call his two visits to remembrance, and say, "He does pray so sweetly for me." His visits into the garden now began to be less frequent, and his little remaining strength was again rapidly declining. A little longer, and he was confined to his bed. On the evening of Aug. 27th, a friend called, who saw a great alteration in his appearance, and after making some general inquiries, said, "I suppose you feel quite helpless now with regard to spiritual things?" "Yes," he said, "as helpless as ever I did. I have no power; and without the Holy Spirit, in the prospect of death, I should be as worldly as at any time of my life. I feel that without him I can do

nothing." "Do you feel any fear of death?" "Not any; I have no fear about it. The work was sterling; it was the Lord began it, and I rest upon his unchangeable faithfulness. He arrested me, brought me under the law, and gave me a full deliverance from it by a blessed revelation of himself; and the sight I shall never forget. 'I have fought a good fight,' and I have almost 'finished my course; I have kept the faith; and henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness,' (and I shall possess it, too,) 'which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing.' 'I have fought a good fight,' but it has been a hard one, with devils and depraved nature; and now I am like an old soldier pensioned off. But I love my Captain, and never repented enlisting under his banner. The Lord is good, and I can rest upon what he has done, although not favored with present enjoyment. Still, you know, that does not alter the thing. It was his work, and if I had to put one finger to it now, it would mar the whole. You know," he added, "you have been in this room to night; and if you were not to come in any more for ten years, that would not alter the fact of your having been here; and so spiritually, our want of feeling does not alter the reality of the thing, though to feel it is pleasant. But if the Lord were only to touch my heart, I should melt like wax; I know I should. O, I do but think when I first hear that sound, 'Salvation to the Lamb,' what a hearty Amen I shall respond to it." The friend observed, "What a mercy to see you in such a state with death before you." "Yes," he said; "and it's no false foundation, it's a firm one;

' Title good, sign'd with blood;
Valid and unfailing.'

And though I feel I shall have enough to do to contend with the infirmities of the body, still I can rest upon his promise for that, 'As thy day thy strength shall be.' Blessed be his name."

Sept. 3rd.—He again spoke to friends of the unchangeable love of God, and of his great mercies manifested towards him, though he had of late been so turmoiled with his garden, &c. "O," he said, "what a mercy that the Lord takes no advantage of all this, but that 'he knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are but dust,' and that

' Whom once he loves he never leaves,
But loves him to the end.'

Nothing shall keep him from visiting that soul; no, not even my plants, with which I have been so plagued." He continued,

" ' The gospel bears my spirits up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation of my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood.'

And there's all my salvation; I have no other hope. God is faithful; and I expect to find all he has said true. But my soul fainteth for the courts of the Lord, (alluding to the time since he had been favored to hear the preached word.) O you do not know your privileges. The preached word is a great blessing. That dear man of

God, Mr. Tiptaft, how I do love him! His prayers are the best sermons I get now. O, how much I have thought of them, they were so sweet." The goodness and mercy of the Lord which had followed him all his days was now almost continually extolled by him. Not a murmuring word do I remember escaping his lips as he lay suffering from extreme weakness and other causes. "The Lord is good," he would often repeat; or, "It is a blessing to have the necessaries of this life, let alone the comforts."

To a friend, (Sept. 4th,) he said, "I am taught the naked truth more than ever I was, 'Without me ye can do nothing.' I am utterly powerless, and dependent upon the Holy Spirit for every spiritual movement. How slow I have been to learn; and I think the hardest lesson I ever had to learn was, 'that all things work together for good to them that love God;' but they do, though, sin not excepted, through the Holy Ghost counteracting the natural tendency thereof, and causing it to work good for the soul. In this sense it is that Ralph Erskine says,

'Sin for my good shall work and win,
Though 'tis not good for me to sin.'

The Lord has chastised me sore, but he has not given me over unto death; and though his chastisements have sometimes seemed 'the chastisements of a cruel one,' yet they have all been to do me good in my latter end. O, it is such a mercy not to have one drop of wrath mixed with affliction." On another occasion he said, "I have sometimes thought, in the midst of trial, that the furnace has been heated hotter than was needful; (for at that time I was in seven hot furnaces at once;) but I now see all was needful, and that there was not one too many. It was all to do me good in my latter end." Again he added, with tears in his eyes, "The Lord is good. I have been a poor, vile, sinful creature; but the Lord is good."

Sept. 16th.—Mr. Mortimer visited him, and asked him how he was. "Sinking," he replied; "every prop is giving way.

'Every prop must, first or last,
Sink and fail, but Jesus Christ.'

I have nothing but a naked Christ to trust in now; I have nothing in myself but evil, and though on my death-bed, if the Lord were to leave me, I should be as worldly as ever I was in my life. I feel I have corrupt nature to contend with to the last, and the enemy assaults me with such awful things." Mr. Mortimer prayed sweetly with him. At parting, he vehemently said, "The Lord answer that prayer."

18th.—Attacked with frequent faintings, and worn with coughing, he looked at me as I entered the room, and said, "Wasting away. 'Man dieth, and wasteth away, and where is he?' All my evidences dark." I said, "What, all dark?" He replied, "Yes, all beclouded. My heart is so hard, so very hard. I want the Lord to 'come down as dew upon the mown grass,' and to be 'as the dew unto Israel.'" I said, "He will come, father; ask him." He said, "My heart seems too hard for that. Do you ask him to come. Death's being near does not soften my heart."

On Sunday, 20th, in answer to the inquiry of a friend respecting the state of his mind, he said, "I feel like this, that 'the work of right-

eousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever." Being almost too weak to speak, he said but very little.

On Friday, 25th, he looked at me affectionately, and said, "Well, Anne, I have now done with everything in this world; and first of all, I resign my soul and body into the hands of God; and next, the management of everything else to you. I can do no more, nor contend any longer with it. To an inquiry respecting his dinner, he said, "I have had my last dinner;" and so it proved.

On Saturday, 26th, he was evidently fast sinking; he had passed a night of great suffering. "Lord have mercy upon me," was his constant cry during that night. A little after 6 on Sunday morning, the 27th, the death-struggle commenced, and for a time a painful scene of suffering to the poor body; it was almost incessant cough and strangulation. He looked at me, and as soon as he could speak, said, "Can you do nothing for me? O, do pray for me! Do ask the Lord to help me!" I said, "He will help you; he has promised the support of his rod and staff in passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death." He grasped my hand, and said, "I *do* want that now, but it is all dark." I said, "You do want it, and you'll have it, my dear father." He said he did not doubt his interest, but he wanted the Lord's presence. "O, I fear," he continued, there is no sign of death." With an agonising heart, I replied, "I think this is death," and showed him his finger-nails, which were black. Never can I forget the pleasurable, earnest surprise with which he inquired, "Do you?" He wished his feet to be felt, and asked if they were cold. Being told they were, he said, "I am glad of that." A short prayer was often ejaculated from his dying lips. At length the struggle for breath in a measure subsided, and he lay for some time comparatively quiet. Then he made me understand that he wished all but myself to leave the room, that he might utter a word of prayer. As soon as we were alone, he said, "Now return a few words of thanksgiving to the Lord for his mercy towards me in having caused the cough to stop." I said, "I do indeed desire to be thankful to him for it; it is very merciful of him, and I trust he will still graciously stop it." He said, "Thank him for what he has done. It is good to be thankful for what he has done;" and then, addressing the Lord, continued, "I thank thee, O Lord God, for having proclaimed thy name unto me as merciful and gracious, and for having caused the cough to cease;" the rest I could not hear. At times he still kept entreating and blessing the Lord, though I could only distinguish a word now and then. Some time afterwards, I said, "How quiet the phlegm is! How merciful of the Lord to cause this quietness." "Yes," he replied; "wonderful, wonderful, wonderful!" "You can say," I added, "that the Lord is good *now*, can't you?" "Yes," he firmly answered; which was the last word he spoke, excepting to ask for a little water. He lay quietly waiting his dismissal, several times turning his dear head round to see if I was still watching beside him, until half-past 3 in the afternoon, when his happy spirit gently took its flight to regions of undisturbed felicity, to join the hallelujahs of those surrounding the throne of God and of the Lamb, leaving the wearisome, afflicted, and sin-bur-

dened body behind. Thus died one of the kindest, tenderest, and most affectionate of parents, whose loss, as such, is daily felt and deplored. His earthly remains were committed to their destined resting-place by Mr. Mortimer, of Chippenham, on Thursday, Oct. 1st, where they await the shout of the archangel's voice, and the sound of that trumpet that will raise them incorruptible, to know the blessed change which shall fit them for immortal happiness.

Bath, Nov. 4th, 1857.

A. B.

A TRIBUTE OF PRAISE.

My dear Friend,—It is now a long time since I was able to see to write to you, but I shall never forget the sweet moments I have spent in thus talking to you; they are, however, past and gone. Fifteen or sixteen months ago I did not expect to see the light so as to find my way about any more, much less to be able to write to you again.

“Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.”

Now I can see my road whilst it is light nicely, though I cannot see sufficiently to distinguish any one's features as they pass me, and know them only by their voice; but what a mercy I can see at all! One eye is quite dark, and the other very weak and dim, the inflammation was so great; but, blessed be God, my spiritual sight gets stronger and clearer, and my latter days are more blessed than my former ones were, so that the dear Lord makes me sweet amends for the sight which he has taken away. Thus, you see, he takes away our dearest comforts to give us something better in their stead; and makes us prove that in the furnace we learn and gain that blessedness which we could not anywhere else. How wise, kind, and gracious are all the Lord's dealings with his children in the wilderness, yet they sometimes cannot see his hand; then we seem to miss the blessing. “Through much tribulation” it ever was and ever will be, until the last elect vessel is safe in the harbor of eternal rest, safe with Christ, to sin no more. These words often cheer, warm, and animate my heart. Thus Paul, of blessed memory, was wont to encourage the churches of old in all their afflictions, by pointing them to the Lord; and so the Lord does often encourage his afflicted, poor, weary, despised followers. May the Lord thus encourage my friend and myself still in all our afflictions, troubles, and sorrows, and teach us daily to reckon with him that all are not worthy to be compared to the glory revealed in us. “The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.” He knows that, and we know it too; but he can and does bear with us and feel for us still. We know it to be true when instead of spurning us from his presence he moveth our sluggish hearts a little towards him, and blesses us again and again at his dear feet.

Our kind love to you and your kind friends.

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

Bedworth, March 1st, 1858. GEORGE THOMAS CONGREVE.

REVIEW.

A Short Account of the Life and Conversion of Sukey Harley, of the parish of Pulverbach, near Shrewsbury. Taken from her lips by the late Rector's Daughter. In Two Parts. Part Second. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

WHAT a view the believing soul sometimes gets of the fulness, freeness, suitability, and blessedness of the grace of God, as revealed in the Person, blood, and righteousness of the Son of his love; and how it sees it reaching down, as it were, its delivering arms from heaven to earth, infolding and sustaining in its sovereign embrace all the objects of his eternal choice. To the carnal, the profane, the worldly-minded, the lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, anything that breathes of the holy air of heaven is hateful, as condemning their sensuality and ungodliness. They can do with precepts which they never practise, and with commandments which they never perform; but a religion that would save them from the enjoyment of the sins they so madly love, a breath from the holiness and purity of heaven that would lift them out of their darling lusts and divorce them from their beloved idols, is to them a sentence of imprisonment and death,—as hateful to their vagrant minds as a clean cell in Coldbath Fields Prison to a London thief, or a work-house bath to a filthy tramp. Grace must begin a work in the heart before there can be any movement of the mind toward it; and the two-edged sword that goes out of Christ's mouth must make a wound in the conscience before the balm of free grace in his atoning blood and dying love can be revealed and applied by a divine power to the soul. But no sooner does the Blessed Spirit open up to a poor law-cursed, conscience-condemned sinner the way of salvation through the blood and righteousness of Christ, and that all is of grace from first to last, than at once his ears are opened to drink in the sweet melody of that joyful sound. There is in salvation by grace such a suitability to all his wants and woes; it is so opened up to his enlightened understanding as reconciling those conflicting claims of justice and mercy which he could not solve, and by which he was racked and torn; it is so commended to his conscience as taking away all merit from the creature, which he well knows can have none, and as giving the whole glory to God, who, he is sure, deserves it all; and it drops with such sweetness and power into his soul as a word of consolation and encouragement, that he embraces it with every tender feeling and warm affection of his heart. No language can describe the feelings of the soul when it first emerges out of darkness into light; when it passes from bondage, guilt, and condemnation into peace, liberty, and love. How different are the feelings and the language of a soul under the first shinings in of the Sun of righteousness from the scoffing recklessness of the profane worldling, the rebellion and enmity of the self-righteous Pharisee, and the hard, unfeeling, talkative presumption of the dead professor. The mere *doctrine* of grace does nothing for the soul. As long as it is a mere notion or opinion, it has no more saving or sanctifying power than any other notion or opinion. A man may have an opinion that such and such water is very pure and clear, or such and such wine very choice and delicious, or such and such food very nourishing and strengthening; but if the water be still in the well, the wine in the cellar, and the meat in the larder, and neither drop nor morsel of one or the other reach his mouth, he may die of hunger and thirst in the midst of his opinions. How many, O how many of those who sit in our chapels amidst the saints of God are perishing in their sins with the Bible and hymn-book before their eyes, the sound of the

gospel in their ears, the doctrine of grace in their lips, but the love of the world in their hearts. Not so with the soul under the teaching and blessing of God. Grace is to him "a charming sound," not because the word pleases his ear or the doctrine gratifies his mind, but because its inexpressible sweetness and power have reached his inmost soul.

And as grace suits the young believer, when he first tastes that the Lord is gracious, and feeds on the sincere milk of the word that he may grow thereby, so in every after-stage of his experience, down to the very grave, it is made more and more suitable, and becomes more and more precious to his heart. For as he journeys onward in the path of temptation and tribulation, he has many painful lessons to learn of which the young Christian knows little or nothing. The dreadful evils of his heart, the snares laid for his feet by Satan, his continual conflicts with the unbelief and infidelity, the pride and rebellion of his fallen nature, the grievous backslidings, departures, and wanderings of his heart from the Lord, the experience he has of his own coldness, deadness, and base ingratitude—these, and a thousand other trials and temptations, make grace, in its blessed manifestations, most suitable to the saint of God who has been for any time in the strait and narrow way. It is the spring of all his happiness and holiness, of all his salvation and sanctification, of all his faith and hope, love and obedience. It revives him when dead, renews him when all heavenly feeling seems lost and gone, delivers him from bondage and condemnation, comforts him in affliction and sorrow, separates him from the world, subdues his iniquities, keeps alive the fear of God in his breast, draws out prayer and supplication, makes sin hateful and Christ precious, and gives him not only his title but his meetness for glory. And when we come to his last hours upon earth,

"When sickness and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,"

when nature sinks under a load of pain and languishing, what then can support the soul in the immediate prospect of eternity but that grace which saves from death and hell? In fact, when we have a spiritual view of the majesty and purity of God, the unbending justice of his holy law, and our own vileness and pollution, our guilt, and sin, and shame before him, our thorough emptiness of all good, our thoroughfulness of all evil, there is not, there cannot be a single ray of hope for our ruined souls but what grace reveals and applies through a Saviour's blood.

In our last number we gave a slight sketch of the character and experience of Sukey Harley, and as we found in it much that was not only thoroughly original but deeply experimental and profitable, we intended to give copious extracts from the work itself, but were unable to do so from circumstances over which we had no control. In resuming, therefore, the same subject this month, we shall only dwell upon those points in her character and experience which may serve to draw attention to the extracts that we give. No firmer, stouter champion for sovereign grace ever lived than Sukey Harley, for few were more sensibly indebted to it, as well as experimentally knew its efficacy in plucking a brand from the burning, and delivering a vessel of mercy from the power of darkness and translating it into the kingdom of God's dear Son.

But Sukey had faults and blemishes, some of which were deeply ingrained in her natural temper and disposition, and others seem due to the amazing ignorance in which she had lived so many years amidst that wild and lawless population. Among these, one of the most prominent was a naturally high spirit, which made her impatient of contradiction and unable to bear reproof or rebuke. And yet there was that grace in

her heart which, sooner or later, made its power felt and known, and brought Sukey down to the Lord's feet with confession and humility. There is one remarkable instance given in the book before us of her pride and resentment under a sermon preached by Mr. Bourne, which she viewed as levelled at her, because this faithful servant of the Lord testified against the pride of the heart, and showed the only way in which it could be subdued. But our limits will not allow us to extract the account, nor the gracious, experimental way in which she was brought to see and confess her fault, and bless the Lord for another proof of his love and grace in showing and subduing the evils of her fallen nature.

Closely connected with this high spirit was a warmth of temper which sometimes broke out in a way much to rejoice the enemies of godliness and distress her own soul. In her graceless days Sukey had much pugnacity about her, and this natural warmth of temper and spirit of combativeness she carried too much into her religion. The compiler of her experience has, with much wisdom and consistency, let us see the dark side as well as the bright in her character. She has not bedaubed her with fulsome praise, concealing or justifying all her faults; nor, on the other hand, has she roughly and unnecessarily dragged them to light, but has mentioned them only so far as it was needful to give a just estimate of her character and experience, and to show the grace which subdued and the wisdom which brought forth glory to God and good to her own soul out of them. The pugnacity of poor old Sukey in defence of her religion, and its painful consequences, are thus described:

“One mistake which in much ignorance she used to make, was this, that if on any occasion she was reproached or insulted, or any way ill-used, on account of her religion, she considered it right by way of testifying her integrity and her attachment to the cause of God, to retaliate upon the offender with a degree of warmth quite unjustifiable on gospel grounds. She used to call this ‘fighting for her religion;’ and it may be supposed that during the course of twenty years many battles of this kind were fought, but on which side the victory turned may be considered doubtful.

“A circumstance of this nature transpired about the end of the year 1830. She was one day met, as she was walking along the road, by a young man who was both profligate and profane. He instantly set upon her, and began to ridicule and laugh at her religion, throwing out many bitter invectives against the cause of God. She, in her zeal to defend God's truth in her heart, rebuked him with so much warmth and vehemence of language that the contest between them grew to a very fiery pitch. But the more she endeavored thus to defend the cause of God with carnal weapons, the more did she bring a reproach upon it. At length, having thus provoked her to wrath, the scoffer gained (as he thought) his point, which was to prove her a hypocrite, and God's truth a lie; and he made a fearful triumph of his victory. There were lookers on also upon this occasion, who evidently enjoyed the scene; and were each wishing to make the most of it to suit his own ends.”

Now we shall see how Sukey was shown the evil of these “fights for her religion:”

“Not many days afterwards, Sukey went up to the house of some friends, and related the whole affair herself. They had heard of it before through another channel, and had been greatly troubled at the circumstance. One of them gives the following relation of this interview and the after results of it: ‘It was in vain that we endeavored to enlighten Sukey's eyes into the wrongness of such like proceedings; she would only reply, “Why, I did'na care for myself, but he mocked God's truth, and was not I to face him? Yes; and I would do it again too, except that I am sorry to hurt your feelings. I don'na care who braves me, gentle or simple folks, but I will brave them again. Wasn't it the wicked enmity in his heart against God that made him mock

me? To be sure it was; and do you think I'll stand that? No; I must fight for my God as long as I live, let who will try to stop me." "O, Sukey, Sukey," I replied, "how often you say that you are the greatest fool in this world! and surely it is this foolishness that makes you speak in this way. Can you not understand that you are fighting *against* God, and not *for* him, in such ways as these?" "No," she answered; "I can't understand what you mean. But," she added, in a softer tone, "I hope the Lord will give me power to pray about this when I go home, and if I am wrong, I hope he will put me right." She said this as she turned away to leave the house. I plainly perceived that no reasoning could convince Sukey of her error, and I felt utterly hopeless that she ever would be convinced. Just then, the words of Ps. xvii. 13, 14, occurred to my mind, "Deliver my soul from the wicked, which is *thy sword*; from men which are *thy hand*, O Lord, from men of the world." Also 2 Sam. xvi. 5-12, where an account is given of Shimei cursing David; and I said in my heart, "Lord, it would be very easy for thee to teach her—she does not know that the wicked are *thy sword*." A few days afterwards, I paid Sukey a visit at her cottage, and without making any comment, or alluding in any way to what had passed, I took the Bible and read those two passages; and while yet the words were in my mouth, she sunk down in spirit, and fell before the Lord. "Ah, my dear lady, that is God's word to my heart! O how deep that word has cut me! It is God's word to my proud heart! Why, I never knew, till this moment, that the wicked are *God's sword*. What a most notorious, ignorant, wicked woman I must be! I have been fighting against God all these years, while I was thinking I was fighting for him. Isn't it a wonder that he bears with me, such an ignorant fool as I am? The wicked, God's sword! Why, I never knew this before. Ah! David knew it when he said, 'So let him curse, because the Lord hath bidden him.' And I can say so too, now, 'Let him curse, let him curse, because the Lord hath bidden him.' Ah, poor man! he knew not that, though he is the devil's servant, yet he is only a sword in God's hand. No; he understands nothing about that. Well, I feel sorry for him in my heart, I do. I could put my head under his feet to serve him, if it would be of any use. Ah! 'let him curse, let him curse, because the Lord hath bidden him;' but in one moment my God could turn his heart, and instead of cursing there would be blessing."

"This was God's touch upon Sukey's heart, as David speaks, 'He toucheth the mountains, and they smoke.' (Ps. civ. 32.) She never forgot the instruction which had been conveyed to her mind upon this occasion; and there are many who can bear witness that from this time a most remarkable change was wrought in her conduct under circumstances of a like kind."

The dealings of God with Sukey's conscience were peculiar, and this combined with her natural temperament, thorough want of education, and rough mode of life before her call by grace, sometimes made Sukey's faithfulness offensive to the lovers of smooth things. The following extract gives us a striking trait in her character:

"There was one part of her Christian character—and that, perhaps, the most prominent and striking feature in it—which was but little understood, and still less appreciated. She had been made, under the teaching carried on in her own heart, to renounce, as hateful before God, all that counterfeit kind of religion which savors merely of the flesh, and which often makes a very showy appearance, deceiving many by a sort of devotional feeling worked up in the natural affections only. The keen sense she had of the difference which subsists between this deception of the devil and that religion which is wrought in the heart and maintained in 'the inner man' by the Spirit of the living God, so influenced the line of her conduct on some occasions as to bring her under the censure of many, who, if they had had penetration enough to have discovered the principle upon which she acted, and the spirit by which she was guided, would have judged far otherwise. She could never heartily join in religious conversation, even with such as she believed had a real work of grace in their hearts, except she felt in her spirit, or perceived in theirs, a living touch from off God's altar. If this were lacking, she cared not for the discourse, knowing the truth of what we are told by Solomon, that 'the talk

of the lips tendeth only to penury.' (Prov. xiv. 23.) She would often, therefore, abruptly turn away with a bluntness of manner peculiarly characteristic in her, or she would put a stop to the conversation with some pointed remark sufficiently demonstrative of her disapprobation, and generally conveying some home-truth to the speaker. In one way or other, and without much ceremony, she was sure to put an extinguisher upon an evil she could not remedy. By this kind of behavior it may be readily supposed that she often laid herself open to the accusation of being deficient in unity and brotherly love, as well as to a want of spiritual discernment; and she was obliged to lie under the reproach, preferring the honor that cometh of God to that which cometh of men; contrary to the Scribes and Pharisees."

We do not say we have Sukey's boldness and faithfulness in putting so thorough a damper upon the small-talk of carnal professors, but we quite feel with her that there is a good deal of empty sound even in the conversation of those who fear God, and much of what they say upon the things of eternity is light and empty, because they are not at the time under that sweet and sacred influence which gives to words weight and savor. Those who watch the movements of their own hearts, and can discern the difference between flesh and spirit, can easily tell whether they are under a divine influence when they converse with the saints of God, or are speaking what they know to be true, but of which they are not at that moment feeling the power. And as the ear trieth words as the mouth tasteth meat, the discerning of the Lord's family can usually tell what is the influence under which others speak, and whether it is mere talking religiously for religious talk's sake, or the utterance of the heart under the operation of the Blessed Spirit.

The most valuable part of this book is the part in which Sukey speaks herself. There is something in her homely language so forcible and so simple, and yet such reality and power shine forth in almost every word, that a debt of gratitude is due to the compiler for the faithful record with which she has favored the church of God. As a specimen, we give the first of these recorded conversations with her:

"I want to tell you what the Lord has been showing me this morning. I went to prayer as usual, but I felt no desire for prayer, I felt no strength in body or soul; I could do no more to help myself to God than a new-born babe; I was dead; I had no faith; God had knocked me down for my sin. But he did not leave me long in this way, for in two or three minutes he shone on me, and he said, 'I am here, I am thy strength.' Then I felt all happiness and glory. He said, 'This is a warning for thee not to be lifted up in thyself, nor to trust in thy feelings.' My comfortable feelings; I am not to build upon these things, nor be too much distressed when I am cast down, but look to him. This showed me how many there are who think they have religion in themselves. I feel I have nothing, all is in him. How I feel for those who are looking to themselves and what they can do! I am poor; I found this morning I had no will, no power, no desire. This came on my mind this morning, what the folks say of me, 'O Sukey Harley, you are so good! if I was like you I should not fear to die.' Well, I thought, if they had seen me this morning, they would have seen I had no religion. O those poor creatures who boast of religion in themselves! Well, it will all leave them on their death-beds. They say they can pray always. I cannot pray always; to be sure I might pray all day with words, but what is that? Unless my God comes, my prayer is nothing. I often think of that verse, 'When thou hast shut thy door, pray, &c.;' and I say, 'Lord, thou knowest I cannot shut the door; thou must do it.' The Lord showed me, to-day, what prayer is; I cannot pray one thing without him. I asked him to teach me to pray according to his will. This is what I do; I fall down before my God, and wait, and never give up till he tells me what to say. I cannot speak till he comes. If he does not answer me directly, then I hang upon him, I cry unto him, I wait

for him; and when he sees fit he makes me feel his answer. I was thinking how I am just like a little child who is trying to get something that is out of its reach; it will strive and strive, but it cannot get it; and just so do I; I want my God, and I reach and strive, and pray and cry after him."

The following extract will show that Sukey knew experimentally the fellowship of Christ's sufferings:

"O, what a blessed thing for me! Bless and praise his holy name for it! I have got a God to go to, to rely on. Yes, I have. He knows my griefs, he hears my groans. My heavenly Father gives me this assurance, that in Christ Jesus, 'the very hairs of my head are all numbered.' This is the confidence which I have in him—the very faith which he has given me that it was his own blessed will from the foundation of the world to do it for me. He chose me, he called me, he redeemed me; he has all power in heaven and earth. I have had such a blessed experience this morning how that my name was engraved on his heart when he suffered on the cross. Yes, he knowed my name *then*, and O, he knowed my sins! O, how my sins pierced him! I have been thinking what a sight it must have been; what a woeful sight to see them! those wretches—those monsters! and myself among them, the very worst, the very chiefest among them; I cannot, I dare not call them by one name worse than I can call myself. I was there! I did it! My sins crucified him, pierced him, agonized him! But O, to see them laying hold on that dear, spotless Lamb of God—hauling him, beating him, mocking him, buffeting him, nailing him to the cross. O, what a sight, a woeful sight! Then, again, I thought on that wonderful word which he uttered just before he died; and did you ever consider what a wonderful word it was—what it expresses? Ah, what it expresses! '*It is finished.*' O, what a work he had finished then. It was the work his heavenly Father gave him to do; he undertook it, he carried it through, and brought it to an end; and then do you think he can let any poor soul be lost whose name he had written on his heart then? No; he cannot. He gives me this assurance; he saves because he will. Paul says, 'I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith.' Ah, but it was his dear Redeemer that did it for him though; he was well aware of that. Christ fought the fight. *He* run the race. *He* won the crown. Glory, glory be to him for ever!"

The great feature in Sukey's religion was, that Christ was her all in all, and that not in doctrine and notion, but in the daily experience of her soul:

"Did I ever tell how, one day, when I felt I had no light, no knowledge, no faith, no hope, no desire, I was miserable, poor, and wretched, for my Saviour had left me? In this state I went to bed, mourning, and grieving, and pining. Well, now, I will tell you how my God came and blest me. He awoke me in one moment with these words, 'My light is thy darkness.' I was up in an instant. He gave me strength, and power, and will, and all I wanted. I can trust him since then, and he helps me to wait on him. He gives me this now, patience to wait a bit longer; and he keeps me low, and bids me sink before his footstool, and he shows me that if he never comes again I can have nothing to say; I feel my condemnation—I am a wretch. But

'I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out, and banish'd from thy sight.'

But when he comes, I have wisdom, and knowledge, and light, and understanding, and joy, and everything. He sends all down from heaven to me; and when he pleases, all is gone again. He comes and he goes just as he sees fit; and this is my life. And when he is with me, how I rejoice; and when he is gone, how I mourn and grieve till he comes again; and he does come, he does not leave me long. He knows I cannot live without him; he is my life. What are my troubles when he is with me? they are nothing. I cannot speak of them; it would be a scandal to him to speak of troubles then. It says, 'I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed.' My God tells me I can have no greater

joy than I can have when he is with me, unless he were to release my soul from the body. But O, my heavy temptations! Sometimes I think I am going to heaven through the flames, yes, I may say through the flames. I think of my Saviour, when that wicked foe tempted him. Ah! I dare not speak of my inward trials and temptations. Satan is with me every moment when I am left to myself. My God permits him to harass and tempt me; but my God gives me to watch, and he teaches me to know Satan's devices; and I can tell in a moment now, what is my God, and what is that deceitful foe. Satan has a religion, and he makes us think it is the true; and he deceives many a poor soul by setting before them one good thought after another, so that they look to their hearts, and trust in their hearts. I am quite frightened when I think of our world; not when my God is with me, I am not afraid then—neither men nor devils can make me fear then. But this world is like a prison to me; I feel a lone soul in it. I was thinking what a narrow path we have to walk in. It is as if there was a deep pit of water on both sides, and the way so narrow we could scarcely keep it, and full of dangers on every side. But my Saviour is 'the Way, the Truth, and the Life.'"

But Sukey, though at times greatly favored, was at others as greatly tried and distressed:

"Who knows anything of my life? It is hid with my dear Redeemer; my life is his life. I have no other life. I walk about this world the same as all the rest, but I am dead. I hate and abhor myself, and I hate and abhor that outside profession. There's plenty of it about here; prayers to no end, reading the word, and abundance of good works and good talk. What trash it all is; I inwardly detest it in my very soul, that false, empty, *know-nothing*, outward profession! I cannot abide it. My dear Saviour is my religion. He is my possession. What's profession without possession? It is not worth much, indeed; it won't do for me, I know.

'My treasure is his precious blood.'

'That is a treasure rich indeed,
Which none but Christ can give.'

When I see by faith his pierced hands, and feel that my sins have nailed him to the cross, no heart can conceive what that brings before me. I'm lost in wonder. For me! *He died for me!* Ever since the morning of my conversion, in my old house down at Ryton, my blessed Redeemer has held me in his dear hands. He showed me then that he died for me, that he hung on the cross for my sins. Yes, I saw him, with the eyes of faith, bleeding on the tree for my sins. I can truly say, I am his, and he is mine. God is my Father, Jesus Christ is my Redeemer, and heaven is my home; and I can truly say, 'I have fellowship with the Father, and with his son Jesus Christ.' I can truly say I am fed with the living Bread of everlasting life, and my soul is abundantly satisfied. Often, when I have been unable to eat the natural food for my body, I have sat down and said, 'Now, my dear Father, feed me with the bread of heaven.' And he has come and given me a rich feast, and so filled me with his mercies that I have wanted no food for my body, I have been so strengthened and refreshed. I often think of these words, 'He would have fed them with the finest of the wheat, and with honey out of the rock would I have satisfied thee.' But O, how sometimes I find the reverse of all this, and

'Fierce temptations wait around,'

Satan and my own evil heart stir up all, and there am I in the midst; and cannot stir one step to deliver myself till my Redeemer comes and drives Satan away; and then I am left alone with my Saviour—him and me alone. But how hard the battle is sometimes before he comes. He has left me for days and nights together, at times, to fight and wrestle with Satan and my own heart; and sometimes I think my own heart is the worst enemy of the two. I do hate and abhor my heart; I detest and abhor myself on account of the evil that dwells in me. I am ready to tear away this body of sin and death that is in my flesh, if I could."

On the morning of Aug. 16th, 1853, Sukey was seized with a paralytic stroke; and from that time till her death, five days afterwards, she never opened her eyes or spoke, but lay as if unconscious of everything passing around her. From an impression on her spirit, more than thirty years before, Sukey had anticipated that she would be taken away in this manner:

“ Often, during her latter years, she has expressed herself in a way somewhat similar, and uniformly maintained her belief that God would be glorified at her death, not by opening her mouth, but by closing it. ‘ Don’t you be terrified,’ she would say, ‘ or think that I have been taken by surprise, if you should hear of my dying suddenly, or being struck speechless, so as not to utter a word on my death-bed. My God has been preparing me for it these years and years past; and I wish to warn you about it, that you may know it will not come upon me by surprise. I never feel satisfied to close my eyes at night, nor can I rest in peace till I feel Jesus Christ in my conscience, so as to say, ‘ Now, Lord Jesus, if it should be this night, I am ready to go.’ O, if he is absent, and guilt is on my conscience, what *un-restless* nights I have! My sighs, my groans, my tears none know but he himself! nor can any other bring ease to my distressed soul!’

“ Now I often think about my death—there will be a great disappointment then. The folks will be gathered together to see old Sukey Harley die; and they’ll think to hear glorious words from my mouth—they’ll think to catch somewhat then. But what’s the use of that? Hear me speak! My filthy-rag righteousness, what’s that? O, there’s a great mistake in our world about this, for they don’t see the difference between the flesh and the spirit. But I have this feeling, that my mouth will be stopped then; there will be nothing left for me to say. I shall be nothing, but my blessed Redeemer will be all in all. The folks will see my lump of flesh, but they will not, they cannot see my life. My life is not here; it is hid with Christ in God! Who can see my righteousness? My righteousness is not mine; it is Jesus Christ’s. I have asked him, my blessed Saviour, to make me give my *dying* testimony while I am yet alive, walking up and down in this world. And he has put his words in my mouth, to speak as he bids me. I cannot speak thus to such as won’t understand me; they would take my words wrong, and call me a strange woman. Let them talk so, but I have got a Saviour! Yes, and I know him and he knows me.”

We are sorry to add that we understand that the work before us is exceedingly scarce, and that a copy can hardly be anywhere procured. Reprints are rarely successful, as it is extremely difficult to resuscitate a book that has been for some time out of print; and yet we cannot but be sorry that a book so full of choice matter, so thoroughly original, and so deeply experimental, should be lost to the church of God.

AH! happy afflictions! they wean us from this wretched, dying world; are a means to mortify our corruptions; teach us to live more constantly by faith on Jesus Christ; and to fix all our hopes and expectations on another and better world.—*Berridge*.

HAD there not been a proneness in us to fear casting out, Christ needed not to have, as it were, waylaid one fear, as he doth, by this strange and great expression, “ In no wise;” “ And him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.” There needed not, as I may say, such a promise to be invented by the wisdom of heaven, and worded at such a rate, as it were, on purpose to dash in pieces at one blow all the objections of coming sinners, if they were not prone to admit of such objections to the discouraging of their souls. For this word “ in no wise” cutteth the throat of all objections; and it was dropped by the Lord Jesus for that very end, and to help the faith that is mixed with unbelief.—*Bunyan*.

P O E T R Y.

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

How trying the process by which we are brought
 To bow to the will of our God;
 What care he bestows, yea, what wisdom and love
 Are seen in his dealings while making us prove
 That 'tis well to "pass under the rod."

He knows that when all things go smoothly along
 We recline on this wilderness sod;
 And therefore he chooses, by crosses and woes,
 Bereavements, temptations, afflictions, and foes,
 To make us "pass under the rod."

O discipline painful, yet needful, that we
 May constantly wait on our God;
 If necessity drove not, we seldom should go,
 And much less of his Spirit and presence should know,
 If we did not "pass under the rod."

How often we look at the worldlings around,
 Each making some bauble his god;
 And in moments of darkness the soul seems to say,
 As we watch their rejoicings, "'Tis well to be they,
 For they never 'pass under the rod.'"

But the Blessed One smiles, and the murmur is hush'd,
 When we meet at the throne of our God;
 And we breathe as we're bending, "If thou wilt be near,
 In all thy chastisements, to comfort and cheer,
 I would rather 'pass under the rod.'"

Ah, then we've no wish for a trial withheld,
 Or a less thorny path to be trod,
 For we feel that to rest on the bosom of love,
 In his likeness below or his glory above,
 We must surely "pass under the rod."

Great Head of the household, since thou hast ordain'd
 That the heirs of the kingdom of God
 Should attain it through much tribulation below,
 O, teach us sweet kindness and pity to show
 When our kindred "pass under the rod."

And let us take courage, since all our concerns
 Are obeying thy governing nod;
 For we soon shall have done with the sigh and the tear,
 No more have life's conflicts to face and to fear,
 And no more "pass under the rod."

THERE is no goodness in our will now but what it hath from grace; and to turn the will from evil to good is no more nature's work than we can turn the wind from the east to the west. When the wheels of the clock are broken and rusted, it cannot go. When the bird's wing is broken, it cannot fly. When there is a stone in the sprent and in-work of the lock, the key cannot open the door. Christ must oil the wheels of mis-ordered will, and heal them, and remove the stone, and infuse grace (which is wings to the bird); if not, the motions of the will are all hell-ward.—*Rutherford.*

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

AUGUST, 1858.

MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

A SERMON BY THE LATE MR. WARBURTON.

“Fear ye not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows.”—
Matt. x. 31.

WE find in this chapter that Jesus had been sending forth his disciples with the promise that he would be with them, yet reminding them of the persecution, affliction, and distress that they would meet with by the way; but he tells them the Master was treated in the same manner, so they must not be discouraged if they meet with the Master's lot. He assures them, in the two verses preceding the text, that not a sparrow can fall to the ground without his notice, and that there is not a hair of their head but what is numbered; and then he comes to the words: “Fear ye not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows.”

Should it please God to help a poor, fading, crawling, but old man in sin, I will,

I. Notice, *the family of God*; his dear disciples and children, that are or will be the subjects of slavish fears, God-dishonoring fears, devilish fears; and whatever any man can say or do, there is nobody can quell their fears but God.

II. I shall notice *the value God puts upon these poor trembling souls*. There is none but God who could or would put a great value upon them; and it is wonderful that even God should count them valuable.

I. I said that in the first place we would notice, *the family of God*, the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ; his dear children that are the subjects of fears.

My dear friends, it strikes my mind that where there are subjects of fear, there is life to feel. Perhaps some person here, in coming to chapel, felt like the poor old parson. I could hardly move one leg before the other. In coming up Tottenham Court Road, I thought everybody knew what a poor, ignorant fool I was. Well, if God can fashion and make things out of nothing, what is that to anybody? Wherever there is a fearing soul, there is something to fear. It can see something, feel something to be afraid of. But some people say they are afraid of nothing. Why, then, they are blind and dead. “Nay,” say some, “Old John cannot fear much, or else he could not talk so fast. We do not fear anything.” Have you no fear of offending God? Have you no fear of dishonoring

God? If you have not, I would not give a groat for your religion, nor yet the third part of a groat. The greater part of God's family are the subjects of fears. They fear, the root of the matter is not in their hearts; they fear they are not born again of the Holy Spirit; they fear their prayers are not spiritual but fleshly; they fear their comforts are fleshly and not the work of the Spirit in their hearts. I find, my friends, that God has scattered his "Fear nots" from one end of the Bible to the other; for whom? For those blessed persons who shall reign with him for ever. Why are these "Fear nots" scattered abroad? Because there are some who are constantly fearing. Why is this fearing? Why, my friends, they have such a sight of their wretched unbelief, and such a sight of their vileness, that they cannot help fearing.

The greater number of God's people have never been blessed with a decided sense of the pardoning love of God in their consciences. Some person may say, "I have been begging all these years, and never had anything given to me." Nay, do not say you never had a crumb; and if you have had only a crumb it is from the same loaf; and if but one crumb it has melted thy heart and lifted thee up. To have only a sweet glance of Jesus, and to have thy heart and soul wrapt up in him, it comes from the same loaf; it comes from the same God, and goes back to the same God; therefore why those dreadful fears that thou hast had nothing? The fond desire of thy heart is Jesus; only "hope deferred maketh the heart sick; but when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life," "the desire of all nations." Is not that Jesus? When the devil charges thee with hypocrisy, when thy soul is in secret where no eye sees thee, when there is a begging and longing for Christ to come into thy heart, is not that the very longing desire of thy soul? "When the desire cometh, it is a tree of life."

Well, my friends, all the men in the world can never bring those souls out of their troubles till God brings them out. What! Are we to harass them, and tell them they are sinning against God if they do not do their duty, live up to their privileges, and act faith? I will leave all that to a parcel of blind pharisees. I believe, friends, to act faith means when faith comes and acts in me; it comes and acts to the glory of God: "Speak ye comfortably unto Jerusalem, and cry unto her, (what? Tell her to act faith or act doubts and fears? No; tell her) that her warfare is accomplished, (and that she is taken from the dunghill,) that her iniquity is pardoned." Say again, "Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that be of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not; behold your God will come (in the midst of all your fears) with vengeance (upon the devil and all your carnal reason,) even God with a recompense; he will come and save you," in his own time. So that, my dear friends, though the poor soul is ready to sink into despair because he has not the desire of his heart, yet, saith the Lord, "Take up the stumbling-blocks out of the way of my people." That is better than all men can do in telling them to hop, skip, and jump.

There is another cause for dreadful fear, and that is a vile and

wicked heart. I tell you what, my friends; you need not grumble at me for coming in this way, for I have tried everything to enable me to come and bring something grand and high; so do not grumble at old John bringing up this wretched fountain of iniquity that he carries about with him. For thirty years I was begging and praying that the Lord would bring me out of debt, and bless me with food and raiment; and my wife used to be angry. I thought that if the Lord would please to give me a sovereign to spare it would be very useful. Well, the time has come that I have a sovereign to spare; and now I have come to find that all the greatest miseries I ever had are internal miseries. O what depths there are in the human heart! What abominations to the child of God! Whatever deliverances he has had, whatever sweet joys and comforts he has ever had, if God causes the great depths of his heart to be opened, what fears arise! When the poor dear child of God feels all manner of lusts, all manner of abominations too black to be named, all manner of iniquity working in his filthy heart, he stands astonished; and he says, "Can ever God dwell in such a heart as mine?" "O wretched man that I am!" "O guilty wretch that I am!" My dear friends, he has no stone to throw at either men or devils. "It is very easy to tell him that "whatsoever thing entereth into the man, it cannot defile him;" but "that which cometh out of the man, that defileth the man." It is very easy for people to talk, and to tell him that it is nothing but the "old man," and that he should pay no regard to it. It is very easy for them to tell him that "grace reigns;" but, my dear friends, some of God's people cannot feel that they have "put on the new man;" they cannot feel at these seasons that they have a grain of grace in their hearts. But you say, "Can't they pray? and that is grace." It is one thing to try and persuade them that it is a work of grace on the heart, but it is another thing for the soul to have a taste of it. When the poor thing has a brother or sister come to see him, he begins to tell him or her what he has been, and that he fears he is a hypocrite, he is so plagued. If he could take comfort as they can, how happy he should be; but, "from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot there is nothing but wounds and bruises and putrefying sores." When the leper was covered from head to foot with leprosy, then the priest pronounced him clean. When the children of God come to see what they are, and what wretchedness they are the subjects of, they many times think that the root of the matter is not in them, and fear they are going to hell. They want a sweet fellowship and communion with Christ. They want a fresh washing, and they need the blood of Christ again and again now as much as they ever did in all their lives. Some religious people have got rid of their fears once, and have never been plagued with them since; but I know when I am plunged in the ditch I want to plunge into the fountain again. My conscience is sometimes so guilty and filthy, not with drinking, not with telling lies, not with ruining my neighbors, not with cheating and defrauding my neighbors, and acting hypocritically towards my fellow creatures. N ; but there is something grieves my heart.

though I have been so careful not to wrong my neighbors. I have so much wretchedness as to offend my God and Father. I tell you what grieves my heart; my deadness, and my carnality; such hasty, peevish, angry passions rising up sometimes. "Ah!" says one, "why you look like a good-tempered man." Well, so I am, when I am pleased; but if you come to talk to old John when he is cross-grained, you will find he is as peevish as anybody.

There is no access to God, till there is a washing, a cleansing; then there is a sweet enjoyment of God's presence in my heart, and a fresh sense of his forgiveness. My soul sees and feels the blessed effects and fruits of worshipping God, not in the oldness of the letter but in newness of the spirit. Are you walking in this way? Then we can walk together, and sometimes say with David, "So foolish was I, and ignorant; I was as a beast before thee." My friends, this will be the source of every fear arising in thy heart to the end of time.

I have been to see a poor man on a sick bed, who is drawing near to eternity. I said to him, "Joseph, how stand matters between God and your soul?" He said, "My dear friend, I have days and nights of sore affliction. Would you believe it? Though I lie here as helpless as a poor babe, in a poor plight, I have had all the iniquities of my youth set before me; all my abominations in my state of nature have all been laid upon my heart; I never felt such a boiling up of all manner of sin in all my previous life. I cried, and said, 'Lord, I have known thee for fifty years; I have been hanging upon thee all those years; and hast thou left me at last?' I am going to be swallowed up in wretchedness and misery. But last night the Lord came in his glorious brightness; it was spirit and it was life. He raised me up, and he said, 'Let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains.' My soul was raised up, and all the cursed crew went into their dens. All I want now is to bless him, bless him, bless him for ever and ever."

My dear brethren, this old man will to the end of time be our plague. What a mercy it is when Christ brings us to see our need of a fresh plunge here, and of a fresh sense of his atoning blood.

Come, poor dear soul, thou art not a hypocrite. Thy soul is begging for a display of the love of God, and his blessed truth.

My friends, there is another source of these fears, that is, the fiery darts of the devil. I do not believe there is a child of God in the world, but the devil will harass him; for he hates him with a perfect hatred. I do not mean a parcel of prating hypocrites, that first take up Calvinism and then Arminianism, and then go from Arminianism to Socinianism. When Satan is hurled from his throne, and God takes possession of the soul, he never will leave that soul alone as long as God suffers him. Sometimes he will come in such a way, when the poor soul is reading the Bible, that he cannot make texts agree. He will say there is no reality in the Bible. O how this cuts up the poor soul. He says, "Where am I to look? What shall I do?" Then the devil says, "What! Such a fool as you pray? What! The Lord that made heaven and earth, who has angels at his

command, he hear your prayers? What a fool you must be to expect it! Why, you can't pray." I will tell thee what, poor soul; if it were not for prayer, he would never cast his fiery darts against it. I will tell you how you may find the devil out sometimes. Sometimes, when I have had, as I thought, such a fine time in prayer, the devil has come in and said, "That *is* prayer;" and I have thought, "I wish such a man had been there!" When the poor soul is puffed up with his fine prayer, it never goes farther than the ears of the people. The devil never attacks him then.

I once went six miles in prayer to a prayer-meeting; and when I reached there I could not say anything but, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" I saw a man there who said, "Is this John Warburton? Well, this is the best prayer I have heard for a long time." When there is real prayer, how the devil will attack it! He sends his fiery darts, and says that God will never hear it. How often the devil tells the poor children of God that they have sinned against the Holy Ghost. The devil knows that is a revealed truth that whosoever blasphemes against the Holy Ghost has no forgiveness in this world nor in the world to come; and the poor soul is so bewildered in a dark mist that he is like Christian fighting with Apollyon, as Bunyan describes it, when he did not know his own voice. "Now," says the devil, "it is all up with you; you have sinned against the Holy Ghost, and there is no forgiveness, neither in this world nor in the world to come." Then the soul sinks fathoms deep; but, blessed be God, he has not sinned the sin against the Holy Ghost.

My friends, I shall leave it just as it is. I thought I never should have got through so far. What value the Lord puts upon such poor worms as these we shall leave till the evening.

May God bless the few hints, and he shall have the glory.

(The Evening Sermon in our next.)

THE legal ceremonies were not of fit means to bring the heart into a spiritual frame. They had a spiritual intent; the rock and manna prefigured the salvation and spiritual nourishment by the Redeemer. The sacrifices were to point them to the justice of God in the punishment of sin, and the mercy of God in substituting them in their steads, as types of the Redeemer and the ransom by his blood. The circumcision of the flesh was to instruct them in the circumcision of the heart; they were flesh in regard of their matter, weakness, and cloudiness, spiritual in regard of their intent and signification; they did instruct, but not efficaciously work strong spiritual affections in the soul of the worshipper. They were weak and beggarly elements; had neither wealth to enrich nor strength to nourish the soul; they could not perfect the comers to them, or put them into a frame agreeable to the nature of God, nor purgē the conscience from those dead and dull dispositions which were by nature in them; being carnal, they could not have an efficacy to purify the conscience of the offerer and work spiritual effects; had they continued without the exhibition of Christ, they could never have wrought any change in us or procured any favor for us. At the best they were but shadows, and came inexpressibly short of the efficacy of that Person and state whose shadows they were. The shadow of a man is too weak to perform what the man himself can do, because it wants the life, spirit and activity of the substance.—*Charnock.*

THAT HE MIGHT BE JUST, AND THE JUSTIFIER
OF HIM WHICH BELIEVETH IN JESUS.

Dear Sir,—I have often taken up my pen to write to you, but when I have written a few lines, my heart has failed me, and I have given it up. But now I again take it up with a felt determination, in the strength of the Lord, to send you some little account of his dealings with my soul.

Before God began his work upon my heart, I had gone to great lengths in open iniquity. I cannot tell which was my besetting sin, for all were alike unto me, and I drank it in with a greediness that no one can describe. Though I had a kind mother to warn and caution me, it was of no use; I was determined to have my own course, and go my own way, whatever it might cost me. I was like a wild ass's colt; I loved liberty, and liberty I would have. In this unsubdued state I went on until the age of seventeen, when I had a sudden check put upon me. Although so young, I had, by drinking and other diabolical sins, brought my poor body into a low state. Having free access to money, I got connected with bad company, and my bodily frame began to feel the effects. I was seized with a dreadful fever, and had no hope of ever again getting better. My sins began now to plague me, and hell, as it were, was set before me; and what to do I could not tell. I was in this state for three weeks, during which I felt confident that hell was my portion; and all who came to see me and pray for me could not persuade me otherwise. I could not pray myself; nor could I think that ever God would hear me if I did. I felt if I could only say, like the thief, "Lord, remember me!" I should think there was hope for me, but I could not; despair, as it were, had hold of me; I could not pray. I called my mother to my bed-side, told her I was going to die, and asked her if there was any hope for me, and if she would be my friend. She said, "I cannot be thy friend any farther than the grave." This reply sank me down; I felt there was now nothing but hell for me. I groaned and cried, and felt that I could not be long in this world. All I wanted was a friend. I did not then know that Friend of sinners to whom my soul at the present time feels such love. But it pleased the Lord to raise me up again. I had made many vows that if he would do so I would be better; but, alas! what is man? After I was enabled to get out of doors again it was not long before an oath came to my lips; my soul sank again within me; I was reproved by an ungodly woman, and this sank me lower still. In this way I went on for about three months, keeping from many sins that I was formerly addicted to, until at last I was plunged again into trouble, which I never was fairly delivered from until my poor soul was brought to sing of free grace. I will tell you how it was. I had, time after time, cheated my mother out of a great sum of money; and there was a man then living with us, who gave me 1s. 6d. to pay his club. I went to pay it, but as I was going I felt a desire to go and see some people; I did so, and stayed longer than I intended. It being now too late to pay

the money, I thought I would not tell him but pay it the next club night; but before the time came, he got to hear that I had not paid it, and told my mother I had kept it. When I got home they charged me with it; and my mother told me, as she had often done before, that I should break her heart at last. She said to me, "O my lad, I can never forget, when thou wast ill, what promises thou madest; and now how thou art turning out again. O (she said, referring to my late illness), thou wast the picture of a damned soul, and thou wilt at last bring me to the grave." I replied, "Mother, I never shall," but went out of the house, in my feeling, utterly lost, and that to all eternity. I felt a load I could not bear up under. All that I had done and been in my past life was brought before me, and what to do I could not tell. The words, "A damned soul," rang again and again in my mind, and I felt and said, "I cannot live in this state long." But I determined that I would be better, and would commence by going to school. On the Sunday morning, therefore, I washed myself, and went to the school by 9 o'clock with a heavy heart and my head hanging down. A man was there who came to talk to the scholars, and he asked me if I would come to the class with a friend. I said I would; and when I went, the man asked me how I felt. I told him, Very badly; that I was a great sinner, and asked them to pray for me. They did so; and when I was on my knees these words came to my mind, "If thou wilt believe, thou shalt see the glory of God." I told them what words had come, and they said I was converted. I knew no better, and felt for a week or so satisfied I was converted, as they had told me. But I had not been with them long before I had a thousand thoughts come into my mind that I never had before, and began to despair again. Their words and speeches would not satisfy me; for I was now dreadfully tempted to sin against the Holy Ghost, and for ten weeks thought I had done so. I could not tell my feelings to any one, nor could I meet with any one that had had the same temptation. Here I was held hard and fast, until brought to this point; there was something saying within me, "If thou goest on in a profession of religion, thou wilt be damned; and if thou goest back again into the world thou wilt be damned; and whatever thou doest, there is nothing but damnation for thee." But whilst I was thus held, such a desire after the things of God sprang up in my mind, that I said, "Damned or saved, I will go forward; for go back again into the world I cannot." In this way I went on sinning and trying to keep from it, but ever finding that whatever I did, sin was there. Nor could I find what I wanted; I got up early in the morning and stayed up late at night; but all was of no use; sin was mixed with all I did. Thus did the Lord lead me by a way that I knew not; and long before I left these people, he led me to see the truth.

