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THE

**GOSPEL STANDARD.**

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VOL. XXVIII., 1862.

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JANUARY, 1862.

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

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ADDRESS TO OUR SPIRITUAL READERS.

THE rapid and unceasing flight of time must, in some measure, force itself on the attention of all, but will ever lie with peculiar weight and power on the heart of the living family of God. Even those who live only for time must sometimes feel that the ground on which they stand is gradually crumbling under their feet, and that every advancing wave is sweeping away some fresh portion of the soil. But enjoying no comfort in the prospect of eternity, and thus "having no hope, and without God in the world," they either, like children, play on the sands heedless of the incoming tide, or in reckless hardness sullenly make up their mind to wait for the last plunge, when the dark waters of death must flow for ever over their head. Those, however, who live not for time but for eternity, not to sin and self but to Christ and his glory, whose hearts are made tender in the fear of God, whose conversation is in heaven, and whose affections are set upon things above, whilst they continually feel the flight of time, yet seem on certain occasions more peculiarly to realise the solemn fact that they are "strangers and pilgrims on the earth," runners whose race will soon be run, sojourners whose place will ere long know them no more. Painful breaches made from time to time in their families by the entrance of death into the circle, and the removal of some beloved member; the decease of some esteemed servant of God under whose ministry they may have sat, or whose friendship they may have enjoyed; the recurrence of their own natal day; an attack of severe illness in their own persons; a sense of advancing age and of growing infirmities—such and similar occurrences in the experience of us all serve continually to remind the saints of God that the angel is ever lifting up his hand and warning them that with them soon it will be time no longer.\* Nor do they repel the thought as an unwelcome intruder, or seek to drown the solemn impression thus produced upon their

\* What an instance of this uncertainty of life and of the unexpected entrance of death into the highest circle has lately fallen upon the nation in the decease of the Prince Consort in the prime of his days. How all hearts feel for and sympathise with our widowed Queen in this hour of her deepest affliction, and how earnestly many desire that, if consistent with the will of God, it may be sanctified to her soul's eternal good.

spirit, as if death and eternity were doleful themes which damp all rising joy; but they seek rather to strengthen the feeling and maintain the solemn recollection, in the hope that solid profit may be communicated to their souls thereby. At such seasons as these memory with them casts her thoughtful eye back on the irrevocable past, earnest musing meditates upon the vivid present, and anticipation, with mingled feelings of hope and fear, looks forward to the unknown future. But though the rapid wing of time is ever thus leaving impressions of this nature on believing hearts, yet there is one special season when these impressions make themselves more deeply and distinctly felt. The *commencement of a New Year* is the season to which we thus particularly allude. We seem then to stand as if on a narrow isthmus between two boundless seas—the past and the future. There is, geographers tell us, one point and one point only on the Andes, that lofty ridge of mountains which, like a huge backbone, runs through both the American continents, whence the eye of the traveller can descry both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. History records the feeling of the Spanish captain who, after days and weeks of incessant toil amidst dense woods and steep mountain passes, first gazed upon this wondrous scene, and tells us with what emotions he beheld the Pacific never before seen by European eye. Two oceans far deeper, far broader, far more involving our happiness and peace, than Spanish eye ever saw, or warrior's heart ever felt, meet our view when in musing meditation we look back on our life past, and forward upon our life yet to come. The year just closed is a portion of the one; the year on which we have just entered a part of the other.

Under this feeling, it has been our pleasing, though difficult, task for many years to avail ourselves of the new-born year to address a few words of friendly counsel to our numerous readers. They have been hitherto kind enough to lend a favourable ear to that annual Address in which, not as having dominion over their faith, but as a helper of their joy, we have sought, in the exercise of our Editorial position, to speak to their hearts and consciences.

Let us, then, as those who desire to fear God, under a feeling sense of his presence and of his power, once more take our stand upon that isthmus of time of which we have just spoken; and let us first cast our eyes on the year now for ever past, as that may better prepare our mind to direct its view toward that which is to come. Though it may in some respects be a painful retrospect, for what one period of time, whether short or long, can bear to be closely scanned? yet let us seek to look back upon it with believing eyes, and in a meditative, prayerful, thankful spirit. Moses, the man of God, when, after forty years' weary wanderings, he stood upon the edge of the desert, with the Holy Land in view, separated from it but by Jordan's deep and rapid stream, recalled to the minds of the children of Israel the varied transactions of the wilderness before he set before them the blessings of Canaan. "Thou shalt remember," he says, "all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know

what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep his commandments or no. And he humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna, which thou knewest not, neither did thy fathers know; that he might make thee know that man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live." (Deut. viii. 2, 3.) Let us then, with God's help and blessing, seek to realise a similar spirit of godly recollection, whereby we shall, with Moses and the children of Israel, look back upon the year now past before we traverse the year still future. The rebellious murmurings of the children of Israel, their idolatries and other grievous sins, were not urged against them by Moses, except to bring before them the Lord's rich, free, and superabounding grace in overruling their wilderness trials and temptations into a means of making his word precious to their hearts. In the same spirit shall we seek to recall to the minds of our readers the goodness of the Lord during the past year; and if we touch upon its trials and temptations, or bring to remembrance its sins and transgressions, we shall do so only as magnifying the exceeding riches of that grace in which alone we stand, and by which alone we can be saved and sanctified.

1. *Mercy* must be the first note of our song, yea, the very key-note which regulates the whole theme. "I will sing of mercy and judgment," was David's gracious resolution." (Ps. ci. 1.) "Judgment" shall have its place in the song, as bass mingles with treble to produce the sweeter harmony, but mercy shall lead the strain. With this key-note let us, then, commence our theme.

As we look back upon the year now just past, and, according to the frame of our mind, or the strength of our faith, various feelings spring up in our bosom, *thankfulness* is one which has, or at least should have, a foremost place. As viewed by a believing eye, that wondrous faculty which sees a present God in every circumstance of life, what countless mercies have crowned with goodness the year whose birth and burial we have now witnessed! The bountiful hand of a most kind and tender God in providence, as so conspicuous in giving us an almost unparalleled harvest in the year now past, demands our first and earliest tribute of thankful praise. What a striking contrast did the past summer and autumn afford to the corresponding seasons of the preceding year,—a contrast which made it doubly felt and appreciated. What a succession of bright suns was day after day granted us to mature and ripen the corn, and yet occasionally there fell genial showers to prevent too great a deficiency of needful moisture. How the soil, too, sick and saturated with the unprecedented rains of 1860, seemed to gather, day by day, renewed health and strength under those warm solar rays which brought forth "the precious fruits from the deep that coucheth beneath," turning in God's mysterious chemistry the very superabundant moisture of one year into a source of fertility for another. How many anxious eyes and trembling hearts were watching at the commencement of the harvest the aspect of the heavens, scanning with doubt and fear the appearance of every passing cloud. In all our

long recollection of such seasons, and we have been no unwatchful observer of them for many years, we never remember to have witnessed such a universal feeling of dependence upon the sky, and we hope, in very many instances, on Him who rules the sky, as marked the commencement of last harvest. All seemed to feel that the worth of millions was suspended in the visible heavens, and that the recurrence of another such a wet and deficient harvest as that of 1860 would fall upon the nation as a public calamity. When, then, day after day, the sun shone bright and fair in the sky, and the corn, rapidly maturing under his warm rays, was cut and gathered in an almost unprecedented condition of dryness, it was as if the nation breathed again, like one who holds his breath in awe and suspense in the sight of some expected disaster, but recovers respiration when escape is obtained. Let us hope that the lesson of dependence thus experimentally taught us was not in vain, and that it has been treasured up in many believing hearts. And though men, blinded by the fall, will not see the Lord's hand, yet surely we, as a nation, need to be reminded by these changeful visitations that "the Lord leaves himself now not without witness, in that he still does good and gives us rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness." If deficient in quantity, the grain was so excellent in quality that we have abundant reason to say, as we eat our daily bread, "The Lord be praised for the beautiful harvest of 1861."

This was a *general* mercy, but one of so marked and abundant a character that we could not in a review of the year now gone pass it by without notice. One of the worst marks of the fall, and one of the crying sins of the Gentile world was that when they knew God by the things that are made, "they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful." (Rom. i. 20, 21.) Let us not imitate their sin and their folly; but whilst we believe in and love a God of all grace, let us thankfully adore him as our kind God in providence.

But in a review of the year now past, faith bids us call to mind those *special* mercies which peculiarly demand a note of thankful praise. "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me." (Ps. l. 23.) "In everything by prayer and supplication, with *thanksgiving*, let your requests be made known unto God." (Phil. iv. 6.) We lose much of the sweetness of mercies for want of a believing eye to see them, and of a thankful heart to feel and acknowledge them. Surrounded as we are by mercies, through the power and prevalence of unbelief, we continually lose sight of them, and fixing our eye perhaps on some trial or affliction, murmur amidst our favours and rebel amidst our blessings. Thus we commit two evils—ingratitude and rebellion, and by the indulgence of this unthankful, murmuring spirit, lose the sweetness of our mercies and add to the weight of our miseries. But has faith no eyes to view past favours, or rather the gracious hand which has showered them down upon us during the months gone by? Our *temporal* mercies have been great. It is true that all may not have been unmixed prosperity and success. Providential trials, losses in business, great and unexpected disappointments, serious reverses,

want of employment, and other painful circumstances, have doubtless fallen to the lot of some, if not many of our readers, for the precarious and peculiar state of our foreign relations has much depressed trade, injured profits, and thrown hundreds out of work; and as the Lord's people, whilst in the body, are in the world, though not of the world, they necessarily suffer with it. But if these heavy providential trials have at times sorely tried their minds, and deeply depressed their spirits, yet have not these very difficulties made the Lord's providential hand more conspicuous? A course of unchequered prosperity is not the way in which the Lord generally leads his children. Severe and heavy trials much more usually mark their course. But these very trials only reveal him more plainly as a God in providence. When, then, we call upon our spiritual readers to acknowledge with thankful heart their past temporal mercies, we do not mean that they should do so except in connection with their providential deliverances. To see the kind hand of the Lord in daily giving us food and raiment, house and home, in supplying our temporal wants with necessaries if not with luxuries, in enabling us to maintain an honourable position, according to our respective stations, disgracing neither ourselves nor the name we profess to love by running into debt or injuring others by hopeless insolvency, but amidst many difficulties, from which few are free, by prudent economy and needful self-denial, still enabled to fulfil the precept, "Owe no man anything"—is not this a mercy that demands a thankful note of praise? When we look around and see the misery that men bring upon themselves and their families, and if professors of religion, and especially if ministers, what disgrace upon the cause of God and truth by running into debt and involving others who have confided in them by their recklessness and extravagance, we may well count it a rich mercy if the kind providence of God has hitherto held up our steps, and not put us to an open shame.

But casting our eyes back upon the year now for ever past and gone, are there no other mercies which claim a note of thankful praise? It is sweet to see the Lord's kind hand in providence, but sweeter far to view his outstretched hand in grace. Are we then so unwatchful or so unmindful of the Lord's gracious hand in his various dealings with our soul as to view the whole past twelvemonths as a dead blank in which we have never seen his face, nor heard his voice, nor felt his power? "Have I been a wilderness unto Israel? a land of darkness?" (Jer. ii. 31,) the Lord tenderly asks. Has he been such to us also for twelve long and weary months? What! No help by the way, no tokens for good, no liftings up of the light of his countenance, no visitations of his presence and power, no breakings in of his goodness for all that long and dreary time—for dreary it must indeed have been for a living soul to have been left and abandoned of the Lord so long! If not blessed with any peculiar manifestations of the Son of God, with any signal revelations of his Person and work, blood and love, grace and glory, for such special seasons are not of frequent occurrence, have we not still found him the Way, the Truth, and the Life? Have we not from time to time

found secret access unto God by him as the Way, the only Way, unto the Father? known him as the Truth, by an experience of his liberating, sanctifying power and influence on our heart? and felt him to be the Life by the sweet renewings and gracious revivings of his Spirit and grace? If we have indeed a personal and spiritual union with the Son of God, as our living Head, there will be communications out of his fulness, a supplying of all our need, a making of his strength perfect in our weakness, a maintaining of the life that he has given, a drawing forth of faith and hope and love, a support under trials, a deliverance from temptations, a deepening of his fear in the heart, a strengthening of the things which remain that have often seemed ready to die, and that continued work of grace whereby we are enabled to live a life of faith on the Son of God. If we have no such tokens for good, no such testimonies to record, the year has indeed been to us a blank, and we may almost say of it what Job said of the day of his birth: "Let it not be joined unto the days of the year; let it not come into the number of the months." But not to have it is one thing, not to see it is another.

"The Christian often cannot see  
His faith, and yet believes."

You may have had all and more than all that we have described as the life of faith, and yet through timidity, unbelief, fear of presumption, a sense of your dreadful sinfulness, deceitfulness, and hypocrisy, may fear to take what really belongs to you. But where or what are we if we have no spiritual mercies to record? How do we differ from the dead in sin who are without God in the world, or the dead in a profession, who have a form of godliness, whilst they deny the power thereof?

But we may also have to sing of "*judgment*" as well as of "*mercy*," not indeed of judgment as implying the penal wrath, the judicial and implacable indignation of the Almighty, but as a kind and fatherly chastisement for our multiplied sins and transgressions. "Fury is not in me," saith the Lord. No; there is no wrath in the bosom of God against the persons of his people. They are for ever "accepted in the Beloved," and stand in him before the throne of God without spot or wrinkle; but there is displeasure against their sins; and this displeasure their kind and gracious Father makes them feel when he withdraws from them the light of his countenance, and sends his keen reproofs and sharp rebukes into their conscience. But these very "*judgments*" help them; (Ps. cxix. 175;) for they lead to deep searchings of heart; and as the same blessed Spirit who sets home the reproof communicates therewith repentance, they sorrow after a godly manner, and this godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of. (2 Cor. vii. 10.) If, then, our afflictions, crosses, losses, bereavements, family troubles, church trials, and more especially if the rebukes and reproofs of God in our own conscience have been a means of humbling our proud hearts, bringing us to honest confession of, and godly sorrow for our sins and backslidings, if they have instrumentally separated us more effectually from the world, its company, its ways, its maxims, and its spirit; if they have,

in the good hand of God, stirred up prayer and supplication in our hearts, led us into portions of the word of truth before hidden from view, laid us more feelingly and continually at the footstool of mercy, given us a deeper insight into the way of salvation, made mercy more dear and grace more sweet, have these trials and afflictions been either unprofitable or unseasonable? The tree is to be judged by its fruits. The stem may be rough and crooked,—what more so than the vine? and yet what rich clusters may hang upon the bough! Measure your trials and afflictions by this standard—*fruit*. The true believer longs to bring forth fruit unto God; he mourns under his barrenness, often fearing lest he should eventually prove to be one of those branches which, as not bearing fruit, are to be taken away; and as these fears and feelings work in his breast, the earnest desire of his soul is to be more manifestly, both to himself and others, a fruitful branch in the only true Vine. ¶ The sweet psalmist of our Christian Israel has well expressed his desire:

“ Smile me into fruit, or chide,  
If no milder means will do.”

We are surrounded, we were going to say pestered, by a generation of loose-living professors, both in the pulpit and in the pew, men whose character Jude has written with the point of a diamond, as “feeding themselves without fear, as clouds without water, carried about of winds; trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots; raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame,” &c. (Jude 12, 13.) Who that views the professing church with an enlightened eye does not see how such characters abound in this day of loud profession? What a separation of spirit, not in pride and pharisaism, not in harsh censure, not in acrimony and bitterness, not in wrath and malice, but in the calm depths of a quiet humble mind, does the child of God feel from such wanton professors! Their company is death to his soul; and if his lot be unhappily cast under a light, unprofitable, dead, and barren ministry—the very element of such graceless characters, what darkness, bondage, and misery are communicated to him thereby! Shall we, then, murmur and rebel under those strokes of kind and fatherly chastisement which, by making our conscience tender and our souls alive unto God, show us the awful spots into which men fall who have not the rod of God upon them? How are we, or how are any kept from their presumption and vain confidence, from their evils and their errors, except by the hand of God holding us up and holding us in? Nothing is more dangerous than a profession of the truth without an experience of its power, for nothing more hardens the heart and sears the conscience than a wanton handling of sacred things. Natural men have often a reverence for sacred things, and a conviction that they are too holy for them to touch. By this they are preserved from presumption, if not from unbelief, and their conscience, though dead, is not seared. But when this barrier is broken down, and men without a particle of godly fear or heavenly reverence of the glorious Majesty of God, intrude into his sanctuary, a graceless familiarity with the solemn mysteries of truth is almost sure to harden their

conscience and make them twofold more the children of the devil than they were before. The Lord has pointed this clearly out in the parable of the man out of whom the unclean spirit had "gone out,"—gone out, not cast out, departed for a season under the influence of a profession, but not turned out by the mighty power of God. Being thus at liberty to go and come, he returns to spy out the state of his former mansion; and he finds it "empty" of grace, but "swept" by the brush of profession, and "garnished" with the letter of truth. This is just the place for Satan and his crew, and thus exulting over his suitable home, "he goeth and taketh seven other spirits more wicked than himself,"—for they are religious devils, whereas he is but an unclean or profane spirit, "and they enter in and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first." (Matt. xii. 43-45.)

But let us now look a little forward. The year is before us. We have seen its beginning; the Lord knows whether we shall see its ending. Will it not then be our wisdom and mercy to live in it as if it were to be our last? Our Lord tells us what is the posture, the only safe and happy posture of his people: "Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning, and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord, when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh they may open unto him immediately." (Luke xii. 35, 36.) But though this posture can neither be obtained nor maintained except by special grace, yet the Lord does bless those means of his own appointment which he has afforded us; and most certain it is that without the use of these means the life of God cannot be sustained in health and vigour.

Let us glance at some of them.

1. *A spirit of prayer* is most certainly one of the most gracious means which the Lord employs in maintaining divine life in the soul. A spirit of prayer is something very different from a custom of prayer, a form of prayer, or even a gift of prayer. These are merely the fleshly imitations of the interceding breath of the Holy Ghost in the heart of the saints of God; and therefore may and do exist without it. But that secret lifting up of the heart unto the Lord, that panting after him as the hart panteth after the water-brooks, that pouring out of the soul before him, that sighing and groaning for a word of his grace, a look of his eye, a touch of his hand, a smile of his face, that sweet communion and heavenly intercourse with him on the mercy-seat which marks the Spirit's inward intercession—all this cannot be counterfeited. Such a close, private, inward, experimental work and walk is out of the reach and out of the taste of the most gifted professor. But in this path the Holy Ghost leads the living family of God, and as they walk in it under his teachings and anointings, they feel its sweetness and blessedness.

2. *Having the eyes and heart much in the word of truth* is another blessed means of maintaining the life of God in the soul. O what treasures of mercy and grace are lodged in the Scriptures; what a mine of heavenly instruction; what a store of precious promises, encouraging invitations, glorious truths, holy precepts, ten-

der admonitions, wise counsels, and living directions! What a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path! But O how little we know, understand, believe, realise, feel, and enjoy of the word of life. For four or five and thirty years have we read, studied, meditated, and sought by faith to enter into the treasures of truth contained in the inspired word; but O how little do we understand it! how less do we believe and enjoy the heavenly mysteries, the treasures of grace and truth revealed in it! Yet only as our heart is brought not only unto, but into the word of life, and only as faith feeds on the heavenly food there lodged by the infinite wisdom and goodness of God, can we be made fruitful in any good word or work. We should seek, by the help and blessing of God, to drink more into the spirit of truth, to enter more deeply and vitally into the mind of Christ, to read the word more under that same inspiration whereby it was written, to submit our heart more to its instruction, that it may drop like the rain and distil like the dew into the inmost depths of our soul, and thus, as it were, fertilise the roots of our faith, and hope, and love.

3. *Separation from the world*, and everything worldly, and that not in a monkish, austere, pharisaic spirit, but from the constraining influence of that love to the Lord which draws up the heart and affections unto him away from earthly things, is a gracious, we might almost say an indispensable means of maintaining the life of God in the believer's breast. Nothing more deadens the soul to every gracious and heavenly feeling than drinking into the spirit of the world. As long as *that* is kept out, mere external contact with the world, as, for instance, in the calls of necessary and lawful business, does not injure. The world without and the world within are like two streams of different magnitude which run side by side. Keep them apart, and the smaller stream will not overflow its banks; but let the larger stream get an entrance into the smaller, in other words, let the world without rush into the world within, who shall tell the width of that flood or the havoc that it may make of the crops? Some constitutions are so tender that every cold blast is sufficient to produce inflammation; and others are so susceptible of disease that they fall sick under the slightest taint of every epidemic disorder. Such sickly constitutions must watch against the east wind, and not expose themselves to the air of the marshy fen. But just such cold-catching, feverish invalids are we all in soul, whatever be the vigour and health of the body. Let us then be afraid of the very breath of the world lest it chill the heart, or inflame the carnal mind; let us dread exposure to its infectious influence lest it call forth into active energy our latent disease. And above all, let us dread the influence of worldly professors. The openly profane cannot do us much harm. The foul-mouthed swearer, the staggering drunkard, the loud brawler, are not likely to do us any injury. We can give them what the sailor calls "a wide berth," as he does to a known rock when he approaches the place as marked on the chart. Nor are we likely to suffer injury from the moral Churchman, or the zealous Arminian, or the poli-

tical Dissenter. They and we are far enough apart. But the professor of the same truths which we hold dear, who sits perhaps under the same or a similar ministry, whom we cannot altogether reject and yet cannot receive, who, like Bunyan's Talkative, is swift to speak on every occasion, and on no occasion at all, that he may have the pleasure of hearing the music of his own tongue, but who the more we are in his company the more he robs us of every tender, humble, gracious, and spiritual feeling—he, he is the robber, not indeed the highwayman who knocks us down with his bludgeon, but the pickpocket who steals our purse as he sits in the same carriage by our side.

4. *To cleave to the Lord with purpose of heart* under all cases and circumstances, under all trials and temptations, under all difficulties and perplexities, amidst a whole storm of objections and suggestions from the carnal mind, the sore thrustings of our pitiless and unwearied adversary, and every obstacle from without or within that may obstruct our path—this, too, is indispensable to the life of faith. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force." It is not folding the hands and crying, "Peace, peace," that will take us to heaven; no, nor a sound creed, a form of godliness, or a name to live. This is not running the race set before us, or fighting the good fight of faith, or wrestling with principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places. Sometimes we are tempted to presume and sometimes tempted to despair. The only cure for both these diseases of the soul is to cleave to the Person and work, blood, love, and grace of the Lord Jesus, so far as he has been revealed to our soul and according to the measure of faith which is given unto us. To hang upon him at every step is the only way to be brought through.

5. The last gracious means which we shall name, as it is time to come to a conclusion, is to *live, walk, and act in the daily fear of God*. This is, indeed, a most blessed fountain of life to depart from the snares of death. Only, then, as this fountain of life springs up in the soul, watering and thus making the conscience tender, the heart fruitful, the affections heavenly, and the spirit soft and contrite, can the power of grace be maintained in the breast. This heavenly grace of godly fear, the believer's treasure, the beginning and the end of wisdom, makes and keeps the eye watchful, the ear attentive, the smell quick and sagacious, the tongue savoury, the arm strong, the hand open, and the foot wary; and thus amidst thousands of snares and temptations he walks forward to a heavenly kingdom with his eyes right on, and his eyelids straight before him.

Dear friends, friends of Jesus, partakers of his grace, and heirs of his glory, there is a divine reality in the things of God and the kingdom of heaven. We have not followed cunningly devised fables in leaving all things for Jesus' sake,—name, fame, prospects in life, worldly joys, earthly hopes, and carnal pleasures. In choosing,

with Moses, through the power of God's grace, rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, we have not made a choice which will end in disappointment. The Lord give us to realise during the coming year more of his love; and may his rich, free, sovereign, distinguishing, and superabounding grace manifest itself in a godly walk, a holy life, and a conversation becoming the gospel, that we may adorn the doctrine we profess, and compel our very enemies to hold their mouths for shame when they would fain find occasion of reproach in us. Under every trial may we find heavenly support, out of every temptation a gracious deliverance; and should the sentence even be, "This year thou shalt die," may we feel the everlasting arms underneath on the bed of death, leave behind us a sweet testimony to the goodness and faithfulness of the Lord, and be borne aloft to join that happy and glorious company who with tongues of ceaseless praise for ever adore the Lamb.

Brethren, pray for us.

Your affectionate Friend and Servant,

THE EDITOR.

THOUGH sin be finite in the transgressor, yet it is infinite in respect of the object, the infinite God. But the obedience and suffering of Christ was of an infinite extent in respect of the Person, because it was the act of God-man; and in the virtue also, because it was a contrived remedy in the council of God's love, to outstretch the injury that was done to the infinite divine Majesty by finite man. Hence it is, that this remedy carries with it the terms of abounding grace, (Rom. v. 17, 20,) and unsearchable riches. (Ephes. iii. 8.)—*Dorney*.

EVERY elect person is a Nathanael, or God's gift; as the name signifies, a gift from God the Father to God the Son, in the covenant of peace, which obtained among the Divine Three, before the heavens were spread abroad, or the foundations of the earth laid. Whence our Lord, speaking of his church and people, says to the Father, "Thine they were, and thou gavest them me;" namely, to be saved by him with an everlasting salvation. And again, "All that the Father giveth me shall come unto me;" and, "This is the will of him that hath sent me, that, of all that he hath given me, I should lose none."—*Toplady*.

"WHAT doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith and hath not works? Can faith save him?" Suppose a man, any one, chargeable with the sins mentioned in the foregoing verses, (Jas. iv. 1-4; v. 1-5), do yet say that he hath faith; that he hath forsaken Judaism, or Paganism, and now professeth the faith of the gospel, and therefore, though destitute of good works, and living in sin, he is accepted of God, and shall be saved; will this faith save him? This is the question proposed. The gospel saith, "He who believeth shall be saved." Is that faith which consists with an indulgence of sin and neglect of duty the faith to which the promise of salvation is annexed? And hence the inquiry proceeds, how any man, particularly he who "says he hath faith," may prove that he possesses that faith which will secure his salvation? And the Apostle denies that this is such a faith as can consist without works; or that any man can evidence himself to have true faith except by his works of obedience.—*Owen*.

## A DEBTOR TO MERCY.

I WAS born in sin at S., in Aug., 1843. From a child I was the subject of conviction for sin, which I tried to stifle; and when that attempt failed, which was often the case, I tried hard to satisfy conscience by making to myself promises of amendment. But these promises were made only to be broken. I seldom associated with other children, as I generally, whenever I did, felt condemned in my feelings for my light, trifling conduct. Sometimes I have gone out, thinking I would be so serious, and watch myself so narrowly, that I might not act in a light, trifling manner, or do anything that would be likely to bring guilt on my conscience. But I was attracted first by one amusement and then by another, until I soon found myself wholly taken up with, and in the midst of, play; and if, whilst in the midst of vanity and mirth, a thought crossed my mind, as was often the case, to remind me how I had broken my promises, I tried to pass it off, thinking how different I would be next day. "And," thought I, "as I have gone so far, I will have a thorough good play, and then amend my ways." But when alone, all my broken promises came in upon me like a flood, and caused me great distress of mind. At these times I thought, "O, if I do but live until morning," for it was generally at night that I was so distressed, "how differently I will act!" The morning came, and found me as unable to fulfil my promises as ever. The more vows I made to myself that I would be different, and the better I thought I would be, the more my vows and promises appeared to be broken; and ten times worse and farther off I seemed to get. I often thought, for instance, perhaps about the middle of the week, on reviewing my past conduct, that if I was spared to see another week, how differently I would act. I thought I would have quite a new beginning; and certainly would, this time, be very serious, truthful, and, in short, altogether good. With this store of resolutions I have gone to school, having as difficult a task to perform, if I fulfilled the promises I had made, as perhaps any of my schoolmates; and indeed much more so.

Now, whilst I was making to myself promises of amendment, my conscience was a little satisfied. It was when I found I could not fulfil them that I was uneasy; and yet I could see no other way but making still more. Sometimes I thought I would try and appear more cheerful, and dismiss conviction; "for," thought I, "why should I be so dull and cheerless?" Some people called me old-fashioned, and I have heard other girls, older than I, say to each other, "She (alluding to me) is such an old-fashioned little thing!" And truly I had plenty to make me old-fashioned, for if I appeared cheerful in the world, which I could not do at all times, my spirits were generally depressed. I felt like a speckled bird. If I joined with other children, and tried to be cheerful with them, I generally had cause at my leisure for reflection on my past conduct. It was as if I was *not* to be light and cheerful, but was to be continually kept in bondage. I was continually trying, in my own strength, to live differ-

ently, so that I might have less uneasiness of conscience, not being enabled to see and know that of myself I could do no good thing, although all I ever attempted to do proved to be worse than nothing. I thought there was a duty for me to perform, and I was constantly kept in bondage, on account of my inability to perform it, notwithstanding all my attempts to do so. Although every attempt made by me to accomplish this duty failed, yet I did not feel that I was freed from it. I thought I should be able to accomplish it at some future time. I remember reading the following lines:

“Idle boys and girls are found  
Standing on the devil's ground.  
He will find them work to do;  
He will pay their wages too.”

And as I took them just as they stood, in a literal sense, it caused me to examine my past conduct; and when I found how many times I had been guilty of idleness, I made many resolutions of future industry; but, like all my other resolutions, they were made in my own strength, and, therefore, only made to be broken.

I went on in this way for years, sinning and repenting, or rather trying to repent. Although I was not at this time convinced of my utterly lost and undone state as a sinner, and that if saved it must be by free and sovereign grace alone, yet, when in temporal distress, I was enabled to go to the Lord for relief, not doubting his power; and I have frequently obtained the relief which I sought. Thus I looked up to the Lord as a secret Friend, such as I could not find on earth, because I felt convinced of his power; and I frequently proved his willingness to hear and answer whosoever calleth upon his name, believing. I often thought and felt how sad it would be to be left an orphan. I have gone into the fields, and on my bended knees implored the Lord to spare my parents with me. I supplicated thus: “Dear Lord, look on a little child now before thee, and grant that I may die the day,” and as if I thought that was not sufficiently plain, I used to say, “and *date*, that my dear parents do. And do, Lord, blot out all our sins, and take us to glory, never more to part.” My mother, being naturally of a weakly constitution, was frequently unwell. I have gone out into the fields, and earnestly entreated the Lord to restore her to her usual state of health, and have felt, whilst on my knees, that my prayer was heard, and would be answered. I have gone home in hope, and found it realised, my mother being better. I was afraid to tell any one of my secret Friend, lest I should lose him. I often wondered if every one had this Friend, and prized him.

But I was not to remain in this frame of mind long. As I grew older, pride increased. I was not satisfied with being a little humble child. I wanted to be raised in the estimation of the world. Accordingly I mixed with gay companions, and tried hard to appear cheerful and gay as they; but, as I have before stated, this I could not accomplish. I soon found myself slighted, and saw I had made a sad exchange. I could no longer go to my secret Friend, whom the world knew not of. “But,” thought I, “as I am gone thus far,

I may as well enjoy myself at large, as it is impossible for me to be worse." I was suffered to continue in this state for years, confident I was wrong, yet without power to extricate myself.

When about 10 years of age, I began to attend church, thinking I might then enjoy the pleasures and vanities of the world, be thought religious, and have less guilt of conscience than if I did not attend any place of worship; but the Lord, in mercy, frustrated all my schemes, and, instead of a smoother path, I found one still more rugged; for I was now deceiving myself and mocking God. I knew by my feelings that the church doctrine was wrong, and believed that the means which my mother attended was right, not simply thinking it was so because my mother attended, but because, whenever my mind led me to chapel, something said within me, "This is the way;" and many times I vowed in my own mind to forsake my companions and walk in it. But my vows were, as usual, soon broken. Perhaps before I reached home these were my thoughts: "Why, they are generally such a poor, dull, miserable, despised people. Is there no other way? Now they who are advanced in years, or very poor, so that the world will not notice them, do not mind being miserable in their lifetime, and obtain heaven at death; but how many things have I to fight against which they have not,—so young, my company sought by the world, and yet I must lay it all aside, look and be miserable all my life, or at death sink into endless perdition. Well," thought I, "since it must be so, I will enjoy myself a few more days before entering on misery for life." "But," said conscience, in reply, "you have forgotten how uncertain life is. Perhaps, before the expiration of your few days' pleasure you will be launched into eternity." "O! what! No way of escape? Must I not enjoy the world another day?" "Well," I thought, "I may attend church for a few months. The service is solemn, and I need not receive it lightly and thoughtlessly, as some do. I might be serious; and if solemn realities are received as such, surely I shall not feel guilt of conscience." What an imperfect view I thus took of the Lord's people. I thought they inherited eternal happiness hereafter, but were a miserable people in this time state. The more dull and sad they looked, the greater saints I thought they were. But I hope and believe the Lord has made me feelingly to know that old things have passed away, and all things are become new; so that I can say feelingly, with one of old, "Happy art thou, O Israel; who is like unto thee, O people, saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency? (Deut. xxxiii. 29.)

As I before observed, all my Church-going plans were frustrated, and I in greater difficulties than ever. I was miserable indeed. When at church, I often feared it would fall and crush me to pieces. I have dreaded the sound of the organ. It appeared to shake the ground I stood upon. I have longed for it to abate, fearing the earth would open and swallow me up, and I sink into hell, with that pealing sound to mock me. I thought at these times, if ever I got out alive, I certainly never would enter within those walls again. But, alas! When mixed with my companions, how hypocriti-

cally did I act, applauding the Church service and minister; conscience at the same time accusing me of speaking falsely and deceitfully. But I was so tormented by the enemy, I dared not stay at home alone. I have often, on a Sabbath morning, before my mother went to chapel, dressed myself, as near as I could, ready for Church, and brought the remaining part of my apparel down stairs, and stood with the door open, because I dared not go to dress when alone. I did not always feel so desperate, for sometimes I ventured to go and dress, ready for Church, after my mother was gone. I cannot describe the anguish of mind I felt at night when alone. I have gone to bed with a determination, as I thought, to obtain sleep. I have covered my head with the bed-clothes, and pressed my eyelids together, until, from the pain it caused, I could do so no longer. I did not feel quite so desperate until I thought all the family were sleeping, and I not half so inclined for sleep as during the day. I felt that I dared not sleep. I have fixed my eyes on the door, expecting every moment to see the devil with my natural eye. This was what I dreaded, lest I should see some frightful spectacle. I felt sure if I did, I should immediately lose my senses, and not be able to make an alarm. Thus I have lain trying to shake off these feelings, but to no purpose. I felt like one bound, and I dared not move. At length, wearied out, sleep would overcome me. At these trying times, I have thought if I lived to see another morning's light, how differently I would act. But something seemed to draw me on. I went into cheerful company, and tried to stifle conviction; but all my efforts to accomplish this were in vain. How I longed to be like those with whom I was in company, who enjoyed the pleasures of this world, without such guilt of conscience as I had. I have smiled many times, when all within has been blackness and misery. All these feelings were pent up in my own bosom. I was ashamed to tell any one how I was haunted by the devil. My companions would say at times, as if to vex me, "You do not like chapel, do you?" I, to look bold, said I was tired of chapel, and liked Church better for a change. In a few weeks these companions forsook me, without any apparent cause; which circumstance put an end to all my strict Church attendance, and wounded my pride. Not that I wanted them; I was glad in my mind to be released from them; but it aggravated my temper to think they should leave me, because, by rejecting my company, it left me no choice about the matter. As I had been so bold as to go to Church in opposition to my parents' will, the pride of my heart would not allow me to plead with them. It vexed me to see any of the family cheerful. If my mother spoke to me, I answered her in an angry, snappish strain, which I knew grieved her; yet I could not help it. I hated myself for allowing my temper to rule. It grieved me to think that I could not be pleasant even with my friends and parents. I tried to govern my temper, but to no purpose. I wanted to be pleasant, yet made every one miserable with whom I had to do. I believe it was the Lord's will that I should be left to the pride of my hard heart, and the villainess and stubbornness of my temper, to teach me my utter inability

to extricate myself, with all my schemes; and he, ever blessed be his dear name, enabled me, in his own time and way, to see and feel my lost and undone condition, and to go to him as the last and only eternal refuge.

But to return. I was awoke one night by the distinct sound of a trumpet; and whilst listening to hear the last sound, the thought rushed into my mind, that it was the end of time. O, the agony of my feelings I cannot describe! Through my being, so restless at night, my mother slept with me; but that was no consolation to me. I could not seek creature advice in this matter. No; I felt that it was a personal thing. All the sins that I had ever been guilty of lay before my eyes as a huge volume of blackness and condemnation. I tried to repent; I thought of prayer; but I dared not attempt to pray, lest I should be hurled into hell mocking God. I knew not what to do. I thought I could feel myself sinking through the bed. The perspiration stood on my face. I expected every minute would be my last, for I expected some frightful spectre would come and claim me, body and soul. O how I was made to see that night the helplessness of the creature. I was made to view and see myself a lost, guilty, hell-deserving sinner, utterly helpless, being unable even to repent of myself. I was made to see and know that if I was saved, I must be saved of the Lord's mercy, through rich, free, and sovereign grace alone.

Prior to this, I had a long and painful illness, which reduced me, according to all view, almost to the brink of the grave. What an awful state of mind I was in. I disliked to talk about death. If a friend came to see me, and inquired if I felt any concern about my state, I felt vexed, and very shortly answered, "No." I was glad when they were gone, for I did not want to talk about death. I wanted to be more cheerful. When, as was sometimes the case, the thought of eternity would intrude, I thought, "O, I dare say I shall go to heaven." I was troubled with inflammation and excessive weakness. I remember one day in particular, the pain was very acute; and as every means that was resorted to for relief failed to afford any, my relatives and myself thought my end was near. I think I shall never forget the distress visible on my dear mother's countenance, who longed to ease my pain, but could only stand a mere spectator of my sufferings. I now saw the helplessness of human skill, and was made to know and feel that "power belongeth unto God." Although I could not expect that the Lord would attend to me, yet I knew that if he did not stretch forth his healing hand I must perish; and I felt that I must venture to call on him; but I thought if the Lord had any mercy on me, I should know that he is a merciful God indeed and of a truth. With a "Who can tell?" which sprang up in my mind for my encouragement, I cried, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst ease this pain;" and almost immediately the pain abated. I told my mother, as soon as my strength would permit, how I had been enabled to cry unto the Lord in my trouble, and that I believed he had answered my prayer by removing my pain. I remember my mother was quite overcome to see the loving-

kindness of the Lord, and desired to bless and praise his holy name. This token of the Lord's mercy to me-ward humbled me a little, and I believe caused me to bear my affliction more patiently. As soon as my strength would allow, I used to sit up in bed and read the Bible, and remark to my mother what a patient and long-suffering God the Lord was; but I had no hope that he was *my* Lord. I gradually recovered from this illness, and attended chapel whenever my strength of body and mind would permit. I frequently felt broken down in hearing the truth preached. "But," thought I, "I have no evidence that I am one of the Lord's people; and if I am not, these things have nothing to do with me; at least I have nothing to do with them."

But to return. Although, as I have before observed, I was made on that memorable night, when I thought time was at an end, to see and feel myself a lost, ruined sinner, and to know that if saved, I must be saved by free grace alone, still, there I was without a hope that I was a vessel of mercy, and unable to pray for one, except by sighs and groans. I was kept in this state for a time, unable to throw myself at the Lord's feet, and cry for mercy, yet longing and sighing for a spirit of prayer. Sometimes I was almost in despair, afraid to hope, yet with the assistance of a secret "Who can tell?" enabled to cry on, until the Lord graciously heard and answered my cry, by pouring out upon me the spirit of prayer, by which I was brought to Jesus' feet with tears and supplications, utterly helpless, my strength being to lie there for him to do with me as seemed him good. I was made to know and feel that I must perish if the Lord did not show mercy towards me; and I was brought to feel, "If I perish, I must perish there; I can but perish." I also felt that I would cast myself in the way, and if the Lord passed by and did not notice me, there I must lie and die. Again, I felt as a guilty criminal, arraigned at the bar of justice, awaiting tremblingly to hear my doom. Not expecting pardon, yet clinging to Jesus; knowing that if he would he could make me clean. How well those lines express-ed my feelings:

"Nothing in my hand I bring;  
Simply to thy cross I cling," &c.

(*To be continued.*)

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PARADISE was made for man, yet there I see the serpent. What marvel is it if my corruption find the serpent in my closet, on my table, in my bed, when our holy parents found him in the midst of Paradise? No sooner is he entered but he tempteth; he can no more be idle than harmless. I do not see him at any other tree; he knew there was no danger in the rest. I see him at the tree forbidden. How true a serpent he is in every point! In his insinuation to the place, in his choice of the tree, in his assault of the woman, in his plausibleness of speech to avoid terror, in his question to move doubt, in his reply to work distrust, in his protestation of safety, in his suggestion to envy and discontent, in his promise of gain!—*Bishop Hall.*

**BY THESE THINGS MEN LIVE, AND IN ALL  
THESE THINGS IS THE LIFE OF MY SPIRIT.**

To the Dearly Beloved of my Soul, my Companions in the path of Tribulation, Fellow-partners in the Clemency of Heaven, and Dependent on it, and Fellow-heirs of Eternal Life,—Being separated from your assembly by the hand of God, in presence, though not in heart; and believing that many of you are anxious to know something about the state of my mind, under the afflicting hand of God, and, in the view of death which was for some time the only expectation of myself and others, I write to say that the sudden declaration of my danger was like the sound of the midnight cry to the sleeping virgins—a terrible and unlooked-for alarm; for, instead of having my loins girt about, and my lights burning, my frame was cold, barren, and inactive, overcome with sloth and stupor. But the belief of death being now at the door set me crying mightily to God, to examine my interest in him, and my ground of claim upon him; where, to the praise of his grace be it asserted, a long chain of experience soon appeared in view, which I could not dispute being his own work. It extended, even from the first sight my soul had of the dear Redeemer, when he appeared so suited to my lost, perishing, condition, able to save to the uttermost, that my whole soul was drawn out to choose him, to embrace him, and to venture my everlasting all upon him. I say a whole chain of experience of his mercy and truth revealed and applied to my heart came afresh to my view, and at the same time the faithfulness, truth, and immutability of Jehovah appeared in such a light as, I think, I never saw before. I saw them to be infinite; and in the merits of a dear Redeemer, the faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God, and an experimental evidence of my interest in them, I found an anchor to stay my soul in the storm, and to free me from my fears of perishing everlastingly. But, on the other hand, there appeared a long train of backsliding—a heavy cloud of guilt and filth, which had accumulated in a long course of barren, cold, useless, fruitless profession, unconfessed, unrepented, and unpurged from the conscience. This seemed to threaten my soul with a dismal passing through the valley of the shadow of death, with cruel bonds in death; and though my eternal welfare was sure, my passage to it must be terrible. But on begging of God to look on the person of his dear Son, and consider me in him, my views of him were such as I never can describe. The glory of his Person, the riches of his grace, and the infinite worth and merit of his blood and righteousness, appeared so amazingly great beyond all conception, that my sin and filth, though bulky as the mountains, and weighty as the sands, all seemed, when laid in the balance with him, like the drop of a bucket, or the small dust of the balance; and so my whole prayer was with some confidence, that, when it pleased God to take me out of the world, he would give me a feeling sense of his love and let me depart in peace. I never once asked to be raised up, nor ever earnestly desired it; though I feel thankful he now appears to be restoring me.

My wife and family I duly considered, and believed that God would do much better for them without me than I could without him, and in committing them to him, I believed he would take care of them.

I must confess that the chief spiritual blessing I have experienced in my affliction has been divine support, for it has not been a time of comfort and rejoicing, but of consideration, reflection, confession, and prayer. And I feel, dear friends, that in death-bed and sick-bed reflections things appear in their true colours; the world appears without her allurements, sin without its paint and varnish, in its native deformity, and the things

of eternity appear in their native lustre and glory. O, my dear and beloved friends, I never in my life had such views of the glorious privileges of the church as now I have, and how amazingly we come short, by our own shameful negligence and sloth, not only of what we ought to be, but of that for which there is full provision made in the covenant, to enable us to be fruitful in every good word and work.

I have had the saint in his best estate pourtrayed before my mind as one who has received the Lord Jesus, and who walks in him, under his immediate eye, and in his fear all the day long; who, by constant communion with him, receives continual supplies from him to keep the graces of the Spirit in exercise, and his speech with grace, seasoned with salt, which makes him as a city set on a hill, that even all that see such acknowledge them to be the seed which the Lord hath blessed. I was led to consider such as walking circumspectly, and redeeming the time, casting their cares and burdens upon God, asking counsel at his hand to direct in difficulties and power to stand and withstand in every trying hour. I considered such as constantly engaged with their corruptions, but, by supplies of grace from a Saviour's fulness, are every day more than conquerors, till they receive the crown that fadeth not away. But O, my friends, how far do we come short! What a poor, pitiful, barren profession have we got into! Not for want of grace in the Lord Jesus Christ, for He has always proved himself to us as full of grace whenever we have gone to him; it is not for want of promises exceeding great and precious, nor of a faithful God to make them good. These things cover me with shame and confusion of face.

May God of his rich mercy revive his own work in us all. Farewell. The blessing of God remain with you. Amen.

Dec. 22nd, 1816.

H. H.

[The above letter has been sent to us by a friend as having been written many years ago by a Lincolnshire hearer of Mr. Huntington's. We do not know whether he is still in the flesh; but whether so or not we must say that it is some time since we have read a letter with which we feel more spiritual union, as having passed through a good deal of the same experience, and seeing eye to eye very much with the writer in the views which he here expresses of the low state in which so many are who, we hope, in spite of all their coldness and death, still fear the Lord. It is on the bed of sickness and affliction, when the Lord brings eternal realities near, and lays them with weight and power upon the conscience, that we see and feel how low we ourselves have sunk, and in the same light see also in what a low state the church of God generally is. As, then, we grieve over ourselves, we are led to grieve also over others; and as we view by faith the glorious Person of Christ, and the fulness of grace which is in him, feel also that the lack is not in him, but in our own want of that abiding in him and of his abiding in us by union and communion which alone can make and manifest us fruitful branches in the only true Vine.—ED.]

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## A LETTER BY THE LATE JAMES BRIDGER.

Dear Friend,—I received yours, and can assure you it came in due time; and may the Almighty grant that we may still feel an interest in each other such as the world knows nothing of. And as you say you are "a companion of those that fear God," would to God I might be the same, for I can truly say the world is no company for me; for I have but very few that I can speak to, which makes me look back to the time when you and I walked together to the house of God in company, as well as the times I have, through some excuse of trifling importance, neglected to attend with you, and thereby have to reflect that I might, perhaps,

have got a blessing, whereas I got affliction added to my bonds. I have to inform you that I heard Mr. Vinall last Thursday evening, from Jer. xxxi. 13, 14: "Then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance, both young men and old men together; for I will turn their mourning into joy, and will comfort them, and make them rejoice from their sorrows, and I will satiate the soul of the priests with fatness, and my people shall be satisfied with my goodness, saith the Lord." I heard him with satisfaction and surprise. I believe none other than the Lord of heaven and earth spake by him, and he brought forth things new and old. He described the mourning, and how it was to be turned into joy. He spake, also, of the hard and heavy bondage while shut up under the law, and how many years some have to labour under it. I thought, surely I had in some small measure, and seemed to anticipate that the Lord would, in his own time, bring me forth, and if so, what a mercy it would be to the most sinful, hell-deserving sinner that ever lived. I think I should have more to bless the Lord for than ever a soul had who has felt his pardoning love; but I feel I have no right to expect it, and as there are to be so few, I fear it cannot possibly be my lot, although I am constrained to cry day and night that the Lord would reveal his Son in me, that I may be found in him, and that he may never suffer me to rest in anything short of a full assurance of my interest in the precious blood of Christ; that he would guide me by his counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.

It is impossible for me to give you an adequate idea of the confusion and alarm that my whole soul has been thrown into, occasioned by a dreadful accident that happened a few days ago in our neighbourhood. It shows on what a frail tenour we hold our mortal existence. A neighbour, a particular acquaintance of mine, a member of the Baptist church at Dorman's Land, a man I have had a good hope of, that he did not rest with the general bulk of professors, was killed. I saw him a few minutes before in perfect health, going with a yoke of oxen in a cart, to dig sand in a pit, where a large portion of the rock fell upon him and killed him upon the spot. He has left a widow and five children to lament their loss. I heard his funeral sermon, which was little satisfaction to me. A woman, who followed him to the grave, was then well, but is considered at this moment going the way of all flesh, leaving a husband and two children to lament their loss.

O, my friend, these things sanctified are enough to awaken the dearest soul, and seem to say, "Be ye also ready, for at such an hour as you think not the Son of man cometh."

Your unworthy friend,

Hartfield, Nov. 22nd, 1823.

JAMES BRIDGER.

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### UNPUBLISHED LETTERS BY THE LATE MR. HUNTINGTON.

My dear Friend,—It is winter; it is cold; and I am and have been for some time in the possession of one of the worst coughs that ever fell to my share. I have got, I firmly believe, a confirmed asthma; and no wonder if the bellows decay when the pipes have been hard worked for upwards of 30 years. This cold has been long on me, and is continually renewing, so that I am almost a stranger to beloved sleep. When this first came on, I felt the iron sinew in my neck, a brazen brow, a stubborn will, a hard, unrelenting heart, and an obstinate mind. I fretted, I cavilled, I contended, I disputed, I kicked up, I hung back, I started aside, I fell down in the furrow, but could not, would not yield. So the devil and the doctor went on, and carnal reason and unbelief helped forward

the calamity. Sunday came on; still the war lasted. When in the pulpit, all blowed over, and all was well, and I was carried through with a high hand. But when the work was done and I again alone, I renewed the attack and resumed the dispute. Sometimes I was a Pharisee and ready to plead my integrity, usefulness, and the sincerity of my love. Then I turned Securitán,\* hardening my mind in desperate sorrow: "Let me alone;" then Gallio: "Kill or save," and, "Let me sink or swim; I care not." Now and then a reflection upon many past favours, kind tokens, and tender dealings came to my mind; I relented, and bowed my knees, and asked submission. A few softening tears rolled down, and the heavenly Dove whispered within, "This will terminate in a renewing of the work;" and so I believed for a while. Then I rose up, and summoned all the black band again, and revived the old argument. Could any soul think that the coalheaver could have so many coals of juniper in his sack? But previously to this, I had in my cabin one afternoon such a frame of energy with God in prayer as was wonderful to me; and finding the door open, the sceptre held out, and his ear attentive, the King was held in the galleries; so I went again and again, and asked for all that I could think of, and among the rest that he would cure my asthma, and I believed he would. And by "terrible things in righteousness" has he answered me. But there are other answers besides these. These are preparatory, or to empty me of self, that the new wine may come into the new bottle. Not long since I was thinking, "We have but little converting work going on;" and a thought sprang up, "I have had but little soul travail of late;" and soon after this labour came on; and now twice have I had tidings of one long in the deep coming to an anchor, and another coming fairly out after a long labour, a reconversion. And many more big-bellied ones are among us, so that I expect the lying-in hospital to be at work. I wrote a long letter to each of yours, and have published them; but I know not how to send them; but if you will get them from Lewes, they were sent last Christmas Day. I long to know if I am a physician of any value to —.

And now, my dear companion in the Lord Jesus, let me exhort thee to cleave close to Christ with full purpose of heart; for all but Christ, and those in whom he dwells, is death. I remember you all in every prayer of mine. Mr. Blake's father is dead. Mr. Hooper's father is dead. Mr. Baker's sister is dead. I should be glad to see you and Mary if convenient.

Ever yours,

The Cabin, Monday Morning.

S. S.

[The above letter was written, as it appears from the address, to Miss Eliza Blaker, of Worth, near East Grinstead, and though, as usual, without date, bears the postmark of Dec. 31, 1801. But what an opening it gives us into all the heart of the despised coalheaver, and brings him before us in his little cabin at Providence Chapel, where he always spent his Mondays, sometimes fighting with sin and Satan, sometimes melted down into contrition, sometimes enjoying sweet communion with his beloved Lord, but still the same man of God, whether on his knees, or reading his Bible, or pondering over his own heart, or writing to his correspondents those sweet experimental letters by which, being dead, he still speaketh. Would to God there were more such religion as his in the churches of truth, and especially in the hearts and lips of the professed servants of God!—Ed.]

\* Meaning one in carnal security.

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SPIRITUAL sorrows are deep waters in which the stoutest and most magnanimous soul would sink, did not Jesus Christ, by a secret and supporting hand, hold it up and preserve it.—*Flavel*.

## BITTERS AND SWEETS.

My dear Friend,—Long have I desired to write in answer to your last affectionate and Christian letter, but the good I would I do not, not from the want of a desire to do so, but from a real feeling of my helpless and ignorant state. Could I take you by the hand and lead you into the midst of my poor, ruined, powerless, cast down soul, I think you would say, "Surely it must be divine power that holds her on, holds her up, and keeps her from sinking into a despairing condition." O, dear friend, long and gloomy has been the sad night of desertion. Sad, very sad, have been the things that have taken place in my bewildered spirit. How divinely true is the scripture; it is written, "The days of darkness shall be many;" but the Lord be praised, there is no darkness, be it ever so dense, but his eye sees, and it is continually upon his poor sin-bitten, sorrowing, bruised followers. Precious Lamb of God!

"His way was much darker and rougher than mine;  
Did Christ the Lord suffer, and shall I repine?"

And what is my little bit of suffering here when compared with "the man of sorrows, who was acquainted with griefs?" He said, "Reproach hath broken my heart." Dear, holy, gentle, sinless, suffering, precious Lamb of God, in mercy soften my hard, cold, dead heart, and cause me to love thee in thine own love. Dear friend,

"We, at most, but taste the cup,  
For he alone has drunk it up."

"How harsh soe'er the way,  
Dear Saviour, still lead on."

May he grant us patience, to suffer all his righteous will, and keep our feet from falling, while passing through this world of sin. But when the tempter is permitted to draw near to me, he ever finds plenty in my wretched nature to work upon, and so brings my poor, helpless, guilty, ruined soul into bondage and sorrow. But the Lord, in his infinite wisdom and mercy, knows how to deliver his poor people out of the snare of the fowler; so, "honour, and praise, and glory, and righteousness belong unto him, but unto me confusion of face." What a noble, honest confession did Daniel make before his God, through constraining grace. He says, respecting himself and the people, "We have sinned and have committed iniquity, and have done wickedly, and have rebelled, even by departing from thy precepts and from thy judgments." How little of such confession drops from my lips, although my sins are so great; but plenty of self-pity, which, if not subdued by power divine, will be almost sure to end in a fit of rebellion against that good, merciful, and long-suffering God, who has not cut me off in my scarlet and crimson sins, but has borne with my froward, shameful manners, many years in the wilderness, and up to the present moment of time has, in his merciful providence, watched over the rebel wretch, and taken care of this poor corrupt body; and I still trust, notwithstanding my great provocations, that he continues to watch over and protect my poor soul, and suffers not the destroyer to cast down my life to the ground, so as not to rise again. Yes, I still hope, although I cannot see him because of the midnight darkness, nor feel him near because of the fearful death within; still, I trust the everlasting arms are bearing my gloomy, sickly, dying, sinking spirit up. There are times when I feel that my natural life must sink under the pressure of sorrow, gloom, guilt, and unworthiness; but, through mercy,

both body and soul revive again. And so I go on, rising and falling, sinking and swimming, believing and doubting. When I come under the gospel, preached by men who know what they are talking about, there seems room made in my soul by these painful exercises for the truth, and the weary spirit gets cheered and comforted a little; but the feeling is soon gone again, and then I return to my own sad place, to mourn over my barrenness, and the sad returns I make the Lord for all his gracious dealings with me.

But, dear friend, I must not keep on so much about myself. It was not my intention, when I began writing, to have told out quite so much of what goes on within, for I must confess I do not like exposing my sinful self even to my kind friend; but the fact is, since I took up my pen to write to you, the enemy was permitted to draw near my base heart and stir up rebellion against him whom I trust my soul loveth; and this was a means of my committing so much of my vileness to paper. O, may he be pleased speedily to grant me godly sorrow, and lead me to the fountain that can wash away rebellion as well as all other sins, and make a guilty rebel white and clean, and so sing unto him who hath redeemed his people and made them beautiful in his own eyes, fair and white in his own holy, precious, sin-cleansing blood.