And now I will come to the point I was seeking to know, which was, how God could justify an ungodly sinner. I could see the truth of election, and many other Scripture doctrines; but the point with me was, "How can God be just, and yet save my soul?" It was this I wanted to know, and that for myself. I was once reading my

Bible, when I met with this scripture, "But to him that worketh not but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." I could plainly see that working was of no avail, but could not understand the rest, for my soul was laboring under the weight and power of this passage, "He can by no means clear the guilty." I felt guilty, and I thought if he pardoned me he must clear me, but how I could not tell. I knew not, therefore, what to do, nor could I hear any of the preachers enter into my case. But at last I met with a man, and when I began to tell him how I felt, my soul felt a knitting to him. I had been then about six months among this body of professors, and they told me that I was a Calvinist in principle, and that I should be one at last. But whatever they said about it, I was for remaining where I was. At last I was brought to a full stand. I had been trying to keep the law, and take it for a rule of life; but at last I was compelled to give up talking, going to class, and all the rest of it; and my profession seemed to be entirely gone. I could neither pray nor read, neither work, eat, nor sleep, and what to do I knew not; my soul was in such a state that I could not tell myself, nor could I find anybody that could tell me. I went to parsons and class-leaders, and told them how I felt. Some told me that I must not commit sin in thought, word, or deed, and that they could find men who had not done so for twenty years. I felt, if this were true, I should be damned as sure as I was born. Another told me that if there were any born for hell, I was one of them; another, that I should be tumbling drunk before long, and become an infidel at last; and one, old enough to be my father, told me to go home and whistle and sing. He being an old man, and an old parson too, I took his advice, and tried to whistle and sing for a day, until I could do so no longer; down went my hammer, and I said, "I can neither whistle nor sing." I went to look for my Bible to read, but it was not in the place I thought it was, and I turned and looked into a desk where there were a great many old tracts, and amongst them I found an old "Gospel Standard." It was black, but I began to read a piece with the title, "Bring my Soul out of Prison, that I may Praise thy Name,"* and another about being in Questioning Cell, and how the writer was exercised whether his religion was right or not. This found a way to my heart; I began to weep, and said, "Whoever the man is who wrote this, he is like me." I went and told my mother, and we wept together; I had found a little felt relief. Soon after, I met with a man who told me about the chapel at Manchester. I resolved to go, although it was nearly seven miles from where I lived. I went; and the minister was preaching about the Gospel trumpet and its sounds; one sound, he said, was of free pardon; and he described how his pardon came. When I heard it, I said, "I have never had a pardon like that." Another sound was free justification, and another, communion with God. It was sealed with such weight and power upon my mind that these were the things I wanted, and

* "Gospel Standard," Vol. XII., p. 339.

that these were the people who understood my case, that I cast off the others at once. This was no little trial for me; but what is there too hard for the grace of God to accomplish in a poor sinner? He made me willing to leave all their offers and proffers, and to go amongst a people that the world hates. I now began, from time to time, to go and hear his truth preached; and though I often thought I had neither part nor lot in the matter, yet I could not keep away; go I must; and when I heard the people talk about a law-work, and about the pardon of their sins, I felt that I could not go with them feelingly and experimentally; and my poor soul kept saying, "I am out of the secret altogether." But I got now and then a little here and there to help me, and felt fully convinced of my own inability and of the Lord's ability. I went often with these words upon my mind,

"Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this world of guilt remove."

Here I was kept, sometimes thinking that the Lord was going to say, "I am thy salvation," and at other times all but in despair; sometimes feeling a spirit of prayer, and at other times unable to pray at all.

"Uneasy when I felt my load,
Uneasy when I felt it not."

But at last the time of love came. I heard a sermon one morning from these words, "It will surely come;" and blessed be God, it did come, and in such a way that my soul for the time felt satisfied that it was all right with me. I was walking along from chapel when these words were brought with power to my soul, "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." In this I saw and felt all that I wanted; my soul was overwhelmed with such feelings of joy, love, and peace, as I can never describe. I was made free from "the law of sin and death." This was just what my soul wanted; and it was by the "law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus." Here I saw every glorious doctrine to meet in the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ; and my soul felt that it was made free from the guilt of sin and all its awful consequences. And it was followed by these words, "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." I could not tell what to do; I sang aloud as I walked home by myself; I cried out, for I felt the power of it in my soul, "Thy love is strong as death." Here I was brought to see and know how God could be just, and yet be the justifier of the ungodly.

But since that time I have had many times of darkness, and have been trying, as it were through temptation, to cast this away, as if it were all a delusion. May the God of all grace bless it, if it is well that it should appear before his dear people. I may write again.

I am, Yours in the love of the truth,

M.

R. B. P.

How can you partake of the Lord's Supper, and then go to the Crystal Palace, and pray "that your eyes may be kept from beholding vanity?"—*W. T.*

A LETTER FROM A SOLDIER AT THE SEAT OF WAR.—No. 2.

My dear affectionate Brother in the cleft of the smitten Rock Christ Jesus, the good Shepherd of his sheep, who passeth before us for ever with his protecting arm of goodness and mercy,—By the renewing strength and mercy of God, our heavenly Father, I am mercifully upheld hitherto to behold another rising morn—the first day of 1858. Thirty years ago to day, my deceased mother gave birth to me, a sinful worm; and though often in great deeps, and sunk low indeed, yet doth the ever blessed Sun of Righteousness come again and again. Thus I am a monument of the immutable God of all grace and truth. I do desire to again greet you with love, as my heart is often yearning for you as my brother who has so affectionately entreated God's mercy for poor worthless me. Your deep regard for me I feel, but I cannot express my thanks to you. Oh, what superabounding love hath God to his people! Who would dare to limit it? Oh, what love in Christ for us his foolish, wandering sheep. Truly, as my poor aged father remarked to me in a letter I received a few days since, "God's mercy knows no end." What comfort it is to feel it! That the Lord may bless you with his mercy, is the desire of my soul, and enable you and me to pray for the presence of God to go up with us in all our ways, in this Egypt of sin. O, what a mercy that God has put us into that Rock, that is, his dear and own beloved Son, that was smitten for our offences by the rod of divine justice. O! may we be more at the feet of Jesus, as Mary was, and there behold a smiling Father in the face of Jesus Christ, in whom is treasured up all the grace of the gospel, with every promise for his poor, helpless little ones. He will make all his goodness to pass before us in the way. The good Shepherd has declared for our support, "When he putteth forth his sheep, he goeth before them; and they know his voice, and they follow him." O that we may be enabled to walk in the light of his blessed countenance, and be enabled to rejoice all the day, and drink of that full fountain of God for evermore.

"O, could we make our doubts remove,
Which flesh and sense do rise;
Then should we see the rest we love
With unobscured eyes."

But my pen has run on, and I have not acknowledged the receipt of your most loving epistle I was so favored to receive a few days since, accompanied with another portion of blessed sermons, also a "Gospel Standard." There I behold my poor, feeble lines to you, my brother; this I never thought of. I hope you will thank all the dear brethren and sisters at A., also Mr. P. His kindness I cannot value too highly; I hope he is not forgotten at the feet of Jesus. I must leave you to thank all the dear people you dwell with. These books, &c., are precious to my soul. I have also received two more packages of books, one contained seven sermons preached by Mr. Hobbs. He is a honored servant of God; he speaks of that which

we hope we have been taught of God—to put no confidence in ourselves, but in God who raiseth the dead. I also got from some one else a lot of tracts I would not give room for, though, perhaps, the poor soul that sent them meant well. I am glad you are enabled to meet with the Lord's twos and threes, and in the assembly of his dear people. I am most happy to say, though we have no building of clay, and have nothing but the heavens to cover us, no other place but shades and banks, yet there has the blessed Lord been pleased graciously to remember me and my poor brethren. Israel shall have light in its Goshen. The golden bowl with the oil of joy and gladness shall be ever full for all the mourners in Zion. In my last to you I made very free in asking you your position of life, how you and yours (if so) are supported; do let me know. Our two friends are doing well from their wounds. Bolger is ill in body, but strong in faith; and his wife also, which is a great comfort to him. I sent him some sermons, &c., and they are sweet to his soul. There has been fearful slaughter at Cawnpore. Many of our poor 64th Regiment have been cut down, as fine soldiers as ever broke England's bread; but few indeed, I hear, had eaten of the Bread of Life. Yet hath God even here a seed to serve him. Our brother M'Lean, who has been fifteen years in the ways of God, was most mercifully preserved amidst this horrifying sight. We are here about 4,000, under General Oram, a very clever general; but we have lost our gallant General Havelock. We expect, on the arrival of our Commander-in-Chief, Sir Colin Campbell, to besiege this place, Lucknow. It is the enemy's stronghold. We are firing and being fired at nearly day and night, but little damage is done to us. How the enemy get on I know not. Should I be spared, after this I hope our regiment will be marched down the country. Now please to overlook all my blunders and mistakes, as I am but a poor scribe. I could not write or read much when the light of God first shone into my soul.

Our love to all the people of God; and I sign my poor worthless name,

Camp, Alumbagh, Lucknow, Oude,
Jan. 1st, 1858.

A. BAKER,
78th Highlanders.

WHICH of all the saints hast thou known to be the better for much of the world? It has been some men's utter ruin. Where there is no want, there is much wantonness. What a sad story is that of Pius Quintus! "When I was in a low condition," said he, "I had some comfortable hopes of my salvation; but when I became to be a cardinal, I greatly doubted of it; but since I came to the popedom, I have no hope at all." Though this poor undone wretch spake it out, and others keep it in, yet, doubtless, there are many thousands in the world that might say as much, would they but speak the truth. And even God's own people, though the world has not excluded them out of heaven, yet it has sorely clogged them in the way thither. Many who have been very humble, holy, and heavenly in a low condition, have suffered a sad ebb in a full condition. What a cold blast have they felt coming from the cares and delights of this life, to chill both their graces and comforts! It had been well for some of God's people if they had never known what prosperity meant.—*Havel.*

THE BLESSING OF THE LORD IT MAKETH RICH

My dear Friend,—I received your letter, and was glad to hear from you. It appears you have not forgotten the little room where we meet, although you are now surrounded with preachers. I believe the Lord has often met with one and another in the room, and does so now at times, to revive and refresh our drooping spirits. Although it is usually now only reading, yet the Lord owns and blesses it, in the absence of the word preached, when God's servants cannot be had. And, as I have often said, "Give me a printed sermon, one that has been delivered by one of the Lord's ambassadors, rather than hear a man whose ministry I doubt." You may depend upon it that there are but few whom the Lord hath equipped; qualified, and sent out to speak in his name, who are really and truly made useful to his tried and exercised family; and I would rather at any time have the pulpit empty than have a man whom the Lord has not sent to preach, although a partaker of grace. All good men are not sent to preach. Many run, and will preach if they can get entrance into a pulpit, and thereby burden and perplex living souls rather than feed and comfort them. I know that reading sermons is much despised by many; but that matters not if the Lord bears testimony to it, which he often does when we are unable to obtain his own Spirit-taught servants. A sister of mine came to our little room, a fortnight last Lord's Day, very much tried, bowed down, and burdened in her mind, yea, in very great soul trouble. We read one of Mr. P.'s sermons, and the Lord blessedly met with it, conveyed the word with power and sweetness into her heart, which removed all the burden, and she said her soul was full. I can assure you that it was a most blessed season with her, and I believe it will be long remembered by her. I myself had a good time that night, but not to that degree which my sister had. My friend will see these things are encouraging, and prove that the Lord is not confined to preaching, but is able to bless other means. He looketh at the heart and knoweth the motive and intentions. He says, "Seek and ye shall find, ask and ye shall receive;" he does not say by merely going to hear this or that man, ye shall find and receive. And I believe the reason there is so little finding and receiving, is because there is so little seeking and asking with pure motives and sincerity. But we are made to feel that we have no power in this matter; we cannot quicken or keep alive our own souls, neither can we make ourselves prayerful, watchful, and wakeful. We are entirely dependent upon the Holy Ghost for every movement heavenward, for every panting, longing desire and cry after manifested mercy. No hungering is there after the bread of heaven unless He give the appetite; no thirsting after the fountain of living waters, except He is pleased to create the thirst in our hearts. What are we but the clay? No more power whatever have we in divine things than a piece of clay has to start up and form itself into a plate or any other vessel. Christ truly said, "Without me ye can do nothing;" and we are made to feel it. One who knew his own weakness, said, "All my springs are in thee;" and "Power

belongeth unto God," not unto man. How carnal, dead, barren, and worldly do I feel at times; no heart for reading, prayer, or anything else of a spiritual nature, and no power to deliver myself. Yet there is a cry produced again, "Lord help me; make me more spiritual, more heavenly-minded; enable me to place my affections on things that concern my immortal soul." I cannot believe a living soul can be satisfied long together in a lukewarm state. In his right mind he would be lively in the things of God, prayerful, earnest, and sincere. He loves honesty and uprightness, and desires to know more of the blessed Spirit's influences on his heart. I would desire to be made meek and lowly, kept humble at the feet of Jesus, looking up to the hills from whence cometh all my help. Ah! my friend, what a mercy to have any evidence or marks of interest in God's salvation. It is often my cry from felt need, "Lord, say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." What a blessing to have the least assurance that we belong to God's redeemed family; that we are a part of that blessed number whom Christ came to seek and save, and to have the least hope of the right sort that when we have done with the things of time we shall be taken home to glory, to see his face with joy; out of the reach of trouble, temptation, sin, Satan, and the world. It would appear from yours that you do not escape the cross; you have some bitters in your cup; not all ease and peace. You must not expect it. The hymn says,

" Trials must and will befall "

We meet with many trials and are much exercised in our little business. I am obliged to take our temporal concerns to a throne of grace. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof;" "The gold and silver are his." Yes, and he will make his people know where to look for their daily bread. He is a God of providence, and has promised he will provide; but he says, "For all these things will I be inquired of by the house of Israel, that I may do it for them;" and I think I can say I have proved him to be a God-hearing and answering prayer in these matters. And how much better if we were enabled at all times to look to him, to trust him, to lean upon him, knowing he careth for us.

I was not much surprised to hear — advancing that unscriptural notion, that God does not chastise his people for sin. How contrary to the psalmist's experience! He says, "O Lord rebuke me not in thy wrath, neither *chasten* me in thy hot displeasure." Again it is written, "Then will I visit their transgressions with the rod and iniquities with stripes." Here are the rod and stripes expressly mentioned; and what are we to understand by them but chastisement? And what for? Why, "transgression" and "iniquity?" Therefore, I consider such a sentiment contrary to God's word and to all Christian experience. O may the Lord lead us into all truth, keep us as the apple of his eye, preserve us from evil, defend us from Satan and his temptations, support us under all our trials and give us strength to cast all our burdens, spiritual and temporal, upon him who is able to save to the uttermost. Yours in sincerity,

Rochester, June 15, 1855.

J. R.

THE STEPS OF A GOOD MAN ARE ORDERED BY THE LORD, AND HE DELIGHTETH IN HIS WAY.

“O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name; make known his deeds among the people. Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him; talk ye of all his wondrous works. Glory ye in his holy name; let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord. Seek the Lord, and his strength; seek his face evermore. Remember his marvellous works that he hath done, his wonders, and the judgments of his mouth, O ye seed of Abraham his servant, ye children of Jacob his chosen.” (Ps. cv. 1-6.)

Through the Lord's abounding mercy and grace, I have been brought into the sweet experience of these precious words; and following the exhortation to “make known his deeds among the people,” I sit down to record, as the blessed Remembrancer shall enable me, the Lord's great goodness to one of the most unworthy of his children, a poor, vile, worthless worm, without a particle of worth or worthiness in me; wholly a debtor to free and sovereign grace; for “the grave cannot praise thee, death cannot celebrate thee; they that go down to the pit cannot hope for thy truth. The living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I do this day; the father to the children shall make known thy truth.”

Referring to the narrative of my experience in the “Gospel Standard” of last year, page 143, I have briefly related how the Lord wrought a great deliverance for me, and saved me from the fury of mine oppressor. His executor was following in the same steps, determined to keep me in the same house, which, in consequence of having a lease upon the premises, which belonged to my oppressor, he was able to do. But how mysteriously does the Lord work, and how the whole of his providential dealings with his dear people are linked together; so that to trace his wonder-working hand through the whole, by the gracious anointing of the Holy Ghost, is very blessed. In consequence of this executor rendering no account of the estate for two or three years to one of the legatees, who was a female, the husband forced the sale of this property. Thus it fell into other hands, about twelve months ago, and I was delivered from this man. But I did not perceive then the Lord's goodness to me in this thing, and how he was preparing the way before me. In fact, I preferred paying my rent to him, (for he knew my straitened circumstances,) rather than to the person who bought the property, in whom the Lord afterwards appeared so conspicuously in my behalf, as I shall presently relate; so blind and ignorant was I of the Lord's goodness to me.

For fifteen years I lived in the same house, which my late partner had occupied for about twenty years before me. It contained four bed-rooms, one of which we were obliged to make into a school-room. In consequence of the increase of my family, the place became too strait for us to dwell in; but the Lord had so hedged me in that I could not get out of it. My late partner would not let me leave, neither would his executor; and now the property had fallen

into other hands, I had still an unexpired lease of four years, and no means of removing. To remain with a large and increasing family, cramped up in a small house, seemed impossible. To go without means, and bound by a lease of upwards of four years, seemed more impossible; in fact, at times, it seemed little short of madness to think of such a thing. Sometimes I got very rebellious, and thought the Lord dealt very hardly with me in shutting me up in such a way. I was envious at the wicked; they could move, and cut and carve for themselves; whereas I was so tied and bound in every way that I could do nothing. I have many times, like poor Job, cursed the day of my birth; and, like Jeremiah, said, "Wherefore came I forth out of the womb, to see trouble and sorrow, that my days should be consumed with shame?" But it has been my mercy that the Lord has so ordered it; for had I been permitted to have my own way, what trouble and distress I should have brought upon myself! This I know by painful experience. I have proved the great blessedness of having my affairs in the Lord's hand to manage all for me, for I am too blind and ignorant to manage them myself; and let me kick, fight, and rebel, or let me try to harden myself in sorrow, and lie down in the furrow of corrupt nature in sullen despair, blessed be God, it does not alter his purpose; "for he is in one mind, and who can turn him? And what his soul desireth, even that he doeth. For he performeth the thing that is appointed for me; and many such things are with him." Yes; the Lord goes on with his work, in spite of all opposition. What a gracious God is ours! so forbearing, so merciful. If he were not so, he would have swept us away with the besom of destruction long ago. At times I have been brought sweetly to acquiesce in all the Lord's mind and will concerning me, to repent and abhor myself in dust and ashes, on account of my base, evil conduct towards him; for I see that he does all things well. Nearly all the persons I spoke to about removing advised me to remain where I was; saying what an old established place it was, and my patients might not follow me. However, they did not know and feel the pressure within as we did, and how impossible it was to remain.

As this matter was laid more upon my dear wife than myself, in the beginning, I will extract a few passages from her journal to show how the Lord encourage^d us from time to time:

"Sunday, Jan. 11th, 1857. When upon my knees this afternoon, I felt encouraged by seeing how the Lord's power had been displayed on our behalf during the past week, to beg of him to order for us for the future; that he knew the straitness of our dwelling-place, and all our needs; and that he could, if it were his will, appear for us in these things; and that we might be enabled to leave all to him; when these words came and were made sweet to my soul, 'It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way.'

"Sunday, Feb. 8th, 1857. Last Sunday evening I felt tried and exercised about the straitness of our dwelling. Tom and Richard had come home, and I could not help feeling the smallness of our

house afresh, and either had been speaking to my husband about it, or was going to do, when he was called out of the room, and immediately these words,

‘Arise, and try thy interest there,’

came so forcibly, that I felt I must get up off my chair, and kneel down and plead with the Lord for the blessing; that it was not my dear husband, but the Lord, I must go to. The Lord gave me some liberty and freedom in prayer; and, from the words I had had, I felt encouraged to believe the Lord would hear me and appear for me in this thing. The next morning I was surprised to hear my dear husband say he intended to ask our landlord, when he paid his rent, about our leaving. It seemed to me an answer to my prayers the night previous, and that the Lord had moved upon his heart. This encouraged my soul more and more to trust in the Lord, and plead with him for the blessing, but still in submission to his will. At night, after going to bed, I could not get to sleep, but in a little while the Lord caused his word to come into my soul, one scripture after another, that at last I felt I wanted no more; it was as much as my mind and body could bear; and I could not help feeling astonished at this unexpected visit. The words the Lord spoke home to my soul were in reference, I felt, to our leaving this house for a larger one; and the sweetest scriptures were these, ‘For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things;’ ‘If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him.’ These scriptures made me to see and feel more sweetly the Father’s love, for I have oftener felt of late the Son’s love; but here I had the Father’s love opened up to me. There was something so sweet in the words, ‘Your heavenly Father,’ and ‘your Father,’ and that he should condescend to say that he knew that we had need of these things.

“Feb. 10th. Since writing the foregoing, I have been at times much exercised; for although the Lord has again established my dear husband’s soul in his faithfulness, yet he felt a great backwardness and disinclination to go and ask our landlord about leaving the house; and though the Lord had encouraged my soul to believe it was in accordance with his mind and will, yet I have been much exercised and tried by the enemy, first, that I should be leading my dear husband into difficulties, and secondly, that the sweet scriptures the Lord had encouraged my soul with had not come with great power, and might, after all, prove to mean nothing. But these exercises have, from time to time, driven me to the Lord, to beg of him to make our way more plain; and after talking with my dear husband this evening, when he again said he felt a reluctance to go and ask about the house, my soul again sank, and I felt cast down. So I went into my bed-room, and knelt down, and besought the Lord that, if it were right in his sight, he would be pleased to grant me a word with power, that my soul might be fully assured of what was his mind and will; but I could not help fearing lest it should be displeasing to the Lord, and that he would not give

me another word with power. But O how gracious has my God been! When I came down into the parlor where my dear husband and Tom and Richard were, I set to my sewing, and in a little while these words came, 'Sit still, my daughter, until thou know how the matter will fall.' They came with a sweet and softening influence upon my soul. I then got my Bible to find them, and finding there was a reference to the 37th Psalm, I turned to it, when these words were applied with such sweetness and power to my soul that the tears ran down my face, 'Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass. And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day. Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him.' O, how I felt the Lord's goodness in so fully assuring my soul, and in condescending to give his poor, unworthy, trembling, and fearful child another blessed confirmation. This was enough. My soul felt fully satisfied, and so was my dear husband's, for I told him whilst I felt the powerful effects on my soul, so that he could see for himself; and so fully satisfied was he that he said he would see the landlord in the morning.

"Feb. 11th. Truly the Lord did confirm his word with signs following. On going to see the landlord this morning, my dear husband found him quite agreeable to our leaving at any time, and indeed to all he asked him about; so that the Lord had sent his angel before him. When he came in again, to tell me how the Lord had prospered him, I did feel melted and humbled under a feeling sense of the Lord's faithfulness to his own precious word, and of his loving-kindness to me; and how blessed to see the Lord was ordering all the steps of our way! I knelt down to thank the Lord for all his goodness to me, with a sweet feeling sense of it in my heart; and for some time I felt quite broken down under the feeling sense I had of the Lord's great goodness."

My dear wife having had so much to do with the first step, I have related it in her own words, recorded by her at the time. It was very marvellous in my eyes to see the Lord's power in my landlord, constraining him to let me go, *at any time*, and cancel my lease, and give me the valuation of some grates which I had put in the house; in fact, he agreed to everything I named. Thus the Lord gave me the most convincing proof that he had ordered this step of my way. The next was, where he would have us to go. I thought that as he had appeared so conspicuously for me in my landlord, he had a habitation provided for us; but I found that "he that believeth shall not make haste." Remarkably enough, at this time there were very few houses to be let; and the only one at all likely to suit us, as to size and situation, was occupied as a Sunday School Institute. When I went to look at it the secretary and his wife were very kind, and gave me much information about the place, and said their notice expired on the 1st of March. They advised me not to go to the landlord, but wait a week or two until some decision was come to by the committee. But after I left them, these words

came, "Hinder me not, seeing the Lord hath prospered my way; send me away that I may go to my master." In consequence of these words, I could not rest until I had been to see the landlord. He told me that we had better wait until the committee gave it up before saying anything about it. I thought, by the 1st of March the committee will surely decide to leave the place; but, alas! I was greatly mistaken. The 28th of February came, but nothing was done. Still, the secretary's wife encouraged me to wait a little longer, as the place must be given up. I remember, it was Saturday evening, Feb. 28th, when I brought this intelligence to my dear wife; it sank her very much. I did not feel it so much at first myself, but presently I got into the belly of hell. What awful rebellion I was the subject of for about six weeks, until the Lord brought me down with hard labor, when I fell down, and there was none to help. Deceived again! I told my dear wife that I would have nothing more to do with her scriptures! When the Lord gave me a word, I could depend upon it; but look where I had got into in consequence of being led by her! I believed it was altogether a delusion. Then I questioned with the Lord, why he permitted me to be deceived again and again, until I knew not what was of him and what was not; what was flesh and what was Spirit. O, it is terrible work to have the Lord's word put in the furnace; and fear, amidst the confusion the devil stirs up, it will prove nothing but a delusion. What a death the Lord puts upon the word! "Thy daughter is dead; why troublest thou the Master any further?" "For since I came to Pharaoh, to speak in thy name, he hath done evil unto this people; neither hast thou delivered thy people at all." This is the language of unbelief. I came to Jeremiah's conclusion, that there was no knowing whether anything was of the Lord, until it came to pass. "Then I knew that this was the word of the Lord." He had been greatly deceived, which made him very cautious in trusting to his own judgment about matters. Nothing gives the devil such an advantage over us as being deceived about the Lord's word. The direct consequence is, an awful fit of rebellion. I have proved this by painful experience over and over again; for "if the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" If the devil can shake this foundation, he is sure to assault every part of one's religion; because if I am deceived on one point, why may I not be in all?

(To be continued.)

WITHOUT this sense of a lost condition without him (Christ), there will be no moving of the mind towards him; a moving of the mouth there may be: "With their mouth they show much love. (Ezek. xxxiii. 31.) Such a people as this will come as the true people cometh, that is, in show and outward appearance: and they will sit before God's ministers as his people sit before them; and they will hear his words too, but they will not do them, that is, will not come inwardly with their minds: "For with their mouth they show much love, but their heart (or mind) goeth after their covetousness." Now all this is because they want an effectual sense of the misery of their state by nature; for not till they have that will they in their mind move after him.—*Bunyan.*

A FRAGMENT OF EXPERIENCE.

October and November, in the memorable year 1818.—I thought the good Lord had mercifully condescended to save my soul from all condemnation and misery in the life to come, and this was made known and sealed home so powerfully on my conscience that I said, "My soul is past from death unto life; the Lord has loved me from everlasting, and will love me to everlasting; nothing can separate me from his favor; no not even an evil heart of unbelief, for he hath said, 'Though we believe not, he abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself;' 'in Christ Jesus, all the promises are yea and amen;' and 'though heaven and earth pass away, not one jot or tittle of my word shall fail.'" The immutability of God was the staff of my soul; faith laid hold of the promises; and the unchangeable love of God in Christ Jesus was such a foundation for hope to build on, that from the feeling of my heart, I exclaimed, "The Lord hath made my mountain to stand so strong I shall never be moved;" never moved from the favor of Jehovah; never moved from the covenant of Christ Jesus; never moved from his watchful eye and his stretched out arm of deliverance and defence. For he hath said of Zion, "I am a wall of fire round about her, and the glory in the midst of her," therefore, "no weapon formed against her shall prosper. For I will make my strength perfect in her weakness." Oh! said I, "If God be for me, who can be against me? All things shall work together for good to them that love God and are the called according to his purpose." Not all the workings of the old man of sin, nor any of Satan's suggestions or temptations, nor a persecuting world without, combined, could then persuade me that I did not love the Lord Jesus Christ; for the language of my heart was, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." And what was the proof that the Lord was my God? Did I love my carnal relations better than him? No! I had, indeed, known the time when they were dearer to me than life, for, when I was under bondage and misery, with a full conviction that if ever my soul was saved it must be by the especial favor of Jehovah, Satan put this question to me, "Now, if it were possible for you to be saved, yet if heaven were denied to your relations, how should you like it?" Oh! I thought, "if they are not there, heaven would be no heaven to me." So infatuated was I with the wretched doctrine of universal charity, and so led away was I with natural affection. Another time, when one of them lay at the point of death, such was my affection for her that I thought I could not exist without her in this world; and it crossed my mind if I could but ask the Lord to restore her, and only believe that he would, that she certainly would recover, agreeably to God's word, "Whatever ye shall ask the Father in my name, believing, it shall be granted unto you." Though I felt my want of faith, yet a secret something prompted me to go, and I begged the Lord that rather than part with her, or be left behind, he would be pleased to take us both, or restore her. Thus, fool like, I sued for my own

destruction, for I did not then know the saving effects of Christ's death, by application to the heart; but the Lord intended otherwise; he raised her up, and preserved me for a monument of his long-suffering mercy, and as such I stand to this day. O Lord, if I have no heart to sue for higher favors, I can tell thee from the feeling testimony of my soul that thou art a God of infinite mercy and goodness, and that I stand a worthless monument of thy clemency, inasmuch as thou hast not cut me off in thy just indignation and anger, but hast fed me with mercies, and spared me to this day. And yet how much is it the language of my rebellious heart, that the Lord "has forgotten to be gracious," when I can testify that I daily abound with his mercies, both spiritual and temporal. It is thou, ungrateful, rebellious, deceitful heart, that art my worst enemy, and robbest me of my chief good, the light of thy reconciled countenance and communion with thee, O Lord, from off thy mercy-seat. Did I love carnal friends better than thee, when I knew thy love? I trow not. One proof is, that I wrote to them, finding it a matter of conscience, and knowing they were left in nature's darkness, though fully aware of their displeasure; yet I must tell them what the Lord had proved to be to a worthless, sinful worm; and what must be their awful situation if they were never brought to know their interest in the covenant of mercy in Christ Jesus, by being made new creatures in heart and life. Not all their threats, frowns, or caresses could then deter me from following Jesus. No; I could give them all up, in heart and affection, rather than dishonor the Lord. I believe I then experienced the spiritual meaning of that scripture, "If any man hate not his father and mother," &c. I could leave them in God's eternal purposes, nor did I covet their company or possessions, for I found my affections set on heavenly things; I felt dead to the old world and alive to a new one; and I found new relations in the citizens of Zion, who were more dear to me than my natural father or mother, &c. They were to me "the excellent of the earth," and the desire of my soul was to live and die with them. And why was this? Because they bore the Lord's image; because they spoke of his wonderful condescension and goodness—things which were my meat and drink; things that rejoiced my soul, for I desired to know nothing amongst men but Jesus Christ and him crucified; because their walk and conversation showed forth the Lord's glory; because being agreed we could walk together, and I believed they would be my companions world without end. What, then, did I feel towards my carnal relations? Why this: I felt that if any of them were in God's eternal purpose for good, in his own time he would bring them forth in regeneration in this life; and that if so, it would rejoice my soul, and I could then live and die with such; but if not, the language of my soul was, "Thy will, O Lord, be done." But as they were my natural parents, and had been the instrumental cause of my being, had protected me, fed me, and brought me up, and done more for me than I ever could repay them, I felt a strong desire to promote their temporal good, to add to their comforts, to ease their burdens, &c.;

and told them I would do anything, sacrifice anything to promote their good but God and my conscience; but these I could not give up, as they were all my happiness, and were dearer to me than anything else. "When my mother and my father forsake me, then the Lord will take me up;" and so by blessed experience I have proved. The Lord gave me faith in exercise, to trust him as a God of providence, and caused me to commit both soul and body into his care and keeping; and as he had fed my soul so liberally, I could trust him for my body, for I knew "the bounds of my habitation were fixed," and that in his own time he would make a way for the display of his will towards my temporal concerns. I believed he would remove me from my father's house; and so he did, and gave me patience to wait and watch his hand; and I saw the Lord go before me, for I went out like Abraham, not knowing whither I went, yet fully persuaded I should not return to abide in my father's house.

TO THE POOR THE GOSPEL IS PREACHED.

Dear Sir,—Don't you be hurt at my framing these lines, as I have been the means of your coming to Newhaven. I am a poor insignificant being; but when I got up this morning, taking the lowest room, hope began to beam forth with sweet remembrance of that glory which you set forth, after proving whom the Lord calls, them he justifies; and whom he justifies, them he glorifies. Just as my soul was on the tiptoe, you finished your discourse, saying, "Heaven! What is it?"

'That holy, happy place,
Where sin no more defiles.'

This being the sweet language of a departed wife, tears of gratitude flowed sweetly. I, being encumbered with sin that defiles, must say,

"Hope, there is none for such as me,
'Except in dear Gethsemane."

I began to tell the Lord what glory he will bring to himself, till I found my soul giving him such glory, and feeling such love that I found it good to be there. Then, feeling for you in coming to this place, I said, "O that I might hear the same language again;" finding a sweet oneness with poor, lost, debased sinners, and their condescending Lord, till I could say, "Lord, be mouth and wisdom to my dear friend;" and believing what my spirit seeketh for would be granted, I pen these lines to strengthen the weak hands. Forgive such freedom, for I am very bold in addressing you; but divine things make one bold. Another thing I must not omit. The first time you called on me, I felt very glad, and you found yourself open to speak, telling me that, as you were travelling to Bourne, the day before, just after you passed the last gate, all at once you found the blessed presence of the Lord with you, and that under the same influence you preached at Bourne. I found the spot of ground was just in the borders of Newhaven; I said to myself, "This is a prelude of his

preaching in Newhaven," but I said nothing; but my daughter hinted such a thing to you, thinking there are some of these poor helpless souls in this place. The next time you came I hinted it to you on conditions; you passed your word, and I accepted it; and in the most unlikely place, amongst a people that are the greatest enemies, is a way opened. Don't you wonder? I don't; it is the very path I have trod all my days; so don't you reason about it, but trust in the Lord; it is a bed to stretch on, the length and breadth of which no man can get at; I have been trying, but am lost in admiration and praise. I told S. C. that your desire was, that praying souls might be on your behalf. He answered, "Pray! I cannot; but my desire is, that the Lord may be with him." So you see you have great helpers, that can only groan and mourn out discontents; but I must bring home these things to yourself in stating the effects of life. The blessed Spirit being the author of short prayers, groaning prayers, and mourning prayers, as in Egypt, the Lord came down to deliver them, they being prayers of his own inditing. O, if it were not for such prayers, where should we be? Those that feel they cannot pray are the groaners the Lord regardeth, for then our comeliness is turned to corruption. As soon as a poor soul has a thought arise of his being something, he is near a fall. The greatest nearness I have ever found, when the most debased. If I am suffered to be a little uniform, what a poor dry stick I am. But if I appear before God in my true colours, and by reason of my infirmity am sensibly debased, and dare only address the blessed Lord, with smiting on my breast, and, "God be merciful to me a sinner," then has come, at times, such assurance of his being my gracious God that peace in believing has settled all disputes. So now by these lines you will be able to judge that your coming to Newhaven is from the Lord, to preach deliverance to a debtor, a captive, a lost man, a sinner, and the poor. To have the gospel preached to them, it will make their souls sing again, and they will groan out to the Lord, "Send us these things again;" and who is to know what the end of your coming may be? Since I saw you last, it has lain heavy on my spirit, finding the same was heavy on you; and this is a prelude of freedom.

Newhaven, May 1st, 1838.

H. Y.

[This letter was written to Mr. Grace, of Brighton, after his first visit to Newhaven.]

NOAH was a "preacher of righteousness." We have every reason to believe that in discharging this office, he was faithful, self-denying, earnest, and persevering. How fully did this office point out the ministrations of the Son of God. Jesus was appointed to preach the gospel of righteousness to the poor. To this he devotedly attended, and faithfully did he persevere in publishing the righteous doctrines and precepts of his heavenly kingdom. His preaching was eminently spiritual, yet clear, plain, and often clothed in the language of figure and parable, so that the common people heard him gladly. It is remarkable, too, that, as preachers, both prophesied of the just vengeance of God,—Noah with respect to the old world, Jesus with respect to Jerusalem and Judea.

BUNYAN ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ABSOLUTE AND CONDITIONAL PROMISES.

BEFORE I go any further, I will more particularly inquire into the nature of an absolute promise. Firstly. We call that an absolute promise that is without any condition, or more fully, thus: That is an absolute promise of God, or of Christ, which maketh over to this or that man any saving spiritual blessing, without a condition to be done on our part for the obtaining thereof. And this we have in hand is such a one. Let the best master of arts show me, if he can, any condition to this text, "They shall come to me," depending upon any qualification in us, which is not by the same promise concluded shall be by the Lord Jesus effected in us. Secondly. An absolute promise is, as we say, without if or and; that is, it requireth nothing of us to effect its accomplishment. It saith not, they shall if they will; but they shall. You may say of a will, that the use of the means is supposed, though not expressed. But I answer, no; by no means as a condition of this promise; for if they be at all included in the promise, they are included there as the fruit of the absolute promise, not as if it expected the qualification to arise from us. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." (Psalm cx. 8.) That is another absolute promise; but doth that suppose a willingness in us, as a condition of God's making us willing? They shall be willing if they are willing; or, they shall be willing if they will be willing. This is ridiculous; there is nothing of this supposed. The promise is absolute as to us. All that it engageth for its own accomplishment is the mighty power of Christ and his faithfulness to accomplish. The difference, therefore, betwixt the absolute and conditional promise is this: Firstly. They differ in their terms. The absolute promises say, I will and you shall; the other, I will if you will; or, Do this and thou shalt live. (Jer. xxxi. 31-33.) Secondly. They differ in their way of communicating of good things to men. The absolute ones communicate things freely, only of grace; the other, if there be that qualification in us which the promise calls for, not else. Thirdly. The absolute promises, therefore, engage God; the other engage us. I mean God only, us only. Fourthly. Absolute promises must be fulfilled; conditional may or may not be fulfilled. The absolute ones must be fulfilled because of the faithfulness of God; the other may not because of the unfaithfulness of men. Fifthly. Absolute promises have therefore a sufficiency in themselves to bring about their own fulfillings; the conditional have not so. The absolute promise is therefore a big-bellied promise, because it hath in itself a fulness of all desired things for us, and will, when the time of that promise is come, yield to us mortals that which will verily save us; yea, and make us capable of answering all the demands of the promise that is conditional. Therefore, though there be a real, yea, an eternal difference in these things (with others) betwixt the conditional and absolute promise, yet, again, in other respects, there is a blessed harmony betwixt them; as may be seen in these particulars: Firstly. The conditional promise call for repentance: the absolute promise gives it. (Acts v. 30, 31.) Secondly. The conditional promise calls for faith; the absolute promise gives it. (Zeph. iii. 12; Rom. xv. 12.) Thirdly. The conditional promise calls for a new heart; the absolute promise gives it. (Ezek. xxxvi.) Fourthly. The conditional promise calls for holy obedience; the absolute promise gives or causes it. (Ezek. xxvi. 27.) And, as they harmoniously agree in this, so again the conditional promise blesseth the man who, by the absolute promise, is endued with its fruit.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

Dear Friend in the Path of Tribulation,—I have been in the furnace again. My little boy, two years and eight months old, was taken last Thursday with inflammation in the chest. When the doctor came he did not know what to make of him, but told me that he was in great danger. The next day, Friday, the head doctor came; he told us the same tale. In the afternoon, we thought that the little boy was sinking; the mother was crying; but I felt that hardness of heart which is such a grief to a child of God. All that I could do was to try and groan unto him who has all power in heaven and earth; but my faith was at a very low ebb, like a spark in the ocean. I was just upon the eve of going to seek another doctor, a good man; but as I was alone in the bedroom, my child lying on his back with his eyes closed, these words crossed my mind, "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." I was enabled to pray the prayer of faith for the life of my boy, and in my prayer I told the Lord that it was not my darkness, deadness, carnality, sins, wanderings of affection, infidelity, nor all the foul workings of depraved nature that would hinder my prayer being answered; for if I was chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world, washed in his precious blood, and clothed in his glorious righteousness; if he died on the cross, rose again for my justification, and ascended up before the throne there to plead his own wounds and scars on my behalf, then I was a righteous man; and though at times I could not see those fruits that I wished, and my cry was often with Micah, "Woe is me, for I am as when they have gathered the summer fruits, as the grape gleanings of the vintage; there is no cluster to eat; my soul desired the first ripe fruit"—Jesus Christ; yet all these feelings did not alter my standing in Christ. I thus was enabled to argue and plead with the Lord; a great pouring out of soul was granted to me before a throne of grace; and I was led to see what it was that made the prayer of a righteous man effectual. First, because his body is the temple of God the Holy Ghost; and, in the second place, true prayer is the inditing of the Spirit, and the Lord will be sure to answer such, as he liveth and reigneth, and he being the high priest and intercessor of his people; and very often true prayer consists of a groan, a desire, an inward motion felt within; though sometimes, like Jacob, there is great wrestling of soul. I do think this was my case on Friday, about twelve o'clock, though a groan prevails as much with God as Jacob's wrestling and saying, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." Though poor Hannah could only speak in her heart, her God understood all about it and what was going on within. Oh! how sweet when the Holy Ghost is pleased to enable us to believe that our thoughts are all known unto our heavenly Friend before they are to us.

But I am digressing from what I was going to write. As I was standing over my child, I told the Lord this should be a proof that I was a righteous man by the child recovering. Oh! my friend, after the words were out of my mouth I felt trembling within lest the boy

should die; but my prayer was in accordance with the holy will of God. After being engaged some time in prayer, I left the room, and came down stairs and talked to my wife and a Christian friend, how the Lord answered the prayer of the Bible saints; and I felt a little sweetness in so doing, and a measure of strength imparted. I went up stairs again and once more wrestled with the Lord, pleading his own words. I said, "Lord, thou hast said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will answer thee, and thou shalt glorify me;'" and the Lord was pleased to strengthen my faith to believe that the child would recover. When my wife and a good woman came into the room shortly after, I said to them, "The boy will not die, and I shall send for no more doctors, for it is the prayer of a righteous man that availeth much." God also was pleased by what I told her to strengthen her faith; thus my wife felt refreshed and quite revived in her soul, so that she could leave the child in the hands of God, though only just before this her mind was tossed up and down like the troubled ocean. To a friend in the room who asked me, did I mean to say that I was not for the means? I answered, that they were nothing without the blessing of God, for Asa, when diseased in his feet, "sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians," and he died. But inward sinkings soon came on, lest after all I should be deceived, and I felt, O that I had never opened my mouth! I opened the Bible, Gen. xii., and I read the account of God telling Abram to get out of his country, &c., and that he would bless them that blessed him, and would curse them that cursed him, and Abram believed all what God told him. But, by and by he was to go down into Egypt. Oh, I thought, how true in Christian experience! But what was the result? Why, poor Abram found that true faith was not his gift, and that it was out of his power to exercise it. "He said to his wife, Therefore it shall come to pass, when the Egyptians shall see thee, they shall say, This is thy wife, and they will kill me, but they will save thee alive." I do not know what professors would say to Abram if he lived in our day, except that a man like him ought not to doubt; but these unexercised professors are not in trouble like other men; they do not find the world to be any trouble to them, nor the flesh and the devil; but the Bible saints of old cried out, "We see not our signs." You and I want very often those "Fear nots;" and, "I am thy shield and exceeding great reward;" and it is only these "Fear nots" that will put strength into our hearts, and enable us to be still in the midst of danger. When we can feel Christ in the vessel, and not till then, can we smile at the storm.

But I must come to a conclusion. My boy is getting better quite fast, though the doctor thinks that it is his medicine; but I give all the glory to God. My wife sends Christian love to you both.

Yours truly,

London, Oct. 22, 1857.

T. S. S.

P.S.—I have also sent you a hymn.* It was sweet to me; it may also be to you.

* See Poetry.

REVIEW.

The Grace and Duty of being Spiritually-minded, Declared and Practically improved. By John Owen, D.D. London: James Nisbet.

Most clear and decisive are the testimonies which the Holy Ghost has given in the word of truth to the depth of the fall—so clear and decisive that the wonder is how men professing to receive the Scriptures as an inspired revelation can dispute or deny what is so plainly declared by Him who cannot be deceived and who cannot lie. In fact, the whole testimony of God from first to last—from the page which records the murder of the martyred Abel to that which writes on the heavenly city, “For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie,” is a declaration of what man is as a fallen sinner before the eyes of infinite Purity. What man has done when left to himself, and therefore what human nature is, as a turbid and corrupt fountain, to pour forth such streams of unutterable abomination, is most vividly drawn by the apostle Paul, Romans i. 21-32. Look at the summing up of the long catalogue of crime, enough to make the sun hide its face from such debasement of that nature created in the image of God, once so fair and beautiful, so innocent and so pure, in which not a vain thought or sensual desire ruffled the calm of that spotless heart in which the features of its glorious Creator so brightly shone. Compare man in Paradise with the brutal monster, the obscene wretch of the pagan sty thus described: “Being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, spiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful; who knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them.” (Rom. i. 29-32.) Can human language paint man’s portrait in darker colors? Is there one bright tint to relieve this mass of shade? one fair and beautiful quality to redeem human nature from such unqualified denunciation? But it may be said, Paul is here describing the Gentile world, and picturing the abominations practised in his days, before Christianity had dawned upon the earth, before that mild and beneficent dispensation had shone into the dark corners of the globe, and put to flight the crimes of heathenism and idolatry. True, he is describing the depths of human depravity as then manifested in the Gentile world, the crimes practised without remorse or shame by the polished Greek and civilized Roman; and that his description is not exaggerated is well known to every one at all acquainted with the literature of that period. But after all this deduction, the question still recurs, How came human nature to be so outwardly vile, unless it were inwardly base? How could lips utter words, how could hands perpetrate deeds of such filth and blood, unless the heart first conceived the thoughts which brought forth such horrid fruit? Surely the fountain must be bitter, to give forth such bitter waters; the tree must be corrupt, to bear such “grapes of gall,” the wine of which is “the poison of dragons and the cruel venom of asps.” But has Christianity done so much? Has it reformed mankind and regenerated the human race? It has, thanks be to God, done much for man and more for woman; it has banished into darkness crimes once committed in the light of day; it has alleviated the horrors of war; elevated woman to the side of man, whence she was originally taken; and spread principles of morality and kindness far and

wide, which influence the minds of thousands who still live and die in all the darkness and death of unregeneracy. But beyond this outward reformation, and that most scanty and partial, the heart of man is still a fountain of evil, casting forth its wickedness. It is still corrupt to the very centre, foul to the very core—a running, reeking, heaving, fermenting mass of filth and folly, full of deceit and hypocrisy, unbelief and infidelity, murmuring and blasphemy, lust and sensuality, murder and enmity, rebellion and despair, increasing in wickedness down to its lowest depths; for far, far beyond all human sight, unfathomable abysses of crime stretch themselves, which, like a volcano, only make themselves known by the boiling lava which they continually throw up. One sentence of the Holy Ghost has often struck our mind as depicting more than any other what the heart of man really is: “Because the carnal mind is *enmity against God*; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.” (Rom. viii. 7.) Enmity against God must not only include in its bosom the seeds of every other crime, but be in itself the worst of all crimes. To be an enemy to God must be a most awful position for a creature of his hand to stand in; but to be enmity itself must be the concentrated essence of sin and misery. An enemy may be reconciled, appeased, turned into a friend; but enmity, never. *That* dies, if die it can, fighting; *that* is proof against all love; *that* seeks only occasion by the very kindness of its benefactor to hate him more—hates him most for his goodness; *that* knows no pity, feels no remorse, is subject to no control, is unappeasable and irreconcilable, and would sooner bear its own inward hell of hate than enjoy a heaven of love. And when we think for a moment who and what the great and glorious God is, against whom this reptile heart bears an enmity so enduring and so wicked; when we view him by the eye of faith as filling heaven and earth with his glory, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto, and yet day after day loading all his creatures with benefits, and to his people so full of the tenderest love and compassion—then to see a dying mortal, whom one frown can hurl from all the pride of health and vigor into the lowest hell of misery and woe, spitting forth, like some miserable toad, his slaver and venom against the glorious King of kings and Lord of lords—well may we stand amazed at the height of that presumption and the depth of that wickedness which can so arm a worm of earth against the Majesty of heaven. But worse than all, to come nearer home, to find our own heart, our own carnal mind, still what the Holy Ghost has described it, “enmity” against the God of all our mercies—that is the worst, the cruellest blow of all.

Men fight against sovereign grace; yet what but sovereign grace can meet a case so desperate as ours? What but a salvation without money and without price, what but the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of the dying love of an incarnate God, and the atoning blood of a dear Redeemer can suit or save such miserable wretches! And what but the almighty power and invincible grace of the Holy Ghost can communicate to the soul, sunk so low into carnality and death, that wondrous birth from above whereby it is “delivered from the power of darkness and translated into the kingdom of God’s dear Son?”

One of the most blessed marks of regenerating grace and the sure fruit of the love of God shed abroad in the heart, is that spiritual-mindedness of which Paul declares, it is “life and peace.” It has occurred, then, to our mind, in the great dearth of modern books suitable to review, to bring before our readers the work at the head of this article, in which Dr. Owen has treated this blessed subject with his usual clearness, depth, and power. It was in the first instance written by him for his own pri-

vate meditation, at a period when he was laid aside from the ministry, and was afterwards brought forward in a series of discourses to a congregation amongst whom he stately ministered in those evil times when sin ran down the streets like water, in the days of that wretch of wretches, Charles II., and that bigot of bigots, James II. The power and purity of the religion of the early Puritans had then already begun much to decline. During Cromwell's time, religious profession had walked abroad in silver slippers, was fostered and encouraged in high places, and being the way to court favor and employment in the church and in the state, had been taken up by many who were utterly destitute of the life of God. In those days there were doubtless many eminent saints of God, but there were doubtless many terrible hypocrites. Many dearly loved and served Jesus Christ, but many dearly loved and served their own belly. Choice servants of God preached the gospel with a single eye to the glory of God and the good of his people, and choice hypocritical imitators preached the gospel with a single eye to their own glory and the good of their own pockets. When, then, the scene changed, and the return of Charles II. opened the sluice-gates of sin so long pent back by the stern Protector, these graceless professors were unable to stem the tide of contempt and persecution which burst forth against all who held the doctrines, professed the principles, and lived the life of the strict Puritans. Many were at once swept away into the profane world, some conformed to the Established Church, others joined in persecuting the faithful followers of Christ, and most of them, in some way or another, concerning faith made awful shipwreck. But even of those who were not thus carried down the stream, many too plainly made it manifest that they were affected by the strength of the current, and stemmed the tide with wavering steps. Either to avoid the cross, for in those days heavy fines, loathsome jails, and banishment from their native land were the almost certain penalties of non-conformity—or influenced by their own worldly spirit, or infected by the example of the loose professors around them, many who professed Puritan principles sadly departed from the strict walk of their godly ancestors. This departure was witnessed with grief of spirit by men like Owen and Bunyan, who not only knew much in their own souls of that divine teaching which led them up into sweet union and communion with the Lord, but had seen and known the power of godliness in the days of the Commonwealth. Being themselves cast into the furnace of persecution and affliction, and being blessed in the midst of the fire, Bunyan in his cell at Bedford, Owen in his study at Enfield, witnessed with sorrow of heart not only the open profaneness and profligacy which had taken the place of the strictness and sobriety of the times of the great Protector, but the infection communicated thereby to the professing church. Those who are familiar with Owen's writings may trace in them two prominent features, 1. His firm assertion of gospel truths in opposition to the infidelity, popery, profaneness, and Socinianism of the day; and, 2. The attempt to stir up the minds of the saints to attain to the experience of those truths in their own soul, and carry them out in their daily walk and practice. These two points make his writings so instructive, edifying, and profitable. He first opens up in the most scriptural way the fundamental truths of the gospel, that there may be a firm and solid foundation for faith; he next shows how these divine truths become experimentally the food of the soul; and he then traces out the fruits they bear as manifested by a godly, holy, devoted life. Bunyan and Owen, though widely differing in education, learning, social position, style of writing, &c., were both men who walked with God—men whose hearts, lips, and lives were much under the influence of grace. They were baptized with one Spirit, and both loved

and lived the gospel which they preached. Taught of God, they had an unction from above, and in the light, life, and power of this heavenly anointing they saw the evil and sin, the deceptiveness and hypocrisy, the peril and danger of that worldly spirit, that departure from godliness, its principles and practice, to which we have before alluded. They saw all around them worldly, covetous professors, like Byends and Hold-the-World, prating fools like Talkative, self-deceived ignoramuses like Ignorance; and all "going on pilgrimage," all holding Puritan doctrines and more or less mixed up with the real saints of God. The immortal tinker was led to shoot at them his keen arrows in his matchless allegory; and the Oxford Vice-Chancellor, whose grave and learned pen was not adapted to such an emblematic style, directed against them not only many warnings in his other writings, but especially composed with that view the treatise before us, in which in a most scriptural and experimental manner, he traces out the nature and effects of that spiritual-mindedness, without which, with all his profession, a man is dead before God. An extract from the preface will show how his mind was led to publish this work:

"Again, there are such pregnant evidences of the prevalency of a worldly frame of spirit, in many who make profession of religion, that it is high time they were called to a due consideration, how opposite they are to the power and spirit of that religion which they profess. Every way by which such a frame of spirit may be proved to prevail in the generality of professors, is manifest to all; in their affected ornaments and dress, in their manner of conversation, their waste of time, their over-liberal entertainments, bordering to excess, and in sundry other things, such a conformity to the world appears, (though severely forbidden,) that it is hard to make distinction; and as these things manifest a predominancy of carnal affections in the mind, so, whatever may be pretended, they are inconsistent with spiritual life and peace.

"To call men off from this evil frame of heart, to discover the sin and danger of it, to supply the thoughts and affections with better objects, to direct ways and means of effecting it, to discover and press that exercise of soul which is required of all professors, if they purpose life and peace, is the design and work of the following treatise; and however weak the attempt, it hath these two advantages—it is seasonable, and sincerely intended; nay, should this be its only success—to provoke others possessed of more time and greater abilities, to oppose the vehement and too successful insinuations of the world in the minds of professing Christians, my labor will not be lost. Things have come to that pass, that a more than ordinary vigorous exercise of the ministry of the word, and of other appointed means, is necessary to recall professors to that strict mortification, that separation from the ways of the world, that heavenly mindedness, that contemplation of spiritual things, and delight in them, which the gospel of Christ doth require; else we shall lose the glory of our profession, and leave our eternal state very uncertain. To direct and provoke men to that which is the only remedy of these sore evils, and which is the alone means of giving them a view and foretaste of eternal glory, is the design of this discourse, which is recommended to the grace of God for the benefit of every reader."

If in those days Dr. Owen was grieved by the declension of so many in the professing church from the faith, hope, and love, the power and influence of the everlasting gospel, what would he have said had he lived in our time? When was there ever more worldly conformity than now? When was there ever more carnality in conversation, more backbiting, slander, idle gossip, tittle-tattling from house to house, levity and froth indulged in without scruple or shame? so that a little feeling, experimental, savory intercourse with the saints of God, such as profits and edifies the soul, creates and cements a spiritual union, draws the heart upwards to heaven, and makes us love Jesus and the image of Jesus in

his people, is almost unknown. In ancient times, "those 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." (Mal. iii. 16.) Their conversation was such as the Lord could hearken to, and record in his book. But would the Lord hearken to and record the conversation of most professors now, the main object of which is to exalt themselves and depreciate others; and under a thin veil of religious phraseology, put on to blind others and deceive themselves, display little else but the pride and worldliness of their hearts? When was there more general deadness and darkness in the churches, and so little life and power in the pulpit and pew? When were experimental men of God more scarce, and more despised and depreciated; or mere prating ministers, who have a gift to speak, but who give little evidence that they either know or love the truth of God, so many and so popular? But let men say what they will, or be what they may, let thousands combine to lower the sacred things of God to their own sunken level, it still stands a fixed, immutable truth, fixed as the throne of God, immutable as the great self-existent I AM, that "to be carnally-minded is death"—death total in the unregenerate, death partial when the living soul is under its power and influence; and if death total in the unregenerate, it entails all the awful penalties and punishments of death, if life from God do not eventually quicken. Therefore no mere profession, no formal creed, no sitting under a gospel ministry, no church-membership or partaking of ordinances, no name to live while dead, will rescue from the second death, from the worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched, those who are carnally-minded, whatever be their profession, whether of the highest Calvinism or the most grovelling Arminianism. But "to be spiritually-minded"—to live and walk under the blessed power and influence of the Holy Spirit, to have the heart and affections drawn up from this poor, vain scene to where Jesus sits at the right hand of God, this is "life," the life of God in the soul, with all its present blessedness and all its future glory, and "peace," for peace and rest are alone to be found in this path of union and communion with a glorified Redeemer. In this sweet spirituality of mind, in these heavenly affections, and in this intercourse with the Lord at his own throne of grace, the life and power of godliness much consist. Unless the heart be engaged in it, religion is heavy, dragging work. Prayer, reading, meditation, preaching, hearing, conversation with the saints, all are "a burden to the weary beast" when the power and life of God are not in them, when the heart is cold and dead, and not under some sensible influence from the courts of heaven. But when a sweet and sacred influence rests upon the soul, when there is a felt union and communion with the Lord of life and glory, when a word from his lips, into which grace is poured, touches and softens the heart; and faith, viewing his beauty and blessedness, grace and glory, love and blood, sympathy and suitability, takes hold of his strength and says, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me," and he condescends to unveil his lovely face; then there is a lifting up of the heart and affections to the merciful and compassionate high priest over the house of God. The lusts and evils which cling to the body of sin and death, as the viper to Paul's hand, then drop off into the fire of godly jealousy, "the coals whereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame" against all that God hates; pride and covetousness, fretfulness and murmuring, evil tempers and carking cares, and a thousand God-dishonoring anxieties, hide their hateful heads; unbelief and infidelity, and a whole black troop of doubts and fears are put to the rout; and the Prince of Peace reigns and rules as the soul's only rightful and loved Lord. Sweet seasons, but, alas! how transient; how soon fresh clouds gather, fresh storms arise,

fresh lusts work, and fresh foes start up from every ambush to try faith and hope and patience, and cast a dark cloud over the soul! We trust we know, from what we have felt in our own bosom, what this sweet spiritual-mindedness is, and what are its blessed effects. It is a key to unlock the Scriptures, for then we read them under the same sacred influence, and by the same divine teaching by which they were written; it is a door of prayer, for under these calm and peaceful emotions the soul, as if instinctively and necessarily, seeks holy communion with God; it is the fruitful parent of sweet meditation, for the truth of God is then thought over, fed upon, and is found to be bread from heaven; it is the secret of all life and power in preaching, for unless the heart be engaged in, and melted and softened by the truth delivered, there will be a hardness in its delivery which will make itself sensibly felt by the living hearer; and it is the power of all spiritual conversation, for how can we talk with any unction or profit unless we are spiritually-minded, and in that frame of soul wherein the things of God are our chief element—the language of our lips, because the delight of our soul? But to be otherwise—to be carnally-minded on our knees, with the Bible open before our eyes, in the house of prayer, at the Lord's table, in the company of the family of God—what a burden to our spirit, what a condemnation to our conscience, what a parent of doubt and fear whether matters can be right between God and our own soul, when there is such a distance between him and us! And of all poor miserable wretches, felt or not felt, a carnally-minded minister must be the worst. Death in the pulpit must engender death in the pew. A minister stands there as an instrument in the hands of God to comfort and encourage the drooping hearts of his people, to strengthen the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees, to be a means of communicating life to the dead, and reviving the living. But if dead himself, totally dead, can he communicate life to others? And if “as one dead, of whom the flesh is half consumed,” like Miriam when struck by leprosy—a good man sunk into carnality and death, and that not deeply felt or groaned under as a heavy load, how can he feed the church of the living God? It is true that the most eminent saints and servants of God have their dead and dark seasons, when the life of God seems sunk to so low an ebb as to be hardly visible, so hidden is the stream by the mud-banks of their fallen nature. Still it glides onward, round them, if not through them; and sometimes a beam of light falls upon it from above, as it threads its way toward the ocean of eternal love, which manifests not only its existence but its course, and that it gives back to heaven the ray it receives from heaven. Nay, by these very dark and dead seasons, the saints and servants of God are instructed. They see and feel what the flesh really is, how alienated from the life of God; they learn in whom all their strength and sufficiency lie; they are taught that in them, that is, in their flesh, dwelleth no good thing; that no exertions of their own can maintain in strength and vigor the life of God; and that all they are and have, all they believe, know, feel, and enjoy, with all their ability, usefulness, gifts, and grace, flow from the pure, sovereign grace, the rich, free, undeserved, yet unceasing goodness and mercy of God. They learn in this hard school of painful experience their emptiness and nothingness, and that without Christ indeed they can do nothing. They thus become clothed with humility, that comely, becoming garb; cease from their own strength and wisdom, and learn experimentally that Christ is, and ever must be, all in all to them, and all in all in them.

We hope to resume the subject (D.V.) in our next number, when we shall endeavor to show how well and wisely Dr. Owen has treated this important point, and how feelingly and experimentally he has written upon it.

POETRY.

“LORD, TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?”

BY THE LATE MRS. STURTON.

Whither can we go when a sense of sin
Doth sorely oppress and tease us,
Except to the fountain which makes us clean,—
The wounds of a bleeding Jesus?

What from the righteous law's demands
For ever and fully frees us,
But the spotless garment, wrought by the hands
Of a law-fulfilling Jesus?

What can we do when the world's vain toys
No longer content and please us,
But seek everlasting, substantial joys
In the favor and love of Jesus?

Whither can we go, when friends forsake,
And foes unite to tease us,
But press through them all, and refuge take
In the heart of a friendly Jesus?

And whither when the last of all our foes
Is commission'd by Heaven to seize us,
But down to the grave for a short repose
In the arms of a precious Jesus?

And whither when the trumpet's joyful sound
From the sleep of death shall release us,
But to heaven, to be there with glory crown'd,
And for ever to dwell with Jesus?

HYMN

My God, how perfect are thy ways;
But mine polluted are;
Sin twines itself about my praise,
And slides into my prayer.

When I would speak what thou hast done
To save me from my sin,
I cannot make thy mercies known
But self-applause creeps in.

Divine desire, that holy flame,
Thy grace creates in me;
Alas! impatience is its name,
When it returns to thee.

This heart, a fountain of wild thoughts,
How does it overflow?
While self upon the surface floats,
Still bubbling from below.

Let others in the gaudy dress
Of fancied merit shine;
The Lord shall be my righteousness,
The Lord for ever mine.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

SEPTEMBER, 1858.

MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

A SERMON BY THE LATE MR. WARBURTON.

"Fear ye not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows."—
Matt. x. 31.

WE read these words as a text this morning, and took up the time in attempting to notice that the Lord's dear people are the subjects of many slavish fears. We noticed that some of his dear children have fears with respect to their interest in Christ; longing, panting, and desiring for a manifestation of the Spirit of God in their hearts; for there is nothing else that will take away these fears from a desiring, longing soul. Some people think that because we state these things by way of encouragement it is causing the Lord's children to build upon their hungerings and thirstings; to rest upon their hungerings and thirstings; but if they would never come out with such ignorance, it would be more to their credit. It would become them as sensible men to keep such trash in. For a hungry man to be satisfied with hunger, is not common sense.

We noticed further, that the fears of God's people are sometimes from the wickedness of their own hearts. The longer they live the more they see of it. They fear many times that grace does not reign in their hearts; that it is not possible for them to be partakers of grace. Sometimes they are fearful of the fiery darts of the devil, and of his throwing them into their souls. The dear disciples of Christ are filled with such fears. Sometimes they feel such darkness, such barrenness, such deadness in their souls, that they feel no heart to read, no heart to talk of the dealings of God with their souls; and sometimes think they are quite dead, and plucked up by the roots.

We are to notice this evening, should it please God,

II. *The value God puts upon such fearful, seeking, trembling, bowed-down souls.* My dear friends, they are but of little value in the eyes of the world, either of professors or of the profane. They are accounted as the filth, the offscouring, and the refuse of all things. And, my friends, they are of very little value in their own eyes. God's dear pilgrims have the advantage of all the men in the world, with all their insults; for however they despise them, they cannot despise them as much as they despise themselves. Abraham thought himself of very little value when he said, "Who am I, or what am I, who am but dust and ashes, that I should take upon myself to speak to the Lord?" He looked upon himself as of very little value, a little particle of dust and ashes. Yet is there anybody

else, of whom the Lord spake more honorably than of Abraham? He picked him out from among his brethren, sent him into the land of Canaan, and established him there; but what a little value he puts upon himself before God! Look at poor Job. See what views he had of himself: "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." He considered that he was of no value. Look at David, the man after God's own heart; and see what he says to Saul, who was pursuing him, and who, when he had fallen into the hands of David's friends, they wanted him to suffer them to cut off his head. "No!" says David; "I will not cut off his head; let him alone. What is the king of Israel pursuing after? A dead dog, a flea!" Ah, my friends! David was of little value in his own eyes. He looked upon himself as a mere particle of dust. The Lord tells us that two sparrows are sold for one farthing. Why, that is a very trifle; yet David said "he was a sparrow alone." He must be of very little value to be one "alone, upon the house top." The best account and speech the apostle Paul could give of himself was "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

So you see, dear people, that the Lord says himself you are of more value than many sparrows. But the Lord and his people differ in their views. When God's children come to view themselves, and see what crawling, what empty, what wandering, what vile, what proud, what stubborn wretches they are, they cannot find language to express what they are. Yet the Lord will speak the truth; we cannot doubt for a moment but that he will speak the truth, and that in reality. "Fear ye not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows;" yea, than all the sparrows in the world; yea, more than the angels, archangels, and all the creation of God besides. All the riches contained in the bowels of the earth, with all the grandeur upon the face of the earth, are not worth half the value of these poor, doubting, longing souls, in the sight of God.

My friends, you will be ready to say, "How is it that God can put such a value upon such things, that are hated by the devil and hated by the world, as you say he does?" Well, my friends, I do not know how it can be, except it is out of love. My friends, this is an uncreated love. It is a self-moving thing that nothing can move, nor anything drown it. I was going to say, the Father set his love upon them; and God would not set his love upon things that are not valuable. My friends, I do not know how to express myself. His love was set upon them from everlasting. Talk about setting his love upon them! It would seem from that there was a time when he did not love them; but he says, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." Therefore his love is the very moving cause; it was fixed and settled upon them from eternity. O what value! what value! what value! my friends. What some people value others only laugh and jeer at. Where there is no real love there cannot be any real value. When poor Jacob went to Laban, Laban said to him, "What

shall I give thee?" Jacob answered him, and said, "I will serve thee seven years for Rachel, thy younger daughter." "And Laban said, It is better that I should give her to thee than that I should give her to another man; abide with me." "And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her." But Jacob was deceived. He had told Laban that he would serve him seven years for Rachel; but "it came to pass, that in the morning, behold, it was Leah; and he said to Laban, "What is this thou hast done unto me? Did not I serve thee for Rachel? Wherefore, then, hast thou beguiled me? And Laban said, It must not be so done in our country, to give the younger before the firstborn." Now Jacob loved Rachel. She was of more value in his eyes than all other beside. So God views the objects of his love as the richest and greatest treasure of all, either in nature, providence, grace, or glory. Hear God speak, my friends. He says their souls are his portion, the very lot of his inheritance. The objects of the Father's love were given to his beloved Son; and are the Son's portion, his blessed portion, his inheritance, and his land. However, my friends, the Son must pay a very great price for them. Justice must have had them, had it not been for the lovingkindness of a dear Redeemer, who bought them with his blood; and, therefore, God left them in their innocent state. God did not influence them to sin. Some people say, "Where did sin come from? Did it come from the devil?" My friends, I never trouble myself about where it comes *from*; I have enough to do to trouble myself about where it comes *to*. The Saviour paid a price for these objects of his love. Ah, my friends! And what was that price? Rivers of oil? or ten thousand sacrifices of the blood of lambs? No! my friends. There is only one Lamb whose blood is sufficient to do it; and that Lamb is God and man in one Person, the Lord Jesus Christ. The objects of his love sold themselves for nought; plunged themselves (if you will allow me to use the expression) into the very belly of hell, with the wrath of God upon them; and until this wrath is removed he will never let them go thence. But when Christ suffered, what a glory was there! Ah, my friends! If I could speak of it in the same manner that I can feel it sometimes, I think it would be sweet and savory. O to think that the Son of God should take upon himself the nature of his dear children, bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh, and suffer, the Just for the unjust! Why, his blood, his precious blood, drank up the wrath of God to the fullest extent, cleared the foulest sin, the most damnable sin, that ever the church of God committed, bought the church with his precious blood, and now calls them his own. Must he not look upon them as valuable? Ah, bless his precious name! "The good Shepherd lays down his life for the sheep."

There is a text that some people have arguments about, (for my part, I do not want any arguments; for my pilgrimage is getting on towards its end; my pilgrimage is getting on towards seventy-three; and for my part I care very little about arguments,) but the text is, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman seeking goodly

pearls; who, when he had found a pearl of great price, he went and sold all that he had and bought it." Now, I believe that this will apply both to the Head and to the members of the church. I believe that the dear Jesus is the merchantman. He seeks out his chosen ones and buys them at the hand of Justice. Justice demands blood; and the law demands perfect obedience; and they will not abate the least mite.

Ah, my friends! How it has humbled my soul sometimes in thinking of Jesus, when he went into the garden and "sweat, as it were, great drops of blood, falling to the ground!" Is there a poor, backsliding child of God here? How could you abjure a Lord that sweat such drops of blood, falling to the ground, for you? He cried, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me. Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done." What cup did he mean? The cup of wrath, the cup of indignation, the cup of justice against the church of God. To purchase his flock, Christ must empty this cup, the cup of death, to the very dregs. My friends, what darkness there was when he hung upon the tree. Two thieves were his companions. His disciples turned their backs upon him; the pharisees hated him; the rocks rent; the graves opened; and he cried in his agony, "My God! my God! Why hast thou forsaken me?" My friends, Justice must have his lawful demands; and so he cried in the midst of every pang, "Awake, O sword, against my Shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow. Smite the Shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered." Bless his dear name, the sheep must be out of the way while the Shepherd stood it all.

My friends, there is nothing so delightful in the eyes of the Shepherd as the purchase of his blood. He does not look as you and I do on ourselves or one another.

But look at that text, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman seeking goodly pearls, who, when he had found a pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought it." Some people think it means God's people trading with others, and that they give unto God in exchange for a good treasure. God give in exchange! Why, yes; he says, I give "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Then, my friends, these dear mourning, heavy-laden souls are seeking goodly pearls; and the poor child of God knows Christ to be the richest pearl in his heart and in his eyes, more so than all the men in the world. Jesus is the pearl that God exchanges, and gives to his children beauty and his glory for ashes.

But how delighted Christ is when he calls them his body and his precious dove. He says, "One look of thine eye has ravished my heart." It appears that he is quite swallowed up in them. Look at the manifestation that he gave to poor swearing, lying Peter. "Ah!" say you, "you should not call poor Peter such names as those." Why, he raved and swore, and then denied his Lord. That was lying with a witness. One night, after Jesus had risen from the dead, Peter and some others of the disciples went fishing. "When the morning was come, Jesus stood on the shore; but the disciples

knew not that it was Jesus. Then said Jesus unto them, "Children, have ye any meat?" Ah, my friends! Could a father set more value upon his children than that? He never mentioned his children's weaknesses and backslidings. No! Christ knew how to make them feel their backslidings in a better way than bringing his rod upon them. "And he said unto them, Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast, therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes. Therefore that disciple whom Jesus loved said unto Peter, It is the Lord. Now, when Simon Peter heard that it was the Lord, he girt his fisher's coat unto him, for he was naked, and did cast himself into the sea." And he came unto the Lord. Now see the lovingkindness of the Lord, and the value he puts upon them; he puts upon them his mercy and his grace; that kills their rebellion. "As soon then as they were come to land they saw a fire of coals there, and fish laid thereon, and bread." Jesus had turned cook; and depend upon it he cooked for them well. Bless his precious name, he had a blessed garment on that had neither spot nor wrinkle in it. Those that have faith in this, there is not a spot nor wrinkle in any of them. What blessed souls! Why, Gabriel and all the angels are nothing to such souls as these. Therefore, says Solomon, "The king's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold." God says himself, she is perfect through his comeliness, which he had put upon her. Therefore, you see, Christ's people are his portion, his body, let them be spoken of as they may. They are of such value that it cost the Son of God such drops of blood as we have spoken of to purchase them. Yea, he says they are his temple, the house of his glory. Dear me! What a grandeur, poor child of God! In all thy fears, in all thy sinkings, in all thy miseries, God looks not upon thee as thou lookest at thyself. He is teaching thee more things to let thee see his sanctuary. He says, "I will glorify the house of my glory." They are his dwelling-place. Great men delight in fine dwelling-places and palaces. Some of the nobility are fond of picking out some miserable place to build a fine house, and to make their place strike the eye, so as to make themselves appear very rich. I once went into the north, in a place that used to be a most dreadful district; some gentleman had built a fine house there, and I was astonished to see the improvement it made. But God can make wonderful improvements in such crooked sticks as we are. Yea, he says he can turn a barren heath into a beautiful field, and make the wilderness of sin to blossom as the rose. He says, "I will glorify the house of my glory." Whenever the Lord speaks, he speaks to the heart. What a sweet thing! How it endears Jesus to the soul! The tongue falters in trying to set forth the tenth of his glory.

Thus the dear church of God values Christ as being the greatest riches that ever she had. Christ is swallowed up in them, and they in him. "All things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas; life or death; things present or things to come; all are yours." Why! How is that? "Ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Yes,

my friends, God's children are one in Christ; "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one."

Some of you may think I am not speaking in proper order. I tell you I cannot help that. I must say things as they occur to my mind. They will slip out as they come in.

Hear what the Lord says: "The Lord hath chosen Zion; he hath desired it for his habitation." Ah, bless his precious name! "Because he hath desired it." Poor soul, thou wouldst never have desired him if he had not first desired thee. "We love him because he first loved us." "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your bodies and in your spirits, which are his." What a sweet thing it will be to sing and say, "My glory, the lot of mine inheritance; my all; my eternal salvation!" Here the church of God is blessedly precious.

My friends, are we blessed with this? Shall death or hell ever separate them who are Christ's dwelling-place, his house, the blessed apple of his eye, his delight, from him? O no; for he says, "Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me." "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied." And what shall he be satisfied with? "His reward is with him, and his work before him." God's children are one with him, and ever will be. He will never part with them, for "they are graven upon the palms of his hands," to take them to his eternal kingdom and glory. Nothing can ever force them down to hell, nor overthrow them.

If there is a poor thirsty soul here, you shall have it from God's mouth, in his own time, and not from mine only, that he hath satisfied you. When a poor soul has been longing for, and once gets a taste of, God's love, how it makes him long for more! It is a great thing to have a little hope, but that makes thee long for more. If God gives thee a little appetite, he says, "The desire of the righteous shall be granted." But there is a grumbling sometimes when a poor soul sees one delivered on this side, and another get a little help on that side; and the devil comes in and calls him a hypocrite. I dare say the poor man at the pool of Bethesda grumbled, when he saw one and another step in before him; and perhaps there was but one healed at a time. Well, poor soul, thou must try again; thou must go on till God's set time; that is the best time, and that will make up for all that thou hast suffered.

May God bless these few remarks to your hearts and mine; for I feel that I cannot say a word more.

Is it not dishonorable to God, and a justification of the way of the world, for me, who profess myself a Christian, to be as eager after riches as other men? If I had no Father in heaven, nor promise in the world, it were another matter; but since my heavenly Father knows what I have need of, and has charged me to be careful in nothing, but only to tell him my wants, how unbecoming a thing is it in me to live and act as I have done.—*Flevel.*

THE STEPS OF A GOOD MAN ARE ORDERED BY
THE LORD, AND HE DELIGHTETH IN HIS WAY.

(Continued from page 246.)

Whilst I was in this burning fiery furnace, the Lord cheered and encouraged my dear wife about our removal in a very remarkable way, which I will relate in her own words.

“Tuesday, March 17th, 1857.—This afternoon, a poor man came to the door, with buttons and needles, &c., to sell; but I did not want any, and felt no inclination to buy any, especially as I had no money without borrowing from the housekeeping purse. But the poor man pleaded his cause so well that I felt compelled, almost against my will, to take a shilling’s-worth of buttons of him. After he was gone, I thought, My dear husband will very likely say I have been very foolish to give him so much. I began to think that I did not want these buttons, and when I received my money I should have scarcely enough for what I really did want; so that I began to grudge giving the man what I had done; but at the same time my conscience condemned me, knowing that the Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and here was I doing it grudgingly. This led me to ask the Lord to keep me from grudging what I had given. As I sat at my sewing, I could not help thinking how well this was pleaded, and what a good beggar he was; how different to me! Here I was, wanting the Lord to appear for us, and supply our needs, and provide us with a house, and I did not get what I prayed for, as this poor man did. What a poor beggar I was; for the Lord had, I believed, encouraged me to plead with him for these things. Then it came to my mind that I should get up then, and beg of the Lord as this poor man had begged of me; but still I felt no inclination till these words, from one of Hart’s hymns, came,

“ ’Tis to hear the Holy Spirit
Prompting us to secret prayer.”

I then got up and knelt down, and began, as well as I could, to beg of the Lord that he would appear for us, supply all our needs, and provide us a suitable habitation, and the means of going into and supporting it. At first my prayers seemed very poor prayers, not like the poor man’s begging; but as I went on I seemed to get a little nearer to the Lord, and was enabled to plead his own word, that it was written that he had never said to any of the seed of Jacob, Seek ye my face in vain; and I besought him to show himself strong to deliver the weakest believer that hung upon him, and that he would prove himself a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God; that he himself had said that if we, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto our children, how much more should our heavenly Father give good things to them that ask him. In this way I pleaded and begged he would, for his dear Son’s sake, hear me. When I had finished, before I got up from my knees, these words came, “Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.” I begged of the Lord that, if these words came from him, they might remain and rest upon my mind; when they again came, and were repeated over and

over again. I got up, wondering at all this, but, at the same time, fearing lest I should be deceived. I reached my Bible to find the words, but was some time before I could find them; but when I did, and had read them, they were sweet to my soul. I thought they must come from the Lord; and what I believed to be the Lord's goodness made the tears run down my face. I felt as if I must hold the Lord fast,

“That I could not let him go
Till a blessing he bestow;”

and begged that he would confirm his words with signs following. I had but just dried up my tears and resumed my work when my dear husband came in; but he could not listen to me, as the enemy had greatly cast down his soul. All this made me thankful the poor man had called; and I did not grudge my shilling.”

Soon after the Lord had delivered me out of this temptation, towards the end of April, I was led to call on a young gentleman who had the month before commenced business as an accountant. I had known him for many years as an honorable, conscientious, business man. At one time I entertained great hopes that a work of grace had been commenced in his soul; but latterly I have perceived that he has only the doctrines of grace in his head. As I was leaving his office, he said to me, “I collect debts.” “Do you?” I replied, “what is your commission?” “Five per cent.,” he said. “Well,” I said, “the Lord has granted me such poor success in the collection of my accounts, that for many years I have had no collector; but who can tell? perhaps the Lord may grant you more success; at all events you shall try.” So, with fear and trembling, lest I should be walking contrary to the Lord, I gave him about £150 of old debts to collect for me. Seeing the Lord prospered him beyond all my expectations, I afterwards gave him £50 or £100 more, for, wonderful to say, from May 1st to July 31st, the Lord sent me in, through his instrumentality, nearly £50. He thought he had had but poor success in not getting in more, but it was marvellous in my eyes that the Lord had prospered him so much, and was supplying me with the means of removing in such an unexpected and, humanly speaking, hopeless way; but “is anything too hard for the Lord?”

“When the Lord's people have need,
His goodness will find out a way.”

Another remarkable providence occurred, through which the Lord provided me with £42 more. Last September, a patient, who owed me a large account, met with an accident on the railway, in consequence of which he died in April. The Railway Company gave upwards of £400 as compensation to the family, out of which I received my account on the 21st of July, just the very time I needed it. But for this, I should, in all human probability, have lost the account. How very wonderful are the Lord's ways! In this most unexpected and unlooked-for way the Lord sent me in about £90, and so ordered my next step, viz., supplied me with the means of removing.

But in consequence of having gone through so much trouble, and

some of my children being in the country, I became quite satisfied for a time to remain where I was; but the Lord stirred me up again by the consideration that I should soon have all my children at home again, and then what should I do? It became evidently necessary that something should be done; and if this house at Mount Pleasant was not at liberty, I must look elsewhere. About this time the Lord caused a relative, who lives in the town, to call and consult me. She told me of this house in which I dwell. Although late in the evening when she called, I went to see it. There was certainly plenty of room, a large garden behind, and a corner house,—in fact, everything I wanted; but still I did not like it so well as the other, neither did my dear wife, whom I afterwards took to look at it, so blind were we to the Lord's way. I was much exercised about it, and concluded to wait a little longer to see if the other should become at liberty. I even wrote to the chairman of the committee to ask him if it was their intention to give it up; but I was afraid to send my letter. Finding I was shut up to this place, and that I was under the necessity of removing, I called upon the landlord; but before taking the house I called to see if my landlord was still willing to let me go, as he might have changed his mind in five months; but the Lord kept him still willing to let me go at any time; so I took the house for the same rent as I was paying, only guineas instead of pounds. The Lord's goodness was further manifested towards me in causing the house to be left in the hands of a gentleman whom I had known for many years. Through his interest with the landlord I reaped many advantages. The Lord's goodness to me was very manifest in all this.

After agreeing, on the 6th of July, to take the house from the 1st of August, my landlord sent me two notices of the house being to let, which I put in the windows. How mysteriously and wonderfully does the Lord work, to fulfil his purposes of love and mercy toward his dear people! Some time before I had expressed my intention of leaving, I had spoken to my landlord, who was a druggist, about the house, so that he felt no doubt about letting it, and to tenants who would probably be much better customers to him than I was, besides being of the same stamp as himself. In this remarkable way he was made willing to let me go; but when I had decided to go, neither of these gentlemen would have the place at the rent I was paying. For three weeks the bills were in the windows, but the house remained unlet. I felt sorry for the man being so deceived, since the Lord had made him so kind as to let me go. But the time drew on for my removal. Several persons to whom I named it blamed me for not getting him to cancel my lease at the time, as, in consequence of not being able to let the house, he might repent; to whom I replied, that it was the Lord's doing, and he would perfect that which concerned me. In particular, the morning before I paid him my rent, viz., July 27th, I called upon a gentleman, who asked me if the house was let. I said, "No." "You may depend upon it then," he replied, "he will make you pay your rent to the end of the half-year, and not cancel your lease. If he does, I never

heard of such a landlord before." I said I believed it was the Lord's work, and as he had begun it, so he would complete it. "The Lord is good; a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him." After I left him I sank very low indeed. The enemy thrust sore at me through him, and I went along sighing and groaning, "Lord, help me;" "Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." There were several places I had intended calling at, but I felt so sad and cast down that I returned home; for although I believed that the Lord would appear for me, yet I could not say that it would be so. In the afternoon these words were made so sweet and blessed to my soul that I was lifted up above my trouble: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee; so that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man can do unto me." I had been driven to the right quarter, to ask help of the Lord; and now I could rejoice in the sweet assurance that the Lord was my helper, and I would not fear what man could do unto me. This was a blessed help to my soul; a precious word in season, which just fitted my case.

(To be concluded in our next.)

AN ORIGINAL LETTER BY THE LATE JOHN RUSK.

Dearly Beloved of the Lord,—I received your kind favors, which came in due season. The shirts fit very well indeed; as Bishop Huntington says, "He that opened the heart to give, directed the hand to cut;" and I sincerely thank you for your labor on such a worthless wretch. Having long needed some flannel shirts, having but one, and running the risk of catching cold when it was washed, the sovereign you devoted to flannel for both wife and me, and she got a gown also out of pledge. When I received it, I felt overcome, wondering that our dear Lord should ever look upon such a hell-deserving mortal that is so bent to backslide. I don't know whether you have heard that our family has increased; we have got another daughter; and though everything looked black, I having been nearly three months out of work, yet I see his blessed hand, and he brought us safely through it. My wife is very weak still, having so much to do; the child is very hearty, except a hoarseness with which she was born.

Thus much for outward things, and now for spiritual. I feel altogether unfit to write; but blessed be God, I have in some measure learned, and am still learning, that my sufficiency is of God. You tell me that you cannot believe that you ever had spiritual faith, and you don't know whether you ever will have it; but that you have had everything in hope. In this thing my friend errs; for it is impossible for you to have one grace without having all. Regeneration is an instantaneous work in every chosen vessel; it is the work of God the Holy Ghost putting living principles in us, implanting the new man which never was there before. Every mem-

ber of this new creature is in us at once; but as it is naturally, so it is spiritually; there is a growth. Hence Peter speaks about a "growth in grace," and we read of "new-born babes," of "little children," of "young men," and of "fathers;" but these fathers were once new-born babes. So that the firm hope which you felt proves clearly that you are a true believer; for faith is the substance (or confidence) of things hoped for; and, as sure as you are born, this hope ventured upon Christ, the Rock, the sure Foundation. You appeared unspeakably vile and abominable, and yet felt this hope; which shows how God brought you out of self. You and I would like to see ourselves righteous, and have faith, hope, love, &c., joined with our own good performances; but, were this the case, we should not be in the footsteps of the flock. "O wretched man that I am!" must go with, "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." As to your definition of natural and spiritual faith, you don't exactly understand me. A natural man's sight is only the sight of nature; and Paul says, "we walk by faith," and not by such sight as this; and yet faith is not stone blind, "for by faith Moses saw him that is invisible;" and you can see with the eye of faith what no gifted man, no impostor, no hypocrite in Zion ever saw, and that is, your own heart, the uncleanness, lust, hypocrisy, deceit, pride, hatred of God and of Zion, malice, murder, revenge, unbelief, rebellion, hardness, blasphemy, desperation, dishonesty, &c. &c., for there is no end to it; and therefore it is called "the mystery of iniquity."

Now, who is a needy sinner, if such a one is not? And who are those that are in captivity to the law of sin? Are not such in prison, bruised, needy, destitute, poor, wretched, miserable, blind (to the promises), and naked, having no good works whatever to cover their naked souls with?

Again, this faith can see that "the law is spiritual, but we are carnal, sold under sin." You, therefore, firmly believe that God is holy, righteous, just, and good; and it is this faith that brings all these fears upon you. But God will dwell with those that tremble at his word, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones; for he will not contend for ever, neither will he be always wrath. "But," say you, "I am not humble;" but I know you are at times, and would put your mouth in the dust, if so be there might be hope. You and I might feel the deepest humility one five minutes, and the next five feel the most cursed pride. This is the war. Still, the latter does not alter the former, but shows there are two natures, one for God, and the other for the devil.

Again, this faith sees the state and condition of all the world out of Christ. This deadens us to the world, nor can we make our happiness up in it, knowing the awful end of it all. I myself can look back and well remember how awful this world appeared to me, for I could see and feel myself sinking with the rest of the world upon the sand. Mr. Hart knew this also, as he tells us,

"When lower and lower we every day fell," &c.

“But,” say you, “I have this faith, yet this is not the new covenant law of faith.” I answer, that it is real, genuine faith, wrought in the soul by the Holy Ghost. There are not two faiths; hence Paul says, “There is one faith,” &c. The difference we feel in our experience does not lie in our faith, but in the object of it. In God’s own time you will find a full change, such as you never found before; for instead of your sins staring you in the face, you will find them all gone. Let me prove this. David said, “My sin is ever before me;” “There is no soundness in my flesh because of thine anger, neither is there any rest in my bones because of my sin.” But was this always the case? No. Hence he says, “As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.” And so you shall find it in God’s own time. Micah says, “Thou hast cast all our sins into the depths of the sea;” and Hezekiah, “Thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back.”

Again, you shall have a deliverance from the law when you become thoroughly insolvent. Moses now brings in his bills, one on the back of the other; and a legal spirit tries hard to answer them. How hard we do labor to get a good conscience; but ere long, when you are sure you are that sinner which God says you are, (and surely you will go on to the day of your death having no strength in the least against sin,) then the Lord will appear, and this working spirit will cease. By faith you will enter into rest, and cease from your own works, as God did from his. “To him that worketh not but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.” When this takes place, you will rejoice that you can do nothing; whereas, now it troubles you that you can do nothing good; hence Paul gloried in his infirmities, but not in his sins. I must make a distinction here; this is being dead to the law; but you are under a law work, and are dying to it, and would God you were quite dead; but all in good time. Blessed be God for the account you sent me; I believe it is God’s teaching.

Lastly, upon this head. Instead of seeing yourself upon the sandy foundation, and expecting it to give way, you will see yourself upon the Rock Christ. David cried out, “I sink in deep waters where there is no standing;” “let not the pit shut its mouth upon me,” (which shows he expected to go to hell,) “Let not the deep swallow me up, nor let the waterfloods overflow me;” “Out of the depths I have cried to the Lord.” But God turned his captivity like the streams of the south; and therefore he tells us that “he brought him up out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, set his feet upon a rock, established his goings, and put a new song in his mouth,” a song he had never sung before, or it could not be “new;” and what was it? Why, “even praise to our God.” You have it all in Ps. ciii.; read it over. You and I, while under a law work, can see the whole world divided into two classess, and no more,—elect and reprobate. Now, we dare not say we are in the line of election, neither are we quite sure we are in the line of reprobation; for although we sink very low, yet hope is an anchor to us or we should sink into black despair, which none of God’s elect can do, only in self-despair. However, when this

change comes, and so you will find it if you watch, you will say with David, and as I, through grace, have often said, "The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."

Now, as before observed, the difference which we feel is as follows, viz., in the objects of faith. God shines with his light upon the old man; and then we see and believe, from feeling experience, the fall of man, and our complete apostacy from God. He brings home his law, and enlightens us to see and believe its spirituality, that a wanton eye is adultery, hatred in the heart murder, &c; and here we discover original sin, the root of all our transgressions. God now appears angry with us, and we believe him to be an angry Judge, a sin-avenging God, a consuming fire; and although there are respites, and we have for a while a glimpse of his mercy, yet all is shut up again, and we say, "I know thou wilt not hold me innocent." This is a faith in God which brings trouble and slavish fear; "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God;" and he compares their sorrow to that of a woman in travail, (John xvi. 21,) but he adds, "believe also in me." And when this is your case, your craving appetite will be satisfied, for you shall come to that "feast of fat things," as the prodigal did, as sure as there is a God in heaven. Hence he says, "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled;" and do you know that none have that appetite which you speak of but the quickened sinner? A dead man, literally, you know, never hungers nor thirsts; neither can one, spiritually such, be satisfied with gratifying his own lusts, nor feed on his own flesh. And as for the Pharisee, he is the full soul when he loatheth the honeycomb, or God's precious promises in Christ Jesus. "Yes," say you, "but there is the hypocrite in Zion; that terrifies me." Well, but he has no appetite; he is satisfied with a name to live; hence the prophet Isaiah tells us that such will "eat their own bread," not Christ the Bread of life, and "wear their own apparel." No, no; God has never enlightened nor quickened such; and therefore, as Solomon says, "they are pure in their own eyes." But do such profess Christ? Yes; "Let us be called by thy name to take away our reproach." If you were filled with your own righteousness, this would be very pleasing, and nurse your pride; but you would be under God's woe of wrath: "Woe to you that are full: woe to them that are righteous in their own eyes, and prudent in their sight;" but you discover yourself opposite to all this, a vile, base, filthy, abominable sinner. Light makes you see this, and life makes you feel it; you are already blessed, and shall be filled, for by faith, ere long, you shall be led to Christ Jesus, and be abundantly satisfied with the provision there is in him. Then you will not have a single doubt, for doubts and fears all fly before him; hence the promise, "I will abundantly bless her provision, I will satisfy her poor with bread." "I am the bread of life; he that eateth me, even he shall live by me." These things you will be sure to find; and if we both live, I shall find you upon the heights of Zion. This is your trial for eternity. Judgment has begun at the house of God, which will terminate in your justification by faith,

and a full acquittance. This is your sentence coming forth from God's presence. As to those changes which you have, you need not wonder at them. The gratitude that you felt was of God, for his mercies; the ingratitude shows you that old nature is the same as ever, and that grace does not alter it. It was the devil that told you that it was only a temporal blessing, and this he did to make you slight it, for he hates to hear us blessing and praising God. Besides no natural man ever feels truly thankful to God for temporal mercies; witness the nine lepers; and therefore they are all to a man declared to be unthankful. If God favored you with a spiritual deliverance, you would soon find Satan at you, suggesting that your faith was presumption, your joy like the wayside hearers, your hope a spider's web, your sorrow the sorrow of this world, your love dissembled, that the light you have is darkness, that God's chastisements are his judgments, which will sweep you away sooner or later.

Now Satan works this way to strengthen unbelief and to sink real faith; and he is never better pleased than when we agree with him. I have found it so times without number, and concluded that such things came from God. O, what a desperate enemy is Satan!

I am glad to hear that the Lord's blessing attends any of my writings. Truly it is wonderful indeed. To him be all the glory, for it is a path that (naturally) I never should have chosen, for the flesh hates it all. Painful, however, as the path is, let me have it before all the riches, honors, and pleasures of this world. I had a bitter day last Friday. O, I felt it keenly! Truly, it was as though I should sink under it all; heart and flesh both failed. The next morning I tried to fall upon the Lord, and begged submission to his sovereign will under the grievous cross; and O, the dear Lord appeared about two hours after, and answered my prayer, for I felt like a little child, quite resigned; but after that, carnal reason worked hard to get me down again all through the day.

I don't want the book particularly; and now the paper calls on me to leave off. And may the best of covenant blessings rest upon my real friend, who loves not in word or in tongue, but in deed and in truth.

Oct. 28th, 1821.

J. RUSK.

P.S.—I really from my heart thank you for your kindnesses to us, and my heart rejoiced that the Lord has appeared in such an unexpected way for you in his providence; truly our God is a wonder-working God.

ISAAC freely submitted to be bound and tied upon the altar. Jesus voluntarily went forth to death, and freely surrendered his spirit into the hands of his father. But here the typical resemblance terminates. For Isaac a substitute is provided. The uplifted hand is stayed; God orders a ram to be bound and slain by Abraham in the stead of his son. (Gen. xxii. 13.) For Jesus there was no substitute. It behoved him to suffer. He was sent and appointed of his Father to this end. He was born and lived so that he might give himself a sacrifice for the sin of the world.

THE PEACEABLE FRUITS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

My dearly-beloved Friend and Brother,—Through mercy, I arrived safely at my present abode, and hope ere this you will be restored to your wonted health of body, with an increase of faith and hope, and close cleaving to the Friend of sinners, who himself bore our sins in his own body upon the tree. If you be aught like me, you will often go kicking, and bellowing, and plunging, and fretting, and foaming into the furnace, and come out, like Solomon's fool, without your foolishness departing from you; for in such cases we are generally rolled down again, and not left until we confess our folly, and most heartily justify the love and chastisement of a kind and gracious Parent. I know it can never yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them who are not exercised thereby; for such fruits only spring from a living tree; the roots of faith and hope are deeply implanted in a precious Christ, and from his rivers nay oceans of loving-kindness, compassion, mercy, faithfulness, truth, relations, offices, sufferings, life, death, and victories, do these roots draw up their nutriment through the channel of prayer, desire, sighs, groans, and tears, so that the fruit appears after the pruning by the heavenly Husbandman. These fruits hardly appear righteousness, but the apostle calls them "peaceable fruits of righteousness." The prophet Isaiah calls them the effect of righteousness; quietness and assurance for ever. This is the fruit of the righteousness of a precious Christ; but the reason why the apostle calls them peaceable fruits is, in opposition to the stormy fruits which are guilt, and terror, and servile fear. Even life itself may be called the fruit of righteousness; but the peaceable fruits are renewings of smiles, love visits, reconciliation; and as two cannot walk (comfortably) together except they be agreed, so when the dear Lord shows us why He contends with us, and his paternal love is inscribed upon the affliction, then we are brought to sink sweetly and peaceably into his arms, and to slide into his will, even if things appear as yet very much against us; as David said of Shimei, and Eli of the heavy message God sent him by Samuel. May you find kisses instead of frowns, indulgence instead of correction, liberty instead of a prison, feet at large instead of the stocks, and a tender conscience, and close walk with God.

Yours in affection in the King of kings and Lord of Lords,
Percy Main, April 25th, 1858.

T. C.

THE SUN, in his daily course, beholds nothing so excellent and honorable upon earth as a Christian, though perhaps he may be confined to a cottage, and is little known or noticed by him. But he is the object and residence of divine love, the charge of angels, and ripening for everlasting glory. Happy man! his toils, sufferings, and exercises will soon be at an end; soon his desires will be accomplished; and he who has loved him, and redeemed him with his own blood, will receive him to himself, with a "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*Newton*.

A LETTER BY THE LATE MRS. TILLY.*

My dear Friend,—I should have answered your letter sooner, but feeling so much like yourself makes me afraid to write, and, at times, even to speak about religion; for it seems at times as though I had not a spark of grace; and then I think I may as well go back into the world again, and show myself in my true colours; but, as yet, the Lord has kept me by his power, and I do feel that it is all of his mercy I am not consumed. I really can bless him at times that I am out of hell; for the longer I live the more I feel my own sinfulness and his forbearance. Oh! that his goodness may lead our souls to repentance. What a mercy it is that salvation is of grace, or my soul could have no hope. I find, my dear friend, that you are still in bonds, and none but the Lord can break them. You say, "W. thinks you are under the law;" and if so, you must be what Huntington describes, "a child of liberty in legal bondage;" and may the Lord, if it be his will, indite prayer in your soul which will be heard and answered, that you may again be brought into the liberty of the gospel. For my own part, I cannot tell what I am or where I am. Sometimes I think I know nothing about it; but this I know, that I am far from liberty, for it is the very thing that I want. I want faith to overcome the world; for I do find it such an enemy to my soul, and my wicked heart is so ready to catch at everything sinful, that it makes me fear sometimes that I shall be left to fill up the measure of my iniquities, which would be awful indeed. But the Lord knoweth them that are his, and to him alone is every heart naked and open. Sometimes I can appeal to him and say, "All my desires are before thee, and my groanings are not hid from thee;" but at other times, I am as unfeeling as a stone, and scarcely seem to care whether my soul will be found in a precious Christ or be lost for ever; and then sin gets dominion and hardens the heart. A hard heart and a prayerless spirit is, I think, the worst state we can get into.

But I must now conclude. I shall be very glad to hear from you, when you can write. Hoping the Lord will bless your soul and mine,

I remain, Yours truly,

ANN ROLF.

April 25, 1848.

No disorder or disease, no foe without or foe within, no bodily or ghostly enemy, no corporal or spiritual infirmity, could ever withstand, much less repel, the force of believing and persevering prayer, put up to the Great Physician, or to the Father of all mercies in the Great Physician's name. And the more this holy way to the throne is trodden, the more smooth and easy it becomes; the more faith is employed in this way, the stronger and bolder she grows; and the more our poor petitions are repeated, the greater are their returns: yea, these proceedings assure us of divine audience, of attention, and of redress.—*Huntington.*

* The Obituary of Mrs. Tilly, whose maiden name was Rolf, appeared in our pages, Vol. XXII., p. 10.

A LETTER FROM A SOLDIER NOW SERVING IN INDIA.—No. 2.

My dear Brother in the everlasting Covenant of Grace,—May grace, mercy, and peace be unto you, from God our Father through his blessed Son Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, for he has redeemed us from death, both body and soul. O, my brother, to feel the dreadful wickedness of our hearts, to be convinced of our state by nature! only such can tell what the Lord Jesus has redeemed us from. By this we know the great love the Father has for us; yet our heart is boiling up sin like a fountain. The night is far spent, and it seems the world is trying to destroy the poor sin-bitten children of grace.

Dear brother, I must thank you, in behalf of the church, for your kindness in sending the sermons to us, which I hope we can say have proved savory to our poor souls; though we are at present parted in the flesh, yet they unite with me in thanking you for your kindness and brotherly love. Our blessed Lord has said, "By their fruits ye shall know them," and this is twice most dear and precious to us in these fearful times. Our souls have been much encouraged and refreshed. Antichrist appears to be reigning very much, but the day is at hand when we shall know even as we are known, for we shall hear the Shepherd's voice, and the sheep know his voice, but the voice of a stranger will they not follow, for there is no food for them in any other but Jesus the smitten Rock. This alone can suffice the poor sin-bitten soul, as David felt when he wrote the Psalm Mr. P. preached from. I have been brought to see the same things. When we were marching to Persia, I was in a distressing state of soul; and in looking over the word this Psalm was like a looking-glass in which I saw the state of my poor soul; but I never saw it so plain as this sermon spoke to my soul, likewise the one you sent me preached by Mr. B. I think, sometimes, if it should please our blessed Lord ever to bring us under a faithful minister, how happy I should be; yet I must not murmur; the Lord's will must be done in all things.

I have no doubt you will have heard much about the state of India before this reaches you; if not, I can assure that India is in a most dreadful state, and where it will all end I cannot tell. I am much afraid some of the brethren in the 78th Highlanders have lost their lives, as I cannot hear from them; but we must hope for the best, knowing that not a single shot can hit till our heavenly Father pleases.

Dear brother, you must forgive me if I cannot send you any more, for I must be at duty to-night, and the mail starts in the morning; but if I should have time in the morning, I will write a few more lines; if not, I shall be sure to write, God willing, next mail. My brother, pray for us, for we need your prayers; and

Believe me to remain,

Your unworthy Brother for the truth's sake,

Kirkee, Bombay,
Nov. 13th, 1857.

S. W. SHELLY,
14th Light Dragoons.

Obituary.

ALICE BALFOUR.

THERE is something remarkably solemn and awful in these words, "And at midnight there was a cry," with their connection, and especially when they were so peculiarly verified in the end of one of the Lord's dear children with whom I was well acquainted, and to whom I felt great union of soul. Her name was Alice Balfour, late of Blackpool, and a member of the church of Christ at Hardhorn, near that place, for about 23 years, under the pastoral care of friend Fairclough, who also bears testimony to the main facts of the following narrative.

Alice, whose maiden name was Bamber, was born of parents attending the Church of England, and she also attended there, until the Lord sent his word of life and power into her heart. The arrows of the Almighty stuck fast in her wounded spirit, and she often tried to extract them, according to her teacher's instruction, by duties, repentance, and obedience; but they stuck the faster; and feeling the wrath of God's justice and his death warrant out against her, she was obliged to "flee (for her life) from the wrath to come," out of that Babylon of forms and ceremonies, and thought to find shelter from the avenger of blood amongst the Independents, where her grandmother attended. Alice, believing her to be a God-fearing woman, and to have realised what her soul was longing for, concluded to go with her, hoping there to find refuge from the storm and tempest hanging over her guilty head, and to hear words by which her poor soul could be saved; but in this she was doomed to bitter disappointment, although she labored hard, and spent her money; yet the one brought no spiritual bread to her soul, nor the other the least degree of satisfaction; and instead of feeling better, she got decidedly worse, and found, to her sorrow, the Independent physicians no better than those in the Establishment,—of no value. She still continued amongst them, groaning under her load of sin, until refuge began to fail her, and she was ready to conclude that no man cared for her soul. Looking to the right hand and to the left for help, but finding none, she thought she had sinned away the day of grace, as they called it, or had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost. Being in the midst of a dead profession, and hearing little else preached but duty-faith and creature-obedience, no wonder she labored so hard to exercise the one and yield the other; but God the Spirit put it out of the power of any man to give her those husks she fain would have fed upon when she saw others devour them so greedily. One day, feeling her hope perished from the Lord, and in great despondency, she went into the garden, and going under a tree, fell down upon her knees, crying and praying to the Lord for help, that he would deliver and save her soul for his mercy's sake. God met her there, and spoke this precious promise to her soul: "My grace is sufficient for thee." She raised her head, thinking it was some one in the garden; but seeing no one, said, "What, for me, Lord?" A second time the same promise was spoken, with greater power, with this addition, "My strength shall be made perfect in (thy) weakness." She arose from her knees, feeling more ease, more desire for, and love to the Lord. She went back into the house with a measure of sweet hope in his dear name, believing and feeling the promise was for her, and longing for the fulfilment of the latter part of it, to her soul's satisfaction. She had not long to hope and wait; for that very night, having to go out to milk some cows, her father being a farmer, the Lord visited her, saying most blessedly and gloriously to her soul, "I am thy salvation." "I felt," she said, "that whether in the body or out of the body

I could not tell; but such joy unspeakable and full of glory filled my soul that I was obliged to leave my milking, go into the house, and into my bedroom, and offer up the sacrifice of thanksgiving, with the cup of salvation in my hand, feeling my soul saved, and in the embraces of the everlasting arms of my God. I well understood what the poet meant when he penned that precious hymn, 268th, Gadsby's Selection."

For some time it was all gladness, joy, and feasting with Alice; but as she could find none amongst whom she worshipped who understood her sorrows and joys, she lost the joys of salvation and became again entangled with the yoke of bondage. Here Satan brought her into great fear and doubt about the reality of her former experience, and false teachers bewitched her out of the spirit into the flesh again.

About this time our dear friend the late J. M'Kenzie was much exercised and galled with the same yoke, and having to travel the district where Alice resided, he called at the house. They got into conversation, and soon found they were both laboring under that fever, raging with doubts and fears, the plague of the heart; and being under the same sort of physicians, whose prescriptions were useless, they spoke freely to each other about the incurable nature of their disease, concluding themselves lepers, and wandering without the camp. There were abundance of plaisters, pills, and draughts issued from the pulpit; but as they principally consisted of the same compound, duty-faith, duty-repentance, cleansing themselves with prayers and good works, with a little of the mercy of God and Christ to make up what they could not fully accomplish, these things proved ineffectual in their case. They sympathised with each other, fearing their lot would be to die and sink for ever amidst the wrath of that just and holy God who is a consuming fire in a broken law. Still Alice was much comforted, and her hope strengthened in these conversations, often desiring the time to come when he had to call again.