When Mr. G. was here he told me you still mourned the loss of your dear husband. What an unspeakable mercy you have not to mourn like them that have no hope; some of the Lord's dear children have been called upon to taste this bitter, bitter cup; but you have been spared, and that, too, respecting him who seemed to be as dear to you as your own natural life. May the Lord enable my dear friend to think much upon this great mercy.

Thanks, dear friend, for the book which you so kindly sent me. I long for time to read it, but, like every other favour, time must be granted by the Lord. I never valued time so much as I have the last seven years. How I long sometimes for a few hours to sit down quietly to read the word of God, but cannot have it. Then I fret and mourn over my sad lot, and so often make myself poorly; but this does not alter the case.

I was much pleased to hear that your dear minister is better, and that he has again been enabled to stand up in the name of the Lord, and preach the everlasting gospel to never-dying souls cased up in corrupt, dying bodies. If you should see him, and it comes into your mind, be pleased to give him my kind love. I believe there are seasons when the sweet holy love of the brethren rises up blessedly in my soul, and then I love him dearly for his dear Lord and Master's sake and for his labour of love in the Lord. I have often had a desire to write and tell him a little about the way the Lord has been pleased, both in his preaching and writing, to bless my soul. I think if the Lord were pleased to enable me, and bring it all to my memory what he has said to me through the mouth and by the word of Mr. P., it would surprise, humble, and encourage him; but I am not able to speak it out. O my leanness! my leanness! and I may also add, My ignorance! my ignorance! Were it not for the fear I have of wounding the minds of my kind, my best friends, and by my silence leading them to suppose I was unthankful and unmindful of them and their kind acts toward me, I should from this time forth (until I felt liberty, I mean gospel liberty) give up all letter-writing. How very different it is to write when you feel a happy, pardoned child, feeling life, light, love, and liberty within, compared with what I am now.

But I must leave off troubling you with my sad tale. I should be glad if, at any time you feel inclined to write, you would favour me with a few lines to say how you are both in soul and body.

" Had I words to explain  
 What she must sustain  
 Who dies to the world and its ways,  
 How joy and affright,  
 Distress and delight,  
 Alternately chequer her days."

There was a time when I could say the above lines were my experience; but it is now, " Watchman, what of the night ? "

Now, my dear friend, I must say, Farewell for the present.

I remain, sincerely and affectionately yours,

Camden Town, May 17th, 1860.

T. V.

## HE WILL TURN AGAIN.

My dear Friend has found out the most Beloved, but he must not expect always to hold him fast in his embrace. While the earth shall last, night and day shall not cease; the one is set over against the other; and though we are not children of the night but of the day, it is often night with us in our feelings when the Sun of righteousness withdraws behind a cloud, or seems to have deserted and set upon us altogether,—seems, I say, but no more. These changes are intended to quicken us after the better country. If it were always sunshine with us it would not do in this land; we have other lessons to learn. God gives us now some foretastes of the better country to keep us from fainting, and then withdraws them to animate us after greater attainments and the final celebration of the marriage supper of the Lamb. You will often discover from one cause and another that God will go away. So the church says, " By night I sought him whom my soul loveth. I sought him, but I found him not." He was gone from her embrace. Then the soul is sure to find the loss, which is better felt than described. You know what it is to be without the sensible enjoyment of communion with the Father and the Son. Darkness in the soul succeeds the light of his countenance in whose favour is life. At such seasons we often feel the chastening hand of God upon our conscience for some fault or miscarriage; and perhaps the rod may come very heavy and close, and cause much smart and anguish. " I am the man," says Jeremiah, " that hath seen affliction by the rod of his wrath. He hath set me in darkness and not in the light." Then sins and offences lie heavy on conscience; not one sin only, but our whole nature, as the Psalmist speaks, " My sins are more in number than the hairs of my head, and my heart fails me." Then the enemy does not miss his opportunity; he accuses God to us, blackens his character, and deforms his holy nature, and works all manner of evil thoughts, suspicions, and jealousies in us against him. We cannot find any life in our soul; prayer is dead, faith is weak, hope is faint, love is cold, the heart hard, the affections wandering, the understanding dark and confused. We find no sensible access to God, but know there is a cloud between us and his throne that we cannot pierce through. This cloud that the prophet speaks of I believe is our sin; for clouds are vapours from the earth suspended between it and the heavens; and what is sin but an exhalation from us who are of the earth, earthy? And these things stand and separate between us and our God.

But notwithstanding all these things, his word tells us, " He will turn again;" and faith lays hold upon it as a faithful word, and cannot give it up. Read the last chapter of Micah; he is very blessed upon it, and at last says he will turn again. His faith was not all gone;

it rested upon God, that he would not cast off for ever. By "turning again," I apprehend no more than putting forth his quickening power to make us sensible where we are, and to encourage and draw us after himself. So the prodigal, when he came to himself, said, "How many hired servants?" &c. "I will arise," &c. When God turns again, we naturally turn to him, and cannot help it; and with many prayers, tears, and groans, our souls move toward him. Ashamed we are, and much afraid at times lest he should not receive us, that he cannot forgive us or have respect unto us; but he will have compassion upon us. When he sees us low, how he pities us. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth those that fear him." He expects nothing from us, and knows we can have nothing, for "he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." "He will subdue our iniquities," continues the prophet; not us, for we are subdued already. Our will is toward him: "To will is present with me," says Paul; but our iniquities, which we groan under, such as enmity, unbelief, hardness of heart, coldness of soul, deadness of spirit, &c., these his grace subdues, for his grace is sufficient for us. And all these assurances of future good which faith cleaves to the prophet traces to one thing; he changes the persons, and adds *thou* instead of *he*: "Thou wilt cast all their sins," that is, the sins of thy people, "into the depths of the sea," the ocean of God's love, without dimensions, from everlasting to everlasting. The prophet looked forward to the offering of Jesus Christ upon the cross once for all, and so speaks that God would cast their sins, &c. We look back to his sufferings, and say, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." "He hath washed us from our sins." "And this is love." "Herein is love." "God so loved the world." "Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it." The love of the Spirit is in the heart towards God for such benefits; and where this is, sin is remembered no more. Keep thine eye upon this, and not upon thyself. God grant it for his Son's sake.

Yours affectionately,

W. J. BROOK.

If you were to say you know you have a mansion above worth a million worlds, and yet the loss of a thing not worth a sixpence were to put you out of temper, nobody would believe you.—*W. T.*

"AND him." Let him be as red as blood, let him be as red as crimson; some men are blood-red sinners, crimson sinners, sinners of a double dye, dipped and dipped again before they come to Jesus Christ. Art thou that readest these lines such a one? Speak out, man. Art thou such a one? and art thou now coming to Jesus Christ for the mercy of justification, that thou mightest be made white in his blood, and be covered with his righteousness? Fear not, for as much as thy coming betokeneth that thou art of the number of them that the Father hath given to Christ, for he will in no wise cast thee out, come now! "Come now," saith Christ, "and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow, though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." (Isa. i. 18.)—*Bunyan*.

A COVENANT of peace cannot be between an enemy and an enemy, as they are such; those who were enemies must lay down wrath ere they can enter into covenant. Contraries, as contraries, cannot be united. God, being the sole author of this covenant, did lay aside enmity first. Love must first send out love, as fire must cast out heat. It is true, this covenant is made with sinners, as God made the covenant of nature with Adam, yet righteous, but a union covenant-wise could never have been, except God had in a manner bowed to us, and grace proved out of measure gracious.—*Rutherford*.

## Obituary.

### EDWARD WILD, OF SHAW FARM, WILTS.

IN recording a few particulars of the Lord's goodness to my late afflicted brother Edward, may the Holy Spirit bring to my remembrance what I have heard at different times from his lips; and enable me also faithfully to write what has been communicated to me by his mother of the Lord's dealings with him. She was his *confidante* in religious matters.

He was born July 4th, 1820. He lost his father, who was a farmer, just after attaining his 17th year. Although the youngest then of five sons, in the providence of God, from that time he was left to manage the farm with his mother, where the family had lived many years, until he became nearly 21 years old. He then removed to a larger farm in the same parish, as manager for the gentleman his father had rented under, and an elder brother took his late father's business on his own account.

In June, 1841, having sent a team of horses with other farmers' teams to a ploughing match at Pewsey Hill, Edward, with his brother and a young man, attended the match. Here the horse he was riding reared and threw him on the back of his head. On returning home he told us of his accident, but said he felt no ill effects from it, nor did any appear for several months afterwards. The first symptoms he complained of were pains in the back of his head, particularly when riding on horseback faster than a walking pace; so much so that he was obliged to hold his hand to the part to enable him to bear the shaking of the animal. Soon after this his eyesight began to fail, which much alarmed us, and we all thought it was caused by the falling off his horse. We had the best advice, but it was of no avail. We then took him to London, where he was under the care of Dr. Tyrell, an eye doctor. We also consulted Dr. Seymour. Both of those gentlemen told us to get him back into the country again as soon as we could, as he would probably die in a fit at no distant time. However, the Lord saw good that he should remain for more than 18 years, under the treatment of Mr. Maurice, of Marlborough, outliving both the London medical men.

In Feb., 1843, he returned from town, his eyesight nearly gone, and his situation, which he had only filled 15 months, given up. Here was the first blight on his prospects of getting on in life, and he soon fell into a low, nervous, depressed state of mind and body; and although before his accident he was naturally of a quiet, sedate turn of mind, he was now altered, so as to be very irritable and excitable, which his medical man attributed to his disease, saying he could not help himself.

Some years after this, his doctor thought he would again recover his sight, saying nature seemed to do more for him than medical skill. In Aug., 1851, he was attacked for the first time with an epileptic fit. The family were called up in the night, and all thought he was dying. After this, he was, until the last year and a half of

his life, subject to fits every eight or ten weeks, one of which at last terminated in his removal from this world to a better. He had a great dread of being taken off in fits. Many times have I known him go groaning to bed, fearing he would have an attack and not live till morning; and then what would become of his soul? But when death really came, the Lord mercifully removed all fear from his mind, and he longed to be gone, to be ever with the Lord.

About the year 1845, he first attended at Allington Chapel, his mother and sister being hearers there; but at this time he seemed to have but little or no conviction of his lost state as a sinner before God. He liked the chapel friends and the preaching, often saying he would much rather go there than to church. Soon after this time he began to work hard for eternal life, watching his words and actions, scarcely ever a smile for months visible on his countenance, from the combined effect of affliction of body and distress of mind. When people have come to the house on business, I have many times known him leave the room and go to another, or if it was at evening time he would go early to bed, feeling condemnation afterwards if he associated needlessly with them. I have heard him afterwards refer to those times, and say, "It was not that I thought myself better than they, but I thought I should offend God."

About the year 1849, the Lord began to show him a little of what was in his heart, and the nothingness of his religion; and at times, under the word preached, or hearing reading at home, the Lord blessed him with a little encouragement to hope in his mercy. He now began to speak in a purer language, and to see and say if left to himself he should be no better than the rest of men. The first portion of Scripture I ever heard him speak of as being applied with any power to his soul was from Isaiah: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool." He was out in one of the fields on the farm we now live at in much distress of mind, but he said before he reached home he could for the first time in his life bless God for his affliction, believing it to be a means of his seeking the salvation of his soul, and I many times subsequently heard him say words to the same effect. At other times, being of a very industrious turn, and feeling his affliction to be a great hindrance to him, he would shed tears of self-pity, and say, "Why should I be so afflicted more than others? What have I done? Surely I must be worse than anybody." He was also much tempted to self-destruction, and would say, "What good is my life to myself or to others? I am in my own way and every one's else," so that he would be almost distracted. He also had a very trying path in providence, which one hardly knows how to pen, circumstances being so connected and interwoven with other members of his family. Disappointment on disappointment in worldly matters followed him to the end of his days; but when the good Lord, as he used to call him, bestowed a cheering ray, he would say, "I do not want anything altered. I would not exchange with any one, no, not with Prince Albert."

But to return. A few months after he was blessed with the application of the words before mentioned, he heard Mr. Tiptaft at Ave-

bury Chapel very satisfactorily. Mr. T. made use of the same words in his discourse which he said were a second time blessed to his soul. On the next evening, having to spend some time with company his brother had invited to the house, when the company had left he groaned to himself, and remarked to his mother, "How much rather I would have as last night been at chapel than in this room." His mother replied, "I am glad to hear you say so. It shows you heard to profit."

He was for some time enabled to hold the world and its vanities with a looser hand than many, often comparing the shortness of time with eternity, the value of the soul with that of the body, heavenly rest and eternal misery; often adding, "It is too lowering to make any comparisons in such great things." He has often been a reprov-er, and the means of stirring me onward, saying, "Never mind! Where will all those passing vanities that you look after be in a few years hence? If we get to heaven at last, that will make amends for all." There was visible in him a great fear of sinning, and an anxious desire to do what was right in the sight of God, so far as he knew; and although not joined to the people with whom he attended, I believe it arose more from a fear of presuming than from want of love. He generally had low views of himself, and often lamented his inconsistency and shortcomings in prayer, saying he often felt himself so shut up that he had not a word to say; but those in the house can bear witness that he was enabled not to give up bending his knees in prayer. Let him have to get up as early as he might, he would be sure to spend a little time in seeking the Lord; also at night, and generally at noon; and was very glad to have the word of God read to him, as well as the writings of good men; and I remember how pleased he was when he got by heart that hymn of Medley's:

"Amid ten thousand anxious cares,"

it being so suitable to his feelings; and many times have I heard him repeat Hymn 289:

"Thus far my God has led me on,"

and call it his own.

"And must it, Lord, be so?"

was another favourite of his.

Often have I heard him extol the goodness of God in stopping him in his mad career of sin, and say to his mother, "Why should the good Lord look on me, and stop me, and pass by so many others? I am no better than they in myself; and did not the Lord now keep me I must fall; but how plainly do I now see all the way the good Lord has led me, and supported and kept me through all my trials, difficulties, and temptations." Sometimes, when the Lord gave him a little comfort, soon afterwards the enemy would try to rob him of it by telling him his head was affected, and that it was only delusion, which made him afraid to tell his feelings. "But," he said, "I tell of my comforts to you, mother, because I know you will be glad to hear it."

Although many years a sufferer from blindness, as well as her son,

my mother would go to his room at night to inquire if he was comfortable, and his practice was to go to her room in a morning to inquire how she was, when he would often say, "The Lord has been precious to me this night." Once in particular, he said, "I have been out of bed twice to thank the Lord for his goodness to me this night;" and at another time he said, "I have never spoken in prayer before any one, but I must try now, for the Lord has been so good;" and he knelt by her bed-side, and poured out his soul in thankfulness to the Lord, much to his mother's surprise and comfort. But it is very true that as consolations abounded, so did troubles abound; for truly disappointment on disappointment followed him to the last week of his life, in worldly matters.

In Nov., 1859, he suffered much from the complaint in his head, which very much broke up his health, so that he was never so well afterwards; but his mind, during the most part of his illness, was in a blessed frame, and he spoke much of his own safety, also much of the sufferings of the blessed Redeemer. The texts of Scripture that I have heard him state as applied with power to his mind, were, "Be still, and know that I am God;" "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; thou art mine;" "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;" and, "Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water be sure;" adding, "I shall never want, shall I?" I ought to have put this last text second, as I believe it was almost if not the first I heard him relate.

Last year he was truly favoured in divine matters. In April he heard Mr. Godwin very blessedly, from the text, "He will turn again; he will have compassion." It may not be out of place here briefly to notice that Mr. G. many years ago believed he would be called by grace before he left this world, and wrote a letter to his mother to that effect at the time. She was often heard to say then that if she had the least reason to hope his soul was saved, and see him in his coffin, she must kneel by the side of it, and thank the Almighty for taking him to himself, so many were her fears for his temporal and spiritual welfare if he outlived her.

Many times the last four months of his life has he spoken of enjoying the Lord's presence. His mother remarked to him after he had told her of the Lord's blessing him in the morning, "Edward, you quite astonish me, talking of the Lord's blessing you so often. If it is really so, he is either fitting you for greater trials, or will soon take you to himself."

Early in June, one evening after my reading to his mother No. 39 of the "Gospel Pulpit, by" Mr. Philpot, I observed he was shedding tears. He exclaimed, "What can I want more? What can I want more? Mine are not tears of sorrow." I said, "Do you really understand what I have been reading?" He said, "I do." I said, "How glad I [am]." He then went out of the room, to be alone, which he often did, being so little for conversing.

On Sunday, July, 21st, having heard a sermon of Mr. Philpot's, from Psa. xxxix. 7, 8, read at Allington, on leaving the chapel he told an esteemed friend of his how much the sermon had been blest to him, and that it seemed to him he could follow step by

step in the experience it contained. Being with him at the time, I seemed rather surprised to hear him speak so confidently, as there seemed to me such a fulness in the words. He understood my meaning, and said, "I have been silent long enough; but I can speak now." I little thought it was the last time he would ever speak to his friend, and that it was a last testimony from him. The prayers and readings were also blest to him. Latterly I have heard him repeating such words as, "Not unto me, not unto me, but unto thy name be all the praise," &c. Also, "Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." Parts of verses of hymns also, such as,

"Nothing in my hand I bring;  
Simply to thy cross I cling."

"He that has help'd me hitherto  
Will help me all my journey through."

"A few more rolling suns at most  
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast."

"Ye souls that are weak," &c.

On Sunday evening, July 25th, he complained of sickness, and took a little brandy and water and went to bed early. The sickness came on worse for some time afterwards. He then seemed to get better, and went to sleep, and we left him. But on Friday morning, about 1 o'clock, I was again at his bedside, as he was seized with a fit from which he recovered in about three quarters of an hour. At 4 o'clock he was again attacked, and at noon he had a very severe fit, which left him very weak and exhausted, from the effects of which for nearly two days and a half he remained in a kind of stupor, not satisfied except his mother was by his bedside, or by his chair, with her hand locked in his. Wet cloths were kept constantly on his head, and he was so helpless that he had to be lifted in and out of bed, and fed, as he could not feed himself. The medical man advising quietness, conversation was checked as much as possible, for fear of bringing on pains in the head. On my telling him the medical man thought he might recover, he replied, "I do hope I shall not recover in this world." This was the second time he had said the same words to me.

On my returning from chapel on Sunday, July 28th, he desired me to read to him the hymns that had been sung there; also to tell him what I could recollect of the sermon, &c., which I did, and added, "Mr. T. inquired for you. I told him you were ill, but have not made the worst of it. Mr. T. said, 'We do not know what the Lord may be about to do. You know he has blest his soul.'" Those words seemed to cheer and stir him up, for he immediately added, "I long to leave this miserable world, that my soul may be at rest." The man who was standing by his chair said, "Ah, Master Edward, you must have patience a little longer;" and his mother, standing by, said to him, "You know, Edward, there is such a thing as being made meet for the heavenly inheritance. My opinion is you will recover, and have more trials to pass through." He added, "I do hope not." More was said, which I do not distinctly recollect. He was

thankful to God for providing for his poor body whenever any nourishment was taken to him; also thankful to those who took it to him.

On Monday, 29th, he would often say, "I cannot praise the Lord as I want. O my precious, precious Lord and Saviour, do release me!" Then again, "Pardon me, Lord! What poor broken words mine are!" On being told he would never be fully able to praise the Lord as he wished while in this world, he replied, "Bless his name, I do want to be with him. When will this poor body be laid in the dust? It cannot be long first;" and he then repeated,

"He that has help'd me hitherto  
Will help me all my journey through;"

and, "Mine must be a short one now. How I do love God's people.

On being lifted into bed, the night but one before he died, he said, "How nice the bed seems;" and then, looking me full in the face, (his sight was not entirely gone,) said, "A saint of God!" He then paused. "A saint of God, Mary! What that is to say!" I said, "Do you mean to say you are one, Edward?" He immediately answered, "Yes; a sinner saved by grace, free, sovereign grace!" We both burst into tears. At another time he said, "Mother, how free the grace of God is!" The same evening he called his brother to him, and warned him of the consequences of dying in a state of nature, adding, "I wish you may be as I am when your time comes o die."

Tuesday, July 30th.—On my telling him I must leave him for a little journey a few hours, he only said, "The Lord go with you." Afterwards he seemed under a cloud for an hour or two, and inquired, "Where's Mary gone?" and seemed to moan to himself, and complain, saying he felt as though his body was tied round that he could not breathe. His mother said, "I know you are in trouble;" but just as he was about to express his feelings his spasms came on in the back of his head, and after that he did not again allude to the subject. On my returning to him I begged him to try to take a little nourishment, which he did, but very little. In the evening he took some arrowroot, which he seemed to enjoy, and again thanked those around for their kindness, and begged to be got into bed. Still it was hidden from their eyes that his time on earth was so short. He passed a restless night, and told the person who sat up with him she had been kind to the last. He took breakfast as usual, and seemed inclined to sleep, and at about 10 o'clock his mother left the room for a little fresh air, when he called to the person near, "Ann, come to me, and untie my night-shirt, and hold me firm." She said to the other woman, "Call mistress! Mr. Edward is worse." He then said, "Let poor mother rest, let her rest." By the time his mother got to his room, he was unable to speak, and in a very short time left this world of sin and sorrow, to be ever, we trust, with the dear Lord in the mansions of everlasting bliss and happiness, Aug. 1st, 1861, in the 41st year of his age. M. W.

## EMBLEMS.

[The following beautiful lines are from the Emblems of Philip Quarles, and have been sent us by a correspondent who, with many others, kindly pointed out our mistake in ascribing another of his Emblems to the pen of Mr. Gadsby.

“Whom have I in heaven but thee? and what desire I on earth in respect of thee?”—Ps. lxxiii. 25.

I LOVE (and have some cause to love) the earth;  
She is my Maker's creature, therefore good;  
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;  
She is my tender nurse, she gives me food.

But what's a creature, Lord, compared with thee?  
Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the air; her dainty sweets refresh  
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;  
Her shrill-mouth'd choir sustain me with their flesh,  
And with their polyphonian\* notes delight me.

But what's the air, or all the sweets that she  
Can bless my soul withal, compared to thee?

I love the sea; she is my fellow-creature;  
My kind purveyor, she provides me store.  
She walls me round, she makes my diet greater,  
She bears my treasure from a foreign shore.

But, Lord of oceans, when compared with thee,  
What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,  
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye.  
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,  
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky.

But what is heaven, great God, compared with thee?

Without thy presence heaven's no heaven to me.

Without thy presence earth gives no refection;  
Without thy presence sea affords no treasure;  
Without thy presence air's a rank infection;  
Without thy presence heaven itself's no pleasure.

If not possess'd, if not enjoy'd in thee,  
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me?

The highest honour that the world can boast  
Are subjects far too low for my desire;  
The brightest beams of glory are at most  
But dying sparkles of thy living fire.

The proudest flames that earth can kindle be  
But nightly glow-worms if compared with thee.

Without thy presence wealth is bags of care;  
Wisdom but folly; joy disquiet, sadness;  
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;  
Pleasure but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness.

Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,  
Nor have they being when compared with thee.

In having all things and not thee, what have I?  
Not having thee, what have my labours got?  
Let me enjoy but thee, what further crave I?  
And having thee alone, what have I not?

I wish nor sea nor land,—nor would I be  
Possess'd of heaven, heaven unpossess'd of thee.

\* Many-voiced.

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

FEBRUARY, 1862.

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

NOTES OF A SERMON, BY MR. HAZLERIGG,  
PREACHED AT GOWER STREET CHAPEL, ON SUNDAY EVENING, OCT. —, 1860

"I find, then, a law, that when I would do good evil is present with me."

Rom. vii. 21. *Read Ap. B. C. 2*

WE will resume the text of last Sunday evening. I believe the highest place we shall get into will be to find ourselves placed among these groaning children of God indicated by our text. Now in this 7th chapter to the Romans we have a sort of private account of a good man's experience. The apostle Paul says, "I was alive without the law once;" he said he was hitherto dead in trespasses and sins, without God, and so dead to God; but though he was hitherto in his own imagination alive, yet, before God, he was dead. This may be the case with some of you,—to be dead, and yet fancy you are alive. Now when the apostle was quickened, the law was brought into his mind in all its depth and majesty. Naturally, we do not see what sin is; but when the law comes with power, and there seems to be a resurrection of sin in a man's conscience, then sin revives, and appears to him as sin; and he is no more like the fools who make a mock at sin. Now when a man has been brought to Christ, then some people would tell us the battle is over. I grant you in some cases he may scarcely have anything else to do. Perhaps for a season a man may walk in the light of God's countenance; but sooner or later the indwelling sin of his heart begins to display itself. He has some bitter reflections to pass through; and when he comes to this conflict between his own soul and indwelling sin, O how glad is he to find that these things are recorded in the 7th of Romans. He is thankful to find another law in his members, even another law in his mind; and with Paul he cries out, "O wretched man that I am!" and also with the same, "I find, then, a law, that when I would do good, evil is present with me."

I divided our subject the other evening into, 1. Some of the things regarding the *Christian conflict*; 2. Then of the *length and duration* of this conflict; 3. Then some things respecting those *consolations* in the Scriptures for the comfort of those in this conflict.

A man that fights out this warfare is the man that wishes to live more closely with God and according to his precepts. As long as

Jacob remained in Padan Aram we do not find Esau came out against him; but when he left there he came against him with his 400 men. If you can live content with the world, then you are like Esau; but if the Spirit is working in you, to illuminate you, and to bring you to the love of God, then you will find the conflict begin. Now this is one thing that we would do,—we would, from the experience of the Saviour's love, meditate upon it day by day.

I suppose some of you may have prayed that prayer, "Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord." O how sweet it is to be led forth into the green pastures of God's truth. How sweet it is to walk and wade, as it were, in the rivers of God's everlasting love in Christ. The children of God do love to dwell upon him and to meditate upon him. Do not you know something of it? Have you never known what it is to meditate upon the sweetness of his grace to poor sinners in Christ Jesus? Have you never gone forth, as it were, into God's Sharon? Have you never gone forth into these things in the light of God's Spirit? Perhaps sometimes, even in your business, you wish to have your thoughts pore upon these things; and sometimes God gives us sweet surprises, and "ere ever we are aware, our hearts make us like the chariots of Amminadib."

But then there is another thing I find I would do; I would do this, I would believe in God; yea, would believe in God through thick and thin. Now, some people say there is no such thing as believing in God in the dark. Now this is what I would desire. When I am in the darkness, this is the time I would wish to believe in Jesus, to see something in the word of Jesus, even to see that there is grace, and love, and mercy; yea, to catch up the very words of Jesus, and though repulsed to say, "True, Lord, but the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table." And so it is in providential matters; but when Providence frowns, then to believe in God, how sweet it is! To believe that the cattle upon a thousand hills are his, and all the gold and silver, O this is a sweet and blessed mercy. I desire to trust him in the dark, when, to all discernment, things seem against me. What a mystery the child of God is, sometimes able to face a frowning world, and at others cast down by some little difficulty. Surely you know something of these things.

Then again, there is another thing in which I would do good. I would, my friends, be conformed to God in love. It is so sweet to be conformed to his blessed image, and to be able to say with the apostle Paul, "I determine to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified." Yea, to see with one another as with the same eyes in Jesus. It is sweet to love God, because he first loved me from eternity, and it is sweet to love my brethren with a sweet and holy love. O how sweet it is to love! But in this I would do good, and find evil is present with me. O how little can I come up to the apostle in his labours of love! When men rise against you, that is the time to try the labouring power of your love. When men thwart you, then it is to show that you have the love of men and of the brethren. O that God would form my soul to love!

But there are other things in which I would do good. I would do this; I would humble myself into the dust before the living God, who has created me, and against whom I have sinned. O! I do not want, my friends, to *be* humbled merely; God will humble everybody; but I wish to humble *myself*. How blessed Christ's appearance o humiliation! O to be able at some indescribable distance in some degree to be conformed to his mind, and to be humbled in the dust under the mighty hand of God. But O, how contrary I find things. I find in myself two things; a man who loves to humble himself in the dust, and I find another one who is always wishing to scramble upwards. What a mercy to be able to tread in the steps of Jesus, and in some degree to put off the old ambitious scrambling spirit. But I often find this not present with me.

Another thing. I would be in a sweet and blessed submission to the Father of spirits, that I may live. There is no love in murmuring against God. I find that I have too much want of submission when I would desire to submit to his will. I would desire to say, "Father, thy will be done;" but when I murmur against him, I find I am soon in the condition of the serpent-bitten Israelites. We learn our lessons very slowly, but by degrees I seem to be learning a little of this, that my wisdom is to submit in every condition and under any circumstance. Let me ask you a question: Which do you think found the cross the easiest, the murmurer, or he who cried, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom?"

Then again, I would do this, earnestly desire to fight the good fight in a proper manner. I do wish to be able to endure hardness; yea, to be the servant of God, and a soldier of the cross; but, alas! I find this wisdom to be very distant from me. O that I could better endure hardness, and with more courage fight Christ's battles; that when sin roars against me I might be more than a conqueror. But how difficult I find it to endure hardness, to keep myself from the entanglements of the world, to live in the world but not be of the world. I would in these things do good, but evil is present with me.

And then another thing. I would, my friends, desire to be able from day to day to overcome the fears of death and terrors of judgment. But no; it is easy to face death when you do not see what death is. But to see what death really is, that it is an entrance into a boundless eternity; and to know what judgment is, that it is to have our final doom settled for ever; to feel these things, I say, and then to be able to triumph over them, and sing God's praises, through God and the Lamb,—I must acknowledge this is a mercy I desire to possess, even to be able to say, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory?" I allude to this, because you have had one taken from you lately, you know, one of the members of this church, and his end was triumphant. He suffered, yea, suffered very great agonies, but his last words were these:

"Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long;  
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!"

This was his last expression; and we believe he died in the faith,

and is gone to everlasting glory. O, when is it that we shall meet him, to be with Jesus Christ in all eternity?

So we could go on. We would be patient; but O this impatient nature! I feel from day to day, more or less, the things I speak of to you. I would truly serve him, live upon him, and live in him; but when I say so, I have to confess with the apostle, "I would do good, but evil is present with me."

Now, to dwell upon the second head, the *duration* or *length* of this Christian man's conflict. You have no reason to expect this conflict to cease until you leave this world. Now when I say this conflict must last to your dying hour, I do not say but there will be a little peace and a little respite; and when God speaks peace and commands the enemies to be still, there will; yet though there may be temporary respites, yet you will find the conflict renewed, and have to say, "Though I would do good, evil is present with me."

Now it is well for you and me to remember that these evils of our nature are alive in our souls, and will speak out again. There are two things that astonish me, the resurrection of sin and the resurrection of grace. I sometimes think I shall have no more conflict again, and then my foes arise with double power; and so it is on the contrary with the renewings of grace. My friends, if we do not remember that this conflict is to last, there is nothing so discouraging as to find it renewed, and therefore it is exceedingly important to remember this, that God has shown me these foes are still within me, and will be until my dying hour. For examples of sin remaining, recollect the murmuring of Jonah, and even Paul had the thorn in the flesh to keep him from pride. Well, then, remember this as a great truth, that this battle is to continue to our dying hour.

Now, in concluding our subject, we are to make a few remarks respecting the *consolations* that are afforded to those engaged in this conflict. Now, if you are not fighting, you need no consolations. It is the fighting man that wants the cordials; and therefore we speak these things of a consolatory nature to comfort the hearts of those who are in the battle. Now, one of the great consolations is this, (and the battle shows me this,) that there are two natures in my soul, the gracious nature and that which would separate between me and the living God. O, my friends, if we really feel this conflict between the flesh and the spirit, it is a proof that we are one of the real soldiers. Now, there is a difference, my friends, between the conflict in a man having these two natures in his soul and the conflict which goes on in a man having only natural light in his heart. There is a man who has heard the truth, but his lust is not broken in his heart, and lust gets the victory too. But there is a great difference in the children of God who have these two natures in them, and which are always conflicting, and the gracious nature ever striving to overcome the other.

Now there is another consolation, if you have this conflict going on in you, even this, that "there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." What a mercy if the Spirit of God should teach us this! And an-

other comfort, these very things bring in an experience of the power of the Spirit of God. How sweet the very name is,—the “Comforter” shall come unto you. Now who wants the Comforter? Have you found the conflict bitter? You are the very man who needs this Comforter.

Then there is another consolation, that none of these things shall ever be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus. Yea, in all these things we are more than conquerors. How is this? Why, these things and these foes drive us to Christ. They are obliged to be our servants, and drive us to the bosom of Jesus.

And then one more and the last consolation, with which I shall conclude. As your departed brother said,

“Though painful at present, ’twill cease before long;

And then, O how pleasant the conqueror’s song!”

It would be bitter indeed if there was a doubt about our overcoming sin at the last, for O! if it were possible that I could be torn from Jesus Christ, how wretched I should be. But I do venture to believe that nothing can separate me from Jesus Christ. Spite of this deadly conflict, I do venture to hope that he will crown me as an overcomer, as now, by his Holy Spirit, he is enabling me to overcome. We find these things we have to endure in the conflict very bitter; but here is the crowning consolation, and how sweet it is,—they cannot separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our blessed Lord; and we trust and believe that we shall be with him in all eternity. Amen.

THE plough pierces deep into the bosom of the earth, makes, as it were, a deep gash or wound in the heart of it. So does the Spirit upon the heart of sinners; he pierces their very soul by conviction. He comes upon the conscience with piercing power, and sends the sword of conviction so deep into their souls that there is no stanching the blood, no healing this wound, till Christ himself come, and undertake the cure. This barbed arrow cannot be pulled out of their heart by any but the hand that shot it in.—*Flavel*.

WHEN the guilt, defilement, and weakness of a foolish, depraved heart lie upon me as a lump of lead, I get nothing by talking with it; as Solomon saith of the fool, “Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou be like him,” for this talking with guilt and weakness draweth my soul (which is made free indeed by the Son of God) to the likeness of that guilt and weakness, and my justified conscience begins again to lick up the old vomit of fear and bondage; but my work is then to cast my self, by naked reliance, on Jesus Christ, who justifieth the ungodly, as being compassed about with the guard of God’s free everlasting justification, in the person of Jesus Christ; and having the shelter of this guard, then I may return, and plead with guilt, and hear the complaints of my heart and the accusations of my conscience; and give them answers from the fulness of Christ’s atonement; and thus again the fool (if such a term may be used in this comparison) is answered, lest he should be wise in his conceit. (Prov. xxvi. 5.) I mean, that the spirit of bondage which, by the advantage of my own sin, pleads rationally against my peace, till faith comes with the tongue of the learned, and pleads the mystery of free grace against the plea of reason, and the righteousness of Christ and his holiness against sin and guilt.—*Dorney*.

## A DEBTOR TO MERCY.

*(Continued from page 21.)*

Whilst I was thus begging, crying, and as it were struggling between life and death, these words came, as if spoken by a still small voice: "Let me go, for the day breaketh." At first I was unable to speak, but in a second or two they came again. Now my tongue was loosed, and I cried, "Lord, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." But when those words had escaped my lips, I felt grieved because I had said, "I *will* not;" and in the sincerity of my feelings, I cried, "Lord, thou knowest I *cannot* let thee go, unless thou bless me." Those words, "Let me go," how they encouraged and emboldened me to plead with the Lord; for feelingly could I say, "Dear Lord, how *can* I let thee go? Thou knowest I cannot." I have since sometimes had sweet meditation on that time, especially on the words, "Let me." I can see great beauty contained in them when spoken home to the heart by the Lord of life and glory. O how suitable are they to a poor soul brought feelingly to know that perish he must unless the Lord show mercy toward him, which he dare hardly expect; yet, with a "Who can tell?" is brought to cast himself at Jesus' feet, feeling he can but perish; and resolved, if he must perish, there to die. O! methinks this will break the heart of a poor sinner. I can see great beauty in the words, "Let me," as expressing a union between the heavenly Vine, the Lord Jesus, and the branches, poor guilty sinners; because it is as if the dear Lord allowed himself to be embraced by the poor sinner, and, looking on him in pity, felt that he could not tear himself away, but, in a kind, gentle manner, said to the poor soul, "Let me go." What a burning love rises up in the breast of a poor soul towards the Lord when thus addressed by him. Feelingly can it say, "Lord, I *cannot* let thee go." What poor soul would unclasp the Lord, and say, "Go, Lord; I am willing?" O no.

But to return. I remained on my knees for a time, being afraid to move lest I should lose the blessed state of feeling I enjoyed. I was so filled with the love of the Lord, I thought my poor heart would have broken. I felt for a few minutes carried above the things of time and sense. What matchless love and condescension of the dear Lord in stooping so low as to notice so unworthy a wretch as I, and shed abroad his precious love in the heart of one so vile. As I went down stairs, those words came with power: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." Truly they came in season, and well expressed my feelings. But the fullness of this sweet visit was soon gone. I could not retain those sweet feelings, neither could I speak of them. I knew the Lord had appeared, and I had a hope that as he had once appeared for me, he would manifest himself unto me again. I was now not without hope, and felt favoured at times in attempting to approach a throne of grace. I continued thus a short time, without any great enjoyment, yet feeling a little at rest in my soul on account of the hope which was in me. But I could not rest here. Although I had a hope, and

hoped it was a good hope, through grace, something seemed to say to me, "What are you resting upon? Are you sure that your hope is a good one? or are you resting on rotten props?" O how I begged and entreated the Lord to make it plain to me; and if my hope was founded on the Rock, to strengthen it; and if it was not that he would take it away. O how I begged that I might not rest on rotten props. I cried, "Lord, if I am deceived, do thou undeceive me. If thou wilt, thou canst make it plain." How well these lines expressed my feelings:

"Lord, decide this doubtful case."

Thus I was kept for weeks, begging and longing for a more full assurance. Ofttimes, whilst in prayer, the Lord filled my heart and soul full of love, so that I longed to speak to the Lord's people of his goodness to me, but could not. And then these thoughts darted into my mind, that if my hope was a good hope through grace, I should be enabled to speak of it. How this drove me to the Lord, and caused me to beg earnestly that I might be enabled, if my hope was a good one, to speak of it to his praise. What a situation I was now in. I was enabled to pray that if the Lord had begun a work of grace in me, he would make it manifest by enabling me to say feelingly, "Come unto me, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." And the Lord appeared for me again and again, and graciously manifested his love to me; so that at the time I could not but believe that my hope was a good hope through grace; and I thought, "Surely when I see any of the Lord's people, I shall be enabled to open my mind to them." But, alas! when I met any of the Lord's people, my mouth was shut, so that I could not speak of the best things. Yet I loved to be among them, and be a listener to real spiritual conversation, which I do hope, through mercy, I could receive into my heart and conscience as things that I loved and felt. But when I met among the people of God, time after time, hoping every time that I should be enabled to speak of the best things concerning my own soul, and found I could not, it was a trial to me, because the Lord did not answer my prayer by enabling me to do so. But, ever-blessed be his dear name, these trials kept me at Jesus' feet. If I had not been enabled to pray that the Lord would make it plain to me that my hope was a good one, by enabling me to speak of it, I felt that I must have been convinced, by the many blessed manifestations of the Lord's pardoning love and mercy to me, that my hope was founded upon the Rock.

But the Lord has a set time to favour Zion, and he will perform all the good pleasure of his goodness in his own time and way. I pleaded thus: "Lord, thou knowest I would believe; but as thou hast enabled me to pray that the soundness of my hope might be fully manifested to me by my being enabled to proclaim unto thy people what a dear Saviour I have found, thou knowest, Lord, I cannot feel a firm assurance unless thou bestow that blessing upon me."

One day, feeling wearied of everything about me, I took my hymn book, and opened on the 356th hymn, Gadsby's Selection, which, by

the blessing of God, I felt good, as my feelings, at that time, may be traced therein. It is a blessed place, to be kept crying and longing from felt need for another smile, another token for good, to keep one's soul from fainting within us, to receive a visit from the dear Lord, to look by precious faith on him whom we have pierced, and mourn on account of our sins which pierced him through and through, yet to rejoice that we are one of that blood-bought family. To "repent and sing, rejoice and be ashamed." This is much sweeter to the feelings than longing and panting after a visit; but to be kept in this state for a time makes the blessing, when it does come, sweet indeed.

About the time that I was in this position, almost afraid to hope that I was a sinner saved, yet hoping that I was not a sinner lost, we were about to change our residence for one situated nearer the chapel, which I trust I did then, and am still enabled to, feel a mercy, being then enabled to attend generally, when in my usual state of health; whereas, I could, prior to our removal, seldom attend more than once on a Lord's day, on account of weakness of body, caused by a lingering disease, an affliction which the Lord has seen good to lay upon me for years, which I hope I desire to bear with humble patience, knowing the Lord is "too wise to err, too good to be unkind." As we took the house two months prior to our being settled in it, we were frequently backwards and forwards, making the necessary arrangements for our removal; but I, being in a weak state of health, was sometimes obliged to stay at home. On one of these occasions, when I was left at home, the Lord was pleased to appear for me and speak peace and comfort to my poor soul. I felt disappointed because I could not go, as I generally went with mother, and as we walked along talked of the best things; and many times I have felt it good thus to converse together. Little did I think the Lord was about to reveal himself unto me so blessedly, and turn my mourning into joy and gladness; but the Lord's set time to favour me was come. The Lord poured out upon me the Spirit of grace and of supplication. I went into my bed-room, and there poured out my soul unto God. The dear Lord poured in, and I was enabled to pour out. I was enabled to beg very earnestly that the Lord would decide the doubtful case, by enabling me to speak of the hope that was within me. I believed, whilst on my knees, by the nearness of access that I felt to the throne of grace, that there was a blessing in reserve, which would be bestowed on me; and, blessed be the dear Lord and Saviour, it was even as I hoped. I was led to open my hymn book. I was for a short space of time alone. But did I feel like one alone? No; the Lord revealed himself unto me so blessedly that he was all the company I wanted. I felt so drawn towards the Lord, it was as though he stood by me, and performed everything for me, so that I had nothing to do, nothing to pay. I scarcely knew that I turned over the leaves of my book. The Lord directed me to many sweet hymns, sealing them with his love. I shall not attempt to mention all of them, because I was then and afterwards directed to many, which at different times I have found

good. The 998th, Gadsby's Selection, was one of them. The Lord opened up this hymn to my understanding by causing me to inquire of him if I was one of the characters there described, and then graciously answering me in the affirmative. I was brought to desire that every word might be made plain. "Lord, am I a prisoner of hope, o'erwhelmed with grief? Am I this character? That I am a sinner; thou, Lord, in mercy hast convinced me. Have I confessed my wickedness past? Am I returning to Jesus, my Friend?" What a mercy to be enabled to commune thus with the Lord of life and glory, and to have our anxious inquiries so blessedly answered. I could not ask too much. I was filled out of the Lord's fulness. O what condescension, what matchless love of the dear Lord in stooping so low as to hear and answer such sinful worms of the earth as I. I knew I was a prisoner of hope; but I longed to know if my hope was from God or of the flesh; if mine was true godly sorrow for sin or the grief of the hypocrite. "Lord, have I been brought a real penitent to thy blessed feet? May such a worthless wretch as I really call the ever-blessed Lord my Friend?" I felt such a nearness to the dear Lord that I spoke aloud, "Lord, am I the subject of this or that? Is it really so?" And he, ever blessed be his great and holy name, answered every petition, and blessedly favoured me with assurances of his love, until I could hold no more. O the fulness of this blessed visit! I cannot fully describe it in words; but I believe many of the Lord's people know what I mean. How feelingly could I say, "Truly the Lord is a kind and merciful God, thus to appear for and bless so doubting and unbelieving a wretch as I, and for the time satisfy all my desires!" How true it is that,

"Long we either slight or doubt him;  
But when all the means we try  
Prove we cannot do without him,  
Then at last to him we cry."

I was melted down at the sight and feeling of the Lord's pardoning love and mercy, for every doubt and fear that arose in my mind the Lord blessedly answered by showering down upon me fresh tokens of his precious love; so that I sat helpless, having only sufficient strength to cry, "Lord, it is enough." I had been enabled to pray that it might be made so plain to me if mine was a good hope through grace; and it was as if the Lord had said, "You shall believe;" for as these thoughts arose in my mind, "Have I really felt this or that? Am I indeed this character?" the Lord poured down upon me fresh tokens of his love, so that I felt I could bear no more, and could only cry inwardly, "Lord, it is enough." What beauty I could see in being saved by rich, free, and sovereign grace alone; for I felt so helpless in and of myself, that if there had been only one good work to be performed by me toward the salvation of my soul, I must, through my inability to perform it, have despaired of ever entering heaven. But to have such a feeling sight and sense of my helplessness, and then to know that the Lord had paid every demand, left nothing for me to do,—I cannot explain my feelings in any other way than this, I felt that I was nothing, and could glory

in being nothing, that Christ might be all in all. Feelingly could I say with the poet,

“ If I loved my Lord before,  
I would love him ten times more ;  
Drop into his sea outright ;  
Lose myself in Jesus quite.”

Those words came to me, “ Lovest thou me ?” Feelingly could I say, “ Lord, thou knowest that I love thee !” How blessedly I was set at liberty. I longed to tell the people of God what a dear Saviour I had found. I retired to rest at my usual time ; but I felt that I did not require rest. I was refreshed already.

About this time I heard Mr. Shorter preach from Gen. xl. 8 : “ Do not interpretations belong to God ?” And truly I felt it good. I felt that I could enter into the meaning of those words. I knew God was my only interpreter.

I had, prior to this sweet visit, found many encouragements and helps by the way in hearing the truth preached as it is in Jesus ; but how many times I have longed to sit in some secluded spot, where I could hear and not be seen. If I saw any persons looking at me, I thought they were marking me as a hypocrite. I felt that my sins were of so deep a dye I thought I was visibly marked for them. I felt a secret union to the Lord’s people, but felt that I was unworthy their notice. I loved to hear them talk of the best things, but felt that it was too much, too high a place, for me to be in company with them. At times, when the friends spoke to me, I felt so melted down under a feeling sense of my unworthiness to be noticed by them, that I could scarcely answer them, although in my heart I received them joyfully. It was not the people speaking to me alone that caused this humble brokenness of heart ; no ; but because I could see the hand of the Lord in it.

A short time after the last-mentioned manifestation of the Lord’s pardoning love and mercy to me, I was enabled to open my mind to one of the friends, and tell her a little of the Lord’s dealings with my soul, which in a measure relieved my mind ; yet I was not enabled, even then, to declare unto the Lord’s people generally what the Lord had done for me ; which was a trial to me. I desired to do so. Those sweet lines well express my feelings at that time :

“ Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
That earth and heaven might hear.”

About this time, Mr. Doe preached at S. ; and as our neighbour’s (friend B.’s) was the stated place for the ministers, I and my mother had the opportunity of speaking to him. We went to speak to him on Saturday evening, previous to his preaching on the next Lord’s day, and again on the Monday, but I could only sit and be a listener. I could not speak a word about the best things, and I felt as if I was venturing hard even to be a listener, especially to the conversation of a minister. But although I could not speak, I longed to do so, for I felt a burning response within my breast to their spiritual conversation ; and when things were talked of, perhaps just what

I had experienced, I felt so full I could scarcely keep from responding to them aloud; but not a word could I speak unless spoken to, and then could only just answer. Something or other caused Mr. Doe to say to my mother, "You think your daughter desires to be found in the right way?" I cannot say exactly what gave rise to the words; but I know they served to melt me down. I could not refrain from shedding tears. How I inwardly entreated the Lord to enable me to speak at large of his goodness and mercy toward me; and, as I have before observed, the Lord answered my prayer; for on the evening of the same day I was enabled to speak freely of the Lord's dealings with me. I have since spent many hours in company with one and another of the Lord's people, talking of the loving-kindness and condescension of our blessed Lord and Saviour. I can say with the poet,

"How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,  
When those that love the Lord  
In one another's peace delight,  
And so fulfil his word.  
  
When free from envy, scorn, and pride,  
Our wishes all above,  
Each can his brother's failings hide,  
And show a brother's love.  
  
When love in one delightful stream  
Through every bosom flows;  
When union sweet and dear esteem  
In every action glows."

These are sweet refreshing times; I have proved them to be so; but when the Lord condescends to commune with his unworthy worms in secret from off the mercy-seat, this far exceeds all earthly converse in love, blessedness, fulness, and duration, for where the word of a king is there is power; and all power belongeth unto our heavenly King, the King of kings.

(*To be continued.*)

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THERE are many poor souls that are coming to Christ that yet cannot tell how to believe it, because they think that coming to him is some strange and wonderful thing; and indeed so it is; but I mean, they overlook the inclination of their will, the moving of their mind, and the sounding of their bowels towards him, and count these none of this strange and wonderful thing, when, indeed, it is a work of greatest wonder in the world to see a man who was sometime dead in sin, possessed of the devil, an enemy to Christ and to all things spiritually good;—I say, to see this man moving with his mind after the Lord Jesus Christ is one of the greatest wonders of the world.—*Bunyan.*

It is true, terrors of conscience cast us down, and yet without terrors of conscience we cannot be raised up again; fears and doubtings shake us, and yet without fears and doubtings we should soon sleep and lose our hold of Christ. Tribulation and temptations will almost loosen us at the root, and yet without tribulation and temptations we can now no more grow than herbs or corn without rain. Sin and Satan and the world say and cry in our ear that we have a hard reckoning to make in judgment, and yet none of these three, expect they lie, dare say in our face that our sin can change the tenor of the new covenant.—*Rutherford*

## A LETTER BY THE LATE G. BROADBRIDGE.

My dear Friend,—Yours of the 7th inst. came safe, and I was very glad to receive it. I feel that I ought to have answered it before. How prone I am to drive things off from time to time, especially letter-writing; though when I receive letters from my friends, I feel at the time, "Well, this I must answer at once;" but something comes and puts me by; so then, I often find that inclination and opportunity seldom come together.

Now, my friend, I hardly know what to say, now I have taken my pen up to write a few lines to you, feeling that I cannot drive you off any longer, for yours deserves an answer. I do hope the blessed Spirit of divine truth will enable me to write from a feeling heart, for without that all our correspondence will be but in vain. I can say that with those I have received from my friends, I have felt dew, power, and unction drop into my soul, and I have wondered that ever they should want to hear again from such a poor ignorant wretch as I feel myself to be. Oftentimes, when I receive theirs, I have had this cross my mind, yes, and very powerfully too, "Ah! you are nothing but a deceiver and a hypocrite, and they are deceived in you." This way I am often tried with, and at times I have cried out, "Surely they are deceived indeed in me. But, Lord, thou knowest my heart. I would not be a deceiver for ten thousand worlds. O keep me from all deception and hypocrisy, and lay me low at thy blessed feet, that I may learn thy word of truth aright."

We have lately had read at our place Huntington's "Wise and Foolish Virgins," which was much blest to some; and I can say it was to my poor soul, for it caused me to put up many a cry to the Lord that I might not be as one of the foolish virgins who had no oil in their lamps, (not vessels,) but that I might be found one of the wise virgins, who took oil in their vessels with their lamps, and to be ready and well-prepared for the Bridegroom's coming, so that my lamp may be trimmed and my light burning; that when the summons comes I may be welcomed to the marriage supper of the Lamb. This, my friend, has been much on my mind of late, for we have had many sudden deaths around us; and O what an awful state, to be found out of Christ at that great day of account. I often have my fears how it will be with me at last; though sometimes I cannot help rejoicing that it will then be well with me, when the Sun of righteousness shines on my poor needy soul, for it is in Christ alone my hope and trust are centred.

I wish I could live more on these precious truths. I know that they are the same, and that he (Christ) is the same, and changes not; but we are such poor, short-sighted, frail creatures, that we are moved with every little thing that goes against us, and at times are ready to give all up for lost when the cloud overshadows us; we seem to forget the bright shininings of his countenance that we have had before, and, like Abraham, as Hart has it in his hymn:

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

Yes, he is a Friend indeed; also a Friend in need; and loveth at all times in the darkest seasons as well as in the brightest. Though we cannot discern him, he is still watching over us, both by night and by day. (Isa. xxvii. 3.)

I am glad to hear that the Lord enables you to go about and preach his truths to his people from place to place, and to meet with your old friends, and strengthen that union amongst those that love to hear him

exalted upon the pole of the everlasting gospel, and for the sinner to be abased and laid low in the dust. This is what the self-righteous and the proud pharisee cannot abide to hear. O, my dear friend, what a mercy to be made to differ from such, and to be longing and panting for the bread and water of everlasting life. This portion has often been blest to my soul, where David says, "I opened my mouth and panted, for I longed for thy commandments." My soul has really panted for God to come and to appear for me, and to show me a token for good. I can say that this was my case last Lord's day morning before daylight, entreating that he would appear for me in the day, in his house of prayer; and he did, and gave me a token for good, and blest my poor and needy soul once more. Therefore I do feel that I cannot speak of his name as I could wish to do, but can only say that it is, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake." (Ps. cxv. 1.)

Give my love to Mrs. G. and Mr. Fowler, and tell him I hope he will remember us again once more. I hope the Lord will bless your soul with the best of blessings.

Believe me to be,  
Yours affectionately in the Truth,

Oct. 19th, 1847.

G. BROADBRIDGE.

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### A LETTER BY THE LATE JOHN RUSK, TO HIS DAUGHTER.

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Dear Eliza,—I send you a few lines, to let you know that I have been ill at home ever since I saw you,—very ill, in violent pain, so that I could hardly keep from screaming out; sometimes in bed for a time, then again up, but no rest night or day, awake all the night, thinking it never would be day. I got home that night with great difficulty, and have been confined to the house ever since, and there is very little sign of my getting better; but all things are possible with God. Mother has been very ill also, particularly on Saturday night; but she is better.

I hope you are comfortable, and that you try all you can to give satisfaction to your master and mistress. I hope they and the family are well. O Eliza! Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Everything short of an interest in Christ is a blank,—vanity, and vexation of spirit. Pursuing this world is pursuing the shadow and neglecting the substance. O how the devil labours continually to amuse the children of men with numberless things, to keep all thoughts of God and conscience far away,—novels, play-books, jest-books, &c., with every other nonsense he can invent, to harden men in sin; but God will not let his people go on so to their destruction, but will, sooner or later, awaken them to a sight and sense of their danger; and the way he does this is by quickening their dead souls; for every soul is born into this world spiritually dead. (Eph. ii. 1.) This new life makes a great change in them, and is attended with the true light; and they now consider their latter end,—the day of judgment, an angry God, and themselves sinners against him; and their conviction will never altogether go off, but something or other will open the wound. Their thoughts now are, "O that I knew that Christ died for me! O that I knew that I was a child of God!" Such ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward. Such are turned from the broad road to the narrow path, and from disobedience to the wisdom of the just. When I first sought the Lord, everything for a time appeared pleasant, and I expected to get better and better, for I thought religion was different to what it really is; and as people used to applaud me, this nursed my pride, and I liked it well. I got a fine

prayer, a hymn-book, and a Bible, and continually attended chapel, went to prayer-meetings, visited the sick, took the Lord's Supper, and had some confidence that I was right. But God did not let me go on long this way, for I had at times terrible shakes; and at last, when I found out W. Huntington, he soon pulled me down and turned me inside out; and this went on deeper and deeper until I became a burden to myself, and often wished I had never been born. However, as the Lord wounded me, so he was pleased to heal me; and I never did or could rest till I was sure that Christ Jesus, the Son of God, loved me and gave himself for me. I used to find intense longings, desires, thirstings, and cryings after him, in agonies of soul pleading the promises; for I clearly saw there are but two sorts of people in the world, elect and reprobate, and I wanted to know to which of the two I belonged. Thus I went after the Lord in chains; with supplication and bitter weeping he led me. I entered in at the Strait (or Difficult) Gate; and although the way appeared very perilous, and I have all along found it to be a path of tribulation, yet, blessed be God, it is the right way, and I have never repented of it. I can see the awful state of every soul out of Christ; for God is unchangeable in all his purposes.

Give my best respects to your master and mistress. Believe me it has been with much pain that I have written this letter. I felt more heart for it than strength. I hope you will read it carefully and lay it by. After I am dead and gone, it may not be in vain. I can write no more. That God may bless you, is the prayer of

Your affectionate Father,

Nov. 25th, 1833.

JOHN RUSK.

### TRUST IN THE LORD AT ALL TIMES.

My dear Friend,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you.

I received your very welcome letter, and am glad to hear you are as well as you are, all things considered; and also that you appear to be in the footsteps of the flock; for it is appointed that "through much tribulation ye must enter the kingdom." I find it so, and instead of lessening, the tribulations rather increase. My greatest asylum is Jesus, and the thought of the way being now short; for I hope I can say with one good man,

"Weary of earth, myself, and sin,  
Dear Jesus, set me free,  
And to thy glory take me in;  
For there I long to be."

Trials are all needful and all for the best; but I find it much easier to say so than to love them when they come upon me. I often fret, and sometimes kick, and am ready to say, "He turneth his hand against me all the day long;" and, "If it be so [that I am thine], why am I thus?" O for stronger faith to believe in hope against hope; but I bless God the greater part of my experience is to trust him, and feel his gracious presence, and to enjoy his comforts, which are neither few nor small. O what a mercy! May the Lord hold me up, that my footsteps slip not.

I was very happy to hear of my well-respected friend, Mr. C., and for his kind invitation to B—. When I think on my age and many infirmities, they say, "No;" but, as the Lord in his providence presents so good an opportunity, I have made up my mind to embrace it, if the Lord will. I have surveyed things over, and have adopted the following plan, according to your kind proposal, to meet me the same way as before, about the same time, or rather sooner, on Christmas eve; and I

hope I shall have the pleasure to have my well-respected friend, Mr. John S.'s company to B— on Christmas Day morning in good time; and if he cannot make it convenient to stay all night, to leave me, and I will come back on the coach to H— either next morning or on Saturday, and so come to him and come back with him; if he does not go with me at all, I must come another way. And now I think on that Scripture, "The heart of man deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." O that he may be with us and direct all our steps, as he said to Jacob, "I will be with thee in all places whithersoever thou goest, and will never leave thee till I have performed the thing I have spoken to thee of;" and that will amount in the end, not to meeting Esau, but Christ and eternal life.

My dear friend, "have faith in God!" The very things you spake against are the very things you most need. A wise parent knows how and what is best; therefore "trust in the Lord at all times; pour out your hearts before him, all ye people. God is a refuge."

I was happy to hear of Mr. T. May the Lord be with him, and bless him; and whenever you write to him, always tender my kind love to him.

My dear friend, I have spoken very promptly, both respecting my journey and also my comforts in divine things. I believe I have of late had more of them than usual; but I know what it is to be in the dark and to have soul trouble. I have felt it to my grief thousands of ways. It is 49 years the first day of this Dec. since I was publicly baptized and professed the name of Christ. I have had since then time enough to ponder the path of life; and though I have seen grief and trouble, on account of the ways of darkness and trials, I have had more on account of my horrid rebellion! O that is dreadful to feel, after so much love and kindness! But I am compelled to say, "His mercy endureth for ever;" and so many proofs of his mercy and goodness I believe to be one great cause of my confidence; and therefore I will say, "O Lord God of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee." And again, "Trust in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength; for they that trust in him shall be as Mount Zion, that cannot be moved;" the oath and promise lying at the bottom.

I might enlarge here very much, but I must forbear, though I feel loth to give over.

Farewell! The Lord be with you and bless you. So prays,

Yours in Covenant Relationship and Gospel Bonds,

Nov. 30th, 1845.

E. M.

THAT which was man's storehouse was also his workhouse; his pleasure was his task; Paradise served not only to feed his senses but to exercise his hands. If happiness had consisted in doing nothing, man had not been employed; all his delights could not have made him happy in an idle life.—*Bishop Hall*.

THE least seed of grace that is planted in us is under his eye and care, to preserve, water, and cherish it. He takes notice of the least endeavours of grace in the heart against the power of sin; he perceives the principle and actings of grace in that very sorrow and trouble where-with the soul is overwhelmed in apprehension of the want of it; he knows that much of a soul's trouble for want of grace is from grace; he sees the love that works in trouble for want of faith; and the faith that works in trouble for want of holiness. These things he takes care of. How small soever that grace be which he discerns in the soul of his children, he accepts of it, and takes care for its preservation and increase.—*Owen*.

## IS IT WELL WITH THEE ?

My ever-dear Friend,—Whatever is it that has cut off our communion? What is there on my part? Have I committed any grievous trespass? Did I try your affection so long that I tired you out? Did the poor old scribbler pain you with old tales of woe and lamentation, of outside and inside writing? What is it? Could I communicate nothing at all that excited an interest, that proved nothing of godly edifying, that conveyed nothing of instruction or comfort? Was the spring dried up? Was there no life, dew, sweetness, nunction, or power; no divine communication? Was there a complete flatness in it all—no savour of the good name of the good Physician,—no map of your journey—no steps in your path tracked out? O my poor, yet rich, cast down but not destroyed, tempted but not devoured, straitened yet sometimes enlarged, dying yet living, sister in the faith, knowledge, hope, and love of the everlasting Saviour! God is love, and she that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God dwelleth in her.

This morning I feel an aching and longing to know once more if it is well with you. Is it well with mother? Is it well with Mary? I believe it is so in the new covenant purposes of the blessed Trinity; but *my* faith will not comfort *you*. “Yonder is that Shunammite.” Does the living child (the life eternal) that you asked of the Lord and received of the Lord, in the promise which brought with it a divine nature into your heart, seem dead? Does this give you a message unto, and urge you onward toward the great Prophet? Do you feel that which would push you away from his dear feet? Do the love and the voice of the Prophet draw you, and bid you still come near them? You want the Prophet’s propitious eye upon your eye (faith); you want the Prophet’s dear hand of love placed on your hand; you want the spiritual body of the Prophet, as living and dying for you, in its living, warming, animating, and invigorating nature, stretched upon you that your spiritual body may again wax warm, and you be again restored to your first love and life—crowned with loving kindness and tender mercies, that you may realise all to be well. May Jesus thus bless you.

Yours in Christian love,

22, West Street, Bristol, Jan. 12, 1853.

STEPHEN DARK.

P.S.—I see by your memorandum of engagements I am to be at Providence the first Sabbath next month.

Am I then to possess my cot in the corner,  
And find by your hearth my body get warmer?  
Receive proof and smiles of renewed affection,  
Which will raise my poor spirit from cold and dejection?  
If so, my dear friend, the praise shall be given,  
To him who now fills his own throne in Heaven,  
And dwells in his own, in this desert below,  
And stays the rough east wind, that often does blow,  
And prepares them, by grace, for their dwelling above,  
To triumph for ever, and shout, “God is love.”

S. D.

O BLESSED gospel, heart-dissolving voice! I have felt thine efficacy, I have experienced thy divine and irresistible power. Thou art indeed sharper than any two-edged sword, and woundest to the heart; but thy wounds are the wounds of a friend. All the wounds thou hast made in my soul were so many doors opened to let in Christ; all the blows thou gavest my conscience were but to beat off my soul from sin, which I embraced, and had retained to my everlasting ruin, hadst thou not separated it and me.—*F'la vel.*

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

My dear Brother in Tribulation,—I hope this will find you and your dear family well. It is said, “through much tribulation we *must* enter into the kingdom of heaven.” Now you have your soul tribulations, and I have much too. But then what a cheering promise is that, “I will not forget thee.” And why not? Are not our daily sins enough to cause Jesus to cast us off, and never more to remember us? True, they are; but what mercy to know they are covered sins! Yes, love covers or hides all the sins of the elect, so that they shall never be found, for Jesus has borne them away into the wilderness of forgetfulness: “I will never forget thee.” And here we see one reason, and a good one, a strong one: “Thou art mine; I have redeemed thee.” And again, the name of every redeemed sheep is so marked upon the hands of Jesus that there can be no mistake here. And then the sheep are all marked: “Thou art engraven upon the palms of my hands;” and, “Thy walls are continually before me;” and God will not turn away from his people. Jesus has said, “Because I live, ye shall live also.”

My dear brother, do not the powers of hell often set upon us,—unbelief, enemies within and without? Have we not our winter season, our dark nights, no singing of birds in the land, no voice of the turtle, a running up and down, and inquiring, “Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?” Yes, it is so; and often I am tempted to think I am out of the secret, and am but like thousands in this land, a hypocrite. I see such iniquity within; feel so dead; cannot read, and cannot leave it alone; cannot pray, and yet cannot keep from my knees before God. But like the infant, though it cannot help itself, still, because it has life, it can cry. Here I often find myself just where David was, and can and do cry, “Lord, bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thee.” And I cannot give up the pursuit. No, blessed and praised be the name of my dear Jesus, though I am often faint, yet I find myself enabled, by a divine power, to pursue and press forward toward the mark for the prize; and, my brother, I sometimes feel I shall get it too; yea, that I have it now by faith. Jesus is to bring many sons to glory; he also passed through much tribulation, but has now entered heaven; the keys have been committed to him, and all the glory hung upon him, even the glory of bringing many (all the sheep the Father gave him) sons to glory.

Well, my brother, we must pass through tribulation, because we are to enter glory, the kingdom. It cannot prevent us. “Who shall harm you if ye be followers of that which is good?” “Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?” Shall tribulation? No. We must enter the kingdom. And mark, we are not told to bring ourselves. No, thank God for electing love and covenant mercy, Jesus, yes, our ever precious Jesus, he is to bring us through all tribulations to the kingdom of glory. O, but for this bringing! We read of Jesus “carrying his sheep;” and truly we need it, for we are often sickly, and have no power to walk. We cannot always “run and not be weary;” we cannot always “walk and not faint.” What a rich blessing, then, to be carried. And “he (Jesus) shall feed his flock (the heritage of the Lord)” like a shepherd; and his sheep hear his voice and follow him; and so, between being carried, fed, and hearing his voice, we are still enabled to pass on through tribulation towards the kingdom. True, we sometimes are sorely thrust at by the enemy’s archers, and get wounded too; but it is a blessing we feel, by the Spirit, the poison of the dart, for so we are led to the Physician, and the balm is applied as the great antidote against the devil’s poison; so that on the whole it really does us no harm, since all shall work together

for our good who are the called according to God's purpose. Jeremiah was let down into the pit; David was hunted by Saul; Samson was captured by his enemies; Jacob was imposed upon; Joseph was sold; Moses refused to be called the son of a king's daughter; Jacob had to fly his home; Abel was killed by his brother; Stephen was stoned to death, Paul sent to Rome, John banished from his country, and the apostles imprisoned. All these, having the faith of God's elect, or the faith of God, passed through all, and entered the kingdom; and now are they before the throne, continually praising him for the wonders of redeeming love to them. Well, praise the Lord, we are as safe as they, though not as happy. But having, by divine quickening, been brought into the kingdom here, we shall be kept by the power of God until we are also brought to the kingdom of glory.

The Lord bless you in all the labours of love in which you engage. I hope, Sir, I do not intrude in thus trying to scribble a few lines to you.

I remain, Yours in love,

A poor Sinner, saved by Sovereign Grace,

July 22nd, 1861.

J. R.

### WHO IS WISE, AND HE WILL UNDERSTAND THESE THINGS.

Dear Friend,—After a long delay I will now try and answer your encouraging note of Dec. 17th. It is some time ago, and perhaps you have forgotten most of what you then wrote; but you have not forgotten the feeling you had at A.; and though the sweet comfort then felt passed away, and you felt the change and mourned the loss of Him your soul so loved, yet he is just the same toward you when you behold him as when you are sweetly rejoicing in him. His love to you is a standing attribute in himself, but the manifestation of that love is a repeated thing; therefore, if you did not lose the comfort of it, there would be no fresh room for more nor fresh want of more; were there no drying up, there would be no reviving as the corn and growing as the vine, there would be no returning, no sending forth scent as Lebanon. (Hos. xiv. 7.) It is in this way you will become wise to understand these things, and prudent to know them, and to say, "The ways of the Lord are right ways." (Hos. xiv. 9.)

You complain in your letter of a threefold fear. The first is that you are a stony-ground hearer; second, that of your light being darkness; and third, that of walking in sparks of your own kindling. As to the stony-ground hearers, they are said to wither away. Their concern for spiritual things, and care about their eternal state, and longing after the bread of life, and sorrowing because their God is gone, is all withered away as though it had never been. Now this is not you, because you are full of care and fear about it. Secondly. The light that is darkness is the light that is not according to the word of God and the Spirit's teaching, a light that does not show the sinner his vileness, does not bring godly sorrow that worketh repentance, does not convince of sin nor lead to Jesus' blood for cleansing, does not humble but lifts up with pride and self-righteousness. Now this is not you, as you are a poor sinner, wanting to be clothed in the righteousness of Christ. Thirdly. Walking in sparks of your own kindling. Now you cannot kindle one grain of comfort, nor apply one promise, nor even a desire after it; therefore you are not walking in sparks of your own kindling, because you cannot kindle any. The Lord be with thee and bless thee.

Thy soul's Well-Wisher,

C—, April 5th, 1860.

W. M.

## Obituary.

### JANE TROUP.

JANE MILLIDGE, afterwards Mrs. Troup, was born at Dunsfold, in Surrey, May 3rd, 1777. Her father was a schoolmaster, and one who walked in the fear of God. His family being large, Jane was early taken into the house of an aunt named Palmer, residing at Welwyn, Herts. In the year 1802, she was married to Mr. Troup, a gardener, and they had three daughters and one son. They moved to Baldock in 1810, and continued there until Mr. T. retired from business, when they came to Hertford in 1839; but three years later they returned again to Baldock, where Mr. T. died, December 8th, 1847, aged 82.

From an early period of his life he had been under the teaching of grace; and though well satisfied that his wife also, even before he married her, was under the same teaching, yet, as she appears for long to have been less deeply exercised, there was a measure of reserve between them on spiritual topics which probably, as in many similar cases, there should not have been. But quite in his latter days this was mercifully removed. He was one who passed through deep waters, and found a holy experience. His last illness was of about a month's continuance, during which his joy and peace overflowed. His widow, writing to a friend after his decease, speaks of him as follows: "It was most blessed to witness the calm and heavenly peace he was favoured with; his whole heart and soul seemed swallowed up in the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, so that he seemed to be living above the world, and to have entered into the rest which remaineth for the people of God. He would often break forth into an ecstasy of joy, exclaiming, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name;' and, 'Give thanks to the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever;' and, 'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ;' and many more such words were uttered by him; all of which appeared powerfully applied by the ever-blessed Spirit in his great affliction and extreme debility, which latterly impaired his speech. The last words which I could distinctly understand were, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for my eyes have seen thy salvation.'"

This triumphant close of Mr. Troup's life was very encouraging and establishing to his widow. But here I must go back, and trace briefly the dealings of the Lord with her in her early days, which may be seen in a paper in her own handwriting, found after her decease. It appears from this, that she had begun to feel convictions and to seek the Lord from the age of 10 or 12 years; but being brought under the hearing of a spiritual ministry, her attention became fixed to find the way of salvation through faith, and not by works. Her castings down were many, and she was led in a special way to dread hypocrisy, so that she seldom spoke; but she was often

“holpen with a little help.” One of these helps, from its peculiar effect upon her, I will briefly notice. The enemy had kept binding down her soul, saying, “There is no hope,” till she quite believed the same, and repeated, “There is no hope.” It was a bright star-light night, and looking up, she said, “Except the stars should fall, there is no hope;” at the same moment, a bright falling star, as it is called, glided down the sky almost as if it would light upon her, and then vanished. Her feelings were beyond description—first of fear, then of joy; and she always looked upon it (doubtless with good reason) as a special token for good, kindly ordered by the Lord for her soul’s encouragement.

I will here insert a few extracts (slightly abridged) from the paper before referred to. None of these could have described circumstances later than the year 1820:

“One day I went into my room to fetch something, and was about to return, when it came into my mind to call upon God. I had been on my knees only a few minutes, when it was suggested to me that the enemy was close behind, and ready to seize upon me as soon as I should stir. My fear and trembling were such that I durst not move; when suddenly these words of Holy Writ were brought to my mind, with such power as if spoken audibly: “The Lord rebuke thee, even thee, O Satan. Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?” The enemy immediately fled, and I rose up blessing and praising my God and Saviour, and thought I should never doubt his mercy to me any more. This continued with me a good while, and was a great support in many troubles and trials, and is so even to this day; for I cannot but believe that it came from God, from the power that attended it; so that when my soul is cast down within me, I am glad with holy David to remember the little hill of Mizar where the Lord did bless me. And I stand astonished, and wonder and adore, when I look back and see how the Lord has mercifully appeared for me, when my hope was just giving up the ghost, so that I could raise my Ebenezer.”

“I remember at another time being exercised with what I conceive to be a God-dishonouring sin—self-pity. I thought no one cared for me. My husband, I thought, treated me with indifference, my children seemed not to care for me, my absent relations were no comfort to me; so I thought mine was a hard case. I had neither father, mother, husband, children, brother, nor friend to care for me, and I felt I did not care what became of me. Then these words were brought with great power to my mind:

‘I am thy Father and thy Friend,  
Thy Brother and thy Love,  
Thy Head, thy Hope, thy Counsellor,  
Thy Advocate above.’

The sudden change in my feelings I shall never forget. It was life from the dead. ‘Lord, thought I, ‘art thou all this to me, my everlasting Father; my Friend that sticketh closer than a brother; my Brother born for adversity, to suffer and die in my room and stead? And hast thou loved me with an everlasting love, and art my

Head, my Husband, to whom I am united by living faith, and in whom all the hopes of my salvation are built? And art thou my Counsellor, who shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory? And art thou my Advocate, to plead my cause? 'Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.' O, the pleasing and sweet meditation that my soul had! I, who a few minutes before felt as though I would gladly have changed situations with the most abject and despicable of beings, would not now have changed situations with the greatest potentate on earth. I, who before was completely miserable, and stood in need of everything, was suddenly completely happy, and stood in need of nothing; for having Christ, with him I possessed all things. So that I could truly say, 'Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon the earth that I desire in comparison with thee.'

"At another time, I remember I feared that God had given me up to a hard heart; and though sensible of my bondage, I had no power to come forth till the Lord's time. But some days before he appeared for me, I had a kind of wrestling and longing in my spirit for a little revival in my bondage. One evening, before my husband came in to tea, I went by myself, as I usually did, to pray, but feared I should be sent empty away. But, blessed for ever be the Spirit of truth, he helped my infirmities to plead with liberty and earnestness before God, as a man with his friend; so that, like Jacob, I felt, 'I will not let thee go except thou bless me.' I reluctantly stood up, knowing I must go to my family, and for a moment wondered at the liberty and freedom of access with which God had favoured me, when these words were brought with power to my mind: 'His sweat was as it were great drops of blood, falling down to the ground;' and it seemed to say, 'This was for you,' which broke my heart. My spirit was humbled within me, my tears flowed, and I felt enabled to go through fire and water to serve him who had so suffered for me. I stood amazed at his matchless mercy; my heart was filled with praise; the word of God flowed sweetly into my soul, as thus: 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name;' 'He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and exalted them of low degree;' 'O, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.' In the midst of this I was called down to tea, which I was sorry for, and feared lest they should see that something was the matter. But there being no light except from the fire, they saw not my tears; and though I felt as if I must speak and tell them, something suggested that by so doing I should lose all my comfort, which I would not lose for the world. But I have been sorry ever since that I did not speak, as those precious words had called me to do: 'O, magnify the Lord *with me*,' &c. But I feared lest they would not magnify the Lord; and that kept me from it. I thought after this my heart would break with grief and love; and meditating on it, that I might know whether it was consistent with the experience of God's children, Hart's words came to mind:

'Tis a safe though deep compunction  
Thy repenting people feel,' &c.;

and so, blessed be God, I found it; and I hope and trust that he who hath begun a good work of grace in me will perform it even to the end; that whether my remaining days be short or long, rough or smooth, dark or light, I may be enabled to trust in the Lord, and to stay upon my God. Amen."

It was more than 27 years after these occurrences that Mr. Troup died, as already recorded. His widow continued to reside at Baldock for about nine years longer; but in 1860, beginning to feel the infirmities of old age, she removed to the house of her son-in-law, Mr. Samuel Hall, at Hertford, where she remained till her death in 1861.

But the most serious and effectual part of Mrs. Troup's spiritual experience began six years after she had been left a widow. In the year 1855 she was visited with a very severe illness, in the beginning of which, for a period of nearly two months, she sank under heavy trouble of soul. Her past religion seemed to her own feelings entirely swept away. Her soul refused to be comforted. Meditation on her past experience gave her no comfort at all, for she thought she had been deluded. She has herself told me and other friends repeatedly that she never before felt the depth and extent of her depravity, nor the severity of the holy broken law. She would say, that before that she had felt self-complacency in her religion as being of the right kind; not, indeed, leading her to say with the Pharisee, "Thank God, I am not as that Publican," but rather as a Publican herself, yet not fully brought to feel herself a *lost* sinner, "Thank God, I am not as that *Pharisee*." But now all hope that she had been right was taken away; and, in this fearful state of darkness, the enemy set upon her with one of his direst temptations, to believe that she must even destroy herself. This circumstance would never have been known, had not the mention of it escaped her lips very shortly before her death; at which time she added, "I never revealed this before." Now, however, it tends to the praise of the glory of God's grace that it should be known; for so deep was Satan's snare, that she made preparations accordingly, and concluded that, in the dead of the ensuing night, she must execute her purpose. But O how safe she *really* was in this hour of darkness; for all at once, at midnight, her darkness was turned into light. These words filled her soul brimful of faith and peace: "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." The sudden coming in of the spiritual light seemed, in her own feelings, to swallow up the natural darkness of the night, and she continued under this divine influence, while word after word of divinest consolation flowed through her soul, and healed all her deep diseases.

From this time forward there was a depth, tenderness, firmness, patience, and love in her spirit she had never attained to before. "Having suffered a while," she was now "made perfect, stablished,

strengthened, settled," in the way of salvation by grace through faith. It is not too much to say of her that, having thus "overcome," she became "a pillar in the temple of her God, no more to go out." Thus the Guide of her youth became the staff of her old age; and thenceforth, whether she was exercised under trials, or rejoicing in her God and Saviour, she knew how "to speak a word in season to those who were weary," as I myself, and many other friends can abundantly testify.

In the spring of 1861, when she had almost completed her 84th year, she was seized with paralysis, but her faculties remained clear. She was very happy from the first, and after a few days so far recovered that she was able to enjoy herself, chiefly in bed, in reading, hearing, conversing with her spiritual friends, and, above all, in daily communion with the Lord. About the middle of September, I had an interview with her, the effect of which I cannot forget. The feeling manner in which she gave glory to God, and dwelt on the clear discovery she had of Christ, was most blessed. Also she spoke of the spiritual joy she found in the 17th chapter of John throughout, but especially in these words: "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one."

In speaking of her that evening to another friend, I said, "She has found her way into Elijah's chariot of fire." About ten days after this a second fit came on. She had been somewhat better than usual, which her daughter one morning observing to her, was surprised with this answer, "My dear, I have heard the words, 'The Master is come, and calleth for thee.'" In an hour or two the second fit followed, and her daughter perceiving it, exclaimed, "What is this?" when the mother, with the utmost composure, replied, "This, my dear, is *death*. I have long waited for it, and now it is come." She continued mostly exceedingly happy, but now and then would say, "A cloud has come over me," which served the more to show to those around the distinctness of her spiritual perception. At other times her mouth was full of words of praise and glory. Once only, being greatly wearied in body, she said, as if with a little impatience, "O that the Lord would but be pleased to give me one hour's rest." Her daughter said, "Mother, you will soon have a *long* rest." She replied, "Oh yes, an *everlasting* rest;" and, with a most peaceful expression of countenance, she composed herself, and all restlessness was removed.

At times she had convulsions painful to witness, but of which she herself appeared nearly, if not quite unconscious; and the words which those around her caught with difficulty were such as these, "On the Rock;" "See his face," &c., all showing that death with her was swallowed up in victory. She expired at eight o'clock in the morning, September 30, 1861, in her 85th year.

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O that I should have a sore heart and a pained soul, for the want of this or that idol! Woe, woe to the mistaking of my miscarrying heart, that gapeth and crieth for creatures, and is not pained and tortured and in sorrow, for the want of a soul-fill of Christ.—*Rutherford*.

## MEDITATIONS ON THE OFFICE CHARACTERS OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

### II.

#### JESUS AS SUSTAINING THE OFFICE OF PROPHET TO HIS CHURCH AND PEOPLE.

IN the aim and hope of promoting, according to the measure of grace given to us, the glory of God and the profit of his people, we, on a former occasion,\* expressed our intention to attempt a series of Meditations on the various Office-characters of the Lord Jesus Christ. In pursuance of that intention, we have already directed the thoughts of our readers to that most gracious and glorious office of High Priest as sustained by our blessed Lord formerly in his past state of humiliation here below, and now in his present state of exaltation to the right hand of the Father. This is the most eminent of all his offices, as well as preparatory for and introductory to every other; for until reconciliation for sin was made unto God by the blood of the covenant, there was no place for his ministry as Prophet, or for his reign as King. The consideration, therefore, of that office demanded the most prominent place both in our Meditations and in the expression of them.

We have now to consider his *Prophetical* office, as that comes next before us; and we shall hope, with God's help and blessing, to show that, as sustained by him, it is one of peculiar grace, and full of divine blessedness to his believing people. The Lord the Spirit guide our thoughts and direct our pen in our Meditations on the grace and glory of Jesus as the Prophet of his church, that he may make himself very dear, near, and precious to both writer and reader, and that, preserved from all error and led into all truth, we may exalt his great and glorious name, as we sit at his feet hearing his word and looking up to him for that heavenly instruction which is so blessed a feature of his prophetical office to communicate.

In unfolding this subject, as some degree of order is necessary to clearness, we shall endeavour to show,

- I. *The essential nature of the prophetical office.*
- II. *The peculiar qualifications of the blessed Lord to sustain that office.*
- III. *His execution of it upon earth.*
- IV. *His present mode of sustaining it in heaven.*
- V. *The spiritual bearing which this office has on the experience of his believing people.*

I. The *peculiar*, and what we may call the *primary and essential character* of the prophetical office, is sometimes, we think, not clearly understood. The leading idea of a prophet is usually considered to be that he is *one who predicts future events*. This certainly is one part, and a very important part, of the prophetical office; but it is by no means the primary or essential; and indeed, as regards that office as sustained by the Lord himself, it was quite a subordinate feature.

\* See June No., 1861, p. 189.

The *primary and essential* character of a prophet is that he *speaks for God*. He is as God's mouth, (Jer. xv. 19,) to speak God's words. This is plain, not only from the derivation of the word in both the Hebrew and Greek languages,\* but from several passages in the word of truth. Take for instance the following Scriptures: "And the Lord said unto Moses, See, I have made thee a god to Pharaoh; and Aaron thy brother shall be thy prophet. Thou shalt speak all that I command thee; and Aaron thy brother shall speak unto Pharaoh, that he may send the children of Israel out of his land." (Exod. vii. 1, 2.) As we have quoted an explanation of this passage in a note by one of our first lexicographers, the great German scholar Gesenius, who, though not always sound in his theological views, yet had the deepest insight into the primary meaning of Hebrew words, we shall not dwell further upon it, except to point out the parallel expression, (Exod. iv. 16,) which so fully proves the truth of our assertion that the primary and essential idea of a prophet is that he speaks for God: "And thou shalt speak unto him, and put words in his mouth; and I will be with thy mouth and with his mouth, and will teach you what ye shall do. And he shall be thy spokesman unto the people; and he shall be, even he shall be to thee instead of a mouth, and thou shalt be to him instead of God." (Exod. iv. 15, 16.) The Lord's words to Jeremiah, when he called him to the prophetic office, bear most closely also on the same point: "Then the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee to be a prophet unto the nations. Then said I, Ah, Lord God! behold, I cannot speak, for I am a child. But the Lord said unto me, Say not, I am a child, for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak." (Jer. i. 4-7.) The distinguishing feature of Jeremiah's call to the prophetic office was that the Lord "put his words in his mouth." These words were words of authority and power; and thus by them he instrumentally rooted out, and pulled down, and destroyed, and threw down the enemies of God and godliness, and built and planted the Lord's own peculiar people. This was surely a much wider and more authoritative commission than if he had been sent merely to predict future events. It is perfectly

\* The Hebrew word for prophet, "Nabi," is derived from a root which signifies primarily, according to Gesenius, "to cause to bubble up, hence, to pour forth words abundantly, as is done by those who speak with ardour or divine emotion of mind." The explanation by Gesenius of the primary meaning of the word "Nabi" is, "a prophet, who, as actuated by a divine afflatus or Spirit, either rebuked the conduct of kings and nations, or predicted future events. (Deut. xiii. 2; Jud. vi. 8; 1 Sam. ix. 9; 1 Kings xxii. 7; 2 Kings iii. 11; 2 Chron. xxviii. 9.) With the idea of a prophet there was this necessarily attached, that he spoke not his own words, but those which he had divinely received, that he was the messenger of God, and the declarer of his will. This is clear from a passage of peculiar authority in this matter, Exod. vii. 1: 'I have constituted thee as God to Pharaoh, and Aaron thy brother shall be thy prophet.'"—*Gesenius's Hebrew Lexicon*.

The Greek word *προφήτης*, "prophetes," whence comes our word "prophet," means literally one who "speaks for" God.—*Scott and Liddell's Greek-English Lexicon*.

true that he predicted the seventy years' captivity, the destruction of Babylon, and the return of the children of Judah to their own land, with other prophecies, some of which are still unfulfilled, but this was only a part of his prophetic mission. Similarly, when the Lord called Ezekiel to the prophetic office, he said to him, "Thou shalt *speake my words* unto them, whether they will hear or forbear." (Ezek. ii. 7.) And again, "Moreover, he said unto me, Son of man, all my words that I shall speak unto thee receive in thine heart, and hear with thine ears. And go, get thee to them of the captivity, unto the children of thy people, and speak unto them, and tell them, Thus saith the Lord God, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear." (Ezek. iii. 10, 11.) The leading, the characteristic feature of a prophet, then, was that he came to the people with a "Thus saith the LORD" in his mouth; that his words were not his own but God's words, and his message the express message of the LORD of hosts.

This view of the fundamental character and position of a prophet may prepare us to see a little more clearly into the peculiar suitability of such an office, and the wisdom and mercy of God in providing such a means of speaking to the children of men. Man, being created in the image and after the likeness of God, was, from the very constitution of his intelligent being, made capable of receiving direct communications of the will and good pleasure of his heavenly Creator. Thus, in Paradise God walked and talked with Adam, instructed him into the knowledge of his will, and set before him a precept what to do, and a prohibition what to shun. (Gen. ii. 16, 17.) In this state of innocence and happiness there was no need of a prophet to speak for God to man, as the Lord himself communed directly and immediately with him as the pure and intelligent creature of his hand. But when Adam sinned and fell, this mode of direct and immediate intercourse of man with his Maker was at once cut off. Man, stripped of his native purity and innocence, felt his nakedness and shame, and, full of guilt and terror, fled from the voice of the Lord which he once had heard with delight, to shelter himself from the indignant eye of Justice amidst the trees of the garden. But O, the unparalleled mercy and goodness of the Lord! Where sin had thus abounded there did grace much more abound; for in the very garden where, man had so awfully and wilfully sinned and fallen, there mercy was revealed, and the very trees which had been witnesses of the fall, and had in vain sheltered guilty Adam from the wrath of his justly-incensed Creator, now witnessed the first promise of redemption by a Mediator of God's own providing, one no less than his own Son, in due time to be made of a woman—of the seed of that very woman who had first sinned and then dragged the man down with her into the pit wherein she had herself fallen. The former way, then, of direct and immediate communication between God and man being cut off by sin, the glorious plan of redemption, which had lain from all eternity in the bosom of God, now provided a new way whereby God could once more commune with man. A Mediator having been provided, and a ransom found through and by his blood,

a way was made whereby, no longer as before, immediately, but mediately, intercourse might be re-opened on a different footing, and resting on a surer and more blessed basis. This, then, is the foundation of the prophetic office, first in the Person of the Mediator, and then in inspired men sent of God as witnesses of him. We like to trace truth up to its eternal source, and to show the strong foundations on which the ordinances and appointments of God rest. There is in all the ways and works of God unspeakable wisdom; and when we can see this wisdom not only, as in creation, full of harmony and beauty, but, as in the covenant of grace, replete with love and mercy, it has a blessed tendency to satisfy the mind with the fullest persuasion of the certainty of revealed truth, and to draw up the heart and affections to the Lord in the spiritual enjoyment of it. This must plead our excuse if we seem to any of our readers to have at all wandered from our subject.

Now no sooner was the covenant of grace brought to light in the first promise, than it was acted upon, at first indeed dimly and obscurely, but ever with increasing clearness, till fully revealed in the Person and work of the Son of God, when, by appearing in the flesh, he brought life and immortality to light. Thus, in a sense, Abel, the first martyr, was also the first prophet, for he testified for God and for the way of salvation through the atoning blood of the promised Mediator, when he "brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof." The Apostle therefore says of him, "By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts. And by it he, being dead, yet speaketh." (Heb. xi. 4.) "He, being dead, yet speaketh." He spoke for God, as a prophet of the future, when he offered unto him a more excellent sacrifice than Cain; and "he yet speaketh" for him as a prophet of the past, for his testimony being recorded in the sacred page, it still uttereth its voice as a witness for the way of salvation through the blood of the Lamb, wherever the word of truth is borne. Thus, as there is no speech nor language where the silent voice of the starry heavens is not heard, (Ps. xix. 3,) so wherever, in the providence of God, the Bible is carried, in every tongue and to every nation, does Abel still speak as a silent prophet, and as one who sealed his testimony with his blood, to those who have ears to hear his voice. But if the instance of Abel be somewhat obscure, the next that we shall adduce is stamped clearly enough by God's own testimony. Enoch, certainly, was a prophet of the Lord, as Jude plainly testifies, and one of his prophecies, as yet unfulfilled, is preserved for us in the word of truth. He walked *with* God, and he spoke *for* God. "And Enoch also, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of these, saying, Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints." (Jude 14.) What a clear view was given him of the second coming of the Lord Jesus in all the glory of the Father, attended with ten thousands of his saints, "to execute judgment upon all;" and how distinctly he saw the character and predicted the end of all those base creatures which, under the cloak of a profession, have ever infested, and will in the last days

still more awfully infest, the church of God. Noah was the next prophet recorded in the word of truth, for he was "a preacher of righteousness;" (2 Pet. ii. 5;) and the blessed Lord himself spake in him by his Spirit when he preached by him unto the spirits now shut up in their awful prison, awaiting the judgment of the great day, even those rebellious and disobedient antediluvians against whom Noah testified, both by word and deed, when he prepared the ark to the saving of his house. (1 Pet. iii. 18-20; Heb. xi. 7.)

But time and space will not admit of our pursuing further this subject, or to trace out the stream of prophecy from its original source down to the close of the canon of the Old Testament. Let these two observations on the general character of prophecy suffice:

1. It pleased God to choose a people for himself in the seed of Abraham, to whom he might make known his will, and he therefore raised up a succession of prophets among them to be as his mouth, to speak to them in his name. As they, in thus testifying of him, had continually to predict coming judgments or to promise future blessings, the idea naturally attached itself to the office of a prophet, that he was one sent to foretell future events, but always in connection with the primary feature of his character, that he was specially sent by God, and spoke in his name and by his special authority. To foretell the future was indeed necessary to their office, and the fulfilment of their predictions was a proof of God's speaking in and by them. The following words of Moses throw the clearest light on the whole subject: "But the prophet which shall presume to speak a word in my name, which I have not commanded him to speak, or that shall speak in the name of other gods, even that prophet shall die. And if thou say in thine heart, How shall we know the word which the Lord hath not spoken? When a prophet speaketh in the name of the Lord, if the thing follow not nor come to pass, that is the thing the Lord hath not spoken, but the prophet hath spoken it presumptuously. Thou shalt not be afraid of him." (Deut. xviii. 20-22.)

2. "The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy," (Rev. xix. 10,) both in the Old Testament and the New, and thus the whole series of prophets testified to the Person and work, grace and glory of the Son of God. To testify of him was the delight of their heart and the theme of their tongue. They themselves indeed did not fully understand the import of their own prophecies, but they knew that salvation by the promised Messiah was the burden of them all, as the Apostle declares: "Of which salvation the prophets have inquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you; searching what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow. Unto whom it was revealed, that not unto themselves, but unto us they did minister the things which are now reported unto you by them that have preached the gospel unto you with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, which things the angels desire to look into." (1 Pet. i. 10-12.) In similar language he testified to the same

truth when, almost immediately after the day of Pentecost, he spake unto the people in the porch of the temple: "Yea, and all the prophets, from Samuel and those that follow after, as many as have spoken, have likewise foretold of these days. Ye are the children of the prophets, and of the covenant which God made with our fathers, saying unto Abraham, And in thy seed shall all the kindreds of the earth be blessed." (Acts iii. 24, 25.) Thus, too, our blessed Lord reproved the two disciples journeying to Emmaus with the slowness of their heart in not seeing and believing that which the prophets had testified of him. Then he said unto them, "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken. Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory? And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself." (Luke xxiv. 25-27.) Blessed Interpreter! blessed interpretation! O that he would do to us by his Spirit and grace what he afterwards did to all his disciples just before he was parted from them and carried up into heaven! that he, even he, would open our understanding that we might understand the Scriptures, and under his divine teaching, as the Prophet of his church, might sit at his feet and hear his words, and know in sweet experience that they are Spirit and they are life to our soul.

But we pass on to the consideration of the second branch of our subject:

II. *The qualifications of the Lord Jesus Christ to sustain the office of Prophet to the family of God.*

i. In opening up this part of our subject, we shall first examine the *foundation* of these qualifications, which we shall find in great measure identical with that on which his priestly office rests, viz., his glorious Person, as *Immanuel, God with us*. That he is God, actually and essentially God, as the second Person in the glorious Trinity, is the foundation not only of all his offices, but of everything that he is to the church of God. Omnipotence, omniscience, omnipresence, all of which are essential attributes of Deity, are needed in him who shall atone as Priest, teach as Prophet, and rule as King. The Deity of our blessed Lord does not, therefore, rest merely on single texts of Scripture, however numerous or however clear. We bless God for giving us these direct testimonies to strengthen our faith and to defend it against gainsayers; but the indirect are, if possible, stronger still. The Deity of our blessed Lord is so interwoven with the truth of God that could it be rent from it the whole of revelation must fall to pieces. His blood, his righteousness, his grace and glory, and the whole scheme of salvation as accomplished by him, are so dependent upon his Deity, that without it and separate from it, they have not only no value or validity, but would have no existence—no place in the word, and no place in the heart of the family of God. View this in connection with his offices. If Jesus were but man, his blood, as at once Priest and Sacrifice, could not be of sufficient value to put away one sin, much more millions of

sins of millions of sinners; if he were but man, his eye could not see, his ear hear, or his lips instruct as the Prophet of his church, thousands of his believing people who are crying and looking to him from all parts for instruction. If he were but man, how could his shoulders support the weight of sovereignty as King over all things in heaven and in earth? Thus the very foundation of all his offices is his eternal, actual, essential Deity, for without that every other qualification would be utterly ineffectual.

But here again, as in the case of his priestly office, we are met by that blessed and glorious truth of his *real, proper, and eternal Sonship*. This is as necessary a qualification for his office as Prophet as his eternal Deity; and, in fact, is intimately and indissolubly connected with it, for he is God, as God the Son. We are quite aware that we shall seem to many to tread here on controversial ground, but we hope never to keep back vital and essential truth for fear of being considered contentious or disputatious. Amongst the evils which attend controversy, for with all its advantages it has attending evils, it has a tendency to create and maintain these two: 1. An angry and bitter spirit; 2. A tacit dropping of the subject, lest it provoke further strife, or bring upon the controversialist the character of being a lover of contention. Thus truth becomes gagged and silenced, and from a carnal desire for peace at any price, to gain the character of what is called a Christian spirit, (though there is little enough of the Spirit of Christ in compromising his truth,) to win the good opinion of men, and to make things pleasant, as it is termed, in churches and congregations, one point in dispute is quietly dropped after another, till at last all the distinctive and separating features of our most holy faith are fairly out of sight, and as much vanished as the Queen's face on a flat shilling. When, then, we assert that the true and proper Sonship of our blessed Lord is an essential qualification to his sustaining the office of Prophet to his Church, we do so, not in a spirit of angry controversy, but as a declaration of a grand and important gospel truth.

In our introductory remarks on the nature of the prophetic office, we showed that the fundamental character of a prophet was that he was one who spoke for God. Now, this is just the character that our blessed Lord sustains to the Church as the Son of the Father in truth and love. He speaks for the Father to the Church; for the Father speaks in and by him. Twice did the Father speak with express voice from heaven, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased," and added on the holy mount, "Hear ye him." (Matt. iii. 17; xvii. 5.) The peculiar grace and glory of the Christian dispensation, its eminent and distinctive feature is that, in it God speaks in and by his dear Son. How clearly and beautifully is this declared by the Apostle in the opening chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews: "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds; who, being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of

his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high; being made so much better than the angels, as he hath by inheritance obtained a more excellent name than they." (Heb. i. 1-4.) When we have a view by faith of the Son of God as the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person, well may we feel and say,—Who so proper, who so suited to speak for the Father as his own Son, who had for ever lain in his bosom? Who so perfectly and intimately acquainted with the Father's will, who so able to reveal that will to the sons of men? In whom can we find love and power so blended; such zeal for the glory of God, such pity for the children of men; such majesty and such mercy; such infinite purity, yet such unspeakable condescension; such a representative of God; such a messenger for man! He and the Father are one—one in essence, one in will, though in Person distinct. To be one with the Father in essence, yet distinct from the Father in Person, is the peculiar character of his eternal relationship to him as his only-begotten Son. Some of those writers who have lately denied or attempted to explain away his eternal Sonship, have dwelt much on his title as the Word, almost as if it were his distinctive name in the Godhead, and prior to that of Son. Thus considering that he is the Son of God, not as his very mode of eternal subsistence as a Person in the glorious Trinity, but merely in time, by virtue of his complex Person, they would say that he was the Son because he was the Word. Now, the truth is exactly contrary to this view. He was not the Son because he was the Word, but he is the Word because he is the Son. The Word, we fully admit, is his title as a Person in the Godhead, "For the Word was God." But why is he the Word? Because God speaks in him and by him. But why does the Father speak in and by him? Because he is his Son. Who is so fit for the Father to speak by as his own Son; or, who is so fit to speak for the Father? Out of the Son, the Father can neither be seen, nor heard, nor known. God is in himself essentially invisible, for he dwelleth in the light which no man can approach unto, whom no man hath seen or can see. But he has been pleased to reveal himself in the Person of his dear Son. Thus in seeing him we see the Father, as he told Philip; (John xiv. 9;) and in beholding his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth, we view the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. (John i. 14; 2 Cor. iv. 6.) In a similar way we cannot hear directly and immediately the voice of God. When that voice spoke on Sinai's blazing top, all the people that were in the camp trembled; yea, the whole mount itself quaked greatly; for so fearful was that voice that they that heard it entreated that the word should not be spoken to them any more; and so terrible was the sight that even Moses, the man of God, and the typical mediator, said, "I exceedingly fear and quake." (Heb. xii. 19-21.) As, then, we cannot see God but as revealing himself in his Son, so we cannot hear God but as speaking in his Son. This was John the Baptist's witness of him. "No man hath seen God at any time;

the only-begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." (John i. 18.) As coming from the bosom of the Father, how qualified was he to speak of him and for him, as John so plainly testified: "He that cometh from above is above all; he that is of the earth is earthy, and speaketh of the earth; he that cometh from heaven is above all. And what he hath seen and heard, that he testifieth, and no man receiveth his testimony. He that hath received his testimony hath set to his seal that God is true. For he whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God; for God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto him." (John iii. 31-34.)

In our next paper we shall hope, with God's help and blessing, to enter still further on the qualifications of the Lord Jesus Christ to sustain the office of Prophet to the church of God.

*REMEMBER THE WORD UNTO THY SERVANT UPON  
WHICH THOU HAST CAUSED ME TO HOPE.*

Lord, hear a sinner's cry,  
Look down with pitying eye,  
Deign to draw near.

Over my darkened soul  
Clouds of confusion roll,  
Sorrow and fear.

Where is that blessed light,  
By which, in error's night,  
Truth I first learn'd?  
When, in affliction's hour,  
It shone with heavenly power,  
Deeply discern'd?

Then to my inmost heart  
Thou didst *one* word impart  
Mighty in strength;  
Large and yet larger grew  
On my astonish'd view  
Its breadth and length.

*Freely*, it seem'd to say,  
Cast all your fears away,  
*Freely* believe;  
Cease from your legal state,  
And my salvation great  
*Freely* receive.

And cannot memory trace  
Full many a time and place  
When thy sweet smile  
Dried each desponding tear,  
And darkness, doubt, and fear  
Fled for awhile?

Are these things really so?  
Thou why this weight of woe?

Dost thou not say  
That heaven and earth shall fade,  
But not one word thou'st said  
Can pass away?

But I have lost my light;  
Cheerless and dark my night;  
Where can I flee?  
Tangled 'mid snares I stray,  
None can direct my way,  
None beside thee.

O, from my heart I own  
That through my sins alone  
Have I come here!  
With me be shame of face,  
But with thee righteousness;  
Lord, thou art clear!

Yet hear my bitter groan;  
Toward thee I make my moan;  
Tell me thou'rt mine.  
Still full of truth and grace,  
Once more unveil thy face,  
O, once more shine.

Make me thy truth discern;  
Sure I've yet all to learn;  
Teach me anew.  
Cause these dry bones to live,  
Lord, thine own work revive;  
Guide thou me through.

[The above beautiful lines are taken from the Life and Letters of the late Mr. Bourne, reviewed in our Oct. No., 1861, and were written by the late Mrs. Gilpin, of Hertford, a few weeks before her death, when, after many spiritual conflicts, she was brought to enjoy peace in believing.]

A RAM'S horn, in God's hand, can cause the walls of Jericho to fall,  
as an engine of war; a straw is a spear to omnipotence.—*Rutherford.*

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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MARCH, 1862.

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

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## SERMON

BY THE LATE J. R. WATTS, OF HITCHIN, HERTS.

“Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God, that we might know the things which are freely given us of God.”—1 Cor. ii. 12.

THE things of God can never be known to any man, however great his wisdom may be naturally. All that he can attain unto of spiritual things, let him apply his mind never so closely to the subject, is, to inform himself of the doctrines of Scripture; and let him be as sound as he may in the letter of the word, all that can be said of him is, that he holds the truth in unrighteousness. (Rom. i. 18.) He knows nothing of his lost estate through sin, is a stranger to fellowship with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ, was never acquainted with the purity and holiness of God in his righteous law, and was never born again of the Spirit. To what purpose, then, is his knowledge? It cannot save his soul. Knowledge, the apostle tells us, puffeth up; but it is charity, or the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, that edifieth and makes a poor ungodly sinner wise unto salvation. But this knowledge cannot be attained unto by human ability; it is a gift of God, freely bestowed upon those who are ordained to eternal life, as saith the apostle John, “We know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know him that is true.” (1 John v. 20.) For this enlightened understanding the Psalmist prays: “Give me understanding, and I shall live;” (Ps. cxix. 144; “Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart;” (ver. 34;) and indeed, however wise, intelligent, and ingenious a man may be naturally, yet, unless it please God to shine into the soul with divine light, we are in Scripture called fools. “It is a people,” says God, “of no understanding, therefore he that made them will not have mercy upon them, and he that formed them will show them no favour.” (Isa. xxvii. 11.) But the apostle tells us, in the words of my text, that the things which make for our eternal salvation God hath in mercy discovered to us. “Now we have received,” saith the apostle, “not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God, that we might know the things that are freely given us of God.”

I. The first particular we have in this text is, *the spirit of the world*. We will consider what it consists of.

II. Describe from the word of God, *a person that is under the influence of God's Spirit*.

III. Point out to you *some of the things which are freely given us of God*.

I. A person that is of the spirit of the world is described in Scripture to be one that is in *a state of enmity against God*; (Rom. viii. 7;) and although he may make a profession of the name of God, attend the worship of God, and profess a love to the family of God, yet, not having the carnal enmity of his heart subdued by God's grace, his affections are elsewhere. He may bring his body to the house of God, but his thoughts and desires are not with God; no, they are nearer home, going after the things upon which his affections are fixed; as saith the prophet, "They sit before thee as my people, and they hear my words, but they will not do them; for with their mouth they show much love, but their heart goeth after their covetousness." (Ezek. xxxiii. 31.) It is the things of time and sense that engross their affections; therefore in vain do they worship God. This enmity further discovers itself in the hatred they show to the children of God; and this is so fixed in them by Satan that, to save their souls, they cannot alter it. Let the good man do the utmost service in his power to such a one, he will still feel a dislike to him; and what he would much approve and speak highly of in one of his own spirit can hardly be acknowledged as coming from a child of God. The enmity is so great that it turns all into bane. "He that is upright in the way," saith Solomon, "is abomination to the wicked." (Prov. xxix. 27.) To one that is an enemy to God, he can find his heart and soul united; these he esteems as men of spirit, men of sense; good-natured, free, sociable, and affable people; men that are fit to push through the world and gain the goodwill of every one; and with these he wishes to live and die. But as to the man that hath a reverence and fear of God, and humbly walks with him, him he deems a man void of spirit, and almost void of common understanding. But, however, that which is highly esteemed among men, God says is abomination in his sight; (Luke xvi. 15;) and the friendship of the world, the apostle tells us, is enmity with God: "Whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." (Jas. iv. 4.)

But again. This worldly-wise man is further manifest in his *profound ignorance* of the saving knowledge of the Most High. He is as blind touching those things that make for his true interests, the salvation of his immortal soul, as a man that was born stone blind, and that never saw a ray of natural light in the course of his life; as saith the apostle, "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost; in whom the God of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not," &c. (2 Cor. iv. 4.) He is ignorant of the purity, the holiness, justice, and immutability of God in the law; ignorant of his lost, ruined, and undone condition as a transgressor

of that law; and hence he goes about to establish his own righteousness; he is ignorant of the worth of the full and free salvation in Christ. "What is thy beloved," says he, "more than another?" Ignorant of the value of the alone righteousness which God imputes to a sinner to justify him from all things, he cannot believe that his own is nothing but filthy rags. Hence he rejects the one and cleaves close to the other; he makes Christ a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence; and the word of God is a savour of death unto death to him. In short, he knows nothing but what he knows naturally, and is one of the fools Solomon speaks of in the Proverbs: "But fools die for want of wisdom." (Prov. x. 21.)

But this character is further set forth in Scripture as one of a *rebellious spirit*. He cannot, he will not submit to God's will, but says to the Almighty, "Depart from me; I desire not the knowledge of thy ways." (Job xxi. 14.) If God give the command to kiss the Son, hear him, and obey his voice, the answer is, "We will not have this man to reign over us;" (Luke xix. 14;) "Who is Lord over us?" (Ps. xii.) "Our lips are our own, and with our tongue will we prevail." The Lord himself takes notice of the insolence of this unruly member: "Your words have been stout against me, saith the Lord." (Mal. iii. 13.) But their high spirits cannot submit to confess it, and they sharply reply to the Maker of all things, "What have we spoken so much against thee?" The apostle Peter describes them as "men of a self-willed spirit; presumptuous are they, they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities." (2 Pet. ii. 10.) Their own will they are determined to have, and their own way they will pursue. Though God resist them in his word, and in their own conscience, and by the upright life and walk of every one that fears the name of God, yet it matters not; they turn every one to his own way, cast God and his word behind them, (Ps. l. 17,) and madly venture on at the peril of their own souls, and in the open face of God, the Scriptures, their own conscience, and the upright example of all them that know and love the truth. "All the day long," says God, "I have stretched forth my hands to a disobedient and gainsaying people;" (Rom. x. 21;) but to no purpose, for rebels they are and rebels they will remain, until a miracle of grace recover them out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will. (2 Tim. ii. 26.)

Thus I have shown you a little of the character of a person who is of the spirit of an ungodly world; he hates God, is ignorant of him, and fights against him. We will now go and seek after a person of a different description. "We have not received," says the apostle, "of the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God." This leads to the second particular in my text, viz.,

II. To describe, from the word of God, a *person that is under the influence of the good Spirit of God*. And here take notice, by nature we are all children of wrath, and enemies to God, one as well as another. (Eph. ii. 2, 3.) "Are we better than they?" saith the apostle, "No, in no wise; for we have before proved, both Jews and Gentiles, that they are all under sin." (Rom. iii. 9.) But God hath, in the multitude of his tender mercies, appointed some of us to eternal

life. These he singles out from the rest of mankind; and being spiritually dead in soul before God, he freely imparts unto them divine life; as it is written: "You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." (Eph. ii. 1.) The sinner then feels a distress and misery in his soul which he never experienced before; but what it proceeds from and what it will end in he knows not. The things of this life, in which he used to comfort himself, now afford him no delight; his mind is chiefly taken up with the salvation of his soul, and an interest in the favour of the Lord is the ultimate end of all his desires. After this he seeks with full purpose of heart; as it is written: "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple." The word of God now becomes his companion, his guide, and instructor, and he is anxious to know what the Lord will speak to his soul in the reading of it. It is not now as it used to be formerly, reading the Scriptures only because he thought it a duty he ought to perform; but he searches them in hope of finding out places therein that will suit his present case. These afford him subjects for meditation. He now feels a life, power, and force in the sacred oracles which he never experienced till now. The threatenings make him tremble. "My flesh," saith he, "trembleth for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy judgments." (Ps. cxix. 120.) The blessed promises encourage his desires after an interest in them. "O," says he, "if I could but be sure that God would remember me with the favour he beareth towards his people, (Ps. cvi.) and visit me with his great salvation, nothing, I think, would discourage me. I should then bid farewell to all my fears, and wipe my weeping eyes." The children of God whom he formerly hated, now appear in his eyes the excellent of the earth, for he views them as a people whom God hath for ever blessed, who live near to him, abide under his shadow and protection in this world, and will be glorified by him, body and soul, to all eternity; therefore he honoureth all them that fear the Lord; longs to be in their company, that he may hear something of God's gracious dealings with them, and unbosom to them the feelings of his own soul, hoping to get a little information whether the change that has passed upon him is really a saving work of grace. He inquires his way to Mount Zion above of every one that he has reason to believe has travelled that path; and if he meets with one that feels for him in his trouble, and shows to him from Scripture that God has indeed begun a good work in his soul, he does all he can to express his gratitude to the person, and is grieved when anything happens that is any way likely to cause a distance between himself and his friend. His prayers are now quite different from what they used to be. Formerly, it was at best only lip-labour; but now he prays from a feeling sense of his need. He knows in some measure the worth of his soul, the emptiness of created enjoyments, the certain salvation of God's chosen people, and the fulness of grace that is in the dear Redeemer; and believing in his heart that the salvation of God must be applied to his soul, and the atonement of Christ felt

in his conscience, he wrestles hard with God in humble prayer. His words are dictated from a feeling sense of his need of mercy. There is life, energy, and power in his petitions. His soul he knows is at stake; therefore he is at it in season and out of season, sometimes abroad and sometimes at home, sometimes early in the morning and sometimes in the night watches. As the blessed Spirit operates upon him as a Spirit of grace and supplication, so he pours out his soul before the Lord, and shows him his trouble. "With my soul," says he, "have I desired thee in the night; yea, with my spirit within me will I seek thee early." (Isa. xxvi.) At times this activity remits; repeated rebuffs at a throne of grace discourage him, and he is afraid that ere long he shall drop prayer altogether; and he gets into a dead and careless frame of spirit; but fresh life being communicated to his soul, his distress again prevails, his earnest petitions go up to God; and finding no rest in his soul because of his sin, he seems determined that God shall have no rest; (Isa. lxii. 7;) but that he will besiege his throne with humble prayer and compass him about with groaning petitions; (Rom. viii. 26;) till the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force. (Matt. xi. 12.) "Now we have not received the spirit of the world," says the apostle, "but the Spirit which is of God;" and I have given you a little description of his blessed operations. But we will follow it up a little further.

The humble prayer of faith having prevailed through Christ, and the kingdom of God being set up in the soul, (Luke xvii. 21,) joy and gladness are now found in the broken spirit of the poor sinner, thanksgiving and the voice of melody. His mourning is turned into rejoicing, and he praises his ever-blessed God and Father with joyful lips; as it is written: "The kingdom of God is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." (Rom. xiv. 17.) The righteousness of Christ is freely imputed for justification before God, and by faith is put on, and he finds the blessed effects of it to be quietness in his own conscience, and assurance for ever that the Most High God is in eternal peace and friendship with him through his dearly-beloved Son. The awful war between God and the sinner ceases, and that for ever, the Lord having sworn that he will never more be wroth with him, nor rebuke him. (Isa. liv.) Hence a solid foundation is laid for access to God, for communion, friendship, and a holy familiarity with the Most High, who was once, in his holy law, an angry Judge and a consuming fire, but now, the Father of all mercies and the God of all comfort, and that for ever.