It pleased God now to open the eyes of M'Kenzie to see wondrous things in his law of grace; the blessedness of those who were lepers indeed, the promises made to the poor in spirit, and how God in Christ could save the lost, pardon the guilty, and justify the ungodly, through his love, blood, and righteousness. This made him speak out against Arminianism, Fullerism, and all other isms contrary to this blessed revelation, accompanied with power and sweetness to his own soul, both in public and private. When he opened them up to Alice, they were indeed glad tidings of great joy to her soul; and for the first time she saw, in her judgment, where she had been, and also where she was, and began to glory in and speak of them also. This brought down upon her great persecution, especially in her father's house; they forbid M'K. calling, and Alice to hear or speak any more to such men, or about such dangerous doctrines. This only increased her anxiety; and M'K. having arranged to preach in the neighborhood, she determined to hear him as often as she could, whatever might be the consequences; and by this means her eyes were more opened, her judgment more strengthened, and her soul more established in the glorious gospel of the blessed God, and she walked much in the light of his countenance.

On Nov. 4th, 1835, that dear servant of the Lord, William Gadsby, preached in our friend Fairclough's barn, at Hardhorn, when I was privileged to hear him, from Deut. xxxii. 10: "He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness; he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye." Alice was there, and felt her soul comforted and confirmed, seeing she was one the Lord was leading about in this waste howling wilderness, and feeling that it is through much tribulation they must enter the kingdom. She now

determined, in the strength of the Lord, to leave the house of bondage, the Independents, and cast in her lot with the despised few, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God. Accordingly she gave a good reason of the hope the Lord had wrought in her at the church meeting, was baptized, and added to them, where she remained a member to the time of her death. Having now made a decided profession, persecution and mockery raged more furiously, she still finding those of her own house her greatest foes; but the Lord supported and smiled the more, verifying the truth of that blessed promise, "My strength is made perfect in weakness;" so that she was enabled to joy in tribulation, and thank God that she was counted worthy to suffer persecution for his sake; yet she often prayed, if it was the Lord's will, that he would deliver her from Hagar's persecution and Ishmael's mocking.

Alice had a brother, Robert Bamber, at sea, mate of a vessel, to whom she wrote a letter, setting forth the awful state of the ungodly, and the impossibility of being saved from the wrath to come without being born again. The captain, Captain Balfour, who had command of the vessel, got the letter and read it, which appeared to give him some concern; and he anxiously inquired if the writer was married. On being answered, No, he added, "If I think as well of the writer, when I see her, as I do of this letter, she shall be my wife if possible." The first opportunity, he visited her; spoke of the letter to her brother, its effect upon him, and the strong attachment he felt to her, and in course of time proposed to marry her. This caused Alice much anxiety; for having before prayed for deliverance, she now began to think the Lord was making a way for that purpose, and in the midst of perplexity she consulted the minister and deacons, both of whom advised her against it, as she knew so little of him personally. However, after much thought and prayer, as she said, they were married.

Although Alice had not now the same outward persecution as before, heavy trials and afflictions came in another form. As time rolled on she became the mother of three sons, and was anxious they should be well educated and honorably brought up, her husband assuring her he would furnish her with ample provision, expressing thankfulness that he had such a wife and guardian for them during his long absence, and arranging to forward all communications and supplies to her through his sister-in-law, who resided in Liverpool, on account of Alice being in a remote part of the country. She often received sums of money through this channel, but not near the number of letters she expected; and in course of time the amount of money began to fall off, which brought upon her new trials,—poverty and want of bread. Thus, instead of her former hopes being realised, she experienced little else but disappointment, crosses, and straits, according to these words:

"My soul with various tempests toss'd,
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end."

She struggled hard, endeavoring to overcome these calamities, keeping them secret from her relatives and friends; but as her way seemed hedged up, so that she could not find her paths, they overcame her, and brought her down into a very distressed state of body and mind. A relative, (who was in the habit of taking intoxicating drink,) but who is now, I believe, a very different character, attending chapel regularly, called upon her one day, and having nothing in the house to eat, she requested him to lend her sixpence. He replied, "I have none." "No," she said, "drunkards never have anything to spare." However, soon after this, she was sweeping about the door, and found a sixpence. From this, and

similar circumstances, she clearly saw and felt it was her heavenly Father supplying, in a measure, her temporal needs, like Elijah being fed by ravens. When her relatives and friends knew her case, they were very kind in relieving and helping her. Her father took her sons often to his house, where one or more almost constantly lived. One of them being at play there, got entangled in a gate, and before it was known or he could be extricated, was strangled to death. When tidings reached Alice, it was like the messengers to Job; and, indeed, she felt herself much in his condition, reading that book, and feeling that fellowship with Job in his trials as she had never done before, and often repeating that hymn beginning with

“ ’Tis my happiness below
Not to live without the cross.”

A paper found written by her about this time will show where she went with her troubles and sorrows, and that she was no stranger to prayer and its answers. It is as follows: “ O may the Lord keep us supplied in all our way-worn paths. O may the Lord supply our hungered bodies here, and provide raiment for this season of the year; for thou alone, O Lord, canst supply the orphan and the poor.” The Lord having answered her prayer, she continues, “ O let us now sing hymns of praise to the Lord, for who alone does supply but his Majesty the Lord? O sing a song of praise to God our Father and our King, for it is he alone who provides for the poor and fatherless.

When her husband landed in England, which was seldom, he visited her, and seemed greatly surprised at her poverty and the small sums of money she had received; but all inquiries after the missing sums were fruitless.

When the eldest son was old enough, his father took him to sea, which was another severe trial for her; and under the pressure of it we see something of her wrestling and prayer in the following lines written by her, and found amongst her papers:

“ O thou loving Jesus, may I ever be
Heir of my God, and joint heir with thee;
Thou who didst die for my unworthy sake,
Thou that hast saved me from the burning lake,
O thou loving Jesus, wilt thou ever be
Guide and Counsellor of sinful me?
Wilt thou lead me, by thy powerful hand,
Through this dreary, wretched, barren land?”

Things continued in the same state, as to money matters, till Alice could not refrain mentioning her distress and fears to her sister-in-law at Liverpool, feeling great confidence in her, and some little obligation for the trouble she had about her affairs; and to give proof of it, Alice made her a present of two pairs of strong boots. She replied, “ I am sorry for you, Alice; but Balfour cannot supply you and keep another woman on board his vessel.” This statement distressed Alice above all other temporal things, circumstances seeming to favor the truth of it; and yet she could not fully believe it on account of his former attachment and kindness to her. Satan now brought forth his heavy artillery, thundering forth that her husband had forsaken her, her children were taken from her, and above all God had forsaken her, therefore it was his time to persecute and take her. Jealousy now began to work and rage, and truly she found it “ cruel as the grave.” But I must leave those who are companions in tribulation to interpret something of the workings and distress of her poor mind under such a complication of heavy trials. But the Lord stood at her right hand, to deliver her from those who con-

demanded her soul, supplying her with grace sufficient, and making his strength perfect in weakness; enabling her to say, "Though he slay me, yet will I praise him;" and with a filial resignation looking forward to the recompense of the reward, she would often speak of the sufferings of Christ, and, comparing them with her own, say,

"At most I do but taste the cup,
For thou alone hast drunk it up."

One Lord's Day, when Alice was pondering these things in her heart, asking counsel of the Lord, with her Bible before her, the door opened, and, to her astonishment, her husband entered the house. With many tears, he produced from his pocket a number of letters he had written at various times, which had been kept back from her; and he gave also this further account: "When the vessel arrived at Liverpool, I accompanied my brother, who had been with me as mate on my voyage, to his house, expecting to see his wife, and to hear something about you; but to our great surprise and grief we found she had absconded in company with another man some days previous to our arrival in port. On searching the house, we found these letters, which explained to me the way your money had been kept from you, and appropriated to her own vile purposes." When poor Alice heard this explanation, saw the letters, and her husband in tears, she was moved with compassion, and felt sorry on account of her hard thoughts, jealous feelings, and hasty conclusions she had been suffered to run into, and much grieved at the artful cunning and double deceit of the woman who had so wronged her and her family, and injured her husband's character so basely. Some time after, they agreed to take a house at Blackpool, and having had the previous lesson, safer arrangements were made for the future. From this time Alice was much more comfortable, and better in circumstances, and was desirous to pay back to her friends what they had done for her during her time of need; but instead of this, they rejoiced with her at her return from her captivity. Having felt keenly the pangs of poverty and hunger, her heart, hand, and house were always open for the poor and needy of the Lord's people; and she took great pleasure in relieving and helping them as far as circumstances would admit. The ministers of Christ particularly found a hearty welcome from Alice, and they often left refreshed with her spiritual and savory conversation.

But I must now leave off this brief outline, (for, indeed, it is only an outline,) and come to the relation of her latter end, which was truly as much of a paradox as the twenty-three years of her life. Captain Balfour, her husband, had taken the command of a vessel, to sail from North Shields, bound for Suez, in Egypt, and was very desirous and solicitous that Alice and her youngest son should accompany him. She felt much hesitation and fear, yet had a desire to see the country where the poor Israelites suffered so much; and after many reasonings and scruples, with many prayers, she consented to his request. They left Blackpool for North Shields, from whence Alice wrote a letter to her brother, who had charge of the house at Blackpool, about various things relative to it. On his entering the house he found a paper on her small writing-desk, evidently written by her own hand a short time previous to leaving: "And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps. And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil, for our lamps have gone out." (Matt. xxv. 9, 7.) This was without note or comment, with nothing more on the paper. Now we come to the mysterious, remarkable, and solemn coincidence. The vessel set sail about 7 o'clock p.m., on Wednesday, Oct. 21st, 1857. They had

not been long out before a storm arose, and the vessel became unmanageable. She struck on Barber Bank Sands, about 7 o'clock the following evening, and at midnight the vessel broke up amidst the cries and shrieks of those on board, and all were lost except the mate, who alone escaped, on a piece of wreck, to tell the heartrending story. Of Alice he said, "When I last saw her she was by the cabiu door, with her hands uplifted and praying. Her husband was with her, in the same position; all the others were in an awful state of terror and confusion at their approaching end." It was truly a midnight cry, in which Alice and her husband and son met their deaths; but she was amongst the wise virgins, with her lamp trimmed and burning, breathing out her soul, and committing her immortal spirit into the hands of her heavenly Bridegroom; and being ready, she went into the marriage supper; and the door was solemnly shut.

"With all her trials, toils, and snares
She has for ever done;
By grace she wrestled, struggled, fought,
Now wears the victor's crown."

Thus lived and died Alice Balfour, aged about fifty years, leaving one surviving son, the eldest, who was at sea, and probably has not yet heard of the calamity. Her body was washed on shore the day following, near Caistor, two miles and a-half from Yarmouth, where her mortal remains sleep until the resurrection morn, with this verse engraved upon her stone: "And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh."

Preston, March 12th, 1858.

T. W.

AFFLICTIONS drive us to seek God, they being God's firemen, and his hired laborers, sent to break the clods, and to plough Christ's land, that he may sow heaven there; but Christ must bring new earth to the soil. In prosperity we come to God, but in a common way—as the grave man came to the theatre, only that he might go out again. But in trouble, the saints do more than come; they make a friendly visit when they come. Also, the prayers of the saints in prosperity are but summer prayers, slow, lazy, and, alas! too formal. In trouble, they rain out prayers, or cast them out in spiritual violence, as a fountain doth cast out waters. Both these are in one well expressed by the prophet: "Lord, in trouble they have visited thee; they poured out a prayer when thy chastening was upon them." (Isa. xxvi. 16.)—*Rutherford*.

THE employment of the husbandman is by all acknowledged to be very laborious. There is a multiplicity of business incumbent on him. The end of one work is the beginning of another. Every season of the year brings its proper work with it. Sometimes you find him in his fields, hoeing, plowing, sowing, harrowing, weeding, or reaping; and sometimes in his barn, threshing or winnowing; sometimes in his orchard, planting, grafting, or pruning his trees; and sometimes among his cattle; so that he has no time to be idle. As he has a multiplicity of business, so every part of it is full of toil and labor. He eats not the bread of idleness, but earns it before he eats it; whereby it becomes sweeter to him. Behold here the life of a Christian shadowed forth. As the life of a husbandman, so the life of a Christian is no idle or easy life. You find in the word, much work cut out for a Christian. There is hearing-work, praying-work, reading, meditating, and self-examining-work. It puts him also upon a constant watch over all the corruptions of his heart. O what do they occasion him! Of them he may say, as the historian says of Hannibal, they are never quiet, whether conquering or conquered.—*F'avel*.

REVIEW.

The Grace and Duty of being Spiritually-minded, Declared and Practically Improved. By John Owen, D.D. London: James Nisbet.

It is surprising how our minds alternately, and as if instinctively, sink or rise as various circumstances in ourselves or in others come before our view, or press with weight and power upon our conscience. A few instances on both sides of the question may illustrate this.

For some days or weeks, then, it may be, our mind may have been dark and beclouded; coldness and deadness may have much chilled our heavenly affections; trials and temptations may have harassed our soul; the presence of the Lord may have been much withheld; sin and corruption may have worked within at a fearful rate; and, under a feeling sense of our vileness and sinfulness, painfully aggravated by all these circumstances, we may have cried, almost in a fit of despair,

“Can ever God dwell here?”

How can the soul that is alive unto God, and living, or desiring to live, continually to his honor and glory, and to walk in the light of his countenance, not but sink into a low spot when all within is so opposed to, or so far from, that peace in believing which is its element and home? Or, if comparatively free from personal trials, some circumstances of a very painful and distressing nature may have come before our mind, or press upon our conscience, connected with others. Some gross inconsistency in a member of the church has perhaps come to light; or there has been a sad display of anger and temper at a church meeting; or two members have fallen out, and one or both have manifested a bitter, unforgiving spirit. Or, apart from church troubles,—the heaviest of all after personal afflictions, we may, in a solemn moment of prayer and meditation, have had a spiritual view of the general state of the churches of truth, as either torn with strife and division, or much sunk into barrenness and unfruitfulness. Or, to come still more closely home, to a still more tender point, a difference may have arisen between us and a beloved friend; or where we have looked for sympathy and comfort, under some trial and affliction, we may have met with just the reverse, and so have been “wounded in the house of our friends,” learning thereby, in a way of personal though painful experience, the meaning of those words, “The best of them is as a brier; the most upright is sharper than a thorn-hedge.” (Micah vii. 4.)

Or if engaged in the work of the ministry, as is the case with some of our readers, we may have been for some time much shut up in the preaching of the word of truth, and may have felt much darkness of mind and bondage of spirit in the house of prayer; if hearers, there may have been much deadness under the preached word; nothing for a long time may have dropped with power and savor into the soul either from the prayer or the sermon; and Satan may have taken great advantage from these things to harass the mind and cast a gloomy cloud over the whole of our experience.

Under these and similar circumstances, which we need not more fully particularise, the soul possessed of the grace of God sinks at times very low; and as we are too much disposed to measure things by our own feelings, as a dark cloud over the sun casts a gloom over the whole face of nature, we look round and begin to say, "Where is there any real religion, any vital godliness, any blessed communion with the Lord, any of that spirituality of mind in which, and in which alone, there is life and peace. Where and what am I, and where and what are others?" We remember, perhaps, with Job, "the days of our youth, when the secret of God was upon our tabernacle," and say, "O that I were as in months past, when the candle of God shined upon my head, and by his light I walked through darkness." O that the Lord would once more appear, would remove these dark clouds, and shine into my soul, that I might delight myself in him as all my salvation and all my desire."

When the believing soul is thus brought low, made to confess its sins, and look wholly and solely to the Lord, a sweet and blessed change often takes place. There is a breaking in of divine light and life, a revival of faith, and hope, and love, a renewed sense of the Lord's goodness and mercy, an enjoyment of his presence and smile, a liberty, an enlargement, a coming forth in prayer and praise, a fresh view of the King in his beauty, a discovery of his grace and glory, of his love, blood, and righteousness, of his sweetness and suitability, with a pressing forward towards union and communion with a Lord so gracious and yet so glorious, with a Saviour so exalted and yet so compassionate, with a High Priest, once on earth a bleeding sacrifice, and now in heaven such an all-prevailing Advocate and Intercessor. "Wilt thou not revive us again," cried the church of old, "that thy people may rejoice in thee?" (Ps. lxxxv. 6.) This gracious revival is the answer to that longing cry, to that earnest petition, breathed out of the heart sensible of its coldness and deadness, but unable to revive itself; for as no man ever quickened, so no man keepeth alive his own soul. When, then, he who gave fulfils that gracious promise, "Because I live, ye shall live also," and sends down renewed blessings, (for having ascended on high, "he has received gifts for the rebellious, that the Lord God might dwell among them," (Ps. lxxviii. 18,) then it is with the soul a returning to the days of its youth, (Job xxxiii. 25,) and these words are again sweetly realised, "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." (Sol. Song ii. 11, 12.) Can the soul not but rise when the Lord thus lifts it up? "Thou hast lifted me up and cast me down." (Ps. cii. 10.) He is her Head, her Husband, her All. If he frown, must she not sink? If he withdraw, must she not mourn? If he smile, must she not rejoice? What is religion, if there be no union with Christ? If there be union with Christ there will be the fruits as well as the feelings of that bond of spiritual intercourse; and though absence does not break the marriage tie as presence does not create it, either in nature or in grace, yet the espoused soul, like the fond wife, that

lives and loves, is grieved at the departure and rejoices at the return of its wedded Lord. Simultaneously with this personal revival of the soul after a long scene of darkness or a painful season of temptation and trial, or instrumental as a means of producing it, there may arise from without circumstances which, like a favorable breeze, speed the soul onward when she has expanded her sails to the wind. One whom we have long known and loved in the Lord is removed by death, but makes a blessed end; or some signal display of grace appears in some one near and dear to us by earthly ties; a son, a daughter, a sister-in-law becomes most unexpectedly and almost unhopedly manifested as a vessel of mercy, and the heart is filled with wonder and admiration. Under these displays of sovereign grace, the stony heart relents, and is melted into contrition and love; tears of holy joy flow down the cheek, and blessings and praises ascend out of the heart to the God of all our mercies for this fresh display of the lengths and breadths, depths and heights of redeeming love. If engaged in the work of the ministry, the Lord perhaps sets his hand once more in a most conspicuous manner to the work, revives preacher and people, gives testimony to the word of his grace in sending a marked deliverance to a soul under deep distress; clothes the word with power to quicken the dead and comfort the living, and makes it fall like the dew and distil like the rain upon the souls of the people, so that there is a flowing together of heart to heart amidst the family of God.

We have particularised at some length the various causes of sinking and rising as experienced in the soul of a saint of God, to show the changes that take place within, and the ebbings and flowings, the lights and shades of the divine life. Men dead in a profession, with hearts of adamant and brows of brass, hardened by pride and worldliness, under a mask of religion, may ridicule these changes, and taunt us with "setting up frames and feelings, nursing doubts and fears, gloating over our corruptions, living beneath our privileges, poring over our miserable selves, dishonoring God by our unbelief, idolising self, and making a Christ of our experience." Swelling words of this kind, and a whole vocabulary of similar set terms, are as easily shot off from a hundred pulpits, and with about as much real execution as the guns at Portsmouth salute the Queen when she is going to Osborne. The very men who load and fire these pulpit guns, with all their noise and smoke, know no more of the experience of a saint of God than the artillerymen at Portsmouth of what the Queen is debating in the palace with her ministers; but they fire as they have been taught with the ammunition already made for them, and lying packed and handy at their feet. We are not setting up doubts and fears, or canonising corruption; we are not raking a dunghill for pearls to set in Jesus's crown, or putting the mutability of the creature in the place of, or side by side with the immutability of the Son of God and his finished work. But we say of and to all, in the pulpit or out of it, who, through ignorance or enmity, oppose a feeling religion, "Because they have no changes they fear not God." And if they fear not God, they have not the

beginning, much less the end of wisdom; they are not even in the lowest form of Christ's school, much less monitors or masters. But ignorance will prate, and enmity will revile. It is our wisdom and mercy to heed neither, but "with well-doing put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." Who that knows the true grounds of Dissent does not smile when a young Puseyite clergyman lets off his university arguments against "the perilous sin of schism," when Popery is stamped upon every thread of his buttoned-up cassock-waistcoat, and upon every wrinkle of his long surtout? Who that knows the firm foundation of the doctrines of grace does not smile when a smug youth, hot from the Academy, thinks he is demolishing in one sermon the rock on which the church is built, and scattering election to the four winds of heaven? And may we, in a similar manner, not smile, or rather sigh, when men ignorant of the life of God, destitute of all divine teaching and gracious influence, hurl their invectives or deal out their miserable, common-place arguments against the experience of the saints? But it is a miserable warfare to be engaged in. He that toucheth the saints toucheth the apple of God's eye. Rather let our tongue never more name the name of God, rather let the pen fall for ever from our paralysed fingers than our tongue or finger knowingly speak or write a word against the work of God in the soul of a saint.

But we have sadly wandered from our subject, which was to examine the work of Dr. Owen on spiritual-mindedness. Our object, however, in the preceding remarks, was to show the connection between these gracious revivals of soul, of which we have spoken, and the spirituality of mind of which the Doctor treats; for we do not view spiritual-mindedness as an habitual state of the regenerated soul, but one brought forth under special influences, and therefore subject to fluctuations. The meaning of the apostle in the text on which the Doctor has founded his work, (Rom. viii. 6,) is simply this, that the mind,* the breath, the bent and inclination of the new man of grace, is "life," as its main element, and "peace," as the result and fruit of life. In other words, the new man of grace, that "spirit," (John iii. 6, Rom. viii. 16, Ezek. xxxvi. 26,) which is born of the Spirit possesses "life" as its animating, operating principle; and as this life is from Christ and unites to Christ, it enjoys "peace" from its union and communion with him. But the apostle does not lay it down as a certain fixed principle that the soul of a believer is *always* spiritually-minded, and that therefore he always enjoys life and peace. He is, on the contrary, drawing the distinction between the flesh and the spirit in a believer, and showing the essential difference between the two. The one is death, the other life; the one is enmity, the other peace; the one not subject to the law of God, the other obedient to his will and word; the one displeasing to God, the other pleasing in his sight. Thence he argues that all men walk, that is, think, speak, live, and act, according to the one or the other; and that those who "walk after the flesh," that is, follow

* It is exceedingly difficult to give the exact meaning of the Greek word here rendered "*minded*."

out its movements, desires, and dictates, are dead, at enmity with God, disobedient, and therefore displeasing to him; whilst those who "walk after the spirit" possess and manifest divine life, enjoy peace with God, obey his precepts, and are pleasing in his sight.

But it is time for us to see what Dr. Owen says on this important subject. As usual with him, he has handled the subject in the most masterly way, sounding all the depths of the heart, hunting the soul out of its false refuges, and showing not only what this spiritual-mindedness is, and the life and peace attending it, but its conflicts and its victories, its decays and its restorations, its present grace and its future glory.

We cannot say that we can fall in with all the Doctor says on these points, for, like most of the Puritan writers, there is sometimes a legal tang, and as he held the doctrine of progressive sanctification, that error necessarily casts much obscurity over his views. Still, it is a most instructive, edifying, and experimental work, and is imbued throughout with a holy unction which evidently shows that he was taught of God, and knew for himself the divine realities for which he so strongly contended.

In the following extract the Doctor opens up in what gracious experience of the soul this spiritual-mindedness chiefly consists:

"1. The *actual exercise of the mind in its thoughts*. They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh; they think on them, their desires are after them, and their contrivances are continually for them; but they that are after the spirit mind the things of the spirit; their desires are after, their thoughts and meditations are on, things spiritual and heavenly.

"2. This minding of the spirit resides *habitually in the affections*, so that spiritual-mindedness is the exercise of the thoughts on, and aspiration of the soul in, its desires after spiritual things proceeding from the love of its affections, and their engagements unto them.

"3. A *complacency of mind*, from that gust or delight which it finds in spiritual things, from their suitableness to its constitution, frame, inclinations, and desires. There is a salt in spiritual things to the renewed mind, while to others, they are like the white of an egg, without taste or savor. Speculative notions about divine things, when alone, are sapless and barren. It is in this savor of them that the sweetness and satisfaction of the spiritual life consist. Thus we taste by experience that God is gracious, and that the love of Christ is better than wine, or whatever hath the most grateful relish unto a sensual appetite; and this is the only proper foundation of that joy which is unspeakable and full of glory."

Having thus shown in what spiritual-mindedness consists, he goes on to enforce it more particularly and closely on the conscience:

"As these three things concur in minding of the spirit, or constitute a person spiritually-minded, so you must have remarked the two following important truths as directly contained in the text:

"1. That spiritual-mindedness is the great distinguishing character of true believers, or real Christians, from all others, and,

"2. Where any are spiritually-minded, there alone is life and peace. What these are, what their excellency and pre-eminence above all other things, and how they are the effects of spiritual-mindedness, will be shown hereafter.

"Either of these considerations is sufficient to demonstrate of how great concernment to us this subject is; and must excite us to inquire diligently, whether we are spiritually-minded or not. There are many professors, who greatly deceive themselves in this important point; they admit of sacred truths with their understanding; they assent to them, yea, they approve and

often commend them; but admit not their power in and over the conscience, nor judge of their state by them, which proves their ruin, and demonstrates that they believe not one syllable of Christianity as they ought. Again there are others who, 'like a man beholding his face in a glass, goeth straightway and forgetteth what manner of a man he was.' (James i. 24.) The word of God represents unto them their spiritual state and condition; they behold it, and conclude that it is even so with them, as the sacred oracles declare. But immediately their minds are filled with other thoughts, acted upon by other affections, and taken up with other things, and they forget in a moment the representation of themselves, and their situation. Wherefore, all that will or can be mentioned on this subject will be utterly lost, unless a firm persuasion hereof be fixed in our breasts, unless we are really affected with, and under the power of, this momentous truth, 'that to be spiritually-minded is life and peace.' Whatever our light, knowledge, or profession may be, destitute of minding the spirit, there is no real interest in, nor any claim to, life and peace."

But the question may occur to a sincere child of God who knows and feels much of his barrenness, darkness, and death, whether he is or can be spiritually-minded, when he is so rarely in the enjoyment of it, and is often so far from the life and peace which are its attendant fruits. Here great wisdom and holy caution are needed to give a right answer. Many a wretched, carnal, dead professor takes comfort from hearing that the real child of God has his seasons of deadness and coldness, not thinking or caring to think that it is one thing to be *always* dead, and another to be so *sometimes*; one thing to see it, and another to feel and mourn under it. How many there are in the professing church "who bless themselves in their heart, saying, I shall have peace, though I walk in the imagination of mine heart, to add drunkenness to thirst." (Deut. xxix. 19.) These are they who feast with the children of God, "feeding themselves without fear," when they are but "clouds without water, carried about with winds; trees whose fruit withereth, twice dead, plucked up by the roots." (Jude 12.) Much wisdom, therefore, and caution are needed not to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs; on the one hand not to make the heart of the righteous sad, and on the other not to strengthen the hands of the wicked by promising him life when all his ways are ways of death. (Ezek. xiii. 22.) To clear up this point, the Doctor, in our next extract, points out how a man may come to know whether he is ever spiritually-minded:

"To give some satisfaction in a case of such great importance and necessity, now that hypocrisy hath made such an inroad on profession, and gifts have imitated and usurped over grace in its principal operations—observe,

"1. When the soul finds a *spiritual complacency*, an inward pleasure in and after prayer and other duties, it is an evidence that grace had a share and influence in its spiritual thoughts and desires. The prophet Jeremiah received a gracious message from God, full of excellent promises, and pathetic exhortations unto the church; "upon this (said he) I awaked, and beheld, and my sleep was sweet unto me." (Jer. xxxi. 26.) God's message had so composed his spirits, that he was serene and quiet, like a man asleep; but afterwards he stirs up himself to review and consider what had been spoken to him, and, saith he, "my sleep was sweet unto me." I found a sweet complacency in, and great refreshment to my soul, from what I heard and received. So it is often with a soul that hath had real communion with God in prayer; at the time, and afterward on the consideration of it, how is the Christian de-

lighted and refreshed! This holy complacency and sweet repose of mind is the foundation of every Christian's delight in the duty of prayer; they do not pray merely because it is their duty, nor because they so stand in need of it, that else they could not live; but they have delight in it, and to keep them therefrom is all one as to keep them from their daily food and natural refreshment. Now we may use, but can have no delight in anything, unless we have experienced some complacency and rest; and the soul's delight in prayer ariseth from the near approach that is made in it unto God, the fountain and centre of all spiritual rest and complacency; and the fruit hereof is, he makes them that thus seek him to drink of the river of his pleasures, the satisfying, refreshing streams of his grace and goodness; they approach unto him as to the fountain of life, to drink or obtain renewed communications of life and grace, and this not in vain; hence arises that spiritual complacency; though I might add, that a blessed satisfaction results to the soul, from the due exercise of faith, hope, and love, graces in which the life of the new creature doth chiefly consist. The exercise of these graces doth compose and refresh the mind, (even in mourning and godly sorrow for sin there is joy,) and it prepares and makes the soul meet to receive more supplies of grace from above; and thus conscience is enabled likewise to bear testimony to our sincerity in the aim, performance, and end of the duty, which greatly strengthens the mind's repose, and adds to its complacency and joy."

It is right to observe that the Doctor insists much upon our using the means of grace, especially prayer, reading, and meditation, to attain this spiritual-mindedness, and gives the strongest warnings and cautions against sloth and carelessness, and walking at all inconsistently with the precepts of the gospel and the dictates of godly fear. But after having pointed out various means and helps to attain to this blessed state of soul, knowing what man is as a fallen sinner, and the weakness of the flesh, he adds what we think may be very encouraging language to those who feel themselves to come so short of that heavenly frame of mind which he inculcates as such a blessed fruit of divine grace:

"Cry to God for assistance. Supply the brokenness of your thoughts with prayer, according as either the matter or your infirmities do require; bewail the darkness, instability, and weakness of your minds, so as to groan within for deliverance and help; and if your designed meditations do issue only in a renewed sense of your own insufficiency, with application to God for supplies, they are by no means lost as to a spiritual account. When the soul labors for communion with God, but sinks into broken, confused thoughts, under its own weakness; yet if the Christian looks to God for relief, his mourning and petitions will be accepted with his Maker, and be profitable unto himself.

"Be not discouraged with an apprehension that all you can attain to in the discharge of this duty is so little, so contemptible, that it is to no purpose to persist in it. Nor be ye wearied with the difficulties you encounter in its performance. You have to do with him who will not break the bruised reed, and whose will it is that none should despise the day of small things. If there be in this way a ready mind, it is accepted. He that can bring into this treasury only the mites of broken desires and ejaculatory prayers, so they be his best, shall not come behind them who cast into it out of their greater abundance in skill and ability. To faint and give out, because we cannot rise to such a height as we aim at, is a fruit of pride and unbelief. He who gains nothing else by continual endeavors after holy, fixed meditations, but only an active sense of his own unworthiness, is a sufficient gainer amidst all his pains; but ordinarily it shall not be so. Constancy in the duty will give ability for it. They who conscientiously abide in it shall increase in light, wisdom, and experience, till they are able to prosecute it with greater success."

Have we not all much reason to lament our coming short of this sweet and blessed spirituality of mind? Yet how can we know what

it is unless we have felt it, or at least some measure of it, in our own breasts? The dead in sin and the dead in a profession neither know it nor care to know it. It is the living family of God alone who know its blessedness and sweetness, for they alone are born of the Spirit, and therefore walk after it, mind it, and enjoy it. And yet, what life there is in it, when felt! It is the only real happiness the child of God enjoys here below; his companion in solitude, his support in affliction, his comfort in sickness, and his peace in death. For if it be "life," to have it must be an inward well of water springing up in his soul; (John iv. 14;) and if it be "peace," it is the enjoyment of Christ's own best gift and last legacy. In fact, in it are all the life and peace of religion, and without it religion is but a name and a notion, without present grace or future glory. How sweet, at such moments, is the word of God! What light shines upon the sacred page! what wisdom and truth appear in every line! what a fulness, blessedness, and unction drop from it, like honey from the honeycomb! Such was Jeremiah's feeling: "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart; for I am called by thy name, O Lord God of hosts." (Jer. xv. 16.) Such was David's experience: "How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!" (Ps. cxix. 103.) Why is this, but because we are then taught by the same Spirit under whose inspiration the Scriptures were written, and are under the same influences and the same holy anointing? How sweet, then, is prayer! It is the language of the heart, the ascending breath of the soul, the spiritual sacrifice laid upon the golden altar, and ascends with the incense of the great and glorious Intercessor. (Rev. viii. 3, 4.) How sweet, then, is meditation, as spiritual thoughts roll in upon the mind, spiritual feelings fill the soul, and spiritual affections warm and melt the heart. This is to delight oneself in the Lord, (Ps. xxxvii. 4, Isa. lviii. 14,) to feel that the ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, (Prov. iii. 17,) to taste and see that the Lord is good, (Ps. xxxiv. 8,) to find how near, dear, and precious Christ is to those that believe, (1 Pet. ii. 7,) and to see with every look of faith more and more of his beauty and blessedness. No company is now wanted but the Lord's company; and the more the heart is drawn up towards him, the more it receives out of his fulness. Here is life—the life of all religion, and of all ordinances, preaching, praying, hearing, reading, conversing; spiritual-mindedness is the life of them all. Without it all is death in the pulpit and in the pew. You may have eloquence, ability, sound doctrine, texts by scores, and anecdotes by handfuls; you may have voice, rant, and gesture; and all this may pass for wonderful preaching, when there is not a grain of spiritual life in the man or his ministry. And you may have admiring hearers in the pew, full of vows, promises, and tears, and yet not one grain of divine life in the heart. True religion is "a secret;" it lies between God and the soul; and this secret, which is with those who fear God, (Ps. xxv. 14,) is having the Spirit and mind of Christ; (Rom. viii. 9; 1 Cor. ii. 16;) and thus being "one spirit" with him, as joined to him by this

holy tie. (1 Cor. vi. 17.) This brings "peace." Enmity and war cannot exist between friends, and the Lord says to his disciples, "Ye are my friends." He himself is our peace. It comes through his blood, for by it he hath made peace. Spiritual-mindedness implies reconciliation, a being brought near; union and communion, and a resting on the atoning blood and finished work of the Son of God.

The Lord graciously bestow upon us much of this spiritual-mindedness, and thus make us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light; for without holiness, of which this is a main part, no man shall see the Lord.

POETRY.

THE BREATHINGS OF AN AGED PILGRIM.

<p>By sins and daily cares opprest, To thee, thou only source of rest, My spirit longs to fly; She listens 'mid the storm to hear The Master say, while drawing near, "Be not afraid—'tis I."</p> <p>His all-wise dealings must be right; Still, when my Pilot's out of sight, I fear the boisterous sea. But if he holds my trembling hand, I feel that I can firmly stand, And safe and happy be.</p> <p>Yes; 'tis his presence, his alone, His power, his love, his care made known To sinners vile and weak; That makes them such a Saviour prize, Who is more precious in their eyes As they go on to seek.</p> <p>My dearest Lord, I would not be Without the bliss of knowing thee For all earth could bestow. No dear-bought pleasure, friends, or wealth, Can bring the wounded spirit health Or make the bosom glow.</p>	<p>Thy worm would leave his cause with thee. However rough the way may be, Thy strength will bring me through; Nor floods nor flames can e'er destroy This soul of mine, though oft its joy Is marr'd while here below.</p> <p>That cleansing blood, on Calvary shed, Has wash'd sin's stain, though crim- son red; That covering o'er me cast Which Jesus wrought for all his own; And he who puts the garment on Will crown his work at last.</p> <p>Be this my case while here I stay, To seek my Saviour day by day, And with him sweetly walk; May the blest Spirit of the Lord Lead to the pastures of his word, And help me there to walk.</p> <p>Nor suffer sin to rule and reign, To undermine my peace again, But godly fear be given; That now as life fast ebbs away, Rich grace may stir me up to pray, Till I shall praise in heaven.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">C. S.</p>
--	---

MOSES, a resident in the palace of Pharaoh, surrounded with the honors, and riches, and pleasures of Egypt, when he was come to years freely surrendered them all, and chose rather to be the companion of the suffering people of God. Jesus, the prince of heaven, possessed of all the honors and riches of glory, for our well-being and salvation, cheerfully condescended to assume our nature and condition, to tabernacle in our world, to become a servant ministering to all, that we, through his humiliation and poverty, might be made rich, and obtain exalted honors and eternal life.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

OCTOBER, 1858.

MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

HE SHALL DELIVER THE NEEDY WHEN HE CRIETH.

“For he hath not despised the affliction of the afflicted; neither hath he hid his face from him; but when he cried unto him he heard.”—Ps. xxii. 24.

SUCH a verse is nothing to those who are at ease, the careless or merry hearted; but it just suits the heart brought down with labor, the bruised, the heavy laden, who cannot rise, but are pressed down by sin, or temptation, or sorrow. “He hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted.” O, this is a balm poured into the wounded spirit. The Lord’s family are often brought very low; many suffer much from Satan, because they know so little of his devices, and cannot, therefore, know how to answer such and such arguments, with which he so craftily assails them; thus, for the time, he gets an advantage over them; but they learn many a lesson thereby, in bitter experience; and they also learn the grace of God, and thus become established in the truth as it is in Jesus. To describe the affliction of the afflicted, which he does not despise, would be impossible; the nature of the conflict, the sensitiveness of our feelings, the adverse circumstances to which we are exposed, the enmity to be endured, the harassing of Satan, the opposition of the world, the chidings and corrections of our heavenly Father, and the withdrawal of the light of his countenance,—these are things better known than talked of; but the point is, and the consolation too, *God* hath not despised the affliction; the world utterly contemns it. The Lord regards it, for that is the meaning. Such a thought as this fringes the dark cloud which overhangs the believer, and will enable him soon to realise the other side, which is all bright and refugent. It seems to put a lever under the burden which oppresses him, and he feels relieved. “He hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted, neither hath he hid his face from him;” it only *seemed* so; he was looking on all the while. “He withdraweth not his eyes from the righteous.” Sometimes he seems not to hear; so David pleads, “Be not silent to me, lest, if thou be silent to me, I become like them that go down into the pit.”

Soul affliction brings Jesus near. There is a verse in the 72nd Psalm which, like the present one, seems to meet the child of God on very low ground. He may be looking for evidences; ranging over the promises, unable to touch one, they seem all to belong to a better class of persons; but here is a word, “He shall deliver the needy

when he crieth, the poor also, and him that hath no helper." O how suitable! Nothing to bring but want and misery.

" 'Tis perfect poverty alone
That sets the soul at large."

This passage and Ps. xxii. 24 seem to be very similar: "He doth not despise the affliction;" He "delivers the needy." In both places the creature is emptiness, and the Deliverer fulness. Now, surely, the most tried may get a little help here, by the Spirit's aid. None can be poorer than to have nothing, ready to perish, needy, having no helper; to such there is promise of deliverance; a full Saviour is close at hand, to give out of his fulness grace for grace; and the more the poor, timid, broken-hearted ones can eye him, the better. He has riches enough, love enough O what a tender heart he has! How faithful, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever!"

" Did Jesus once upon me shine?
Then Jesus is for ever mine."

This 22nd Psalm is one which goes down into the depth of anguish; it properly belongs to the man of sorrows, but it also belongs to his loved one, (verse 20,) his bride; the joy is hers, the sorrow his, and his only, as far as it is personal. But there is the filling up of that which is wanting of the afflictions of Christ; and as the eternal Father despised not the affliction of his Son, so will he not despise the affliction of his church.

"He hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted." O what a mercy! He looked at his church, ruined in the fall, by nature deserving wrath, even as others. Say, Christian, did he despise or abhor her deep affliction? O no; he loved her from the pit; he snatched her as a brand from the burning; he gave her his Son; and "how shall he not with him also freely give her all things?"

"He hath not despised;" so, then, he will surely deliver. What is thy sorrow, O believer? However deep, however distressing, relief will most surely come; the tide will turn, the morning dawn, the beasts of the forest creep into their dens, and the liberated soul go forth in the blessed rays of the Sun of righteousness.

A SERVANT OF THE CHURCH.

THE anger of the Lord is often compared to a storm: "He shall bring clouds of judgment upon them, many and thick, as terrible as when a day is turned into night, by the ministering of the darkest clouds that interpose between the sun and the earth." "Clouds and darkness are round about him, and a fire goes before him," when he "burns up his enemies." (Ps. xcvi. 2, 3.) The judgments shall have terror without mercy, as clouds obscure the light, and are dark masks before the face and glory of the sun, and cut off its refreshing beams from the earth. Clouds note multitude and obscurity; God could crush them without a whirlwind, beat them to powder with one touch; but he will bring his judgments in the most surprising and amazing manner to flesh and blood, so that all their glory shall be changed into nothing but terror, by the noise of the bellowing winds, and the clouds, like ink; blackening the heavens.—*Charnock*.

A WIDOW INDEED.

Dear Sir,—Please to excuse my liberty in attempting to scribble a few lines to you. I am a poor, ignorant, insignificant, unlearned pauper, entirely kept by charity; but as it has pleased God in his infinite mercy and goodness to give me to hope we are both taught by one Holy and Blessed Spirit,—for “the Spirit beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God,”—and as I do see, speaking after my own experience, the ministerial work of God’s own dear sent servants to be so very great and important, I think it must be very encouraging to them to know the word is blessed to any of God’s poor tried and afflicted ones. From this I take encouragement to hope you will pardon my liberty, and excuse my foolishness and ignorance.

Dear Sir, I have the pleasure to tell you it pleased God, in his condescending goodness and mercy, to make use of your instrumentality to the raising up of my poor castdown soul to hope in his mercy, after lying under the sentence and condemnation of a broken law, where I verily thought mercy could never reach my case. Before this I had thought myself in a fair way for heaven, thinking I could do something to merit God’s favor; saying to such as the drunkard, the liar, the Sabbath-breaker, and all those profane characters, “Stand by thyself, I am holier than thou;” but through mercy I was not left there; for it so pleased God, after his determinate will and good pleasure, by the quickening operations of his Holy and Blessed Spirit, to convince me of my lost state; and thus I see, by nature, myself with all the rest of the world on a level, and that we must be born again before we can enter into the kingdom of heaven. How this could be, I could not understand; but I thought it to be some great change that I had never experienced, but still kept striving and laboring to fulfil the law; till at last Moses sent in his bill, exceedingly large, demanding perfect love and obedience. Alas! I cried, I now must give it up; and thus I was killed to all hope by a killing commandment, that was brought home to my conscience. Thus I saw my state to be the worst, and the farthest from God of any; at the same time, being in very trying circumstances, having had a deal of sickness in the house for some years, at the same time my husband being ill with consumption, and I in the mean time losing my only two little daughters. All these things I thought were against me, and a proof I did not love God, as I read in his word, “All things work together for good to them that love God, who are called according to his purpose.” The mother and sister-in-law were also against the daughter-in-law, which caused many more to be against and to speak evil of her, even the nearest and dearest bosom friend, which would cause the working of my vile sinful nature to boil up within, for most of my friends seemed to be my foes, and these words would condemn me,—“As much as possible lieth in you, live peaceable with all men.” All these things I thought I could not bear; I thought it would drive me to despair, that I should end my days in some asylum, and that would prove

the promise did not belong to me, "As thy day thy strength shall be." For I saw and believed God had a chosen and elected people, to whom the promise did belong, and to none others; and thus I saw the security, the blessedness, the everlasting happiness of all those, but had no hope that I was one, for I saw God so holy, just, and true, and to me he appeared as an angry Judge, with his eye of justice ever upon me, watching all my movements. These words, "I will take you one of a city and two of a family," and again, "Many are called, but few chosen;" used to cut me. O, it seemed to me to be but so few, compared to the bulk of mankind, that I could not be one, when all others looked more likely than I; therefore I could see no way in which God could save me, so that I felt sure hell would be my portion.

O the rebellion that used to rise up within, to think God should create a people, some to be lost and some to be saved; to think I could not take any comfort in the things of this life, and in my husband and children, as he was daily depriving me of these things, and then to die, to be to all eternity in misery, where I thought shortly to be, often fearing I might drop down dead, and sometimes verily thought I might as well, and know the worst of it. Sometimes I have looked on the little lambs and birds, and wished I had been they, or anything that had no soul to be lost when it died, or that I had died as soon as born, or never been born at all. These words were often on my mind, but more to condemn than comfort, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I thought this way of coming was by prayer, and I did not know how to pray nor to come in such a way, as I saw the Lord's people to be a holy, righteous, and praying people; for I did then think, to be born again was to be made a new creature without any sins. So foolish and ignorant was I; neither could I attempt to go on my knees in secret to approach his most holy Majesty, lest he should strike me dead; with the devil close behind, just ready for me.

O, how have I trembled, and my heart beat, when a few friends have met in the house for prayer, so that I have not been able to snuff the candle. Once I did attempt it, when the suggestion darted through me, "Ah! that is doing something to help. This you had better let alone, as it is only trying to deceive the friends; for they know that you are nothing but a hypocrite:" and just the same if I went to chapel, when I often made up my mind not to go again; but the next opportunity I could not stay away.

"O the pangs by Christians felt,
When their eyes are open;
When they see the gulfs of guilt
They must wade and grope in.

"When the hell appears within,
Causing bitter anguish,
And the loathsome stench of sin
Makes the spirits languish."

Sometimes, when my burden has seemed too heavy for me, more

than I could bear, a word or two, or a line of a hymn has been brought to my mind so as to relieve me for the time. At one time these words came:

“God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.”

I said them over and over, with a “Who can tell but he may move in some way so as to cause these things to work together for my good?” At another time:

“Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.”

This I felt conscious of, but the following words were the consolation:

“This he gives you;
’Tis the Spirit’s rising beam.”

In the year 1846 it pleased the Lord to remove my husband from me by death. I felt myself the most poor, forlorn, miserable creature, neither fit for the company of the world nor for the people of God; neither fit to live nor yet to die. O, how I used to go sighing and groaning about for the Lord to have mercy on me, and save my soul in some way, although I could not see which way he could, often repeating these words.

“I cannot see the cloud clear up,
Nor know which path to take.”

At one time I felt that weight and burden, I did not know how to bear it. I left the house to go a short distance, repeating the words, “My ways are not your ways, nor my thoughts your thoughts, saith the Lord.” Just before I reached the house, as I came back, the words darted into my mind:

“Cheer up, desponding soul,
Thy sins are all forgiven.”

This was a release, but did not last long.

In the month of August following, I was informed, Sir, that you were coming to Cranbrook, in Kent, to preach. I felt a great desire to hear you, but the distance from my home was too far for me to walk. When the morning came, I was very much harassed about going, which I forbear to speak of in particular, as I have scribbled on so long; I fear I shall weary you, if I do ever trouble you with it. But to return: it was so ordered that I should go. O, how I went sighing and begging the Lord, it might be I might have to say, in a right way, it was good for me to be there in some way, whatever he might see good; and, “bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits,” he did condescend, in his tender mercy, to grant my request. When, dear Sir, you took your text, Isa. xviii. 7, it seemed nearly all the sermon was for me. I felt such a hope springing up in me that I was one of that happy number. O, what a change did I feel! I could then see God as a merciful God, and felt I could give up husband, children, or anything else of this

world's goods, for a hope of an interest in a dear Redeemer; and say:

“Ye glittering toys of earth, adieu,
I have a nobler choice in view.”

But every man's work shall be tried, as by fire, of what sort it is, O, the trials, temptations, the inward conflicts, the exercise of mind as to the genuine reality of it altogether, with the temporal trials and troubles, losses, crosses, and bereavements, with a very long and heavy affliction of the body during the time.

The reading of your sermons has been made a blessing to my soul. “Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth them out of them all.” But, as the dear man says:

“To trust to Christ alone,
By thousand dangers scared,
And righteousness have none,
Is something very hard;”

but

“’Tis to feel the fight against us,
Yet the victory hope to gain.”

What a mercy! How great the consolation to feel a resting upon the promise of the fulfilment of the following words, “Thou shalt come forth of them all.”

I now conclude, wishing, if it be the Lord's will to bring you to Maidstone, I may be favored with the privilege of hearing and seeing you once more. I have been mostly deprived of this privilege for nearly ten years. I have heard but three sermons preached for four years next September; but I am thankful to say, it has pleased God, in his tender mercy, to partly restore me again. I have been greatly improving for some time, and for this cause, not being able to sit up to write, I am obliged to lie and pencil it down; for which, dear Sir, I beg pardon for the liberty of sending so very imperfect a scribble.

That the Lord may bless thee with many seals as thine hire, and grant thy children may be like olive-plants around thy table, is the sincere wish of a poor widow in affliction's cage, the greatest of all paupers, who wishes to beg the favor of a few lines in answer, and upon the following words: “What it is to contend for the truth as it is in Jesus.”

September 6th, 1858.

A. B.

MOSES gave the law to the people, but did not put them in possession of the promised rest. For this he must have Joshua as his successor. So it was with respect to the legal dispensation; it could not give rest to the weary and heavy laden sinner; but our spiritual Joshua came expressly to do that which the law could not do, and to give that to transgressors which the law could not give. As such, the law, with its requirements and its threatenings to the guilty, came by Moses; but grace, that is, favor to condemned sinners, came by Jesus Christ. Moses showed the people what they owed to Jehovah, Joshua exhibited what the goodness of God had provided even for the unworthy.

THE STEPS OF A GOOD MAN ARE ORDERED BY THE LORD, AND HE DELIGHTETH IN HIS WAY.

(Concluded from page 270.)

The following morning, July 28th, the Lord gave me another precious confirmation in prayer that he was with me, through these words, "Awake! awake! put on strength, O arm of the Lord! Awake! as in the ancient days, in the generations of old. Art thou not it that hath cut Rahab, and wounded the dragon? Art thou not it which hath dried the sea, the waters of the great deep; that hath made the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over? Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head; they shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away." I was quite melted to tears under the power and sweetness of these blessed words, and felt with Jacob, "O Lord, my God, I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies and of all the truth that thou hast showed unto thy servant." After this I felt no doubt that the Lord would show himself strong in my behalf; and truly he did. After begging again and again that the Lord would be with me,—for what could such a poor, weak, worthless worm as I do without him?—I went and paid my rent, and, like Manoah and his wife, I was privileged to look on, whilst the Lord did wondrously. To see the Lord's wondrous power in that man, constraining him to let me go in the face of his house unlet, not even to calculate the rent after me; to allow me the valuation of some grates without a word of demur, and to cancel my lease as pleasantly as if I was conferring some favor upon him, quite broke my heart, and melted me to tears. That was a sight never to be forgotten. I thanked him with my heart full of gratitude, and my eyes full of tears, for his great kindness, and said, I believed the Lord would not suffer him to lose anything in the end.

When I returned home I fell upon my knees to bless and praise the God of all my mercies, for showing himself so strong in the behalf of such a poor, vile, worthless worm. "He suffered no man to do them wrong." "Verily he caused the enemy to treat them well." "O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name; make known his deeds among the people. Sing unto him; sing psalms unto him. Talk ye of all his wondrous works. Glory ye in his holy name. Let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord. Seek the Lord, and his strength. Seek his face evermore. Remember his marvellous works that he hath done; his wonders, and the judgments of his mouth. O ye seed of Abraham, his servant, ye children of Jacob, his chosen."

On the 30th, my stuff was removed, and in the evening I took the key, and again thanked the landlord for his kindness. "Don't mention it," he said. I could not help telling several that I met, of the Lord's great goodness to me, and was melted to tears in so doing; for I felt that, if I should hold my peace, the very stones would cry out against me. The following day, as I have mentioned before, the

Lord sent me in a supply of forty guineas. Thus the Lord has ordered every step of my way; my cup ran over; and I said, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

Of this thing I felt as certain as I did of my own existence, that it was wholly and entirely through the Lord's favor that I was so blessed. Like as it was recorded of Naphtali, so I felt it. "O Naphtali, satisfied with favor; and full with the blessings of the Lord." David also had a sweet, feeling sense of the same thing when he said, "Lord, by thy favor, thou hast made my mountain to stand strong." O how earnestly did I beg and entreat of the Lord to be with me in all that lay before me, as he had been with me hitherto; not to leave nor forsake me; for what could such a poor, crawling worm of the earth as I do without him? And I do believe that the very fact of my being left so entirely alone, and so entirely dependent upon the Lord for everything, being such a poor, obscure creature, whom nobody cares for, is the very reason why the Lord has magnified the riches of his grace in blessing me so much, that his dear name might have all the praise and glory, and that men might see that it was his doing. For "he raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dung-hill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory." "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

Still further to show the Lord's goodness, and his wonder-working hand toward me, the very same evening I left, the landlord let the house to one of the medical men who had so deceived him, for £15 a year less rent than I had been paying him. Many years ago, this very same individual (who afterwards became my landlord) was one who persuaded me to do one of the most dishonest acts I was ever guilty of. The circumstances were these. It was in my days of profession, before the Lord called me by his grace, that I attended a brother-in-law of his, who died of consumption. He had been living with a relative who was an hotel-keeper, as cook, who, his father said, owed him a large sum of money, but which he knew he should never get; and if I would make my bill double he should get so much out of the fire. Through this plausible reasoning I was persuaded to do so, and got him £15. After the Lord called me by his grace, my conscience was made tender in the fear of the Lord, and this dishonest act pressed heavily upon my mind, so that I could not rest until I went to the gentleman, and confessed the whole thing to him, and paid him back the £15 of which I had defrauded him. Now the Lord permits this man to be deceived, and to lose the very identical sum of £15 this year. "So that a man shall say, Verily there is a reward for the righteous; verily he is a God that judgeth in the earth."