III. But we will go and see *what our heavenly Father hath freely given us in Christ*; as saith the apostle in the last clause of my text. "That we might know the things which are freely given us of God." But it is impossible for such a poor creature as I to utter the mighty acts of the Lord, and to show forth all his praise; (Ps. cvi. 2;) for God hath "given us all things in Christ." (Rom. viii. 32; 1 Cor. iii. 23.) But I will set before you some of these good things from the Scriptures.

1. The first gift is *his dear Son*. God so loved the world that he

gave his only-begotten Son; and a greater gift God never bestowed upon poor ungodly sinners.

2. He hath given unto us *his Holy Spirit*; as saith the apostle: "God hath given unto us his Holy Spirit," (1 Thess. iv. 8,) who convinces us of sin, (John xvi. 8,) testifies of Christ to the soul, (John xv. 26,) maketh intercession for us in prayer, (Rom. viii. 26,) sheds abroad the love of God in the heart, (Rom. v. 5,) and will abide with us for ever. (Isa. lix. 21.)

3. Another gift we receive from our God is, *the promise of fresh supplies of grace and strength* from Christ's fulness: "Of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace;" (John i. 16;) so that we shall never be finally cast down, for God giveth more grace, (James iv. 6,) which shall reign in every believer through righteousness to eternal life. God hath given us a good hope through grace, which, as an anchor of the soul, keeps the vessel of mercy safe in the midst of every storm. God hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace.

4. With Christ, God hath given us *all things* that will be needful for this present life, for godliness hath the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come; and no good thing will he withhold from them which walk uprightly. They shall be added to us for Christ's sake.

5. God hath set before us *his kingdom*, to encourage our hope in the path of tribulation that leads to it; and hath told us not to fear of coming short of it, because it is our heavenly Father's good pleasure to give us the kingdom. (Luke xii. 32.) "The saints of the Most High shall take the kingdom, and possess the kingdom for ever, even for ever and ever." (Dan. vii. 18.) I might mention many more things that are freely given us of God in Christ, who is in possession of all things for his church. (Eph. i. 22.) He hath given us pastors after his own heart, to feed us with knowledge and understanding. (Jer. iii. 15.) He gave some apostles and prophets, &c. (Eph. iv. 11.) We are partakers with him in his unsearchable riches, joint heirs with him in the glorious inheritance. (Rom. viii. 17.) He will give to every overcomer to eat of the tree of life. (Rev. ii. 7.) A white stone will be given unto us, &c.; and in the stone a new name written. He will grant unto us to sit down with him in his throne. (Rev. iii. 21.) He will give us power over the nations to rule them with a rod of iron. In short, having nothing in ourselves, we possess all things in Christ. And let it be remembered,

"There's not a gift his hand bestows,  
But cost his heart a groan."

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It was not the worthiness of Abraham, or Moses, or David, or Peter, or Paul, but the mercy of God, that made them inheritors of heaven. If God thinks thee worthy, judge not thyself worthy, but take it and be thankful. And it is a good sign he intends to give thee, if he hath drawn out thy heart to ask, "O Lord, thou hast heard the desire of the humble; thou wilt prepare their hearts; thou wilt incline their ear." (Ps. x. 17.)—*Bunyan*.

## A DEBTOR TO MERCY.

(Continued from page 47.)

I shall now proceed to relate a circumstance which caused me great anguish of mind. I was from a child particularly fond of reading; consequently I had a great many books, principally novels, in reading which I took great delight; but through mercy I was brought gladly to relinquish them, and enabled to rejoice in so doing. Although I took delight in reading them, there always appeared to be a bitter mixed with the pleasure I fain would have felt in doing so, for I seldom read them without condemning feelings; but I felt so drawn towards them, it seemed as though I could not give them up. The last novel I remember attempting to read, I began, thinking I would read a little of it; but as I read, I felt so drawn on to continue it, that I could not keep from it. My mother said to me one day, "Jane, I am sorry to see you so taken up with that book!" Those words were like a dagger to my already-wounded conscience, to think that I should feel so drawn to read it, and yet be made so miserable in doing so. It vexed me to be spoken to about it, because I knew, by the miserable state of my feelings when reading it, that it was wrong to do so; yet felt so drawn to read it, it was as if I could not tear myself from it. I was at length, however, obliged to submit, and give up all attempts to finish the novel; and, through mercy, I felt no inclination to make another attempt. But when, as I hope, the Lord first appeared for me, and spoke peace and comfort to my soul, those books revived in my mind (for I had not disposed of them) as fresh as ever. I knew not what to do. I did not want them; but there they were, and what was to be done? "O," thought I, "I will put them out of sight." How different were my feelings when putting them, as I wished, out of sight, to the time when I felt interested in their contents. But I was not to rid myself of them so easily. Although I covered them with a shawl, whenever I had occasion to open the drawer where they were, it was as if they arranged themselves before my eyes, reminding me of my former love to them; as if they would say, "You need not try to shun us. We are the same books you formerly took delight in." I burnt a great many that were unbound, a few at a time. I did not put many on the fire at once, lest my sister should see them; for I knew, if she came into the kitchen before they were consumed, and saw them, she would require an explanation, thinking, if I did not want them, I might have given them to her. As some of them were very thick of leaves it took a long while to consume them, during which time my feelings may be more easily imagined than explained. As I felt so anxious to see the last of them, it seemed as if they took all the longer to burn. I kept going in and stirring them about with the poker, to hurry their destruction; and after a little patience I had the gratification of poking down their only remains, which was a quantity of curled tinder. But now they were gone, those that were bound still remained. I did not want them, but most of them were well bound; and although I had had some of them for years they

were generally equal in appearance to new; so that for a time I did not think of burning them, but kept them together; and although I could not read them, and often felt guilt of conscience on account of them, yet it was as if I could not think they must share the same fate as did the unbound ones, but tried to think that I was not justified in burning books which were equal to new. But so miserable did I feel in keeping them, that I was at length not only obliged to think that they must be destroyed, but actually to destroy them, for they intruded on my mind so, that I could not release myself from them. When attempting to approach a throne of grace, that came like a dagger: "You've not destroyed those books." It was as if I *would* hold them, when, in truth, I did not *want* them; but I wanted the Lord to destroy them for me. O how I begged that if I did destroy them it might not be in my own strength, but that I might see the hand of the Lord in it, and so be enabled to give God the glory; and I have to bless his name that my desire was granted. I was looking one evening in the drawer where these novels were, when I had to turn some of them out, when I hoped they would soon be turned out of existence altogether. And it was even as I hoped. I was enabled to beg earnestly that night that if it seemed right in the sight of the Lord, he would enable me to destroy them. On the following morning I hope and believe I was enabled, in the strength of the Lord, to burn them, and could feelingly say, "Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake."

When the Lord first manifested himself unto me, and gave me a little hope in his mercy, as I believe he did, I felt an earnest desire, if it was the Lord's will, to be brought, in his own time and way, to follow him in his footsteps through the ordinance of baptism; for I saw great beauty in coming forward and owning Christ, by making an open profession of his dear name. Everything that was dear to him to me was also dear. After I was enabled to speak of the hope that was in me, the ordinance of baptism was again revived in my mind, and opened up to me in all its beauty; and as the Lord had so blessedly appeared for me, and enabled me to see such beauty in it, I felt guilt of conscience in not attending to it. Still, I felt it to be such a great honour to be allowed to follow the Lord in his blessed footsteps that I was afraid to believe that such a sinful worm as I might be the happy recipient of so great a privilege, unless the Lord kindly made it plain to me that I might come, and then bring me, lest, if left to myself, I should run before I was sent. I was kept begging and crying to the Lord: "Dear Lord, may such a doubting, unbelieving wretch as I bear the cross for thy sake? May I indeed follow thee in thy blessed footsteps?" And the Lord broke in upon me with love and sweetness, revealing the ordinance of baptism most plainly to my view, and appeared to stand by and reprove my cold delays. O these were cutting reproofs indeed, and served to melt me down. I pleaded thus: "Blessed Jesus, do not I long to follow thee in thy blessed footsteps? But thou knowest I feel it to be such an unspeakable mercy that I am afraid to believe that I

may be the happy recipient, unless thou makest it plain to me that thou thyself hast separated me from the world as one of a people set apart for the Lord, lest I should take that which belongeth not to me." And I have proved by experience that though the vision tarry, or rather appear to us to do so, it is only to show us our insufficiency, and make us to know that our sufficiency is in Christ. I know by experience that to those who have no might the Lord increaseth strength; and it is when we feel that sink we must without the Lord's help, (at least I can speak for myself, and know that it is then,) the Lord makes his strength perfect in our weakness. Once, when feeling an earnest desire for a more full assurance of my interest in a crucified Christ, those words came with sweetness:

"What more can he say than to you he hath said,  
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?"

I remember one Sabbath morning feeling a particular desire going out to the Lord, that as I was so exercised concerning baptism, he would make it plain to me if I must come forward, by removing every doubt and stumbling-block out of the way, so that I *must* come. My heart's desire was to be quite helpless in myself, and to be brought wholly of God, and to ascribe all praise, honour, and glory unto his great name. I was not particularly favoured during the morning service. I knew there were some precious truths advanced, and could receive them as such; but this was not to be the time of my deliverance. O how I begged and entreated the Lord to appear for me that day! I went to chapel again in the evening, with a little hope that the Lord might appear for me, yet almost afraid to hope, lest I should be disappointed. But what a sweet enjoyment I had of the Lord's goodness and mercy, especially in hearing read a published sermon by Mr. P. I cannot remember the text, but I know the substance of it was very applicable to my feelings. A work of grace was clearly traced out in it, and the way in which the Lord weans and separates his people from the vanity of the world, in which they, before called by grace, delighted, and in which, but for guilt of conscience, they would fain have rested comfortable. I listened with wonder and astonishment, for the very things that I had been and was then the subject of were mentioned. These thoughts came into my mind: "Am I really the subject of these feelings? Have I really been led in this way?" Things that I had felt and experienced came home so plainly that I could not deny that I had experienced them; yet I seemed a wonder to myself, to think that the Lord should condescend to notice me. But all these and similar fears and inquiries that arose in my mind were blessedly answered. I cannot explain the way in which they were answered in any other way than this; it seemed as if the Lord said, "Yes, thou art the character; thou art the subject of this or that. I have, notwithstanding all thy unworthiness, called thee out of nature's darkness." And truly language fails to fully describe the blessedness of a full manifestation of the Lord's pardoning love and mercy, or one's feelings under the same. Every stumbling-block was

so removed out of the way that I could not make another excuse, and I felt constrained to come forward and be baptized in honour of my King. I walked home in the enjoyment of these sweet feelings. I longed to get home, when I thought I would go to bed, and be alone with the Lord. Accordingly, I did so, and a blessed time I had. Through weakness of body I required some little assistance in taking off my boots, and for a moment thought of calling my mother; but again I thought, "O no, I will not call any one to intrude, but will have my time with the Lord as I am." And surely a sweet time it was to me. I had such a clear view of the ordinance of baptism; I believe I saw it as plainly by faith as ever I did with my natural eye; and Jesus appeared to stand by, to own and bless it to me. That hymn was made very sweet to me:

"Dear Lord, the ardour of thy love  
Reproves my cold delays."

Those words, "cold delays," seemed to break my hard heart to pieces. What melted me down so was, I was led to view by faith the dear Lord Jesus, whom I felt to be the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely to my soul, standing by the pool and owning that blessed ordinance; and I saw him by faith turn and look on me, and say, "And wilt thou not follow me in my footsteps?" O that look seemed to pierce me through and through. I was obliged to acknowledge with tears that the ardour of the Lord's love did reprove my delays; but that word "cold" did indeed melt me down, for truly I felt that everything that was dear to him, to me was also dear. I was made feelingly to say that night,

"And now my willing footsteps move  
In thy delightful ways."

I cannot but say what matchless love, condescension, and long-suffering was displayed in the Lord thus appearing for and favouring in so especial a manner a sinful worm like me. I could no longer keep silent concerning the exercises I was the subject of relative to baptism. I felt, "If these should hold their peace, the stones will cry out." I expressed to some of the friends the exercises of mind I experienced relative to baptism; which was made known to the friends generally; and I was enabled to beg the Lord to direct them how to act consistently with his will. I felt like one out of the world, at times, when favoured with the Lord's felt presence. This was a begging time with me; I felt that I had to beg every inch of my way through. I felt afraid of worldly things, of time, and sense; that is, I feared lest my mind should become entangled by them; and having a feeling sense of my utter inability to keep myself, I was obliged to go to the Lord, and say, "Dear Lord, thou hast brought me thus far, and thou knowest I am as weak and helpless as ever in and of myself. Thou knowest, Lord, I must lean on thee; I must lie at thy feet. Lord, thou wilt not, thou canst not leave me to myself." I felt as if I must wholly hang and lean on the Lord. When I had occasion to go out, as I walked along I was enabled to look up unto the Lord, and beg to be kept from being in any way

taken up with the vanity by which I was surrounded. "O Lord, turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity."

I remember, about this time, there was what many called a very grand occurrence in the town. Two orders of clubs paraded through the streets, which, with other worldly amusements, made what was called by many a very grand time. Two of my nieces, whom I had under my tuition, requested me to allow them a day's absence from their studies on the occasion. I did not feel at liberty to comply with their request, which I told them; but further added, if their parents chose to grant them a holiday, it must be so. The day arrived, and, as might be expected, my pupils did not attend school; consequently, I had a leisure day, and having a little business to transact in the town, I took this favourable opportunity of attending to the same. I was enabled to beg earnestly that the Lord would not only keep me separate from the vanity and folly with which so many would be delighted that day, but also keep me so that I might not feel a single desire after it; that I might feel that these things belonged not to me; in short, feel an entire separation from them, and be favoured with a little sweet, secret communion with the Lord, so as feelingly to say,

"Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have seen the Lord."

And truly I did feel melted down at the Lord's goodness and mercy to me-ward that day. With these feelings I ventured out, accompanied by my mother. As we walked along, I was enabled to look up unto the Lord, and beg to be kept from beholding vanity. We reached the place we wished to go to without any disturbance, as we saw nothing beyond an every day's occurrence, except rather more people than usual. The people at the shop into which we went were all excitement, expecting every minute to see the grand procession pass by. One of them said to us, "You will have them down your way shortly," meaning, they would pass the place of our residence. "Ah!" thought I; "little do you think what my feelings are; little do you think, much less know, that I am secretly begging that I may not see them." How my heart misgave me when I heard the sound of the music! But the dear Lord was better to me than all my fears. We reached home without seeing anything of them. Who made me to differ from those who delighted in them? All I could say was, "Why me, Lord? Why was I made to hear thy voice?" And those words came again to me:

"Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have seen the Lord."

If these fragments should meet the eye of any person or persons, they must excuse my rambling.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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WE see how prone is the disposition of us all to relapse into forgetfulness when God in any measure relaxes in his discipline. We presently shake off every fear when exempt from evils.—*Calvin.*

## MEDITATIONS ON THE OFFICE CHARACTERS OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

### II.

#### JESUS AS SUSTAINING THE OFFICE OF PROPHET TO HIS CHURCH AND PEOPLE.

*(Continued from p. 68.)*

IN all his works and in all his ways, whether in creation, in providence, or in grace, the infinite wisdom of the great and glorious Sovereign of heaven and earth shines forth with conspicuous lustre. It is true that in consequence of the darkness, unbelief, and infidelity of the human mind as sunk and debased by the fall, this wisdom is for the most part hidden from the eyes of men; but when, under the teaching and testimony of the blessed Spirit, we are brought to see light in God's light, then this infinite and unspeakable wisdom begins to open itself to our admiring view. As taught by the Spirit to see in creation his wouder-working hand, we can join with David in saying, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all. The earth is full of thy riches." (Ps. civ. 24.) As favoured to trace his providential hand, we can look back upon all the way by which he has led us these many years in the wilderness, and see wisdom and mercy stamped upon every step. But whatever view we may obtain by faith of the only wise God as working in the wonders of creation, or as ruling in the complicated affairs of providence, it is in the domain of grace that his wisdom is more especially discovered to a believing heart; for as the gospel is the grand final revelation of his mind and will in the salvation of his people, it is the greatest display of the wisdom of God that could be afforded to his intelligent creatures, whether redeemed men, or admiring, adoring angels. A sense of this made the apostle say, "Howbeit, we speak wisdom among them that are perfect; yet not the wisdom of this world, nor of the princes of this world, that come to nought; 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. 6, 7.) This, on another occasion, made him stand as if on the brink of holy wonder and admiring awe, with the cry in his heart and mouth, "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.) The angels, therefore, themselves, those bright and glorious beings who always behold the face of the God and Father of the Lord Jesus in heaven, derive their deepest lessons of instruction into the wisdom of God from contemplating his gracious dealings with his people: "To the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God, according to the eternal purpose which he purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Eph. iii. 10, 11.) This manifestation of the wisdom of God to angelic intelligences by means of the church was typically represented to the Old Testament saints by the two cherubim of beaten gold who covered the mercy-seat with their wings, and turned their

faces towards it, as if seeking ever to penetrate into the divine mystery of mercy and grace for guilty man through the incarnation of the Son of God; as the apostle speaks, "Which things the angels desire to look into." (1 Peter i. 12.) The Lord Jesus Christ, therefore, in his Person and work, as the Mediator between God and men, in all the offices that he sustains, in all the riches of his grace, and all the fulness of his glory, is "the wisdom of God," as well as "the power of God;" (1 Cor. i. 24;) for "in him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." (Col. ii. 3.) But as these treasures are hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed only to babes, (Matt. xi. 25,) he himself is "of God made unto us wisdom," (1 Cor. i. 30,) that by sitting at his feet and hearing his word; (Luke x. 39;) by taking his yoke upon us and learning of him; (Matt. xi. 29;) by union and communion with him as living members of his mystical body; (Eph. v. 30;) by being joined to him as one spirit with him; (1 Cor. vi. 17;) by drinking into his mind; (1 Cor. ii. 16;) by beholding with open face as in a glass his glory, and being changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord, (2 Cor. iii. 18,) we may possess in him, and derive from him that well-spring of wisdom which shall be in us as a flowing brook. (Prov. xviii. 4.)

The bearing of these remarks on the wisdom of God as displayed in the Person and work of Christ may perhaps not be immediately obvious, but they have been dropped by us in connection with that part of our subject which is still before us, viz., *the qualifications possessed by the Lord Jesus* for the fulfilment of his office as Prophet to his people.

If, then, the blessed Lord is "the wisdom of God," this wisdom will shine forth, not only in the constitution of his glorious Person as Immanuel, God with us, but in every one of his covenant offices. Not only as Priest and King but as Prophet he shines forth in the glory of the Father. Infinite wisdom, infinite love, and infinite power,—the wisdom of God the Father, the love of God the Son, and the power of God the Holy Ghost, all combined in the Person and work of Immanuel to glorify the Father, to exalt the Son, and to save the church. To understand, to believe, to love, to revere, and adore the heavenly mystery of this wisdom, love, and power, to realise it in sweet experience, and to be filled with all the blessed fruits which spring out of it for time and for eternity, will be our highest wisdom and richest mercy.

With the desire, then, to look into some of these depths of wisdom, love, and power, let us now resume our subject—*the qualifications of Jesus* to sustain the prophetic office for the glory of God and the good of his people.

In our last No. we dwelt chiefly upon those qualifications which he possesses as a *divine Person in the glorious Trinity*, antecedent to and irrespective of man, viewed as fallen or unfallen. These were two: 1. His eternal Deity; 2. His true and proper Sonship. Both of these, we have seen, were necessary to qualify him to speak for God as his mouth. He was "the Word," who "in the beginning was with God;" who alone had seen the Father; (John vi. 46;) who

knew the Father as the Father knew him; (John x. 15;) who came forth from the Father; (John xvi. 28;) the only-begotten Son which is in the bosom of the Father; (John i. 18;) and who what he had seen and heard that he testified. (John iii. 32.) It is very strengthening to faith to have a view of these qualifications of the blessed Lord to testify of the Father. We want *certainities*, the fullest evidence, the clearest assurance, that what Jesus has declared of the Father he knew, not by inspiration, as the prophets, but by actual personal sight and knowledge; that he came from the bosom of the Father; that he was "ever by him as one brought up with him, and daily his delight, rejoicing always before him." (Prov. viii. 30.) What a repose is this for faith, that it can rest with implicit confidence on all that Jesus has testified of the Father as alone knowing him, and yet graciously revealing him to the sons of men. In the things which concern our everlasting peace, in the solemn matters of eternity, where our soul's comfort and joy, not to say its eternal salvation, are at stake, how needful it is to have a foundation on which faith can firmly build and stand secure amidst all the storms of temptation. waves of affliction, and the foaming billows of unbelief and infidelity, urged on by the breath of Satan. Believer, your faith has to rest upon and deal with the words of Jesus Christ, for he has "the words of eternal life." Your faith, if it has not already been, will have to be tried with fire. Look well, then, to the foundation, and see that it is firm and good. We shall have, with God's help and blessing, to dwell more fully upon this part of our subject when we come to see how our Lord's prophetic office bears upon a believer's experience; but we wish to impress upon the mind of our readers the necessity as well as the blessedness of having true and believing views of the qualifications of our Lord to speak in the name of the Father, as "the brightness of his glory and the express image of his Person," before the foundations of the earth were laid, or the dayspring knew its place.

But now we come to those qualifications which are more immediately connected with *his pure humanity*; and these we shall find as necessary as those which are based upon his eternal Deity and Sonship.

1. It is *his being man* as well as God that makes him fit to be a Mediator: "For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." (1 Tim. ii. 5.) It is his being "the man Christ Jesus," as well as God the Son, which makes him capable of being the daysman or "umpire," (*margin.*) for whom Job longed, (Job ix. 33,) that can lay his hand upon us both. As God, Jesus could speak to God for man; as man, he could speak to man for God. High as the highest, he became low as the lowest; equal with the Father in his divine, he became equal with man in his human nature. The prophet of whom Moses spake was to be "from the midst of the children of Israel, of their brethren:" "The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thee of thy brethren;" and again: "I will raise them up a Prophet from among their brethren like unto thee, and will put my words in his mouth; and he shall speak unto them all that I shall com-

mand him." (Deut. xviii. 18.) The promised Prophet was to be raised up from the midst of, and from "among the brethren," for he was to be of the seed of the woman, (Gen. iii. 15,) and of the seed of David according to the flesh. (Rom. i. 3.) To be a brother he must assume their nature, as the apostle declares: "Inasmuch, then, as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same;" (Heb. ii. 14;) and again: "For verily he took not on him the nature of angels; but he took on him the seed of Abraham. Wherefore, in all things it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people." (Heb. ii. 16, 17.) This qualified him to say, "I will declare thy name unto my brethren; in the midst of the church will I sing praise unto thee." (Heb. ii. 12.) His qualification as man to sustain the office of a Prophet was as needful as his qualification as God. To save man God became man. To teach his brethren the Son of God became their brother. This pure and perfect humanity he assumed in the womb of the Virgin, and the Holy Ghost, under whose divine and supernatural operation and overshadowing this human nature was conceived, filled it, at the very instant of its conception, with every grace, making it a holy temple in which all the fulness of the Godhead dwelt bodily.

2. But though this human nature of our blessed Lord was in the instant of its conception sanctified and filled with all heavenly grace, yet was it capable of both natural and spiritual growth, and a *further increase of the gifts and graces of the Holy Ghost*. We therefore read of Jesus in his earliest years, that "the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him." (Luke ii. 40.) The growth spoken of there refers to his body, as he is said elsewhere to have "increased in stature," (verse 52,) growing as we grow from childhood to youth and manhood, but without any of those drawbacks of sickness and infantile complaints to which we are subject, from which he was perfectly free, as having no taint of disease or seeds of mortality in his pure and holy frame. His being said to "wax strong in spirit" refers to his being more and more filled in his soul with strength and wisdom, from more continual accessions of the power and unction of the Holy Ghost. No new grace was imparted to his soul, as no new member was added to his body; but as his pure human soul, like our own, expanded and grew with his bodily growth, so was it more and more filled with the Holy Spirit. The divine nature was not to our blessed Lord in the place of a soul. The two natures were essentially distinct, and though mysteriously united in the Person of the God-man, there was, as the Athanasian Creed has well expressed it, no "confusion of substance" from their intermixture, which would have been the case had his essential Deity been as a soul to animate his body. And if it be asked why the human soul of Jesus needed the gifts and graces of the Holy Ghost, as it was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sin and sinners from the moment of his conception, we answer, that without these gifts and graces of the

Holy Ghost it would not have been consecrated to the service of God, nor could it have lived unto him and for him according to the full measure of its capacity. The whole of his human nature, body and soul, would still have been "a holy thing;" (Luke i. 35;) but as the body without natural growth would have ever remained a babe, so would his soul not have grown up into all its fulness of wisdom and grace unless the same blessed Spirit who had formed and sanctified it in the womb had continually replenished it with heavenly treasure. This is beautifully unfolded in the words of the prophet: "And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots; and the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the Spirit of wisdom and understanding, the Spirit of counsel and might, the Spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord; and shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord; and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears." (Isa. xi. 1-3.) By the inhabitation of the Holy Ghost the human nature of our blessed Lord became a holy temple, consecrated to the service of God, replenished with every grace, and qualified not only to do and suffer the whole will of the Father, but to sustain every covenant office.

3. But it was more particularly at his baptism when *the Spirit of God descended from heaven* in a bodily shape like a dove, and rested on him, when the Father proclaimed with an audible voice from heaven, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," that he was consecrated to the active service of his heavenly Father. This corresponded to the anointing of the prophets of old to their prophetic office, as Elijah was commanded to anoint Elisha to be prophet in his room. (1 Kings xix. 16.) Then the Father sealed him, (John vi. 27,) bore witness of him, (John viii. 18,) testified to his Sonship, gave him the Spirit without measure, (John iii. 34,) and bade us hear him. Then the Holy Ghost, as John the Baptist saw, descended from heaven and abode upon him; (John i. 32, 33;) and by this visible descent and perpetual abiding on him anointed him in a more especial manner with all those divine gifts and graces whereby he was qualified to fulfil his mission as the Messenger of the covenant in the most perfect and complete manner for the glory of God and the good of his people.

We may thus draw a distinction between those graces of the Holy Spirit whereby he was anointed with the oil of gladness above his fellows, (Ps. xlv. 7; Heb. i. 9,) and that special communication of heavenly graces and gifts whereby he was peculiarly set apart and qualified to finish the work which the Father gave him to do. Our blessed Lord lived a life of faith upon his heavenly Father. The actings of this faith in all its diversified phases may be clearly seen portrayed to our view in those Psalms which beyond all controversy contain the experience of Jesus in the days of his flesh. There is not a grace or fruit of the Holy Ghost possessed by his people in measure which the Lord did not possess without measure. And these, it must be borne in mind, were active graces, drawn out and

called into continual exercise by the same Holy Spirit who had communicated them. As read with an enlightened eye, the Psalms wherein our Lord speaks show all these graces in constant and active exercise. Faith in all its actings, hope in all its anchorings, love in all its flowings, patience in all its endurings, humility in all its submittings, prayer in all its supplicatings, praise in all its adornings, obedience in all its yieldings, zeal in all its burnings, devotedness in all its self-sacrificings, holiness in all its flame, and worship in all its fervour,—all, all these graces and fruits of the Holy Spirit may be seen shining forth as with beams of heavenly light in the personal experience of our blessed Lord in those Psalms in which he speaks. They were, as it were, framed for him by the Holy Ghost before he came into a time state, that they might be not only prophetic of his sufferings for the benefit of his church, but be the spiritual utterance of his own holy soul in the days of his flesh.\* This personal experience of our blessed Lord forms another and most necessary qualification for his sustaining the prophetic office. He thus possessed the tongue of the learned, that he should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary.

4. But this leads us to another qualification of our blessed Lord to sustain the prophetic office—that he had a *personal experience of temptation*. We have already seen that, in the depths of infinite wisdom, it pleased the Father to send as a messenger of the covenant one who had that intimate and ineffable knowledge of himself which none possessed but his only-begotten Son. Now as thus in his divine nature Jesus was thereby qualified in the highest degree to speak that which he knew, and to testify that which he had seen, so it pleased the Father that in his human nature he should possess similar qualifications. We have already seen this under its two most principal features: 1. The gifts and graces of the Holy Ghost bestowed upon him without measure for the benefit of others; 2. The personal experience which he possessed of every grace of the Spirit. The former made him a preacher, the latter made him a believer; by the first he lived for God, by the second he lived to God; by the one he broke the bread of life to others, by the other he had himself meat to eat the world knew not of; by the first the words that he spake were spirit and life to his believing people, by the second he could say, "And he that sent me is with me. The Father hath not left me alone; for I do always those things that please him." (John viii. 29.) The distinction that we have thus drawn between the gifts and

\* When we speak thus of the experience of the Lord Jesus Christ being contained in the Psalms, we would strictly disclaim the view that *all* of them refer to him. That *some* do is evident from their being applied to him in the New Testament, and from his own words; (Luke xxiv. 44;) but it would be monstrous to refer such Psalms as xxxii. and li. to him. Beyond all controversy, however, Ps. xxii., xl., lxix., and cx. belong to him; and if, in Ps. xxii. for instance, his bodily sufferings are described by his own lips, is it not in full harmony with this to consider the sufferings of his soul, in other words, his inward experience, similarly described by himself; more especially as he used the first verse to express that most dolorous of all his sufferings when the Father hid his face from him? This is what we mean when we say that the Psalms contain the experience of Christ.

graces of the Holy Ghost bestowed upon the Lord for the exercise of his prophetic office and the grace with which he was filled as a matter of his own personal experience, may not be obvious to all our readers, but the difference seems clearly pointed out by comparing Isa. xi. 2, 3 with Isa. lxi. 1-3: "The Spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord, making him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord," evidently points to an inward experience of godly fear which we know in the word of truth often stands for the whole sum of vital godliness; but his being anointed "to preach good tidings unto the meek" evidently points to the gifts conferred upon him to speak for God to his people. But as a part of this personal experience, it was needful for the Lord to know experimentally and feelingly the reality and power of temptation. Immediately, therefore, after his baptism, before he entered on the discharge of his prophetic office, he was led, or as one of the evangelists forcibly expresses it, "driven," (Mark i. 12,) that is, carried by a mighty impulse of the Spirit, into the wilderness, there to be tempted of the devil. Into the record and nature of these temptations we shall not enter, though doubtless much profitable instruction is contained in them. It will be sufficient for our present purpose to direct the attention of our readers to what we may call the apostle's divine commentary upon them: "For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted." "For we have not a High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." (Heb. ii. 18; iv. 15.) The Lord's people are, for the most part, a very tried and tempted people. It was therefore needful that their suffering Head should be tried and tempted too, that in his own soul he might have a personal, individual, and deep experience of the nature and power of temptation. It was not sufficient that he should know temptation as the omniscient God; he must know it as suffering man. As he knew poverty by being poor, not having a place to lay his head; persecution, contempt, and hatred by being despised and rejected of men; suffering and sorrow by being himself a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; desertion of God by his Father forsaking him in the hour of his most dolorous agony,—so he learnt the power and pangs of temptation by being himself personally tempted. He "was in *all* points tempted like as we are," so that not a single temptation from without or from within can assail the child of God of which Jesus had not a personal experience; yet be it ever borne in mind, "without sin," of which there was no seed or taint in either body or soul. Here the gracious Lord differs from us. Temptation never comes to us without meeting with and stirring up sin; but in him there was no sin to stir up, as he said himself: "The prince of this world (Satan) cometh, and hath nothing in me," (John xiv. 30.)—nothing sinful to work upon, nothing corrupt to incite, nothing of his own spawn to beget upon, nothing combustible to inflame.

All figures must be essentially incomplete and inherently imperfect to set forth divine truth, and especially one so deeply mysterious

and inscrutable by the human intellect as what passed in the soul of the holy Redeemer as tempted by the prince of darkness; but we may perhaps, with this reservation, employ two simple comparisons to illustrate the difference between temptation assailing the holy soul of Jesus and temptation assailing our corrupt heart. A raging sea may beat against a pure, white marble rock, or against a bank of earth. The former it can neither move nor sully; wave after wave is repelled and dashed off; whatever streams may lave its sides, the rock remains as before; the salt water has not penetrated its substance or mingled itself with it. So the pure and holy soul of Jesus, of him who is the "Rock of Ages," repelled and shook off, unmoved and unsullied, the fiercest, foulest temptations of Satan—felt them, knew them, experienced them, but never mingled with them, nor they with it. In the wilderness, on the top of the exceeding high mountain, on the pinnacle of the temple, with what holy calmness did Jesus shake off the assaults of the tempter, with "It is written!" Not that he did not feel the power of the temptations, but the Lion of Judah shook them off as the dew-drops from his mane. But *we* are a bank of earth, against which, when the sea of temptation beats, it mixes with the native soil, washes off pieces, and runs off in muddy streams, as entering into its very substance. As in our figure the same sea assails rock and bank, so the same temptations assailed the Lord and us; but how different their effect! He felt them without sin; we feel them with sin. They mingled not with his pure soul, and therefore defiled it not; but they do mix with our corrupt heart, and sadly pollute it.

But take another figure, of a still humbler character, to illustrate the difference between the effect of temptation in the Lord's case and ours. On your right hand is a golden vase filled with the purest, clearest water; on the left is an earthenware vessel in which the water looks clean and good, but for this reason only, that all the dirt has subsided to the bottom. Stir both with the same stick. The water in the vase is still pure and clean; the water in the bowl is at once turbid and thick. Whence the difference? Not in the stick that stirs; not altogether in the receptacle; but in the mud at the bottom of the water. But if our figures are imperfect and inadequate (and we fully admit that they are so), yet fix your eyes—your believing eyes—for sense and reason are useless and worse than useless here, on these two points, and seek to enter into them, though unable to comprehend them: 1. "In all points tempted like as we are;" 2. "Yet without sin." In these two points the whole truth and the whole mystery of our Lord's temptation are locked up and contained. But if any, still wanting some explanation of the mystery, should inquire how the Lord could feel temptation as we do if there was no sinful principle in him to mingle with it, let him ask himself if he never feels temptation when he abhors it? The fiery darts of Satan, as, for instance, blasphemous and infidel temptations, things that your very soul abhors, do not these grieve and distress your spirit, which hates and abhors them? The more heavenly-minded, spiritual, and holy a man be, the more acutely he feels these "masterpieces of hell."

This then may give you a faint conception of the way in which the holy soul of the Redeemer felt, most acutely felt, felt in proportion to his own spotless holiness, the temptations of Satan, yet was never tainted by them.

But we must pause. We have rather run out to sea, as the wind filled our sail; still, we trust we have not gone out of our course if, fixing our eye on Jesus as our polar-star, we have followed up our intention to lay before our readers the qualifications of our gracious Lord to fulfil that prophetic office for the benefit and blessing of the church of God which he undertook in the everlasting covenant ordered in all things and sure.

We hope, with God's help and blessing, to show in our next No., the way in which the blessed Lord *executed it*.

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### A LETTER BY THE LATE JOHN KAY.

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Dear Brother,—I often think of you, and several times have intended to see you, which, when Mr. T. comes back, I suppose I shall, as I want to see him. I shall be glad to see you and all my old friends, for I can truly say, I sincerely and unfeignedly love every one that loves the Lord Jesus, by whatever name called upon earth. I find, my dear brother, money cannot make any one happy, but is, first, a snare, secondly, increases one's responsibility as to how one uses it.

I have believed you to be a good man, and do now; and we live every year to prove that there is no happiness like a sensible vine-branch, feelingly united to the Vine-tree, spiritually the Lord Jesus Christ. Alas! every earthly comfort hath some drawback tied to it, that we feel what Solomon says of the day of adversity and the day of prosperity, "that man shall find nothing after him;" that is, that moths and rust eat and corrupt, that God will take care that we shall not be too happy, but shall find vanity and vexation to have a proper share, in order to damp us in setting too great a value on anything but Christ. Alas! how can we be thankful enough, if we have any well-founded, thorough, and scriptural reason to believe that we are of the number of those "sought out," a city not forsaken! I can say, day by day, that delighting myself in God is my chief joy. I am still also a partaker of that union which I both preached and scribbled on, and which, I trust, is a realization of being engrafted to the living Vine. We want to know our calling and election, and God has promised to make it clear to us, if we are enabled "to follow on to know the Lord!" I have passed through many ups and downs in my life, and as regards temporal things, God has brought me seemingly to an anchorage in temporal things that nought without his permission can again destroy me in that respect; and thus in temporal things I may pass my remaining days in quietness and rest; and what a comfort to have heaven at the end of it, and what an overjoying thought to have sips, tastes, and fortastes, making one sure of it before one gets there.

The many conversations you and I used to have together I remember, and am sure they were right, and am sure that only as any one is experimentally sound on, first, Christ, and secondly, the effects; on that ground only, and proportionably, generally, can we be called Christians scripturally; and the whole of Scripture, not a part, Hart says, is a glass which shows us ourselves and others, that we may not think more highly of ourselves or any, but think soberly. And are we not obliged to call out, O our leanness, and the leanness of nearly every one; for repentance, faith, and the fruits thereof are at a very low ebb nearly everywhere in

the present day. John Bunyan's Holy War will much shake, as a measure, nearly all the religion in the present day into a nut-shell. But they call it legal; and so they and Mr. Carnal Security must lull one another into an unscriptural and insecure self-satisfaction; whereas, on the contrary, for any one to have solid satisfaction with God, the man's repentance, faith, and fruits must be sound as a bell.

Please to be so good as to give my kind love to Mr. P. He has made many sacrifices for Christ, and has faced many dangers for Christ's sake; and if we are not to count highly of those who, like Paul and Barnabas, have hazarded their necks for Christ, we cannot think highly of those do-nothing Christians who rest on a dead faith, if we are to judge them by their actions.

Farewell, dear friend, for the present. Accept of this line as a mark of Christian remembrance; and when the top-stone is brought forth, I trust you and I shall be seen among the elect, of which we not only have talked, but through grace given all diligence to have it manifested and feelingly secure; and with kind Christian love to yourself and all the godly,

Believe me, your unworthy, affectionate Friend,

Aug. 4th, 1849.

J. KAY.

PS.—Remember me to your wife. I have never had a day's good health for a year, and fear I never shall.

## Obituary.

### THOMAS PINK.

THOMAS PINK, carpenter, died Aug. 28th, 1861, at Sumner's Town, Chichester, aged 87. He worked at his trade until he was 80 years of age; after which he was so afflicted that he and his wife, who has nearly lost her sight, received parochial relief. As he gave such undeniable proofs of a real work of grace on his soul, it was thought advisable to record a few of the Lord's merciful dealings with him whilst travelling through the wilderness. The following is an extract from a letter that was written by him to Mr. Parsons, minister, of Chichester, Mr. P. having previously written to him requesting him to give some account of the way in which the Lord had wrought on his soul:

"I was accustomed to attend St. John's Chapel or Church with my wife; but the Lord was pleased to set his love upon her, which caused her to wish to leave the church and attend on your ministry. This stirred up great enmity in my mind; for day after day when I came home she was reading the Bible. The first thing I looked for was to see if she had the book; but, poor dear, she often put it on the shelf if she heard me coming. One evening, I met you in St. Martin's Square. After I got home my wife came and asked if she might go to chapel. I consented for her to go, but very unwillingly, and told her that I had just met her parson, and used the awful expression that he looked like a hunted devil. Some little time after, the Lord was pleased to send you to my house, and in the evening of the same day my wife went to Providence Chapel. When I came home and found her gone, it filled me with rage. Satan, also, soon found an instrument to tell me that you had been to see her. All these things made me full of malice and wickedness, and I left the

house, went towards the chapel, and paced backward and forward, Satan tempting me to throw stones through the window, and knock the parson (dear Mr. Lock) out of the pulpit, and persuading me to break my wife's legs. After staying near the chapel some time, I went up the North Street, as far as the cross, and waited to see my wife and the other people go home. I passed them and got home first. I said to her, 'What actions have you been up to to-day? Are you not ashamed to leave a family of little children till this time of night?' I told her that I knew Mr. P. (yourself) had been there, and added that I would break that unhappy fellow's neck when I could catch him. I also declared that she should go away from me, for I would not live with her; and that she must not let me see her there the next day. She came up to me to shake hands, and told me that it was the day of her espousals, and the day of the gladness of her heart, and that I was welcome to do with her what I pleased. I took her by the shoulders and put her out of doors, and to my awful shame, gave her a kick; but my heart failed me, and I felt that I had not power to hurt her. My spirit dropped. I went out to the back of the house, and fell to the ground, and cried for mercy. After a time I came in, got my supper, and went to bed, but had but little sleep. In the night, my wife asked me if she was to go. I told her that I did not care; but I did not wish her to go. In the morning I got up with a heavy heart, and went to my work; but, my dear friend, the day seemed very long, like two days. I came home at night to my supper, but could not contain myself indoors; but went out night after night, wandering about from one place to another, crying, 'O Lord, have mercy upon me! O Lord, undertake for me!' On Sunday, I was constrained to go to Providence Chapel, but my heart was so heavy, and my eyes so full of tears, that I could not look up. The next day I went to my work again, but felt my sins to be heavier and heavier; and after I had finished work I wandered about in the copses and lanes in the dark and gloomy night, crying out, 'How shall I bear the pains of hell? How shall I dwell in everlasting burnings? O Lord, have mercy upon me!' I came home, and went to bed, but got out again before it was light, and looked out of the window. Fearfulness and trembling had taken hold of me, and a horrible dread had overwhelmed me. I dressed myself and went out to creep into some dark hole to mourn over my sin. The next Sabbath I went to the chapel to hear you, and the Lord enabled you to speak of all that I had felt and been passing through, which very much surprised me; and when I got home, I asked my wife if she had told you about me. She said, 'No.' The next morning I went as usual to my work, and took out the leaf of a book which I had in my pocket to read; but, as I stood with my back to the door, and was reading, I felt such a darkness that I even feared Satan was there. I felt much terrified, and as soon as I was able, fell on my knees, as I had often done before, earnestly begging for mercy. The next Sabbath, you took up the character of Saul, and spoke concerning his going to Damascus to destroy God's dear children. O, my dear friend, it filled my eyes with tears

and my heart with such trembling that I could scarce sit on the seat. I bit my tongue, and sat with my back hard against the wall to prevent myself from crying out aloud, for I felt that I was the very character.

"I have had temptations of different kinds. At one time I have been tempted to take wood which did not belong to me. At another, I saw some very fine potatoes, and took up two or three in my hand, when those words were brought to me, 'Let him that stole steal no more.' So the blessed Lord kindly kept me from evil.

"The next time I heard you, the subject was on that part of David's experience as given in Ps. cxvi. 3, 4: 'The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me; I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.' These words came so sharply to me that I could scarcely sit to hear them. The next morning I went to work with some others at a gentleman's house, where we had the hay-loft for a shop. I saw a piece of paper on the ground, and on picking it up found it contained the verse (Phil. i. 6) in which God promises where he begins the work of grace in a poor sinner's heart he will perfect it. These words, my dear friend, were very sweet and precious to my soul, better than fine gold, being assured that the Lord had begun a good work in my soul, and that he would carry it on until the day of Jesus Christ. I used to read the little piece of paper, and carried it so long in my pocket that I could scarcely see a letter of it. After this I was much tried, fearing that I was a hypocrite. When you heard of it you gave me to understand that I was not, which much lifted me up. I found another piece of paper with this text on it: 'By the grace of God I am what I am.' These words filled me with wonder and gladness, so that I cried out, 'O, it is by the grace of God I am what I am.' I was truly glad to read the name of Jesus on these pieces of paper as I went to and from my work, with my eyes full of tears. Sometimes I felt a little gladness, but generally heaviness.

"The next time I heard you preach, you spoke particularly of unbelief; on hearing which I felt pricked to the heart, and was constrained to say, 'O Lord, I do believe, help thou my unbelief.' On a morning, as I went to my work, I often crept into some quiet place, and fell on my knees, and poured out my troubles to the Lord. One morning I awoke with these words on my mind: 'The Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee;' and they continued with me until about half-past 8 o'clock, when I was wiping my tears as dry as I could to go in to take my breakfast; but just as I got part of the way over a small bridge that I was crossing, the Good Samaritan met me, and poured into my soul the oil of his grace, which caused the burden of my sins to be removed from my conscience. Then I could see that the Lord had dealt bountifully with me, and that he was very merciful and of great goodness, for he had poured into my soul the wine of his everlasting love, which caused me to love him again. Then I could say, 'O thou precious Jesus!' I loved his people and his ways; and my heart leaped for joy if I could see one of his little flock. I

was ever glad to look at your little cottage, because I felt that a child of God lived there. Now, my dear friend, these happy days are past, but I have often wished them back again.

“About two years ago, I was favoured with these words: ‘Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.’ My wife and I have often experienced the truth of that precious promise.

“Now, my dear friend, I have given you an account of what the Lord has done for my soul, as far as I am able. May the Lord bless you and your partner in life, her mother, and your tender offspring; may they grow up as calves of the stall. May the Lord prosper you in the work as his chosen servant.

“Your unworthy Son,

“May 27th, 1829.”

“THOMAS PINK.”

During his lengthened illness he was much supported, and spoke most satisfactorily to those who visited him, although he had not those heights of heavenly joy that he experienced in his deliverance. He professed much gratitude, both to God and man, for any little kindness shown him, and wished a blessing on those who visited him. A friend who frequently called on him, and read the Scriptures and other books to him, one evening took a “Standard,” (Jan., 1861,) and read a letter from Mr. Parsons to some friend at Chichester. After he had finished, he saw tears in the eyes of the poor old man, for it was a letter that he had lent to a friend at a distance, and they had it inserted unknown to him, which caused a feeling of gratitude and joy for past mercies. When the Epistles were read to him, he was enabled to enter fully into the blessed truths contained in them. On Ps. civ. being read, on a Sabbath afternoon, he took up the last verses, from 33, and said that during the previous night he could also sing with the Psalmist, and felt it sweet to meditate on the goodness and mercy of God. Under a feeling sense of his own unworthiness and sin, he would often say, “I have been a naughty boy;” and said at times he feared his faith and patience would not hold out; and now and then a thought darted through his mind, “Suppose I am deceived after all!”

A few nights before his departure, he was very happy in his mind, and said many things to his wife of a comforting nature, and sang that verse of a hymn:

“Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
We love to hear of thee.  
No music’s like thy charming name,  
Nor half so sweet to me.”

When singing sweetly the last word, he put his hand on his breast.

The last night he spent on earth he said that he had had a heavy conflict with the enemy; and in the morning, when visited by two friends, he did not feel so comfortable in his mind as he could wish. One of the friends reminded him of 1 Cor. x. 13, where is recorded the faithfulness of God in not allowing his people to be tempted above what they are able to bear. He said he had experienced that for

many years; but added that he was too weak now to tell of the Lord's dealings with his soul. After this, Ps. ciii. was read, and a prayer offered to the Lord on his behalf. When the friends left, he appeared to be refreshed; and in the afternoon, those in the room observed a smile on his countenance, although he was enduring great pain. In the evening he said, "Do, Lord, take me! Precious Jesus, do take me!" He asked his wife to get him a little drink. She left him to get it, and shortly returned with his son, who, on speaking to him, said to his wife, "He is asleep;" and so it proved, for he had fallen asleep in Jesus, at 8 o'clock in the evening. B. H.

LINES WRITTEN BY A. H., ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF THOMAS PINK.

BLEST is the soul that sleeps in Jesus' arms;  
 Saved from all dangers, quiet from alarms.  
 A shock of corn into the garner brought;  
 A ransom'd soul safe up to heaven caught.  
 No more to struggle with accursed foes,  
 No more to feel sad pains, and griefs, and woes;  
 No more to strive with the old man of sin,  
 No more to conflict with his seed within;  
 No more to reason 'gainst the power of faith,  
 No more to question what Jehovah saith;  
 No more to pray, to wrestle, to implore,  
 No more to beg and sigh at mercy's door;  
 No more to watch and wait at wisdom's gate,  
 No more to mourn thy lost and ruin'd state;  
 No more to fear the pains of death and hell,  
 No more to doubt the bliss of ending well;  
 No more to cherish unbelief and care,  
 No more to sink in sorrow and despair;  
 No more to feel a precious Father's frown,  
 No more to know of tossings up and down;  
 No more to sigh through darkness, or complain,  
 No more to feel a guilty conscience stain;  
 No more to hunger after righteousness,  
 No more to thirst for endless happiness;  
 No more to search for Jesus crucified,  
 No more to ask for needs to be supplied;  
 But resting from thy labours on his breast,  
 Who toil'd that thou might'st enter into rest.

A MAN who buys a field, (if no exception in the laws of that nation be made,) buys all the advantages of that piece of earth, downward to the centre of the earth, and all between that and the stars, albeit he really minds no more, it may be, than the grassy superficies of his land, till he discovers some other excellence. Then he minds that also, and owns it, whether it be mines of gold or silver, or whatever is in the nature of the earth, which was not known when he bought it, because he bought the right of it, without restriction as to any particular quality in it. So is it with a soul, that by faith lays hold on and receives Christ's Person. It may be, his eye is chiefly on freedom from the guilt of sin; but in taking the Person of Christ, he receives not only pardon, but a true right to whatsoever is in Christ, relating to this life and that which is to come. The heaven of heavens is not able to contain the utmost of that inheritance which belongs to a believer, because it cannot contain God. This faith discovers, and cries out, "My lines are fallen in a fruitful place, I have a goodly heritage."—*Dorney*.

## R E V I E W.

*Sermons of the late Mr. John Vinall, for Forty-five Years Minister of Jireh Chapel, Lewes, and of Providence Chapel, Brighton. London: James Nisbet & Co., Berners Street. 1861.*

AMONG the many striking features which distinguished the life and labours of Mr. Huntington, this was not the least conspicuous, that by the graces and gifts which the Lord bestowed so abundantly upon him he attached to himself so large a number of personal friends, some of whom became eminent ministers of the gospel. As a proof of this assertion we need only mention the names of Jenkins, Brook, Lock, Beeman, Chamberlain, Turner, Parsons, and though last not least, the late Mr. Vinall. The names of others may occur to our readers which have for the moment escaped our memory, or are unknown to us, but we have mentioned, we believe, the most conspicuous. Mr. Huntington, it is true, shone among them and above them all as the moon among the planets, or as David amidst his mighty men of valour. In grace, in gifts, in experience, in light life and power, in originality and variety, in the knowledge and ready use of Scripture, in acquaintance with the human heart, in wielding the weapons of warfare on the right hand and on the left to defend truth and beat down error, none of his friends and followers approached him, if we may use the expression, within speaking distance. There was, therefore, no rivalry between them. Before they were drawn within his circle, the Lord had set him on high as a burning and a shining light. They had, therefore, nothing to give or teach him, though he had much to give and teach them. Thus naturally, necessarily, he took his position, and they theirs; and his friends no more thought of rivalling him than the friends of a prince strive to be greater than he. This was not on their part servility, or on his undue assumption. The bond which knit them together was a spiritual, not a natural tie. A poor despised coalheaver as he had been, though now, by the providence and grace of God, raised up to an eminent position in the church of Christ, had no places of honour or of emolument at his disposal. If he were in their eyes the King's prime minister, he had no preferment to bestow but that of hatred from the world and scorn from the professing church. When Rowland Hill, the great evangelical light of his day, bade his servant take up a work of Huntington's\* with the tongs and put it on the fireback, it was but the expression of the general abhorrence of him as felt by the religious party of the day. Those, therefore, who boldly stood forth as his followers and friends had to bear their share of obloquy and shame. Competition being precluded, there was little room for envy and jealousy, for these subsist chiefly among equals. Mr. Huntington was raised above rivalry, for none so fully admitted his superiority as his immediate friends. He fully repaid their respect and kindness. He gave them wise counsel in their dif-

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\* If we mistake not, it was the "Bank of Faith."

faculties, sympathised with them in their troubles, and was always ready to help them with his purse in their necessities. We are not setting up Mr. Huntington, for, like other great men, he had great infirmities; but merely describing what is plain to all who have read his correspondence with his friends, or have ever heard them speak of him since his decease. To have known him, to have had the privilege of his friendship, was to the latest period of their lives regarded by them as one of their choice mercies. As flesh mixes with everything, we do not deny that on his side there might have been the gratification of pride in being so looked up to and almost revered, and on theirs the pleasure of being received by him as saints and servants of God. We think that we have seen traces of both these feelings in their intercourse; and as unchecked authority is apt to degenerate into tyranny, and unresisting obedience into submissiveness, so in some cases Mr. Huntington might have condemned too severely, and his friends acquiesced in his authority too implicitly. Let us also bear in mind that, like other great men, Mr. Huntington had his flatterers who often spread their net for his feet, and many admirers who walked in the light of his knowledge and gifts without any share of his grace. It could not be expected, therefore, that he would never be entangled by fair speeches, or always see through the mask of profession. But with all these deductions, which a sense of duty compels us to make, we must still bear in mind that, amidst the storm of obloquy and contempt which assailed him from every quarter, it must have been a solace to Mr. Huntington that he had for his personal friends some of the excellent of the earth, and for them that they had the fullest persuasion in their own consciences that he was an eminently favoured servant of God. A few still remain of his attached hearers, though every year is now thinning their ranks; but Mr. Vinall, we think, was about the last survivor of the preachers of the gospel who called him their father in Christ.

Mr. Vinall was so well known, and so highly and so deservedly esteemed, not only by his own church and congregation, but by the numerous occasional hearers who, visiting Brighton for the sake of health or a necessary relaxation from business, embraced the opportunity of listening to the truth from his lips, that some memento of his ministry seems peculiarly desirable. The labours of a faithful man of God are by no means restricted to his own congregation or his own life. Mr. Huntington, as occupying a central position in the great metropolis, drew to him, either as occasional hearers or permanent members, very many who could not have heard him had his ministry been confined to some small town; but even he paid his annual visits to the Isle of Ely, Grantham, Newark, and other places where his presence was hailed with delight by numerous friends and followers who had read his writings and been blessed under his ministry. Mr. Gadsby and Mr. Warburton were probably as much if not more blessed from home than at home, the former in the north and the latter in the south of England, besides their annual visits to London. Churches and congregations who have to endure the burden of the support of the ministry, have of course the largest claim

upon his services; yet we have thought sometimes if they could a little more divest themselves of selfish feelings, and bear in mind the blessing that their minister may be made to many other members of the same mystical body of Christ besides themselves, they would be more willing to hold him with a slacker rein. In Mr. Vinall's case this relaxation of home rule was not so required, as he laboured constantly, not only at Lewes but at Brighton, and during the former part of his ministry, had a very extensive sphere of labour in both the east and west of Sussex, besides visiting London every month for three or four evenings for the space of nine years.

But it will be, perhaps, more satisfactory to our readers if, instead of obtruding upon them our own reflections, we give a little account of his call by grace and subsequent experience, as contained in a brief but very interesting memoir of him published by his son, Mr. Ebenezer Vinall.

His call by grace is thus given :

"Being of a lively disposition, and a good singer, his company was much sought after, and he became a ringleader of his companions. At seasons, much of his time was spent in bell-ringing, singing, and what he then felt to be pleasure-taking. The Christmas holidays previous to his call by grace, he was for five weeks with his ungodly companions night and day; and, on his eldest sister remonstrating with him on the sinful course he was pursuing, he replied, 'I shall surely go to hell, and then I shall know the worst of it!' Thus was he hardened indeed through the love of sin, and led captive by the devil at his will; when (O the richness and freeness of God's grace!) as he was returning home about midnight, during the early part of February, 1802, being then in his twentieth year, he was stopped, as he often expressed it, at the forty-fifth milestone on the road to London, between Mockbridge and Henfield, which he described in the following manner: 'After I had been striving secretly against sin and temptation, and under some legal convictions, for many months, it pleased the Lord, of his infinite mercy, to meet with me in a sovereign way, unthought of and unsought for, and to infuse his blessed Spirit into my heart; so that I cried out, from the overpowering feeling, 'My dear Redeemer!' The moment the Lord met with him, he said, he had such a sight and sense of himself as a sinner, and of the kindness and goodness of God, that his heart was melted into the deepest contrition, compunction, humility, and godly sorrow. Here he saw, indeed, that the Lord would be most just if he cut him off and sent him to everlasting destruction; but, instead of that, his goodness melted his heart, and produced that godly sorrow that worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of. From this time he was enabled to separate himself from an ungodly world; as it is written: 'Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.' The fear of God being implanted in his heart, he departed from iniquity; and from that time was led to seek the Lord by humble prayer and supplication, and began to work out his salvation with much fear and trembling, God the Holy Ghost working in him both to will and also to do of his good pleasure."