Thus I have proved that nothing is "too hard for the Lord;" that he has the hearts of all in his hand. He stirred up two to covet the house I occupied, in order to make my landlord willing to let me go.

"For when the Lord's people have need,
His goodness will find out a way."

I have proved that the silver and the gold are his, by sending me in such unexpected supplies to enable me to remove. And I have proved that every event is at his disposal, that the bounds of our habitations are fixed by him, that he has a set time to favor Zion, and that "blessed are all they that wait for him." The Lord does everything for his dear people, and just in the right time. When they can go on no longer, it is then that he appears for their relief. He knew when my family would assemble together again, and provided me with a larger habitation just in time. Here have I many, many times fretted, murmured, and rebelled against him for shutting me up in such a way that I could not get out. What hard thoughts I have had of the Lord for so dealing with me! How many times I have envied the wicked, who could go about hither and thither, whilst I was obliged to abide until the Lord was pleased to remove me. Now I see that it has been my mercy that the Lord did so shut me up, for he has provided for me infinitely beyond what I could have done for myself. O the riches of sovereign grace! What goodness, forbearance, and long-suffering has the Lord manifested toward me amidst all my provocations! When the Lord manages all my concerns, puts them out of my reach, that I cannot injure myself, and then shows his wonder-working hand, I feel truly ashamed of my base, vile, rebellious conduct towards him, and astonished at the amazing riches of his grace toward me. Grace appears in everything—to the vilest of the vile. I am sure that nothing but grace has made me what I am, and blessed me. If I could have destroyed myself, I should have done so long ago. The Lord is infinitely more concerned about our welfare, both for time and eternity, than we can possibly be ourselves. We are poor, short-sighted creatures. He knows the end from the beginning, and his honor is concerned in blessing his dear people. O for grace to lie passive in his hand, and know no will but his! He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind. I am a living witness of this precious truth.

After the Lord had appeared so conspicuously for me in my removal, leaving no doubt upon my mind that he had ordered every step of my way, and placed me in the habitation which he had eternally appointed for me, I thought surely now my captivity will be turned, and I shall go on my way rejoicing; but, alas! I was sorely disappointed. After enjoying the Lord's goodness for about a week, I began to feel that the Canaanites were still in the land. I was permitted to fall into an easily besetting sin, which caused the Lord to hide his face from me, and the devil to buffet me. At the same time the Lord began to shut me up again, and left me under the power and dominion of an evil heart of unbelief, so that I became very rebellious, and wished I was dead. I lost all feeling and enjoyment of the Lord's goodness, and was full of misery. Moses's language suited me well, where he says, "If thou deal thus with me, kill me, I pray thee, out of hand, if I have found grace in thy sight, and let me not see my wretchedness." I was afraid that, after all, I should come to ruin. I had no faith at all

to trust in the Lord. The devil triumphed over me. "Where is now thy God?" It was more than flesh and blood could bear. I was so full of trouble that I could not speak. In this state of misery and wretchedness, with my soul bowed down to the earth, sighing and groaning under the oppression of the enemy, I went to chapel on Lord's Day morning, August 23rd, when there was given out this precious hymn :—

" Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near;
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

" Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For as thy days thy strength shall be."

The text was these precious words, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee. He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." For some time I sat unmoved, but towards the close of the service the words were accompanied with such power and sweetness to my soul, that the tears rolled down my cheeks, and I could scarcely restrain my emotion. Where the Holy Ghost began to make the word life and power to my soul, was here. He said wherever there was such a praying soul, the Lord would be sure to reveal his secrets to him, and show him his covenant. This caused my heart to melt, and the tears to start to my eyes. When the Lord appeared for his distressed and burdened people, he made crooked things straight and rough places plain, so that the poor soul was constrained to say, "He hath done all things well." This made the tears roll down my cheeks. The devil would try to push off the hand of faith from that precious promise, "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus," by saying the Lord had forsaken him, and would be favorable no more; that after all his boasting of the Lord, he would leave him at last to sink in trouble and shame, and supply his needs no more; all which suggestions the devil had been busily plying me with for some time. This was almost more than I could bear. I could have sobbed, and cried aloud, for he was led to trace out just the very feelings and exercises of my soul. The Lord, he said, would appear for such a poor soul, and confound the enemy. The Lord would get glory to his great name, through a fresh display of his favor and lovingkindness, his power and faithfulness in the behalf of his oppressed people. When I thought of the Lord's goodness to me, the tears started afresh to my eyes, and rolled down my cheek. This continued for some time! O the riches of sovereign grace to such a poor, vile, worthless, unworthy worm as I am! This short account I have chiefly copied from my journal written at the time. It is very wonderful that the Lord should think upon such a poor, worthless creature, who am unworthy of the least notice or favor from him, and bless me in such a way. O the riches of his grace! I

returned home so full of the Lord's mercy that I could not speak. Now, it was not trouble, but mercy, that filled my soul. I was no longer tormented by the devil and an evil heart of unbelief, but enabled to hope and trust in the Lord, and rejoice in the God of my salvation. What a surprising change was this!

Again the Lord made his goodness to pass before me in the way. Again the goodness, forbearance, and long-suffering of the Lord have led me to repent and abhor myself in dust and ashes, and to wonder, and adore him for the riches of his grace to one so vile and base as I am. Well may nothing but grace suit me! I am too vile, base, and abominable for anything else. None but the Lord would have anything to do with such a creature. I can scarcely bear with myself at times, and wonder how the Lord can bear with such a vile, rebellious worm. If it were not for his everlasting, electing love of me in a precious Jesus, I am sure he would have sent me to hell long ago. "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not."

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High! to show forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night. For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work. I will triumph in the works of thy hands." "For since the beginning of the world, men have not heard nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside thee, what he hath prepared for him that waiteth for him." "O how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee; which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men!" "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

Liverpool, September 3, 1857.

P. L.

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

My dear and much-esteemed Pastor,—I have a strong desire in my soul to drop a few lines to you, in order that you may be able to see that your labour is not in vain in the Lord. I hope therefore you will pardon my boldness in thus addressing you by letter; but I should not have written to you, had I been favoured with an opportunity of spending an hour with you. Therefore as my time is wholly taken up, and I am a good Sabbath-day's journey from you. I shall attempt to write a few lines, depending upon the Holy Ghost to give me utterance, and to bring to my remembrance those things which I have so sweetly enjoyed, while you have been supplying at Zoar Chapel, Alie Street.

My dear Sir, prior to the time of your coming to London, my soul was sunk fathoms deep into a lukewarm state and condition; my religion was nearly worn out; and grace was down at a very low ebb; indeed I was sunk so low that I scarcely had any thought of a hereafter, or how it would be with me in the hour of death and at the day of judgment. I appeared to be sinking fast into a careless state, for there were no drawings of love to the Lord Jesus, nor

any access through the Spirit to the Father of all Mercies. No, there was scarce any prayer whatever, and more than that there was no desire for prayer; nor yet for reading the word, or meditation, although the Lord has favored me in the way that he has, far above what I deserve, in his calling me out from amongst the ungodly world in such a miraculous manner. He killed me to all intents and purposes by his just and holy law, and drew me sweetly from the thunderings of Sinai with the cords of his everlasting love, to behold the bruised and slaughtered Redeemer exposed between heaven and earth for the sins of his chosen people; and was so condescending as to break my heart, and melt my soul into softness and contrition, with a sight of the dear Lamb of God hanging between two thieves. And not only so, but his being betrayed by one who was professedly his friend, and being haled to judgment with a crown of thorns upon his head; some mocking him, crying, Hail, Master, King of the Jews; others spitting upon him, and shamefully ill-treating him; and his offering up that heart-feeling prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

With these things brought sensibly to my understanding, and having faith's view of my being one of those that nailed him to the accursed tree, I say my soul was humbled within me; and well do I remember the time when, and the place where. It was after walking 22 miles to hear you preach. And never shall I forget that day. Oh, what a time it was to my soul. I well recollect while you were speaking from these words, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world," that I could hardly sit upon my seat, for the love of Jesus flamed into my soul in such a way that I cannot here describe.

Still after all these great and blessed helps from the Lord, my soul is brought into such places that there seems to be no religion whatever within me; and I am often obliged to tell the Lord that I am the vilest of the vile. Such was the case before you came; and do not be surprised if I say that such has been the case since; but nevertheless I can raise up another Ebenezer to the Lord, for he hath helped me thus far, and if he hath helped me, will he ever forsake me?—no, never! for as you said while speaking, that God had no such opinion of him forsaking the poor sinner that he has once loved, and neither do I encourage such thoughts of the Lord Jesus Christ.

But, dear Sir, I must return to my subject. Therefore seeing your name on the chapel doors stating that you were to supply the pulpit during the month of August, there was in my soul at different times an earnest desire to the Lord that he would bring you himself, and enable you to preach into my soul as you have done in bygone days in the town of W—, for I felt such a monstrous vile wretch that I earnestly desired to have some of the old stirring times over again.

Now just before the time was expired for you to come to Zoar, I received a letter from my dear old mother stating that her poor soul was nearly famished for want of spiritual food, and a good

draught of the waters of life, to enable her once again to read her title clear to mansions in the skies. Poor thing, she jotted down in the letter many anxious desires of her soul, and I found that I was the subject of just the same things, but what I was going to say is this. She told me that dear father was at the anniversary at Bedford, for he had a holdiday, and walked down; the distance is 11 miles. But, my dear Sir, the Lord well paid him for his long walk. O with what an amazing power did he receive the truth as it fell from the lips of Mr. P. He preached in the morning, if I mistake not, and a preaching-time it was to my dear father; and not only in the morning, but throughout the day, for he heard you, my dear Sir, to his soul's satisfaction. I use his own words. He says that dear Mr. W., in the evening, crowned the whole, for his poor soul was burning hot with the love of Jesus, that dear Man of sorrows. I understood that he left the chapel at Bedford quite overcome, with his soul in such a happy state that he was quite astonished to see how good the Lord still is to poor perishing sinners. What an unspeakable time it was during the day with his soul and the glorious Redeemer. How well they met together; and what a knitting and uniting of heart and soul there was betwixt them. He reached home about the midnight hour, blessing and praising the Lord; and poor dear mother tells me that she has never seen him so overcome with the love of God for many years, and his shining countenance was the means of kindling the fire in her own soul.

Now, dear Sir, after reading such good news as this from one's own friends, it made my soul rejoice within me; and I cannot describe the state of my soul when I read the letter over, for it was as though they had sent me a little of the sweetness of what they were enjoying themselves. O how it encouraged my soul to beg of the dear Lord to bring you richly laden with the gospel of peace; and to prepare my heart to receive it with power, that I might be able to say, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." And blessed be his dear name, for he has done the thing which my soul desired of him. What liberty in prayer he gave me while I was before him, and how he bowed his ear to the voice of my supplication!

As you rose up in the pulpit and began to read the 5th chapter of Romans—"Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ," my soul began to rise up also, and was all attention to the reading of the blessed word. And when you began to address the great Majesty of heaven, my heart melted like wax before the fire, and tears burst from my eyes; unbelief gave way, and Satan, with all his host, was driven backward. The language of my soul was, "O Lord, behold I am as an unclean thing before thee, but do thou listen to the voice of thy servant, who is now supplicating at the footstool of mercy, for he is telling thee just what I stand in need of." After you concluded, I said within myself, "There, that is as good as a sermon," for my soul travelled with you in every sentence; but when you gave out the text, (Heb. vi. 19,) "Which hope we have as an anchor of the

soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil." Hope began to rise, and love began to flame within me; darkness was dispelled, and carnality was driven up into a close corner; the day-star was appearing, and the blessed Sun of righteousness began to arise with resplendent beauty, and shone warily into and upon the secret places of my heart. Oh, how you traced me out as you unfolded the mysteries of the gospel, and, thought I, if he had been an eye and ear-witness to everything within me, he could not have marked me out more clearly; you appeared to get right into the centre of my soul; and that is a blessed place to get into, for I love to have the foundation-work well tried and well examined.

Indeed, dear Sir, I was highly favored under that sermon; it was like bread cast upon the waters, found after many days; for in the following week it came so sweetly into my mind, that I was enabled to send the substance to my parents; and truly I can say that I have found the house of God to be a Bethel unto my soul. Since you have been in London, not only have I been favored with a hearing ear, but others also have had their souls encouraged during your visit, and some who have been in the ways of God for many years.

And now, my dear Sir, I have said enough to show you that the Lord does still own and bless your testimony amongst the saints scattered up and down in the earth; therefore I hope the Lord will be with you for many years to come, to encourage you in your labour of love, and to bless you in your own soul, that you may be a partaker of the true riches which are treasured up in the bosom of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I hope you will pardon and forgive all that is amiss, and please to tender my love to dear Mrs. G., and all those that inquire after my welfare. And believe me,

My dear Sir,

To remain, Yours in a Gospel hope,
Clapham, August 30th, 1858. E. F.

[The above letter was written to Mr. Godwin.]

NOTHING is more evident than that David was punished according to the rule of that mixed and fatherly justice which keeps a due proportion between the sin and the punishment. His sin was to cut off Uriah's house out of Israel; God sendeth the sword against his house, all his days. He took another man's wife secretly, and did commit filthiness with her; the Lord took his wives, before the sun, and gave them to Absalom, who defiled his bed. (2 Sam. xii.) Here is justice, though, I grant, mixed with mercy; sword for sword, bed for bed. Eli honored his sons more than God, and suffered them to profane priesthood and sacrifices; justice rooted out his sons from priesthood and sacrifice. Hezekiah, out of his pride, showed all his treasures, and all that was in his house, to the king of Babylon's messengers; and justice measured out the like to him; all that was in his house, and all his treasures, were carried away as a spoil to Babylon.—*Rutherford.*

WE GLORY IN TRIBULATION ALSO, KNOWING THAT TRIBULATION WORKETH PATIENCE.

My dear Friends in the Lord,—How clearly can I perceive the hand of my heavenly Father in inclining you to remember a poor sufferer again, at such a seasonable time, when the penetrating cold severely pains my feeble and afflicted frame. May the Lord reward you.

I trust that on the receipt of your favor I really did feel my heart, through grace, to go out in true gratitude to the Author of all my mercies, and to you as instruments in his hand, and that the eye of my faith was directed to that precious covenant which is “ordered in all things and sure,” through the unchanging love and faithfulness of him who says, “I will not turn away from them to do them good.” How strengthening and divinely sweet are those comforts which come to hand moistened with the pure blood of those precious grapes of Eshcol, which faith receives as coming from that “better country.” O the riches of that grace which teaches me first to know my own entire destitution spiritually, and then presents to me Jesus, “in whom dwell all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.” And O the indescribable satisfaction and sweetness which I sometimes experience in the consideration of the word of John, “And we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, *full of grace and truth.*” What unfathomable love in God to favor such a traitorous rebel as I am with the precious tokens of forgiving love, notwithstanding my base wanderings and wilfulness, my unbelief, and want of constancy in his way. Never were my convictions stronger than now, that it is “not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost.” And God only knows what would become of me, when my innumerable and aggravated sins stare me in the face, when Satan rages, and my poor, weak, suffering body, with all its miseries and wants, tries my faith and patience to the utmost, and the enemies of the cross reproach me “as with a sword in my bones,” were it not for that firm standing on the Rock of Ages, which I am not unfrequently favored to feel, and against which Rock “the gates of hell shall not prevail.” O the blessedness of union to, and converse with him who so loved me that he gave himself for me,” and in tenderest sympathy draws near to my troubled soul, saying, “Fear not,” making me to rejoice in and praise him for these very trials, because of the precious experience of his love and presence under them. But I am constrained to confess that I am too apt to forget past mercies, and what a good God I have, until I am reminded, by repeated experiences, of his love in times past. It is well worth all we endure, bodily and spiritually, to be brought into closer communion with Jesus, and to be brought to know, from soul experience, that we are nothing, and can do nothing.

I am often much humbled by finding that my heart experience is a long way behind my head knowledge in religious matters; and doubtless it is the same with my dear friends. It is, indeed, a mercy,

as you say, "Amidst ten thousand hindrances which obstruct our way, to retain a hope in the Lord." May we be brought to rest more simply on his finished work, and experience a fuller revelation, by the eternal Spirit's power, of the perfect righteousness of Christ, unmingled with base material, and undaubed by untempered mortar.

What a blessed foundation stone is Jesus to build upon! But how many sincere yet weak believers there are, who, though they see this, have never yet been blessed with a bright assurance of their own interest in the full atonement made by that divine, glorious, and "uttermost" Saviour. And what is the cause? Is it not unbelief and hard thoughts of that compassionate One, engendered by our crafty foe, Satan, working through the deceitfulness and enmity of the natural heart, which, when thwarted by the Spirit, at once starts up in rebellion against God's sovereignty, delighting in its own perverse will and way in opposition to the glory of the God of heaven, whose purpose is to lay human pride in the dust, and exalt his perfect Son Jesus, who, for the Father's honor and glory, and our everlasting happiness and security, "came not to do his own will, but the will of him that sent him, and to finish his work?" O my dear friends, what would have become of us, if, like us, he had shrunk from drinking the cup given to him by his Father to drink? But O! His will was swallowed up, and lost in the will of his Father, that his ruined people might share in his everlasting favor and smile. The "new man" admires, and is pleased with all the Lord does, both in providence and in grace, and longs to see Jesus as he is, and be for ever with him and like him. But the vile body of sin and death is ever fighting against the new principle of grace in the soul, producing much darkness, "the flesh lusting against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, so that we cannot do the things that we would," but are ready to cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Then again we sing:

"Though unbelief may long molest,
And sin and Satan break our rest,
Grace shall at last the victory get,
And make our conquest quite complete."

But I must for the present conclude by assuring you how much desire the real welfare of all my dear friends at O., and of dear Mr. P., whose valuable life may the Lord spare for his people's sake. I should have written to you some weeks ago, but for increased suffering in the spine, my rebellion under which has been perfectly frightful. But I can now see that this additional stroke of my heavenly Father's was quite needful.

Accept my tender sympathy, and believe me to be,
My dear Friends,

Yours gratefully in Jesus.

Devizes, Dec. 4th, 1856.

E. HOLLOWAY.

TRIALS are sent to the Lord's people to make proof of their graces; therefore look on trials as occasions to evidence your graces.—*Ralph Erskine.*

Obituary.

PHEBE HAMER.

PHEBE HAMER was the youngest daughter of the late William Gadsby. She was born at Hinckley, Leicestershire, February 26th, 1804. She received only a moderate education, being early required to assist in the house.

She was but young when the Lord first laid his hand upon her, convincing her of her sin; and so heavily did this press upon her that, to use her own words, and as is well remembered, she was unable to attend to anything as she ought to have done. She had been one Lord's Day morning standing a long time before the looking-glass, until she was thrown so late that service had commenced before she reached the chapel. Her father's sermon that morning was upon the vanity of this world; and she said she thought he must have been watching her, as he told her what she had been doing, adding that the poor sinful body would soon be under the clods of the valley, and then what would it all amount to? He spoke much against the vanity of this world, until Phebe felt as though she were sinking through the seat. Still she kept the exercises of her mind within her own bosom, not mentioning them to any one, not even to her father.

She continued in this state for about two years, sometimes fearing, as she walked along the road, that the earth would open and swallow her up alive. It is true that when she heard the exercises of the Lord's people described, a gleam of hope might spring up; but it was instantly dashed away from her, as it were, by the thought that *her* convictions were only natural, the result of being brought up under the sound of the Gospel, as preached by her father; for she often said there never was a time when she did not believe in the doctrine of election; but she used to say to herself, "If I *am* to be saved, I *shall* be saved." But the Lord did not suffer her to rest here, but sent his law home with power to her conscience. At one time she appeared to have been driven almost to despair, believing that she had committed the unpardonable sin, and that she had better know the worst of her state at once. She hurried from the chapel, fully determined to put an end to her life, a carving-knife being, I believe, the instrument she purposed using; but either upon that occasion or a subsequent one the following verse (Hymn 232) was made the means of affording a little relief, and arresting her hand:

"Determined to save, he watch'd o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death;
And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?"

At times she experienced a little hope under the hearing of the word, especially from the lips of the late Mr. Nunn, of St. Clement's Church, Manchester, whom she regularly went to hear on the Wednesday evening.

And thus she went on, as I have already stated, for nearly two years, sometimes full of fears and at others having a little hope, until one night the Lord was pleased to set her soul at liberty. Well do I remember the time, though I was not then more than about thirteen or fourteen years of age; but unhappily, as she did not reside in England for more than twenty-eight years prior to her death, and as nearly all who knew much of her have either passed away or been removed, I am not able to state by what particular means she was set at liberty, excepting that it was one Wednesday evening, while hearing Mr. Nunn, from the text, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Yea, Lord, thou knowest

I love thee." And often was she heard to speak of the blessedness of that sermon; for she was enabled to say, "Thou *knowest* I love thee." Well do I remember, how for days afterwards she went about the house singing continually, her song usually being Hymn 330:

"Your harps, ye trembling saints;"

especially the fourth verse:

"The time of love will come."

And well also do I remember with shame how I and my brother, or brothers, used to tease her, imitating her in her singing, which, as far as voice and tune went, was not particularly harmonious.

In the morning after her deliverance, not having courage to speak to her father, she went to one of the deacons, Mr. George Greenhough, and told him all about it, which was the first time she had unbosomed her heart. Mr. G. lost no time in telling her father; and he, as may readily be conceived by those who know anything about the matter, was as full of joy as she was.

In a little time afterwards, Mr. Greenhough proposed her to the church; but the thought of going before them became, before the time arrived, a great terror to her; so much so that, as she afterwards said, had not her dear father waited for her, to go along with her, she dared not have gone.* When called upon to state a little of the reason of the hope that was in her, she was seized with such fear and trembling that, for some time, she was unable to utter a word; but the Lord the Spirit at last broke into her heart, bringing all things to her remembrance in such a way, and shining so powerfully upon his own work within her, that her fear instantly vanished, her tongue was loosed, and she spoke most blessedly of what the Lord had done for her soul; so that the members present said they had never heard a clearer testimony. This was the more remarkable, as she was naturally of a very reserved and close disposition.

In the church book is the following:

"Church meeting held Nov. 1st, 1822, Phebe Gadsby proposed to be visited by the deacons. On Christmas Day related her experience to the satisfaction of all present."

She was baptized by her father on the following Lord's Day.

I have nothing more particular to relate of her until November, 1823, when she married. Her dear father had often viewed her with delight, and, perhaps, had given way too much to his feelings; but now she proved a great trial to him. She married a fellow-member of the church, but, unhappily, her husband was unable to obtain even the common necessities of life, not earning more than a few shillings a week; and they were married some time before any one but themselves knew it. At first, in his grief, her father said her husband, James Hamer, should not come near the house; but he soon relented, and eventually had husband, wife, and three children under his roof.† Though she did not,

* The rule at Manchester is, or was, that persons wishing to join the church were proposed at one monthly church meeting, and, if no objections were raised by the members, went before them at the next, the deacons having visited them in the meantime, and, if strangers, made the necessary inquiries respecting them. Of course this rule was varied in many cases, as, for instance, persons from a distance.

† A person who lived in the country once went to Mr. Gadsby, to remonstrate with him, and, as he said, *correct* him, because he had forbidden James Hamer his house. While talking very largely to Mr. G., he happened to turn his eye to the sofa, upon which a young man was sitting. "Who is this?" asked the man with the drawn sword in his mouth. "Why," replied Mr. G., "the very man that you say is forbidden my house."

perhaps, act wisely in this, no one can say she acted sinfully, as she married "in the Lord;" and she certainly never repented, though she suffered enough to have made her repent, had not her attachment been very strong. Phebe knew that her husband was a God-fearing young man, and that to her was worth a good deal.

In a few years, as there was no prospect of the husband doing much good in England, they began to talk of going to America, and asked Mr. G.'s opinion about it; but his reply was, "I will not advise you either way. You must judge for yourselves. If you decide upon going, I will find you the necessary means; and there I leave it." The result was, they went, leaving Liverpool on July 8th, 1829, and being six weeks on the way. They encountered several severe storms, and, as they expressed it in a letter, were "knocked about like a shittle-cock." All their crockery was smashed, and most of their other goods greatly damaged.

Not being able to find employment in New York, they speedily went to Taunton, where some friends from Manchester had commenced in the calico printing business, to which business James belonged, at least to the dyeing part. There they were kindly received, and remained until Mr. C., the manager of the works, removed; and they then removed with him to Sandford, in the State of Maine. Writing to Mr. Gadsby upon the subject, Mr. C. said, "I just begin to feel a little selfish. Let me beg an interest in your prayers at a throne of grace, that the Lord would grant his presence to go with us all; for I expect my going will be the cause of six families going, in all thirty-two persons." This was in 1830. Some time afterwards the firm failed, and professed friends turned bitter enemies; which caused Phebe and her family much trouble both in mind and circumstances. The letter in the "Gospel Standard," for 1839, page 115, signed "Phebe H.," was written by her some time after this occurrence.

On the 12th of July, 1831, she wrote as follows:

"*July 12th, 1831.*—I can assure you, my dear parents, if I did not believe I had an interest in better things, I think I could not live. 'Tis true I have a father and mother, but where are they?—In England, and I in America. Just so, I cannot help believing that I have a Father in God, but he appears to be in one land and I in another. He keeps at a distance. I am in darkness. I well recollect, when under his first teachings, times and times again I promised the Lord if he would convince me I had an interest in him, I should be content to be in darkness all my life, but now find it hard work. Sometimes he will give me a little humbling or a little comfort in prayer, but oftener when I am hearing friends singing our hymns; but it is soon over, and I remain in darkness still, though I can often say with David, 'Although my house be not so with God, yet hath he made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure.'"

And a few years later the following:

"My dear Brother,—It is impossible for me to state my feelings, for I seem not to have any, or, as the poet says,

'If ought is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.'

If I have the least liberty in prayer, I have to thank the Lord for that liberty. I am mostly shut up, and cannot come forth. You have many privileges we are denied. I hope you will prize, and long enjoy them."

They ultimately removed to Fall River; and there the Lord was pleased for a time to prosper them, so that they were able to lay by a little of this world's good; but having lent their money to the employer, and he subsequently failing, they lost nearly all they had. But this was not the worst of it, for the works being stopped, or nearly so, there were but

few means of obtaining employment, until they were glad to receive assistance from some in England whom the Lord had more highly favored in a providential way. Upon receiving a remittance a short time before her death, Phebe exclaimed, "The Lord provides for me to the last. This has come to bury me with."

For some years, indeed, prior to her death she was greatly tried. Even so far back as 1841, we find her writing:

"Dec. 31st, 1841.—I wish I could leave everything in the hands of the Lord, who careth for his own children, and who will take care that their troubles shall prove a blessing. Will they not drive them nearer to their best Friend? I cannot, dare not, wish to be left at ease. O no—

' More the treacherous calm I dread
Than tempeste bursting o'er my head.'

If I am left to sit at ease a short time, I know there is a storm coming. I have hitherto found as my day so has my strength been. I have at times great un-casiness about some branches of my family. At other times I can leave all in the hands of the Lord. Then, again, I murmur, and wonder why I have such trials; but I am often blessed with moments of sweet intercourse with my Heavenly Father, which lifts me up by the way."

And again, in 1849:

"June 28, 1849.—I have been waiting to see if anything would transpire to enable me to send you a little better news; but we are still without any prospect before us. What the will of the Lord concerning us is, remains a mystery yet to be unfolded in his own time.

' I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.'

If I could only have more faith in his promises, and trust more to his wisdom, I should be more content. Sometimes, for a few moments, I feel and know that all things are working together for the best. At other times I am so full of unbelief, I am ready to despair. * * * * *

"I am very much in need of my 'Gospel Standards.' The last I received was August, 1848. I often find comfort in them.

"Last year was a perplexing year, but this is worse.

"I cannot believe the Lord will forsake us now grey hairs are upon our heads. I must say, notwithstanding all the trouble I had last year, I had very often some sweet moments of prayer when I could feel all was well. I little thought I was being prepared for more trouble, but that I should not live long. I felt the most of my time that I did not value anything half so much as to have sweet prayer and communion with the Saviour. But, alas! I do not feel so now. I am afraid Satan has buffeted me. Do not forget me in your prayers, that I may enjoy the Saviour's presence, whatever else he withholds."

In 1851 things appear to have been a little brighter:

"July 14, 1851.—When I wrote last to brother John, I was almost despairing; it seemed impossible we could live any longer as we were then situated. As is always the case, man's extremity is God's opportunity. Part of the family have, since then, had work enough to keep us holding and creeping along; and though very different to former days, yet I have been led to see more of the Lord's hand in trying circumstances than in prosperous ones. In prosperity everything came too easy, and we forgot to be thankful. In trying times, when lover and friend are put far from us, and our acquaintance into darkness, at the same time our enemies rejoicing, then is the time to know whence cometh our help. And though I often felt (if not said) I did well to be angry—for the Lord hath taken away my gourds—at other times I have felt that everything was ordered by a wise and loving Father for our good, and I would not order things for myself if I could, for everything I attempted to do made it worse. I have gone through a variety of exercises of mind the last three and a half years. Sometimes up and sometimes down. At times humbled at the feet of Jesus, then kicking and rebelling, thinking my case hard to be fixed far away from all friends; no Church to unite with, no preached Gospel to hear; over head in debt, seeing

plenty who would take the advantage and ruin us if they could, to answer their own ends; yet, astonishing as it may appear to you, I would not (if I could) be where I was four years ago. Although I had at times sweet communion with the Saviour, and felt loth to leave my closet to enter again into the world, I was well persuaded trouble was near at hand, which has proved to be the case. Trials I needed, for it seemed then I had only to get alone to pour out my heart unto the Saviour. But I know (at least I hope so) it was the Spirit's power prompting me to secret prayer. I have been taught by painful experience I cannot pray when I have a mind, nor even think for one moment. I am so confused with wandering thoughts, that I often forget I am upon my knees; and I then feel so ashamed of myself, I think there never could possibly be such a hypocrite in the world. I believe I have sinned tenfold more since I knew the Lord (if ever I had that privilege) than I did before. I have seen more of my deceitful, rebellious, idolizing heart the last few years than I have ever done; and though it is cutting work, and I would fain have it otherwise, yet the more I strive, the worse I get. I sometimes wonder where I have been, and what I have been doing since I first professed to know the name of the Lord. If I recollect right, it was twenty-eight years last January since I made a public profession; and though I have been kept from outwardly running with the world, where has my heart been? Buried in the concerns of a large family. I am not intending to say religion has been entirely discarded from my thoughts. No! Thanks be to God, the Giver of all good gifts, I trust he has kept alive his own work in my soul, and led me again and again to see and feel when I have done with the cares and troubles of this world, 'I have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

"The greatest part of my time has been taken up in worldly business, and I now see where I should have been had I not been kept by the power of God. The Lord's Day has often been a means of bringing to my remembrance days of old, when I could meet with the people of God. But all this has a long time been denied me. Yet I can with pleasure think of those days, and sometimes long for the time when I shall unite with the Church above in giving glory to God, who has kept me by his power.

"I cannot express to you, my dear Sister, how rejoiced I feel when I think of our poor afflicted mother being safely landed above the reach of Satan's temptations. Is it not plain she was kept by the power of God? Who else could have kept her so many years in the state she was?"

But this temporal prosperity was only of brief duration:

"*January 5th, 1852.*—I have thought of no plan or scheme for a long time that has prospered; but, my dear Sarah, I am at times enabled to leave all my affairs in the hands of the Lord, and believe I shall some time know all these trials are for my good. These feelings are very short, and I am as discontented as ever, and think everything is wrong, and that I shall at one time or other be the laughing-stock of my enemies, for plenty there are who would rejoice at our downfall. Why should I say downfall? It is rather a rising in our feelings above this world, and clinging nearer to the dear Saviour, who is indeed our only refuge in every storm, and friend in every need. I hope both you and I shall be favored with much of his presence while in this wilderness world; and oh! what a joyful time it will be, if we are permitted to sing his praises in Heaven for ever and ever!"

"*March 23rd, 1852.*—At times I am astonished when I think how I have been provided for all my life, and how unthankful I have been,—that when it pleased my dear Lord to take away some of my gourds, I like Jonah have been ready to say, 'I do well to be angry even unto death;' and have at times sat in sullen silence and thought it was of no use praying, for the more I prayed the more trouble came upon me; and yet I found it impossible to give it up; for

'Trials gave new life to prayer.'

What a blessed thing the Lord has kept alive his own work in my heart, for if he had not, it would long since have withered and died away. If we had everything we wished in this world, we should forget it was not our rest; but one thing or other makes us willing to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. The coward flesh may start at the prospect of death. We cannot expect dying grace

given to us now, but the Lord has promised to be with us always, even to the end; and when dying grace is needed, then will be the time for our loving Jesus to grant it."

Phebe well knew the value of a preached Gospel, and what, during her exile, it was to be without it; as will appear from the following letters:

"*Taunton, Sept. 28th, 1835.*—Through the kind providence of God, we are, my dear parents, still in the land of the living, and all, with the exception of one of the children, in tolerably good health. Several of them have been ill, but have recovered. I sometimes feel almost distracted, and think if I could only have comfort at chapel on the Sunday, I should care for nothing else. Who knows but the Lord will, when our captivity is ended, bring us from Babylon, and set us once more in our own nation, where we can hear the sound of the Gospel? No one can imagine how great the loss of the preached Gospel till removed from it. These passages are at times very precious to my soul when everything else goes wrong. I would not give up my hope for all the world calls good or great. What a mercy it is, my dear parents, to have such a hope! I am often lost in astonishment, and exclaim, 'Why me—unworthy, undeserving me? Why not any one before me?' When I get safely landed (though I cannot sing here), I feel I shall sing, Grace, free grace alone!"

"*Aug. 13th, 1838.*—I have a great deal I should like to say to my dear parents, but am very low and dejected, and sometimes discontented—comparing myself to a sparrow alone upon the house-top, and think I have not one friend. When Lord's Day comes, I am worse than ever. Every nest I build is pulled to pieces. I was once determined to build a substantial one; but no sooner was it about to be settled, than I was taken ill of the last sickness. How soon did it vanish out of my sight, and all worldly comforts with it, and I was made to kiss the rod. I feel glad the Lord has in any measure subdued the pride of my heart, that will lift up its head in some form or other. I think I could put up with anything better if it were not for the preaching we have in this dark corner; I cannot hear the cries of one real watchman. It is a good thing I can sometimes read them. I do not always feel discontented; no, thanks to my Everlasting Friend, I have some sweet moments. One Sunday evening, after being at meeting, I took up the Bible, which opened at the 7th chapter of Micah. Every word comforted me; I was melted down at the footstool of my Lord, satisfied for him to work in his own way and in his own time. I felt as though my sorrows were all gone. It was a time of refreshing to my soul I cannot describe."

"*May 29th, 1841.*—I find Sunday an uneasy day, I think so much about home. I have never felt at home since I left England, nor never shall on this side the grave; but then I hope to find 'a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' I cannot give up that hope. Though faint, yet pursuing. May the Lord bless you all with the same hope." * * *

"I generally go to meeting in a morning for the sake of taking the two youngest girls. I would much rather stay at home, and read a sermon. It would be more for my comfort and consolation than a thousand sermons preached in Fall River. I often feel glad to think the "Gospel Ministry" sermons were ever published, though some of Mr. Philpot's shake me much, and I fear my religion will all fall to pieces; yet I love his faithful preaching, for I would not settle on a sand-bank. I long for a brighter deliverance than I have ever had. My path seems covered with clouds, both spiritual and temporal, and Satan takes advantage of my trials to keep my mind and affections too much on the things of this world. The longer I live, the greater sinner I find myself to be. If I could only keep my wandering mind fixed on better things, and not run after idols, I should be much happier. In the place of this, my whole time is spent in planning and scheming; but the Lord upsets all my plans, and brings me to see my folly and own my idolatry and sin; and then I think I shall never do so again. But, alas! I am soon at the old trade."

"*Aug. 28th, 1856.*—I was truly rejoiced to receive the "Gospel Ministry" and brother John's "Wanderings." We have no such preaching here. I shall always think we did wrong in leaving a preached Gospel. It is now of no use to fret and murmur, but try to be thankful that we can occasionally read sermons from our

beloved, and, in my opinion, highly-favored country. I have no doubt but sermons are published by the divine appointment of God, who knows what is needed for his children's good. Some of us may have rested too much upon doctrines, willing to take ease and comfort in the world, resting on past experience; not running with the world outwardly, yet forgetting from whence all our comforts come, standing upon Presumption Hill; not pressing forward, determined to know nothing but Christ and him crucified, thinking we know enough experimentally to get to Heaven—a cold, stupid state to be in, and in reality an awful backsliding, one known only to God and ourselves; to have trials brought upon us, and to be certain we have been hewing out cisterns that can hold no water,—the very things we thought to take comfort in, to cause us the most trouble; to know we have taken wrong steps, leaving undone what we ought to have done; looking more after the bodies of our children than their eternal welfare. This, my dear Sarah, I am afraid has been too much my case in years gone by. Mr. Philpot's sermons have often been a good meal to me, not only in pulling to pieces my presumption and self-righteousness, but in encouraging such a wretch to still trust in the Lord. I hope you will continue to send them, as they are of unspeakable value to me."

She felt her dear father's death deeply, as the following remarks will show:

"Feb. 28th, 1844.—O dear, what can I say? Your hearts are stricken with sorrow. What must I do? I cannot say, 'Thy will be done,' but feel very rebellious. Our dear father's death was so unlooked for—such a fool was I that I thought he was so useful he would at least live to be eighty. After I read the painful intelligence, I walked the house like one distracted. I sought comfort, but could find none. I went upon my knees, but what could I say? I could not say, 'Thy will be done.' I wish I could.

"The Sunday previously to receiving the letter, I was reading in the 'Standard' that a child of God was never long without some trial. A fear crept over me, but I put it off, saying I knew I had been favored a long time, and thought perhaps the Lord would let me be at ease a little longer. My attention was then called to two of the children, who were repeating to each other the first and second commandments. The thought crossed my mind, 'I have no idols; I worship nothing but the living God;' and I felt so confident of this, that I said in my heart, 'Search me, O Lord, and see if this sin and evil is in my heart.' But O, when the letter came the Tuesday following, where was my idol? How quickly I felt I had in my heart idolized my dear father! In every company his name was first and last, and not my Saviour's. I feel I have lost all my comfort. When you pray for yourself, don't forget me. I cannot pray for myself. I now feel as though I had only just begun the world, my earthly hope being gone. I knew in every trouble he had a share. What dependence on an arm of flesh! I am loaded; I am oppressed and bowed down. All I can say is, 'Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; the faithful fail from among the children of men.' I hope and trust the Lord will keep his Church together, and find them a pastor after his own heart. What a trial it must be to them!"

"May, 1846.—I hope, my dear mother, although you have had a hard path to travel, you at times feel the presence of the Lord to bless and comfort you, and may you often be able to say, 'He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure;' and though affliction may surround and the temptations of Satan assault you, still victory is sure. Your sorrows must soon end, then you will join my dear father in singing, 'Victory for ever.'"

Even as a woman she loved her country, and had often misgivings as to whether or not she had done right in leaving home, frequently comparing herself to Jonah. "I am a true Englishwoman," she once said. "There is no place like home. I agree with Mr. P., in his remarks on Emigration: 'Where the Lord fixed your first and second birth, there stay.'"

And now we draw near to her last days. On Sept. 9th, 1857, she wrote:

"Sept. 9th, 1857.—I would not on any account go through the same trials I

have had the last ten years, unless it was for my spiritual good, which I hope is the case. The Lord has showed me hard things. He has made me to drink the wine of astonishment. I was not aware how unthankful I was for his providential mercies, nor how much pride and self-righteousness were rooted in me; but I have seen some of it pulled to pieces, and I do hope it will never rise again. O, how I have felt those chapters in the word of God, speaking of backsliders clothed and decked with the doctrines of God's discriminating grace, and yet wantonly playing the harlot. I have been trying to take comfort in the things of this world, forsaking the company of a dear Saviour for mere trash. I do not mean neglecting prayer, but I had not that earnest desire nor watchfulness which I hope the Lord has since made me feel. I am not now content with what I have enjoyed, but am thirsting for more; not satisfied to pray, unless I find the Lord hears, and feel truly humbled at his feet.

"Is it not a wonder I am still in the land of the living? If I had had my just deserts, I should long ago have been where hope never comes: for notwithstanding I have been taught so much, I again find myself at my old trade,—thinking, planning, and scheming, burying my whole heart in the things of this world. What a wretch I am!

'Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
'Prone to leave the God I love.'

"I have been very poorly since I last wrote, and very much troubled with my breathing, but am now a little better, and the palpitation of my heart is not quite so bad."

For above a year before her death, she felt that she was going, and said to her husband, "I am not going suddenly, but link by link."

Just four days before her death, when acknowledging a remittance from some of her relatives in England, she wrote as follows:

"I have not been able to lie down for four months, but am propped up with pillows; nor can I walk across the floor. This morning, whilst being dressed, I thought I should never recover my breath. I know not how long this affliction will last, but believe it will end in death. As it respects the state of my mind, I wish to feel the love of Christ shed abroad in my heart, but he does not appear to my full satisfaction. He has promised that, as our day, so shall our strength be. I know in whom I have believed, and though I have wandered and backslidden times and again, my heart being buried in the cares and business of the world, yet he has brought me with weeping and supplication to his dear feet to confess my sins.

"To die deceived would be awful!—to be for ever in that company who hate the lovely name of Jesus. No! this would be despair indeed! for I love the Lord and his people, but find so few of them here that I have been like a swallow alone upon a house-top. I have been enabled to leave my family in the hands of a merciful God, feeling he can do better for them than I can.

"I am so swollen, that if I stoop down I cannot get up again."

"She had a great deal of bondage," writes her husband. "It was indeed through much tribulation she entered the kingdom. I often told her to remember what dear father used to say: 'Come life, come death, come what will, all is well, if Jesus is ours.' 'Yes,' she would sometimes reply, 'all is well, and I soon shall be.' For three months before her death she seemed as if she could not breathe; but would still sometimes feel very comfortable. 'I was just thinking,' she once said after I had been helping her up, 'that if it were possible for me to go to hell, they would be glad to get me out again; for I know I love my dear Lord!' The day before she died she said, 'What a mercy it is that salvation is free!' She rested well during the night, but in the morning she could not speak. About 6 o'clock, I took her up, and gave her a cup of tea, which she drank, and put out her hand for more. She then lay down again till the moment before her spirit departed; when she raised her head, and, with a heavenly smile, fixed her eyes upon me; but before I could utter a word, her happy soul had fled into the

arms of her dear Saviour.—And now what can I say? or rather what can I not say! I have lost a loving and affectionate wife; and she was a loving mother; but our loss is her gain.”

She died on the 16th of February, 1858, the immediate cause of her death being an affection of the heart.

London, Sept., 1858.

JOHN.

RACHEL BIBBY.

On the wrapper of the “Gospel Standard” for April, 1858, the death of the above, Mr. Gadsby’s youngest daughter, was announced; and on the wrapper for the following month the death of Rachel Bibby, his eldest daughter, was published. With respect to the latter, as so much room has been taken up by the former, we shall content ourselves by giving only the following:

“I cannot hesitate in saying that I most certainly believe Mrs. Bibby was a dear redeemed child of the covenant; and though she was not enabled to make an open profession of the name of Jesus, she was a pattern to many. I have watched her attentively for the last ten years with peculiar feelings, looking for answers to prayers long filed in Heaven, presented by one who had a father’s heart, as also a Christian’s, and who was a friend and pastor over the flock at Manchester, and servant of the Most High God. I have often prayed for answers to his prayers; and though this may to some seem strange, nevertheless so it is; and, moreover, I have obtained many answers to such prayers in my own soul, and on the Church as a whole. Our dear departed friend, for the last several years, as you know, was very poorly; but it must indeed have been a wild Tuesday evening if she were not among the hungry ones in Rochdale Road Chapel, Manchester, in the corner of her pew. She was, indeed, ‘poor in spirit,’ ‘a longing soul,’ ‘hungering and thirsting’ for covenant mercies and fellowship with the Lord Jesus. When first I made inquiries about her hope for eternity, she seemed very agitated, and was evidently not expecting the question; but before long she laid herself open on the subject, and told me she had long been a poor sensible sinner, and all she could do was to pray for mercy, though sometimes she could not do that. On one occasion she was much comforted by these words: ‘The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting towards them that fear him.’ These words long supported her, giving her much comforting hope. On another occasion a sermon was preached from the words, ‘The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.’ She took an early opportunity of conveying to me a little of her joys, and she added, ‘O, if I could but keep the feelings I enjoyed on that occasion, how happy I should be!’ adding, ‘But I have such a sinful heart—no one knows.’ She well knew the doctrines of grace in all their beauties, but felt so little of the power, as she said, that she was ashamed lest the friends should think she wished to suppose herself one of the Lord’s. A most unassuming, retiring, humble soul she was, and one who could express herself in tears and trembling much more effectually than in plain language. Often have I seen her weep and tremble, smile and sob, when she could do no more. She had sorrows and cares none knew fully but herself. The follies of others cost her many sleepless nights, and sent her often to a throne of grace on their behalf. Now she is gone, some will miss the friendly smile and motherly advice,—nay, the remembrance of the departed sinks deeper into the heart than ever did the love correction she imparted in her life. She is gone where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.

“Manchester, April 22, 1858.

A. B. TAYLOR.”

She died on the 19th of April, 1858, in her 59th year. Her complaint, like Mrs. Hamer’s, was an affection of the heart, with paralysis.

GOD never comes into any soul, but he leaves a blessing behind him; he pays well for his entertainment before he parts.—*Dorney.*

REVIEW.

Memoirs of Elizabeth Cairns. Written by Herself. London: Nisbet and Co. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

ONE expression in the word of truth has sometimes struck our mind with peculiar force, as throwing a ray of light on the mysterious ways of the Lord in the present dispensation of his grace. "But we speak *the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom which God ordained before the world unto our glory.*" (1 Cor. ii. 7.) There is a wisdom of God which is not hidden—at least not from the eyes of men who acknowledge God at all, and see the world and all things in it created and sustained by an Almighty hand. All that the great and glorious Creator has designed and executed must necessarily bear the stamp of infinite wisdom and omnipotent power. From the sun in its meridian height to a drop of water in the ocean, from the elephant that stalks proudly in the jungle to the mite that crawls upon the cheese, from the towering oak and spreading cedar to the blade of grass and the moss on the wall,—every created object proclaims the wisdom and power of God. As in earthly things the counsels of men endued with wisdom display the character of the contriving mind, and are both the consequence and evidence of it; or as in the works of art the statue or the picture at once manifest the artistic eye or the fashioning hand, so in things divine the wisdom and the power of the Almighty are so stamped in all the works of his creative hand, that none but the wilfully blind can refuse to see it. David exclaimed, "O Lord, how great are thy works! and thy thoughts are very deep;" yet he adds, "A brutish man knoweth not, neither doth a fool understand this." (Ps. xcii. 5, 6.) There are still such brutish men, who, brutalized by sensuality and self-indulgence, or sunk into brutal ignorance by infidelity, know not the wisdom and power of God, though they carry about with them, in their own bodies, in their wonderful structure, the clearest evidence of both. But natural men, such as Paley, have been so struck with the wisdom and power of God in creation, that they have pursued it with wonder and admiration from department to department, till they have stopped exhausted by the ever new display of both. Who, indeed, that is endued with any degree of thoughtfulness can walk abroad on a clear night, and not feel as if overwhelmed at the contemplation of the starry firmament. David felt this when looking up to the heavens, glittering as they do in the East with their myriad orbs of light, he exclaimed, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" (Ps. viii. 3, 4.)

The wisdom of God is not hidden in these wonders of his creative hand, for "the invisible things of him (that is, the things otherwise invisible, such as his wisdom and power, greatness and glory) from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and godhead."

(Rom. i. 20.) But "the hidden wisdom" of which the apostle speaks is that which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man." This is the wisdom of the cross, the mystery of Christ crucified, and the whole dispensation of grace here below, of which the cross is the sum and centre, as well as the distinctive mark and symbol. This is the wisdom only spoken among and known unto them "that are perfect,"—the matured, established children of God, who are no longer babes, and, as such, need teaching "the first principles of the oracles of God," but "by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil. (1 Cor. ii. 7, Heb. v. 13, 14.) It is their happy privilege to see the hidden wisdom,—a wisdom "which none of the princes of this world knew, for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory." As then, so now, the princes of this world know not the hidden wisdom of God; for "the princes of this world" are not merely kings and rulers, monarchs environed with all the pride and pomp of state, and governors endued with power and authority, such as Herod and Pontius Pilate, but the men of mind and influence, the ruling spirits of the period who stamp their spirit on the age. Who are now the princes of this world in our renowned isle? Not merely our temporal rulers, to whom, in all lawful matters, we owe obedience; not merely our excellent Queen, the houses of parliament, the ministers of state, and all endued with legal authority, whom we thankfully acknowledge as the higher powers to whom we are gladly subject, but those less conspicuous in rank and eminence, who really rule and guide the nation by ruling and guiding public opinion, and are princes, if not in title, in real authority and influence. Our poets and historians, our popular authors, the newspaper press, the great literary periodicals, the speakers at large public meetings, the bishops and clergy, the leading Dissenting preachers, and, not to weary by a longer enumeration, all who by station, property, rank, or intellect rule the age by impressing a distinctive stamp upon it, may be included among "the princes of this world," from whom, by a special dispensation, the supremest display of the wisdom of God is hidden. It is hidden from them by divine decree, and as an unalterable part of God's determinate counsel. No advance, therefore, of the human mind in any other wisdom brings it any nearer to this, nay, rather, as in the case of two diverging roads, every step takes it farther from it. The advances of human intellect and ingenuity, even in our short span of life, have been stupendous. To converse across the wide Atlantic, the last and latest triumph of human skill and ingenuity, would have been pronounced, thirty years ago, impossible. But men may connect continent with continent, and send the electric spark beneath the rolling waves, and yet remain ignorant of that invisible chain which links together the Son of God in his glory and the contrite sinner in the dust. They may weigh the pressure of the air by determining the rise or fall of a little quicksilver in a glass tube, who can never weigh the pressure of sin on a guilty conscience; may measure the distance of the sun

from the earth who can never tell the nearness of the Sun of righteousness to a believing soul; may send messages with lightning speed from London to Paris, yet never receive a message of mercy from the God of all grace to their heart.

And yet the cross is the greatest display of the wisdom and power of God that could be revealed to the sons of men. That the Son of God, the co-equal and co-eternal Son of the Father in truth and love, should take the flesh and blood of the children into union with his own divine Person, and in that pure and spotless humanity should suffer, bleed, and die to redeem his ruined people from the lowest depths of sin and misery—what a display is here, not only of love surpassing all thought, and grace beyond all expression, but of wisdom issuing out of such depths that we can but stand upon the brink with holy wonder. To reconcile justice and mercy, fully to satisfy the intrinsic demands of God's righteousness and yet save a polluted worm of earth, to pardon millions of aggravated crimes, and yet not infringe on the spotless holiness of the great and glorious self-existent I AM,—what a difficulty is here! what an impossible problem for men or angels to solve! But the incarnation of the Son of God has solved all these difficulties, and not only so, but has brought God and man together in the person of the God-man. In union with the Father through his Deity, in union with man through his humanity, he is the Mediator between God and men; and thus is brought about that wondrous union of which the Lord himself speaks, and before whose words we solemnly pause with, "O the depth!" "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

But a part of this hidden wisdom is that the people of Christ, so dear and near to him as "members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones," should in their time state be conformed to his suffering image on earth, that they may hereafter be conformed to his glorified image in heaven. A mighty work is going on continually on earth, as much hidden from the eyes of men as the depths of the Atlantic Ocean from those who sail over its heaving waves. A people, for the most part poor and ignorant, and always hated and despised, are being prepared for eternal glory. As stones destined to form a noble palace, a work of consummate grandeur and beauty, are gradually hewed into shape in some field adjoining the quarry whence they are taken, it may be across a broad river or arm of the sea to the destined spot where they are built into the precise place designed for them by the architect as their fixed and final resting place; so it is with the living stones of the great and glorious building of which Jesus is both foundation and corner-stone. "I have hewed them by the prophets," says the Lord of his people. (Hos. vi. 5.)

But when being thus hewn, what sees the world either of their present grace or of their future glory? What knows it of the hewing thus going on? The very field itself is hidden from their view. And even those admitted into that field, what see they for the most part

but the chippings, the dust, and the stones? some just lifted from the quarry, others in various stages of hewing and squaring, and others taken away out of sight, and borne across the wide river to the mansion above.

Let us not marvel, then, if the members are as much hidden from the eyes of men as their Head when here below. When that blessed Man of sorrows was tabernacling in flesh, who, save a few disciples, to whom his glory was divinely made known, knew him, loved him, or cared for him? So with his people now, for "as he is so are they in this world." To be unknown, neglected, hidden in obscurity, or so far as known to be hated, despised, persecuted, and misrepresented—this is a part of the cross. Here are some of the depths of infinite wisdom; here is "the glory of God to conceal a thing," (Prov. xxv. 2,) which will one day burst forth to his eternal praise. Let us, then, cleave to his cross as our secret joy. Our proud flesh may be often crimped and mortified by neglect and contempt; but it is good for us to be so: we could not bear the world's smiles; they would seduce into that conformity from which the cross is meant to separate us. May we, with Moses, "choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt." We suffer but little compared with those who "had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; (of whom the world was not worthy;) they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." (Heb. xi. 36-38.) Compared, too, with our Puritan ancestors, those godly men who by their sufferings and passive resistance to the fury of their oppressors won for us our present religious liberties, what are our persecutions? We have neither their sufferings nor their grace, neither their separations from the world nor their devoted walking with God.