Shortly after this, he was removed in the providence of God to Lewes (May 19th, 1802), where he first heard a Mr. Dale, but afterwards attended the ministry of Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Huntington's well-known friend, and called by him "the Welsh Ambassador." The little memoir thus speaks of the effect of Mr. Jenkins's ministry on his conscience, and of his happy deliverance under Mr. Huntington:

"Mr. J.'s ministry was very searching and close. Frequently, after sermon, my father rambled on the Downs, or retired to his room, and begged of the

Lord that he might pass through the most acute exercise and severe discipline rather than be deceived. He continued for the most part in this state of mind until the year 1805, when Mr. Huntington came to Lewes, at the opening of Jireh Chapel, which place of worship was erected for the use of Mr. Jenkins and a portion of his old congregation, on their separating from Lady Huntington's Connection. Mr. Huntington's first text was 1 Kings viii. 11: 'So that the priests could not stand to minister because of the cloud; for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of the Lord.' The next evening he preached from these words: 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' (Matt. v. 8.) In the course of his sermon, Mr. Huntington made this remark: 'If you will hear me attentively, I will tell you in so many particulars wherein you may know whether or not you have a pure heart.' This was the point on which my father was longing for satisfaction. Under this discourse, the Lord was pleased to speak pardon and peace to his soul, and to set him at sweet and happy liberty. After this he heard Mr. Huntington preach at Bolney, under the apple-tree in the garden of Mr. Blaker, from these words: 'In all places where I record my name, I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee;' which subject was much blessed to him, and he returned home filled with joy and peace in believing."

For some years after this he was exercised about being called to the ministry, and an opportunity being given he expounded the word at Lewes, then destitute of a minister. He was favoured "with such liberty and boldness as carried with it a manifestation of the presence of God." This was in September, 1811.

This will introduce us to our next extract:

"When Mr. Huntington visited Lewes the last time, he sent for my father to meet him at Stoneham at 5 o'clock in the morning. He received him kindly and affectionately, and gave him some very wholesome counsel. In the evening of the same day Mr. H. spoke from these words: 'But go thou thy way till the end be; for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.' (Dan. xii. 13.) In this discourse he showed the necessary qualifications of a faithful minister of the gospel; leaving it to my father's and the people's consciences to judge whether he answered to the description given.

"Mr. Brook dying, Sept. 21st, 1811, the cause at Brighton was without a minister; and in the following year my father was invited to preach there, which he did, at first once a fortnight, and after a time regularly every Sabbath evening, and also on a week evening. Soon it pleased the Lord to call him to more extended labours. He preached at Alfriston, Eastbourne, the Dicker, Five-Ash Down, Maresfield, and Ticehurst, in the east of Sussex; and in the west part of the county, at Petworth, Midhurst, Chichester, and other places; and for the period of nine years, three or four evenings every month in London. His ministry was much blessed to many. Hundreds, I might say thousands, were through his instrumentality brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. I believe very few ministers of Christ have been more honoured of the Lord, and made more extensively useful."

Our space does not admit of dwelling on several very interesting and edifying circumstances connected with the rupture of a blood-vessel, with which he was afflicted in the spring of 1829. But Dec. 22nd, 1831, he was visited by a more enduring affliction in being seized with paralysis, from which he never recovered, losing permanently the use of his left side. During this time of affliction, when he so fully anticipated his dismissal that he chose two texts for his funeral sermons (Isa. lvii. 1, first clause, and 2 Tim. i. 12, last clause), he was much favoured with the presence and blessing of the Lord. The time was not however come, as he lived more than 20 years after this and was enabled to resume his ministry at Lewes and

Brighton, with an occasional interval from bodily afflictions and other circumstances into which we need not enter. That he had infirmities of temper, owing no doubt much to the nature of his bodily afflictions, is well known; but these are best buried with his poor shattered tabernacle. They will no more rise with it in the day of the Lord's appearing than his paralysed side. But there was one point on which he had a peculiar and, as the event showed, an erroneous impression, on which his son has touched both very tenderly and wisely. We shall, therefore, simply give the following extract on the subject:

"He had about this time adopted the impression that it was the Lord's purpose eventually to restore him from his paralytic affliction; and this idea coloured in a considerable measure the remainder of his ministrations. I do not feel it necessary to enter into this subject very fully, as the event showed that he was mistaken; suffice it to say, that I believe he grounded much of his confidence on the interpretation he put upon Ps. xci. 15, 16: 'He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honour him; with long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation,' which was truly fulfilled in his experience, although not in the way which he expected. A short time prior to his death he spoke to me on this subject, and alluded to the persuasion a Mr. Baker had (before my father sank into the despairing state as before narrated), in reference to the restoration of his body, grounded upon the same passage; and I went through the text with him, pointing out to him the way in which it had been already fulfilled in his experience. First, In his being enabled to call upon God, as I had often heard him say that God was not out of his thoughts ten minutes together for years, except when sleeping. Secondly, The many answers to prayer he had received. Thirdly, The special way God had been with him in his trouble. Fourthly, How mercifully he had delivered him and honoured him in his ministry. And Fifthly, According to his frequently-expressed desires to depart, that he was perfectly satisfied with the length of his days, not wishing to live one day longer. 'Ah!' he said; 'but there is the last.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'I believe that you will shortly realise this, when the dear Lord comes to receive you to himself; then it will be fulfilled in the highest degree and fullest extent.'"

It is satisfactory to find that he himself toward the last felt that he had been deceived in the impression of his bodily restoration:

"After this he was much tried respecting the views he had held, and what he had advanced, respecting the restoration of his body; and said that he had been deceived in the impression, and wished that he had never spoken of it. He told those about him that they were to give up all expectation of its fulfilment. Although tried on this point, his confidence in the God of his salvation abode strong and firm. He had often said that if ever he was convinced he was wrong in the impression, he would gladly acknowledge it; observing, 'If I am deceived in this, I am deceived; but it is no part of my salvation.' He was well aware that I did not agree with him on the subject of his restoration, and therefore seldom spoke of it to me."

He had his changes during his last illness, but for the most part was kept in sweet peace. We have only room for the closing scene:

"On Saturday, a great change was evident to us all. The poor tabernacle was being rapidly taken down. In the early part of the morning he said, 'Quiet rest;' and a little time after, 'Whom once he loves he never leaves.' Then he said, 'Happy, happy, happy!' and waved his hand. He was next heard to say, 'Joy!' and being asked by his son Joseph if he was happy, replied, 'Yes.' Joseph rejoined, 'You are almost at home, father.' His reply was, 'I wish I was quite.' These were the last words he was heard to utter;

and from that time he sank into a deep sleep, until his eyes were finally closed in death, at a quarter past 3 o'clock in the afternoon, March 3rd, 1860."

The Sermons at the head of this article were taken down as notes by Mr. Spence, a gentleman residing at Hertford, during occasional visits to Brighton. We hope in our next No. to give one at full length, which will speak for itself as a memento of Mr. Vinall's ministry; though nothing can convey the peculiar savour, sweetness, and power which rested upon the word from his lips when the Lord was with him. We of course speak more from the testimony of others on whom we can depend than our own, though on one occasion, in the year 1838, we heard him with great sweetness and savour. On certain points of experience he was peculiarly clear and discriminating, such as the first work of grace on the soul, the fear of the Lord, faith in all its trials and exercises, the nature and power of prayer, the presence of the Lord with its effects in the heart; and as he had a wonderful knowledge of Scripture and the greatest aptitude in its application, and did not, as many ministers do, just touch upon the point and then leave it, but went deeply into it and clearly described its workings, it gave to his ministry a peculiar power and interest. He excelled where so many ministers fail. They speak of godly fear, faith, repentance, &c., but do not describe the sensations they produce, the sinkings and risings, the ins and outs, the ups and downs, and the whole train of godly movements which follow upon the secret operations of the Holy Spirit upon the heart. But Mr. Vinall was singularly gifted to work out and describe the various and conflicting sensations of the quickened and believing soul, and thus to cast a blessed light upon the most precious and valuable parts of a believer's experience—that fear of the Lord which is "his treasure;" (Isa. xxxiii. 6;) that faith, or rather that trial of faith, which is "much more precious than of gold that perisheth;" (1 Pet. i. 7;) that good hope through grace which maketh not ashamed; that love of God which is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost. (Rom. v. 5.) The chief work and value of an experimental ministry is not merely to say that such and such desires and workings are the feelings of a quickened soul, or the actings of living faith in a believer's heart, and to quote a string of texts to prove it; but to describe the minutiae of these spiritual sensations, and to work them out in their various and often hidden and intricate movements Godward. The kingdom of God in a believer's soul is like a deep mine of heavenly treasure. "Surely there is a vein for the silver and a place for the gold, where they fine it." "The stones of it are the place of sapphires, and it hath dust of gold." But in this mine "there is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen." (Jer. xxviii. 1, 6, 7.) The minister, then, must be the miner to dig into this mine, to turn up this vein, to bring to light these sapphires, and gather out this dust of gold. But to do this, he must see by the purged and enlightened eye of faith a path which no unclean vulture (preacher or professor) ever saw, and turn up an intricate vein which no "fierce lion," roaring against experimental truth, ever "passed by," or his "whelps," yelping by his notes, ever trod. To dig into this

mine, and tread this path was Mr. Vinall's happy privilege; and for the silver, the gold, and the sapphires which, as he thus dug, he turned up to fill their treasures, his people and his gracious occasional hearers loved the man, prized his ministry, and bore with his infirmities.

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*SINKING, YET TO SWIM.*

STRONG corruptions felt within,  
And the hateful plague of sin;  
These beset me day by day.  
Can I, then, be in the way?

Could my thoughts be captive led,  
Holiness from me be fled,  
And at times be sunk so low  
As to fear to God to go?

Yet again to God I flee,  
Toss'd like Jonah in the sea,  
If but mercy may appear  
Me to save from black despair.

Lord, I beg, for Jesus' sake,  
Ne'er from me thy mercy take;  
Leave me not a prey to hell,  
Nor let sin o'er me prevail.

Ashwell.

Love divine, my soul restore,  
Lest I wander more and more;  
For I dare not trust my heart,  
Lest I act the traitor's part.

Jesus, Friend of sinners thou,  
Let me at thy footstool bow;  
Let that blood for sinners spilt  
Wash me from my sin and guilt.

Open'd then my lips shall tell,  
Thou canst save a soul from hell.  
Blood's a voice the soul to cheer,  
When the Spirit brings it near.

Lord, the saving balm employ;  
Bring its healing virtue nigh;  
Love and peace dwell in my breast,  
Pledge of my eternal rest.

J. C.

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THERE is as much difference betwixt the tears which are forced by the terrors of the law and those which are extracted by the grace of the gospel as there is betwixt those of a condemned malefactor who weeps to consider the misery he is under and those of a pardoned malefactor who receives his pardon at the foot of the ladder, and is melted by the mercy and clemency of his gracious prince towards him.—*Flavel*.

SOME souls that are coming to Christ are great tormentors of themselves upon this account; they conclude that, if their coming to Jesus Christ is right, they must be brought home thus and thus; as for instance: 1. Says one, "If God be bringing me to Jesus Christ, then will he load me with the guilt of sin till he makes me roar again." 2. "If God be indeed bringing me home to Jesus Christ, then must I be assaulted with dreadful temptations of the devil." 3. "If God be indeed bringing me to Jesus Christ, then even when I come to him I shall have wonderful revelations of him." This is the way that some sinners appoint for God; but perhaps he will not walk therein, and yet will he bring them to Jesus Christ. But now, because they come not the way of their own chalking out, therefore they are at a loss. They look for a heavy load and burden; but perhaps God gives them a sight of their lost condition, and addeth not that heavy weight and burden. They look for fearful temptations of Satan; but God sees that they are not yet fit for them; nor is the time come that he should be honoured by them in such a condition. They look for great and glorious revelations of Christ's grace and mercy; but perhaps God only takes the yoke off their jaws, and lays meat before them. And now again they are at a loss, though coming to Christ: "I drew them," saith God, "with the cords of a man, with the bands of love; I took the yoke off their jaws, and laid meat before them." (Hosea xi. 4.)—*Bunyan*.

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

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APRIL, 1862.

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

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SERMON BY THE LATE MR. VINALL,

PREACHED AT LEWES, ON SUNDAY EVENING, JUNE 28<sup>TH</sup>, 1847.

[We here fulfil a promise made in our last No. to give a sermon of Mr. Vinall's from the volume which Mr. Spence, of Hertford, has just published. As notes of Mr. Vinall's Sermons, they are truly excellent—faithful, copious, and connected; but, be it remembered, they are, after all, but notes, and that the very best notes are but a shadow compared with the sermon itself. Whiist, therefore, we exceedingly value these records of Mr. Vinall's pulpit ministrations, and consider that Mr. Spence has conferred a public benefit on the church of God by giving it these results of his unwearied industry yet labour of love, we feel to miss in them that breadth and fulness which gave the sermons themselves as delivered by him so much of their value.]

“Moreover, he kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them, and after that his brethren talked with him.”—Gen. xlv. 15.

You know, my friends, that I am subject to many distressing doubts and fears, that after all God's favours to me I shall be a cast-away. This was the case with me this morning; and I wanted a fresh token of Christ's love. I can often say with the church, “I am sick of love,” that is, I am subject to much jealousy. This makes me want a kiss from my spiritual Joseph like that described in the text. The brethren had many fears that their brother would disown them after the death of Jacob. I have been subject to these fears since the time that I was under an apprehension that I had sinned the unpardonable sin. Now Joseph was a remarkable and lovely type of Christ. He was very early in life made a partaker of the grace of God, as appears from chapter xxxvii. He could not go into evil company with his brethren, but informed his father of their evil report. This was not to create division in the family, but to show what he manifested afterwards: “How shall I do this great wickedness and sin against God?” Jacob loved Joseph, and his brethren were moved with envy against him. Then God reveals himself to Joseph in two dreams. “God speaketh once, yea, twice, yet man perceiveth it not; in a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men.” He tells the dreams to his brethren in the simplicity of his heart, and they would have destroyed him; but God watched over him:

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

He sometimes gives a special promise and faith to believe it, and then he tries his people. "The word of the Lord tried him." Here was a precious promise made to Joseph, but the providence of God seemed to militate against its fulfilment. Joseph's heart no doubt sank within him many times while shut up in prison. How often do these dark seasons precede the greatest light of God's favour and mercy. Therefore, don't be hasty in making conclusions at such dark times. What brings these fears upon Joseph's brethren? A sense of guilt. In the first place you see that God called for a famine. It did not come by chance. Then were the brethren sent to buy corn, and had to go to Joseph. He knew them, and spake roughly to them at first, calling them spies; but they insisted upon their integrity that they were true men. This roughness was to search out their iniquity. God searches out iniquity. The Lord was pleased to bring their iniquity to light when they were in prison, where Joseph put them: "And they said one to another, We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us." Now was their sin charged home to them. None can conceive of this sorrow, what it is, but those who have felt it. Hart says,

"To see sin smarts but slightly;  
To *own* with lip confession  
Is easier still; but O, to *feel*,  
Cuts deep beyond expression."

I cannot find words to express what I have felt under these charges since I have known the Lord; especially when I was charged with having in thought committed the unpardonable sin; and since then I have been subject to many fears. It left a tenderness on my spirit which makes me often want such a manifestation of love as my text speaks of. Joseph manifested himself to his brethren in a peculiar way, giving them many tokens for their good, by returning their money in their sacks, &c. At the second time he commanded the silver cup to be put into Benjamin's sack. Then he sent after them to know who had stolen his cup; and they, knowing their innocence in this matter, were perfectly ready to open their sacks; and the cup was found in Benjamin's sack. Now were they filled with fears again. Don't be surprised that you are subject to many fears, even when you have no consciousness of guilt contracted. Their old crimes soon began to stare them in the face, and they said to Joseph, "God hath found out the iniquity of thy servants." This shows that their fears were very high. Now I have no sense of guilt, nor of God's wrath, and yet am the subject of many fears, because of unbelief. I frequently fall into this state. It is no uncommon path with me, although I have had such manifestations as removed all my doubts and fears, and I could then say with John, "We have known and believed the love that God hath to us. Joseph caused grief to his brethren. It is said of the Lord, "Though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion, according to the multitude of his mercies." The Lord permits this trouble to come upon us that he

may manifest himself in a clearer and sweeter manner. I generally consider when these fears come that the Lord is about to do so.

“All things for our good are given,—  
Comforts, crosses, staffs, or rods;  
All is ours in earth and heaven;  
We are Christ's, and Christ is God's.”

Now the brethren went back to Joseph. Whatever leads you or me to go to our spiritual Joseph will turn to our good, as these brethren found. Then Judah reasons with Joseph in such a forcible manner that Joseph was melted, and could no longer refrain. Judah tells him that “Jacob's life is bound up in the lad's life.” What a sweet text is this—that our heavenly Father's life is bound up in ours. Here Joseph sets forth something of the tenderness and sympathy of Christ, who will be overcome by his people. Judah also is a type of Christ, who pleads for his people. Joseph commanded every man to go out from him; and there stood no man with him while he made himself known to his brethren. Does Christ make himself known to you in a peculiar manner when you are alone? I have generally had the sweetest seasons with him when quite alone, more than in all the public means. When he has spoken most powerfully has it been in your closet? So it has been with me; but I do not confine all to this way.

These words were spoken to me when quite alone, “Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee;” and also these, “Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow.” None know but God and yourself the sweet overpowering sense of his mercy at such times. I speak this very tenderly, because it may not have been just so with all. But has Christ become precious to you? “Unto you, therefore, which believe, he is precious.” “And Joseph said unto his brethren, Come near unto me; I am Joseph your brother. Now, therefore, be not grieved nor angry with yourselves that you sold me hither. It was not you that sent me hither, but God.” But all this did not entirely remove their fears. They wanted a clearer and fuller proof of his love; and then it says, “He fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck and wept, and Benjamin wept upon his neck; moreover he kissed all his brethren.” What a sweet thing to have such a kiss of love as to remove all our fears! As the church in Canticles desires, “Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for thy love is better than wine.” Do you not sometimes feel a jealousy and doubt on this subject, that makes you want a fresh token of his love? Perhaps you think that I cannot have such fears. My friends, every heart knoweth its own bitterness. Do you not sometimes fear that after all you shall come short of Christ? If you do not, I do. Paul prays for the Ephesians that they may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. Joseph knew his brethren when they did not know him. So Christ knew the two disciples going to Emmaus, and also the disciples at the sea of Tiberias, when they did not know him. It is the knowledge of

him that removes all our slavish and servile fears; but our safety and security lie in his knowledge of us. He declares that he will say to some in the day of judgment, "Depart from me; I never knew you." The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, "The Lord knoweth them that are his." Joseph's kissing all his brethren is to show you that Christ's love is the same to all his brethren; and when Christ actually kisses us then we rejoice with him. Joseph wept over his brethren. Christ wept at Lazarus's grave; and the Jews said, "Behold, how he loved him." Both these things are to set forth Christ's love to his people. "Perfect love casteth out fear." After this, "Joseph's brethren talked with him." So it is with us. We cannot talk with Christ freely till these slavish fears are removed by his love. But after these fears are so removed, can they return again? I find that they do, and so did Hart. He says, when singing of the virtue of Christ's blood,

"But if guilt removed return and remain,  
Its power may be proved again and again."

Joseph's brethren afterwards got into the same distress again when their father died, and were filled with fears as to Joseph's love. Do not you find that even after Christ has given you such a sweet token that you think you shall never doubt of his love again, you are still like these brethren? They thought after all that Joseph would hate them. Is it possible for a child of God to have these doubts and fears? Yes, it is. Therefore, these brethren wanted a fresh kiss of love, and Joseph gave it them: "Fear not; I will nourish you and your little ones." Jesus is not ashamed to call us brethren. Therefore he sent this message after his resurrection, "Go and tell my brethren, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." This dark dispensation wherein the famine drove Joseph's brethren into Egypt, and brought them into such trouble, all made way for the knowledge of him. So you will find it in the end. "When men are cast down, then thou shalt say, there is lifting up; and he shall save the humble person." Perhaps one part of the day I am greatly cast down, but then a lifting-up time comes: "Weeping may endure for a night (of affliction), but joy cometh in the morning." How sweet to be indulged to have communion with Christ, though it be through such trying seasons as these. Joseph caused grief to make way for a further taste of his love to his brethren; and Christ does the very same thing to his people here below.

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SAVING conviction extends itself to all sins; not only to sin in general, with this cold confession, "I am a sinner," but to the particulars of sin, yea, to the particular circumstances and aggravations of time, place, manner, occasions; to the sin of nature, as well as practice. "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity." (Ps. li. 5.) There must be no hiding of any sin. The sparing of one sin is a sure argument that thou art not truly humbled for any sin. So far is the convinced soul from a studious concealment of a beloved sin, that it weeps over that more than over any other actual sin.—*Level.*

## A DEBTOR TO MERCY.

*(Concluded from page 79.)*

After this sweet visit, when the Lord was pleased to open up the ordinance of baptism so blessedly to me, I was for a short time favoured with a felt nearness to him, but soon had to mourn an absent God, and could say,

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

After being favoured with such sunny days, I keenly felt the cutting winds; but I was kept crying and longing for another smile, another token for good; sometimes fearing lest I should lose my hope, and that God would be merciful no more, yet praying that the Lord would not suffer my hope to put me to shame. At these seasons, the words of the Psalmist were the language of my soul: “As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.” Thus I have been led from time to time. The Lord has again and again appeared for me, supplied my every need, and set my weary soul at rest. He has put a new song in my mouth, ever praise unto our God.

After being left in this suspense for a time, hoping and fearing, scarcely knowing where the scene will end, how sweet the deliverance is when it does come! Hymn 622, Gadsby's Selection, was once made very sweet to me, when very low in soul. I hope I was enabled to feel thankful to the Lord for directing me to it, for I was made to feel that the substance of it was all for me; but I often have to mourn an unthankful heart, and, what is still worse, often am unthankful and cannot mourn on account of it. Although I had been so blessedly delivered, and, if not awfully deceived, had been so filled out of the Lord's fulness, I soon lost the sweetness, and wanted another token for good. I could not but believe that the Lord had appeared and delivered me in time past; and I desired to speak of it to the praise and glory of his name; but I, like Gideon, wanted to see the fleece first wet and then dry. I was enabled to beg very earnestly for the appearing of the Sun of righteousness, to warm my chilled soul. And thus have I gone on continually. But I must mention one other sweet visit which I had from the Lord. It was from reading that hymn,

“ Let worldly minds the world pursue.”

O what a sweet sight I had, by faith, of a suffering Lord. I read the hymn aloud several times, and Jesus appeared to stand by, and smile on me. I felt as if I was reading to the Lord. How feelingly I could say to the Lord, “The world has no charms for me.” O how I was melted down when I came to that part,

“ But grace has set me free.”

I said, “Lord, am I indeed set free by grace?” and the Lord answered me by pouring out upon me fresh showers of his precious love, which melted me to tears, so that I read and wept. I could speak to the Lord, and say in truth,

“Earthly pleasures fade away,  
When Jesus is reveal’d.”

O what blessedness I could see in being able to feelingly say,

“His name, and love, and gracious voice,  
Have fix’d my roving heart.”

When I read that part of the hymn,

“But may I hope that thou wilt own  
A worthless worm like me?”

the dear Lord broke in upon me again with another token of his love. How joyfully did I repeat the last verse, feeling that if the Lord had not stopped me in my mad career of sin, and drawn me to himself with love, I should have refused him still. This was close communion. I talked with the Lord, and he answered me with love.

“If such the sweetness of the streams,  
What must the fountain be,  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Immediately from thee?”

The 429th Hymn was made very sweet to me. I read that aloud also. I felt as if the Lord said, “I am embracing thee;” and I could feel the arms of everlasting love embracing me. The Lord assured me that he had endured the cross for me, despising its shame; and I replied,

“And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,  
With thee to be baptized?”

O how cutting was the thought of ever being ashamed to own my Lord. How plain the Lord made it to me that he did “the great example lead;” and what beauty I could see in following the example the Lord himself led, and being baptized with the Lord. What a plain view I had of the Lord’s approbation of the ordinance of baptism, for I felt that the Lord had baptized me with love. I was then experiencing the ardour of the love of the Lord; and I felt that, notwithstanding all my doubts, unbelief, and fears, the Lord had condescended to appear for me again with, if possible, greater sweetness than ever. When my mother came home, I said, “Mother, I have seen the Lord. I have had such a sweet time during your absence; and although you are near and dear to me, I could have rejoicingly left all without seeing any of my friends again; and have gone to the Lord.” Truly I felt that afternoon that I had meat to eat that the world knew not of. I felt a desire to live wholly to the Lord.

As near as I can remember, about a fortnight after I was favoured as above-mentioned, two of the friends by appointment visited me. During that time I was not particularly favoured with a nearness to the Lord; but still I had a hope that the Lord would be with me in every time of need; and I was enabled to plead with him thus: “Lord, thou knowest how much I need thy kind supporting arm at this time. Though thou hast been so merciful unto me, yet here I am, as poor, as needy, and as helpless as ever; unable without thee to think, or speak, or act aright.” I felt entirely dependent on the Lord. I felt that I must lie at his feet, for him to lead me every

step of the way. I felt afraid of self, lest I should be acting in my own strength, and take the praise to myself. I desired to watch the hand of the Lord in all things, and ascribe all the praise unto his great and holy name. I knew if he was with me, I should be enabled to speak before his people. I hoped that he would, but was kept without a firm assurance that such would be the case, until within a few minutes before the friends came. On my return home from chapel on the Lord's day morning, previous to the friends visiting me in the afternoon, one of the friends with whom I had been enabled to converse on the best things remarked to me that he hoped their company would be acceptable. I said I hoped so; but I felt very low in my mind as the time drew near, so shut up that I felt as if I could not speak a single word about the best things. When I reached home, and had partaken of a little refreshment, I went up stairs into my own room, and there poured out my soul in prayer unto God. How earnestly did I beg, even then, that if it were not the Lord's will that I should come forward to baptism, he would prevent the friends from coming, or, if they did come, enable me to tell them faithfully that it was not consistent with the Lord's will that I should come forward; but if it was the Lord's will that I should come, I was enabled to beg that I might be able, if not in words, in my heart, to say, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." O, this was a wrestling time with me! I did feel mine to be an urgent case; for I expected the friends every minute, and did not know how the case would be decided. I cried aloud, "Now, dear Lord, do appear!" Whilst on my knees, although I did not experience any great deliverance, yet a little hope sprang up that the Lord would be with me. I took my hymn book, and went down stairs, and opened on Hymn 328, which was greatly blessed to me, faith being given me to take those exceeding great and precious promises to myself, believing that my strength would be equal to my day.

A few minutes after I had read that sweet hymn, (I say sweet, because when anything comes, as that did, just at a time of need, it is indeed sweet,) the expected visitors came in, and my desire was granted, I being enabled to receive them joyfully; and truly I felt it good to speak of the Lord's dealings with my soul.

About a fortnight after I was visited by the friends, I was enabled to speak before the church, and was baptized shortly afterwards. Hymn 649 was made very sweet to me before I was baptized. I could feelingly repeat the fifth verse, and was enabled to beg that the Lord would favour me with an enjoyment of the substance of the sixth verse; and I could feelingly say,

"With thee into the watery tomb,  
Lord, 'tis my glory to descend;  
'Tis wondrous grace that gives me room  
To lie interr'd by such a Friend."

What a blessed time I had the next morning, whilst in bed, meditating on the ordinance of baptism. I had a sweet view, by faith, of a suffering Jesus, and the dear Lord appeared to commune with me,

saying, "All this was done for you." Truly I felt humbled in the dust whilst meditating on the humility, meekness, and longsuffering of a precious Jesus, who "was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth." O how my heart was dissolved that morning, to look by precious faith on him whom I have pierced. That beautiful hymn, beginning,

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,"

was made very precious to my soul. I read and wept. O what a burning love towards the dear suffering Lamb of God filled my breast! I felt so unsettled all that day, such a longing desire to depart and be with Christ, as if I never could live on the earth. After being drawn so near the Lord, it sorely grieved me to have to go again to the things of time and sense.

The next morning the dear Lord again appeared for me in a very blessed way. I felt such nearness to Christ that I talked with him. I felt so blessed in my soul; I felt my Beloved to me mine and I his. I cried, "O that I had the wings of a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest."

"If such the sweetness of the streams,  
What must the fountain be?"

But I afterwards felt as if I was wrong in being so very desirous to depart, not considering the Lord's will. I felt grieved that I should thus have disregarded the Lord's will. I read Phil. i., and felt that part good where Paul is in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. I pleaded with the Lord thus: "Dear Lord, did not thy servant of old desire to depart and be with thee?" I felt that it was the love of the Lord that had led me to desire it, and I was enabled to pray that I might run with patience the race set before me, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of my faith. It grieved me to have a wrong desire or thought just at the time when I felt Jesus to be so precious to me. It was as if the dear Lord looked smilingly on me, and said, "Thou shalt inherit the eternal happiness of which thou hast had a foretaste; but you must wait my time."

"My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this;  
And sit, and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss."

But how soon the fulness of these sweet visits is gone, and we can then join with the Psalmist, "Remember me, O Lord, with the favour that thou bearest unto thy people. O visit me with thy salvation, that I may see the good of thy chosen, that I may rejoice in the gladness of thy nation, that I may glory with thine inheritance."

My soul goes through many changes; but the Lord's love knows no variation. I hope I have experienced many little helps by the way since the last-named love visit. Often, when approaching a throne of grace, I am obliged to put my mouth in the dust, and cry, "Guilty, guilty!" feeling so dead, so barren, and so far from the

Lord. But still I am obliged to go again and again, feeling I have nowhere else to go, and I have often felt what a great thing it is that poor sinful worms should be really satisfied with nothing less than the manifested love of the Lord shed abroad in their hearts.

“Less than the Lord will not suffice  
Their comforts to restore;  
More than himself they cannot crave,  
And he can give no more.”

“Their hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness.  
They dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.”

Swindon.

J. T.

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### THE LORD ALONE DOETH LEAD US.

My dear Sister in the Lord Jesus,—Grace and peace be unto you. I was glad to receive your kind note, and to find that the dear Lord is so good to you. He is good and doeth good continually. O that I could continually trust in him with all my heart, and not lean to my own understanding, which I am so prone to do. The folly of my heart is great indeed; but the Lord by his wisdom overrules it for my good and his own glory. I expect to go begging on all my journey through this waste howling wilderness; but it will soon be over. These light afflictions are but for a moment.

“Trials may press of every sort;  
They may be sore, they must be short.  
We now believe, but soon shall view  
The greatest glories God can shew.”

Out of weakness the Lord still makes strong. He will be all or nothing. “He delivereth the needy when he crieth, the poor also and him that hath no helper.” So the Lord alone doth lead us, and there is no strange god with us. So the poor hath hope, and all iniquity stoppeth her mouth, and our soul doth sing, “Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and thy truth's sake.”

The Lord go on to be gracious to both thee and thy husband, for his great name's sake. Amen.

May 3rd, 1860.

JAMES SHORTER.

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“God so loved the world.” But that *so* may be lengthened out to eternity before the import of it can be told or fathomed. God *so* loved the world. A wonderful *so* indeed, and comprehensive beyond the conception both of men and angels. God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son for it. Had he given mountains of gold and silver for us; had he told down for our ransom all the treasures that lie hid in the bowels of the earth or scattered throughout the whole creation; nay, had he emptied all the holy angels in heaven of their glory, or even reduced them to their first nothing for our sakes; all had been as nothing to the giving of his only-begotten Son to the death for us. O the wonders, the miracles of love that are wrapped up in this! Why, if the Scriptures of truth had not so plainly revealed it, we could not have believed it; and even after it is revealed, our faith must be well fixed, else it will stagger under it; for this is one of the deepest and most unfathomable mysteries of our holy religion.—*Craig*.

## Obituary.

### JOHN FORD, OF NORTHAMPTON.

THIS aged disciple was a member of the Strict Baptist church in this town 32 years. For upwards of 25 years he acted as clerk, and to this place of worship he continued warmly and devotedly attached. He was one who feared God above many, though often in bondage through fear of death. He possessed a holy tenderness of conscience, a spirituality of mind, a deep humility of spirit, and a gracious circumspectness of walk and conversation before the church and the world, combined with a deep knowledge of the plague of his own heart, and the need and preciousness of the dear Redeemer. Like Lazarus from the rich man's gate, he was carried from the workhouse to the bosom of him who loved him and washed him in his own precious blood, and to whom he ever ascribed all the glory for his unmerited and distinguishing mercy.

It is now rather more than two years since I became acquainted with this aged servant of the Lord. Being brought to this town in the providence of God, and desiring to lay myself out for the Lord, I inquired for the poor of his flock. My first interview with this dear old man I cannot forget. He accompanied me to a friend's house, and very soon did he begin to tell me of the joys and sorrows he had experienced in his wilderness course, proving that he was rich in faith. I felt it was no small privilege to feel a union of spirit with such an experienced soul. After dinner, he said, "Come, let us have a tune;" and, to my surprise, sung through the whole of one of his favourite hymns, "Begone, unbelief," 232, Gadsby's Selection, dwelling especially on the 3rd and 4th verses. I then inquired how it was he became an inmate in the union. He replied, "It is all right, though I could have wished it otherwise. After I lost my mother, a good and gracious woman, who lived to be 92, I became afflicted with epileptic fits; sometimes I fell, and once into the fire. It was not then proper that I should be left alone. Our dear minister and many of the members tried to prevent it, but means could not be found, so I was taken there, and nothing have I to complain of but my want of liberty. I wish always to go to the house of God. I love his house, his ordinances, his ways, and his people.

'With them number'd may I be,  
Now and through eternity.'

But, O unbelief, unbelief!" He then repeated with much feeling Hymn 288, Gadsby's Selection, dwelling particularly on the first verse.

Shortly after this, I called with a Christian sister to see him, when he said, "If we want to talk about God, we must walk round the garden, and be alone, for there are none in the room that love him, or care to hear about him." After listening to and enjoying his conversation, we left with heavy hearts, wondering why a King's son should be confined within the walls of such an unhealthy and unfriendly abode. But the Lord, who is "too wise to err, too good to

be unkind," permitted this righteous man to dwell there, either for the good of others or for the trial of his faith.

From varied circumstances and trials, I had not another interview with this old disciple for several months, when I changed my residence; and not being far from his abode, I frequently sent for him for the day. This little kindness he was most grateful for, and very often mentioned on his dying bed the pleasure this little change had afforded him. Very refreshing and helpful were the hours spent in listening to his savoury conversation and prayer,—seasons, I trust, that will be held in everlasting remembrance; for he added, "They that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard," &c.

I think it was in the month of March, 1861, he expressed himself very feelingly respecting the then low state of our little Zion; and hearing that one of the oldest members had absented himself, he with great earnestness read that hymn of Newton's:

"Saviour, visit thy plantation,"

dwelling with peculiar emphasis on the verse which reads thus:

"Where are those we counted leaders,  
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth,  
Old professors, tall as cedars,  
Bright examples to our youth?"

adding, very quaintly, "Keep your stall, if you do not sell a penny-worth." He then commended the cause, our minister, deacons, and members, to the gracious care and guidance of Israel's Triune God, he that never slumbereth nor sleepeth.

On Good Friday, so called, he again came out, and enjoyed meeting with some of the old members, saying, "What a privilege to meet together to talk of all Jesus has done, and said, and suffered for us here below. What a meeting it will be when we get above! The Canaanite no longer in the land, to harass, perplex, and dismay." At this time he prayed twice, and read John xvii., speaking very feelingly as he proceeded. As 6 o'clock approached, he said, with a heavy heart, "I to my sad place return, but you are going up to the courts of the Lord." A friend said, "The Lord will be with you." "Yes," he said, "and he is.

'Thy smiling face can cheer  
This dungeon where I dwell;  
'Tis paradise if thou appear;  
If thou depart, 'tis hell.'"

The inquiry was put to him in my absence, if he was comfortable, and had what food he required. In reply, he said, "I have nothing to complain of; but I should like to come out to die." This I did not know till after his decease.

From increasing feebleness he had only attended the services at the chapel the first Lord's day in the month, when a kind friend received him at her house. In June last she told me how much he enjoyed conversation and singing. He was requested to select a hymn; when he immediately said,

“All hail, the power of Jesus' name;  
Let angels prostrate fall.  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all!”

When ended, she said, “What next?” With great energy, he said, “Why, ‘Crown him’ again;” and lifting his hand, “‘Crown him, crown him’ again.”

In July and August he was again in the house of God, and enjoying the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper. I and another friend took some refreshment with him in the vestry, and between the services were privileged to converse together. He sang and prayed, and said he had heard well, adding,

“If such the sweetness of the streams,  
What must the fountain be?”

During the afternoon service, sitting by me, he pointed to Hymn 482. At the close of this service we drank tea with one or two friends at the house of the sister mentioned. He felt tired, yet joined in singing another hymn:

“Grace, 'tis a charming sound!”

Also Hymn 1104. During the day, I had mentioned to him my intention of leaving home for a little time. He looked at me rather sharply, saying, “Why, you have got the gospel here; what more do you want?” I answered, “I am not going to hear another gospel, but the same gospel through another sent and honoured servant of the Lord.” “Then make haste back,” he replied. And well do I recollect thinking on my aged friend as I sat listening to the sound of the gospel in Stamford Chapel, the first Lord's day in September, wondering if he had been joining with the assembly of the saints below.

Before Oct. arrived, he was seized with paralysis of the left side and arm. When I went to him, he said, “I am glad to see you back again. I fell down on Sunday, but should not if I had been in chapel,” again proving how he longed for the courts of the Lord. “Who knows?” he continued. “I may be out by the next ordinance day.” I answered, “The Lord alone knows;” not wishing to damp his desire, at the same time feeling he was seized, as it proved, never more to leave that room. He said, “Do come, and tell the friends to come. Don't desert me now.” “Do not fear,” I replied; “you will not be deserted.” Friends did go, and supplied his little wants. There was a clinging to life, which to some might have appeared strange at first; but it arose not from a love of the world, or the company of the world, but through fear of the last struggle, fearing how it would be when called to stand on Jordan's brink. He was often cast down, but not destroyed. Unbelief crept in, and he wondered how the scene would end. On one occasion, he said, “O, if after all I have heard, and said, and thought,

‘What if my name should be left out,  
When thou, my Lord, shalt call?’

O, I cannot bear the piercing thought.” He was reminded of two lines he had so frequently sung:

“And can he have taught me to trust in his name,  
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?”

This afforded him a little comfort. Another friend present repeated part of Ps. lxxix., which cheered his down-cast soul.

At my next visit, on inquiring how he was, he burst into tears, and said,

“As they draw near their journey’s end,  
How precious is their heavenly Friend;  
And when in death they bow their head,  
He’s precious on a dying bed.”

Ah! and he is precious to *me*. I found him so last night. I cannot tell how very precious he was, and in the midst of my pains too; such manifestations of his love!” “Then it is all praise now, John,” I replied. “No longer unbelief?” He smiled, and said,

“I’ll praise my Maker whilst I’ve breath;  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers.”

He then spoke of a comfortable meeting he had enjoyed with his minister, who was led to speak on the text: “Cast not away your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward,” and said, “I will not, I cannot.

‘Yes, I shall see his face,  
And never, never sin.  
There, from the riches of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.’

O what a mystery! Endless pleasure; endless eternity! It may well be said, ‘Here we see through a glass, darkly; there we shall know even as we are known.’ Swallowed up in never-ending praise.” “What an exchange,” I said, “from this abode to inherit a mansion; for in our Father’s house are many mansions, and Jesus has gone to prepare a place for you, and will shortly come and receive you unto himself.” He, with a sweet smile, said, “Aye, he will. It is not said, ‘many rooms,’ but ‘mansions.’ We shall all be together, all for whom he died.” He then alluded to the sufferings of Christ, and, bursting into tears, added,

“My sins, my cruel sins,  
His chief tormentors were.  
Each of my crimes became a nail,  
And unbelief a spear.”

Unbelief, that is the worst!” “But you are not suffering now from that foe? Are you not free?” “Yes,” he said, and then repeated a verse of Toplady’s:

“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!”

Then followed:

“Grace all the work shall crown,  
And grace shall have the praise!”

His heart now seemed full; and he could not sufficiently express his gratitude. On my repeating a verse of Ps. ciii., he followed with

several more; and then said, "The world little think what they lose when they follow a believer to the grave." "True," I said; "and the church of God indeed lose much, for the prayers and sympathies of a believer are very greatly to be prized." He cried out,

"My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
While life and breath remain."

This joy was succeeded by a very desponding frame of mind. With eyes filled with tears, he said, "My bodily pains increase, but they are light compared with soul pains. I hope I shall never be left to dishonour God by swearing. When the pain comes, I call out." I answered, "Call out you may, but you will be kept by the mighty power of God, I hope, from profanely calling on his holy name." And so he was. This fear arose possibly from hearing one in the room, who could not speak without uttering an oath; and sometimes during the night his language was terrific, disturbing the rest of this gracious man. Before my next visit this man died; and on my entering the room, Ford said, "He is gone, and they say he died like a lamb;" adding, "'Thē wicked have no bands in their death.' They will take him to church, and thank God for having taken to himself the soul of our brother, in sure and certain hope, &c. Awful delusion and mockery! Arminian rubbish!"

I had been desirous of ascertaining John's wish respecting his burial; and now there seemed a favourable opportunity. When he had finished, I said, "And soon it will be said of John Ford, that he too is dead; and what then?" "O, they will take me down in the dead-house, and in three days bury me in yonder churchyard. May I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his." "Would you like your body to be buried in the cemetery, and your minister bury you?" He looked round in ecstasy, and replied, "Ah! shouldn't I? That I should." I said, "It shall be done."

His sufferings were now drawing to a close. On hearing that he was worse, I went, accompanied by another friend, and one who had known him many years, on the evening of the first Lord's day in Dec. He was in extreme pain, the porter supporting him. As we approached his bed-side, he said, looking very cheerfully,

"Ah! I shall soon be dying;  
And, on my Lord relying,  
I'll hail the happy day!"

Yes, I will, I will." It was said, "That happy day is not far distant; and you will see the King in his beauty." He said, "Yes, and behold the land now afar off." He then spoke sweetly on Hos. ii. 14.

The following day he was again depressed in mind, feeling very acutely the unhappy differences that had arisen in our church. "Divisions!" he said, "why, they come from Satan. If the apostle Paul could come and preach, or an angel from heaven, some would not be satisfied. O remember what Joseph said to his brethren, 'See that ye fall not out by the way.'" I was grieved to see him so distressed; and not having named this painful occurrence to him, felt it wrong that any one should have thus burdened his mind. I could not

ascertain that any one had mentioned the case, which seemed to imply that the Lord must have directed him how and what to speak.

One more conversation after this were we privileged to enjoy, five days before his decease. He was quite collected, and looked very happy. "Ah!" he said, "it is a sharp struggle; it can't be much longer; but I shall endure to the end. Satan tells me I am an idolator. You know I have often told you if I had no other evidence that I am a child of God, I have always had this: 'We know that we have passed from death unto life,' &c. Now Satan says, 'If you love the brethren, you do not love God; so an idolator you must be.'" I said, "Has he not been a liar from the beginning? and does he not delight to worry those he cannot devour?" "Aye, aye," he responded, "and with a malicious joy too." He then said,

" 'E'en down to old age, all his children shall prove  
His faithful, unchanging, invincible love.' "

Our minister coming in, I left; and his last conversation with this old disciple was most satisfactory.

The next time I saw him he was unable to speak, but perfectly sensible. On hearing my voice, he extended his hand and held mine; then removed it, placing it on his chest, wishing to convey where the pain was so violent. I said, in a low voice, "Is it well?" He could not articulate; but an indistinct sound indicated, "Yes." Then he raised his hand, as if beckoning to the Lord to release his happy spirit. I said,

" 'On Jordan's banks I stand,  
And cast a wistful eye.' "

He could only press my hand. He was heard to say, a day before this, "Happy! Blessings!"

I desired to be present when his happy spirit took its flight to the mansions of the blest. This was not granted me. He lingered till the following morning, when he entered into the presence of his Lord, Dec. 11th, 1861, aged 84.

" Borne on seraphic pinions now,  
Mount Zion's heights he gains;  
There, with the blood-wash'd throng to bow,  
He chants immortal strains."

On the following Lord's day his remains were deposited in the cemetery, carried by several members of the church, other members following. It was a pleasing sight to witness the greater part of the congregation thus assembled to pay their last tribute of respect to this aged disciple. Truly, "the memory of the just is blessed."

L. D. D.

P.S.—Hoping the above account will be read by many of the Lord's living family, may I be excused in adding, that I trust, with the Lord's blessing, it may prove a means of stirring up many to come forward and contribute towards the support of that invaluable institution, the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, that our poor members may be provided with a quiet and comfortable home in their last days.

## MEDITATIONS ON THE OFFICE CHARACTERS OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

### II.

#### JESUS AS SUSTAINING THE OFFICE OF PROPHET TO HIS CHURCH AND PEOPLE.

(Continued from p. 88.)

THUS far the *qualifications* of our blessed Lord to sustain the office of Prophet to his Church have formed the subject of our Meditations. As all the relationships which the Lord bears to his people, as their covenant Head, are living springs of strength and consolation to them in exact proportion to their faith in him and to their receiving of his fulness of grace for grace; (Ps. lxxxvii. 7; John i. 16; Gal. ii. 20;) and as this faith is fed by knowledge, and works by love, how desirable it is that all who believe in his name should clearly see with anointed eyes, and experimentally feel with confiding hearts, the strong foundation on which their trust in him is built. "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation." (Isa. xxviii. 16.) Our faith, if indeed it be the faith of God's elect, has to be tried as by fire. We need then look well to two things: 1, the *foundation* itself; 2, the *faith* which stands on that foundation. Failure in either would be perilous, if not fatal. We are at present engaged with the foundation; the faith which builds upon it will, in due course, come under our notice.

O thou, then, who wouldst build for eternity, but art often deeply tried and exercised about thy faith whether it be indeed wrought in thy heart by the mighty power of God, look well to the foundation. How can thy faith be strong if the foundation be weak? Or how can thy faith firmly embrace the foundation, unless thou clearly see it as laid by the hand of God himself in Zion, and know for thyself that, as a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation, it is able to bear all the weight of thy aggravated sins, all the burden of thy continual sorrows, all the pressure of thy daily wants, all the load of thy complicated perplexities? This is the reason, then, why in all our previous attempts to set forth the covenant offices of our exalted Lord, we have dwelt so much on his qualifications to sustain them for the glory of God and the salvation and sanctification of his people. Let us ever bear in mind that the glorious Person of Christ is the grand object of our faith. "Look unto me,"—not my offices—"and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth;" (Isa. xlv. 22;) "Come unto me,"—to myself, to me, the God-man,— "all ye that labour and are heavy laden," (Matt. xi. 28,) are his gracious words. First himself, then his offices; first the Son of God, then the High Priest over the house of God; first the Son given, then the Wonderful Counsellor; first the mighty God, then the Prince of Peace. (Isa. ix. 6.) From his glorious Person his covenant offices derive all their grace and glory, all their beauty and blessedness, all their suitability to our wants and woes. Unless, then, we have a living faith in his Person, we cannot have a living faith in his work. We first embrace his glorious Person, as revealed to our soul by the power of God as his only-

begotten Son, and then, by receiving out of his fulness supplies of heavenly grace, live a life of faith upon him. If, then, our faith has to embrace him as "the Messenger of the covenant," (Mal. iii. 1.) as the promised Prophet, to whose words we are to hearken, under penalty of eternal ruin, if we turn away our ear from him and harden our heart against him; (Deut. xviii. 15-19;) if all the saints who are in his hand "sit down at his feet and receive of his words," (Deut. xxxiii. 3,)—and we are among that favoured number, surely we cannot be too well grounded and established in a spiritual and experimental knowledge, first of his glorious Person, and then of his covenant office as Prophet, whereby he leads in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment; that he may cause those that love him to inherit substance, and he will fill their treasures. (Prov. viii. 20, 21.)

In pursuance, then, of this desire to lay a sure foundation for faith, we have thus far endeavoured to show the qualifications of our gracious Lord, both as the Son of God and as the Son of man, to be the Messenger of the Father, the Revealer of his mind and will, the Mouth by which he speaks to the sons of men.

We now, therefore, pass on to the consideration of,

III. *The execution of the office of Prophet by our blessed Lord upon earth.*

We have already seen that Jesus was consecrated to the service of his heavenly Father from the womb, that every grace and gift of the Spirit rested upon and filled his pure humanity, and that thus initially he was Priest, Prophet, and King from his miraculous conception and birth. But it was at his baptism, as we have already pointed out, that he was peculiarly consecrated and set apart for the work which his Father had given him to do. When found in the temple by his sorrowing parents, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions, he said unto them, "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" (Luke ii. 46, 49;) but it was after his baptism that he could more specially say, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." (John iv. 34.)

i. The first step towards doing this will and finishing this work which we shall notice is, his *receiving words from his heavenly Father*, that he might speak them in his name.

In our introductory remarks on the nature of the prophetic office, we showed that its peculiar and most prominent feature was, that the prophet was, as it were, the very mouth by which God spake. "Thus saith the LORD,"—not "I his prophet," was not only his only title to be heard, but the only message with which he came. Now this "Thus saith the LORD" involved the necessity that whatever he uttered in the name of the Lord should be the very words which God spake unto him; for if they were in the least degree modified or altered, there would be no certainty that they were the full and exact expression of the mind and will of the Lord of hosts. We all know that if a messenger be allowed to put the words of him that sent him into his own language, they cannot be fully relied on.

Thus our blessed Lord, as the anointed Prophet of the Father, had words given to him, which words he spake exactly as the Father gave them to him.

As this is to our mind a point of deep importance, yet one which we have rarely if ever seen touched upon, we shall devote a few minutes' attention to it.

When Moses went up into the mount, the whole pattern of the tabernacle was set before him, and the injunction was given him, "And look that thou make them after their pattern, which was showed thee in the mount." (Exod. xxv. 40.) Not a loop, therefore, or pin could Moses put in or leave out in the construction of the tabernacle to make it swerve one item from the pattern set before him. Had there been the least deviation or alteration from the exact pattern, it would not have been the Lord's own tabernacle. The additional loop would have been not the Lord's, but man's, and therefore an ungodly intrusion into the sanctuary; and the deficient pin would have taken from the fulness of the Lord's house, and made it imperfect.\* Thus, in a similar way, our blessed Lord, as the Prophet of the Most High, received words from his heavenly Father, full in number, and exact in nature; and these words he spake in his name and by his authority, no more and no fewer than they were given him. How plain are his words on this point: "For I have not spoken of myself; but the Father which sent me, he gave me a commandment, what I should say and what I should speak. And I know that his commandment is life everlasting. Whatsoever I speak, therefore, even as the Father said unto me, so I speak." (John xii. 49, 50.) These words were "the words of eternal life," (John vi. 68,) and as such were "spirit and life" (John vi. 63) to those who received them with power from his lips. But, as we shall presently show, they were in a more especial manner given by him to his disciples, according to his own divine language in his intercessory prayer: "I have given unto them the words which thou gavest me." (John xvii. 8.) And that these were the exact words given him by his heavenly Father is plain from what he also elsewhere testified: "Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? The words that I speak unto you, I speak not of myself; but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." (John xiv. 10.)

But the question may arise as an objection to this view, "If the Lord Jesus were indeed God, possessing, as such, all the perfections of Deity, if, as you have so much insisted upon, the Son of the Father in truth and love, and as such intimately acquainted with his mind and will, what need was there that express words should be given him? Could he not have spoken them in his own name, and by his own authority, as he said to the roaring sea, "Peace, be still?" (Mark iv. 39.) Such questions are not very reverent, as we should receive the truth in the simplicity and humility of little children, and believe where we cannot comprehend; but as we cannot always

\* How far this is applicable to the service of the Christian sanctuary, and condemnatory of all additions not commanded, and of all deficiencies not supplied, let our readers judge.

still the objections of our reasoning mind, and this question admits a sufficient and satisfactory answer, we have anticipated it, and shall reply to it. When our blessed Lord took our nature into union with his own divine Person, it was to become the Father's servant: "Behold my servant," &c. (Isa. xlii. 1.) A servant, in his character as a servant, does his master's will, and speaks his master's words. For a servant, then, in the highest and fullest sense of the word, to have a will different from his master's will, and to speak words different from his master's words, would be not obedience but disobedience, not service but rebellion. As, then, the blessed Lord came as the most obedient and devoted of all servants to do his Father's will and his Father's work, (Heb. x. 7; Matt. xxvi. 39; John xvii. 4.) and as his deepest grace and highest glory were to do both perfectly, so when he came as a servant to speak his Father's words, it was to him no degradation, but, on the contrary, a most gracious and blessed humbling of himself to speak them just as they were given him, without addition, diminution, or alteration. He was as perfect as a prophet to speak for God, as a priest to die unto God. It no more, then, detracts from his Deity and divine Sonship that he did not speak his own words than it detracts from them that he did not do his own will. Will and words, doing and dying, obedience and suffering, death and resurrection, grace and glory, were all determined on in the eternal Covenant, and were as fixed, certain, and unalterable as the stars in their courses or the sun in the sky. Fixed as these, do we say? Aye, much more, for the Covenant will stand when the stars fall from their places, and the sun, like a weary giant, pales and faints in his daily race.

We do not think, however, that we should have dwelt so long upon this point were there not this peculiar blessedness in the words of Jesus as Prophet being the words of the Father, that 1, they thereby perfectly reveal the mind and will of God; 2, that, as spoken by the Mediator between God and man, they are words of peace and reconciliation from that just and holy God against and before whom we have so grievously sinned; 3, that, as applied to the heart by the power of God, they are spirit and life. We much wish that our limits allowed us to dwell more on this peculiar feature of the Lord's ministry, as it formed its chief power and glory, but we must pass on to the second step of the execution of his prophetic office, which we consider to have been,

ii. *The choice of disciples.*

Our blessed Lord had to found a church on earth. The corn of wheat had to fall into the ground and die, that it might bring forth much fruit. (John xii. 24.) And after this corn of wheat had fallen into the earth and risen out of it,—in other words, after the Lord Jesus had put away sin by the sacrifice of himself, had risen from the dead, and gone up on high, it was the will of God that his death and resurrection should issue in a glorious crop of redeemed sinners. But that this crop might be gathered, labourers were needed; and that these labourers might go forth fully commissioned by the Lord of the harvest, they themselves must first be taught to plough, sow,

and reap. Our Lord, then, for this purpose chose disciples, "whom also he named apostles, that they should be with him, and that he might send them forth to preach, and to have power to heal sicknesses, and to cast out devils." (Mark iii. 14; Luko vi. 13.)

In unfolding this part of our subject, it may, perhaps be well to bear in mind that the Lord's calling and ordaining of his twelve disciples were distinct events, and took place at different periods of his ministry. He first drew disciples unto himself by those secret cords of his grace whereby, as made willing in the day of his power, they forsook all and followed him. It was at Bethabara\* beyond Jordan, where John was baptizing, that the Lord thus drew to himself his first disciples. "Behold the Lamb of God" was the word of power which, as it fell from John's lips, the Holy Ghost applied to the heart of two of his own disciples, and made them follow Jesus: One of the two was Andrew, who, having found for himself the Messiah, the Christ, must needs, in the overflowing of his heart, tell his brother Peter the good news,† and bring him to the same blessed Lord. Philip is the next whom Jesus finds as a poor, lost, wandering sheep, and whose heart he touches and subdues with the word of power, "Follow me." Philip findeth Nathanael, the Israelite without guile; and the omniscient eye which saw him under the fig-tree wins him to believe that not only good, but the Giver of all good, could come out of Nazareth. (John i. 35-51.) These disciples followed the Lord into Galilee, and were present with him at Cana, where he wrought his first miracle, in turning water into wine, to manifest forth his glory and to confirm their faith. (John ii. 11.) We need not, however, particularise the call of the disciples by their gracious Master. It is sufficient for our purpose to show that to call, ordain, and commission them was a leading feature of the execution of his prophetic office. We may therefore divide this branch of his earthly ministry into three distinct periods: 1. The call of the disciples, which took place at different times in the first year of his ministry; 2. Their ordination in a more special and solemn manner to be apostles, which seems to have occurred in the first quarter of the second year of his ministry;‡ and 3. Their final commission after the resurrection, when

\* Some of the best manuscripts, amongst them the Alexandrian, in the British Museum, written not later than the fifth century, read *Bethany*, which seems, for other reasons, to be the true reading.