These thoughts have occurred to our mind in connection with the little work at the head of the present article. It is a reprint of an old book, originally, we believe, published in Scotland, and which, with much in it that tastes of the Puritan views and expressions, is still full of the deepest interest as a close and accurate portraiture of the dealings of the Lord with a highly-favored vessel of mercy. In its style, in its keen and close heart-anatomy, it much resembles Halyburton's Memoirs, but being the production of an uneducated person, is more simple and plain. It is true there are many legal expressions in it, as we find in Erskine's Sermons and other works of the same period; but these are only as notes in the sunbeam, or dross in ore of gold, which are easily separable from the pure metal which shines and glitters brightly through it all.

Elizabeth Cairns, who here writes her own life, was a Scotch woman, born of godly parents, in the year 1685, during the heat of the persecution that then raged in Scotland against all who

would not conform to the new Liturgy, or attended the meetings of the Covenanters. The book thus opens:

“As I was informed by my parents, I was born in the year 1685, when the persecution was very sharp; and through the bloody cruelty which was then exercised, my parents were deprived of all they had in the world, and cast out of house and hold, because of their joining with, and adhering and cleaving to the then persecuted Gospel and remnant. In this extremity, my mother, by the providence of God, got into a little cottage, where she brought me forth, a living child, to the hazard of her own life.”

The Lord began to work upon her conscience at a very early age, so that even so early as seven or eight years of age she had impressions about heaven and hell, which she believed were of the Lord's teaching, though but like the dawning of the morning. She was naturally of a pensive, meditative turn of mind, strengthened, no doubt, by the circumstances of the period and her own solitary employment; for from the tenth to the sixteenth year of her life she was sent out into the fields with her father's flock.

As we propose, D.V., to return to this little work again, and our pages are rather crowded this month, we shall conclude for the present by the following extract:

“AFTER this, it was my employment for several years to keep my father's cattle. From the eighth year to the tenth year of my age, I was much delighted with my book, so that I was not only content with the reading of it, but so retained it on my mind, that when I had not time to read I might have it to meditate on. All the day-time I was still in the fields alone with my flock; but in the winter seasons, especially in the long nights, I was busy getting lessons from any that would teach me, and whenever I could read distinctly by myself, I carried my book always with me, and as I read there shined a light on my mind, so that I was filled with wonder at everything I read. From the tenth year to the sixteenth year of my life, it pleased God, in holy sovereign grace and mercy, to discover both my misery and the remedy more clearly; as also when I read, I found a difference. For in the former two years wherein I was filled with wonder, the word was all alike to me; but now there were passages sent into my mind with power, suitable to my case. I remember one day I went to prayer, as I was wont to do, and that word was brought into my mind: ‘The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord.’ (Prov. xv. 8.) On which I fell a thinking and applied it to myself, and I saw, although my conscience could not charge me with a wicked life, yet I had a wicked nature, and by this I came to see that, although I had never committed gross sin, yet there was as much sin in my nature as would make my best duties hateful to God; and so I went to prayer again, with these words in my mouth, ‘Oh that God would renew me after his own image! and give to me his Spirit, and enlighten my mind in the saving knowledge of himself;’ and that scripture was brought to my mind, ‘Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord;’ &c. (Hos. vi. 3); and that, ‘And they that seek me early, shall find me.’ (Prov. viii. 17.) After this I felt more light and power in reading the word, and was taught to observe the inward frame of my heart. At this time, the particular places of the word of God I was most delighted with were the four evangelists. Oh how pleasant was it to me to read over the birth, life, and death of the blessed Redeemer! As also the book of Psalms, many of which I retained on my mind and sang them when I was alone. There was also the Song of Solomon, and the prophecies of Isaiah; and it being my lot to live alone, and none to instruct me in what I read, and having no opportunity of hearing the Gospel preached because of my employment; so when I read those scriptures, I fell a reasoning what this and the other expression meant, and therewith I went to God and pleaded with him by prayer that he might open mine eyes, that I might see the wonders of his law. After this there shined a light into

my soul, by which the word was made as a lamp to my feet and a light to my paths, insomuch that there was no action, either religious, moral, or natural, but this light discovered a law to be a rule to them. But this light did not always continue, and so I came to know it by its comings and its goings. I observed when it was absent my prayers were as so many dead words, and the word itself as a dead letter; but when this light was present my prayers went well with me, for I could have prayed and read so as my natural spirits would have failed me before my furniture. Oh! how pleasant then was the Sabbath-day to me, wherein I would have joined with my neighbour-shepherds in prayer and praising God, and some of them, whom God by his grace did call, had sweet remarks to put on those days as well as I. There was one day when this light was absent I was going by a corn-field, I stood up by a stalk of corn, and it was higher than I, at which I fell a weeping when I considered how short a time it had been in the earth and yet had come so great a length, and I had made so little progress in my way to heaven. I remember another day, when this light was absent, I sat down to eat my bread, and as I asked a blessing, that, as it were, stared me in the face, that the creature was cursed to all them that were out of Christ; so I carried my bread about with me all day, and when I would have eaten the curse still stared me in the face. Another day I came to a well to drink, and I sat down to ask a blessing, in which there shined a light into my soul, that made me see the curse removed by Christ, and mercies coming through the channel of the covenant of grace to believers. Oh, this made me drink of water more sweet than any wine! I remember another day, when I was keeping my sheep at the back of a dyke, in the loop of a snow-wreath, I sat down to pray; and there I met with that I could never tell the world of. But this I do remember, I would have been content to have gone from that place to eternity, never to have seen any relation again. Another day, when I was under the impression of man's misery by the fall, I saw a neighbour-shepherd going along whistling as he went, at which I fell a weeping, and said, 'Oh, if you saw in what a state you are in by nature, you would not be so merry;' so I fell a reasoning thus with myself: Yon person is cheerful in his way, and I cannot be cheerful in mine.

"Sometimes in meditation on spiritual mysteries I was carried so far above myself that I would have forgotten where I was and whither I was going; and yet Divine Providence would have so guided me, and brought my flock together to my hand, although (being so taken up in meditation) that at that time I would have forgotten to look after them myself. I remember also, when I would have heard the birds singing, it would have stirred me up to praise my God. And sometimes I remarked in a cloudy day that the sun would have given a blink, and immediately the cloud would have covered it again. Oh, thought I, this did represent to me my condition in this world; and then I would have longed for the day when the Sun of righteousness should shine to all eternity on my soul, and never to be covered with a cloud any more."

How am I cast and condemned by this, may I say, who never savored this spiritual delight in holy duties! When I am about my earthly employments, I can go on unweariedly from day to day; all the way is down-hill to my nature, and the wheels of my affections, being oiled with carnal delight, run so fast, that they have need sometimes of being checked. Here I need the curb rather than the spur. O how fleet and nimble are my spirits in these their pursuits! But O what a slug am I in religious things! Surely if my heart was renewed by grace, I should delight in the law of God. All the world is alive in their ways; every creature enjoys his proper pleasure; and is there no delight to be found in the paths of holiness? Is goodness only a dry root that bears no pleasant fruits? No, there are doubtless incomparable pleasures to be found therein; but such a carnal heart as mine savors them not.—*Flevel.*

POETRY.

TO MY LITTLE HOPE.

THOU little budding gem,
 Thou feeble, glimm'ring light,
 When all my foes condemn,
 Keep thou within my sight
 Break forth and shed a glorious
 beam;
 Light me to Calvary's purple stream.
 Thou little flick'ring spark,
 How oft thou seemeth lost;
 Thou'rt like a tiny bark,
 On ocean billows toss'd;
 When ruffling winds the seas divide,
 And foaming rolls the raging tide.
 In wild amaze I stand,
 When dangers thee assail
 Fears rush on every hand
 That thou wilt surely fail.
 When thy lov'd form again I see,
 Thou'rt more than mines of gold to
 me.
 Aug. 4th, 1857.

Why should I love thee so?
 Speak thou, my soul, and tell;
 When I, o'erwhelmed with woe,
 Lay at the gates of hell,
 Thou brought'st redemption's work
 to view,
 And sweetly said, 'Twas all for you.
 Could I an empire boast
 And kingdoms call my own,
 Command a mighty host,
 Or wear a royal crown,
 Without my little hope twould be
 A darksome dismal world to me.
 Blaze on, thou little star;
 Direct my wand'ring eye
 Beyond these scenes of war,
 To peaceful realms on high,
 Then yield thy chequer'd, changeful
 light
 To glory's overwhelming sight.
 G. B.

"MY SOUL DOTH MAGNIFY THE LORD."

COME, sing the Saviour's praises,
 For he is God alone;
 He from the dunghill raises
 His people to a throne.
 O the matchless love of Jesus!
 Its wonders who can tell?
 Our souls he hath redeemed
 From the very gates of hell.
 He knew what it would cost him,
 Yet shrank not from the cup;
 His precious life he spared not,
 But freely gave it up.
 The flaming sword of justice
 His righteous Father drew,
 And with almighty vengeance
 He pierced him through and
 through.
 With joy we view the fountain
 Flow freely from his side,
 Yet mourn o'er those transgressions
 For which the Saviour died.

But see the rising Conqueror,
 With glory on his brow;
 His dying groans on Calvary
 Have silenced every foe.
 He enters heaven rejoicing
 In the freedom of his bride,
 While her eternal pardon shines
 In his dear hands and side.
 Hark how the ransom'd millions
 His worthy praises sing!
 To join their hallelujahs
 Our souls are on the wing.
 We bless thee, sacred Spirit,
 For thy sweet shinings now;
 We bless thee, holy Father,
 And our dear Redeemer too.
 But we would fain adore thee
 Where sin is known no more,
 And cast our crowns before thee
 On yonder blissful shore.

BUT, since much wealth too often proves a snare and an incumbrance to the Christian racer, let him lighten the weight, by dispersing abroad and giving to the poor; whereby he will both soften the pilgrimage of his fellow travellers and speed his own way the faster.—*Toplady.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

NOVEMBER, 1858.

MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

THE SOUL'S DESIRE.

A SERMON, BY JOHN MARTIN. PREACHED OCT 3RD, 1847.

“Lord, all my desire is before thee, and my groaning is not hid from thee.”—
Ps. xxxviii. 9.

I started away from home with a heavy heart. I did not know what I should do for a text when I left, but I was sure that the Lord knew all about it; he knew the desire of my soul; and I hoped he would give me something to speak from; and when I got into the pulpit I had a sweet feeling. My soul was humbled before the Lord. He knew all about me. There is nothing hid from him. “The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.”

Now, my fellow-sinner, I dare say there was a time that you could say from your heart and soul that you did not desire the Lord. Your desire was to have your fill in sin, in all the pastimes and amusements of the world. Depend upon it it is a wise word and a true one, “The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing.” The more a carnal man sees of them, the more he wants to see. Satan, the prince of the power of the air, reigns in his heart. He likes it, because he has no other nature. He hates God, and he hates the knowledge of his ways. Some have even said, and one in particular, that they would not be conquered by him. They are determined to have their full swing in sin. Man may turn from evil through the fear of hell, and yet have no dislike to sin whatever. Reformation is not regeneration. People make many a sad mistake here. They do not see that sin is that unholy thing which God hates. They do not dislike sin because it is sin. Remove the fear of hell from them, and you would remove every restraint from them. Sin is that awful thing which God is of purer eyes than to behold. God is angry with the wicked every day. The carnal man is opposed to everything that is according to godliness. He may profess religion, but he is glad to have his sins as long as his heart is untouched by God's grace. When he can get into the dark, he can practise his wicked desires.

But not so with God's children. The Lord puts into their souls such a feeling that they must not do anything in the dark any more than in the light. When God says, “Stop this poor sinner,” and puts his fear in his soul, he cannot go on as he used to do. One man sinks in sin more than another; therefore he sins on, and takes

his full swing in that sin. You know it your own selves. You know that it is what your souls desired; but when the Lord stopped you, and you had another desire in your soul, God was the author of that desire. Where there is a poor sinner that has this desire, that desire will surely be granted. If the Lord has showed you your sad state and ruined nature, and taught you to feel that you are vile from head to foot, you must recollect that this is all God's work. Repentance is God's gift. Man cannot turn and repent of himself, any more than I can touch the stars with my finger. "The preparation of the heart of man and the answer of the tongue are from the Lord;" "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

Well, now, let me ask you seriously, as before the heart-searching and rein-trying God, Has God showed you what you are as a poor hell-deserving sinner? If he has, that is a good gift; that is a perfect gift. God will never repent of it. He has implanted that desire that never can be finally lost out of your soul. Not all the powers of earth and hell ever can extract it; and the Lord will never repent himself of giving it. Whatever comes from God leads to God; and whatever comes from the devil leads to the devil. The devil never gave you a good desire, for nothing good can come from him.

While man is in his natural state he has no desire after God. No such thing. His desires are after poor gilded toys, mere butterflies. It may be money that is his soul's object, and he says he will have it. If he cannot get it honestly he will get it dishonestly. But when God's grace is implanted in the soul of a poor sinner, it will make him honest in the dark as well as in the light.

There are many sins in a man's heart. Another man may be desiring popularity, another one thing, and another another; but when God's grace stops a poor sinner, there is another object comes before his eyes, which appears above every object, and shuts out everything else. What is that object? It is nothing more nor less than the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the object. He brings him to feel that if he gains the whole world and loses his own soul, it will be of no use to him at last. What will it all do for him, when he comes on a deathbed, if he die without an interest in the Son of God? His poor soul must sink into eternal woe. Christ is called "the desire of all nations;" but the world does not desire him. They see no beauty in him, nor any form or comeliness. Even God's people cannot often see the comeliness that they would see in him. They would see a greater beauty in him. There is never a time, when in their right minds, but they would see him as the "altogether lovely."

I do not know whether you have ever been in this spot. It is not money, nor wife, nor child; nothing that the poor sinner will receive but this precious Lord Jesus; and then he will see that he possesses everything that he needs. He is not satisfied with Christ in the Bible. He is not satisfied with these things a long way off. He knows that they must be in him, not in the Bible merely. I could stand up and speak of the offices and characters of Christ, as

in the Bible; but what is all that if I have not the desire, the living desire, hungering and thirsting, in my soul? If I know nothing about him as revealed to my never-dying soul, what is the use of my standing up? Thousands do it in this way, never having tasted of his love, never having tasted of his compassion. My heart's desire is, from what I have felt in my own soul, to set Jesus up for poor perishing sinners. This desire nothing shall finally quench.

There may seem to be no flame, nothing but a little smoke hid under the ashes, and that may seem to be damped or covered up, like a grain of mustard seed; but if the desire spring up, nothing shall quench it. The devil will try, with all his might and main, with all his temptations, to quench it, but he never can. He will tell thee all manner of lies; he will cram thee full of them; he will tell thee there is neither heaven nor hell; he will tell thee the Bible is all a lie, for parsons to get a living by. Sometimes, when I have been to chapel, he will come and say, "What has the man been prating about? After all, perhaps, there is no heaven, no hell." O how this sweeps away the foundation in one's very soul! I know nothing so bad as that. The devil will come sometimes, when I am on my knees, and say the same things, till I do not know what to do with myself. I have felt just as though I had been talking to another person about another; and when I have got up, I have not known what to do with myself; but still the desire has been there; and though the devil has thrown a flood of temptations to sweep it away, he never will. In spite of all his temptations, that desire will ooze up, and I have to groan before the Lord.

The poor sinner often tells the Lord all about his fears, all about his doubts, all about his misgivings, and entreats the Lord to grant him a crumb of the bread of life. This is the way the Lord deals with poor sinners. The devil may tempt them to keep away from chapel, and sometimes he may succeed; but only for a time. There is a secret something in the soul that seems not fit for the world, nor yet for a profession of religion. You are not fit for the one nor yet for the other. Here you are, and here you must groan and cry unto the Lord to make it plain one way or the other, whether you are a child of God or not. As Newton says,

" 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his, or am I not?"

Yea, that will be the very desire of thy soul. Thou art afraid thy desire is not real, that it springs from the flesh, and the devil tells thee it is so, which brings thee into such a condition thou dost not know what thou art about; but he says, "Lord, all my desire is before thee, and my groaning is not hid from thee." The poor sinner feels that without the Lord he must eternally perish. He wants the Lord to appear for his help, to disperse the black clouds that hang over his poor desponding soul, and he keeps on begging and praying that the Lord would give him a glimpse of his blessed face.

This the Lord will do, sooner or later, and the poor soul will come off more than conqueror through him that hath loved him.

“Lord, all my desire is before thee, and my groaning is not hid from thee.” No, not the very groaning of thy soul, my poor fellow-sinner, is hid from the Lord. Luther says the groans that are extorted from that poor sinner come up like claps of thunder. Nothing is heard by God before groans. There is many a poor sinner who despairs of his state because he cannot pray. Because he cannot make a long preamble, he thinks he cannot pray. The devil tells him he is a hypocrite, but he does not tell him that the groans, the cries, the very heavings up of that poor soul are prayer. I really believe in my heart that those prayers which enter most into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth are groans which cannot be put into language. The soul groans out with Hezekiah, “Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me.” That is how God squeezes the juice out of thy heart. It is not garnished up with a parcel of fine words. No; I am confident of it. When Christ was at the grave of Lazarus, we read that “he groaned in the spirit.” Ah! Did Christ groan? Then, poor sinner, thou hast a good companion. A poor sinner may be praying a whole month with nothing but these groans, nothing but the heavings up of the soul. But you may say, “How do you know that these are prayers?” There is not a groan that is extorted from thy soul, but in God’s time he will appear for thee and answer; and thou shalt never be ashamed. When the prophet Daniel had been to pour out his soul, the Lord said, “Fear not, Daniel; for from the first day that thou didst open thine heart to understand, thy words were heard, and I am come for thy words.” We read again that the children of Israel groaned under hard taskmasters; and we read that God heard their groaning and delivered them.

Do not despair, poor sinner. If thou canst go before the Lord, and only say, “Lord, be merciful to me!” “Lord, look upon me!” If thou canst only put these or such like few words together, if they are implanted by the Lord the Spirit, he will appear for thee.

God’s children are often their own tormentors. We should endeavor to trace things to the foundation. Now, hast thou a holy fear in thy soul? Why, there was a time when thou didst not fear, when thou couldst cheat, lie, &c.; but now this fear keeps thee. God has implanted it in thy soul. Jeremiah says, “Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel;” and this fear is one of the blessings of this new covenant. If thou hast this fear, it will surely work outwardly as well as inwardly. Its fruit and effects will be seen outside. Thou canst not live in sin as thou formerly didst. Has God separated thee from the world? Has God separated thee from thy worldly companions? Has he implanted his fear in thy soul? It is not the name, it is not the profession, it is not reading, it is not outwardly praying. Real religion lies in the soul of a poor sinner. “The grace of God that has appeared unto all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this

present world." How does this appear unto all men? When the man has left his wicked companions, they cannot help admiring it; yet they hate it. A Christian loves the very image of Christ in a Christian; he loves the man if he has never seen him before. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one towards another." Depend upon it, God has caused you to love a Christian, if you love the image of God in a Christian. If you love him as a Christian, mind you, you cannot love him without loving Christ. Christ and he are one; so it is impossible to hate a man as a Christian without hating Christ. The apostle says, "We are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones." Nay, the Christian is so dear to Christ that whoever touches him touches the apple of his eye. I have been careful what I have said about people. God knows my heart, I would not say anything against a Christian, no, not for the world. They that persecute them, persecute the members of Christ's mystical body. If thou find it in thy heart to give a poor Christian a sixpence or a shilling, but art too poor to do so, he will take the will for the deed. "Whosoever shall give to one of these little ones a cup of water in the name of a disciple, he shall in nowise lose his reward." "He that receiveth a righteous man, in the name of a righteous man, shall receive a righteous man's reward." There is nothing in earth or hell that shall separate the love of Christ from that poor sinner. Paul says, "Neither height, nor depth, nor length, nor breadth, nor any other creature, shall separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Nothing ever can; and what a mercy that is for thee and me.

If God, in his infinite mercy, has formed Christ in our souls the hope of eternal glory, there is nothing that ever will separate us from him.

The best of it is we shall not have done with these blessed things when we get beyond the grave. The Lord gives us to see that it is all of his free, boundless, eternal love.

MANY take my ten to be a hundred; but I am a deeper hypocrite and shallower professor than every one believeth. God knoweth I feign not. But I think my reckoning on the one page written in great letters, and his mercy to such a forlorn and wretched creature on the other to be more than a miracle.—*Rutherford*.

SENSE and matter are often clogs to the mind, and sensible objects are the same often to spiritual motions. Our souls are never more raised than when they are abstracted from the entanglements of them. A pompous worship, made up of many sensible objects, weakens the spirituality of religion. Those that are most zealous for outward, are usually most cold in inward observances; and those that overdo in carnal modes, usually underdo in spiritual affections. This was the Jewish state. The nature of the ceremonies being pompous and earthly by their show and beauty, meeting with their weakness and childish affections, filled their eyes with an outward lustre, allured their minds, and detained them from seeking things higher and more spiritual; the kernel of those rights lay concealed in a thick shell; the spiritual glory was little seen, and the spiritual sweetness little tasted.—*Charnock*.

HE SHALL BEAR THE GLORY.

My dear Friend,—For so I must call you, as I am persuaded you are a friend of the Bridegroom, and one who greatly rejoiceth (as did John the Baptist) to hear the Bridegroom's voice, as also to see the putting forth of his almighty power in gathering together the outcasts of Israel.

It has been upon my mind for some days past to write and tell you for your soul's encouragement, (should the Lord in mercy be pleased to bless it to that end,) that I believe your labor in London during your last visit was not in vain in the Lord; for I trust I can say you have been made an instrument of great good to my soul.

When you were preaching to us, you may remember telling the people that you had some expectation, and a very earnest desire, that the Lord would make you "a fisher of men." I little thought then you were to be employed of him to dive down into that "horrible pit" into which I had been cast, and into that dungeon or prison in which I had been shut up so long time in order that I might be brought out.

After my last interview with you, I was in a most dreadful state indeed, so much so that I desired to be damned rather than continue as I was. My life was a complete burden to me; I felt I could not possibly go on much longer, for things got worse and worse. However, in the midst of all, it would occur to my mind what you said to me in Mr. S.'s room: "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." But with me, how was this to be done? I could neither pray nor fast, neither could I as far as words were concerned; but I could—did—nay, was obliged to—groan out the anguish of an overwhelmed spirit, yet could not believe that groans or cries like mine could be regarded by the Lord. Still the words would come, "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting," and, "Hitherto, but no farther." I did not, however, at the time perceive how these scriptures were laid underneath my poor soul, so as to prevent utter despair, upon the very verge of which I had for a long time felt myself. No, my dear friend, we cannot see the invisible hand that sustains us in the dark night of desertion and temptation. It appears as if one was wholly given up, and consequently filling up, as fast as sin, restless sin, and the devil could make us, "the measure of our iniquities." How often—nay, almost at all times—did I feel this to be my case! Every day added to an already innumerable load of transgressions. Indeed, I felt no pleasure in living, and was afraid of dying, which, notwithstanding, I was looking for day by day in some form or other, though always in a way of judgment; but have tasted the sweetness of the words, "Mercy rejoiceth against judgment. Unto thee, O Lord, will I sing and give thanks." I do hope and believe the dear Lord has found for me (I could not find it myself) "the piece which I had lost." And I now feel somewhat like the woman—am anxious to call my friends and my neighbors together, and say as she did, "Rejoice with me, for I

have found the piece which I had lost." I have found the pearl of great price. My heart doth sing for joy!

This is a day, my dear brother, I never thought to see; but I believe it to be "a day that the Lord hath made. We will rejoice and be glad in it." "Walk in the light while ye have the light." "The people that sat in darkness saw a great light, and upon them that sat in the region and shadow of death hath the light shined." "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." Yes, "unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings, and ye shall go forth and grow up as calves of the stall." What this is literally, you much better know than I do, and can tell well how the figure is carried out spiritually. Blessed be the name of the Lord that I can set to my seal that he is what his word declares him to be, "the faithful God, that keepeth covenant and mercy for ever." "In those days, saith the Lord, I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, not according to the covenant I made with their fathers, which covenant they brake;" and it will ever be said of us, "which covenant they brake." How often have you and I made a covenant with our eyes, our ears, our feet, our mouth.

Bless the Lord for that covenant which is established upon better promises. The dear Lord himself not only makes this new covenant, but fulfils all its conditions; nay, himself is the Covenant; according as it is written, "I will give him for a Covenant to the people, a Leader and Commander to the people." "He shall lead his people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron." "I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment, to cause them that love me to inherit substance, and I will fill their treasures." Blessed be his glorious name, he makes himself their treasure. They can at times say to him, in the warmth of that soul-affection which he himself has kindled in them, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." (Not, as some have interpreted the passage, There is none upon earth I desire in comparison of thee.) The words as they stand in God's word are just what the soul in such a frame as this feels; Jesus himself, Jesus alone fills their whole soul. Every other object sinks into nothing as he is pleased to exalt himself by the testimony of the blessed Spirit of truth, so that it really is in our souls' experience, as says the apostle, "Christ is all in all;" and, as the hymn says,

"To know my Jesus crucified,
By far exceeds all things beside;
All earthly good I count but loss,
And triumph in my Saviour's cross."

My dear brother, I wish you the blessed experience of the whole of that sweet hymn. What else is worth a thought at such seasons as those at which I have been glancing? How mean and contemptible is all that is of the earth! What emptiness and vanity are stamped upon all this world's goods! "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, (aye, and says it, too, in our very soul,) all is vanity;" and we would never, if we could help it, come down from the mount; we find it,

like Peter, "good to be there." But no, that must not, cannot be in this time state. It must be our lot, while here below, not only to go in but out and find pasture. O this going out! Here the poor soul trembles at the thought. He knows it is a going out into some trial or temptation; and how shall he be able to stand, forgetting that

"He that hath helped him hitherto
Will help him all his journey through."

When I thought of writing to you, I thought I would begin by stating in what way this mighty revolution in my soul was brought about. But in this (as almost in all cases) my purposes are disannulled and broken off, so that I have found myself steered in an opposite course to that I intended to go. My pen, (and I hope my heart has been in unison with my pen,) you perceive, has been running on thus far. I have written just as things came into my soul; and may the dear Lord be pleased to warm your heart also, and then we shall feel, as I trust we are, one in heart and soul. To know merely in one's judgment the oneness that exists between Christ and his members, and the union of the body to each other, does very little good; whilst to experience the sweet shedding abroad of the love of Christ in our hearts really and truly so cements the cornerstone and the building together that they feelingly are but one. O for more of this cementing bond! I have had to learn by bitter experience that every motion of affection, both natural and spiritual, cometh immediately from God, from the Father of lights, with whom there is no variableness nor the shadow of a turning. Alas! how man is sunk by the fall, God, and God only, knows. I believe I have been shown as much of it as I could endure, and live so as to retain my reason, which I have many times thought was departing from me.

But I must come to a close by telling you that about the second Lord's Day after you left, Mr. — was speaking from these words: "My salvation is gone forth;" and in the course of that sermon my ear was made very attentive, so that I anxiously and narrowly watched the words as they fell from his lips; and a remark or two upon the freeness of God's salvation, and the extent of it, "that all manner of sin and blasphemy should be forgiven unto the sons of men," would be upon my mind; and notwithstanding Mr. — had many times before quoted this scripture, and referred to it as the means the Lord was pleased to employ to effect his own deliverance from the dreadful and fearful apprehensions he was at one time under of having committed the unpardonable sin, still, until now, they never bore with any weight upon my mind; they did not bring me, as it were, within their grasp. Well, after the service that evening I felt different to what I generally did, for generally I felt much worse after attending the worship of God than I did before; all that I heard ministered condemnation, and appeared "a savor of death unto death." But, as I observe, there was a difference, and it was this,—I felt a solemn stillness and calm in my spirit; and on my way home these words entered my mind, "Then are they glad, be-

cause they be quiet." But I wanted to feel the context, "so he brought them to their desired haven." The next day was a little less tempestuous than I was accustomed to experience. However, on my way from work, I had engaged to meet my wife at the top of the street where our chapel is situated, and having arrived there I stood for some few minutes; but finding she did not come, I thought I would walk down to the chapel, which I did. It was prayer-meeting night. Having got to the door, I thought I would just go in, when I saw (for, being deaf, I could not hear) one of the brethren in prayer. I closed my eyes, and, quite contrary to my usual occupation under similar circumstances, I found these words involuntarily running through my mind, "Lord, hear, answer, and do; Lord, hear, answer, and do." Nothing further in particular occurred that night; but the following morning, after I got to business, the character of Cyrus was set before me, as well as what is said of him: "He shall let go my captives without price or reward; he shall build the temple of the Lord, and he shall bear the glory." Yes, blessed be his name, my soul replied, he shall build the temple of the Lord, and he shall bear the glory. And now, I believe, the very spirit and substance of those words were felt in my poor soul. "He shall say to the prisoners, Go forth, show yourselves;" and so they do, when he is pleased to "cut the bars of iron and brass asunder." Then

"Sin, that ugly gaoler, Sin,"

as Hart calls him, and the devil combined, can hold him no longer. "The lawful captive is delivered," and the prey taken from the mighty. Did I not now, my brother, experience what it was to be "brought through fire and through water, out into a wealthy place?" "I will (saith the Lord) pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground;" and so I found it. How sweetly the truth of Toplady's lines was realised in my experience:

"A moment's intercourse with him
Thy griefs will overpay."

Yes, so it does; and our dear Lord says, when speaking of these things, "A woman, when she is in travail, hath sorrow, because her hour is come; but when she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish for joy that a man is born into the world; and ye now have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you." I can, therefore, I trust, through the tender mercy of our Lord, subscribe to the truth of these blessed declarations.

When I went home on the Tuesday evening, my dear wife addressed me on a certain subject, not knowing the blessed change that had been wrought for me during the day, and possibly anticipating an answer similar to what I had been in the habit of giving her when she spoke to me; for, to my shame and grief be it said, I could not tell how to give her a civil or kind word, such was the desperation and misery of my mind. I remember her words, as soon as I sat down to supper, were these: "I think the Lord will stir your nest for you, after all." When I immediately replied, with a broken

heart, "I hope so;" which answer was so unlooked for that she fixed her eyes steadfastly upon me, wondering what it could mean. Then my tongue was loosed to speak of the wonders God had wrought for me during that day. We sat up, I believe, weeping and rejoicing in spirit together, till midnight, when we retired to rest; but my soul refused to let my body sleep that night. I was taken up and down that blessed word of God from one field to another until my soul was indeed like a watered garden. How sweetly did these words sound in my soul, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away; for lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear in the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

I could say much more, had I time and space, of the Lord's goodness to such an unworthy worm of the earth as I am. I do love to exalt him, his lovingkindness is so great and so good. May he bless you with much of it in your soul, and thereby encourage you in your work, for it is a good reward for your labor.

My wife desires her love to you; and I wish ever to have the privilege of subscribing myself,

Yours in the truth of the Gospel of Christ,

Hoxton, Oct. 9th, 1854.

R. K.

A LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. DARK.

My ever dear Friend,—I have now passed through Bath twice, and have not called on you, for which I cannot easily forgive myself. But there is one resource to which old transgressors fly, that is, the affections of those against whom they commit such grievous trespasses. I cannot indulge for a moment a thought that that union which has been formed upon and founded in manifested truth is or ever can be separated. But how many things transpire to hinder that communion which is the issue of such a union! I have been much hindered from writing, and will plead guilty. I have valued the correspondence, and it has been sweet to me. You have sometimes proved a preacher and a comforter to me. O that the eternal Spirit would, through the most worthless of all instruments, convey the same to you.

If I can judge, I sink deeper and deeper into a felt discovery of that mire where there is no standing; but, blessed be the eternal Name, the mire has not yet suffocated, although the stench of it is enough to make the strongest traveller sick, and to make him or her cry ardently and fervently to Him who alone can heal, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be cleau; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Indeed, I judge there never was such another poor wandering wretch that stands in such constant need of being punished for my iniquities. What am I? A poor shaking leaf, both in body and mind. When the lion roars from out of the thicket, I am like a bird that trembles. I am roared against both by professor

and profane; but blessed be the Lord God omnipotent that reigneth, mine enemies have not entirely triumphed over or devoured me.

As it regards this sin-stricken world, my grasp at it externally is gone; although, in my vile heart, I sometimes feel irreconciled to my Lord's choice in poverty. For me there are two things in which I have the full assurance of faith,—tribulation and death; with me there are ten thousand uncertainties, and unsettledness. O how much despondency have I to struggle through! Without are fightings, within are fears. O how the enemy has lately shown against me his cheek teeth! He devours my comforts here, but I am possessed of a life hid with Christ in God. He cannot touch that. It seems to me that my name is not only cast out here as evil, but I am, as it were, one of the last set forth for death.

But why should I thus burden my friend, whose eye of faith is turned so much inside to ruminate over the death within, who is so often communing with her own heart, and can talk so much with her heart of its sinful inclinations, sinful desires, sinful lusts, murderous principles, carnality, rebellion, obscenity, filthiness, and a thousand other things too base to name to a mortal, but which must be acknowledged, mourned over, and hated before the Lord, sooner or later.

I want to write to you just as though I were sitting by your side and conversing with you; but alas, alas! what a poor, base, ignorant, nothing creature I am in and of myself.

"I'm a worm of nothing worth,
Crawling out and in the earth."

It has seemed to me that my writing was come to an end. In fact, how often does it seem to me that it is all nearly come to an end. But, however, although I know not how to keep on, I find I cannot quite give up, but am helped still to keep the field of conflict.

Adieu, dear friend. I had the word gently dropped the other day, "The days of thy mourning shall be ended."

With love to mother and Mary, I remain,

Yours, greatly indebted, and in Christian affection,
Bristol, March 17th, 1851. STEPHEN DARK.

THERE is none but hath need of forbearance from others; though, for the most part, they that need it most are most backward to yield it. But this take for a rule, that the less you see your need, the more need you have of it.—*Elisha Coles.*

How hard have I labored for the meat that perisheth! prevented the dawning of the day, and labored as in the very fire! And yet is the Christian's work harder than mine! Surely then I never yet understood the work of Christianity. Alas; my sleepy prayers, and formal duties, even all that ever I performed in my life, never cost me the pains that one hour at plough has done. I have either wholly neglected, or, at best, so lazily performed, religious duties, that I may truly say, I offer to God what costs me nothing. Wo is me, poor wretch! How is the judgment of Korah spiritually executed upon me! The earth opened her mouth and swallowed up my heart, my time, and all my affections. How far am I from the kingdom of God!—*Flavel.*

A LETTER FROM MR. D. FENNER, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, TO A FRIEND IN RUTLAND.

Grace, mercy, and peace be with my dear Friend. Amen.—I received your letter with the enclosed kind and liberal present, for which I do feel warm and affectionate gratitude, but unworthy of it. As I may not be able to write but one letter for all, I am tried as to whether to write to my dear friend Mr. P. or yourself. If I wrote to him I should wish to state more largely and minutely the exercise of mind I have had through the afflictive dispensation I have been and am in; particularly a sharp conflict, and deep, weighty matter I have had for trial; but feeling weak and trembling, and my hand shaking much, I have concluded to write a letter, as I may be able, to you, and trust you will do me the kindness to state my affectionate gratitude to my dear friend Mr. P., and to each of the kind friends.

For some time before this affliction I was in a very weak and sinking state of health. Through last summer I felt as if my end was very near, being unable to walk, to preach, or write without being overcome. Towards the end of August, I was taken ill of a virulent typhus fever, which sank me so fast that, to use the doctor's words since, "there was little hope of recovery." My friends concluded I was fast going into death, and I myself had no other thought. I settled everything for departure; and said again and again, "If I recover, it must be a miracle;" and from day to day, before I sank to the lowest, I concluded I might not live the day out. The state of my mind was this: I had no particular manifestations unto sensible enjoyment, but a mental falling into the will of God; a steadfast hope in him, a calm and quiet peace with him, and was heartily willing to depart and be with him. Truly I felt the truth of the words, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."

The fever was at its height on a Sabbath. I could not turn in bed; and to all who visited me I appeared laid for death. My eye-strings pulled as if breaking; my jaw faltered as if falling; my breath seemed going; I said, "I am dying." My people, in great concern, believed I was dying, yet could not give me up. I felt as if I did actually begin to die, (and now I can think no other,) that I was entering upon the dark valley of the shadow of death, a kind of twilight, and as if led by an invisible hand to go through. I felt as if I had left this life and the world, and was looking for eternity to open, and to be with him I love, when it appeared that the same hand which was leading me on took me by the arm, and turned me quite round, with an intimation that I must go back to this life again, and the world. Then it was for the first time I felt regret at this part of the dispensation; it was at the thought of going back. I said, "O why go back? for if I go back, I must soon come to this again. O why not go now? Do be with me! Shine, and bring me through. But no; I must go back." I evidently felt the change of being in this world and breathing the air of this life again. All declare that the turn of recovery from seeming death to life was wonderful; and they declare that the Lord heard prayer, and raised me up. O cruel love!

In a few days after this, I had a great trial and conflict. I tremble while I write. My ministry was removed as if it had not been; my experience was also as if taken away, and I had none; and the sins of my life, of my corrupt nature, and of my profession, were all condensed, and brought together in one view in a most wonderful way; and though such a multitude, and condensed to one view, yet each one stood boldly forth and was distinct before me. No words can express the astonishing appearance; and this was spoken to me, "The rich man in hell cries for a drop of water to cool his tongue; you are craving ice and cold water to cool your mouth. Are you better than he? Are you not deserving the same punishment?" I immediately fell under it, and acknowledged myself a guilty, filthy, lost, and hell-deserving sinner. I felt as if I were nothing else; my concern became very great, and my whole soul did heartily confess unto God, and cry unto him for mercy to forgive and salvation to deliver, as if I had never known these, but was now first convinced of my lost and ruined state. The enemy was permitted to assault me dreadfully, as if he would tear me to pieces, which he declared he would do. I cannot describe the conflict, but it was dreadful.

One thing in this trial for which I shall ever bless, adore, and praise the Lord was, that the atonement by Christ was not removed from view; here my poor soul did cleave and cling to the Lord, and with earnest concern did plead it with the Lord for mercy. After a few days I felt a softening of the heart, and a removal of the enemy's assaults, which have not since returned, blessed be God! When I was led with more earnest concern to plead and wrestle with God to forgive and deliver my soul, then it pleased him to apply with power, in the life and spirit of them, these words, "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins;" and these words of Hezekiah were applied to me, "I have cast all thy sins behind my back;" and then this scripture dropped into my heart to melting and refreshment, "Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace." My burden was removed, my heart enlarged, and yet I longed for more. What is the evidence, I thought, of the pardon of sin applied? Is it not the love of God? When these words did, with their contents, flow sweetly into my heart, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." I was full, and the following scripture was my feeling and joy, "Whom having not seen ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing," &c. My cup ran over, by the outflowing of my heart in love, and gratitude, and praise, and by the inflowing of the love and goodness of God. I could appeal to the Lord, with Peter, "Thou knowest that I love thee." The Lord did graciously talk with me in, by, and through his word, as one talketh with his friend. O with what unction and sweetness, in the life and spirit of them, did the word come into my heart! It is in this sense we "find" them, as spoken by him to us. Truly I could say, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy words were unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart."

I do wonder at and admire the goodness of God to me, that when he was putting me in the furnace of fresh affliction under his chastening hand, I was first to have a deep sense of my depravity and sin, and on the other hand to experience and enjoy the love and goodness of God to me; both to certify God in his afflictive dispensations, and to know that it all emanates from his fatherly love for my correction and profit.

I come now to the fresh affliction I have been in for the last nine months. In the turn of the typhus fever it fell in my loins, in which I had no more strength than an infant, and was obliged to have two persons to move me from the bed to the sofa at the side. For the first eight months, by spasms and pains, my sufferings were very great, even to agony; but I feel certain that God was dealing with me as a son, and in love, for my good; and when I have had in memory the sweetness of former enjoyment, the goodwill of God has risen in my heart above the sharpest pains; so that when crying out for pain, I have exclaimed, in the will of God, "Not one pain too many, not one pain too sharp; they are in fatherly love to me; they are against my sins, to correct me; they are working my good." O for strength to endure the Lord's will, and the Lord's time. The word "endure" has been a precious, encouraging word to me. "We count them happy which endure;" "endure affliction;" "if ye endure chastisement, God dealeth with you as with sons." God hath made the word "endure" a supporting word to my soul; and encouraging my soul to, and fortitude in, sharp pains. For the last month I have been more free from the sharp pains and spasms; this is a great and favorable change to me in nature, like life from the dead, for which I long to be more grateful to God.

The afflictions of my house are,—my wife, who has had two strokes of paralysis; she is under medical treatment; the second fit took away the use of leg and arm, so that she cannot use a finger. My eldest daughter, who attended me when I was taken ill, found it too much for her. It brought on inflammation in the knee. She has been confined to her bed more than half a year, has suffered extreme pain, and now has a large abscess in the calf of the leg, which discharges very much; she is in a weak and faint state, unfit for anything. My youngest daughter is deeply deranged. So that there is but one, out of six in family, who is free. These things are trying. I am occupied as a nurse to the afflicted, and am not without hope that those who are rational are profited thereby, blessed be God. Upon the whole, though I have not the liberty and joy of heart and soul I had; yet the memory is sweet and supporting; since which I have not been at all cast down mentally. The will of God concerning me is right; all that crosses it is wrong. With all my heart and soul I long that his blessed will may be my life, and all the exercise of my mind to do and suffer as his will and pleasure. I have proved the choice; my lines have fallen in pleasant places. As love can work no ill, I know that all is well, and will end well. Christ is precious; death is gain. I am indeed a happy man!

I do in my prayers come to S., and O., and E. W., daily, and have through all my affliction; and certainly do feel to come to you all in love, and do believe it is reciprocal. The proof is plain.

I cannot express my gratitude to you all as I would. I know the Lord can and will do it for me, and return of your kind liberality to me in spiritual blessings. O do me the kindness to tell all the friends what I say, because it is truth; and express the warm gratitude I feel. In your trials commit your case to the Lord, and he will direct your steps.

I have taken my pen several times to write this letter. My hand shakes, but I hope you can pick it out.

Love to Mr. B., and all friends.

Affectionately and gratefully yours,

Hastings, June 16th, 1858.

D. FENNER.

A LETTER FROM THE LATE DANIEL HERBERT.

My dear, kind, and generous Friend,—I could not feel myself comfortable any longer till I had gratified myself by acknowledging the receipt of your kind and liberal present; and were I to say all I felt, I should be tired with writing and you with reading. But I feel fully persuaded, from your generous mind, that you feel as much gratification, as the giver, as I feel pleasure as the receiver. I have no right to ask my dear friend why such tokens of respect are repeatedly manifested to such an unworthy creature as I am. Well assured I am that had you the opinion of me that I entertain of myself, it would not be so. But when I consider that all my concerns are under the direction of infinite wisdom, and are grounded upon infinite love, then I see my dear Father's hand in it; so that though I can make no return or reward, yet my dear Father can and will; for I am well assured my covenant God will never be in arrears with any, even for a cup of cold water. Therefore may he pour into your lap and into your bosom tenfold; then my prayers respecting you will be answered.

I often wish I could step in with, "How do you do?" And could my restless spirit assume a corporeal appearance, I should often be seen, for I am oftener a visitor at Donnington than you are aware. But if the dear Lord has ordained that we should never see each other in this land of sorrows, yet sweet is the anticipation of meeting in a land of milk and honey, where there is neither thorn nor brier, pain or sorrow, because there is no sin.

I am truly obliged to you for your kind wishes for my welfare. Never cease to pray for me, and you may rest assured that while I live I shall ever cherish a sweet sense of gratitude for your kindness; and beg at a throne of grace that God may settle my accounts with you by blessing you in providence and grace.

Respecting myself I can say but little; sometimes up and sometimes down, sometimes as happy as a king's son, sometimes a poor, murmuring beggar; sometimes my heart is made glad with the sweet

beams of the sun upon my soul, sometimes as dark and cold as the snows of Lapland; sometimes happy, sometimes wretched; sometimes hoping, sometimes fearing; sometimes doubting, but never despairing; for at my worst I know in whom I have believed; and I have committed soul, body, and all my concerns into his hands; and as my precious Jesus changes not, I am safe. I hope I shall ever be enabled to stand my ground against self, sin, and hell, with a blessed trust upon the almighty arm of a covenant-making and a covenant-performing God. I nothing; Christ all.

It is to be feared that many in our day are in the light, but have no light in them. May you and I, my kind friend, examine matters strictly, weigh things deliberately, and abide by truth steadfastly.

Now I hope, my dear friend, you will accept my most grateful thanks for your kindness, and pardon my troubling you with this letter; and believe me,

With warm and Christian affection,

Your real Friend and Brother in the eternal and everlasting
Bonds of an everlasting Covenant,

Sudbury, Feb. 28th, 1822.

DANIEL HERBERT.

P.S.—My very affectionate remembrance to Mr. and Mrs. B., and tell them they are often on my memory, and always on my heart.

My dear wife desires her kind regards to you, for she says she thinks your kindness to me entitles you to a share of her esteem. God bless you.

THERE REMAINETH A REST FOR THE PEOPLE OF GOD.

My dear Friend,—We received your kind letter; and while we could not but love, and admire the loving, tender compassion of our gracious God and Saviour, still, we could not help tenderly sympathising with you. But, my dear friend,

“Gold in the furnace tried,
Ne'er loses aught but dross;
So is the Christian purified,
And better'd by the cross.”

And this we are living witnesses of, although flesh dislikes the way. But when his love, and mercy, and great goodness are felt, yes, we can sing again and again,

“How harsh soe'er the way,
Dear Saviour, still lead on;
Nor leave us till we say, [from real feeling,]
'Father, thy will be done.'”

We groan daily beneath this body of sin and death; and although, at times, we feel ready to sink, and sometimes inwardly think that we shall one day perish by this Saul, yet Jesus appears again, and with his secret whispers of, “Fear not,” and love in times past, puts to flight the enemy; so that we can sing, while the blessed Sun of Righteousness shines, even in this valley of Baca. But O what a

mercy that all these things and painful exercises are all to make us more and more sick of self, and fond of him who hath won our affections and bound our souls fast. Yes; and the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad. I have felt so much of the dear Lord's goodness in his wonderful way of working to endear himself, that I don't know at times what to ask for, only that he would be pleased to work in me to will and do, and keep me humble and close to himself. I daily feel my outward man decaying, and labor daily beneath the load of sin and iniquity. This seems to be his wonderful way of working with his children to make a throne of grace very precious, and his sacred word a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path.

I hope we may be favored with another meeting with Mr. S. and yourself to talk over these things, and how good the Lord is.

"O what is honor, wealth, or mirth
To this well-grounded peace!
O what are all the goods of earth
To such a gift as this!"

But I fancy some would say, "G. is on the mount again." But I care not a rush what they say. Jesus hath won my affections, and I do sincerely love all those who love his dear and matchless name.

It was singular my dear partner had you so presented to her mind last week, in great trouble, that we talked about you. But suffice it to say, for the present, we sympathise and rejoice with you, and would praise the Lord for his goodness towards you. They that observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord. We thank you for the poem. It is truth sensibly known and felt; hence the needs-be for the Lord's fire in Zion, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness, that all his works may praise him, and his saints may bless him.

We join in the sweetest affection to you both, begging that the dear Redeemer may so sanctify all our trials, troubles, and afflictions, that his great name may be adored, and our souls strengthened and comforted. And blessed be our Rock, there remaineth a rest for the people of God; and thanks to his holy name for ever giving us a taste of it here.

We are, Yours affectionately, in the best of all bonds,
In the path of tribulation,
H. & E. G.

WHEN a man sees his mercies come in by the special and assiduous care of God for him, there is a double sweetness in those mercies. The natural sweetness which comes from the creature itself, every one, even the beasts, can taste; but besides that, there is a spiritual sweetness, far exceeding the former, which none but a believer tastes; and much of that comes from the manner in which he receives it, because it comes, be it never so coarse or little, as a covenant mercy to him. "He hath given bread to them that fear him; he is ever mindful of his covenant." Luther, who made many a meal upon a broiled herring, was wont to say, "Let us be content with coarse fare here; have we not the bread that came down from heaven?"—*Flevel.*

THE PARCHED GROUND SHALL BECOME A POOL.

My dear Friend,—We hope to see you on Saturday next, and trust the dear Redeemer will meet with us and bless us, and bless the provision of Zion, agreeably to his gracious promise, "Where two or three meet together in my name, there am I in the midst, and that to bless." And sure I am, if it were not for realising, at times, the truth of such a gracious promise, we should be of all men most miserable; for the trials, temptations, and buffetings of Satan by the way would swallow us up. But it is Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. There is a river; and having tasted the precious streams of love and mercy, we look again and again for the promise to be fulfilled that he would cause the streams to break out in the wilderness, and that the parched ground may become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water. Our souls desire the first-ripe fruits; and one apple from the tree of life dropped into Little-Faith's mouth, I am sure will cause praise and thanksgiving, and make him forget his poverty and remember for the time his misery no more. But in and out we must go, for it is "through much tribulation." Yes, it is; but when Little-Faith feels the water flow sweetly with virtue divine, then she sings again and again, "The Lord is good, and a stronghold in the day of trouble." Yes; and she can join the poet, sweetly, in singing,

"I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great;
And while my faith can keep its hold
I envy not the sinner's gold."

This, friend S., is the bright side; the dark side we will leave, for it is a truth, "He maketh darkness, and it is night, wherein all the beasts of the forest creep forth." I am a strange being; sometimes I think my life is nearly at a close, and that I shall sink beneath the troubles by the way; and groan, being burdened. Then, again, I forget my poverty and misery, and think that I shall live to praise him, so that the humble shall hear thereof and be glad. But I must forbear, while I would just say, that I do feel thankful for his precious word, and that there is a throne of grace where poor, sensible, oppressed, and needy sinners are indulged, at times, to pour out their sorrows, and feel grace to help them in times of need. Jesus is the Friend of sinners; be that forgotten never.

That the Lord may bless you and yours in going out and coming in, and make his precious word spirit and life to your soul, is the desire of

Yours affectionately,

H. G.

IN walking through the streets on a Tuesday afternoon, being the day of my weekly lecture, I have been noticed by many, who have stopt, pointed, broke their jests, and regaled themselves with mirth, till I was out of sight. These have had their day, their sport, and their triumphs; but mine is all to come.—*Huntington.*

A LETTER BY THE LATE G. PAYTON, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.—No. 2.

My dearly-beloved Friends,—I have once more taken my pen in hand, and may the dear Redeemer direct me to move it aright. We are still in the wilderness, and it seems we do not like to leave it, although it would be much better for us to be in a settled habitation, where a fulness of all things is to be enjoyed, a fulness without a want, and a liberty without contraction, a sun without a cloud, a summer without a winter, a garment without a spot, a life without a pain, a joy without sorrow, love without alloy, pleasure without a sting of guilt, songs without a discordant voice, wine without any mixture of water, living streams without an earthly taste, tears wiped off all faces, and believers receiving their exceeding great rewards. "I am thy shield and exceeding great reward," said the Lord to Abraham, and he is all this, and more too, to all Abraham's seed. All is in reserve for the weakest believer in Jesus; and although his or her faith may be so weak that they cannot take the comfort of it, yet it is theirs, because it is for mourners as well as for those who are enabled to "rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of their salvation." These things are to be spoken for the comfort of "mourners in Zion," people with feeble knees, weak hands, and fearful hearts. (Isa. xxxv. 3.) It is the blessedness of the gospel that all the Lord's precious things are laid up for those who have nothing of their own but sin and misery. They are daily mourning over sin, because it keeps them from the enjoyment of communion with him whom they love; though sometimes they can hardly say they mourn, but at the same time they dare not say they do not, because conscience would give them the lie; and they must speak the truth, or else say nothing. For this reason the Lord ordered a prophet to "open his mouth in the cause of the dumb," because they could not speak for themselves. "The lips of the righteous feed many." The Lord feeds his children by telling them what he has laid up for them; and although their faith be weak, yet we ministers are told to go on in our work, because "faith cometh by hearing;" and weak as faith may be, it is sometimes strengthened by the word preached.

Although we cannot at all times have the comfort of hope, or the full assurance of faith, yet "he abideth faithful; he will not deny himself," or fail in what he hath promised; for all the Lord's promises are "Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus;" and this is to the glory of God the Father. He will not fail in one word that he has promised. Joshua called Israel to remember this very thing, that "not one good thing of all that the Lord promised had failed them;" and the Israel of God when brought to the promised inheritance will have to acknowledge the same thing. Tribulations are promised: "In the world ye shall have tribulation," but "in me ye shall have peace." We do sometimes enjoy peace with God. "Darkness may endure for a night," and we feel it too; "but joy cometh in the morning;" and we shall feel and enjoy that. Fears and sorrows are now our common lot, but these shall fly away by and by. Briars

and thorns are in our path, and sometimes we sorely feel them; but these are intended to do us good; and so they do, for if they were not in our way we should love the wilderness better than we do, and I am sure that is needless, for we love it too well already. Chastening is promised, and we get it. We make crooked paths, but find no peace in them. The Lord has promised to "feed us like a shepherd, and to carry the lambs in his bosom, and gently lead those that are with young."