† It is well worthy of observation, that there was at this time a general expectation of the near advent of the promised Messiah; (see Matt. ii. 3; Luke ii. 38; iii. 15; John i. 10-25;) and this circumstance, combined with John's ministry, prepared the way for the reception of Jesus by believing hearts. (Isa. xl. 3-5; Matt. iii. 3.)

‡ We do not often quote our authorities, though on such historical points we occasionally consult them. We think, however, that the following extracts from Greswell's "Harmony of the Gospels," a work of great learning and deep research, are much to the point, and will be found useful and interesting:

"The concurrent testimony of St. Mark and St. Luke establishes the fact that, until the present period of our Saviour's ministry, which is the first quarter of the second year, not only were the twelve not yet ordained to their office, but even the name of apostle was not yet in being. Hitherto, then, they were merely disciples; distinguished, perhaps, by nothing above the rest

he breathed on them the Holy Ghost, as the foretaste and pledge of the full effusion of that sacred Comforter on the day of Pentecost. It was to the disciples thus called and ordained that he gave the words which the Father had given him. These words they received with power from his lips; and by this reception of them a spiritual knowledge of him, and a divine faith in him, were raised up in their hearts, according to his own testimony: "For I have given unto them the words which thou gavest me; and they have received them, and have known surely that I came out from thee, and they have believed that thou didst send me." (John xvii. 8.)

iii. This introduces us to another leading feature of our Lord's ministry, viz., *the peculiar character of his teaching*. This we may view under three different aspects: 1. Its general bearing on the people at large; 2. Its peculiar reference to his own immediate disciples; 3. Its character toward the afflicted family of God.

1. As regards *the people*, it was *with authority*, and not as the scribes. At the time of our Lord's appearance on the earth, the pure word of God, the lively (or living) oracles which had been committed to the trust of the Jewish church, (Acts vii. 38; Rom. iii. 2,) had become overlaid by the traditions of the elders. Such pure and holy breathings towards the word of truth, and such an insight into, and experience of its spirituality and power as we find described in Ps. cxix., and enforced by the prophets, were no longer known or taught by those who sat in Moses's seat. The tithing of mint, anise, and cummin; the washing of cups and pots, brazen vessels, and of tables; and a frivolous and burdensome code of traditions had, as it were, smothered the true knowledge of God and the worship of him in spirit and in truth. Formality and ceremony, long robes and broad phylacteries, praying in the market-place and at the corners of the streets, were substituted for judgment and the love of God; and as this mere formal religion was to some a mask of hypocrisy, and to others a cloak of covetousness, the scribe and the pharisee ruled over an ignorant people. To beat down, then, this corrupt pharisaism, to show the spirituality of the law, and how the precepts of God had been overlaid and perverted by the traditions of men,

of the disciples in common, except that all or some of them might have been personally called by our Saviour, as the rest of the disciples were not. But from this time forward they were expressly discriminated from the rest, and formed into a body or society of their own."

"If we consider the momentous consequences which, though still in futurity, depended upon this appointment of the twelve; and though still in futurity, yet to the omniscience of Christ were even then as good as present; we shall confess that, next to the great business of suffering for man, this was, and would be regarded by our Lord himself as the most important act of his lifetime upon earth. Nor does he enter on it without a corresponding degree of preparation; nor proceed in it without an equal gravity and solemnity. The night before he spends on the mountain apart, in earnest prayer. (Luko vi. 12.) As soon as it is day, he calls to him the whole of his disciples; (ver. 13;) out of this number he selects twelve by name, whom he invests with a new and a peculiar designation, expressive of the same relation to himself, in which he was appearing and acting with reference to the Father: for Jesus Christ was the Shiloh or Apostle of the Father, and the twelve were the Shilohs or apostles of Jesus Christ."

formed one leading feature of the Lord's prophetic ministry. It must be borne in mind that the Lord Jesus, as the promised prophet, was "a minister of the circumcision for the truth of God." (Rom. xv. 8.) The Jewish people being in outward covenant the people of God, to them was Jesus sent, and to them he preached. Our limits will not allow us to enter further on this branch of the Lord's personal ministry; but it will be found the animating breath of many of his parables, his discourses, John vi., viii., x., and especially of his Sermon on the Mount. But though our space does not admit of our entering more fully into this branch of our Lord's ministry, yet we would earnestly call our readers' attention to the wisdom, power, and authority with which he spake. This was felt and acknowledged even by the people themselves, though they derived no personal benefit from it, for we read that "they were astonished at his doctrine, (or teaching,\*) for he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes." (Matt. vii. 28, 29.) But with whatever power or wisdom he spake, none received his words as the words of eternal life but the elect remnant, for it was with the rest as the apostle speaks: "What then? Israel hath not obtained that which he seeketh for; but the election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded (according as it is written, God hath given them the spirit of slumber, eyes that they should not see, and ears that they should not hear) unto this day." (Rom. xi. 7, 8.)

2. In order, then, that his words should not wholly fall to the ground, God gave him a few disciples, who should receive them, and be saved and sanctified by them. There is something peculiarly emphatic in the language of Peter, when the Lord said unto the twelve, "Will ye also go away?" It seems as if at his Master's voice faith immediately sprang up in his heart. "Lord," was his answer, in the name of them all, "to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." He might find words elsewhere. The scribes and Pharisees had them in abundance. But where could he find words which dropped eternal life into his soul but those which fell from the lips of the Son of the living God? Thus, apart from the wisdom and authority with which he spake, there was a power, a special power, which attended his words to the heart of his disciples. Others might say, "Never man spake like this man;" others might hang upon his lips, (Luke xix. 48, *margin*), and wonder at "the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth." But all this astonishment and admiration passed away as the morning cloud and the early dew. Eternal life was not communicated thereby. But as the distinguishing feature of his words, as spoken with power to the hearts of his disciples, eternal life gushed with them into their souls.

3. But besides our Lord's peculiar and personal ministry to his disciples, there was a scattered remnant to which his words were made words of power. Look, for instance, at the Syrophenician woman; (Mark vii. 26;) the man sick of the palsy; (Matt. ix. 2;) the

\* The word "doctrine," in the New Testament, almost always means "teaching."

woman with the issue of blood; (Matt. ix. 22;) the woman that was a sinner; (Luke vii. 47;) Zaccheus; (Luke xix. 9;) Martha, Mary, and Lazarus. (John xi. 5.) These are all instances of believing, pardoned, and saved sinners, to whom the Lord's words were words of power as distinct from those which were given to his disciples. This peculiar feature of the Lord's ministry is blessedly opened up in that portion of the word of truth which he read in the synagogue of Nazareth, and claimed as his own: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." (Luke iv. 18, 19.) Thus, as distinct from his public preaching, when "he taught in their synagogues, being glorified of all," (Luke iv. 15,) and from his private ministry, when, after he had spoken to the multitude in parables, "when they were alone he expounded all things to his disciples," (Mark iv. 34,) the Lord had a peculiar ministration for the afflicted remnant,—the lost sheep of the house of Israel, whom he was sent to seek and save. (Matt. xv. 24; Luke xix. 10.) These were the poor to whom he preached the gospel, (Matt. xi. 5,) the broken-hearted whom he came to heal, the captives to whom he proclaimed deliverance, the blind to whom he gave recovering of sight, and the bruised whom he set at liberty. In sweet harmony with this peculiar ministry of our gracious Lord are the opening sentences of the sermon on the mount,\* the invitations, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden," &c.; "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink;" the promises, "My sheep shall never perish;" "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;" and the gracious declarations contained in John vi. and similar passages. There is, indeed, this peculiar blessedness stamped on the whole personal ministry of the adorable Lord, that grace being poured into his lips, all that he spake is full of profit and instruction to the church of God. Take, for instance, his conversation with the Samaritan woman at Jacob's well. Here was a poor sinful creature, dark as midnight, and dead as the dust of Adam, who comes to draw water, as she had often done before, little thinking whom she was that day to meet—the Son of God in the guise of a weary traveller. But mark how, in his conversation with this guilty daughter of sin, the blessed Lord, as the anointed Prophet of God, put forth truths of the deepest import to the church of the living God. That God is a Spirit; that those who worship him must worship him in spirit and truth; that the water which Jesus gives is a well of water springing up into everlasting life,—what a power and influence have these living truths had on the church of Christ, and will have whilst there

\* The sermon on the mount may be considered as embodying and illustrating the three distinct features of the Lord's personal ministry which we have pointed out. Thus in its opening sentences it is addressed to the afflicted remnant; in those parts where the spirituality of the law and its opposition to the interpretation put upon it by the traditions of the elders are enforced, it is addressed to the people; and in those passages where the Lord says, "Ye are the salt of the earth," &c., it is spoken to the disciples.

is a church on earth. And yet to whom were they spoken? To a Samaritan—to one so hated by the Jew that he would not, were he half dead with thirst, have taken a cup of cold water from the hands of any one of the abhorred race. To a sinful woman, living at the very time in unhallowed concubinage with one who was not her husband. This is but one instance to show that this Prophet never spake, but grace and truth dropped from his lips. Another instance is his conversation with the carnal multitude which sought him not because they saw the miracles, but because they did eat of the loaves, and were filled. (John vi. 26.) What holy and sublime truths did he discourse in their hearing! What a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined,—not for them who strove among themselves, and murmured out, “How can this man give us his flesh to eat?” but for his believing saints who eat his flesh and drink his blood, and experimentally know that his flesh is meat indeed and his blood drink indeed. That carnal, unbelieving, murmuring multitude passed away, dying in their sins; but the truths spoken in their hearing, and recorded by the Holy Ghost in the pages of John, live for ever. John viii. affords another instance of the deepest and most blessed truths dropped by our Lord in the presence of his enemies. They called him a Samaritan, and said that he had a devil—nay, took up stones to cast at him; but those words, which to them were a savour of death unto death, have been to thousands a savour of life unto life. Blessed be his holy name that such gracious words fell from his lips; and blessed be the eternal Spirit, the Comforter, who has recorded them in the inspired page! When, too, we pass on to the closing scene, and are admitted to hear those heavenly discourses whereby our gracious Lord consoled the hearts of his sorrowing disciples, (John xiv., xv., xvi.,) well may we long to sit at his feet, and drink in the rich contents of that legacy of peace which he there left, not for them only but for all who should believe on him through their word. Dear friends, friends of truth, friends of the Friend of sinners, lovers of the Son of God, can we believe too firmly, prize too highly, love too dearly, the words that dropped from the lips of the Redeemer as the Prophet sent by the Father? It is by believing them that we feel their power and sweetness, and experience their liberating and sanctifying influence.

But in the warmth of our heart we are anticipating a future subject of meditation,—the bearing which the prophetic office of the Lord Jesus has on the experience of a believer. We have not yet finished the mode of its execution.

But as we have already outrun our usual limit, and as the subject is of too great importance to be hastily passed over, we shall resume it, with God's help and blessing, in our next No.

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THOUGH the devil's power be limited in reference unto the saints, yet his hands are not tied; though he cannot prevail against them, yet he can assault them; and although there be not an evil heart of unbelief in believers, yet there will still be unbelief in their hearts.—*Owen*.

## REVIEW.

*The Last Regret; or, the Power of Divine Regeneration. A Poem, illustrative of the Truths of Inspiration assailed in a late Work, entitled, "Essays and Reviews." By a Soldier of the Cross. London: Gardiner & Son, and J. F. Shaw. 1861.*

POETRY is with some a passion, with others an amusement, with others a labour, and with others a bore. In these points, though in a far less intense degree, it much resembles music. Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn ate music, drank music, breathed music. By day, music absorbed all their waking thoughts; and at night they lay down, to use Milton's language,

"Lapp'd in soft Lydian airs,"

dreaming music till they awoke to worship their beloved idol again. Such passionate lovers of sweet sounds were as much impelled to put into tangible form the floating strains which thrilled in their ears, in other words, to compose music, as a hungry man is impelled to eat or a thirsty man to drink. Music was with them not so much the main business as the whole of life. Others, again, of less strong and exalted musical temperament resort to music almost from equal necessity, if not with equal intensity, as an amusement or a solace. Such a one was Luther, who, when worn out with study or depressed with gloom, would take his lute, and accompany it to one of his own soul-stirring Psalms with his manly voice, and return relieved to his arduous labours. Our own Milton, too, was another instance of a similar nature, who, blind and forlorn, having fallen on evil days and evil tongues, often solaced his weary hours with music, substituting sweet sounds for sweet sights. The school miss who, without ear or taste, thrums her piano from morning to night, is a well-known instance to many an unhappy lodger what a deal of trouble people can take to weary themselves and annoy others with trying to be musical. And there are some most excellent persons to whom an overture of Handel would be but a noise, and a symphony of Mozart a bore. We are not now, kind readers, please to observe, discussing music under a religious point of view, but merely using it as an illustration with respect to its sister art, poetry. In a similar way, then, with music, though by no means to the same extent, with some minds poetry is an innate passion, as much born with them as a musical ear with a thorough musician. None but such can ever be real poets, as none but those who are born musicians can be real composers. And as poetry, to be worthy of the name, demands a much wider, more varied, and more exalted range of mental faculties than music, great poets must always be much rarer than great composers. In fact, centuries may pass without giving birth to a world-wide poet, such as Homer or Milton; and perhaps a dozen names, or at most a score, would include all who, by general acclamation, stand in the highest rank of poetry since

"Jubal struck the quivering lyre."

But though there can be but few Homers or Miltons, there may be many true poets who stand in the second rank. David had but three warriors who held the first rank of the mighty men of Israel; but he had thirty "valiant men of the armies," whose names are recorded as occupying a secondary position, though they attained not to the first three. (1 Chron. xi.) So there are many real poets who cannot stand in the exalted place of the pre-eminent masters of song, yet have won to themselves general acceptance as only second to them in poetic beauty, force, and fire.

But, again, there are many to whom poetry is an amusement and a solace. Gifted with great warmth of imagination, they resort to poetry as the only fit expression of the thoughts that burn in their bosom. There are, too, many gracious persons who, without being greatly gifted, yet feel a powerful yearning to express their feelings in that warm and tender language which poetry alone conveys or sanctions. It is a relief to their burdened minds to pour out their sorrows in poetic strains; and if favoured and blessed with the presence of the Lord, they feel as if constrained to give their praises a permanent form by moulding them in verse. Some of our sweetest and most experimental hymn-writers, as Medley, Mrs. Steele, Cennick, Cowper, Swain, &c., found a solace and a relief to their minds in giving vent to their feelings in those poetic strains which, by embalming them in an enduring form, have preserved them for the benefit and blessing of the church of God. If their lays do not reach the highest class of poetry, which, indeed, is so imbued with human passion that it seems scarcely possible for a Christian man to be a great poet, yet they have poured out their hearts in those heavenly strains which sanctify poetry to its highest use.

But if our warning voice could be heard, we would say to all who are not possessed of this natural gift, "Forbear to waste time and paper in trying to be what you never can become,—a poet; at any rate, when you have written what you call poetry, keep your poetic productions carefully and safely under lock and key, and let none peruse them but yourself and a few admiring friends."

The writer of the little work before us is one of those with whom poetry is a passion. This he himself intimates in his preface; but that he naturally possesses a highly poetic imagination, deep and vivid feeling, and is a great master of description, would have been evident from the most cursory perusal of the poem itself.

But whatever be the poetical attractions of the book, they would not have been sufficient to draw our marked attention to it, still less to bring it before that of our readers, had we not found in it something of a far deeper, far greater value than beautiful imagery, deep feeling, or vivid description. Under this poetic garb, the author has recorded in words full of fire the struggles, the pangs, and almost the agonies of a soul longing for rest and peace, liberty and happiness, in a wrecked and ruined world, and finding none till the light of the gospel beamed upon his soul. He has withheld his name, but he has so stamped the individuality of his character on his book, and it so possesses all the features of a life-portrait, that

we care little to know *who*, since we cannot mistake *what* he is. He is young—not much above five and twenty; of military, if not higher rank; a warrior who has fought in the bloody field, a mighty hunter of India's fiercest game, a wanderer from clime to clime in the sunny East, endowed with strong passions, a deeply meditative mind, warm and tender feelings, yet great force of will. He thus describes himself before grace touched his heart:

“ Thus—thus for ever shall it be with God,  
 Who in the net of wisdom snares the wise,  
 And takes the crafty in his craftiness!  
 Let Reason sneer! But let her mark withal,  
 That he on whom, by Sovereign decree,  
 Salvation's mystery came, was happily  
 Nor Jesuit, priest, nor preacher, but a man  
 Mingled with common men,—a soldier he!  
 His trade was war, not merchandise of souls;  
 And in his trade, e'er grace refined his heart,  
 Delighted ran—to th' elbows dyed in blood! \*  
 A hunter of the waste, when war was o'er,  
 Careless of creed, or stole, or paternoster;  
 A hater fierce of hypocrites; an advocate  
 For liberty of mind.

\* \* \* \* \*

Godless and lorn,  
 A weeping dreamer o'er the beautiful!  
 Such was the man! On him love's mystery pass'd  
 By sovereign, grand, irreversible will!  
 I had it genuine as it happ'd with him,  
 And I have written!—‘ What is writ is writ!’ ”

The whole poem has deeply interested us; but we by no means think that it will have the same effect upon the generality of our readers. That peculiar experience which gives it in our eyes its chief value, may not approve itself equally to their mind. We love to see the triumphs of sovereign grace, whether it arrest and subdue the weaver at his loom, and the cobbler in his stall, or, like a barbed arrow, strike and hang deep in the flank of what the world esteems nobler deer. Not that there is any difference in the eyes of Him with whom we have to do; but the higher the mark the lower the fall; the stouter the resistance the clearer the victory. For apart from his station and rank in life, the author of this little poem is no common man and of no ordinary mind. He is of that peculiar class of mind of which Lord Byron was so marked and so miserable a type. Proud—not in the ordinary sense of the term, but deeply possessed of that peculiar pride which Milton has so vividly stamped on the character of Satan:

“ The unconquerable will,  
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
 And courage never to submit or yield,  
 And what is else, not to be overcome; ”

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\* In the first gush of his warlike enthusiasm, the ferocious ambition of the author was to kill; and many were the victims that both fell, and received desperate wounds at his hand. In the absence of divine grace, however, his heart was not sufficiently steeled for a continuance in such triumphs. The unnatural appetite soon cloyed, to give place to a more humane experience.

proud, then, not with the common pride of words and looks before men, but with that deeper, subtler, and more desperate pride of heart, made up of enmity and rebellion against and before the Majesty of heaven, yet rent and torn by the intensity of his own feelings, sometimes borne on high as charmed with the beauties of nature or the aspirations of his own mind after happiness, and then dashed to earth by a sense of inward misery as a slave to sin, and in the hands of a Judge whom he can neither deceive nor escape; sometimes boiling with rage at his chains and fetters, and then broken down into the deepest distress of soul, the author of this poem has here laid bare before us all the secret recesses of his heart.

The poem opens with the return of the wanderer to "an Eastern capital," (we presume Calcutta,) after two years' absence, during which the mighty revolution which grace only can effect had passed upon his soul:

" He stood within an Eastern capital  
 To hail the glory of approaching Morn,  
 As from her chambers in the gorgeous East,  
 With vestal smile, and front imperial,  
 To waken Earth she came. His pondering brow,  
 Though freighted with but five-and-twenty Springs,  
 Shone patriarchal; and his chasten'd eye  
 Burn'd in a beam divine; and on his cheek  
 Ungenial Sickness snow'd an earthless white.  
 His deep heart was a wilderness of thought!  
 A world of strange intelligence his soul—  
 That soul not of the world! And now he stood,  
 Spell-bound, entranced, and deeply pondering,  
 Within the white walls of that capital.  
 He oped the casement, and he wander'd forth,  
 As by a spirit led. His footstep sought  
 The lofty terrace, for that fever'd brow,  
 Wrung by a night of pain, panted to prove  
 The sweet embraces of the morning breeze."

Casting a retrospect over his miserable life before he found peace and rest in the cross, he thus describes himself:

" Two years were flown, since from a distant point  
 Of the same land where stood yon capital  
 He had departed, and within that space  
 Far had the Wanderer roved; for roaming was  
 To him the substitute for happiness  
 In his youth's reckless day. Two years were flown,  
 Since a wild man he left that Indian strand  
 In spirit as in footsteps wandering,—  
 Tameless as Ishmael's children, as he deem'd.  
 But love divine, *it* met him by the way,  
 Proudly but sadly buffeting life's storm,  
 Like a lone petrel on a billowy main,  
 And turn'd him from his course; and led that soul,  
 The tempest-toss'd, into the port of peace,—  
 The crimson cleft of Jesus' spear-pierced side!  
 And now once more in sultry Ind he stood,  
 And gazed on Earth's and Life's seductive face,  
 On Death's, the Grave's, and Hell's,—all with a smile!

Two years! And reckless, heart-oppress'd, and lorn,  
 He had departed, bearing deep within  
 That which he scarce dared look on! He had dived  
 In the profundity of his sad soul  
 Appalling depths, and found such fearful things  
 As hardest fiends between their gnashing teeth  
 Scarce dare to own,—albeit in each breast  
 The secret burns like madness!

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus, wounded, disappointed, mock'd, and lorn,  
 Soul trembling, shrieking, from her depths retired,  
 To dissipate in travel and the chase  
 Her woe,—with none of all beneath the sun  
 To understand this gloom or share this pain!

Ah yes! When not an eye would pity him,  
 Or if it should, could help this heavy grief;  
 When all was vapid, and enjoyment came  
 Scarcely, by feverish fits, to that dark breast;  
 When hopeless o'er the spaces of the earth,  
 Like murderous Cain, a vagabond he roved,  
 Bewilder'd in the maze of saddest thought;  
 When heaven seem'd barr'd o'er that devoted head,  
 And wolfish Death press'd hard upon that heel;  
 And Darkness like another Ate fell,  
 Her bosom from beyond the grave unveil'd  
 With hideous smile, and taunting proffered  
 The loathed embrace of her eternity.  
 'Ah me!' he shriek'd, and raised a lowering eye  
 To Heaven—deep charged with unexpress'd complaint,  
 That spake in thunder—'Wherefore is it so?'

Thus stung with the sharpest arrows, yet unsubdued, the wanderer roamed on till, in a most unexpected moment, light—the light of the cross, beamed upon his soul. We give the account as he has narrated it, too much veiled, indeed, in a poetic shroud for ordinary readers, yet conveying truth and reality in its front:

“ There was a day the Hunter sat to read—  
 Undreaming of the noble mysteries  
 That mark its awful page—the Book of God!  
 In blindness of a spirit to which gave  
 The films of ignorance impervious,  
 He curiously read; aye, critically!  
 Deeming his darkness competent to judge;  
 His owlship forging libels on the sun!  
 I said, His owlship libelling the sun;  
 For, mark it! To the substance spiritual  
 Of every gift attested in the Word,  
 The unillumined spirit of man is dead.  
 Regeneration—Repentance toward God—  
 Sweet faith in Christ, with justification free—  
 The Spirit's witness in the heirs of heaven—  
 The Father's countenance and blessed love,  
 Richer than wine, that causeth e'en the lips  
 Of them that sleep to speak—The triumph grand  
 O'er death—The sense of victory o'er the grave—  
 With what experiences of joy or pain

Transpire in the elect—are secret things;  
 From Reason hid, and un conjecturable  
 By all her goodly powers,—nor can be known,  
 Save by the bosom in which, by his grace,  
 The Holy Spirit shines ! ”

“ ’Twas on that day, as he was set to read—  
 Unconscious that the destined hour was come  
 Of peace, and life, and liberty—God’s word,  
 That Love arose, to set her captive free !  
 Little wist he that morning, as he oped  
 The sacred oracle, its utterance  
 Should prove in hands divine the instrument  
 On him to turn hope’s rapture evermore !  
 In chamber lone by Afric’s shore he sat,  
 Scanning, all blind, Truth’s mystic chronicle,—  
 That sealed book ! which *yet* loosed not its seal !  
 Inquisitive and viewless, bending round,  
 A band of angels watch’d, intent to mark  
 The power of grace,—then on exultant wing  
 Rising, record to myriad harps in heaven !  
 Still, still deliverance linger’d; the ‘ *set time* ’  
 ‘ Mounting to its last minute.’ Silence reign’d;  
 And calm unusual sway’d the Hunter’s breast—  
 Meet prelude to th’advancing love of Heaven.  
 And still, page after page, he musing turn’d.  
 At length, in mute astonishment he paused,  
 And knit abash’d his brow. Full well he knew,  
 By swift illumination from above,  
 He to that point of time had lived a fool !  
 Flash’d forth the cross—outflamed the blood of power—  
 Beamed his Saviour-Maker from the tree—  
 And cancell’d, by the stain incarnadine  
 Of reeking Golgotha, the curse of Law  
 Shrank in annihilation ! Righteousness,  
 And peace, and love, and mercy reign’d supreme !  
 For lo ! in power of an endless life,  
 In-fragrance of an un conjectured love,  
 The peace, the peace that passeth understanding,  
 The Spirit witness’d, in the temple weird  
 Of that lone soul, to Christ ! Thus Christ in him  
 Was made of God the gift of life eternal !  
 And now the passion of his life-long sigh  
 Was met—by union with the heart of Christ ! ”

In the same vivid language he describes the after-feelings of his soul, when he left the shore of his second birth to regain health, of which we are sorry to hear him say:

“ But rosy Health  
 Had blush’d her last on that forsaken brow !  
 And thus, for two long years, far from the shore  
 Of fiery Ind from clime to clime he sped,  
 And found her not—for she was fled for aye ! ”

“ And when at length ’neath milder skies they rode,  
 Clasp’d by the genial airs of Evening, he  
 Seated by taffrail solitarily,

Would watch the setting sun,—hang o'er the flood  
 Sheeted with crimson by his dying flame,—  
 And hold unspeakable converse with Heaven!  
 For rosier than the shadows of the West,  
 Softer than dreaming sunlight on the sea,  
 The Spirit, prodigal of tenderness,  
 Vouchsafed his beams divine—in evidence  
 Of Christ, the Sun of soul! That ecstasy  
 Rificd each central profound of heart,  
 And woo'd love's sweetest madness—the desire  
 Ineffable to languish eye to eye  
 With Him the Crucified! And he would pierce  
 Deep as a glance might dart dark fathoms down  
 Into that surgy grave, and sigh, and sigh;  
 For as the vessel rose upon the swell,  
 Then ponderous plunged with the receding wave,  
 His soul could wish in secret that such plunge  
 Had been decreed her last;—a glorious dive  
 Down to the purpling caverns 'neath the hoar—  
 Soul's glad dismiss to un conjectured joy!  
 So clean the fears of death, by love dispell'd,  
 Had vanish'd like a dream; so, shorn by grace,  
 Had fallen the grisly horrors from the tomb;  
 His soul could pant impatient of the bar  
 Of mortal breath, that held the soul serene,  
 Despite the smoking spirit of desire,  
 From swooning raptured on a Saviour's breast!"

Our ample extracts must have given our readers a good idea of the force and fire of this poem. But why has the author given it its peculiar title? He himself shall tell us. After a night of intense bodily suffering, the author stepped, just before the sun rose, to drink in the morning air on his terraced house in the Eastern capital. Whilst engaged in deep meditation, first the morning gun, announcing sunrise, boomed on his ear, and was immediately followed by the shrill cry of the Muezzin, (the Mahometan crier,) from the top of the minaret, proclaiming Mahomet to be the prophet of God. This blasphemous cry aroused the indignant feelings of his soul. Yet in contrast with this cry, to his enlightened and believing ears, a silent hymn of praise arose to his Redeemer from Nature's altar:

"The flowers beneath,  
 The fruitful palms and cocoas waving high,  
 Earth, air, and ocean, with the rosy sky,  
 All spake their Maker's praise—e'en Jesus' praise!"

And yet his heart was sad. Why? Let him again speak:

"All things were smiling witness to the praise  
 Of Jesus crucified; and in that hymn  
 Of inorganic tongues the Hunter's heart  
 Join'd passionately,—albeit, his soul was sad!  
 Say! wherefore was he sad?"

Because he knew  
 And tasted Jesus' love, and Jesus' truth,  
 And Jesus' faithfulness to all his word;  
 And, that vile worms—the creatures of a day—

The spawn of sin—the minions of corruption—  
 Inheritors by law of doom eternal—  
 Socinus, Arius, Mahomet, the Pope—  
*With humbler knaves in courage and in craft*  
*In modern days—a host—Hell's insane peers,—*  
 Iscariot-like should lift the heel on Christ,  
 Hatching imposture impious; and plot,  
 By lies disgorged from their blaspheming throat,  
 To cozen countless millions, and augment  
 Their endless pain; to send them, flesh and spirit,  
 With reeking blasphemy in their right hand,  
 Into the blasting presence of Him who sits  
 On living lightnings throned,—who himself is  
 Truth's incarnation, and the direst King  
 Of terror to the lie! Ha! this was pain!  
 And swell'd the Hunter's bosom with the sigh  
 Of mingled scorn and pity for the crew—  
 The *knaves* that basely dare malign the Light,  
 The *cowards* that dare not single-handed brave  
 Their challenged doom; that compass sea and land  
 To make a proselyte; who, being made,  
 By twofold more a child of hell becomes  
 Than they themselves! Ha! this was pain!  
 This, this the burden of the Hunter's sigh!  
 THIS! THIS! THE SPIRIT OF HIS LAST REGRET!"

Thus ends this remarkable poem. Well may one who, after intense conflict, had found peace through the blood of the cross, denounce in burning language those traitors to their vows who, by their "Essays and Reviews," would instil the poison of infidelity from the very altar which they profess to serve. He, a soldier, a hunter, a scorner, and a rebel, brought to believe in and love the crucified Son of God,—and they, paid priests, and still retaining the emoluments of their sacred profession, denying his glorious Person, overthrowing his miracles, and undermining the inspiration of the record which declares them!

To the lovers of poetry; to the admirers of the grace of God, in union—rare union!—with intellectual gifts and social position; and indeed to all who can appreciate truth, though presented in a somewhat unusual dress, we recommend this little work, believing that its author's aim and object in sending it forth was the glory of a Triune God.

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THE same ministry which most casteth down a sinner is sanctified of God to lift him up again. The same hand that lanceth commonly healeth. The same Nathan that condemns David absolveth him. Peter, by sharp doctrine, pricks the Jews' hearts; the same ministry and person reviveth and comforteth them. Paul casts down the jailer, and presently raiseth him. Christ himself calls the woman of Canaan a dog, but straightway giveth her desire. Stick to that ministry that most sharply smiteth, woundeth, and rebuketh; that is the ministry most likely sanctified by God to heal and bind thee up; that ministry hath oil for thee as well as wine if thou stick constantly to it.—*Dr. Taylor,* 1663.

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

MAY, 1862.

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

NOTES OF A SERMON BY MR. MARTIN,

(OF STEVENAGE,)

PREACHED AT BRAUGHING, ON LORD'S DAY MORNING, JULY 1ST, 1849.

“My cup runneth over.”—Ps. xxiii. 5.

I VERILY believe that there is not a place or a spot that a child of God can get into, but he will find that the Psalmist has been somewhere in the same place. Nevertheless, though this is the case with some of us, we may read these Psalms, we may see in that blessed book what the Psalmist has enjoyed, and what he has gone through; we may be in the same spot, have the same exercises, the same trials and conflicts, the same losses and crosses, in a measure, and yet, unless the Lord the Spirit takes the sweet promises and blessed words in these precious Psalms, and applies them, it will do us no good. The words might reach our ears but not our case. Christ, in the days of his flesh, speaking of the Holy Ghost, says, “He shall take of the things that are mine, and show them unto you;” and this is his work.

I shall speak a little of what is meant by these words, “My cup runneth over;” that is, if the Lord the blessed Spirit enable me; for without his influence it will be of no use for me to speak or you to hear. You may be as dead as the very seats. I will speak, then, as the Lord the blessed Spirit enables me, of the *different cups* that the Lord's people will have to drink of in this vale of tears.

1. When the blessed Spirit speaks to a poor sinner dead in trespasses and in sins, showing him what he is and where he is, the first cup he has to drink of is “*the cup of trembling.*” Just look at the poor gaoler. When the Lord first met with that poor sinner, he came trembling and said, “What must I do to be saved?” You that know anything of God's love in your never-dying soul, know what it is to drink largely of that cup. You that know what it is to be a poor, miserable, hell-deserving sinner, know what it is to drink largely of that cup. Satan meets you if you attempt to pray, and brings such a portion as this: “The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord.” He tries to drive you away. You do not know what will become of you. When you come to a throne of grace, or under the ministry of the word, the minister advances something that cuts you up. Satan comes and says, “You are the

very man; you are nothing but a hypocrite." Satan says in your very soul, "Thou art indeed the man." This is a cup I have drunk largely of. I have thought that God would strike me dead upon the spot. I have been obliged to go and pour out my soul before the Lord. I remember once, as I was on the common, going from Stevenage, this struck me like lightning: "If you do pray unto the Lord, he will strike you dead on the spot." I went on as well as I could. I could not get what I wanted, yet I have proved the devil a liar.

2. Whilst the poor soul is drinking of the cup of trembling, there is another cup that he must drink a little of. He does not drink much of that, for if he did it would drive him raving mad. As Hart says:

"At most we do but taste the cup,  
For thou alone hast drunk it up."

There are different cups, but they all run over. It is said in Isaiah (li. 22, 23): "Behold, I have taken out of thine hand the cup of trembling, even the dregs of the *cup of my fury*. Thou shalt no more drink it again, but I will put it into the hands of them that afflict thee," &c.

Now then I will show you how the cup *runs over*. How did it run over in the poor publican? When he smote upon his breast in the temple, did it not run over blessedly? It ran over in groans, it ran over in supplications: "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" and the poor gaoler, when he said, "What must I do to be saved?" and the thief on the cross, when he cried, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." Has it never run out of thy soul in this way, when thou thoughtest to give it all over,—"*Helpless me! Ruined me!*" There is no cavilling here. When you are drinking of this cup, there is no picking holes in this man's coat and the other man's coat. It is not now whether So-and-so is right or So-and-so is wrong. It is not whether God is going to save all the world; but, "*Am I right? Will God save me?*" And what a mercy of mercies it is that thy sin *is* a burden, that thy sin *is* a grief. The apostle says, "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

3. This is not the only cup. There is the cup of *astonishment*. Thou art to drink of this cup at times. There are times when thou art a wonder of wonders. Thou art a wonder to thyself, and thou wonderest how God puts up with thee in the manner as he has done.

4. There is also the cup of *consolation*: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem." You know the spot, you know the place, you know the field, you know the barn, the hedge, or the pig-sty, when thou, wondering how it would be with thy poor soul at last, received consolation from God. Perhaps it was under the ministry of the word; perhaps when thou wast pouring thy soul into his bosom; no matter where or when. If consolation came, there was no mistaking it, for it came with power. Perhaps thy cup of consolation may have been very small, but thou hast had a little of the cup of salvation and

love under this cup. Thou hast been enabled to praise the Lord a little: "In that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise thee. Though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me." "In that day;" there is a particular time as well as place. If thou drinkest largely of this cup thou wilt never forget it. It was in a barn when I first drank of it. According as thou drinkest of this cup, so will thy consolation be. If God has granted thee ever so small a draught, it is an assurance that thy poor soul shall drink at the fountain. He will never destroy thee if thou art blessed to drink of that cup. No, never. I do not ask thee how much thou hadst. When the clouds passed away a little, thou wast enabled to hold up thy poor head, and to praise him a little; as Peter says: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." Thou hast been in such a state that thou wouldst be glad of the least drop of mercy; it would make thee cry for more. You may go to the same place again and again to get more. I have gone to the same place where my soul got it before, but it does not come in that way; so that we are left to see that the word of God without the Spirit of the living God is nothing but a dead letter. I do not ask thee, poor soul, how much thou hast drunk of this cup. As sure as the Lord God is in heaven, if it is only a sip, it is an *earnest*, it is a foretaste, it is a pledge of the blessed inheritance above. An earnest is a small portion. If it be ever so small, it insures thee an earnest of heaven to thy soul.

5. There is also the cup of *salvation*. The Psalmist says, "I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord." When the poor soul, this poor thirsty sinner, drinks of the cup of trembling, and drinks of the cup of wrath, looking for nothing but hell and damnation, Satan, with all his lies, says to him, "I will overtake, and divide the spoil." O the many thousands of times I have feared and did certainly think that he would divide the spoil. How it has made me tremble and quake! I could neither sit nor stand still. Wherever I went, there was my poor soul pouring out sighs and cries unto the Lord; but unexpectedly peace came and dropped into my soul, as the rain on the tender herb, and as the showers on the grass. When the Lord the blessed Spirit brings the poor sinner here, he finds it to be the cup of salvation; and when he drinks of this cup, the Lord Jesus Christ is set forth. Christ is unfolded in such a way, that angels and archangels and all the sinners on the face of the earth never could set him forth. O the riches of Immanuel! This makes him say, as David did, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." The reason why David put forth this blessed psalm was, because Christ had become his great salvation. Thus the poor sinner finds it to be a suitable salvation. When the blessed Spirit leads him to see the state he is in by reason of sin, he thinks there is no more hope for him than there is for the damned. Then the Holy Spirit sets Christ forth as having come to seek and to save them that are lost; and here the

poor sinner and a blessed Redeemer blessedly meet. There is joy in heaven. There is a noise there; there is a noise in hell, and a noise on earth. There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. As that dear servant of God Colonel Gardiner says in one of his letters: "At a renewed sight of him, my soul would so shout, exalted in God my Saviour, that all the angels in heaven rejoiced with me. I verily believe the whole earth shall be full of his glory."

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

Well, then, Christ is a suitable salvation. Here is a lost sinner, a helpless sinner; there is everything in the Lord Jesus Christ suitable to him. Is he a thirsty sinner? Here is Christ to give him drink. Is he a naked sinner? Here is Christ to give him clothing. Is he a great sinner? Christ is very suitable to him, for he saves from hell. Mortals cannot set it forth. The apostle could not set it forth: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." They are saved from that they could not see in this time state. What a mercy of mercies it will be if the Lord should bring us to that fountain above.

"If such the sweetness of the streams,  
What must the fountain be?  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Immediately from thee."

"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."

The cup of salvation. This is the way that this cup runs over in this poor sinner's soul. He calls heaven and earth to praise this great salvation. Like the woman that lost the piece of money, and swept the house till she found it, and when she had found it, called her friends and neighbours, saying, "Rejoice with me, for I have found the piece which was lost;" and the man that found the lost sheep; the poor sinner, having found the Lord Jesus Christ as his salvation, drinks of the cup of his blood, drinks of the cup of his righteousness, and he wants other poor sinners to enjoy the same. Some people think we are so narrow-minded, we want to go to heaven by ourselves. But no; we want other poor sinners to enjoy the same blessing. As the woman of Samaria said, so we say, "Come and see the man that told me all the things that ever I did;" and as Philip told Nathanael, "We have found the man of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Joseph." "This is my God, I have waited for him." The man is forced to rejoice, and he praises the Lord with joyful lips. David says, "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation." Though the poor sinner loses the joys and loses the sweets of this salvation, the Lord changes not; he will come again and visit him with his salvation, visit him with some cheering word; for he says, "I will see you again, and

your hearts shall rejoice." Thou shalt praise him and adore him for ever.

"My cup runneth over." What a mercy of mercies it is for the cup to run over in praises and adoration to the God of our life.

6. But there is another cup to drink of; and what is that? The cup of *persecution*. Ah! You will be sure to have it. I know we do not like to have the bitter, if we could help it; but "no cross no crown." We want the wealthy place, but we do not want the fire and water. We do not give children sovereigns or other things of great value to play with. The Lord will make us thoroughly feel our need of them. When we go a long time without getting a drop of the fountain of love and mercy, when it comes into our soul, how we thank him, how we adore him for it. Sometimes it comes into our souls unlooked for, unexpectedly. It comes down on our souls as the rain that comes on to the earth, as the rain and dew upon the grass. Then the Lord grants us a broken heart and a contrite spirit: "To this man will I look, even to him that is of a broken and contrite spirit and trembleth at my word." There thou art, poor sinner, though thou mayest be drinking of the cup of trembling, thou art the very man, thou art the very woman, that the living God really dwells in. "They shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." "My cup runneth over." I care not what man says, when the Lord is pleased to come into my soul, when the Lord has made me a broken-hearted sinner, that is what my soul wants. The Lord has made bare his arm so plainly that my enemies have been my greatest friends. When Satan is turned out of your souls, if you do not have it from one, you will have it from another. Satan will tell thee thou art nothing but a hypocrite; he will try to sink thy soul into absolute despair. He will say, "Do not you remember the sin that you committed here, and the sin that you committed there? How dare you expect forgiveness?" This will be the cup that you will have to drink here at times; but when the Lord is pleased to shine into your soul, perhaps by the verse of a hymn, perhaps by a word dropped into your soul from this blessed book: "Every tongue that rises against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn;" there is not a dog but will be obliged to hold his tongue. A poor, afflicted, emaciated body, a poor body that is never well, that is the cross that you, like me, may have to bear; yet the Lord is pleased to put a tree even in these waters, and they shall be made sweet, and the poor soul made to bless the Lord for the very affliction. "I will leave in the midst of thee a poor and an afflicted people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord." The Lord's people are a tried people, a bated people, a persecuted people. These are the cups that his people will have to drink of while going through this vale of tears; and the Lord will indulge them to have a little draught of the cup of consolation.

Now, then, let me ask you, one and all, if you have ever drunk of the cup of trembling. If you have never drunk of it, it would be better for you if you had never been born; but if the Lord has shown you that you are a poor lost sinner, and you are wondering where the

scene will end, you shall drink at the fountain above. If thou hast drunk here, thou shalt drink there. If you drink a glass of wine from a cask, it is just the same in quality as the rest, however little the draught is. This humbles the soul, and makes the earth to sink below its feet.

“When I can say, My God is mine,  
When I can feel thy glories shine,  
I tread the world beneath my feet,  
And all that earth calls good and great.”

When the Lord the blessed Spirit enables the poor soul to drink of this precious cup, it is in heaven. Here thou canst debase thyself, and yet love and praise a precious Redeemer. This is such a paradox and a mystery that nobody knows it but those that pass through it. Though thou feelest to be the vilest of the vile, like Simon, Manasseh, Magdalen, and such as they, Christ is precious. Christ said to Simon, “Seest thou this woman?” What a sight,—a poor sinner drinking of the streams of love and mercy! What a sight! If this do not make a man hate sin, nothing can. This is it that will make him love holiness. This will make a man love the Lord. This will make a man love his cross. I have told you that I am not worthy to suffer for him. By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to become the son of Pharaoh’s daughter, choosing rather to be hunted and pursued by persecution and affliction, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt. What a mercy of mercies!

May the Lord, in his infinite mercy, lay these things on thy soul. What I have said amiss, for I am a poor ignorant creature, let love cover it.

“Love all defects supplies,  
Makes great obstructions small;  
’Tis prayer, ’tis praise, ’tis sacrifice,  
’Tis holiness, ’tis all.”

Amen.

How shall we know that such men are coming to Jesus Christ? Answer.—Who can make them see whom Christ has made blind? (John ii. 3, 9.) Nevertheless, because I seek thy conviction, conversion, and salvation, consider: 1. Do they cry out of sin, being burdened with it, as of an exceeding bitter thing? 2. Do they fly from it as from the face of a deadly serpent? 3. Do they cry out of the insufficiency of their own righteousness as to justification in the sight of God? 4. Do they cry out after the Lord Jesus to save them? 5. Do they see more worth and merit in one drop of Christ’s blood to save them than in all the sins of the world to damn them? 6. Are they tender of sinning against Jesus Christ? 7. Are his name, person, and undertakings more precious to them than the glory of the world? 8. Is this world not dear unto them? 9. Is faith in Christ (of the want of which they are convinced by God’s Spirit, and that without it they can never close with Christ) precious to them? 10. Do they savour Christ in his word, and do they leave all the world for his sake? and are they willing, God helping them, to run hazards for his sake, for the love they bear to him? 11. Are his saints precious to them?—If these things be so, whether thou seest them or no, such men are coming to Jesus Christ.—*Bunyan*.

FOR YET A LITTLE WHILE, AND HE THAT  
SHALL COME WILL COME, AND WILL NOT TARRY.

My dear Friend,—Your dear wife told me lately that you had expressed a wish to hear from me. I was then in no state for writing, either physically or spiritually. But now that the dear Lord has been so gracious to my poor soul, beyond all my expectations, and I am sure beyond all my deserts, I do feel a desire to tell you (I hope, in his fear) what he has been pleased to do for a most unworthy sinner.

You know how long I have been held in sore bondage, (now for above seven years,) my life hanging in doubt continually, though occasionally revived by hope. You will, therefore, I know, rejoice with me, and praise the God of all grace with me, when I tell you that now at last he has been pleased to set my poor soul at liberty. Last Monday week I had a severe attack of illness; and I little thought then what mercies the Lord had in store for me in that affliction. I should say that previous to this I had been in a sad dark, dead state, and very desponding. All appeared gloomy; and I could scarcely hope to see brighter days. The first day, however, of the attack, I was kept very quiet, and in a measure peaceful; and towards evening was so happy under the sweet feelings of the Lord's sensible presence that I could have wished to call all my family and household round my bed to have told them of his goodness to my soul. And I believe that if he had been pleased that night to have called me hence, I could cheerfully have committed my spirit into his hands.

When I once more got up, his word was very sweet and precious to my soul, and daily was he pleased to indulge me with some nearness to himself; and every now and then would come down into my waiting heart in so sweet a way that I was melted down under a sense of his love and mercy. The Father's love and the Saviour's were now equally precious to my liberated soul, and I rejoiced in hope of the glory of God, having peace with him through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom I felt I had now received the atonement. And to crown the whole, I was favoured last Sunday with the sweet privilege of calling God my Father, my heavenly Father, in Christ Jesus, which I have not been able to do for years. It really seemed to me that the words in Hos. ii. 16, 17 were fulfilled in my experience: "And it shall be at that day, saith the Lord, that thou shalt call me Ishi (my husband), and shalt call me no more Baali (my lord or master), for I will take away the names of Baalim out of her mouth, and they shall no more be remembered by their name." The name of Baali seemed taken out of my mouth, and a more endearing one given me to use instead, with the blessed feeling of the Lord's approbation in so doing. His long-banished child was now once more allowed to draw near with that holy familiarity better felt than described; and I was like Naphtali, a hind let loose, satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord.

And now on looking back I saw with thankfulness and joy the beginning of the fulfilment of two memorable Scriptures, which the Lord was pleased to give me as a word of promise to sustain my sinking spirit at the commencement of my long captivity: "Thus saith the Lord, Again there shall be heard in this place, which ye say shall be desolate, without man and without beast, even in the cities of Judah and in the streets of Jerusalem, that are desolate, and without inhabitant and without beast, the voice of joy and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride, the voice of them that say, Praise the Lord of Hosts; for the Lord is good; for his mercy endureth for ever; and of them that shall bring the sacrifice of praise into the house of the Lord. For I will cause to return the captivity of the land as at the first, saith

the Lord." (Jer. xxxiii. 10, 11. Also Joel ii. 21-27.) Many a time since have I looked at those blessed words, and wondered whether they ever would be fulfilled in my case. Sometimes I sank so low that I could scarcely venture to hope it, and at others was made to desire to wait and watch what the Lord would do; and full well do I know what that means: "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; but when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life." O, I desire to bless the Lord indeed, for he hath dealt wondrously with me, according to that blessed Scripture in Joel, and has made me to know that his people shall never be ashamed; no, never shall they be ashamed of their hope, for it is a hope of his giving, and however deeply tried it shall come forth as gold.

And now, my dear friend, may the Lord bless you also. He has blessed you; and may he sweetly revive his work in your hand, and greatly sanctify your present affliction, and graciously support you under it.

I desire my Christian love to Mr. T., and to any others I know in your parts. My very kind regards also to your family. Mrs. M. unites with me in Christian love. Believe me, as ever,

Affectionately yours in the best bonds,

Brighton, Sept. 12th, 1861.

R. MAYDWELL.

[The writer of the above sweet, experimental letter was an intimate friend of the late Mr. Bourne in whose most instructive, searching, weighty "Letters" will be found some written to him as the "Rev. R. M." None would have rejoiced more than Mr. Bourne in his gracious deliverance from seven years' heavy bondage.—ED.]

## TEACH ME TO DO THY WILL.

\* \* \* I must endeavour to leave all these things in the hands of my kind and indulgent Father. My heart is struggling to come to this point: "Do with me, Lord, as seemeth good in thy sight;" but I feel nothing short of the Spirit and grace of God can bring me there. My flesh and blood cannot be reconciled to the trying things I see, or fear I see, before me. I find some sweet encouragement from these words: "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and *all other things shall be added;*" and, blessed be God, I feel that, however tried and bewildered I may be about temporal things, spiritual things are really first in my esteem and affections. At present I enjoy all that heart could wish; the kindest attention possible from all the friends I am amongst, and the privilege of sitting under a minister of Jesus who, according to my ideas, does not shun to declare all the counsel of God, so far as he is taught these things. I desire to be thankful for this, and trust the Lord will provide for the rest by the time we need it. O for grace to say feelingly, "Not my will, but thine be done." How desirable to do so, but how hard to attain to it.

Now, my dearest Mary, do not fail to write soon, and remember me at a throne of grace. Pray that the Lord would appear for me, that my will may be lost in his, whatever it may be. There is a hot warfare in my soul at this time to feel reconciled to all the will of God concerning me. Farewell. May the blessing of God be upon you.

Nov. 7th, 1844.

M. BLYTON.

[How many whom we have known in the Lord have passed away! In Mary Blyton (afterwards Mrs. Marsh) acuteness of mind, decision of character, ease and freeness of speech, yet blended with becoming modesty, were united to, and set advantageously off, a gracious experience of both law and gospel, a love of truth in its savour and power, and a warm affection to his servants, to his cause, and to his people. She died a few years ago at Wellingborough, but the nature of her disease, typhus fever, prevented her saying much on her death bed.—ED.]

## Obituary.

### MRS. VOSS, OF LEICESTER.

SOPHIA VOSS was the twin sister of the late Thomas Hardy, a well-known and highly-esteemed servant of God, and was born July 22nd, 1790, at Kirby Lane, in the parish of Kirby Muxloe, a little village four miles west of Leicester. Her father was a stocking weaver; and having a family of 13 children, seven sons and six daughters, she was of course not favoured in her childhood, if it be a favour, with much of the goods of this life. It is not exactly known when the Lord was first pleased to begin his work of grace upon her heart, but it appears to have been about the same time that convictions of sin first laid hold of the conscience of her twin brother Thomas, which was, according to the Memoir prefixed to his "Letters," when he was about 13 years of age. At that period they were both very regular attendants at the parish church, and were sunk in the same depth of ignorance as the whole of the village, over which the darkest cloud seemed to rest. Nothing like the sound of truth reached their ears from the parish pulpit; and what light they could get from men's books was not very extensive, when we are told that the entire library to be found in their father's cottage was, besides the Bible, the Whole Duty of Man. This last book, we learn, Thomas Hardy took great delight in reading; and as he and his sister were always much attached to each other, and seem to have been led much in the same path of working at the Law for life, she might probably have laboured as hard as he to fulfil the duties prescribed by that strict task-master and most zealous servant of Moses. But in the kind providence of God, there was another book in her father's library, the Book of books, which she was led to read, and it was from this pure word of life that convictions of sin chiefly reached her conscience, for the Lord the Spirit was pleased to send home some portions of it with killing, condemning power to her soul. In the light of this teaching from above, she began to see and feel what a sinner she was; for the curses of the holy law of God were sent home with such power to her conscience that she sank into the deepest distress of soul; and so far from getting any comfort from the Scriptures, wherever she opened them she found something to condemn her and bring her in guilty before God. One circumstance particularly aggravated her distress. She could see the grace of God shining forth in her brother Thomas; and as she was the elder, it was impressed upon her mind that she was an Esau; he meanwhile drawing a similar conclusion against himself from seeing the work of God plainly in her. Under these feelings she almost sank into despair; but after she had been for some time under this deep distress, she one day threw herself down on the bed quite in an agony of mind, not knowing what to think or what to do, when these words suddenly came with power to her soul, "Daughter, go in peace; thy sins are forgiven thee." This filled her soul with comfort and peace, and in the strength of this she walked some time, until this tempta-

tion fell upon her mind, that the words in the gospel were "Son," not "Daughter." But this temptation was soon after removed in reading the Epistle to the Ephesians, which was much blessed to her soul. It seems that she had been labouring under the law for about four years before she obtained deliverance, as she was at this time about 17 years of age. By the hard labour which he had endured under the law, her brother Thomas was now much divorced from the Establishment, to which, however, he clung as long as he could; and his convictions of its unscriptural character were much strengthened by reading Simpson's Plea for Religion, and by hearing ministers of truth at Leicester. As they both saw eye to eye in these and kindred points, they now began to walk together far and near in search of truth, though at this time neither of them was so deeply led into it as to have a clear discernment in whom it was, though they had a sufficient experience to give them clearly to see where it was not.

At this period her brother Thomas seems to have been before her in the knowledge of the truth, so that his conversation and opening of the word were much blessed to her; and it was by his advice that she was led to attend regularly the ministry of the late Mr. Vorley, who at that time preached at Leicester; and after a while she was baptized and joined the church under his pastoral care. At this time her brother Thomas had not begun to preach; but having been previously much exercised about the ministry, in the autumn of 1816 he began to expound the Scriptures in a private house at Leicester. Being possessed of great natural abilities, having been well and deeply exercised in his own soul, and having a great knowledge of the word, and a peculiar gift in opening it up, a congregation gradually gathered at the poor shoemaker's house, in which he first spoke in the name of the Lord, so that in about a year after he moved with the people to a school-room in Millstone Street. We have no exact particulars when Mrs. Voss was first led to sit under her brother's ministry; but as a chapel was built for him in 1818, in York Street, Leicester, where he preached regularly, it was most probably about that time that she became one of his constant hearers.

It was upon one of these occasions that her surviving partner, Mr. Voss, first met her. As Mr. Hardy knew him, he asked him, after preaching, to accompany them home to Kirby. On the road, Mr. Voss began to tell her some of the dealings of the Lord with his soul, which opened her heart and mouth to speak also of the way in which the Lord had been pleased to lead her. The mercy of God to such a hell-deserving sinner as she felt herself to be in calling her out of darkness into his marvellous light; the Lord's teaching her the worth and value of her precious soul, and his distinguishing love in giving the Son of his bosom to bleed and die for such sinful wretches; the condemnation which she had felt from the law in her own conscience, and the mercy of being so condemned, as when delivered from it to know experimentally the pardon of sin, and not to be condemned with the world,—all this she told out from a feeling experience in her own soul, which created and cemented a spiritual

union that afterwards formed the best and truest basis for their union in the flesh, when they came together March 2nd, 1819.

We have not sufficient materials to give a detail of her Christian experience throughout the remainder of her days, and can therefore only throw together a few scattered hints which have been communicated by those who well knew her, and especially by her surviving partner; but from the very first beginning of the work of grace upon her soul, and all through her subsequent life, she was much led in a path of temptation and trial. Amongst the temptations which she most deeply and acutely felt were infidel suggestions which from time to time assailed her, even to a short time before she was finally delivered from them by passing into the eternal enjoyment of those heavenly realities, the truth of which Satan battled so hard to dispute her out of. But these temptations, and the many deliverances which the Lord gave her from them by the application of his word with power to her heart, only resulted in her deeper establishment in the truths of the gospel, as well as in a more thorough conviction of the depth of the fall, the helplessness of the creature, and the superabounding of sovereign grace over the aboundings of sin. These temptations and deliverances much endeared to her Hart's hymns, which for seven years, in the earlier part of her life, she always carried in her pocket, and many she committed to memory, having had, to use her own expression, "many a feast from them." It was also her lot to pass through a good deal of trial and affliction, from the cares and anxieties of a large family, and from having had at various times much illness, and, like her twin brother, suffering much from nervous feelings and depression of spirits, though outwardly to all appearance stout and strong. As the Lord does nothing in vain, and all the trials and afflictions which he sends upon his people are meant to work together for their good and his glory, as a result of this path of tribulation she was blessed with much tenderness of feeling toward the Lord's tried and tempted people, especially the young whom she saw passing through much conflict of soul. Having herself been so deeply exercised in the days of her youth under the law, and having been shown such terrible things in righteousness, it gave her great sympathy for those who were passing through similar exercises, and an assurance for them which they could not have for themselves that the Lord would appear for, and deliver them in his own time and way. She was also favoured with a very tender spirit toward all that truly feared the Lord, being very much kept down in her own soul by daily discoveries of the corruptions of her heart, and was thus instrumentally preserved from pride and self-righteousness, and that harsh, condemning spirit which is so often seen in those who have not been led into a deep knowledge of their own vileness. But though she was so much tried in her own mind with a sense of her own corruptions and the temptations of her unwearied adversary, she did not like to speak about them, except now and then to give a hint or two to those of the Lord's people who she knew could enter into them from a feeling experience. But speaking one day of these temptations to a friend, she said, "I little thought when the

Lord first spoke peace to my soul that such evil thoughts and temptations would follow me through the wilderness; but I have lived to prove the truth of those words, 'Turn thee yet again, and thou shalt see greater abominations than these.' All this, however, makes me cry out, 'Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' But how blessed to be able to add, 'I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord.'

'My soul through many changes goes;'

sometimes into the depths of darkness, then up to the heavens. The Lord knoweth what is best for me. May he give me faith to trust in him at all times, even when I walk in darkness, that I may stay myself on the Lord."

Having had a large family, and having seen much of the distinguishing grace of God to herself and, as she believed, to four of her brothers and sisters, she felt very deeply on behalf of her own children, earnestly desiring to see a work of grace upon them; but knowing so thoroughly the helplessness of the creature, and being well assured that none but the Lord could savingly touch their hearts, she brought them to the footstool of mercy in the arms of prayer. Speaking of her exercises on this and other points, her surviving husband says of her in a few mementos which he has put down of her experience: "She did not like to say much about her troubles to any one, even to me, but took them all to the Lord. I have often found her upon her knees, committing her cares and anxieties to the Lord; and when deliverance came, she would say, 'In my trouble I called on the Lord, and he heard me. O how faithful he is to all his promises to me, and to all that call upon him in truth in time of trouble.' Sometimes in conversation about our children, I have said, 'I fear your heart is too much set upon them.' But she would answer,

'Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?'

And again, 'Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb?' I have prayed for them and taught them, 'Children, honour and obey your parents;' and I hope the good Lord will yet hear and answer my prayers for them, that he may give them his grace, call them out of the world, and show them what they are by nature. I have given them every caution against the allurements of this world, and the temptations to which they are exposed in it. I beg of the Lord to keep them upright in all their dealings as in his sight; and I have warned them of the danger of prosperity, which puffs up man to give himself the glory, instead of giving it to the Author of all good.' On hearing that the Lord had brought her firstborn child to a knowledge of the truth, she burst out, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.' She then quoted that hymn of Kent:

'There is a period known to God.'

It has been named before that she was liable to attacks of illness,

and especially to severe and distressing bilious headaches. On one of these occasions, about 30 years ago, when laid on a bed of affliction, and not able to raise her head from the pillow, the Lord made himself very precious to her soul by applying some sweet promises to her heart. She said on that occasion, "How kindly the Lord deals with me to give me these sweet promises, and especially these two: 'I will make your bed in all your sickness,' and, 'I will lay underneath you mine everlasting arms.'"

In the winter of 1859, coming from chapel, from which she was never absent if she could possibly get there, she slipped and broke her leg. During this affliction, she was so blessed and favoured in her soul that she said, "My bed is not a bed of suffering, but of down. What a thing it is to have a God to go to! I am in better hands than those that are about me. God will take care of me." She would often speak of the support which was given to her at this time, and the confidence she felt, adding, "Out of all our troubles the Lord will deliver us." Though advanced in life, she seemed to have recovered perfectly from this fracture; and as she had two sons settled in London, was lately in the habit of spending a part of the year with them, during which season (though with much personal inconvenience at her time of life, being in the Kent Road) she used to attend at Gower Street; and often spoke of the sweet seasons she had been favoured with there, especially in conversing with some of the Lord's dear people who with herself, as coming from a distance, used to spend the day there. Though she often complained of her deadness, darkness, and coldness, yet others could see that the life of God was much maintained in her soul up to the very last, for her conversation was almost always upon the best things, either lamenting her unfruitfulness, or speaking of the Lord's past and present dealings with her, and exalting his great and glorious name.

But though her path was, for the most part, one of trial and temptation, yet from time to time she had blessed manifestations of the Lord's love and goodness to her soul. Thus, on one occasion, when she had been praying for a view of the glory of heaven, these words were sweetly applied to her heart, "At my right hand there are pleasures for evermore." But though this gave her a sweet assurance of her future participation in these pleasures, she still felt that she must wait the Lord's appointed time to enjoy them. At another time, when reading Romaine's Walk, Life, and Triumph of Faith, she said, "This has often been a comfort to me when I have had a sight of the wretchedness of my heart, and have been crying out, 'Can ever God dwell here?' that the very sense of my own sinfulness has caused me to look more away from sin and self, to the fountain opened for all sin and uncleanness." She then repeated those lines:

"The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day," &c.

At another time, speaking on death, she said, "The Lord does not give dying strength until a dying hour:

‘ If sin be pardoned, I’m secure.  
Death hath no sting beside.’

My blessed Redeemer hath swallowed up death in victory. It will not be death to die. When I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I shall then fear no evil, for his rod and staff they will comfort me. He hath been with me in all my troubles, and he will not leave me when I pass through the river Jordan. The billows may roar; but Christ will say to the storm, ‘ Be still!’ Although I am the chief of sinners, he is all my salvation, and the blessed covenant is all my security. My prayer is that the Lord will give me his presence when heart and flesh fail.”

About two years ago, on reading Paul’s blessed declaration, “I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness,” &c., (2 Tim. iv. 7, 8,) she said, “How sweet this is to my soul, that he says this crown of righteousness was not only to be given to him, but ‘unto all them also that love his appearing.’ I truly love him and his appearing, for the great love which he hath shown to my soul.” At another time, after reading Acts xx., she said, “What love Paul had to the church of God, and the church for him! But how little there is of this in our day! How cold, for the most part, is our love to the ministers of Christ and to the brethren. O that the dear Lord would warm our hearts and give us more love to one another.”

At another time, after she had been reading how David in the strength of the Lord overcame all his enemies, she said, “David was a type of the Lord Jesus Christ. O how I want Jesus to reign over me, and put down all my enemies that daily war against me.”

On another occasion, speaking one day of the love of God, she said, “It is too great to be fathomed. Paul speaks of ‘the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of the love of Christ;’ but he adds, ‘it passeth knowledge.’ How this love of God,” she added, “is spoken of, (Rom. viii.) as so great that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from it, as being in Christ Jesus our Lord.” She then quoted that line of Kent:

“ ‘ Without a bottom, brim, or shore ;’ ”

and then added:

“ ‘ But this I can say : He loved me so well,  
He lay down his life to save me from hell.’ ”

O for more of that precious love felt and enjoyed in my heart, that I might glorify him in life and in death.”

On another occasion, after she had been reading her brother’s “Letters,” she said, “How little my knowledge is when compared with his in the things of God! But he had a great work to do, and but a short time to do it in. Thanks to the dear Lord for what he has taught me.”

One day, when her husband was reading 1 Thess. v., she stopped

him after the words, "Pray without ceasing," and said, "How blessed it is to be favoured with this unceasing spirit of prayer. How it shuts out the world, gives victory over the enemy of our souls, and brings in peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

At another time, after reading in the Psalms, of which she was very fond, she said, "What a blessing it is that the Psalms have been left upon record for the profit of the Lord's people! How some passage or other is almost sure to meet them in their various troubles and trials, such, for instance, as, 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him.'"

A much-attached female friend, who was with her in her last illness, which was very short, in fact only a few days, thus writes: "I was with her from Wednesday, Oct. 2nd, to the day of her departure, Lord's Day, Oct. 6th. In the afternoon of Wednesday, I asked her how she felt, and if she found Jesus a safe Rock to rest on. Her answer was, 'He hideth himself from me, which is very painful to me; still, I am hoping for a return of light.'

"After this for two days, from the nature of her complaint, her mind seemed rather wandering and, as it were, childish, so that not much could be obtained from her, or indeed said to her, on the things of God and the state of her mind. But even then, every now and then she was observed to be lifting up her hands as if to heaven, and speaking with a whispering voice, as though engaged in prayer. Satan evidently was not permitted to torment her mind, as she appeared to be quite calm; but we were hoping that the Lord would grant us the favour of hearing her speak something more before she left us. Our request was granted. About 6 o'clock on the Saturday evening, she became so much worse in body that I thought she could not last many hours longer. But she still appeared very calm in her soul, and, when she could speak, said,

'What cheering words are these!'

Her speech was now beginning to fail; but she repeated the words as well as she could, adding, with much evident delight,

'Tis with the righteous well.'

She then added, with much feeling,

'Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone.'

Many things were then said to her; but as her speech was now become more affected, she could make but little reply; but, from her countenance, was evidently favoured with the presence and love of God. Her dear husband asked her if she had any promise to rest upon. 'Yes,' she at once replied,

'More happy, but not more secure,  
The glorified spirits in heaven.'

At times, when asked if she found Jesus a firm staff to rest upon whilst passing through the valley of the shadow of death, she warmly answered, 'Yes.'

"Though she could speak but little in answer to many things said to her, yet she appeared to be realising that promise, 'Lo, I am with

you alway, even to the end.' About 7 o'clock, her speech was so far gone that she could not make herself understood, though she tried hard to speak. But now and then we caught just a single word, as, 'Blood,' 'Pray,' 'I will,' and she seemed to be much engaged in secret prayer; and so she continued till she very quietly and calmly went off, as we fully hope and believe, to enjoy for ever the presence and glory of that blessed Lord whom she loved so well when here below.

"Though she was thus, as it were, suddenly removed from us, yet her mind was evidently being for some time prepared for the great change, for it was observed that after her return from her visit to London last summer, she was often singing the hymn,

' Yes, I shall soon be landed  
On yonder shores of bliss.'

"One day, when I called to see her, she said, 'O how I do love to sing that hymn,' and then sang it through. It seemed then to me as if her mind was being prepared for the great change. I said to her one day, 'What a mercy it is to know and feel that all true religion is the gift and work of God.' 'Yes,' she answered, 'the reason why so many concerning faith make utter shipwreck is because their religion is not the gift and work of God. They have not the current coin of heaven.'

"I may add that she was a great reader of the 'Standard,' and found much comfort and instruction from it, especially from the letters and pieces of the late Mr. Congreve, of Bedworth, and John Rusk."

Though we have given for the most part but fragments, yet, that nothing may be lost, we just add a few things which her surviving partner has called to mind of what dropped from her lips at various times; though of course many choice things that she said have escaped his memory. Thus, speaking one day of the Holy Ghost under his title of the "Remembrancer," she remarked, "What a blessing it is that the Holy Ghost should thus be our Remembrancer, to bring to our mind the precious things of God, that we, left to ourselves, so often let slip."

At another time, when she had been reading about the two disciples going to Emmaus, and how they afterwards spake to each other, "Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?" she said, "Has not our heart also burned within us when he has talked with us by the way, and he has opened his word up to us?"

At another time, when reading of Peter's denying his blessed Lord and Master, she said, "O what power that look of love had which the Lord gave Peter! How he felt it in his very heart. It is the same power now which melts down our hearts, fills us with contrition, makes us weep over our sins and the wretched evils of our heart. What is so strong as love to cause us to walk humbly and tenderly before the Lord? It lays us low at his feet, makes us hate sin and watch against it, and to cry earnestly to the Lord to keep

us from evil, that it may not grieve us. How sweet to us it makes the name of Jesus, who loved us and gave himself for us, and has left us such precious promises as this: 'Because I live, ye shall live also.'"

"Sometimes," her husband says, in the communication with which he has favoured us, "when I have been brought down very low in my own soul, and have at such seasons looked to her to give me some consolation, she has said to me, "He is the God of all comfort, and can lift up all that are cast down. It is most blessed to bring your troubles to the Lord, and to lay them at his dear feet, believing that he will order all our steps and all our goings in his paths, that we slip not. He goes before us in providence and in grace. How blessed it is to know this experimentally and feelingly for ourselves, and to see by faith that 'known unto the Lord are all things from the beginning.' He has said that 'the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.' And he has promised that he will show us this secret, for he has said, 'The Comforter shall take of mine and shall show it unto you.'"

"She said once to me," writes the same female friend who was with her to the last, "'How few ministers seem to know how to handle the precepts of God's word,' meaning that either they enforce them in a legal spirit, or else pass them altogether by, as if they had no place in the word of truth."

Having been so long and deeply exercised in her own soul, and having had many gracious deliverances, she had a very sound judgment upon the truths of the gospel, and a discerning spirit into the ministry of the word. Having so much internal conflict, she was much kept from that trifling, unbecoming gossip about everything and everybody, and that light, vain conversation which is so prevalent in the professors of the day; and knowing well the deep corruptions of her own heart, she was at the same time much preserved also from that harsh, censoring, condemning spirit which marks others. Thus, when young people joined the church, she would sometimes say, "The Lord will carry on his own work of grace in their hearts; but often these younger ones will be spying out the failings and infirmities of us older ones. But by and by, when they are led into a deeper knowledge of their own hearts, their cry will be, 'Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.'"

The writer of this little memoir has been obliged to put it together as well as he could from what has been communicated to him by her surviving partner and a much-attached female friend who knew her intimately and was with her in her last illness; but he himself was well acquainted with her for more than twenty years, and has had at various times a good deal of conversation with her upon the things of God, having a great esteem and affection for her, and a union of spirit as one taught of the Lord and led into the footsteps of the flock. She had a very pleasing and easy way of expressing herself, and was very free to speak upon the things of God where she felt a spiritual union; and her speech was for the most part at these times seasoned with salt, as the simple utterance of a

believing, exercised heart. She was indeed, in his judgment, quite a mother in Israel; having a great love and affection for the family of God, much sympathy with the tried and tempted, and full of kind, warm, affectionate feelings toward the poor saints of God, especially when she saw the mind and image of the Lord conspicuously manifest in them. He never heard her speak in any boasting, presumptuous, or vain-confident way of herself, as it was a spirit which she abhorred; nor harshly nor unkindly of others; but was always willing to take the lowest place as a vile sinner, saved, and saved only, by sovereign grace.

She will be much missed by the church of Christ at Trinity Chapel, Leicester, of which she had been for many years a most highly-esteemed and valued member, having joined it July 20th, 1845, and to which she felt much united, having found it a home during the latter part of her pilgrimage. She was enabled, by the Spirit and grace of God, to walk in union and communion with the members, and to set before them an example of a life and conversation becoming the gospel, and the long profession (more than 50 years) which she had made of her faith, hope, and love in the glorious Person and finished work of the Son of God.

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I AM still employed in preaching the gospel, but am altogether dependent on the power of the Holy Spirit for any comfortable apprehension and enjoyment of it in my own soul; without which, I find it most miserable work to attempt to hold forth the word of life. What I deliver to others, I am driven to beg in earnest prayer. I often walk in darkness, and have no light; and trying work it is to trust in the Lord, and stay upon my God at these times. I often think none can be so void of love, and zeal, and prayer as myself; and many sore temptations constrain me to think I have only been deceiving myself and others. Satan also does so inflame the corruption of my fallen nature that I imagine there is something singularly bad in my heart, and that I shall certainly stumble and fall, and rise no more. I look within, but faith, and hope, and love, seem quite stone dead, and I am like those wretched tares that are appointed to be bound up in bundles to be burned. In this state, at times, I am called upon to preach to others, but would almost as soon be flogged; but go I must, and in my extremity I cry to God again and again. I tell him, if I am not where I should be, I desire him to put me there; and if he have sent me to declare his truth, I plead he must help me, and strengthen me with strength in my soul, for "without him I can do nothing." How often have I been tried in this way till my hearers were assembled, when God has never failed to meet me with greater or less supplies of his Spirit. In his light and strength I could hold forth Christ both to myself and others; I could feed upon him as the bread of eternal life, and feel him dwelling in my heart by faith, the hope and earnest of glory; his blood again appears on my conscience, and all my iniquities are purged away. I cleave to that blood as the precious price which has redeemed my soul from the lowest hell; I feel it has washed me from my sins, and made me a king and priest unto God; for I can triumph in Christ at such seasons, as all my salvation, and all my desire. Trusting in his name, I reign over sin, Satan, and all the world. Feeling in Christ a complete deliverance from wrath and the curse, I can offer the sacrifices of praise and heart-felt love, which are acceptable to God by Jesus Christ.—*Hardy.*

## MONSTROUS.

Dear Sir,—I observe on page 85 in the "Standard" for this month you assert it as "monstrous" to apply such Psalms as li. to the Lord Jesus Christ. This at the moment rather startled me, knowing that so many good and gracious divines take a different view of the matter. Sure I am, however, that they would shudder equally with yourself to apply such Psalms to the dear Son of God in any other way than as the "Surety" of his elect people. Certainly the sins of David, Solomon, and others, which the Holy Ghost has recorded, are of a black and heinous nature; but I would ask, Did the dear Surety take upon himself these identical sins or did he not? If he did not, then they are still on the *principals*, consequently they are not in heaven; for, as Dr. Watts expresses it,

"Those holy gates for ever bar  
Pollution, sin, and shame."

But admitting, which is most certainly true, that Christ did take upon himself those sins, is it anything wonderful or "monstrous" that the holy Sufferer should cry out under such a load? I think Dr. Crisp somewhere says that "Christ is all the sinners in the world (meaning the elect world) *by imputation*." But we have a higher authority than Dr. Crisp—an infallible one. The Holy Ghost, by Isaiah, hath declared "that he (God the Father) hath laid on him (Christ the Son) the iniquities of us all,"—*all the sins*, not taking in some and leaving out the blackest,—"*and by his stripes (alone) we are healed,*" if healed at all. Dear Hart knew something of this. He gives us to understand that he himself had been guilty of most fearful crimes; yet we hear him singing:

"We're clean, just God, we're clean."

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

March 7th, 1862.

H. H.

H. H., as it appears to us, does not see the difference between the imputation of sin to Christ, and his personal transgression. If he saw this distinction as clearly as we do, he would not have considered us wrong in applying the word "monstrous" to any interpretation which would refer Ps. li. to the blessed Lord.

The distinction is obvious enough; but as all may not see it, we will endeavour to explain it, and show that Christ crying out under the weight of imputed sin is a very different thing from his seeking forgiveness for personal transgression. Under the imputation of sin our blessed Lord could say, "I sink in deep mire where there is no standing." (Ps. lxxix. 2.) Nay, as made sin for us, he could and did so feel our sins to be his that he could say, "Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up." But this sinking into deep mire under the weight of sin imputed is a very different thing from our Lord's confessing personal transgression and begging for personal forgiveness. For this reason it would be "mon-

strous" to apply to the blessed Lord Ps. li., in which personal sin is confessed and personal forgiveness sought.

Let us briefly consider a few things in Ps. li., which would make it "monstrous" as applicable to the Lord Jesus.

1. The *title* itself, which being in our Hebrew Bibles a part of the Psalm proves its antiquity, is dead against such a view; for it expressly tells us on what occasion it was composed.

2. That our blessed Lord should say unto his Father, "Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin," would be "monstrous." Is there any washing from iniquity but in the blood of the Lamb? (1 Cor. vi. 11; Rev. i. 5.) How, then, could the sins of Christ, if they were personal sins, be washed except by his own blood? So that this view first makes him a sinner by personal transgression, and then would wash him from his sins in his own blood.—"Monstrous!"

3. Again, look at the words, "*Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight.*" Did Christ ever *sin against God*? His own words were, "I do always the things which please him." And could the holy, harmless, undefiled Lamb of God ever say, "*I have done this evil*" in thy sight? No. "Monstrous!"

5. But look at this verse, "Behold, *I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me.*" Was the pure humanity of our gracious Lord "*shapen in iniquity,*" and did his virgin mother *conceive him in sin*? Are we not expressly told that the pure humanity of our blessed Lord was "a holy thing?"—"Monstrous!"

5. How, again, could the blessed Lord cry, "*Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean.*" Does not H. H. know that "hyssop" was used to sprinkle the blood of the sacrifice? If, then, these were words of Christ, it would make the blessed Redeemer ask God to cleanse him from *his own personal sins* by the blood of *his own sacrifice*.—"Monstrous!"

Time and space will not allow us to enter more fully into this subject, but we think we have said enough to vindicate our expression that it would be "monstrous" to apply to the blessed Lord Psalm li.; and would show an ignorance of truth and a perversity of interpretation from which we hope ever to be preserved by Him who has made us tender of his honour and jealous of his truth, and bold enough to declare that all such interpretations as would make the Lamb of God a personal transgressor are indeed "monstrous."

EDITOR.

COULD the darkness of hell stand and look on the face of the sun, blackness of darkness should be better seen. But convene all the little pieces of the creation; summon before Christ, fair angels, all the troops of the sinless glorified spirits; the broad skies, fair heavens, lightsome stars; all delicious roses, flowers, gardens, meadows, forests, seas, mountains, birds; and all the excellent sons of Adam, as they should have been in the world of innocency, and let them all stand in their highest excellence before Jesus Christ; the matchless and transcendent glory of that great ALL should turn the worlds all into pure nothing.—*Rutherford.*

## MEDITATIONS ON THE OFFICE CHARACTERS OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

### II.

#### JESUS AS SUSTAINING THE OFFICE OF PROPHET TO HIS CHURCH AND PEOPLE.

(Concluded from p. 124.)

NEXT to the "unspeakable gift" of his dear Son, the greatest blessing which God has bestowed upon the church is the gift of that holy word which testifies of him. And if this be true of the Scripture generally, as a divine revelation of the mind and will of God and of his testimony to the Person and work of the Son of his love, it is especially so of that portion of the inspired record which contains the words actually spoken by the Lord himself, when tabernacling here below. What indeed would the church of Christ have fully and clearly known of the gracious words which the Lord Jesus spake when on earth, as the Prophet of the Most High, had they not been stored up, and thus, as it were, for ever embalmed in the four inspired Gospels? Memory, it is true, at first, and tradition afterwards, might for a season, have retained a small remnant of them; but what with the frailty and treachery of the one, and the corrupting tendency of the other, nothing certain, nothing pure could have been preserved for the benefit of the church in the succeeding periods of time. But the Holy Ghost having inspired the four evangelists to commit to writing the exact words and actions of the blessed Redeemer as they were spoken and performed, the faith of the church has a solid ground on which to rest, and each successive generation of believers can sit at his feet and hear his words almost as if they were still dropping from his gracious lips.

But as we are still engaged with the execution of his office here below, another feature of our Lord's prophetic ministry demands a few moments' consideration.

iv. *The miracles by which the Lord authenticated his divine mission.* These were essential to prove that he was sent of God as the promised Prophet. Had he not wrought miracles, there would not only have been no open proof of his divine mission, but he would have been inferior to Moses who gave, and to Elijah who restored the law, both of whom proved their commission of God by the wondrous deeds which they wrought in his name. The subject is too wide for us to enter into in our limited space. It will be sufficient to show from two passages the connection between our Lord's miracles and the belief that he was the promised Prophet. The first is in connection with the miracle of feeding the five thousand: "Then those men, when they had seen the miracle that Jesus did, said, This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world." (John vi. 14.) The other is the Lord's answer to John, when he sent two of his disciples to Jesus with the inquiry, "Art thou he that should come," (that is, the promised Prophet,) "or do we look for another?" "Jesus answered and said unto them, Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the

lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them." (Matt. xi. 4, 5.) There the Lord appealed to his miracles, that he was "he that should come," the Shiloh, the Prophet of whom Moses spake.

But though our limits preclude us from dwelling further on the Lord's miracles as a proof of his divine mission, yet we cannot but make upon them, as viewed in connection with the execution of his prophetic office, the following observations:

1. They were so vast, so numerous, and so well authenticated, that one would think the infidelity itself of the authors of the "*Essays and Reviews*" would blush to deny or explain them away. When five thousand men, for instance, were fed with five barley loaves and two small fishes, there were five thousand witnesses to the truth and reality of the miracle, besides the disciples, who distributed them to the people, and afterwards filled twelve baskets with the fragments which remained over and above unto them that had eaten. Could all these have been deceived? Take five thousand hungry people now at some national gathering. To feed such a number, what an apparatus of provisions would be requisite! Did not, then, each man of this hungry multitude know for himself that there was no such apparatus to feed them? They were in "a desert place," (Matt. xiv. 15,) far from any human habitation, and were faint for want of food. Now, how could provisions in sufficient amount to feed such a famished crowd have been brought into this wilderness, and the persons thus abundantly fed not see or know it? Where were their eyes, not to see the camels loaded with loaves, or the boats on the shore of the lake filled with glittering fish? The large amount of provision needed and consumed precluded all collusion or mistake on the part of the disciples; and there could have been no deception of the senses on the part of the famished multitude, when each hungry man ate the bread and tasted the fish, and found and felt his hunger and faintness gone. These observations are indeed obvious enough, but the deep-seated infidelity of our wretched heart sometimes wants a seasonable check, and faith itself may occasionally need confirming by taking a closer view of the solid grounds on which it rests. We have, therefore, purposely selected this one miracle to show how clear the proof that it was wrought by a divine power; but the same train of reasoning, a little modified according to the circumstances of each, may be applied to them all. They were too open, too palpable, too vast, too supernatural, to be anything but real manifestations of divine power.

2. They were almost all *miracles of mercy*. The only exceptions that we can call to mind were, the permission given to the unclean spirits to enter into the herd of swine, and the denunciation of the barren fig-tree; of which the first was a just punishment for keeping for profit a herd of unclean animals, contrary to the law; and the other a standing warning against all barren professors.\* Contrast

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\* As the fig-tree stood by the way-side, and was therefore no man's property, no one was injured by its destruction; and being barren, no one would have been benefited by its continuance,

with the beneficent miracles of Jesus some of those wrought by Moses and Elisha, and it will at once be seen what compassion for suffering, and what power to relieve it, met in his tender, loving heart.

3. Our Lord's miracles *were wrought immediately by his own power*, and not like those of Moses, mediately by the power of God. In other words, Moses and the prophets only wrought miracles instrumentally by the power of the Almighty; the Lord Jesus wrought them by his own power as himself the mighty God. Moses could do nothing without his rod; Jesus had but to say, "I will; be thou clean," and the leprosy departed; "Lazarus, come forth," and the dead man issued out of the tomb.

v. But whilst treating of the execution of his prophetic office, we must not omit another noticeable point; that the Lord, *as a Prophet, predicted events that should come to pass*. Thus he prophesied his own sufferings, death, and resurrection, the treachery of Judas, the fall and recovery of Peter, the destruction of Jerusalem, the spread of the gospel among all nations, and his own second coming. To work miracles and to predict future events are the two grand credentials of a prophet. Both of them, therefore, were in an eminent degree possessed and manifested by our blessed Lord as the anointed Prophet of the Father.

vi. One more feature will close this branch of our subject. *Jesus sealed the truth of his prophetic mission by his sufferings and death*. Persecution and death was the frequent if not the usual treatment of the prophets. How pathetically does the Lord apostrophise Jerusalem: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets." (Matt. xxiii. 37.) As a Prophet, then, he too must suffer persecution and death, and that at Jerusalem: "Nevertheless, I must walk to-day and to-morrow, and the day following, for it cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem." (Luke xiii. 33.) He sealed his mission with his blood. Faithful unto God, faithful unto man, he laid down his life not only as a sacrificing Priest, but as an attesting Prophet; and as by dying on the cross he fulfilled that part of his priestly office which his heavenly Father gave him to do, which was to be executed on earth, so, by the same precious death, he accomplished that part of his prophetic office which he was to perform in the flesh to the glory of God.

IV. We now pass on to consider *the present mode in which the Lord sustains the prophetic office in heaven*.

Our blessed Lord had a work given him to do on earth, as he himself declared: "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." (John iv. 34.) And thus, toward the conclusion of his earthly ministry, he could appeal to his heavenly Father, "I have glorified thee on the earth; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." (John xvii. 4.) But though he did not bow his sacred head, nor lay down his precious life, until he could say, "It is finished," we must not thence conclude that the gracious Lord laid down his covenant offices when he breathed forth his spirit on the cross. We know that it was not so with his priestly

office, for the apostle says, "We have" (now have) "such a High Priest, who is set on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens;" (Heb. viii. 1;) and again, "And having" (that is, now having) "a High Priest over the house of God." (Heb. x. 21.) That Jesus, as "having an unchangeable priesthood," and being a priest "who is made not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life," (Heb. vii. 16, 24,) "ever liveth to make intercession for us," is the hope and help of all our approaches to the throne of grace. Thus we have the fullest, clearest evidence, without and within, in the word and in the heart, that Jesus is still executing his priestly office in the courts above. So also with regard to his kingly office. Though he never ceased to be King, for as he was "born King of the Jews," (Matt. ii. 2,) so, even in death, the title put upon the cross proclaimed him "Jesus, the King of the Jews;" still, it was chiefly after his resurrection that the regal sceptre was put into his hand. Thus when he appeared to his disciples after his resurrection, he said to them, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." (Matt. xxviii. 18.) And this royal sceptre he still wields as crowned King in Zion, for "he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet." (1 Cor. xv. 25.) In a similar way, then, the blessed Lord did not lay down his prophetic office when he laid down his precious life, for the church's glorious Head has never parted with one atom of his grace or his glory, but resumed it with his other covenant characters after his resurrection. Of this we have the clearest proof in the intercourse which he held with the disciples before his ascension. Thus, in his conversation with the two disciples journeying to Emmaus, we read that, "beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself." (Luke xxiv. 27.) And similarly, as regarded the rest of the disciples, we read, "Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures, and said unto them, Thus it is written and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day; and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. And ye are witnesses of these things." (Luke xxiv. 45-48.) The opening of the understanding of the disciples to understand the Scriptures—what was this but fulfilling his office by which he still taught them after the resurrection as the anointed Prophet of the Father?

1. But as the blessed Lord was about to withdraw his personal presence from his disciples, and to go to the Father, that he might sit at the right hand of the Majesty on high, there was a necessity that whilst he still retained his prophetic office there should be a change in its mode of administration. This he fully and clearly opened up to his disciples in his last discourses with them, where he promised them "another Comforter," even "the Spirit of truth," who should "teach them all things, and bring all things to their remembrance whatsoever he had said unto them." But though the mode of administration is changed, that it is still Jesus who teaches is plain from his own words: "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye can-

not bear them now. Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak; and he will show you things to come." (John xvi. 12, 13.) "*I have yet many things to say unto you.*" Does not this show that Jesus still had many things to say to his disciples? And when should he say them but from the right hand of the Father when he had baptized them with the Holy Ghost and with fire? Till that full and heavenly baptism they could not bear the weight of instruction which he had to impart. But again, "These things have I spoken unto you in proverbs; but the time cometh, when I shall no more speak unto you in proverbs, but I shall show you plainly of the Father." (John xvi. 25.) What time was that of which he said that when it came he would show them plainly of the Father? Not between the resurrection and the ascension, for though he was seen of them forty days, and spake to the disciples of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God, (Acts i. 3,) yet his visits were but occasional, and their minds were as yet unprepared for a fuller revelation of the Father. Clearly then the time was from the day of Pentecost, when they should be baptized with the Holy Ghost. We see, then, plainly that though there was necessarily a change of ministration, yet that the blessed Lord still continued to fulfil his prophetic office after his ascension to the right hand of the Majesty on high. To show the nature, and to give them an earnest of this change before he left the earth, "he breathed on his disciples, and said unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost." (John xx. 22.)

2. But as the Lord before his ascension gave his disciples a charge to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, and as he promised to be with them even unto the end of the world, it was necessary that there should be a continued supply of the Holy Spirit to ratify that promise in raising up, commissioning, and qualifying a series of heaven-taught ministers to feed in each successive generation the church of God. Our gracious Lord, therefore, as the Head of his body the church, when he went up on high, received gifts for that express purpose. This was spoken by the mouth of prophecy many hundred years before its fulfilment: "Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive; thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them." (Ps. lxxviii. 18.) But what these gifts were the apostle unfolds in his divine commentary on that prediction: "Wherefore he saith, when he ascended up on high, he led captivity captive and gave gifts unto men. And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." (Eph. iv. 8, 11, 12.)

Jesus, then, is still the Prophet of his church, and is still executing this office at the right hand of the Father. But his own personal ministry having ceased when he himself withdrew his presence from the earth, he carries it on now, 1, by sending forth his Spirit into the heart of his people to testify of himself; and, 2, by qualifying, coun-

missioning, and sending his servants to preach the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

V. But this brings us to our fifth and last point in our Meditations on the Prophetical Office of the Lord Jesus Christ, viz., *its bearing on the experience of the people of God.*

Whatever the blessed Lord is in himself to his church and people; it is only so far as he is spiritually and experimentally made known to the soul of each individual believer that any personal benefit or blessing is derived from him. Thus the apostle declares that he "of God is made unto us *wisdom*;" (1 Cor. i. 30;) but if there be no discovery or revelation of him as such to our soul; if he do not himself teach us by his Spirit and grace; if we are not personally and individually taught and brought to sit at his feet and hear his word; if we do not take his yoke upon us, and learn of him to be meek and lowly in heart, he is not made "*wisdom*" to us as living members of his mystical body, nor do we derive any benefit or blessing from what he thus is to the church of God. It is so with every other office that he sustains in the courts above. Is he a High Priest over the house of God? It is only as the efficacy of his atoning blood is made known to our conscience, and our prayers, as perfumed by his meritorious intercession at the right hand of the Majesty on high, enter into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, that we derive any personal benefit from his high priesthood. So with his kingly office. Unless he reign and rule in us, and sway his gentle and peaceable yet powerful sceptre over our hearts, we are but his subjects in name, and are utter strangers to the influence of his constraining love. Indeed, all profession which does not spring out of a real, vital, experimental knowledge of, faith in, and love towards the Lord of life and glory, is but a miserable delusion, which, to those who live and die in it, will end in destruction and perdition. If, then, we profess to receive the Lord Jesus as our risen and glorified Prophet, how needful it is to search and examine what individual and personal influence this belief has upon our heart and conscience. To this point, then, we shall now direct our readers' attention.

We have already shown that our blessed Lord, as now sustaining the office of Prophet to his church and people, teaches them by his Spirit. This is no detraction from, or derogatory to his prophetical office, for such is the Unity of the divine Essence, that though the Persons in the blessed Trinity are Three, yet the work of each is the work of all, and the work of all the work of each. As the apostle says, "Now, there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all." (1 Cor. xii. 4-6.) Thus, the Father teaches; (John vi. 45;) the Son teaches; (John xvi. 25;) and the Holy Ghost teaches. (John xiv. 26.) But though in this sense each of the Persons in the glorious Trinity teaches the church of God, yet we must bear in mind that they only teach it in consequence of the gracious

Lord being the Mediator between God and men. Only because the Son of God has redeemed the church by his own precious blood, is risen from the dead, gone up on high, and is in the presence of God for us, is any divine teaching imparted to the members of his mystical body. The gift of the Spirit depended on Jesus being glorified. (John vii. 39.) It is still, then, *he* who speaks from heaven (Heb. xii. 25) to the souls of his dear people, for his words, as applied by the blessed Spirit, fall with power upon their hearts, and thus become life and spirit to their fainting souls. Thus it is still true, "My sheep hear my voice," though the good Shepherd is enthroned in the highest bliss, and his bodily presence withdrawn from the earth.

But before we can personally realise the blessedness of having the Lord himself thus for our teacher, we must be made to feel and that deeply our ignorance, our darkness, our unbelief, our thorough helplessness to procure or produce any saving knowledge, either of himself or of any divine truth connected with him. This deep and abiding conviction of our ignorance and helplessness is the first fruit of the first moving of the blessed Spirit on the rude and wild chaos of our heart, enlightening the eyes of our understanding to see, quickening the soul into divine life to feel, and planting in the conscience that fear of the Lord which, as the beginning of wisdom, trembles at this discovery of our ruined condition.

But as it is so important to make straight paths for our feet here lest that which is lame be turned out of the way, let us consider this part of our subject a little more clearly and closely.

One of the four promises of the New Covenant is, "I will put my laws into their minds and write them in their hearts." (Heb. viii. 10.) This putting of his laws into their minds, and writing them in their hearts, is the fulfilment of the general promise to the Lord's family as opened up by the Lord himself, "It is written in the prophets, And they shall be all taught of God." (John vi. 45.) To share, then, in divine teaching is to possess a sure and blessed evidence of being a child of God. But the question still arises, What are the marks and what the effects of this divine teaching? In a day like the present when "many run to and fro, and knowledge is increased," it is easy to be deceived with the mere natural and notional knowledge of the letter of truth, and mistake light upon the word for the light of life in the soul. The distinction between them is better felt than described; for as you cannot explain light to a person born blind, or the sound of music to one that is deaf and dumb, so you cannot by mere words lay open the deep mystery of divine life in the heart; nor indeed do we claim to ourselves an unfailling discernment.

"For neither man nor angel can discern  
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks  
Invisible, except to God alone."—*Milton*.

But whether we can clearly discern the difference between natural and spiritual light or not, or whether we can or cannot clearly describe it, the fact, the grand, the all-important fact still remains the

same; that there is in the regenerated family of God a light, a life, a teaching, a power, an unction, a knowledge, a savour, a heavenly blessing, which may be imitated and counterfeited, but still remains unapproached and unapproachable by all but the elect of God. This is "the anointing which teacheth of all things, and is truth and no lie," that peculiar "unction" which is "from the Holy One," and whereby the saint of God "knows all things." A few marks, then, and evidences of this divine teaching we shall attempt to show; but in so doing we shall chiefly confine ourselves to the peculiar bearing which the prophetic office of the risen Lord has on the work of grace.

1. *Conviction of sin*, it is evident, is the first mark and effect of divine teaching. "When he is come, he will reprove (margin "convince") the world of sin." (John xvi. 8.) This conviction we see in those who were pricked (or, as the word means, "pierced") in their heart under Peter's sermon; (Acts ii. 37;) and in the case of the Philippian gaoler. Indeed, what knowledge can there be of salvation by the blood of the Lamb if guilt and condemnation have never ploughed up the heart and made deep wounds in the conscience? As Hart truly says:

"What comfort can a Saviour bring  
To those who never felt their woe?  
A sinner is a sacred thing,  
The Holy Ghost has made him so."

If we read, "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound," we read also, "Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law." (Ps. xciv. 12.) Thus to be taught out of the law, so as to know its curse, condemnation, guilt, fear, wrath, and bondage, is a blessing, for it breaks up the fallow ground of the heart, prevents sowing among thorns, and opens the furrows deep and wide to receive the pure seed of the gospel when it comes with power to the soul.

2. The second mark and effect of this divine teaching is that which the Lord himself has given: "It is written in the prophets, And they shall be all taught of God. Every man, therefore, that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father *cometh unto me*." (John vi. 45.) To come, then, to Jesus for pardon and peace, for mercy and deliverance, for teaching and instruction, is the Lord's own mark of being taught of God. And to show us that this is a spiritual coming under heavenly drawings, he declared, "No man can come to me except the Father which hath sent me draw him." It is by these secret drawings of the Father that we come to Jesus. The eyes of our understanding are spiritually enlightened to see his glorious Person at the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens; and we come to him as the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel. As it stands on this sacred ground, at Mount Zion, the city of the living God, the blessed Spirit takes of the things of Christ, and shows them to the soul; faith is raised up to believe in the things thus presented to view;

hope anchors in them as divine realities within the veil; and love flows forth to embrace the Person and work of the Son of God as full of grace and glory, as all its salvation and all its desire.

But as we are now showing the special bearing which the prophetic office of Jesus has on the experience of a child of God, we shall trace this out as connected with his coming to Jesus as the risen and glorified Prophet of the Most High. As such we have already shown that he now teaches us by his Spirit.

3. The blessed Spirit, then, as a needful preparation for his own divine instruction, convinces us of our *ignorance*, of the veil of unbelief that is by nature spread over our heart, and of our utter inability to take it away. So great is this darkness, as a matter of personal inward experience, that, like the darkness in Egypt, it may be "felt;" so deep this ignorance that all knowledge or capability of knowledge seems utterly gone; so strong, so desperate this unbelief that it seems as if thoroughly incurable. And yet amidst all this deep and dense cloud of ignorance darkness and unbelief, rays and beams of light every now and then break through, which, though they seem at the time only to show the darkness and make it deeper, yet really are a guiding light to the throne of God and the Lamb. There Jesus sits enthroned in glory, not only as an interceding High Priest to save, not only as an exalted King to rule, but as a most gracious Prophet to teach. We read, "Nevertheless, when it (that is, Israel) shall turn to the Lord, the veil shall be taken away." (2 Cor. iii. 16.) Thus, in soul experience, as the veil is felt to be thick and strong over the heart, there is a turning to the Lord with prayer and supplication that he would take it away; and as he, in answer to prayer, is pleased to do this, light is seen in his light, his truth drops with savour and sweetness into the soul, and the word of his grace sways and regulates the heart, lip, and life.

4. As, then, the veil of ignorance and unbelief is taken away, and the heart, under divine operations, becomes as the wax to the seal and the clay to the potter, there is raised up an earnest desire to *know the mind and will of God*, that we may be instructed into the one, and do the other. But Jesus, as the anointed Prophet of the Father, has revealed to us the mind and will of God. In his holy example, in his meek, humble, and devoted life, in his suffering death, and especially in his gracious words, as filled with the light and power of the Holy Ghost, Jesus has revealed the mind of God, for in seeing him we see the Father, and in hearing him we hear the Father. Now, the Apostle says, "We have the mind of Christ;" (1 Cor. ii. 16;) and again, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." (Phil. ii. 5.) But this mind of Christ can only be in us by the teaching and testimony of the blessed Spirit, for "the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God;" and as thus taught and blessed of the Spirit, we become spiritually-minded, which is life and peace. "He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit;" (1 Cor. vi. 17;) and as thus baptized into his Spirit, there is union and communion with him. Thus the Lord breathes, as it were, his mind into the soul, that it may see as with his eyes and feel as with

his heart, hate what he hates, love what he loves, be warm for his truth, zealous for his honour, and earnest for his glory.

So also with *knowing and doing the will of God* from the heart. (Eph. vi. 6.) It can only be learnt at *his* feet who did it with a perfect heart, who submitted himself wholly to it in the gloomy garden and on the accursed tree; and who now, at the right hand of the Father, enables his people to do what that will commands, abstain from what that will forbids, and bear what that will imposes.

5. The *ministry of the gospel*, as flowing out of and connected with the prophetic office of the Lord Jesus, has here also a spiritual bearing on the experience of the saints of God. We have before shown that when Jesus went up on high he received gifts for men, and these gifts he poured forth in sending apostles, prophets, &c., to testify of himself. Thus every servant of Christ, whom he teaches by his Holy Spirit, and sends into the gospel field to labour in his service, is a witness to the present life of Jesus as still a Prophet to his church and people in the courts above. When at Damascus gate Jesus spoke from heaven for the first time to his chosen vessel Saul, he said, "But rise, and stand upon thy feet; for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee." (Acts xxvi. 16.) "In the which I will appear unto thee." Do not these words show that by fresh and continued appearances of, and communications from Jesus, Paul's ministry was maintained? Again: "And he said unto me, Depart; for I will send thee far hence unto the gentiles." (Acts xxii. 21.) He has not ceased, nor will he ever cease, to send labourers into his harvest; for his own gracious promise connected with the ministry of the gospel is, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." When, then, he qualifies and sends one of his own servants, all his experience first and last, his knowledge, understanding, gifts, abilities, success, and blessing, are all so many standing testimonies that Jesus still speaks in and by him. What he is as a blessing to any of the living family he is by the grace of God; and as if the spring were to cease to flow, or were diverted from its course, the brook at once would fail, so were Jesus to withdraw the continual supplies of his grace to his servants, their gifts would wither, their ministry dry up, and they become like a summer watercourse, which, "when it is hot, is consumed out of its place." (Job vii. 17.)

So also with the gracious *hearers* of the ministry of the word; they too have a share in the blessing which Jesus sends down as the risen Prophet of his church. When the ministry of the word is made life and spirit to their soul, when the gospel comes "not in word only but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance," when the hard and stony heart melts into contrition and love, under the voice of the Beloved speaking through his sent servant, then the hearer as well as the minister has an evidence that Jesus still lives and lives to bless.

6. We might name also the *precepts* of the gospel which Jesus has

prescribed, the *ordinances* of his house which he has instituted, the whole course of *holy obedience* which he has enjoined, as closely connected with his prophetic office. But as we purpose, with God's help and blessing, to view him in a subsequent article as King in Zion; and as this part of our subject will fall more conveniently under the consideration of his kingly office, we shall not now dwell on these points. We could not indeed altogether pass them unmentioned by; but our present space as well as the reason already alleged prohibit us from entering further upon them.

7. We might also instance as closely connected with an experience of the prophetic office of Jesus the *inward possession and practical exemplification of that wisdom* which is "from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy." Indeed all that in a believer is true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report; all his excellence\* as a saint, all his praise in the churches—all, all flow out of his union and communion with Jesus as a risen Head, and are all connected with the teaching which he gives, and the supply of grace which he ministers. How fully, how blessedly is the whole of this divine teaching summed up in Paul's prayer for the saints of God at Ephesus: "That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him; the eyes of your understanding being enlightened, that ye may know what is the hope of his calling and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints, and what is the exceeding greatness of his power to usward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power, which he wrought in Christ when he raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come; and hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be the Head over all things to the church, which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all." (Eph. i. 17-23.)

With this prayer, which may the Lord fulfil in our readers' hearts and ours, we close our Meditations on the prophetic office of Jesus. Our next subject will be his power and authority as the enthroned King of Zion.

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WOE be to them that forsake the stated assembling of themselves together, under the plausible, but deceitful, pretext, of praying at home, with the less interruption. I am greatly afraid that they, who having health and opportunity, seldom pray to God in his temple, pray still seldomer in their closets. I more than suspect that such as do not worship him at stated seasons in public are every jot as negligent in private. There is the same command for both; and they who make no conscience of fulfilling the one will make very little scruple of omitting the other.  
—*Teplady.*

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\* The word translated "virtue" (Phil. iv. 8) means properly "excellence."

## TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP of Jesus, O how sweet to know !  
 O may I feel its sweetness here below.  
 He is the Friend, when other friends are gone,  
 Who still remains the same Unchanging One.

H. L.

## IS THY HEART AS MY HEART ?

<p>O WHAT a heart is mine!          Such evils dwell within !          The floods in high-tide time          So raise the filth of sin.          Yes, such a storm I've just pass'd          through.          O tell me—Is it thus with you ?</p> <p>Sometimes the waves roll high,          And I am in the dark;          Which make me often sigh,          With sorrow in my heart.          Then I no bright scenes have in          view.          O tell me—Is it thus with you ?</p> <p>I then bow down my head,          And in a low place lie;          Think all that I have said          Must be a cheat and lie.          Such doubts and fears my soul pur-          sue.          O tell me—Is it thus with you ?</p> <p>Sometimes I try to pray,          And lift my thoughts on high;          But then will Satan say,          " 'Tis not an earnest cry;          God will have nought with thee to          do."          O tell me—Is it thus with you ?</p> <p>Last night, when in the dark,          The serpent, with a nod,          Shot forth his piercing dart,          And said there was no God.</p>	<p>Ah! then I felt a sinking too.          O tell me—Is it thus with you?          But while he thus did try          To lead my thoughts away,          Light broke forth through the          sky,          To show the break of day;          And brighter things I had in view.          O tell me—Is it thus with you ?</p> <p>But soon a cloud came on;          Up started discontent;          And everything was wrong          In all the way I went,          In outward things and inward too.          O tell me—Is it thus with you ?</p> <p>In changes such as these          My soul has often part;          And seldom little ease          Or peace within my heart,          Unless my Jesus is in view.          O tell me—Is it so with you ?</p> <p>The day is near at hand—          I cannot tell how near,          When I shall leave this land          With all I love so dear.          The thought does oft perplex me too.          O tell me—Is it thus with you ?</p> <p>Lord, meet me with a smile,          And let me see thy face,          In death's dark gloomy vale          To sing of sovereign grace.          Then with bright glory full in view,          It will be well with me and you.</p>
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Milton, Feb. 13th, 1862.

G. GORTON.

A SOUND ministry divideth between the marrow and the bone; yea, between the soul, spirit, and joints. (Heb. iv. 22.) Can this be done without smart ? There is no profit nor care in skinning festers unsearched, and no search without smart.—*Dr. Taylor*, 1663.

I BELIEVE it a thousand times easier for a worm, a fly, or any other despicable creature whatsoever to understand the affairs of men than for the best of men in a natural state to understand the things of God. We must have spiritual light before we can understand spiritual things; which every natural man being destitute of, he can see no comeliness in Christ, why he should be desired, nor any amiableness in religion, why it should be embraced.—*Beveridge*.

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

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JUNE, 1862.

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

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SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON  
BY THE LATE MR. WARBURTON.

PREACHED AT EDEN STREET CHAPEL, LONDON, MAY, 1850.

“Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love.”—1 John iv. 7, 8.

So, my brethren, it appears that love is the grand source of all expectations, of all supplies, of all victories, and of all glory; and it is evident that where there is no love there is not a particle of real spirituality. How striking is that which the apostle speaks, under the blessed anointing and teaching of God the Holy Ghost. He says if he were to speak with the tongue of men and angels, had the spirit of prophecy, understood all mysteries, and had all knowledge and all faith to remove mountains, and gave all his goods to feed the poor, and even his body to be burned, and had not charity, which is love, it would be nothing. So that it is evident, and it is a reality to every one that is taught of God, that where there is no love enjoyed there is no love felt, either to God or to his people, in its operations on the heart. Another apostle says, “He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love.”

We will attempt to speak, as far as God shall help us, of a little of this *love*. My dear brethren, it is a subject, I had like to have said, of which angels cannot speak a thousandth part of its immortal glories; and for such a worm as I to attempt to speak a little of its glories, it is a solemn subject indeed; but God does not despise poor, weak, naked, base wretches; and, blessed be his name, he takes one and another poor nothings, who cannot find words to express their nothingness. But there is a deal of struggling with the devil and the pride of our hearts before a poor soul is brought down to be nothing, that Christ may be all and in all.

What a display of the love of the God of all grace there is in his providing, preparing, and settling every mercy to the objects of his choice, for day, for night, and for a never-ending eternity, in and through his beloved Son; for it hath pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell. What love! Did the apostle merit this love? Do you or I merit this love? Every blessing is laid out ready, for there is a time and season for the purpose of God under the hea-

vens, and time opens up that of which it is God's interpreter. Every blessing that is needful he has prepared, and all this is in love. I should have been damned again and again if the Lord had not done it all. Some people say this leads to licentiousness; but it leads my soul to feel that I could die for him, and to spend and be spent for his honour and glory. What mercy and what love! Yes, "God so loved the world,"—neither Gabriel nor all the angels nor all the redeemed of God in heaven can get beyond this,—"God so loved the world," the objects of his choice, "that he gave his beloved Son, that whosoever believeth on him should be saved." Come, then, poor dear soul, you will be brought to prove there is damnation out of him and salvation in him. He gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish; and that "shall not" will stand in spite of the devil, and unbelief, and all the despair that even a child of God shall have. He shall not perish, but for ever be saved. What love! What love! Yea, my friends, "not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." Why, friends, this is love worthy of a God; and this shall stand for ever and ever.

Poor dear children of God, perhaps some of you are come here as hard as the nether millstone; you feel as if you could neither love God nor his people. Why, this does not give thee comfort. It is this that makes thee to want a drop of this love. Thou wantest to know whether God has set his love upon thee, a poor naked, unworthy wretch. Poor soul, has there ever been one single trial in providence, but when the provision has come it is all straight; when the day is come, when the time is come, it is made up? Yet you and I are such poor blind fools, we are so often poking our eyes into the morrow, and the next week, and so on. Our Lord says it is enough; and he knows better than you or I. He says, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof;" and is that not plenty? He says again, "Take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." Yes, the love of God is manifest in settling, preparing, and fixing every providential mercy. Thy God has fixed all. God has bound it all. I know it from soul experience. I have been in many a strange hobble. I have had such trembling and shaking when the shopkeeper has come for his money, unbelief boiling up like a pot, and the enemy raging and roaring; but the Lord has appeared for me. It has been all right when God has brought me his promises. They have brought with them such a display of God's glory! All the gold and silver are his, and so are the cattle upon a thousand hills.

And what blessings, my friends, has the Father stored up and prepared out of love for the souls of his dear people, the riches of his glory. They must be separated from earth to enjoy it; but we are of the earth earthy; we must turn to earth again. The souls of God's family cannot live upon the earth though the earth lives in them, grieves them, and brings them into so many distresses. There is nothing that their souls can feed upon but the Bread of eternal life,—unmerited love and mercy. How the apostle speaks of the great-

ness of this discriminating love. He says, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus our Lord; according as he has chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love, having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will," (it is not to be purchased, it is not to be bought nor sold,) "to the praise of the glory of his grace wherein he hath made us accepted in the Beloved."

Come, poor, dear, little, weak, hungering, thirsting, panting soul; why, bless thy dear heart, God would never have given thee an appetite for it if thou wert not a loved one; he never would have brought thee to see the importance of this that thou art in want of. The dear Lord says, "All that the Father hath given unto me shall come unto me, and him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out." So that all these sovereign blessings, life, love, faith, righteousness, fortitude, fruitfulness, humility, zeal,—every sovereign blessing treasured up and prepared is a gift of love, free, sovereign love. This does not suit proud, boasting pharisees. They are not brought to see their need of it, therefore they do not want it. A comfortable bed and a poor worn-out body, how they meet together; a thirsty soul and a bottle of water, how they fit together. Come, poor child of God, we shall have a supply from our God.

Last night, as I sat in my room, my soul was broken down for two or three minutes by that text dropping into my mind: "Thou shalt remember all the way the Lord thy God hath brought thee these forty years in the wilderness;" and how sweetly that blessed text came to my mind that was brought to my mind at Besses-o'-th'-Barn 50 or 60 years ago, when I was over head and ears in debt. God's word came in such sweetness: "He will feed his flock like a shepherd, and gather the lambs in his arms," &c.; and: "Even to old age I will be with thee, and thou shalt depart in a good old age." After my casting down in the ditch, with my soul bowed down, I told him I would glorify him; and last night God said, "Has there any one thing failed now?" I said, "Lord, there never has been a dark night but the morning has come. I have never been in debt but thou hast opened the heart of some one to pay it;" and I could say with heartfelt feeling, "Having obtained help of God, I have continued to this day."

Come, ye poor cast-down souls, our God has prepared every blessing; and now let to-morrow alone, will you? God has prepared for the morrow. When we have been giving up all hope, and thought shortly to give up all prayer, he has blessed us with the Spirit of grace and supplication. Yea, God's word is truth. This grace has been sufficient for us to the present moment. He will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax. God the Father's love hath prepared every blessing; and, bless his name, he has been so good to me, a poor backsliding wretch, and such a vile, worthless worm; and there is one thing that makes it complete; and what is that? A home to go to, where the storm will be a calm, where the

fiery darts of the devil cannot reach, where the noise of archers will be over. God the Father hath prepared a gift, the gift of love. How sweetly he speaks to some of his children. Why, the poor soul says sometimes, "What! I go to heaven? Such a poor backsliding wretch as I go to heaven?" Ah, poor soul, thou wantest to be fitted for it; thou wantest to feel humility and peace. But the Father fitted thee for it before thou wast born. Thou hast nothing to do with it.

"All the fitness he requireth,  
Is to feel your need of him."