Thus he deals with us as a Father, as a husband, and a friend; and he will, in the end, bring us as his friends to be with him where he is, to behold his glory, and see him face to face. Who in his right reason could wish to stop in this wretched, earth-bound prison, when such glorious things are in reserve, and laid up in store for those that love and fear the Lord? Yet such is our attachment to this mortal state that we would rather remain here with all our difficulties than leave them, and enter into the fulness of joy and blessedness for evermore.

One night this week a more than common gloom came over my mind; and I had at the same time some unpleasant feelings in my feeble frame. The want of sensible enjoyment of the presence of the Lord made me wish to stay a little longer. Though, at best, we have but a poor lodging in this earthly house, yet I was unwilling to leave it. At the same time I could not help calling to mind the past lovingkindness of the Lord, and the times when I could say I would rather die and be with Jesus than live here to be plagued with sin and the world, and lose the blessed enjoyment which my soul felt when I first knew what the love of God was, shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost. That, my friend, was a blessed day. It was the firstfruits of the love of God made known to us. This was old wine brought new to us; it is wine well refined; there are no dregs in it; it stands on the old lees of God's faithfulness and truth. He says, "I have betrothed thee unto me in faithfulness, and thou shalt know the Lord;" "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." From hence arises the feast of fat things of which the Lord has favored us with a taste; and he soon will favor us with the full enjoyment of it, however unpleasant the passage may be to get to them. Everlasting blessings are made sure to all the seed of Israel, by oath, promise, and blood.

Accept my sincere love to you both, and to other friends. I hope soon to hear how you all are. Pray let me know all particulars respecting your health, and as much about other things as you can.

Yours affectionately,

Edenbridge, Feb. 19th, 1825.

G. PAYTON.

GOD intends our good, and if he aims and designs our good he will be sure to strike there where the voice of his rod may be heard, and the smart of it felt; will thrust his probe into the part most festored, and search it to the quick, and cause the corrosive he applies fully to cleanse the wound, before he lays on the healing plaister.—*Dorney.*

Obituary.

MRS. ROBERT MICHELSON, OF STAMFORD, LINCOLNSHIRE.

In laying before the readers of the "Gospel Standard" the following memoir, I trust I am not swayed by any personal motives, or by any family considerations, but that I desire to do so with a single eye to the glory of God and to the good of his people. But in so doing, I by no means intend to represent the work of grace upon the soul of the departed as one very conspicuous, very deep, or marked by any striking or peculiar features. It was nothing of the kind, nor is it now introduced into our pages for any such purpose; but having witnessed much of it with my own eyes, and heard much of it with my own ears, I have felt disposed to give a permanent place to what dropped from her lips on her dying bed, and prefix just sufficient to make the whole more clear, and at the same time show forth more conspicuously the wonders of sovereign grace. I hope it may also be an encouraging testimony to godly parents to seek for a blessing on their offspring, and a word in season to some of the Lord's living family who are asking the way to Zion with their faces thitherward. The subject of the following memoir found at times great encouragement from reading the Obituaries in the "Gospel Standard," and gathered up many hopes in her dark moments that the Lord would appear for her as she saw he had appeared for those whose experience was recorded in them.

Mrs. Robert Michelson was the youngest daughter of Mr. Keal, Surgeon, Oakham, Rutland, and was born Dec. 28th, 1828.* As the gospel was first brought into Oakham about the year 1832, through the ministry of Mr. Tiptaft, Mrs. Keal's youngest brother, and as the Lord was graciously pleased to bless the word very abundantly and raise up a place and cause of truth in that town, at which her parents from the first constantly attended, Mary, for such was her first name, was brought up under the sound of the word. But, like many children of godly parents, she heard the word of truth without any power accompanying it to her heart. She might have occasionally felt a few transient impressions, or gained a little knowledge of the language of doctrine and experience, but no divine life was communicated to her soul. Her parents having been brought out of the world themselves, felt bound to keep their children out of it also; and thus she grew up into womanhood restrained by her parents from mingling with worldly society, yet evidently loving it as fondly as most persons of her age, who have nothing better to love. When rather more than 22 years of age, in the spring of 1851,† she was united in marriage to her present sorrowing partner, then, as now, resident at Stamford; and though the son of a gracious man, yet at that time opposed to the truth, and not an attendant at the chapel. Besides, then, the usual pleasure which most young persons take in being united to the object of their affections, and being

* It is somewhat remarkable that at the time of her confinement her mother was favored with a manifestation of the Lord's mercy and love; and her heart and mouth being full of his praise, she was led not only to bless him for his mercy to herself, but to beg of him to show mercy also to the babe (the subject of this memoir) that had just come into the world.

† It may not be wise to trust too much to impressions; and yet, when fulfilled, the hand of God the Lord is seen in them. A gracious friend of mine, and one much attached to the family, was walking in her garden on the day of the marriage. The church bells struck up to celebrate the event, when these words were applied to her mind, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring."

settled in life, she had the additional gratification of thus escaping from all the restraints which had hitherto kept her out of the world, and from entering into which she anticipated so much enjoyment. In recording a speech which she made to a friend, just on the eve of her marriage, I do so not to cast any reproach on her memory, but to show more clearly and vividly the true state of her mind, and to exalt more highly the riches of that sovereign grace which was afterwards so manifested in her behalf. In all the gayety and hilarity of youth she exclaimed to her, "No more chapel for me." She was as good as her word, for on settling at Stamford she turned her back completely on the chapel in which I, with God's help, seek stately to preach the word of truth, and she attended, with her husband, one of the churches in that town. Never having been in the world, and its amusements and gayeties being to her full of the zest of novelty, she plunged into them with all imaginable eagerness. Though, as she afterwards confessed, she never found in the world the happiness she sought, yet being naturally cheerful and fond of society, and a great observer of persons and things, she found much amusement in, and for a time much enjoyed it. In due time she was favored with a little family, which kept her somewhat more at home, but her heart was still untouched by God's grace; and if she did not go quite so much into the world, it was not from being inwardly separated from it. The Lord's gracious purposes, however, were ripening fast, and the first intimation that he gave of his merciful intentions towards her was by removing her youngest child by death when about four months old, after a lingering illness. During the child's illness, both the parents seemed to have their eyes opened to see the emptiness of the world and to withdraw themselves gradually from it, a blight coming over their earthly comforts from the babe's affliction. When the poor mother saw that the child must die, she was led to pray, and she begged of God very earnestly to give her submission to the stroke. This prayer, as she mentioned on her death-bed, was remarkably answered, for such submission was given to her that when the little babe departed she had scarce a murmuring thought. The stroke, however, could not but be keenly felt; yet it seems to have been the means of the first touch of God's finger on her conscience. She was sitting alone one day, meditating on the death of her babe, when the thought suddenly struck her mind, "Your child was not too young to die, and therefore you are not. Now, if the Lord had taken you instead of your child, where would your soul have been?" With this, such a sense of guilt fell upon her conscience, with such distress of mind, that, as she named afterwards, she felt as if she should sink through the floor.

I should have named that the illness of the babe had been made a means of leading the minds of both the parents towards the chapel; but neither liked to name the subject to the other, being mutually conscious of having spoken much against it. Her husband wished much to go, and for her to accompany him, but hardly knew how to accomplish it. Her uncle, however, Mr. Tiptaft, being then on his annual visit to Stamford and Oakham, he proposed to her to go to hear him. She gladly embraced the proposal; and thus they both went together, and that with willing hearts, to the place which they had both so much despised.

But the Lord now began to lay his afflicting hand on her tabernacle, and brought into her frame that disease which, though at first scarcely perceptible, never relaxed its hold till, after about two years' languishing and suffering, it laid her body in the dust. A silent change was evidently, meanwhile, going on in her soul, though being naturally of a singular honesty of mind she kept matters to herself, as she could not

bear the thought of acting or speaking hypocritically. The back volumes of the "Gospel Standard," and the sermons published in the "Zoar" and "Penny Pulpit," were now gladly borrowed and eagerly read; and as long as her health permitted, she attended the chapel, both on the Lord's Day and the week evening. The Lord seemed also to be deepening his work upon her soul. One night she was extremely ill in bed, a cold perspiration broke out upon her, and she felt as if she were going to die. Distress and horror fell on her mind, as she felt, if she died, she should sink into hell, and being unable, as she thought, to pray for herself, she begged of her husband, "Pray for me." But one of the strongest marks, as far as I could see, of the great revolution which had taken place in her mind was, her change of feeling to the people of God. There had been a time, even since her residence in Stamford, when she used openly to scoff at and ridicule them; but now, as she sat at her window, being kept at home from illness or inclement weather, watching them going to the chapel, she felt that love to them which made her pray for them as they passed; and when she saw them return, she used to say to herself, as she told a friend afterwards, "O, I wonder who has got the blessing. Is it this one? is it that?"

Another mark in her favor, much commended to my conscience, was the special application of several promises to her soul, and their entire fulfilment, as she herself bore witness to the very last.

In the beginning of her illness these words were applied to her heart, and it was the first promise given her with power, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." On another occasion, after being much exercised during the first part of the night about temporal matters, as feeling how expensive her illness had already been and was likely to be, when she awoke, the words "Ebenezer," "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," were given her, and quite relieved her mind. During her illness, she often reverted to those two passages, as she found them from time to time so completely fulfilled, and derived much sweetness and comfort from them. Another promise which was given her was, "Fear not; I have redeemed thee;" but I do not exactly know at what time of her illness or on what occasion they were dropped into her heart.

As her illness increased, and assumed more alarming features, she was led, from a singular chain of circumstances, which I need not here mention, to go to London to consult Dr. Corfe, of the Middlesex Hospital. Her husband being unable, from various circumstances, to go with her as he wished, her married sister, Mrs. Philpot, accompanied her thither; and to her, for the first time, she opened, soon after their arrival, all her heart, and told her all her feelings, and how she had been led to cry for mercy and seek the Lord's face. I shall never forget my feelings when my dear wife wrote to me, giving me an account of what Dr. C. thought about her poor body and what she had told her about her soul. I was at Oakham at the time, staying at her father's house, and was so overcome that I could only say to her parents, when they asked what tidings, "Both of sorrow and joy. I cannot read it to you; you must read it yourselves." She was enabled to attend the preaching at Gower Street on Lord's Day morning, April 4th, and felt much encouragement under the sermon, as Mr. Hazlerigg was led that morning to go through the experience of a living child of God from the very beginning. She told her sister afterwards that she could go along with Mr. Hazlerigg's description of a living child of God from her own experience, and felt a sweet hope in her soul, from what he said, that she was one, and, as such, interested in Christ's salvation.

On examining the state of her chest, Dr. Corfe found pulmonary disease to have made great progress, and that in fact her days on earth

were numbered. He named this to her sister, who had sought a private interview with him to learn his opinion of the case, and who took the opportunity to mention what she believed was going on in her soul. On his next visit, Dr. C. took occasion to name spiritual things to his poor suffering patient; and his kind, sympathising manner, and what he was led to say on the subject, so drew out her heart, that though she was able then to tell him but little of what she had experienced of the Lord's dealings with her soul, yet she afterwards wrote to him, at some length, an account of the way in which she had been led. Her simple, child-like statement was so much commended to Dr. C.'s conscience as to give him a full persuasion that there was a work of grace begun, and that the Lord would more clearly appear, and interested him very deeply in her spiritual welfare. After a fortnight's stay in London, she returned home, and either then or shortly after had one morning, as she lay in bed, a remarkable view in her soul of God and Christ, which I give here, from the diary kept by her husband, in her own words: "She said whether she was asleep or awake she really did not know, but she saw Jesus Christ dressed as she had often seen him in pictures, and he appeared to look upon her with an eye of pity and compassion; and behind him stood God; she did not see God, for she dare not look upon him; but he appeared to shine with a great and glorious light behind Christ. She could see the light shine but dare not look on either side of Jesus for fear she should meet God's eye, as she dare not look upon him otherwise than through the Lord Jesus." This view must have given her some testimony of her interest in Christ, for when she named it to a friend, she added that the words burst from her lips, "Why me, Lord; why me?" which she hardly could have done unless blessed at the time with a faith of appropriation. I name it here, because she often spoke of it, and it seemed to give her such clear views of Christ as the Mediator, and her standing in him. I often compared her in my own mind to a little child; for her hair having been cut short, all her flesh gone, her face wasted and shrunk, and she lying in bed curled up as it were in one posture, she looked, in outward appearance, like a child, and her mind was as childlike as her body had become. I saw, therefore, that the Lord taught her as a little child, as she had acquired no doctrinal knowledge, and by this view instructed her as in a moment in these two blessed truths,—how the soul views God only through Christ, and how God only through Christ views the soul. She often said to her mother, "Through Christ I look at God; through Christ God looks at me." I am much opposed to anything visionary, but there seemed in this something peculiar, which made me receive it.

On April 19th she went to Oakham on a visit to her parents, and being able to attend the chapel, heard me preach four sermons, all of which, and particularly the first, were much blessed to her soul. I spoke on the Lord's Day morning from Isa. xli. 10, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." I preached from the words without knowing, or at least without recollecting that it contained or embodied the three promises which had been given to her. As then I was enabled to open up the words, "Fear not, for I am with thee," "I will strengthen thee," "I will help thee," what was said so agreed with what she had felt in and from these three promises, that it was, as she told her mother, as if every word was meant for her. The text in the afternoon was Luke xix. 10, which she also found very sweet and suitable. The ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered that day, and she stayed to witness it, which she much enjoyed, and said afterwards what love she felt

for the members of the church, and kept praying for each of them, as she saw the bread and wine given them, that they might have a blessing. What a change in her mind and feelings from about seven years before, when she said, "No more chapel for me!" As an eye and ear witness, I cannot but testify to the remarkable feeling manifested towards her by the friends at Oakham and Stamford. It might be thought it would naturally be so, from seeing her prostrate state of health and the respect and affection felt for her parents. But there was something in it far beyond this, for these causes might create sympathy, but they could not produce spiritual feelings such as I saw so clearly manifested. One of the Oakham friends, a poor laboring man, who probably had never spoken to her in his life, had her so laid on his mind one day at his work that he felt he could not but most earnestly supplicate the Lord for her, and had such a persuasion that he would appear for her, that when delayed it seemed to shake all his own experience. On the second Lord's Day that she heard preaching at Oakham, she was unable from weakness to sit in the chapel in the afternoon, and lay on a couch in the vestry. It was well she did so; for when Hymn 778 was given out, and she turned to it in her hymn book, her eyes caught the heading, which being the first words that were applied with power to her soul, took such an effect upon her that she burst into a flood of tears. A female friend sitting in the vestry ran to her immediately to offer her help, but she quietly waved her away, intimating it was not her body but her soul that made her so weep. The friend told me afterwards that she felt such love to her that she could have clasped her to her bosom, and held her there till Christ was revealed to her soul. During the latter part of her stay at Oakham her disease made rapid progress, and she grew gradually weaker and weaker, so that it was evident that her days would not be long on earth. She felt, therefore, as she said, desirous to go home to die. Her husband, too, was exceedingly anxious to have her at home, that he might wait upon her and have the comfort and satisfaction of her company. On June 26th, she therefore left Oakham, and travelled pretty comfortably home, considering her great prostration. One of the Stamford friends was told that she was come home to die. The words fell with great weight on her mind, and stirred up a peculiar desire to see her. She made it a matter of prayer, and was encouraged, as the Lord remarkably opened the way, to go and call upon her. Mrs. Michelson received her with the greatest cordiality and kindness; and as the friend felt much moved towards her, and was enabled to tell her a little of her own experience, and how the Lord had appeared to her after many years full of doubt and fear, it drew out of Mrs. M. an account of what she had felt and experienced both of sorrow and comfort. They both wept and rejoiced together; and before the friend left, Mrs. M. said, "Come here, and let me kiss you," which she did with much feeling and affection.

When she came home I visited her every day that I was at Stamford, and usually found much liberty in conversation, reading and opening the Scriptures, and praying with and for her. She was become so weak that she could not move herself in bed, and lay always in one spot and in one posture, shrunk and wasted from a fine stout woman to look like a little child. I generally went to see her at the same hour every day; (4 p.m. ;) and she used to say to her sister, who generally saw her twice a day, once in the morning, and once with me, "Ah! he will be here at 4 o'clock," looking forward to my visits with an earnest desire that some blessing might be communicated through them. I was led sometimes to sound the ground of her hopes, what her views and feelings were, and whether she was looking to the Lord and the Lord alone for salvation.

But I must say I have rarely known a person so young in experience so brought off looking to self. In fact, she seemed constantly looking up to the Lord for some manifestation, and as fully convinced she could do nothing to procure or hasten it. I never heard her drop one Arminian expression, as she seemed so convinced that the Lord must do it all. And I must add, that I never heard a murmur escape her lips, though she had so much to try faith and patience. She did not, indeed, suffer much internal pain, but was teased with almost incessant cough, could only lie on one side, was wasted to a complete skeleton, and was afflicted with bed sores from being always in one position, and was unable even to move in bed. The weather was, as we all remember, excessively hot in June; and though she had a large and comparatively cool bedroom, yet the heat was very oppressive. But she never murmured at her afflicted lot, nor repined under the heavy strokes which were bringing her tabernacle down. She kept her Bible and little hymn book at her side, and would sometimes open them at a sentence, hoping her eyes might fall upon a portion from which she might gather comfort. One morning she opened her hymn book in this way, and her eyes fell on Hymn 539, (Gadsby's,) which was much blessed to her, especially the last verse:

“The time will shortly come,
When you, with sweet surprise,
Will find yourself at home
With Christ above the skies;
With him to live, with him to reign,
And never, never part again.”

Hymn 553 was also much blessed to her, and she would often quote Hymn 778, first verse, and Hymn 872, second verse, which she was first led to look at from seeing it quoted in a letter from her uncle to her father. I used to remind her sometimes of her former opposition to the chapel and her going into the world, not to reproach her, but to draw from her what her feelings had been when in the world, and to press the evil she had committed in so doing more on her conscience.

I do not wish to speak of myself more than I can possibly help, but I should do neither her nor myself justice did I not name her change of feelings towards me. Of course I could not sanction her leaving the chapel and going into the world; and this necessarily produced a shyness between us, though not a cessation of all intercourse. But when the Lord was pleased to touch her heart by his grace, this produced a great change of feeling toward me. I much pitied and sympathised with her bodily affliction, as I saw death from the first stamped upon her complaint, and was led to do one or two little acts of kindness before I was aware there was anything going on in her soul. This much broke and softened her heart, and when she got a blessing from the word, through me, it quite turned the stream of affection towards me. She said to a friend, “I used to think him my greatest enemy, but he is now my best friend.” Nothing, I may add, surprised her more than the kindness and affection manifested by the Lord's people. She did not know them before, nor their tenderness and sympathy. Knowing only the outside courtesy but real selfishness of the world, she was quite unprepared for the tender feelings and sincere love and affection of the family of God.

All her worldly acquaintance had been for a considerable time given up; and when any called upon her she almost always refused to see them. She used to say of them, “They are very kind to talk to me about my illness, and tell me they hope I shall not suffer, and so on; but I do not want their company.” But she always seemed glad to see, as far as her strength allowed, the children of God, and derived much comfort and

benefit from their conversation and what they told her of their experience.

Towards the end of June my engagements called me away from Stamford to go to London on my annual visit, and I was obliged to leave her. The last time but one that I called on her, I said, "I shall only see you once more again." She at once burst into a flood of tears, and seemed much to feel my departure. I saw her for the last time on June 29th, when I read to and prayed with her, and bade her a solemn and affectionate farewell, knowing, as we both did, we should not meet again on this side of eternity. She now gradually got weaker and weaker; but as she drew nearer and nearer the grave her faith seemed strengthened and her hopes brightened. One of my deacons visited her continually, and his conversation and prayers were much blessed to her. She more than once said what a sweet savor rested upon her soul afterwards, sometimes for the rest of the day. Her husband took down without her knowing it much of what she said, which we hope to give in our next Number, and which will show, better than any words of ours, in what a sweet and happy frame she was during the last few days of her life.

On Aug. 5th, her father came to see her, and seeing how near she was to her departure, felt obliged to tell her that she could not last long. He was much distressed at bidding her farewell, but she told her sister when she next saw her what joy his words gave her, when he said her time would not be long. She was longing more and more to depart and be with Christ; but her life was spared just to see her uncle, Mr. Tiptaft, who reached Stamford on Saturday, August 7th, and saw her that afternoon. She was much agitated at the thought of seeing him, but found comfort from his conversation and prayers. During the night a change took place; death was evidently drawing near. But I cannot do better than here extract from her husband's diary the account he has given of her last hours on earth:

"Aug. 8th.—I found her breath was very short, and she appeared to be going fast, so I thought it my duty to tell her I thought her time was very near. This was an hour before she departed. I asked if she was comfortable. She said, "Very." Then she said, with a smile on her countenance, "Bless the Lord for taking me. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord for all his mercies. I feel so happy!" I begged of her, some time back, if she had a manifestation before she died, if she could possibly speak, to let me know; so she said to me, "Are you satisfied?" I said, "Yes." She said, "So am I. I can bear it. I feel so happy. Give my love to Philpot and all of them. Jesus is precious. I was very happy in the night. I should like to see mamma; send for her." I said to her, "Can you see your interest in the Lord?" "Yes. Kiss the dear children for me. O Lord Jesus! As thy day so shall thy strength be." I said, "I hope it will be a blessed sabbath to you." She said, "Yes; I do feel so happy and comfortable." She then said, "Get thee behind me, Satan; he is tempting me." I said, "Don't give up your hope." She said, "No; O dear, no." She then said, "His love maketh free. Satan tries to deceive me." She shook her head, and said it would not do. "If Satan did not tempt me, he would have forgotten me." She then turned herself on her side, and breathed a few times, and died with her hands in mine, in the presence of myself, her mother, her uncle William Tiptaft, and the servant, on Sunday morning, August 8th, 1858."

In our next I shall hope to give the diary that her husband made of the last month of her life.

Stamford, Oct. 20th, 1858.

J. C. PHILPOT.

INQUIRIES.

Sir,—Will you give me your thoughts on the following scripture, as the insertion of it in the "Gospel Standard," I think, may be very useful? "And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise." (Heb. xi. 39.) I have many a time looked at this scripture, and that in the second verse, but never could guess what was their meaning, nor make sense of them in the apostle's reasoning. "Good report" literally signifies a good character amongst men; but this corresponds not with the holy martyrs that the apostle is here speaking of, who "wandered in deserts, in mountains, and in caves of the earth," for, so far from these having obtained a good report amongst men, many of them were thought unfit to live; and although, in the account of God, the world was not worthy of them, they were thought not worthy of the world. In my perplexity, I have been induced to look into my Greek Testament and Lexicon, to see if I could make out the meaning to my satisfaction, and find that the same word which is here translated "good report" is in the fourth verse translated "witness," and in the fifth verse "testimony." Now, if this be the meaning of the word, I can very well understand what it is to obtain a witness or testimony from God; nor, with this meaning, is it difficult to make out the connection of the apostle's reasoning. Our Lord Jesus received not witness from men, neither do his followers. A witness or testimony from God is the witness of the Holy Ghost, "bearing witness with our spirits that we are the children of God." And if this was what the elders obtained, it is both easy to understand, and agreeable to the sense. "Now faith," says the apostle, "is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. For by it the elders obtained a good report." Now, I cannot see what a good report has to do with the substance of things hoped for, or the evidence of things not seen. According to the apostle's reasoning, he lays down a position, and goes on to prove and illustrate it. But so far as I can judge, faith is not the way to obtain a good report from men. If faith be an *evidence* of things not seen, to prove and illustrate this we want example. Now, if I be right, the apostle goes on to show that by faith the elders obtained a witness or testimony of things not seen. The first example is that of Abel, who obtained witness that he was righteous, through the righteousness of Jesus, which was a thing not seen. The next is Enoch, and he obtained a testimony that he pleased God; and the next is Noah, of whom it is written that he condemned the world that believed not, and became heir of that righteousness which is by faith. Now, Noah's faith made the world neither better nor worse; but it was a testimony against them as it was a testimony to himself that he was an heir of righteousness, as we careful men say, he became *evidently* an heir. So all these worthies that the apostle enumerates are so many more examples of obtaining evidence of things not seen; that is, by faith, as through a glass, they saw the things that are afar off, and were persuaded of them; and their faith, with all its acts and

fruits, became to them an evidence that they were interested in them, God bearing them witness in the Holy Ghost that it was so. Though they had not received the things promised, they enjoyed them; they had the substance though not the things themselves; and they had the testimony of God, although, as yet, they had received very little else. Thus, if I be right, the elders obtained a testimony of things not seen, "not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off and embraced them."

Now, Sir, I submit what I have written to your consideration, because I make no pretensions to criticism in the Greek language; but if I have hit upon the right meaning, I think that good service may be rendered by illustrating this seemingly very obscure but important scripture.

I am, Sir,

Yours, most sincerely,

Houghton-le-Spring.

D. B.

ANSWER.

We have no doubt that our correspondent has been led to see the true meaning of the passage, nor has he consulted his Greek Testament and Lexicon in vain. The word translated having "obtained a good report," for it is in the original but one word, undoubtedly means "having been witnessed of or unto," the word "good" not being at all in the original. And so verse 2 should be rendered, the word being precisely the same: "For in (or by) it the elders were witnessed unto;" and so verse 5, "for before his translation he was witnessed unto that he pleased God."

We most fully agree with our correspondent that the word "good report" has no reference whatever to their character amongst men. This it was not the apostle's object to establish. It was of the witness borne to them by God himself that he speaks; and this, in our judgment, was not so much the inward witness that his Spirit bore to their consciences as the testimony he gave to them in the Scriptures of truth.

We do not for a moment doubt that these elders had the inward witness of which our correspondent speaks, for it must have been their chief support and consolation under their sufferings; but we think that the Apostle is referring rather to the witness that God bore to them in the Scripture. His object was to show that "the just (or justified man) was to live by faith," (chap. x. 38), and this leads him—the two chapters being closely connected, to trace out the faith of the Old Testament saints, after giving a spiritual definition what faith was, that there might be no misapprehension of his meaning. His object was to establish faith as opposed to works, in the same way as he does in his Epistle to the Romans; and as for the same purpose he brings forward the faith of Abraham, (Rom. iv.,) so here he travels all through the Old Testament to show that the Old Testament saints, whom the Hebrews esteemed so highly, were all partakers of it; and what was of more consequence, that God himself bore testimony to it in the inspired Scriptures. As far as experience

is concerned, they doubtless had the witness of the Spirit; but the Apostle is here appealing to fact rather than to feeling. And for this substantial reason. You cannot read my heart to see what God witnesses there, but you can read the Scriptures to see what God witnesses there. Feelings, however blessed, are hidden from view; but the written word of God lies open and bare. Thus, though we do not doubt that the blessed saints who "wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins" had the secret witness of the Spirit in their "caves and dens of the earth," yet taking the words as they stand, and bearing in mind the nature and force of the Apostle's argument, we understand that the witness which God bore to them and their faith was rather such a testimony as he recorded of them in his own written word than what he revealed in the secret depths of their hearts.

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly give a few thoughts on the three first verses of the 6th chapter to the Hebrews? Yours,

DELTA.

ANSWER.

The object of the apostle in these verses is to show that there is not to be a continual laying down of elementary principles in the ministry of the servants of God, but that there is a going on to a riper and fuller statement of divine truth. By the "principles of the doctrine of Christ" he means the A B C of Christianity—the first lessons which the Gospel teaches. These he severally enumerates.

1. *First. Repentance from dead works*, which is the very foundation of the work of grace in the soul; for if there be no repentance, there certainly is no grace; and works of all kinds, good and bad, as seen in the light of the Spirit, are "dead works," because performed by a dead sinner, and as such are to be repented of as an abomination before God. But if a soul has been blessed with "repentance from dead works," it does not want that doctrine only or always preached, but wants to hear something about the gospel, the person, and work of Christ and the experience of believers.

2. "*Faith towards God.*" This also is an elementary doctrine. We believe in God before we believe in Jesus Christ, as the Lord said to his disciples, "Ye believe in God, believe also in me." Faith in the law precedes faith in the gospel; we believe in God as a Judge before we believe in Christ as a Saviour. The doctrine, therefore, of "faith in God" is an elementary principle—milk for a babe, but not meat for a man.

3. "*Of the doctrine of Baptisms.*" This is a difficult expression, and we cannot speak very clearly and decidedly upon it; but we think the apostle is speaking here of Christian baptism and not, as the word might be rendered, "washings." For most certainly washings of the person or things are no part of Christian truth, and can have no place beside faith, repentance, resurrection, and judgment. But baptism, as an initiatory ordinance, is clearly one of the elements of the doctrine of Christ, and one both preached and practised by the apostles, and attended to by the early converts.

But why he uses the plural "baptisms" for the singular "bap-

tism" we cannot explain, unless he mean the continual recurrence of them, as we might say, "There have been many baptisms lately at such or such a place." So he might say "The doctrine of baptisms," not as if there were different kinds of baptisms, for we are expressly told that there is but "one baptism," (Eph. iv. 5,) but meaning thereby the doctrine taught and inculcated by the numerous baptisms which were continually taking place—viz., of the sufferings of Christ and of our being baptized into his death and resurrection.

4. *The laying on of hands* was practised in those days by the apostles (Acts viii. 17) as an emblem and a means of communicating the gifts of the Holy Spirit.

5. *The Resurrection of the Dead and of Eternal Punishment.* These two we put together, it not being necessary to explain them separately. That there would be a general resurrection of the just and the unjust, and an eternal judgment whereby the state of both would be ratified and fixed for all eternity, were both doctrines preached as a part of that elementary instruction laid before the first converts, and lie at the foundation of our most holy faith.

But as one is not to be always laying the foundation of a house, but go on to rear up the walls and lay on the roof, so the apostle expresses his desire and intention to leave ever laying these foundation principles and "going on to perfection," that is, advance to set before them the truth in a riper and more matured form, such as the person of Christ, his blood and righteousness, and such blessed truths as we find in all his Epistles.

WE are compelled, from unavoidable circumstances, to defer the continuation of our Review until our next Number.—ED.

THE ark which Noah built was for the temporal deliverance of a few persons. Christ's salvation is spiritual and eternal, and will embrace, of all nations and tongues, a multitude which no man can number.

THE only way to find comfort in an earthly thing is to surrender it, in a faithful carelessness, into the hands of God. Abraham came to sacrifice; he may not go away with dry hands. God cannot abide that good purposes should be frustrate, lest either he should not do that for which he came, or should want means of speedy thanksgiving for so gracious a disappointment. Behold, a ram stands ready for the sacrifice, and, as it were, proffers himself to this happy exchange. He that made that beast brings him hither, and fastens him there. Even in small things there is a great providence. What mysteries there are in every act of God! The only Son of God, upon this very hill, is laid upon the altar of the cross, and so becomes a true sacrifice for the world; that yet he is raised without impeachment, and exempted from the power of death. The Lamb of God which takes away the sins of the world is here really offered and accepted. One Saviour in two figures; in the one dying, restored in the other. So Abraham, while he exercises his faith, confirms it; and rejoices more to foresee the true Isaac in that place offered to death for his sins than to see the carnal Isaac preserved from death for the reward of his faith. Whatsoever is dearest to us on earth is our Isaac; happy are we if we can sacrifice it to God. Those shall never rest with Abraham that cannot sacrifice with Abraham.—*Bp. Hall.*

POETRY.

THE FAREWELL.

Soon the conflict will be over; Sister, bear up; look above; Jesus is our heavenly Lover. Come, dear Spirit, heavenly Dove, With a foretaste, Melt our mourning hearts in love. Joy and sorrow here are mingled; Sin and sorrow's there no more. On our conscience blood there's sprinkled, O how sweet, at mercy's door. There, Lord, bring us; Then our trials will be o'er. Closing are my eyes, O worldling, On that which once did please me well; Closing are my eyes, O Christian, Hoping soon with him to dwell; And to see him Who redeem'd th' elect from hell. Closing are my eyes, O Satan; Sin, I've had enough of thee. Closing are my eyes, repeating, "Jesus died for me, for me!" And I with him Do desire and long to be. Closing are my eyes, O Zion; How I love the house of prayer! Trembling, praying, hoping, rising With my brethren, still to share, Lord, thy presence Here, and soon in glory there. Bedworth.	Closing are my eyes, friends round me; Earth is not design'd my rest; Death nor hell shall e'er confound me. You I'd clasp now to my breast, And to glory With you fly to Jesus blest. Closing are my eyes, dear traveller; Through the furnace lies the way. Fear not! Press on! God's our helper; Covet Jesus to obey. May we ready Be when he calls us away. Who then, longer, When he calls, on earth can stay? Hallelujah! Saints, ye hail that blessed day. Farewell! With a hope so blessed, Who can doubt his love at last? Jesus, in thy arms caress us, Through all storms do hold us fast; Then receive us, There to praise thee, Evermore when time is past. Friend of sinners, On thee now ourselves we cast.
---	---

G. T. C.

JOSHUA signifies precisely what Jesus does in the Greek tongue, viz., SAVIOUR. (See Heb. iv. 8.) Both names were appropriate to the work in which they engaged, and the achievements which they obtained. In these only, as saviours, did they differ, that while Joshua had to do with the temporal salvation of the hundreds of thousands of the Israelites, Jesus came to save unnumbered hosts of believers from spiritual and eternal death.

GOD hath strength enough to give, but he hath no strength to deny. Here the Almighty himself, with reverence be it spoken, is weak. Even a child, the weakest in grace of his family that can but say, Father, is able to overcome him. And therefore let not thy faith discourage thee. No greater motive to the bowels of mercy to stir up Almighty power to relieve thee than thy weakness, when pleaded in the sense of it. The pale face and thin cheeks, I hope, move more with us than the canting language of a stout, sturdy beggar. Thus that soul that comes laden in the sense of his weak faith, love, patience, the very weakness of them carries an argument along with them for succour.—Gurnall.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

DECEMBER, 1858.

MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

IDOLS.

The natural and consistent question of "A Constant Reader," on the wrapper of the "Standard" for Sept., 1858, being worthy, from its importance, of a reply, the writer of "The History of an Idol" will endeavor to give an answer thereto in meekness and fear before God.

It is true, as stated in the said book, that "I was effectually delivered from the idol (painting) in the year 1848;" and it is equally true that I am as effectually kept in the power of that deliverance in the year 1858; nor have I once been ensnared again with the idols of art, since God enabled me, in his strength, to cast them away. To the praise of upholding grace and preserving mercy be it said, *that* idol has been "utterly abolished" in my heart.

But alas! woe is me; many, many others, unseen and unsuspected, but equally dangerous and much more deceptive, have arisen to distress me since then. I have lived to prove that the very nature of man is idolatrous altogether, and that the earthly creature will worship any image rather than God its Creator.

Thus subsequent discoveries by the teachings of the Eternal Spirit have revealed to me that the heart of man, like the Athenian city, is "wholly given to idolatry." Indeed, the very fact of God's saying, "From *all* your idols will I cleanse you," plainly bespeaks that we are not limited to *one*. And whether we know it or not, we may depend upon it "the land of our nativity," (that is, the nature we inherit and inhabit,) is "full of idols," and their chief defiling-place is the temple—our bodies. And as Ephraim was "bent on backsliding," and we all are Ephraims at heart, we shall one and all go after our idols till the temple that shelters them is destroyed. Throughout our whole lives in the flesh, the creature which is subject to vanity, will, if that will is unrestrained by God, indulge itself in acts of idolatry. And though one Dagon that we set up may fall before the ark of the Lord, our ever-lusting dispositions will soon put it in repair again, or set up another in its stead. "High places" and "images" were not confined to the days of the prophets. Man in every age is the same, and the like thing happeneth unto all. It is only grace that makes a difference between the righteous and the wicked. And the righteous will act as do the wicked unless restrained by grace.

Thus we may rest assured that if the children of Israel ever did fall into idolatry, the children of Israel ever will, unless prevented

by the goodness of God. What a man is capable of doing once, he is capable of doing again, in some form or other, if the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ does not preserve him therefrom.

Thus, as a sequel to "The History of an Idol," I would say, that book unveiled but the contents of one secret room in the heart. Subsequent interpretations of sin-exposing truth have shown me that there are chambers of imagery in the human house of Israel, full of lustful idols; and that every fresh disclosure of its evils reveals greater abominations still.

O the awful pictures of self that have been shown to this son of man. Frightful exhibition! Every form of creeping things, answerable to sin in all its serpentine shapes, portrayed upon the walls of the heart. Hast thou seen these unclean creatures within, dear "Constant Reader?" Depend upon it, if thou knowest thyself, thou knowest me, and all the world besides. And I do assure you it is a bad sign when we can see a worse than ourselves. "Chief of sinners," is the language of the choicest saint whilst clothed with sinful flesh. Nothing but the mighty power of God will keep us from sinning, and the promised mercy of God preserve us from falling. Yea, nothing but the saving grace of God, in its dominion and divine ministration, will ever dethrone the wretched images of our hearts, or destroy their abominable idolatries.

To this grace and the power of it, this rich grace and the reign of it, I am now continually looking, and that with an increased intensity of desire, since the Lord has taught me how weak is the creature in the presence of strong temptation.

Surely we do well to take heed unto ourselves, and to trust in the Lord, since Satan, the great enemy of our souls, as old as the world in sin, and so well exercised in the art of subtlety, is ever going about seeking whom he may either devour by his burning flame—temptation, (Joh xli. 21,) or destroy by his overwhelming flood—persecution. (Rev. xii. 15, 17.)

The flesh of man is always food for his insatiable hunger and thirst, in whom there is ever the ready element for his reception. Nor can it ever be said by any of the fallen sons and daughters of Adam, "The prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me." There is always a something in us, and a dreadful something too! Who can give it a name? Alas! its name is Legion, for it hath many; it may be an itching ear, a wanton eye, a froward mouth, a fiery tongue, a deceitful heart, a carnal mind, a fleshly will, a lustful thought, a wandering desire, a wicked imagination, or any sinful word or deed. Each and all are avenues for the entrance of Satan, who has idols and images for every sense and faculty of man.

Surely, surely we should fall and finally sink into hell if sin could abound over grace! But it is our mercy to know, as Paul saith to Titus, "The grace of God bringeth us salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ."

And now I desire to thank "A Constant Reader" for his kind inquiries. I trust I am not among the number of those who "boast themselves of idols," but, as of the blood royal, belong to the kings of Israel, whose holy business it is to break them in pieces.

My subsequent history is a chequered scene,—hill and dale, cloud and sunshine, sorrow mingled with joy, and bitters interchanged with sweets; but in the midst of it all I can say, "It is well;" for God hath made the history of my goings to be swallowed up in the mystery of his grace. To his name be all glory and praise.

Chelmsford, Sept. 3rd, 1858.

JOSIAH.

ALL IN LOVE.

Dear Friend,—I was sorry to hear that the Lord has seen fit to lay his afflicting hand on you; but these things shall all work together for your soul's good, and in the end the glory of God. Though the cup is bitter now, yet it will yield its sweets after the Lord has sanctified the affliction. I trust that this will find you much better. I have tried in my poor petitions to remember you at a throne of grace. We find that when Peter was cast into prison, prayer was made for him, and the Lord heard it, and the angel was sent to deliver him; yet before this it seemed impossible; but there is nothing too hard for our God. O for faith to believe it! Yet all the workings of our base hearts do not alter the truth. Two years back, the Lord, in love, was pleased to lay his hand of affliction on me; and what I passed through in mind, body, and soul, none knew but the Lord. My complaint got worse; and I was told that if it reached my head it would end in my death. I was kept in this state for two or three months. O the dejection of spirit! But there was a needs be, and it was not till three years after that I was enabled to see what it was; for how wonderful the Lord is pleased at times to work, and how many times I have thanked him for the very affliction. And not only in this, but in two or three furnace works. And though, to your view, all things in providence and grace seem making against you, it is in these very spots we prove the faithfulness of God to deliver us when driven up into a corner, and we cannot see any way of escape. Poor Abraham, when commanded to offer up his son Isaac, was just going to plunge the knife into his heart, and the next moment he would have been a lifeless corpse; but he that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps. The angel cried, "Forbear; touch not thy son!" and Abraham turned round, and there was a ram caught in the thicket. Thus God tried Abraham's faith and honored it, for it was the gift of God. The ways of the Lord are often mysterious. You may be ready to say, "I see no need for this affliction;" but the time will come when you will behold that it was all in love. May the Holy Spirit enable you by faith to see Jesus as your Rock and Foundation of your hope; and may the Spirit dispel every dark cloud, and cause your soul to rejoice in God your Father; and thus may you for a short time be enabled to put your foot on the necks of all your enemies.

From Yours,

Jan., 1852.

T. S. S.

ALONE AND NOT ALONE.

Dearest Friend,—I again take the pleasure of asking you how you do, but am almost afraid to hear the answer. May the dear Lord grant you a patient resignation to his blessed will; and may you feel that it has been for your soul's benefit. But what am I doing, to teach my dear friend? I have a great deal more need to be taught, and to put my mouth in the dust and cry, "Behold, I am vile;" for if ever any one was plagued with an evil heart of unbelief, I am; and sin is my daily pest and trouble. Would to God I could live without it. I feel the truth of that scripture, "When I would do good, evil is present with me." It is in truth; and I am sometimes tempted to think I am nothing but a hypocrite; but surely I could not be so awfully deceived. I cannot give it up; if I perish I perish at his dear feet; and never needy sinner perished there. I trust I have enjoyed his smiles; and when he withdraws them, my heart faints and doubts arise, and all the evil beasts of the forest creep out, and I am left alone. If I converse with worldly people it seems to bring a burden on my conscience, and something says, "You had better have been at prayer," and that sometimes seems a burden.

I seem a strange creature indeed. Did you, my dear friend, ever feel in this strange way? Do tell me, as you know I have no other creature but you I can tell my troubles to. I should like much to see you again, but think I shall not be able to come to your house on Sunday, as it makes the journey so long; but I got home very well last time, and was not so tired as I expected I should be. But I had precious company on the way, and that helped me on. If I feel his presence I want no other company.

That you may feel him near you, comforting you, is the desire of
Your unworthy Friend,

M. S.

BECAUSE I LIVE YE SHALL LIVE ALSO.

My very dear Friend and beloved Brother in the Lord Jesus our precious Saviour,—I opened and read your epistle with delight, and from the scent of the Rose of Sharon inhaled a sweet smell, as from a bundle of camphire. O how tremblingly we go down into those deeps of affliction, fearing the everlasting arms are not underneath; but when we go down with the weights of despondency, guilt, and servile fear, and all seems lost and gone, while sinking fathoms in an instant, then a dead lift from these deeps causes us to cry out, "I cried unto thee out of the deeps, and thou heardest my voice," "thou drewest me out of many waters." The dear Lord and we get better acquainted; and "Thou hast known my soul in adversities," is our plea for further help; and while Satan, unbelief, and carnal reason attempt to rob God of his glory and us of his comfort in our deliverance, yet faith struggles to honor him to whom honor is due, and the Lord is known by the judgment which he executeth.

This increases faith, confirms hope, and brings patience for fresh trials; and when future fires are to be gone into, fresh enemies to conflict with, and love seems cold and corruption strong, then hope cheers and faith fights, being cheered by the promise, "In six troubles I will be with thee, and in seven I will not leave thee;" "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Yet often the hands hang down, the knees turn feeble, and it appears as if all has been begun and carried on hitherto in the flesh, and is likely to end there; but no, no; it cannot be. "Because I live, ye shall live also;" not live always rejoicing, but sometimes despairing of life, sometimes mourning an absent God, a plague in the heart; sometimes walking in darkness and in great fear, yet sometimes rejoicing and sometimes conquering; sometimes counting our wealth, weighing our honors, valuing our estates, and comparing our privileges; and admiring, adoring, and heartily blessing and praising a Three-One God for such wonderful grace as to look upon such poor worthless sinners as we are, and to love them so strongly, unchangeably, and freely.

"For who can half the wonders tell
Of grace that saves our souls from hell?
Or who the heights and depths can trace
Of our Immanuel's free grace,
Who by his blood hath wash'd us white,
And made us precious in God's sight?"

I hope the dear Lord was with our dear sister and Mr. M. in the water; (I baptized one in the sea the same day at H. ;) and hope she will be enabled to adorn the doctrine of the gospel which she has openly espoused, as no doubt the fears she may have will be for the cause of the dear Lord. I hope brother S. and his wife will both be enrolled in the Lamb's book of life, and will be a comfort to the little flock. . . . God grant you every one a Benjamin's mess. . . .

God willing, I can come to begin with you on the 26th of September, and shall stay a month, if the dear Lord permit. Meantime, I hope the church will not cease both publicly and privately to cry to the dear Lord to come with me.

Believe me,

Very affectionately, Yours in the Lord,

Percy Main.

T. C.

JUST as the enemies of Gaza must have marvelled at Samson's escape, bearing on his shoulders the ponderous gates of the city, so marvelled both the soldiers and the Jews at the resurrection of Christ from the tomb, with the earthquake and glory with which it was attended. We shall not attempt to show the great disparity between Samson and Jesus, as one was the least perfect of Old Testament saints, and the other the source and pattern of unsullied purity and goodness. It may indeed be that many New Testament saints, under a more favorable dispensation, exhibit equal frailties to those displayed in the life of Samson. Our reply is, Jesus is the model of Christian excellency. We are called with a high and holy calling, and it behoves us to show forth a conversation becoming the gospel of Christ. While Samson acts as a beacon, let Jesus be the magnet, directing us to walk in his holy and heavenly steps.

A LETTER FROM THE LATE W. HUNTINGTON
TO W. WELDON, TRUMPET-MAJOR, 13TH LIGHT DRAGOONS,
GEN. HILL'S DIVISION, PORTUGAL.

Dear Sir,—The letter that you sent to me when stationed in Essex I did not answer, thinking a good man had no business in such a profession unless compelled, or else engaged in that sort of warfare previous to his call by grace. A man of God has enemies enough near home, and has need of the whole armor of God both offensive and defensive against those, without seeking for enemies in a strange land, or having recourse to carnal weapons. However, it is true that many of God's family have been called into the field of battle, especially among the Jews, and those who "through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens." And of this be assured, there is no courage, valor, or fortitude, like that which is brought in by prayer; and you will find faith to be the best fighting hand, and Christ the best shield in the warfare: "Thou O Lord, art a shield for me, my glory, and the iifter up of my head;" "By thee I have run through a troop, by the help of my God I have leaped over a wall." And Jesus is the Captain of salvation, the Lord of hosts, and the God of armies still. "The horse is prepared for the battle, but every man's safety is of the Lord;" nor shall any one bow down to the slaughter but he, and only he, which God hath numbered to the sword. (Isa. lxxv. 12.)

A firm confidence in these things will furnish the soul with peace in the midst of war. Christ in the hand of faith is the whole of our armor, and he strengtheneth the wise more than ten men which are in the city. (Ecc. vii. 19.) Faith in Christ is of infinite use, not only in the business of salvation, but in every other employ or undertaking. It is the seed and life of God in man, and he claims it for his own treasure. The possessor of it is in alliance with the Almighty. All the promises of God in Christ are Yea and Amen to faith. Faith eyes them and respects them, pleads them, relies upon them, and is the substance of every blessing contained in the covenant of promise. Without this the heart and flesh must fail; for it is by faith we stand; and its risings and sinkings, its actings and its ceasing to act, are perceptible enough. Constant prayer increases it and strengthens it, and a clear conscience gives it boldness to plead, and plenty of power to act. Sin unrepented of and unpardoned makes the faith of a backslider cowardly, feeble, and timorous, being interrupted and clogged with the scruples, charges, misgivings, bitter reflections, and reproaches of conscience.

I am too far off to run in the trenches and shout for the battle; but my constant prayer is that God may go forth with our armies; and my daily inquiries are, "Have they not sped? Have they not divided the prey?" (Judg. v. 30.)

The palm, the harp of God, and that victorious faith which overcometh the world be with thee. So prays thy Fellow-Soldier,

In the most just and most honorable of all Warfares,
Crickwood, Nov. 24th, 1810. W. HUNTINGTON, S.S.

Obituary.

MRS. ROBERT MICHELSON, OF STAMFORD, LINCOLNSHIRE.

(Concluded from page 351).

IN redeeming my pledge, and laying before the readers of the "Gospel Standard" the following Diary, in relation to the late Mrs. Michelson, I wish them clearly to understand that there was not the slightest thought or intention to make it public when in the first instance it was taken down. It originated thus. Her husband was desirous to preserve for his own comfort and that of the family some record of the last days of his poor afflicted wife. Without, therefore, letting her know what he was doing, he took occasion, as he sat in the room with her, to put down in pencil her exact words; and as she was unable to move herself in bed, he could easily do this without her noticing that he was so employed. When not able to effect this, he wrote it down as soon as possible afterwards. The chief value, then, of the following record is, that it is a faithful, literal transcript of what fell from her lips, for the exact words were at the very time taken down, and no reliance was placed on the memory. But as business required his absence a good part of the day from home, only a part of what dropped from her lips has been preserved. This, however, is, I trust, sufficient to show the reality of the work upon her soul. Among other evidences might be named the complete removal of the fear of death for more than a month previous to her departure, and the loosening of the ties which bound her to earth. And this is the more remarkable as she was most earnest in her desire to live during the former part of her illness, and was most anxious to try every plan that could be suggested by her medical attendants to promote her recovery; but all this was quite removed for some time before she departed. Towards the close she became more and more anxious to depart and be with Christ, entirely abandoned all thought or wish for recovery, and all she seemed to desire was a fuller manifestation of the Lord Jesus. Shortly before her death she gave the most minute directions about her funeral, expressing her wish to lie by the side of the babe which had been removed by death; said to the nurse, a short time before she died, "Nurse, you will lay me out;" and even spoke of who was to sign the register of her death. Her mother sat with her most part of the Saturday afternoon, the day before she died; but from weakness of body, and her voice being now reduced to a whisper, she scarcely spoke at all; but she beckoned her to come to her bedside, and whispered into her ear, "I have had such sweet words in my mind, 'Unto you which believe, he is precious.'" Her mother said, "Yes; unto them which believe, he is precious." But she answered, "No; unto *you* which believe, he is precious." She also said, "I have had these words,

'We shall be conquerors all, ere long,
And more than conquerors too.'

Both her father and her mother were with her that afternoon; her father had to return to Oakham, but her mother slept at my house. About 5 o'clock the next morning, (Lord's Day, Aug. 8th,) she said to her husband, "Send for mamma," who went as quickly as possible after she received the message, and her uncle, who was also staying at my house, followed immediately afterwards. They were just in time to witness her last faint struggle, as was recorded in the last Number. But I will say no more, as I hope the following Diary will speak sufficiently for itself.

Stamford, Nov. 17th, 1858.

J. C. PHILPOT.

A Short Account of some of the Dealings of the Lord with my dear Wife, Mary Michelson, commencing from the time of her return home after visiting her Relations at Oakham.

May 27th, 1858.—“I feel thus towards God: I see him through Christ, and God also sees me through him, as if I stood thus,” which she described to me with her fingers on the bed in the following manner:

<i>Mary.</i>		<i>Christ.</i>		<i>God.</i>
“By looking in a straight line through Christ I see God.				“God sees me through Christ.”

“I awoke one night repeating the word ‘Ebenezer,’ which was very strongly impressed upon my mind for some time afterwards.”

28th.—“I do not fear death; I feel sure I shall go to heaven; I hope it is not presumption in me to say so, but I feel quite comfortable.” I asked her whether she would not like some one to be with her when I was obliged to be absent from her on business. “No; I prefer being alone, as I can then lie and pray without interruption. I have done with the world; it is nothing to me. What need I care about what takes place in it?”

29th.—“I do not fear to die, but I want fresh manifestations.” She enjoyed Hymn 778 very much; it was greatly blessed to her. She said she derived great comfort from “Come and Welcome,” a small book by Bunyan, which was sent to her by her uncle, Wm. Tiptaft. She said, “‘As thy day so shall thy strength be,’ has been wonderfully carried out and blessed to me.” She read the first letter of a series of three in Newton’s Cardiphonia, entitled, “Grace in the Blade;” (Mark xiv. 28;) said it was beautiful; it quite settled her mind, and she felt great consolation from it as it described her feelings exactly.

30th.—She very much enjoyed Hymn 299. She said Mr. Hazlerigg described her feelings at Gower Street Chapel. She could go with him in his description of a living child of God. She said she had Christ carrying the saint over the river Jordan, mentioned in the latter part of the “Pilgrim’s Progress,” brought to her mind with great sweetness. She again derived great comfort from Hymn 778.

31st.—She said she had done with the world; she could give it up. What was it to her? But she desired to have a greater manifestation before she died.

June 1st.—She received a very nice letter to-day from Dr. Corfe, which gave her great comfort and consolation. She was very weak indeed to-day, and could not talk much.

2nd.—She spoke of Dr. Corfe’s letter, and said, “He writes so nicely; I cannot write so. I can do nothing but pray; yet I have a hope.” “At one time I thought how horrible to be left alone, and have the lid put on my coffin; what a dreadful thing was death to contemplate! But now it has no horrors for me; I do not care what becomes of my body.” I said to her, “No, so long as your soul is saved.” “‘Mary pondered these things in her heart,’ has been very sweet to me. Mary dwelt upon them and thought about them. I lie here and pray, but want fresh manifestations.” I said to her that the Lord would not bring her to this state and forsake her at last, but she must wait his time, for he will make himself known to her; it will be in his own time though, and when he pleases. She said she must wait for him, though he tarry. She was very low and faint to-day.

3rd.—She said she was very much affected by a sermon Mr. P. preached whilst she was at Oakham. She did not know where to find the words of the text in the Bible, and requested me to look for them. I found them for her, Luke xix. 19: “This day is salvation come to this house.”

4th.—I said, I hoped that when the Lord took her to himself, he

would leave some blessed testimony behind for the comfort and consolation of those friends left in this vale of tears. She said, "He is sure to do that." I was talking to her about our separation here; she said, "We shall meet again in heaven." She was rather better in health to-day. She said, "When I began to perceive that there was little hope of my recovery from this illness, I did not pray that I might get better, but that if I did live my life might be spent to the honor and glory of God." She said, when she felt herself a little better yesterday she was afraid she might recover again. After hearing some friends speak about spiritual things she said it made her feel herself so little.

5th.—She said she felt very comfortable in her mind this morning, and that she must wait until the Lord did appear for her, but she added, "Am I a child of God?" She said Mr. L. prayed beautifully for her yesterday; it remained with her until the present moment, for she could yet feel it. She said this evening that she kept praying but she could get no little token or manifestation; if she could she should be ready to die at once, for what was it to lie there to praising him in glory! She said she kept praying to him every five minutes, but all her prayers he shutteth out.

6th.—She said, "When I pray, I say, Lord, plant a godly fear in my heart." She said, "What a sweet hymn 412 is:

'What cheering words are these,'

also 320:

" 'God moves in a mysterious way.' "

She said the Lord was merciful and gracious to keep her free from pain. She said she hoped the Lord would have appeared for her whilst I was at chapel to-day (Sunday).

7th.—She said she had just read this verse with great sweetness (539):

"The time will shortly come,
When you, with sweet surprise,
Will find yourself at home
With Christ above the skies,
With him to live, with him to reign,
And never, never part again."

8th.—She said she felt that the Lord would appear for her with a sweet manifestation before she died.

9th.—She said she always very much enjoyed reading the Obituaries in the "Standard," they were so sweet to her; she often prayed that her end might be like theirs. She said that she read the "Standard" nearly all day yesterday, and enjoyed it very much.

10th.—She awoke in the morning and said, "O the wonderful mercies of the Lord in giving me such a good night and refreshing sleep." She said she kept thinking about this passage of scripture where the Lord said, (John xx. 29,) "Because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet believed." She said she felt such a love towards Mr. P., because he took such an interest in the welfare of her soul, and prayed so nicely for her. She said, "Here I lie, waiting for a manifestation. I have faith on one hand and doubt and fear on the other; I believe he will come, but yet I keep doubting."

11th.—She opened the hymn book this morning, and read the verse with great sweetness, (533: 4.)

"His life he gave a ransom price,
Resolved to set her free,
And made her in his name rejoice
To all eternity."

12th.—She said that she enjoyed the sermon very much that Mr. P. preached whilst she was at Oakham; it was about the inward and the

outward man; it appeared as if preached to herself. "To think," she said, "that that was the last sermon I was to hear preached!"

13th.—She enjoyed the 53rd of Isaiah very much. She said she should awake me in the night if she got a blessing. She said she was in such a happy state when she got to her own home after leaving Oakham. She said, "I dare not give up my hope, for I feel that I shall get a blessing."

14th.—She said, "I have had such a nice day with Mrs. —, who came to see me in the morning, and with Mr. P., who called to read and pray with me this afternoon." The above reading and prayer appeared to remain with her for some time with great sweetness, and gave her great comfort and consolation. She said she hugged the pillow yesterday, blessed the Lord, and was almost beside herself with delight, and then some one came into her room and interrupted her, and spoiled it all. She said she wondered when she should get worse in health, for then Christ would appear.

15th.—She said she read a beautiful piece in the "Standard" this morning, "The Blood and Righteousness of Christ," by J. K.; it was very sweet. Mr. L. offered up a very sweet prayer, which she said she enjoyed very much, and could not help talking about it with a considerable degree of pleasure for some time afterwards.

16th.—She said she had had a very sweet day with Mrs. —, who spoke of some of her experience, and it was in a great measure such feelings as she had witnessed in her own soul; she said she gave her such encouragement.

17th.—She said, "I bless the Lord for his mercies; I ought to be thankful for having had such a good night; how many poor creatures suffer great pain of body, which I do not. I feel so comfortable and have such a pleasurable sensation, although I have had no words applied to me. I could say to P., 'God bless you for coming to read to me!' I do feel such a love towards him for his sympathy towards me. I prayed on Saturday that I might be in the Spirit on the Lord's Day, and I did enjoy what I read so very much!" She said Mr. P. spoke so nicely to-day about the thief on the cross. "It was," she said, "on the very last day that he was saved. I do feel so comfortable to-day."

18th.—She said, "When we think the Lord is farthest from us perhaps he is the nearest, and watching over us. I think I should not be always thinking of the Lord unless I was right with him. I know I cannot find help in any other than Christ."

19th.—She said she felt so hard, and appeared to get worse and worse. Did not feel in such a nice state as when she first came home, but she hoped she should be able to talk nicely to me at the last, (before she expired she meant.)

20th.—She read a very nice hymn, which she enjoyed very much, 401, 1st and 5th verses. Said it appeared such a time to wait for a manifestation.

21st.—Said she had felt more of a spirit of prayer to-day. Isa. xl. 11 had been very sweet to her: "He shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom."

22nd.—Said, "I can pray sometimes, but feel very dark. I feel another spirit working within."

23rd.—I was out all day; had very little time for conversation with her. She said she read the Psalms with very great pleasure.

24th.—Said she had been in a very careless state about her soul. She had noticed through her illness that when she had got into a dull state in soul matters she always had some severe attack to bring her to her former feelings, and had no doubt she should now have some suffering as a punishment for her wickedness.

25th.—Said the Lord has his own time; I must wait until he appears. Enjoyed Mr. P.'s reading and praying very much; he read Ps. cxxx.

25th.—Said she had had such a nice sleep; every time she awoke she blessed the Lord, for she said it is such a mercy to have a good sleep. Said these words kept coming to her last night, "Israel will be glad, and Jacob shall rejoice;" she believed that it meant the people of God, and that her own family would rejoice when she got a blessing. Said she had read several nice pieces in the "Standard" to-day, and they all say they are dark and dull before a blessing. Said she often wondered whether what she had stated to me about seeing Jesus was really a manifestation or not; said it had been so strongly impressed upon her mind, but she feared to talk about it lest after all it should not have been anything.*

28th.—Said she enjoyed hymn 909 very much indeed:

"Beneath thy fainting head
Thy Father and thy Friend
His everlasting arms has laid,
To succor and defend."

Said she had read some most beautiful Obituaries in the "Standard." "They are such nice experiences, but I cannot look back, as they do, with such confidence and pleasure."

29th.—Said there must be some reality in her past experience; it cannot all have been nothing. She read Ps. cxix., and understood it better. Said reading the Obituaries gave her more hope. Enjoyed this verse very much, Hymn 386:

"Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Dear Jesus, set me free,
And to thy glory take me in,
For there I long to be."

Said she had more hope to-day and more spirit of prayer; felt as if the Lord would manifest himself to her before she died, and that the blessing would be very sweet at last. Had some sweet feelings of prayer to-day.

30th.—Felt very much worse in health to-day. Said she thought when she felt so ill that she was nearer heaven. Enjoyed Hymn 567, verse 5, very much:

"Worthy the Lamb, shall be my song,
For he for me was slain;
And with me all the heavenly throng
Shall join and say, "Amen."

The above came to her this morning with very great sweetness.

July 1st.—Said how much more blessed she was on that sick bed than thousands who are enjoying the world. She enjoyed Mr. L.'s reading and praying very much.

2nd.—Said the Lord had brought her down so gently; said she did not suffer much pain. Her cough troubled her very much at times, and her side hurt her very much, but with those exceptions, she did not suffer.

4th.—She enjoyed the two following verses very much, Hymn 329, verse 4:

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow.
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine;"

and Hymn 330, verse 6:

"Blest is the man, O God,
Whose mind is stay'd on thee;
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see."

* What she said about this will be found in our last Number, p. 348.

She had a very distressing cough to-day, and could get no rest. Said she must bear all those sufferings, as it was good for her latter end.

5th.—A blank.

6th.—Yesterday I was obliged to leave a blank. What a dreadful day it was to me! Poor, dear Mary was very weak and exhausted with coughing, and the Lord did not appear to be with her. I could not get her to talk about spiritual things. When I found the day creeping on, and she said nothing cheering, I made it a matter of prayer; but the Lord would not hear me. I stood by her bedside and could not leave her, but the Lord would not give her a word to say. I thought what if the Lord should cut her off for ever, and me also. I asked the Lord this morning whether his mercy was clean gone for ever; and I opened the hymn book at 401, which I thought very suitable to my case. I then thought I must be a poor miserable sinner in his sight, and worse than nothing. I then opened the Bible at these words, (Prov. xiii. 7,) "There is that maketh himself rich yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor yet hath great riches," and I found great consolation from them, for I am sure I did not feel myself rich before God. I then thought of Ps. xlii. 11, and it was very sweet to me, "Why art thou cast down O my soul," down to "countenance and my God." I did hope that I might yet praise him whom my soul loveth, and that he would yet show forth his power and have mercy, and that I should yet have to rejoice for his bounteous dealings towards my poor dear wife and myself. But I must say no more about myself, but speak of the Lord's dealings with my poor wife. This day the Lord gave her a spirit of prayer and supplication, I hope in answer to my humble request. She said Mr. L. called upon her, and prayed so nicely; he was so in the spirit; she enjoyed it so very much. In the afternoon she lay very still for some time, and I asked her why she was so quiet; she said she was enjoying herself praying, almost like Mr. L.

8th.—"I am thankful for a good night's rest. The Lord does answer our prayers! Look what a good night I have had; how free from pain! I shall be glad to go, for no eye can see nor heart conceive the joy there will be above."

9th.—She said, "I have had Mr. Godwin to read to me; he read out of John; I enjoyed it. He did talk so nicely to me, I liked to hear him."

10th.—"I did pray so hard; I thought I was going without a manifestation."

11th.—"I did hope that the Lord would have given me a manifestation before this; I did pray so earnestly last night that I thought it must come, I begged so hard of Christ. I did so enjoy what Mr. Godwin read to me the other day; this part of it I liked so much, (John ix. 6,) 'When he had thus spoken he spat on the ground and made clay of the spittle, and he anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay;' also verse 7: 'He went his way, therefore, and washed, and came seeing;' and verse 38: 'And he said, Lord, I believe; and he worshipped him.'"

13th.—"I feel much worse in bodily health. When the Lord does appear for me I hope some one will be with me to enjoy it; I shall call out and bless the Lord. I keep thinking to myself how delighted I shall be when I get a manifestation. I long to be gone; I only want the Lord to appear. I have such union with Mr. L.; he prayed so earnestly. I could call God to bless him when I see him."

16th.—"I have had Mr. Godwin to read to me to-day. I felt so very ill, my chest hurt me so; I wished I might go. What a mercy it will be when I am gone! I did not like to hear papa and mamma say I might linger." She talked very much about the sermon Mr. P. preached

whilst she was at Oakham, about Zaccheus, and said, "I thought and felt as if it was all preached to me. I cannot forget my 'Ebenezer,' that I had in the night some time back."

18th.—She enjoyed very much what I read to her to-day, but did not talk much. She said, "I often picture to myself my last moments, after I have had a blessing, how nicely I shall talk to you, and shake hands, and bid you good bye."

19th.—"When I am worse in health I have more a spirit of prayer."

20th.—I read John xiv. to her. She said, "There are such promises in that chapter."

21st.—"I awoke with these words last night, 'The marriage supper of the Lamb,' and, 'As the outer man perisheth, the inner man is renewed.'"

22nd.—"It is wonderful how I am favored!"

23rd.—"Mr. Godwin read some nice pieces to me to-day, but I was so unwell that it was almost too much for me. How I have prayed this afternoon! I wish I could feel on fire, and burn with love! I wish I was gone."

24th.—"Every day brings me nearer to heaven. When I feel very bad, how it makes me pray!"

25th.—"What a number of weeks I have waited for a manifestation. I sometimes wonder whether it is a delusion. I keep wondering when it will come. Every night I say to myself, Will it come to-night? and when morning comes, Will it be to-day? I shall be glad when I am gone. If this should be a blessed day to me! It is not too late yet." (8.5 p.m.)

27th.—"I thank the Lord that I have had a good night—such a comfortable one. I praise the Lord for his goodness. I feel in such a comfortable state. Mr. L. has been to read to me; I like him so much. I keep saying, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name.' 'I love the Lord, because he has heard my supplications;' he has heard them, or I should not be here. I felt such a happy sensation this morning, as if I could adore, bless, and praise his holy name. I thought it was a foretaste of something better."

28th.—"I feel sure we shall meet again in heaven. I felt in such a state yesterday that I thought the blessing would have come. I have had such a nice day; I kept dozing, and every time I awoke with a portion of scripture. Once I awoke whilst singing,

'Glory, honor, praise, and power,' &c.

I am very weak, but feel happy and comfortable. I cannot keep waking up with these words unless there is something in it."

29th.—She was very weak indeed to-day, and could scarcely speak. She said, "I am in a very comfortable and nice state. When the Lord blesses me I am ready to go. I am very much worse to-day in bodily health, but very comfortable in mind."

30th.—Although suffering from pain and weakness, said she feared she had not had sufficient trials.

31st.—"I feel very comfortable in my mind; I am full of hope."

Aug. 1st.—"I was very weak in the night; I thought I should have had to awake you. I awoke with such a pleasurable sensation, and had some nice words, but cannot remember them; I wish I could." Did not wish me to read to her, saying her head was too bad to bear it. She read to herself Mr. P.'s last sermon, No. 8, and some hymns. "I have had a very nice feeling, but no manifestation. I kept awaking with portions of scripture, but cannot remember them."

2nd.—"I feel much worse in body, but am very comfortable in mind. I feel pleased when I am a little worse."

3rd.—She was very low and weak indeed to-day. She said, "I feel very comfortable and happy in my mind. I feel it such a happy thing to be able to lie awake all night without complaining." I offered to read to her, but she was too weak to bear it. I asked her if she felt any pain. She said, "No, the Lord is wonderfully merciful. I have a great deal to be thankful for in being able to bear so cheerfully all my sufferings; it must be the Lord who causes it; he must be with me, or I could not do it."

4th.—"I do suffer so much from my cough and weakness, I think I must cry soon." She had a very bad night, was very weak, and coughed distressingly, and had little sleep. I asked her this afternoon how she felt in her mind, whether she was comfortable or no; she said, "I am ready to go."

5th.—Said she was very happy and comfortable in her mind, and promised if she had any manifestation that she would, if possible, let me know. She said she was pleased to hear her father say she should not be here long. Said she had faith.

6th.—I asked her if she was comfortable, and had had any nice feeling in the night. She said that she could pray, and then wished she was gone. Mr. L. read this morning and prayed so nicely, she enjoyed it very much. She said, "I feel so very comfortable, as if the Lord was with me. What a mercy it will be to go. I can leave you, for I know that you will follow me. I am only going before."

7th.—"These words came to me in the night:

‘We shall be conquerors all ere long,
And more than conquerors too.’

These words came to me several times: 'Unto you that believe, he is precious.' 'The Lord is nigh unto them that fear him,' has been very sweet to me to-day. How nice it is to have these words come to me. I hope I shall soon be gone, and sing praises in heaven."

As the closing scene was given in the last Number, p. 351, it is not here repeated.

R. M.

SATURDAY, May 26th, 1798.—As miserable as a poor wretch under sentence of death. My sins stare me in the face. Conscience pursues me, go where I will or say what I will. If I am at work, I am caught up in my words, as David says, (Ps. lvi. 5,) "They mark my steps." (Also Ps. lvi. 6.) The more careful I am the more I stumble. I hate myself as I hate the devil. I am a mass of corruption. Sometimes I think if I were to go on anyhow, and run all risks, I should be better; but then I cannot smother my conscience. Go where I will, and be as honest and upright as I may in the world, still my conscience is flogging me. I have a secret hope at the bottom that I shall not always go on so; though when temptation comes I am ready to join it, and have more desire for it than to pray against it. O what would I give for a real sight of God smiling in the person of Christ! I have had many foretastes; but for this month past I have been going on as I now speak. If I attempt to pray, a hard heart, a guilty conscience, and the devil hurry me off my knees; and unbelief says, "You will not be answered." If I attempt to read the Bible, it is a sealed book; if Mr. Huntington's works, I am so stupid I cannot understand them. The turn of a straw will set all my corruptions boiling. O Lord, bless what I shall hear to-morrow; and, if it be thy will, grant that the marriage knot may be tied. O for a conspicuous deliverance!—*John Rusk.*

INQUIRIES.

Dear Sir,—The heavenly-minded Mr. Janeway, who lived 200 years ago, in order to show the vanity of ordinary conversation among Christians once sat down and silently wrote in shorthand their discourse in his presence for some time together, and then read the paper to them, asking them whether their conversation was such as they should be willing God should record, and whether they did not know that they must give an account of every idle word at the day of judgment. Now, as my own mind has been at times much exercised on this subject, you will oblige me by stating, for the edification of myself and others, how far, and in what sense, the following words are applicable to, and should influence the conduct of, the children of God; especially bearing in mind the force of the expression, “by thy words thou shalt be justified,” as contained in the 37th verse. “But I say unto you that every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment; for by thy words thou shalt be *justified*, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.” (Matt. xii. 36, 37.)

I beg, in conclusion, that you will not suppose me to be one who trusts in anything short of the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ for justification before God, or that I am one who mingles faith and works, though I cannot separate them; for if the tree be good, the fruit will certainly be good also.

May the Lord continue to bless your labors, so that in you may be more and more fulfilled the words of the Apostle Paul to Titus, “In doctrine showing incorruptness, gravity, sincerity, sound speech that cannot be condemned.”

W. P.

ANSWER.

We have ourselves been often grieved and pained by the light, trifling, and carnal conversation of some who profess, and we dare not say do not possess the grace of God. The root of this “vain conversation” lies deep in the carnal mind, and, when not restrained by the fear of God in lively exercise, springs up like a nettle by the hedge, or charlock in the unweeded field. We need, then, the special grace of God to set a watch over the door of our lips, and rather be silent than wound our own conscience and grieve or stumble the saints of God by allowing the folly of our carnal mind to ooze and dribble out of our lips.

But the question put by our correspondent is rather in reference to our Lord’s words, “By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.” Now the answer to this inquiry embraces a large field, as it respects not only words but actions, and not only of some men but of all men. We believe, then, that there will be a justification by words and works as well as a condemnation. This is clearly revealed (Matt. xxv. 31–46) in the parable of the sheep and the goats. Before the Son of man, sitting on the throne of his glory, will be gathered all nations, and he will separate them as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. Judgment is passed on

both; but on what grounds? Works. What works? Works of faith and love which the sheep performed, but the goats did not. It will thus be seen in that day that none but Christ's people ever performed good works, and that they did perform them. In the same way account is taken also of their words, and on similar grounds. By words of faith are they thus openly justified as well as by works of faith—words and works being alike evidences of the faith from which they sprang. The prayers, the praises, the spiritual conversation of the saints are now despised, but then they shall be openly acknowledged as fruits of faith.

On the same ground will idle words be taken, in the case of the reprobate, as evidences against them. And is not all this perfectly just and right? Should not the Lord own at that day the lips that have praised him, spoken well of his name, and confessed him before men? And should he not justly condemn the lips that have blasphemed him, and moved only in the service of sin and Satan? We well know that justification stands on higher grounds, even the blood and obedience of the Lord Jesus Christ; but there is a justification before assembled worlds, when it will be made clearly manifest that the righteous alone have ever performed good works, for they alone did them from right motives, by right impulses, and for right ends; and that they alone spoke good words, for none but they spoke them from a spiritual influence, for the benefit of Christ's people, and to the glory of God. In this sense we understand the text quoted by our correspondent, and think that, thus interpreted, it affords a spiritual meaning, and clashes with no gospel truth.

I SEE more and more the value of an everlasting gospel, and the insufficiency of a form of sound words, without the power of God to humble, to support, to keep, to comfort, and to rule and govern the soul. Head notions make no encroachments on the territories of Satan; and as he sustains no loss, he raises no opposition.—*Huntington.*

THE NOTION of eternity is difficult. As Austin said of time, "If no man will ask me the question, what time is, I know well enough what it is; but if any ask me what it is, I know not how to explain it; so may I say of eternity; it is easily in the word pronounced, but hardly understood, and more hardly expressed; it is better expressed by negative than positive words. Though we cannot comprehend eternity, yet we may comprehend that there is an eternity; as, though we cannot comprehend the essence of God, what he is, yet we may comprehend that he is; we may understand the notion of his existence, though we cannot understand the infiniteness of his nature; yet we may better understand eternity than infiniteness. We can better conceive a time with the addition of numberless days and years than imagine a Being without bounds; whence the apostle joins his eternity with his power: 'His eternal power and godhead,' (Rom. i. 20,) because next to the power of God, apprehended in the creature, we come necessarily by reasoning to acknowledge the eternity of God. He that hath an incomprehensible power must needs have an eternity of nature; his power is most sensible in the creatures to the eye of man, and his eternity easily from thence deducible by the reason of man. Eternity is a perpetual duration, which hath neither beginning nor end: time hath both."—*Charnock.*

REVIEW.

Memoirs of Elizabeth Cairns. Written by Herself. London: Nisbet and Co. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

(Concluded from page 323.)

THERE is a great tendency in our mind to reduce every thing and every person to a certain fixed model. We have all of us certain modes of thought and of expression which, because they accurately represent our own views and feelings, are, as if instinctively, applied by us as rules of measurement to others with whom we may be brought into contact. Assuming that we have truth on our side, and that we possess a spiritual judgment in the things of God, this fixed rule of measurement is not only necessary to the guidance of our steps, but highly and indisputably right. How can we "approve things that are excellent," or "try things that differ," (Phil. i. 10, *margin*.) unless we have a standard of truth and error, of good and evil, set up in our judgment and conscience? We shall make the grossest mistakes if we have not a spiritual discernment bestowed upon us to prevent us calling evil good and good evil, and putting darkness for light and light for darkness, bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter. Definite words and phrases are but the outward expression of this inward standard of measurement. Truth, like law, or science, or mechanical arts, being fixed and definite, has its own peculiar and appropriate language, for the most part purely scriptural, and therefore beyond all controversy sound and unexceptionable. Men professing truth are often accused of using a certain set of words and phrases and no others, in preaching or writing, to communicate their thoughts, views, and feelings. As these expressions convey no definite ideas and embody no sweetness or power to the carnal mind, it grows weary of this sameness, and feels it irksome and repulsive. Many have thrown aside our pages with contempt and disgust, on the ground that the pieces, the letters, the obituaries, &c., are all so similar, and run so much in the same channel. "The dying persons," say they, "use almost the same words; we cannot, therefore, receive them as genuine. The writers of letters fall into the same phrases; so that when we have read one we have read the whole. We cannot understand it, and do not know what to make of it; but we must confess it has to us a very suspicious appearance." Apply this objection to a parallel case. You, your wife, and your children are all ill at the same time of the same complaint. You have been all eating Bradford lozenges; or a typhus fever, or cholera, or a smart attack of influenza has laid you all on a sick bed. When the doctor comes to see you, must you have one set of phrases to describe your symptoms and sufferings, your wife another, and the children another? Why should not you, your wife, and the children all tell in the same simple, expressive words that your head aches, your face burns, your chest is sore, your cough incessant, your thirst great, and your sleep little? And should the remedies be blessed, do you all want next morning three sets of

phrases to tell the doctor that you have had a good night, that your headache is gone, your face cooler, your cough looser, and that his medicine has done you a great deal of good? Apply this little parable to the matter before us. If the children of God all feel the same malady of sin, have the same symptoms, and the same sufferings, and if they are blessed and benefited by the application of the same remedy, the blood, and love, and grace of Christ, what objection is there to the description of them in the same language? and if this language be scriptural, and as such inspired and sanctioned by the Holy Ghost, must they come to you for a different vocabulary because these phrases pall on your ear by their constant sameness? Does the doctor act on your principles? To him does not sameness of language rather testify to sameness of suffering? and would not studied variety of expression imply sham rather than real illness? It is true that in all this sameness of expression there may be occasional cant, hypocrisy, and imposture, for words are easily caught up; but as all the counterfeit sovereigns and half-crowns in circulation neither invalidate nor impair the genuine coins, of which they are base imitations, so should a canting letter or hypocritical piece get by mistake into our pages, it does not overthrow or injure those communications which are spiritual and sincere.

We are then decidedly in favour of "a form of sound words," whether in preaching or writing; and we much suspect the reality of that profession which, under the pretence of an irksome sameness, would discard the scriptural words and phrases which the saints of God have ever used as means of expressing the truth as it is in Jesus, and their experience of its power, with the varied feelings of the soul. The first symptom usually of a man having imbibed an error is his cavilling with received expressions, for he instinctively feels that these stand in his way as bulwarks against his new views; and we may, therefore, lay it down for the most part as a safe rule that error and heresy are generally couched under a repugnance to scriptural or generally received phrases, and that their irksomeness is not because of their sameness, but because of their soundness. We can say for ourselves that, after many years' study and reading, which have given us at least a tolerable acquaintance with the words and phrases of the English language, we can find no better expressions than the simple and often sublime language of our Bible; and for the most part no safer or sounder words than those in which the poorest and most uneducated saint of God expresses his feelings when the Lord is with his soul to visit and bless. It must be so; truth wants no embellishment; its own beautiful simplicity is its best recommendation; and the mind that would quarrel with truth because it is so much the same, might quarrel with its daily bread because it has the same taste, with its daily bread because it has the same flavor, with its daily air because it has the same purity.

But having thus guarded ourselves, as far as we can, on one side, we will now take a survey in another direction, for there are few subjects which do not admit being viewed in different lights and from an opposite quarter. It may be, then, that a real saint of God, one

evidently under the teaching and influence of the Blessed Spirit, may not express himself exactly in the language which has become most familiar to our ears, or which is most in harmony with the standard of truth and experience set up in our own heart and conscience. It may even be scriptural and experimental, but the mode of expression shall be somewhat different. Must we shut our eyes at once against it, and condemn it forthwith, without judge or jury, because it is not exactly our language, or does not come up to the true standard, from which it must not vary an inch, and which we always carry about in our breast, as the carpenter his two-foot rule in his side-pocket? Would not that be an error in the other extreme, and be constituting ourselves a pope, seated in an infallible chair? If grace dictate the speech, if the words be scriptural, and the experience sound and savory, are we not bound to receive it? If coined in heaven's mint, must it not be good coin, though not exactly the same in size, weight, and colour as we are every day seeing or handling? But let us go one step farther. Suppose that, with these coins presented to our acceptance, some are of base metal—not feloniously uttered, but innocently offered, the offerer not knowing their worthlessness or counterfeit nature. Now if we believe the utterer not to be acting fraudulently, ought we to send for the policeman, and give him into custody as a felon, or quietly to pick out the bad money, for the coins are but few and of small nominal amount, and throw them into the fire?

Do our readers see our meaning, or to what all this is introductory? It is intended, then, not merely as a general piece of counsel, to be made use of as circumstances call for it, but as a special word of admonition, not to send to jail Elizabeth Cairns, because in her experience in the little work before us, this honest, simple-minded Scotch girl, who, from six to near sixteen, was herding or shepherding in the lone moors, with only a little girl for her companion, does not speak and write in the language of Hart and Huntington.

But, besides this, the times were different, and her teachers tinged with much of that legality of expression, if not of spirit, which is so visible in almost all the Puritan writers. Now look at the following extract, and see how truth and error, flesh and spirit, are mixed in it :

“After this my parents were going to partake of the Lord's Supper, and they advised me to go with them; so I set about preparation and self-examination, in which I came to some composedness of mind, and a reflex light was sent me, by which I did go back to the morning of my day, and got a view of my sins, both of omission and commission, and was made to examine my state by those marks of grace given in the Scriptures, as also to examine my duties, both as to number, matter, and manner of performance, and all this with enlargement and brokenness of heart in prayer. The place where the Lord's Supper was to be celebrated was a good way off. On the preparation day, the two texts were wonderfully ordered for me; the one was for my trial, the other for my consolation. The one was, ‘Who is this that engageth his heart to approach unto me? saith the Lord.’ (Jer. xxx. 21.) The other was, ‘For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him, might not perish, but have everlasting life.’—(John iii. 16.) This was a sweet day to me; but on the Sabbath morning I was sore straitened, for I could neither pray nor meditate; in the first sermon I was again revived; the text was, ‘Unto you, O men, I call; and

my voice is to the sons of men.'—(Prov. viii. 4.) The whole of the sermon was good; there was a word in the close of the sermon with which I hope power came, the word was, 'Take Christ in the arms of thy love, and thou shalt have Him.' With this light there shined a light in my soul, and immediately I arose, and went to the table, believing it would be as the minister said. And while I was partaking, there shined a light into my soul, more bright than the former, and continued in less or more for the space of half-a-year. Oh, this was a sweet feast to me! And so I came from this solemnity, with my soul lifted up in the ways of the Lord, and running swiftly in the ways of duty."

Here is this good little girl setting about preparation and self-examination for the Lord's Supper, examining her duties,* both as to number, matter, and manner of performance, as if right performance of duties gave her a right title, in part at least, to that holy feast. What a spirit of legality and bondage must have pressed her down when she sat down to examine her prayers and her performances! And yet with all that, what sincerity and grace shine forth! The Lord indulged her with a smile, not for her duties, but from his own mercy and love.

The next trial that Elizabeth had to pass through was one common to many of the Lord's people. It was to have some evidence whether she had passed under the Law, and had spiritually felt its bondage, condemnation, and curse. But she shall describe her trial in her own simple expressive language:

"I remember it was my ordinary way to try myself by what I had heard, and there was one thing I still did miss in my experience, which was that I had never gone through a law-work, nor known what a spirit of bondage was, except some short convictions, and immediately got an outgate⁺ again. So when I heard the way of the Spirit of God, His preparing the soul before it embraced Christ held forth in the Gospel, I thought all that I had met with was far short, and that one in nature, by common operations, might attain to all that I had attained to. By this I razed all my hopes, and it pleased the sovereign Lord to withhold those comfortable blinks[‡] of divine light and power that I was wont to enjoy; yet, nevertheless, a merciful and gracious God was pleased to manifest the sovereignty of his grace and mercy to me, one of the vilest of Adam's degenerate posterity, in opening my eyes to see a deeper sight of my natural state than ever I had seen. Now I was led to see what a happy creature man was when he came out of the hands of his Maker, and that he was both able and willing to serve his God in all things that he required, without the least breach or failure, as is evident from his first creation, being created after the image of God, as is clear from Gen. i. 26, 27. But, by the entrance of sin, this beautiful and shining creature, that was the noblest piece of all the lower creation, now became the vilest of all creatures, and instead of the image of God, he now got on the image and livery of the devil, and God becomes his enemy, casts him out of his favor, and draws the sword of justice against him; and also the law, with all its curses is against him, and, oh, now he is made liable to all the miseries of this life, to death, temporal, spiritual, and eternal, and to all the wrath and curse of God in hell to all eternity, as is clearly held forth, Gen. iii. All this was set before me, and I was made to go through every step of man's misery with application to myself, by which I came under such awful impressions of the holiness and righteousness of God, as if I had seen the sword of justice drawn and pointed against me, and as if hell had been open before

* The apostle bids us examine ourselves whether we be in the faith, but does not bid us examine our duties to prove we are, &c. These two things, we need hardly remark, very widely differ.

+ An escape or deliverance.

‡ Gleams, rays of light.

me, and I justly deserving to be cast into it; this being so strongly impressed on my mind, I was seized with great terror. But it pleased a merciful and gracious God to cover these fearful and terrible views from my mind in some measure, yet got no sensible outgate, but remained for several days in great terror, fearing every moment that the earth would open and swallow me up. Yet, for all this terror and confusion that I was in, there was a light in my mind, leading me back by reflection on the former discoveries I had got of the way of salvation by Christ, but I still cast all away, because I thought all my former experience were but common workings of the Spirit, and that which one in a natural state might attain unto. There was also a broad sight of my actual sin laid before me; here I saw that many a bitter fruit of actual transgression had sprung from the cursed root of original corruption, and I was made to mourn over all my prayers and sweet hours as nothing, yea vile, without God and his grace in them."

We pass over how she got some relief from her distress, through the application to her soul of John xiv. 6, to give an extract, in which she mentions a sweet deliverance, of a more clear, powerful, and enduring character than any she had before experienced:

"After this, I compared myself with those marks of grace given in Scripture, according to the conditional promises. Here I was led back by a reflex light, to the dyke, the stone, and the hill-side, places where I had been informed in the way of salvation by Christ, and had felt the power of grace determining my soul to embrace him, as the forementioned light cleared up to me by the Scripture. Here I thought to have founded my faith and hopes of salvation by this rational reduction, because I found in my experience those marks of grace that the conditional promises did require; and while I was comforting myself with these things, that question was brought to me, 'Did you not cast away all those former attainments as delusions, and as what one in nature might attain to, and how dare you then venture to comfort yourself by them?' With this again I razed my hopes, and for all that Christ had done for sinners, I could take no comfort, because I could not win to know if I was one of them the Father had given to the Son to be saved by him.

"After this, I was in great distress for several days, still crying to God for an outgate; so it pleased a gracious God to display his sovereignty for my relief, which was one night in secret prayer. I was so raised in my soul that in some measure, I may say, whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell; but this I do remember, I was turned to behold the glory from which there shined a light into my soul that strengthened and capacitated it to behold glorious objects and inexpressible mysteries that were represented to my view; and here I was allowed, as it were, to come near God, and got a soul-satisfying blink of his glory, and would have been content to have lived so to eternity. And while I was thus beholding and enjoying, it was darted into my mind, as if a voice had spoken to me, 'Thy name is written among the living in Jerusalem,' and immediately the veil covered the glory which I beheld. After all this, there remained a light on my soul for a whole year; but sometimes it shined brighter than at other times.

"Lo, here my question was answered, and I believed that my name was written among them that were given by God the Father to the Son, to be saved by him, according to the covenant of redemption. Here I desire to lay my hand on my mouth, and say no more as to those great mysteries I was allowed to behold; for I am persuaded they are better felt than can be told. For my mind could never indite, much less my pen write, what I was allowed to behold. 'O the height, the depth, the breadth, and the length, of this love of God that passeth knowledge,' in condescending so far to one of the vilest of all the race of Adam, who never deserved a blink of his reconciled face, much less to have the veil as it were rent, and to get such a view of manifested glory! But in none of all those attainments do I desire to glory, but in a reconciled God in a Mediator, for a portion to my soul in time and for eternity. And thus ends the eighteenth year of my age. This year, places.

and times, I desire to remember as long as I live, which were my Bethels and my Peniels, because there I had so great discoveries of God, and my life was preserved."

During this period of her life, the time of her espousals, she was favoured again and again in her soul as few saints of God are. Thus she writes:

"Those scriptures, and many more, were made the matter of my meditation, and frequently there shined a light on my soul when I was thus meditating that represented to my view inexpressible mysteries, so that I would have forgotten where I was and what I was doing. And thus when the veil was drawn aside, and I allowed to come to the threshold of the door, as I thought, allowed to behold the glory of the higher house, I would fain have been in; but, alas! I behoved to come down again; and I cried, 'O death, death, when wilt thou come, and when will the veil rend, and never return to cover the glory again?' This made me undesirous to keep company, or yet to follow my employment, which brought me in a great strait. So I went to God with those words in my mouth, that if he would not take me out of the world, he would give me two capacities, or a strength of mind, one to serve him, and another to serve the world. And accordingly as I asked he answered me, so that immediately after he endued me with a strength of mind by which I could accomplish my business and yet keep up my intercourse with heaven; so that even in time of harvest, when there was no absenting from company, nor yet time for prayer, yet when I lifted up my head with my handful to lay it in the sheaf, I would have sent up a short prayer, in which time there shined rays of divine light that filled my soul with sensible manifestations of divine love; and when I was thus engaged in company, and could not win out of hearing their idle and vain talking, I would have been as one deaf, while my meditation was taken up in maintaining my intercourse with God; yet at that time there was as much reason given me as guided my hand in my employment."

One more manifestation must here suffice:

"I remember one Sabbath morning, it was remarkable to me, when I awaked out of sleep I began in meditation on the covenant of redemption, and there shined a light into my soul, by which I got a view of the glorious contrivance of redemption and wonderful transaction between God the Father and God the Son: here my soul was brought to such a capacity and strength so as to get a view of what the Father demanded of the Son, and proposed to him concerning man's redemption, as also the Son's sweet compliance with every particular required in that covenant, as in Ps. xl. 6-8: 'Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears has thou opened; burnt-offering and sin-offering has thou not required. Then said I, Lo, I come; in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God; yea, thy law is within my heart.' My mind could never indite, nor my pen write, what here I was allowed to behold.

"From this I was left to view the covenant of works, and man's happy state in paradise before he fell, and how he fell, and his misery after he fell; and from this I was led to behold the glorious covenant of redemption, as displayed in a covenant of grace, and revealed to Adam immediately after he fell, in those words: 'The seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent.' (Gen. iii. 15.) All this I was led to see in meditation before I arose that morning; so after I arose, I went to secret prayer, and there I was led to see the covenant of grace in a deeper view than ever formerly I had seen it.

"Here I saw that all that passed between the Father and the Son in the covenant of redemption was displayed and applied to the believer in the covenant of grace: and here also I got another sight of my name in it; as also I felt a power bringing up my soul to a compliance with every particular therein represented to the view of my faith.

"Those glorious mysteries so filled my soul with joy, wonder, and praise, that I was made with the psalmist (Ps. cxlviii. throughout) to invite all the creation, heavens, earth, seas, and all things therein, to join with me in prais-

ing. And I came from that place and that prayer in the clear view and felt impression of those glorious mysteries, so that I was forced to lay my hand on my mouth, and hold in my voice. For when I came to the family and saw my relations, I would have heartily invited them to join with me in the praises of free grace; but I had no will to discover myself to the world.'

Now must we not say that this poor Scotch girl was eminently favored, and that there is a power, reality, and savor resting on her words which much commend it to the conscience, though there may be expressions in it different from the usual language of experience with which we are most familiar?

But some of our readers will be saying, But where were her trials? What did she know of the dark side? Did she go on all through her life thus favored and blessed? Indeed she did not. She had her bitters as well as her sweets, her deep waters, her hot fires, her deserts, and her hells, as well as her smiles, her kisses, her manifestations, and her heavens. For three years then, chiefly through the powerful temptations of Satan, that is, from the twentieth to the twenty-third year of her life; she walked under the hidings of God's face, in the greatest darkness of soul, and very great consequent distress of mind. During this period Satan was permitted to harass her with the most infernal temptations, presenting himself to her imagination in various shapes, and most especially assailing her when engaged in secret prayer. But her fourth year was the worst of all:

"Thus passed these three sad years of my life. Now three years of this dark cloud are over, but, alas! the fourth year was darker than they all, for now I was not only deprived of the blinks of divine light, and of the sensible smiles of my Beloved, but also of the sensible exercise of all grace and all duties I had been exercised in; and this was not all, but the chain of the devil was let out, and all the troops of infernal spirits, and swarms of lusts, members of the body of death, did gather themselves together against me. This did holy Sovereignty see meet to permit for ends known to himself. Here I stood, stripped naked of all my armor as to my sense, and exposed to the open field of temptation, where I endured the thunderbolts and fiery darts of the devil; yet, notwithstanding all these, I was allowed to hold fast my grips of an interest in the covenant.

"One day, as I sat down to read my Bible, the tempter bade me cast it away,—it was not only once or twice he did so, but for many days he continued calling me to cast it away; and I was so far deprived of my armor that I could do no more to resist him but hold my Bible with both my hands, and weep over it.

"Another day, as I was lamenting my wearied life when compared with the life I lived formerly, the tempter came with that temptation, 'Curse the day wherein thou wast born;' and I could say no more against him but this, 'Oh! shall that which was Job's sin be my duty?' Thus I went for several days, thinking still my mouth would open and curse my day, but I desire to bless the Lord, who preserved me, for I do not remember that ever I opened my mouth, or yet gave the least consent to this temptation: this was still presented to me, 'Oh, shall that which was Job's sin be my duty?' Yet the tempter continued from day to day, so that the poison of his arrow was like to drink up my spirits, and I thought it was with me as it was with those people, 'In the morning thou shalt say, would God it were even! and at even thou shalt say, would God it were morning! for the fear of thy heart wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see.' (Deut. xxviii. 67.) But that which was worse than all this, my glorious Redeemer did still hide his face from me, and the spirit of prayer was withdrawn, and the sword of the Spirit, the word of God, was turned to be a dead letter; yet when I was in this sad condition, my soul clave to God, and said,

'Although thou shouldest kill me, yet will I trust in thee.' (Job xiii. 15.) Thus I was allowed to hold fast my interest in God, as my covenanted God, notwithstanding all that was come on me.

"After this, the tempter came with that temptation, and said, 'Murder thyself, for thou needest not fear, thy eternal interest is secured.' This temptation he continued for many days.

"One day I was praying alone in a secret place, and he set violently upon me, and presented to me both conveniency and instruments to murder myself; upon this I was forced to fly out of the place. Another day, I was going some space of way myself alone, and in the way there was a ditch of water, where he set violently on me to drown myself, busking* his temptation with this: Thou needest not fear; thou wilt immediately go to heaven, and the world will never know what is become of thee.' Oh! now I was like to go distracted, for I could give no resentment†; but I was kept from yielding to him, and helped by an unknown support of an Almighty God to resist the temptation in all its appearances."

It was, however, full seven years before she got fully delivered—seven long years of dreary desertion, with occasional glimpses of love and mercy to keep her from despair. Though we have given more extracts than our space readily allows, we cannot leave her under the dark cloud:

"After this, one day as I was in prayer, it pleased a sovereign and gracious God, as it were, to rend the veil, where I met with a renewed discovery of a glorious Christ, in the sweet rays of his glory and manifestations of his divine love that ravished me and brought me near hand, and so filled me with such a sense of his love that I could hold no more.

"So I remained as if I had been in possession for some time, but what I here both felt and saw I will neither word nor write, and so the veil returned and covered the manifested glory I then beheld. And when I saw the light of this world again, I earnestly desired to be dissolved, that so I might win‡ to behold the bright and glorious face of my Redeemer, and swim in his infinite fulness to all eternity. And while I was thus breathing after perfection, that word, 'Here am I, send me,' (Isa. vi. 8.) came with such power and rebuke that I immediately applied it to myself, and thought it was my duty to say with the prophet, 'Here am I, send me,' about whatever the Lord had yet to do with me in this world; either in the way of duty, or yet in the way of suffering, it was still my duty to be at his call."

There was something very remarkable connected with the publication of the above memoir.

When she was about 46 years of age a fire broke out in a house where she had left the papers containing the Lord's dealings with her soul. These were saved, with other things, but unknown to her were copied and spread abroad. As her writing was bad, and besides had been blotted, the copy made was exceedingly incorrect. For twelve years she was ignorant of the circumstance that this copy had been taken, for the papers were safely returned to her after the fire. When, however, she discovered that her experience had been spread abroad, and that through the incorrectness of the copy many mistakes had been made, she felt herself called upon to publish it herself, that the cause of truth and the glory of God might not suffer. In this singular way did the Lord work to bring forth into the light of day his secret and sacred dealings with his handmaiden, verifying the promise, "For there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed

* Dressing out.

† Reply.

‡ Go.

neither hid that shall not be known. Therefore whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the house tops." (Luke xii. 2, 3.)

Now, who that knows anything of divine matters by divine teaching will not acknowledge that Elizabeth Cairns was a woman taught of God, and led by the Blessed Spirit? Does she not condemn and put to shame the religion of many who would call her legal, and reject her experience because her language somewhat differs from their own? We cannot do so; and only wish there were more like her in the church of God, as simple, as sincere, as much in earnest, as much blessed, and we may add, as much tried and tempted. She was not an every-day professor. She was one of those rare persons who care more for the soul than the body, for eternity than time, and for God than man. Religion was not with her a thing to be taken up and laid down at will. Every inch of the ground was with her tried over and over again; nor did she rest in any view, any doctrine, any experience, until the Lord himself clearly set her down at it by his word and Spirit, presence and power. She was as much in the hands of God as clay in the hands of the potter. She was what he made her and no more; knew what he taught her and no more; had what he gave her and no more. What he communicated she felt, what he revealed she believed, what he bade she did, and what he laid on her she endured. Faith, and hope, and love were not at her command. When the Lord manifested himself she was happy, and when he withdrew she was miserable. When he hid himself she could not behold him, and when he came again she embraced him. If this is not true religion, vital godliness, where is it, what is it, and whither shall we go to find it? She had all the religion preached or professed by the advocates for works, and a great deal more, of which they are thoroughly ignorant. She prayed continually, read the Bible constantly, attended ordinances regularly, took heed to her ways diligently. Thus she could say, "Are they Hebrews? so am I. Do they pray? so do I. Do they read? so do I. Do they watch? so do I." But she could add what they could not: "But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung that I may win Christ." (Phil. iii. 7, 8.)

Here, then, we close our Review of this remarkable book, and trust our readers will derive profit and instruction from the extracts that we have given of it, which will speak in plainer language than any that we can furnish either of approval or of explanation.

O WHAT a ravishing and delightful thing it is to walk with God! And yet by this, the whole work of a Christian is expressed, Gen. xvii. 1. Can any life compare with this, for pleasure? Can they be cold that walk in the sunshine? or sad, that abide in the fountain of all delights, and walk with him whose name is the God of all comfort, "in whose presence is fulness of joy?"—*Flevel.*

POETRY.

“UNTO YOU THAT BELIEVE, HE IS PRECIOUS.”

BY THE LATE MRS. STURTON.

OUR Jesus is the Corner Stone
 Jehovah built his church upon;
 And never fallen to the ground
 Shall that blest edifice be found.
 The worldly-wise with boasted sense
 Count him a rock of great offence;
 And all who are not newly born
 Behold him with contempt and scorn.
 Sufficient goodness of their own
 Makes Jesus but a stumbling stone;
 By reason of their blinded eyes
 God's way of saving they despise.
 But when, in his appointed hour,
 The Holy Spirit comes with power,
 And leads the soul to Sinai's mount,
 And opens there the black account,
 He stands condemn'd, and looks
 around;

No friend nor helper can be found.
 But when the Comforter comes near,
 And sweetly whispers in his ear
 That Jesus came for him to bleed,
 His name is precious then indeed;
 Precious as God's appointed way
 His own perfections to display.
 For what of God is understood
 Save through the Lamb's redeeming
 blood?

He's precious all our journey thro',
 As when the first believing view
 Removed the heavy load of sin,
 And brought the peace of God within.
 He's precious as our Covenant Head,
 And precious when in sinners' stead
 He paid the law's immense demands
 Into his righteous Father's hands;
 And precious when "Tis done" he
 cried,

And bow'd his sacred head, and died.
 Then death for ever lost its sting;
 The church may now of victory sing.
 Precious when faith beholds him rise
 Victorious to his native skies,
 And precious, now in heaven he
 pleads,

And for his members intercedes.
 If varied often be our case,
 He's precious then in various ways;
 When weary, weak, or sore oppress'd,
 He's precious as a place of rest.
 When clouds of darkness intervene,
 And Jesu's beauties can't be seen,

Why do we linger by his cross,
 And count all else but dung and
 dross?

Because he's precious to us still;
 Nothing on earth his place can fill.
 When under fresh-contracted guilt
 Sorrow and heartfelt shame are felt,
 The Blessed Spirit comes again,
 Sprinkles the blood and heals the
 pain.

How precious then the Son of God,
 From whose dear side the fountain
 flow'd!

With joy we lift our heads again,
 And sing the Lamb that once was
 slain.

Sometimes, lest we should lift our
 head,

As if the man of sin were dead,
 We're left to feel a deadly blow,
 To humble pride and keep us low.
 God shows us some inherent sin,
 Which makes us cry, Unclean! un-
 clean!

Yet 'midst the thorns he'll safely
 keep

The feet of all his helpless sheep.
 He but designs from self to wean,
 And make us more on Jesus lean.
 While trav'ling through an hostile
 land,

With mighty foes on every hand;
 When call'd in battle to engage,
 And hot the fight through Satan's
 rage,

How precious then our conquering
 Lord!

How sweet to hear that cheering
 word,

"You need not fear, you need not
 flee,

Stand still and my salvation see!"

Then shout, ye saints! the battle's
 won!

Your Captain is to glory gone!
 Gone up your places to prepare,
 And soon he'll fetch and place you
 there,

With all the heavenly host to praise
 A precious Christ through endless
 days.

A. S.

INDEX.

	PAGE
A Fragment of Experience	247
A Fragment of Experience of the late Mr. Husband	49
A Memorial of the Lord's Mercy	13, 75
All Things Work for Good	202
All in Love	359
Alone and Not Alone	360
A Tribute of Praise	219
A Widow Indeed	295
A Word of Encouragement	303
A Word of Sympathy	49
Because I Live, Ye shall Live also	360
Bunyan on the Promises	251
Cast Down but not Destroyed	50
Cast Up the Highway	114
Christian Sympathy	80
Drawn by Love	165, 197
Editor's Address	5
EDITOR'S REVIEW.—Dr. Owen's Meditations, 59; Dr. Owen's Communion with God, 92, 123; Chamberlain's Correspondence, 157; Life of Sukey Harley, 191, 220; Dr. Owen on the Grace and Duty of being Spiritually Minded, 254, 284; Memoirs of Elizabeth Cairns, 318, 373.	
Experience of Elizabeth Holloway	106, 141, 174, 204
He shall Bear the Glory	330
He shall Deliver the Needy when He Crieth	293
Idols	357
INQUIRIES, with EDITOR'S ANSWERS:—The Least in the Kingdom of Heaven, 33; The Saviour of All Men, 33; The Chief of Sinners, 122; He saw no Corruption, 123; Offering up Children, 153; Believers Uniting to Break Bread, 155; Church Discipline, 188; Having obtained a Good Report, 352; Repentance, Faith, Baptism, &c., 354; Justification by Words, 371.	
I was Brought Low	18, 85
Letters by J. Jenkins, 21, 213; Soldiers in India, 22, 72, 169, 238, 277; John Keyt, 38; Stephen Dark, 46, 87, 334; George Payton, 210, 343; John Rusk, 270; Mrs. Tilley, 276; David Fenner, 336; Daniel Herbert, 339; William Huntington, 362.	
Miracles not Ceased	171
OBITUARY.—Mrs. Floyd, 27, 53; Mary Bridger, 89; Joseph Brimble, 117, 147, 183, 214; Alice Balfour, 278; Phebe Hamer, 309; Rachel Bibby, 317; Mrs. Robert Michelson, 345, 363.	
Pilgrim's Way and Pilgrim's Fare	52
Proving the Work	37
Quench not the Spirit	83
Sermons by Mr. Fenner, 101; Mr. Godwin, 133; Mr. Martin, 325; Mr. Shorter, 69; Mr. Warburton, 222, 261.	
Strength made Perfect in Weakness	172
Thanksgiving in America	180
That He might be Just	234
The Blessing of the Lord maketh Rich	240
The Children's Portion	211

INDEX.

	PAGE
The Experience of an Aged Traveller	42
The King's Daughter is all Glorious Within	82
The Parched Ground shall become a Pool	342
The Peaceable Fruits of Righteousness	275
The Prayer of Faith.....	252
The Steps of a Good Man are Ordered by the Lord	242, 267, 299
There remaineth a Rest for the People of God	340
The Thorn in the Flesh	24
The Work and Wages of a Laborer	25
To the Poor the Gospel is Preached	249
We Glory in Tribulation.....	307

POETRY.

An Inheritance undefiled	67
A Ray of Light in Midnight Darkness	36
Friendship.....	131
Hymn.....	260
Lines written during some Riots	196
Lord, to Whom shall we Go?	260
My Soul doth Magnify the Lord.....	324
Now is the Accepted Time	99
Passing under the Rod	228
The Breathings of an Aged Pilgrim	292
The Farewell.....	356
To my Little Hope	324
Unto You that Believe, He is Precious	382

The SECOND VOLUME of "MY WANDERINGS" is in course of publication, in Numbers, at Twopence each.

As the First Volume consisted of 18 Nos., the first No. of the Second Volume will be called No. 19, to prevent confusion.

Nos. 19, 20, 21, and 22 are now (Dec., 1858) ready. No. 23 will (D.V.) be published on the first of January, 1859, and a No. each month subsequently, until the work is completed.

Nos. 19 to 25 have already (save a few alterations) appeared in the "Friendly Companion;" and No. 26 will commence exactly where the "Friendly Companion" this month leaves off; so that those friends who possess the "Companion" need not purchase the previous Nos. to make the "Wanderings" complete.

In writing his Second Volume, J. Gadsby's principal aim will continue to be to throw light upon various portions of the Sacred Word, as connected with the manners and customs of the Orientals, ancient and modern. This subject he has been enabled to make his study for several years; and, judging from the numerous testimonials he has received, both as to his writings and his public lectures, he has reason to believe that his labors have been much owned and blessed of Him whose blessing alone can make rich.

J. G. will continue to relate incidents of interest which came under his notice during his travels; as in the present No. of the "Friendly Companion" for instance,—the "Publican" (Matthew) Sitting at the Receipt of Customs; the Sheikh Writing on the Ground; the Woman taken in Adultery; (John viii.) &c. &c.; but he hopes to make everything subservient to the illustrating or explaining of Holy Writ.

Upwards of 2,000 Passages of Scripture are explained or referred to in the first volume, and J. G. hopes that at least 3,000 more will be illustrated in the Second Volume.