How sweetly he speaks to his dear children. He says, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." So that you see the kingdom is given, not with reluctance, but freely. If God is pleased to give it to thee, what is that to men and devils? He gives it; and what is freer than a gift? Yea, that text, how sweet it is: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." It is a kingdom that he hath given and prepared for them from eternity, in his sovereign, discriminating, rich love. And, my brethren, how sweet it is, if God the Holy Ghost leads you and me, by his dear anointing, to have a sight of God the eternal Son, in coming and taking the nature of his dear children to have union with his divine Person, in dying, making satisfaction for their transgressions, for their cursed iniquities, for their sins that would have damned them. How he could come and suffer and die, and yet save the church with an everlasting salvation. Here, my friends, is love which a natural man hates.

My friends, the love of Christ is great indeed. He did all for his people. That which justice required, completely, unalterably, that never can be overthrown for ever and ever. Yea, he said when he came to complete this great work, "It is finished!" and then "gave up the Ghost." Finished, the transgressions; finished, all the perfections of the holy righteousness of the law; finished, all the sins of his church and people. He entered into death, and grappled with the sting of death. The sting entered into his heart. He destroyed the sting, that it never could enter into the heart of a vessel of mercy. "The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law, but thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord." What love, in finishing the work for all his dear people! He bore their iniquities; for "by one offering he hath perfected all them that are sanctified." His disciples, poor dear things, when he came to the work of redemption, there was not a soul of them that could or would help him. His own arm brought salvation. Poor things, one went one way and another went another way. When he was going to Emmaus and talked with them they could not make it out. Poor things, I dare say they talked to him as ignorantly as a parcel of parish lads: "O, where dost thou come from? Why, all Jerusalem is up about Jesus of Nazareth, which was a prophet mighty in deed and in word before God and all the people; but the chief priests and our rulers delivered him to be condemned to death, and have crucified him. We *trusted* that it had

been he that should have redeemed Israel." Ah! They *trusted*, and thought they had been deceived. But he said unto them, "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken. Ought not Christ to have suffered these things and to enter into his glory? And beginning at Moses and the prophets he expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself." Why, my friends, he spoke in love, though his disciples had all turned their backs upon him. "And they drew nigh to the village whither they went; and he made as if he would have gone further, and they constrained him, saying, Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent; and he went in to tarry with them. And it came to pass as he sat at meat with them he took bread and blessed it, and brake and gave it to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him, and he vanished out of their sight." And if I had been there I would have persuaded him to stay, if I could. "And they said one to another, Did not our hearts burn within us whilst he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?"

What a striking proof of his love when, at the Sea of Tiberias, he revealed himself to poor backsliding, false Peter, who said he would go to prison and to death before he would deny him. I do not know how it may be with you; but with some people this gets stale. They want something new. I know when I have been to him I want another slice, but he makes all things new. "Jesus saith unto them, Children, have ye any meat? They answered him, No. And he said, 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 for the multitude of fishes. Therefore that disciple whom Jesus loved turned round and said, It is the Lord." Peter took no more notice of the ship. He put on his coat and cast himself into the sea to meet his Lord. There was a fine fish and everything ready, not a word spoken of the ingratitude of his life. How it broke Peter's heart: "Come, children, and let us dine." Ah! Bless him! His love is like himself; and his precious love, when it comes into the heart, how it constrains them to call him their Lord.

Friends, I will not attempt to enlarge. It is no use to talk of enlarging till God enlarges my heart. Some people say they will take it in order, for if things are not in order, it is like being in a strait jacket. I would rather take up the words of the Psalmist: "I will run the way of thy commandments when thou shalt enlarge my heart." When God enlarges, my friends, it is everything to me.

May God bless these few hints, and he shall have the glory.

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As God pursued man's apostacy and disobedience through Adam, to death and destruction, so he pursueth man's remedy, through the death and sufficiency of the second Adam, to justification of life and salvation. In the former, God said man must die; in the latter he saith man must and shall live. He himself is the Commander, and the life and strength of his own commands; in that the second Adam is not only a living soul, as the first was, but also a quickening Spirit. (1 Cor. xv. 45).—*Dorney.*

## SALVATION IS OF THE LORD.

Dear Christian Mother in the Lord Jesus and in the blessed Covenant of the Eternal Three-One God,—After a long silence, you have no doubt been expecting to hear from a poor worm, as I have been expecting to hear from you. I was in hopes that you would have answered the long letter I trust I was guided in love to write to you, hoping that some little good might be received in the name of the dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—not in a way of merit, but as we are told to be helpers of one another's joy. No doubt you have had to experience some ups and downs since then.

It is now two years since you heard from me. Many a sharp conflict I have had to pass through; but, blessed be the Lord Jesus, his grace has been all-sufficient, his strength has proved to be made perfect in my weakness, and his promise has been fulfilled, "As thy day thy strength shall be." What an unspeakable mercy it is to know that the Lord Jehovah is on our side, and that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, to bring us home to his heavenly kingdom, without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.

I pray the dear Lord to give me something to say, and with a single eye to his glory, that may be a help to you; and may the Lord the Spirit bless it to you on your pilgrimage, and keep us looking unto Jesus as we pass through this wilderness. Truly this is not our rest. It is polluted. From feet to head there is no soundness in us. We are defiled in every part, and every thought of the imagination of the heart is evil and only evil continually. We all do fade as a leaf, and soon the place that knoweth us now will know us no more. Blessed be the Lord, there remaineth a rest for the people of God, and there we long to be in the peaceful and blessed presence of God our Father, immersed in his everlasting love, clothed in imputed righteousness, and washed in the precious blood of the Lamb. There, dear sister, the enemy cannot annoy, the wicked cannot trouble, the weary are at rest, and the inhabitants shall no more say, "I am sick." It is very sweet when the blessed Spirit is pleased to take of the things of Christ and show them unto us, guiding us into all truth, and shedding abroad the love of God in our hearts. The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant, and teach us to know that God is love, and that he hath remembered us in our low estate, because his mercy endureth for ever. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and gave his dear Son to be the propitiation for our sins;" and "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?"

You know, dear sister, that it is written, "And thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins;" and "They shall call his name Immanuel, which, being interpreted, is, God with us." No doubt you have been led to search the Scriptures and to look over the sacred pages of God's blessed word, and found your name written in the Lamb's book of life, and folded up in the blessed and solemn covenant of divine grace, ordered in all things and sure, made by the sacred Three-One God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and sealed by the precious blood of the divine Surety, Christ. "There are three that bear record in heaven, and these three are one,"—one in love, one in grace, one in spirit, one in unity, one in essence, one in will, one in covenant, one in power, one in redemption, one in justification, one in regeneration, one in sanctification and calling. And the promise is sure to all the seed in Christ; as it is written: "In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified and shall glory." And thus saith the Lord, "I will be their God

and they shall be my people." Yes, dear sister, salvation is of the Lord, and all of grace; and Jesus is of God made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption, for us, to us, and in us; and we are called of God unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ unto himself, according to the good pleasure of his will. "This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise." Our first parents *fell* under the law, but we are born under it. By the first Adam came sin, death, and the curse. Our first parents were made and had no sin, and consequently they had power to obey the command; but, alas! they disobeyed the command and incurred God's displeasure, and we fell in them. While they stood, death could have no power nor dominion over them; but sin entered, and it is that abominable thing which God hates. We are born in sin and shapen in iniquity; therefore we have not the least power to obey or to free ourselves from the sentence of the violated law of God. God hath not lost his power to command obedience, nor the law its power to condemn, though we have lost all power to fulfil its holy commands; for the law is holy, and the commandment is holy, just, and good, and doth not allow the least sin; for "whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." Here we see the necessity of the new birth.

Now, mark the sovereignty of God. He saith to Moses, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion." "So, then, it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." "Therefore we conclude," saith the Apostle, "that a man is justified by faith, without the deeds of the law." By the second Adam, the promised seed of the woman, the Lord from heaven, came righteousness, life, and peace; and he hath made peace by the blood of his cross, that we might receive the adoption of sons. Blessed be God, he commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Bless his holy name.

"A Person so divine was he  
Who yielded to be slain,  
That he could give his life away  
And take his life again."

O what a solemn work was that of Jesus! No mortal tongue can tell, no angel describe, the penal wrath that our blessed Lord had to endure, which overwhelmed his most holy and righteous soul; for "the Scriptures testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow." Everything that the holy and righteous law of God demanded, that Christ himself gave, both to precept and penalty, in active and passive obedience, to his divine Father, and to satisfy both law and justice, as the Surety of his beloved people. He gave life for life, hand for hand, foot for foot, cheek for cheek, blood for blood, body for body, and soul for soul, and received stripe for stripe. He poured out his soul unto death; "and he was numbered with the transgressors, and he bare the sin of many." "Thus saith the Lord, For the transgression of my people was he stricken;" and he bare the sins of the whole elect in his own body on the tree. Bless his holy name, he hath entered into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us; and we are commanded to come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in every time of need. You know the plague of the heart, and what a bitter thing sin is.

"But since our Saviour stands between,  
In garments dyed in blood,  
'Tis he instead of us is seen  
When we approach to God."

Dear sister, what a mercy to know that the eternal God is thy refuge, and that underneath are the everlasting arms; so that, being one in the Lord, you cannot fall out of the everlasting embrace of his covenant love, sanctified by God the Father, preserved in Christ Jesus, and called by Jehovah the Spirit. Mark the words of Jehovah: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." The Breaker is gone before you, and he hath broken down the gates of death, and burst the bars asunder. Through death, he hath destroyed him that had the power of death, that is the devil. The angels sang at the birth of Christ, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men." As in Gadsby's hymn:

"They sang with new surprise and fresh delights,  
'Glory to God in all th' angelic heights;'  
Surrounded with God's glory in a blaze,  
To heaven they fly th' incarnate God to praise."

How much more must they have sung when the sufferings and agonies of their great Creator were over. He was put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit, and declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the Spirit of holiness by the resurrection from the dead. When he was risen from the dead, his disciples remembered that he had said this unto them; and they believed the Scriptures and the word which Jesus had said, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." Read Ps. xxiv. and xlvii.

There is but One God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity of Persons,—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and in the work of redemption, we must be careful that we do not confound the Persons nor divide the substance. The command to the disciples was to baptize in the name of the Three-One God,—in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. But, as in Gadsby's hymn,

"In the Person of the Saviour  
All his majesty is seen;  
Love and justice shine for ever.  
And, without a veil between,  
Worms approach him,  
And rejoice in his dear name.

"True, 'tis sweet and solemn pleasure  
God to view in Christ the Lord;  
Here he smiles, and smiles for ever.  
May my soul his name record,  
Bless and praise him,  
And his wonders spread abroad."

Remember, dear sister, thy Maker is thine Husband, and he hath the keys of hell and of death. He will not leave thee to thyself, but he will be thy present help and in the valley of the shadow of death. "Hearken unto me, O house of Jacob, and all the remnant of the house of Israel, which are borne by me from the belly, which are carried from the womb; and even to your old age I am he, and even to hoar hairs I will carry you. I have made and I will bear, even I will carry and will deliver you."

Mark what the Holy Ghost saith: "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth;" and remember, we are not under the law, but under grace; and "grace shall reign through righteousness unto eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." We were under the law once, and worked for life, but could get no peace. All was cursed; and we were taught that "by the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified in God's sight." We were shut up in unbelief, and had the sentence of death in ourselves, and could not believe that Christ

died for such wretches, or that God gave his dear Son for such sinners as we saw ourselves to be; but we could say,

“If my soul be sent to hell,  
Thy righteous law approves it well;”

and we could not see ourselves saved by grace until the Holy Spirit led us to Christ, and revealed him to us in the gospel. Then in him we beheld the Father and the all-glorious Three-One God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness. He shined into our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Then love, blood, and power was the theme of our song; and with Mary we sang, “My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour.” It is a solemn truth that all who are left under the law are cursed; and all that are in grace, that is, in Christ, are blessed; and if we, dear sister, had not been in grace, and redeemed by blood, divine Justice would not have set us free; but being loved with an everlasting love in Christ, and blessed in the everlasting covenant of love made by the eternal Three-One God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, before the world began, Justice sware by himself in the bonds of covenant love, to justify us, to justify all for whom Christ died. God the Father gave the church to Christ, and Christ to the church and himself in Christ. God the Son loved the church, and gave himself for it; and God the Holy Ghost engaged to quicken all whom the Father loved in Christ and Christ in love redeemed. He convinces them of sin, plants the incorruptible seed of divine grace in them, and shows them that there is no mercy for them by the law; for “the law worketh wrath.” He then leads them to Christ. The filthy garments of free-will are taken away, and the imputed righteousness of Christ is brought into the soul. The sentence of the law, the ministration of death, is removed, and the Holy Ghost reveals a precious, once-bleeding Christ by faith in the soul; and God makes himself known to the sinner to be his God and Father in Christ Jesus, and that by the Spirit.

Dear sister, you know that it was at the revelation of Christ crucified that you lost your burden; and here we behold the love of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. Nothing can *make* God love his saints, for he rests in his love. He is for ever and ever the same; with him is no variableness neither shadow of turning. Those who are in Christ never put themselves there, nor created themselves new creatures in Christ Jesus. No. All is of God: “Of his own will begat he us, with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of firstfruits of his creatures;” and we can say, with reverence and godly fear, “Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth’s sake.”

Truly, dear sister, we are living in trying days, when there is much preaching that is God-dishonouring, Christ-despising, and Spirit-denying. The new birth is set aside, regeneration is set aside, the imputed righteousness of Christ is set aside, the everlasting love of God in predestination and election is set aside; and what is all religion or preaching but a mere bubble without this as a foundation, however fine it may be dressed up to feed pride and fancy? What a mercy it is for us to know that we are his. O that we may be led to prize it more and more!

Cheer up! You know what Hopeful said to Christian: “I feel the bottom, and it is good.” A few more troubles, a few more trials, a few more tears, a few more sighs, a few more buffetings and temptations; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it. Remember the words of our dear Lord to his disciples: “These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might

have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." And what the Lord said to Paul is the same to all the beloved of God in Christ. Mark his words: "My grace is sufficient for thee;" and, "As thy day thy strength shall be." Thank God, all our times are in his hands; and,

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

"Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." The victory is sure to all that are in Christ. May the blessed Spirit keep us "looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself."

Receive our kind Christian love, in the bonds of the everlasting Gospel.  
Balham, Oct. 26th, 1823. F. T.

### MERCY SHALL BE BUILT UP FOR EVER.

My dear Friend,—You perhaps begin to think that the love which I once professed to have towards you is extinct, passed away, and gone for ever, and that I neither think nor care anything about you; but I am happy to assure you that such is not the case, and that you are never many days together out of my thoughts, nor out of the affections of my heart, since God of his great mercy so forcibly commended his word to my soul through your ministry. Surely I had fainted in times of distress if I had not felt the power of God's word within me.

I often think about you on the Sabbath morning, and feel how solemn and important a work is that in which you stand, before the living and true God, and amongst his living children, and also empty professors, religious professors, doctrinal professors, free-grace professors with the tongue, but whose hearts are as dead as a stone and as cold as ice, with a name to live though actually dead, and others who have not even a name to live, but are satisfied with being professedly dead in sin. And then there is your own cold and frozen heart, at times lying like a lump of lead upon every tender feeling in your own bosom. Then there is the enmity of your carnal mind trying to blind your eyes from seeing and prevent your tongue from faithfully declaring the whole counsel of God. Then there is the devil always on the alert trying to weaken the hands of God's ministers, by asking them where are the fruits of their labour, where are the striking and clear conversions, where the devotedness of heart and life of their most attentive hearers? But it is a question whether he could be much worse employed, for in shooting his malicious and envenomed arrows at the servants of the most high God, it is much the same as though they were aimed at the Redeemer himself.

O my dear friend, how much rather would I belong to Christ's church in her worst estate than I would belong to the devil's family in its most prosperous! What a difference there is between the gift of prayer and the spirit of prayer. One is often held by a head as full of pride as a bladder is full of wind; the other is the pouring out of a heart on the felt borders of despair. I know from experience the former, and that it is of the law and worketh evil; and I hope I have felt the latter, and know that it is of the gospel and worketh good.

I was very much cast down a few weeks ago, thinking I should go to the grave with them that never see the light, when these beautiful words took possession of me, clothed as with the dew of heaven: "The

Lord grant mercy unto the house of Onesiphorus." "Grant mercy! Grant mercy!" Immediately I felt relief in my mind, power in my heart, freedom in my spirit, and my affections were all on the wing towards God, and I knew that it would be better to die on an iron bed in the union workhouse and go to heaven than live in a palace and go to hell in a chariot of gold; and I am still of the same mind.

May the Lord the Spirit bless you, and be very much in you as a Spirit of wisdom and the fear of the Lord, and make your heart beat more for his glory than ever it has done before.

Yours very affectionately in the Truth,

Kettering, Jan 1st, 1855.

J. ROBINSON.

P.S.—I desire to feel very thankful to the Lord for his kindness in lengthening out your days and also those of —, —, —, and others, who are not ashamed of Christ and his despised people. I am sure if the devil could have had his will you would have all been in your graves long ere this. I shall be very pleased to hear from you, if you feel your heart disposed to write.

[The hand that penned the above is now in the grave. We knew a little of the writer and much valued him as a man of tender heart and broken spirit, and yet valiant for truth, as having felt its liberating, sanctifying power.—Ed.]

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## WHO DIGGER DEEP AND LAID THE FOUNDATION ON A ROCK.

My dear Friend,—I took it very kind of you to write to me, and am glad to hear of any who were enabled to rejoice in my prosperity, who have known what it is to weep with me, and therefore partake of the other part. Thus the exhortation is obeyed, "Weep with them that weep, and rejoice with them that do rejoice. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." O that there were more of this way of looking on the things of others; more of that grace of esteeming others better than ourselves. It brings its own reward, peace and quietness, a taking of the lowest place. True humility is indeed a blessing; but if a person's religion is to be measured by this rule, how very, very little is to be found amongst those called the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, of whom it is said, "He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross;" "took on him the form of a servant, and was found in the likeness of man." A little view of this blessed Jesus by faith makes us to see and feel what proud wretches we are; and while under this view to loathe ourselves, confess it before him, and beg his divine power and grace to subdue and keep it under our feet. To expect its annihilation while in the body is useless; but we may safely pray for and expect its subjugation. I can truly say that it is the most powerful inbred foe I have had to grapple with; and that it is for the purpose of subduing and curbing this monster we are called at times to walk through such dreary paths; so that, instead of seeing any room for pride, there is abundant cause for disgust and hatred of self.

But we may be ready to say, "My way gets darker and darker; I feel more solitary, and more like a wilderness than ever. I have lost those bright shinnings that I once experienced; and now, instead of spirituality of mind and earnest wrestlings and outpourings of heart before the Lord, there is an indisposition to prayer, which, if attended to, is more like a duty and a form than a privilege and a real delight. And then, again, there is little or no disposition to read the pure word of God, but rather to take up the writings of some good man, which, though good in

their place, should not be sought before the Bible." Still, my dear friend, I have many times felt thankful to my God that such footsteps as these are noted in that Psalm of Psalms, (cvii.,) as being the pathway of the redeemed of the Lord: "He led them forth by a right way," a way calculated to humble and prove them, that they might know what was in their heart. The trials here bring forth the inconceivable depravity and desperate wickedness of the heart, and work effectually to the conviction that "in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing."

My dear friend, I believe every part of God's work is tried so as by fire,—our call by grace and all our after-stages of experience. In these we seem to be going back and losing ground, instead of going forward; and we know not how to reconcile our life with such passages as these: "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day;" and again, "Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." One is apt to imagine, when under the cloud, that such revelations imply more precious views of the Lord Jesus, and clearer discoveries of interest in him, and, as a consequence, more ardent love to him, his ways, word, and people, which indeed will be the case in the issue; but it is necessary that we grow two ways, opposite to each other; therefore it is said that they shall take root downward, in a knowledge of self, and then bring forth fruit upward, or grow into Christ.

And how necessary is this discipline, that you and I should be preserved from a mere notional religion or letter knowledge, that, however sound, will at death (if not before) vanish away and leave its possessor Christless. You have, then, cause to bless the Lord for not suffering you to build your house upon the sand, that you are made anxious about the foundation, to know that God hath laid it in your heart. A wise man is said to dig deep, not satisfied with the surface, and build his house upon the rock, that when the floods arise and the winds blow, and beat upon that house, it may not fall. And do not you sometimes think that the floods that have arisen from that sea within, and the winds of temptation that have blown upon you would have scattered all your religion, had it not been supernatural? O how is it that you continue to this day hoping in his mercy, and learning more that "without him you can do nothing?"

My call to the ministry has been tried so as by fire, and the fire, too, has been of some duration, as it is not until the last two months that I have been persuaded to believe fully that the Lord himself put me into it. During the fortnight that I was from home, a fresh light was cast upon my path, fresh light upon the word, and fresh liberty in speaking, so that I could say it was my meat and drink to do his will; nor did I like the thought of having to leave it for the business and bustle of the world. But Jesus Christ being a Daysman, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," is a stay and a prop to my mind. Yesterday (Sunday) I found Him whom my soul loveth, and brought him into my mother's house, (the church,) and hope and believe that some present were favoured to behold a little of his beauty.

May the Lord help you to

"Wait on him alway; be constant though weak."

This is the desire of  
March 4th, 1861.

Yours in the Truth,

R. K.

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ALL-FULNESS is not in Christ as a stranger in an inn, coming in and going out; "but it pleased the Father that it should dwell and remain in him."—*Rutherford*.

## Obituary.

SARAH SARGEANT.

THE subject of this memoir was born at Yarmouth, Oct. 20th, 1821. Several years after the Lord had revealed himself to her as *her* Saviour, and she had passed through many troubles, she wrote a lengthened account of the Lord's dealings with her. The papers containing it, I regret to say, were lost in removing from Norfolk to Northamptonshire. She could never gather together the matter of them again, but during her residence at Elsworth, wrote a fresh account of part of her pathway. On looking over her papers since her death, I find the first 46 pages to be missing, and conclude that for some cause or other she had destroyed them.

She was called by grace in her youth, without the use of any outward means. Her mother was a godly woman, and a member of the church at Yarmouth, which, at the time of my dear wife becoming truly concerned about her soul, had for its pastor a man whom, in many respects, it would be difficult to describe. A leading feature of his character may be gathered from the fact that he once spoke to the writer of this as follows: "If a man knows that any part of his belief is not held where he is preaching, he should be silent on that part. I believe that the way in which the Methodists handle the invitations is scriptural, but if I were to handle them so, what would my people say?" By this man my dear wife was baptized, when she was between 17 and 18 years of age, he being accustomed to drag into the church, if possible, all who had any serious impressions. The day of her baptism was to her a wretched season, and she frequently regretted that she had passed through the ordinance before she rightly understood its nature, saw its beauty, or knew experimentally the gospel of which it is an ordinance. She soon knew more the truth than this minister did, and became wiser than her teacher. He used to exhort the Lord's people to cultivate faith. I have heard my dear wife relate how her feelings rose against such preaching, so that she could hardly endure to hear it. One Scripture was in the early part of her spiritual course applied to her heart with such power as she never forgot, and this Scripture was specially precious to her for the remainder of her life. The Scripture was this: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the LORD of Hosts."

In the papers left behind her she writes: "When about to make a profession of religion, my sister asked me if I had not better wait till I was settled in life, as many young persons had made a public profession, and afterwards married and gone again into the world. My reply was, 'The Lord is as able to keep the young as he is the aged.' Shortly afterwards, when complaining of the evils of my heart, what a sinner I was, I was told, 'You have not seen half yet.' I inwardly ejaculated, 'Worse! That is impossible. I am so base, it is impossible to be worse! Worse! The sight would sink me into despair!' How wretched I felt! I thought if I had long to live I should not be able to hold on in my profession; if I lived to be old I should certainly disgrace my profession. Truly when a child I

spake as a child. My cry was, 'O that I had not been called till I had grown old, then to have made a profession, and gone home directly, never more to sin!'

"After this time the doctrines of election and of the final perseverance of the saints became very sweet to me. But I was very ignorant of the errors that were spread abroad; and when people talked of duty-faith and of the duty to pray, I did not know what they meant. When under the law, a sense of danger, destitution, and distress led me often to cry for mercy; and when the dear Lord blessed me with pardon, prayer and praise were my delight. As I was leaving the chapel one evening, I heard some one say something of the duty of prayer. 'Duty to pray,' I mentally exclaimed; 'duty! The word is too mean; prayer is a privilege.' How sweet to me was the thought that God permitted such unworthy creatures to approach a throne of grace. To me prayer had not then 'a task and burden proved.'"

Amongst her papers is a detached piece headed: "A Scrap." It is as follows: "'Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways.' I had been for several months very much tried with the suggestion that I had never truly believed the divinity of Christ, that it was a mere nominal belief which I had. If I received a little comfort under the word, soon after it the enemy would hurl this dart,—that I had never believed the divinity of Christ; at the same time suggesting a doubt about Christ's divinity. Then my soul was cast down again. I said 'Of what use was the comfort I had at such a time? If I have never truly believed the divinity of Christ, it has no foundation; it is vain, it is nothing.' One Saturday evening at this time, my mind was so engrossed with the cares of life that I thought if I were not more comfortable in the morning I would not go to chapel. The morning came; the cloud was not dispersed, I was resolved not to go. My husband asked why. I said, 'I am not comfortable; I cannot go.' He merely replied, 'If you stay at home, it won't end there.' This sentence kept sounding in my ears: 'It won't end there.' Reflecting upon it, I said, 'If I stay at home, it will give Satan the victory, and that may lead to ten more victories.' I was soon ready for chapel. On that morning the word was so blest to my soul that I could turn round upon Satan. I said, 'What! Not believe the divinity of him in whose hands I have many times been enabled to leave myself both for time and for eternity?' I felt assured that this one act of faith was a proof that I had believed his divinity, for I knew that a mere creature could not save me. No; he must be God as well as man. Thus was the snare of the enemy broken, and my soul again delivered. 'In all places where I record my name, I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee.'"

My dear wife had been sickly from her childhood, being never able to continue long without medical attendance. About two years or more after her marriage, she became worse than usual, and for two years or longer did not continue more than three months at a time without being laid by. In the summer of 1849 she was much worse. She appeared to be drawing very near the end of her life,

and was quite unable to do anything. Both the writer, herself, and most friends concluded that she would soon leave this world. When thus brought low, she consulted a physician in Norwich. He gave her very little hope of recovery, but the medicines which he prescribed were blessed to her immediately. Her health speedily improved, to the astonishment of the physician, as well as ourselves. She became as usual, and continued so three years, when, at the birth of a child, she was again brought very low; but the Lord, in mercy, raised her up again.

In the early part of 1855, we removed to Oundle, in Northamptonshire; and here my dear wife passed through such afflictions as the writer can never forget. It was while here that she addressed to the editor of the "Gospel Standard" the inquiry which may be found in that magazine for Nov., 1856, page 342. From this inquiry some information respecting her feelings may be gathered. Her distress arose from certain painful statements made to her by a pretended friend, and which statements were evidently made with the intention of distressing her mind. She was allowed to receive these statements as truth. Her mind became deranged. For months she was at intervals in this solemn state. The enemy did indeed come in upon her like a flood. With cruel malice he hurled his fiery darts. The blast of the terrible ones was as a storm against the wall. Her soul reeled under the blow. Sometimes when at night returning home with the writer and our only child from visiting a friend, she would beg that she might be left in the road or fields, to spend the night by herself. On these occasions it has been with the greatest difficulty that the writer could prevail on her to accompany him home. After some time spent in persuasion and reasoning with her, (during which she was sometimes very violent,) she would become calm, express her sorrow for what she had said and done, and beg my forgiveness. I have never since those times passed over the spots where those scenes occurred without solemn feelings, accompanied with mournful, melancholy reflections, and thankfulness to the Lord for on every occasion working deliverance. The goodness of the Lord in appearing at these solemn times (which, even while I write respecting them, make my soul to tremble) I would never forget; and for it, "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" At other times my dear wife would shut herself up in a closet, at the same time making faces which it was truly frightful to behold. Sometimes she would leave the house in this state, and walk in the street by herself; but, blessed be the Lord, she never kept out long, and always returned home unharmed, and without any one knowing of her state of mind. When the enemy has been working upon her and the Lord has graciously hushed the storm, she has told me that it was with the greatest difficulty that she could keep from knocking out all the windows. Weak as she was naturally, it has often taken all the strength that I was possessed of to keep her in bed. Night after night, after locking the outer door, I have hidden the key, lest she should attempt to escape from the house, and even then I have been afraid to go to sleep. Oh! the agony my soul has

writhed under, lest the noise made by her on these occasions should be misunderstood and misinterpreted by the world, and be a means of bringing reproach upon the truth which I professed and preached. My soul looks back to those seasons with mingled feelings of awe, trembling, and gratitude. The Lord in mercy broke the snare that my dear wife was held in, and fully delivered her.

In Nov., 1857, we removed to Elsworth. She took cold on the journey, increased it at the end of the winter, and in the spring was to all appearance fast going home. At this time a friend gave her some medicine which afforded immediate relief. She was again raised up, and able to take a long walk in the summer and autumn; but each winter after this was different to any former one. The night air caused her cough to be most distressing, so that she had to wholly give up going out in the evening, and frequently could not get to chapel in the day-time, though it was only a few steps from the house; but she was better with the returning spring. She shall now speak for herself. The following relation commences with things experienced by her before she left Norfolk:

“One day, as the minister was speaking of the Lord’s making an end of his people’s sins upon the cross, I mentally exclaimed, ‘Were mine there?’ when the dear Lord sweetly assured me they were. I wanted to have been away from every creature, that I might freely have given vent to all my feelings. I have often thought I could not express my feelings more aptly than Rutherford has done. He somewhere says, ‘I swoon with love;’ but it was not always so. One morning I awoke about 4 o’clock with such darkness of soul as I had not experienced for many years. With anguish I exclaimed, ‘My soul hath no standing.’ Everything seemed swept from under my feet. After breakfast I sat mournfully thinking over my state. A storm of snow was drifting past the window; but as I gazed upon the storm without, I felt the storm within hushed. The dear Lord sweetly assured me of my security in Christ. Being alone, I sang,

‘I’m shelter’d from the wrath of God,  
Secured within his arms.’

A few months after this, I had a sharp conflict between faith and unbelief. Words cannot describe it, but I can never forget it. There is a faith something like the rich man’s, who can trust God to provide for him when his cellars, his barns, and his pockets are full. Thus with the child of God, he has faith in God while the Lord is feeding him with the breasts of consolation. But this was not the faith I had at the time I speak of, for the Lord had withdrawn his sensible presence; and every time I attempted to approach a throne of grace, the enemy said, the Lord was angry with me, and would not hear me. Time after time did he tell me this. What wrestling was there! what pleading of the promises! Hast thou not said, ‘Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee?’ Then I pleaded the poor woman’s case, telling him that though he put her away two or three times, yet in the end he granted her request. Again this was my plea, ‘What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?’ Time after time did I

wrestle in this way with strong crying and tears, but the Lord did not answer; and I thought it was so, that the Lord was angry, and would not hear; yet I often felt astonished at the rapidity with which the promises flowed into my mind, and how I was enabled to plead them with the Lord. One day, as I was pleading, these words came powerfully to my mind: 'I said not unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain.' This encouraged me to hope that the Lord would hear me, but afterwards I feared that it was not the word of God, but only a remark I had read in the 'Gospel Standard;' but I took the Concordance, and found that it was the word of God. The Lord was pleased to hear and answer my request. After some time, the Lord was pleased to remove me to Oundle. Again the Lord had withdrawn. The enemy suggested that there was nothing in religion; that it was only as we had been educated; that the Bible was no more than the Koran of Mahomet. Sometimes I groaned under the burden of sin, yet could not rise above it. Often with anguish did I repeat these words: 'O that I were where

'Sin, my worst enemy before,  
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more.  
My inward foes shall all be slain,  
Nor Satan break my peace again.'

How often did I tremble when I read or heard the minister speak of the types which prefigured the work of Christ. Satan would ask, 'Could I think such things had any reference to Christ? They were things too mean to have any reference to Christ.' One morning I was very much tried with these suggestions. In the evening, the minister, when preaching, repeated these words: 'There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man.' I inwardly said, 'If that were not the word of God, I would not believe it;' but afterwards the connection was very sweet to me. There were times when the preached word was blessed to me; and sometimes I could freely breathe out not only my great trials but my little ones too. How sweet it is to be able to come to his dear feet, and simply tell him all. But, generally speaking, my state was more like that of an affectionate wife, whose husband is at some distance from home. She knows that distance does not alter the relationship; but in the midst of society she feels alone without him. He may send her many presents; but she mournfully says, 'O that he would return!' Thus with my soul. But when, as sometimes was the case, he smilingly came with the blessing, faith could throw her arms around him, and bless and praise him for mercies that were past, and trust him for mercies to come. For a time during my residence at Oundle my distress was very great. None but my dear husband and child knew of it, and they but in part. I was convinced that no child of God could destroy himself; but this was Satan's suggestion—to stand at the top of the staircase and *allow* myself to fall to the bottom. I suffered much both in mind and in body for some time. I know not whether it was weakness or nervousness that caused what I am about to mention, or whether it was that the Lord allowed Satan to hide from me all my past experience, but so it was. I frequently

said to my husband, 'I cannot think how it is, but if I try to think of my past experience, I seem to have none.' My memory seemed to have lost the past. After many changes, much coldness and wandering of heart, the Lord again condescended to visit me with the tokens of his love. One morning my husband was reading Isa. xliii., wherein so many sweet and precious promises are recorded, but I heard them without feeling till he came to the 24th verse. As he read these words: 'Thou hast wearied me with thine iniquities,' the charge was brought home to me, not in wrath, but with a melting look of love. My soul was almost overcome with grief for my sin, and with an assurance of forgiving love. My dear husband inquired the cause of my tears. My feelings were so strong I could scarcely answer. Sobbingly, I said, 'O! I could lay myself down at Christ's feet, that he might trample upon me.' My husband replied, 'He will never do that.' What love, what condescension appeared in the words which followed! Yes, the Lord knew that such a charge was enough to overwhelm Zion with sorrow, so he kindly and tenderly tells her, though she has done this, 'I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions.' As though he said, 'I hate, I loathe, I abhor thy sins, but I love thee still.' But I wandered again.

'Sure, were I not most vile and base,  
I could not thus my Friend requite;  
And were not he the God of grace,  
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.'

One evening, after I had again in heart wandered from the Lord, my husband was speaking of God as an unchanging God. I inwardly said, 'There is one thing in which he must change,—he must change in his love to me; he cannot bear with me. It is impossible. He has so often restored me, and yet how soon I wander from him.' Suddenly the words came, 'I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions.' I cried, 'What, Lord, canst thou still love me?' He answered, 'Yea; I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions.' Sometimes, after this, when the Lord had withdrawn, I cried with anguish, 'I cannot live without my God.'

"In Nov., 1857, I removed to Elsworth. On the morning after my arrival I was very poorly, but thought I had caught cold, and that the fatigue of removing might have contributed to make me worse. I hoped that with a few days' rest, I should be as usual; but rest brought no relief. I suffered much from indigestion. The Lord's presence was withheld. Satan hurled his fiery dart of infidelity, saying this and that recorded in Scripture was beneath a God; and sometimes asking, 'Did I think God would condescend to become man, to remain for thirty years in seclusion?' Many such things did he suggest, till I was afraid to read the Gospels. Afterwards, either he or conscience would upbraid me for reading other parts of God's word, and neglecting those. Though others did not so much perceive it, I felt a gradual undermining of constitution. One morning, as I arose from my bed, I exclaimed, with tears of anguish, 'I fear I shall one day be a confirmed infidel.'

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## MEDITATIONS ON THE OFFICE CHARACTERS OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

### III.

#### THE LORD JESUS AS THE ENTHRONED KING OF ZION.

IN our past Meditations we have, though in scanty measure and with feeble pen, attempted to set before our readers a few leading features of that surpassing grace and glory which the Lord Jesus Christ bears as anointed of the Father to be the interceding High Priest and the teaching Prophet of his church and people. We now approach the consideration of that still greater and more glorious title which he wears as *Zion's enthroned King*.

But O, at the very outset, how unworthy, as well as unable, do we feel ourselves to be to set forth in any suitable, any becoming manner the glory of that exalted Sovereign who sits at the right hand of the Father as Head over all things to the church! When the sun veils its rays behind a cloud we can look upon its milder glories with undazzled eye. But who can gaze on its meridian beams in all their undimmed splendour? Thus when the Son of God veiled the brightness of his eternal glory by assuming a tabernacle of flesh, faith can view him as a suffering yet sacrificing High Priest in the garden and on the cross with undazzled, though with sympathising, eye. In a similar way, when Jesus still speaks as a Prophet in the word of his grace: "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart," faith can now sit at his feet and hear his words without being overwhelmed with his glory. But when we look up and attempt to view him sitting at the right hand of the Majesty on high in all his exalted dignity and power as King of kings and Lord of lords, then we feel as if dazzled and overborne with a sight and sense of his surpassing glory. In the days of his flesh, the beloved disciple could lean on the bosom of Jesus and stand by his cross; but when in Patmos' lonely isle he appeared in his majesty so that "his eyes were as a flame of fire," and "his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength," John fell at his feet as dead. Yet if he has made us willing in the day of his power, has brought us to his feet in all humility to touch the sceptre of his grace and own him Lord of all, we may, in company with his saints, "speak of the glory of his kingdom and talk of his power, to make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom." (Ps. cxlv. 11, 12.) And as we have undertaken to set forth the covenant characters of the Lord Jesus, we must not now sink under the sense either of his glory or of our own insufficiency, and throw aside our pen as we are tempted to do, but endeavour, as the Lord may enable us, to trace out what is revealed to us in the word of truth of his present dignity as Zion's exalted King.

But as we desire to present the subject before the mind of our numerous readers with as much clearness and distinctness as possible, we shall arrange our views and Meditations upon it in the following order:

I. The eternal purpose of God the Father to glorify his dear Son, and exalt him as Lord and King.

II. The execution of this purpose in the incarnation, death, resurrection, ascension, and glorification of the Son of God.

III. The nature, object, extent, and duration of his kingdom.

IV. Its future developement and glorious manifestation.

V. The practical and experimental bearing and influence which the royal power and authority of Jesus have on believing hearts.

I. To glorify his dear Son, to set him at his own right hand in kingly majesty and sovereign dominion over all things in heaven and earth and under the earth, was the eternal purpose of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will. As the Son of the Father in truth and love, Jesus is "the brightness of his glory and the express image of his Person." That this glory, then, of the Father might be seen and reverently adored by the sons of men; that a view of it here by faith and hereafter by sight might fill millions of redeemed saints with immortal joy; that all the love, beauty, blessedness, holiness, and happiness of a Tri-une Jehovah might shine forth in the glorified humanity of the Son of God; and that by virtue of their union with him he might dwell in his elect as his Father dwelleth in him, that thus they all might be one, (John xvii. 21, 23,)—this was that mystery of eternal wisdom, love, and grace which was hidden in the bosom of God from before the foundation of the world. For this purpose all things were created; and that this purpose might be fully accomplished are they still preserved in being. Redemption by atoning blood being a part—an all-important part of this wondrous scheme, Jesus suffered, bled, died, and rose again to fulfil it, and now sits at the right hand of the Father in royal dignity and power, fully and finally to accomplish all that yet remains to be done.

But that we may not darken counsel by words without knowledge, we shall endeavour, as far as we possibly can, to take the Scriptures for our sole guide. Ill would it become us to seek to penetrate with unhallowed gaze into the purposes of God were they not revealed in the word of his grace; for though "secret things," that is, things purposely hidden from view, "belong unto the Lord, yet those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children for ever." (Deut. xxix. 29.)

i. In opening then this subject, we shall tread as closely as we can in the footprints of revelation, and commence with the witness of the *New Testament*.

We will take first *our Lord's own testimony of himself*.

1. At the last supper, just before the gloomy hour when he was to pass into Gethsemane, Jesus said to his disciples, "Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptations. And I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me; that ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom, and sit on thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." (Luke xxii. 28-30.)

2. So when he stood before Pilate, and the Roman governor in

all the plenitude of his power and authority asked, "Art thou a king then?" what was his meek yet firm reply? "Thou sayest," that is, sayest truly, "that I am a king. To this end was I born." But to show that his kingdom was not of this world, he had previously declared, "Now is my kingdom not from hence." (John xviii. 36, 37.)

3. To these plain testimonies of the Lord concerning himself we may add the promise given to Mary by the angel Gabriel: "He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David; and he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end." (Luke i. 32, 33.)

4. In full accordance, then, with this angelic testimony, as "King of the Jews" was he born and worshipped by the wise men of the East; (Matt. ii. 2, 11;) as "King of Israel" was he owned and worshipped by his believing disciples, (John i. 49,) and as "King of the Jews" was he crucified, and proclaimed as such in the three then best known languages, that Hebrew, Greek, and Roman might read his title\* firm and good, standing on high in the fixed purpose of God, in spite of protesting chief priests in whose heart the gnawing pang of guilty fear would fain have altered the title to a more qualified declaration.

ii. But we shall now direct our readers' attention to the intimations given in the *Old Testament* of the kingly reign and authority of Jesus. Declarations of greater or less clearness of the eternal purpose of God to give his dear Son a kingdom are scattered through the whole of these scriptures with so liberal a hand that we can only select a few.

1. The first clear intimation of it, if we except the typical appearance of Melchisedek, king of Salem (Gen. xiv. 18,) and the prophecy of dying Jacob that "Shiloh would come, and to him should the gathering of the people be," (Gen. xlix. 10.) is contained in the thanksgiving song of Hannah: "The adversaries of the Lord shall be broken to pieces; out of heaven shall he thunder upon them; the Lord shall judge the ends of the earth; and he shall give strength unto his king, and exalt the horn of his anointed."† (1 Sam. ii. 10.)

2. But the clearest intimation given to the church not only that she should have a King but that God's own eternal Son should be that King is contained in that Psalm of Psalms, Ps. ii., where the fixed decree is brought to light and written as with a beam of dazzling glory to assure the friends and confound the enemies of the Son of God. Sitting upon the throne of his glory and looking forth to that time when counsel should be taken against the Lord and against his anointed, the God of all power and might asks by his Spirit, "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?"

\* We do not remember to have seen the remark, though sufficiently obvious, that it was this title that arrested the attention and was blessed to the soul of the dying thief, the Holy Ghost raising up faith in his heart that Jesus then and there crucified before his eyes was indeed the Son of God and King of Israel, and as such had a kingdom beyond death and the grave.

† This is the first mention of the title which Jesus was to bear as the "Messiah," or the "anointed" Prophet, Priest, and King of his people—that being the word in the original. Its second mention is in Ps. ii. 2.

The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord, and against his anointed." (Ps. ii. 1, 2.) Their rebellious hearts cried out, "We will not have this man to reign over us. Let us break these bands asunder, and cast away those cords which would bind us in any subjection or in any submission to the Person and work, the reign or rule of the Son of God." But vain is their rage, idle their counsel. "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision." "Yet (in spite of all their wrath and rebellion) have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion." Then the Son meekly answers, "I will declare the decree." This decree was the result of the eternal counsels of Father Son and Holy Ghost, hidden in the bosom of a Tri-une God from before the foundation of the world, and then first brought to light in the page of revelation from his mouth who, as revealing the mind and will of the Father, is eminently and emphatically "the Word." "The Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee." Then the Father speaks: "Not only have I set thee—already set thee, as my King upon my holy hill of Zion," but, "Ask of me, and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." In this Psalm, then, we have the first as well as fullest and clearest view given to the Old Testament church of the purpose of the Father to exalt the Son of his love to be Lord and King.

3. Ps. viii., as opened up and commented upon by Paul in the Epistle to the Hebrews, gives us a view of the humiliation of the Son of God and his subsequent exaltation. "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 honour, and didst set him over the works of thy hands. Thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet." (Heb. ii. 6-8.) The apostle, in his spiritual interpretation of this Psalm, brings Jesus before our eyes as the man who was "made a little" (or for "a little while," *margin.*) "lower than the angels"—as indeed he was by assuming the flesh and blood of the children, human nature being in itself intrinsically inferior to angelic. But the Holy Ghost in the Psalm,\* as

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\* We have often thought, and indeed may say we fully believe, that the inspired writers of the Old Testament did not themselves always fully see or understand the meaning of their own language. The Holy Ghost so influenced their mind and guided their pen that fuller, deeper truth was lodged in and conveyed by their words than they knew of. Thus when David cried out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (Ps. xxii. 1,) he was crying out under the hidings of God's countenance from himself. But the Holy Ghost had a deeper meaning by them, even the dolorous cry of the suffering Son of God. The inspired penmen knew indeed that the sufferings and glory of Messiah were intimated by the Holy Ghost, but their views of both were dim and feeble. Yet they sought to penetrate into the mind of the Spirit, as Peter speaks: "Of which salvation the prophets have inquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you; searching what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow." (1 Pet. i. 10, 11.)

interpreted by the apostle, looked not only beyond the original thought of the Psalmist, as he first contemplated the starry heavens, in all their midnight oriental splendour, and then viewed man in his first creation as made a little lower than the angels, and yet crowned with glory and honour, as invested with dominion over the works of God's hands—the Holy Ghost, in inspiring this Psalm, looked, we say, not only beyond this primary intention of the Psalmist, but also beyond the humiliation of the blessed Lord to his glorification at the right hand of the Father, and testified to his regal dignity by the words, "Thou crownedst him with glory and honour, and didst set him over the works of thy hands. Thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet."

4. A similar testimony was given by the Father to his sovereign purpose to exalt the Son of his love in those memorable words which the Lord himself quoted in the days of his flesh, (Matt. xxii. 41-45,) "The LORD said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool." (Ps. cx. 1.) The right hand is the place of dignity, power, and authority. To set his dear Son there in all the grace and glory, power and authority of his Person as God-man—the Son of God incarnate, that in him all the perfections of Deity might shine, that the invisible, self-existent I AM, who dwelleth in the light that no man can approach unto, might come forth, as it were, out of this unapproachable shroud of dazzling, overwhelming light, and appear in a form in and under which he might be seen, known, believed in, loved, worshipped, and adored by millions of redeemed men and elect angels, was a part—a leading and principal part of that "counsel of the LORD which standeth for ever," of "the thoughts of his heart" which will endure to all generations." (Ps. xxxiii. 11.)

5. But though the Psalms, and especially such as Ps. lxxii., lxxxix., xcvi., xcvi., cxlix., contain intimations more or less clear of the fixed purpose of God to set his dear Son on the throne of his glory, yet nowhere in the inspired page do we meet with such plain and positive declarations of this eternal counsel as in the prophet Isaiah. The promised reign of Messiah shines with steady light all through the pages of Isaiah; but we shall direct our readers' attention chiefly to chap. xlix., which contains, so to speak, a holy dialogue between the Father and the Son on the subject of his work of redeeming love, and the reward promised him in consequence. The chapter opens with the address of the Son to the isles, as preparatory to the expression of his complaint, and the Father's gracious answer: "Listen, O isles, unto me; and hearken, ye people, from far; The Lord hath called me from the womb; from the bowels of my mother hath he made mention of my name. And he hath made my mouth like a sharp sword; in the shadow of his hand hath he hid me, and made me a polished shaft; in his quiver hath he hid me; and said unto me, Thou art my servant, O Israel, in whom I will be glorified." (Isa. xlix. 1-3) The blessed Lord here prophetically intimates to the distant isles—may we not say, to our own favoured isle among them?—his then future incarnation as called from the womb to be

God's servant, and as even from the bowels of his virgin mother bearing a name which should be above every name. He then speaks of the words of authority and power which the Father had already in eternal purpose given him to kill and make alive in making his mouth "like a sharp two-edged sword;" and then brings to view the protecting hand of his heavenly Father in hiding him from all the malice of earth and hell in the shadow of his hand. He next intimates, that the Father,—who, by giving him a prepared body, had made him "a polished shaft," (*i.e.*, a sharpened arrow,) would hide him in his quiver till the appointed time when he would send him forth from his right hand to execute judgment; for the Father had, in eternal counsels and covenant transactions, said to him, "Thou art my servant, O Israel, in whom I will be glorified."\* But foreseeing his rejection by Israel after the flesh—that he would come unto his own and his own would receive him not, he prophetically utters the language of complaint: "Then I said, I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought and in vain." Still meekly submitting to his Father's will, and finding a sacred joy in leaving in his hands the result of his sufferings and work, he adds, "Yet surely my judgment," (*i.e.*, the decision of my righteous cause.) "is with the LORD, and my work," (or "reward,"† *margin*), "with my God." But even if Israel after the flesh should reject him, this would not alter his glory: "And now saith the Lord that formed me from the womb to be his servant, to bring Jacob again to him, Though Israel be not gathered, yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of the Lord, and my God shall be my strength." (Isa. lxi. 5.) The Father then answers: "And he said, It is a light thing that thou shouldst be my servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel. I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth." (ver. 6.) Here is contained that gracious, that blessed promise of which we Gentiles are now enjoying the fulfilment. Should Israel after the flesh reject, yea, crucify their promised Messiah,—will that foreseen rejection disappoint the purposes of Jehovah? No. It is already foreknown, already fore-provided for. The incarnate Son shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied. To the poor Gentiles, despised and abhorred by the proud Jews as out of the covenant, and therefore without God and without hope in the world, he shall be a light to guide elect sinners into the way of peace, yea, shall himself be God's "own salvation unto the end of the earth." Then comes that glorious promise of the exaltation of his dear Son as Lord and King, of which the first fulfilment began when Jesus, after his ascension,

\* We need not suppose that these words contain an exact representation, or are a literal transcript of the solemn transactions between the Father and the Son; but they convey to our mind, under a prophetic form, certain realities which it was the eternal purpose of God to accomplish, and which have been already partially and will one day be wholly fulfilled.

† The word translated here "work" is rendered by "wages," Lev. xix. 13, and "reward," Ps. cix. 20. It means literally "reward for work," and thus blessedly represents the work of redemption by the Son of God and the reward given him. See Phil. ii. 5-11; Heb. xii. 2.

took the throne, but of which the full accomplishment awaits the further unfolding of the purposes of God.

With this promise, being unusually pressed for time and room, we shall conclude our present paper: "Thus saith the Lord, the Redeemer of Israel, and his Holy One, to him whom man despiseth, to him whom the nation abhorreth, to a servant of rulers, Kings shall see and arise, princes also shall worship, because of the Lord that is faithful, and the Holy One of Israel, and he shall choose thee." (Isa. lxi. 7.)

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## REVIEW.

*Historical Sketches of Romanism; being the Substance of a Course of Lectures delivered in Ireland in the Winter of 1854-55. By a Clergyman, lately a Curate in Ireland. London: Nisbet & Co. Dublin: Curry & Co. 1861.*

THOUGH we cannot say that we have that extreme dread of the revival and reign of Popery amongst us which many good men have long felt and expressed, yet we would be second to none in our abhorrence of it. Every effort is now being made to commend the poisoned cup of Popery to the lips, for the Romish harlot, though much battered and worn, especially in her own land and on her own throne, still carries in her hand the golden cup which is full of abominations and filthiness. The piety of her holy virgins in the nunneries of this land, amongst whom are some of England's noblest daughters; the devotedness of her monks toiling, as in the Charnwood forest, to make the wilderness blossom like the rose; the zeal and earnestness of her priests, serving night and day at her altars; the large amount of almsgiving daily distributed; her ancient and splendid ritual, set off and adorned with all the bewitching accompaniments of music and incense, at once to charm and take captive the three senses of sight, hearing, and smell—these are some ingredients of the drugged wine-cup, which she has for ages presented to the nations, and is now holding to the lips of our wealthy isle. Many have been seduced to drink of this cup, not knowing that to drink was death. It is well, therefore, to tear off from time to time the veil with which she hides her features and to hold her up in her real colours.

This has been well done by the author of the book at the head of the present article, who is now a clergyman in Malta, and was formerly for some time a curate in Ireland, where he originally delivered these sketches under the form of Lectures. In a simple, easy, and legible style, he has sketched out the following subjects—The Rise and Growth of the Papal Power; the Crusades; The Three Orders of Knighthood; Monasticism and its Results; The Inquisition; Modern Jesuitism; adding some concluding observations. He has put together simply and concisely many interesting and memorable facts, and has given the best sketch which we ever read of the three celebrated knightly orders. Of

these doughty knights—a strange mixture of half monk half soldier, the two most celebrated were the Knights Templar—so called from a house given to the first knights at Jerusalem, near the site of the Temple of Solomon, and the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, afterwards called Knights of Rhodes, and subsequently Knights of Malta. Of both these knightly orders the little work before us gives most interesting details, but which are too long for our pages, and at the same time scarcely admitting brief extracts. Most interesting also is his account of the Inquisition, that diabolical origin of cruelty. As a specimen of the work, we will give his account of the detection and destruction of the Inquisition of Madrid, at the time when Marshal Soult commanded the French armies in Spain. It is rather long, but will be read with thrilling interest :

“In the year 1809 Colonel Lehmanowsky was stationed at Madrid with a body of French troops; and whilst in that city the Colonel used to express his opinions with soldier-like frankness on the dark deeds of the Holy Office. A decree had already been passed by Napoleon for the suppression of this tribunal, and of monasteries; but, owing to some delay on the part of the officials entrusted with its execution, it had not been put in force. Months had slipped away; the inquisitors had nearly begun to indulge hopes that the odious decree would remain a dead letter, and were acquiring fresh confidence every day. The Colonel was a marked man, and it was resolved to get rid of him immediately. One night, as he was walking along one of the streets of Madrid, two armed men sprang upon him from an alley. The Colonel stood and drew his sword; then, putting himself in a posture of defence, and seeing lights at some distance, shouted for help. Instantly the French Patrol rode up, and the Colonel's assailants took to their heels; not, however, before the lanterns of the French soldiers had enabled them to see that they were the servants of the inquisition. Lehmanowsky immediately waited on Marshal Soult, who was governor of Madrid, informed him of what had taken place, and reminded him of the imperial decree to suppress the inquisition. Soult replied that he might go and destroy it if he chose. Not a moment was to be lost. The assistance of two regiments besides Lehmanowsky's was immediately procured, and they marched against the inquisitorial head-quarters, situated at the distance of five miles from the city. A strong wall surrounded the building, and, the gates being of course closed, some difficulty was experienced in effecting an entrance. The Colonel had determined to examine minutely into the state of affairs within the walls; and, placing the priests and their servants under a strong guard, he walked through the stately edifice. The apartments were richly and handsomely furnished. Altars, crucifixes, and wax candles were to be seen in abundance, and splendid paintings hung against the walls. There was an extensive library. Beauty and splendour appeared in all the arrangements. The architecture was faultless, the decorations in admirable proportion. There was every thing to gratify a cultivated taste, and to please an enthusiastic lover of the fine arts. Was this the far-famed Spanish inquisition? Has the colonel got into the right building, or has he in his impetuosity by mistake entered the palace of some wealthy noble? No! there was no mistake. There were the priests in their sacerdotal robes, the inmates of this magnificent convent. But where are the dungeons?—where the instruments of torture?—where the remains of the hundreds of slaughtered victims?—where? ‘Only in the imagination of our base accusers,’ indignantly exclaim the holy fathers. ‘Monstrous impiety! to ascribe such diabolical deeds to the venerable fathers of the church—to think that we whose lives are passed in prayer and holy meditation should even desire to imbrue our hands in the blood of our innocent fellow-creatures! Rest assured, gallant Colonel, that you have been grossly deceived and grossly libelled. You have seen all. Withdraw your sacrilegious troops, and receive our holy benediction, so shall you avert the vengeance of Heaven, which is al-

ways ready to light on those who treat irreverently the ministers of the sanctuary.'

" 'Strange and incredible!' muttered the Colonel. 'I could scarcely have been deceived. And yet ——' 'Will you have the goodness to step this way, Sir?' exclaimed a soldier, interrupting the Colonel's meditations. A seam in one of the marble slabs of which the floor of the hall was composed had attracted the soldier's attention. The colonel and his men soon collected round the spot, and endeavoured to remove the slab, but in vain. At last one of them, with what his comrades regarded as an unpardonable contempt for the fine arts, resolved to break the mysterious slab; and, striking it for that purpose with the butt end of his musket, up flew the slab with some violence, pushed upwards by a secret spring. Good God! The secret was explained. Beneath the slab was a staircase which led to the inquisitorial dungeons.

"Accustomed as these brave French soldiers had been to scenes of rapine and bloodshed, they witnessed in these subterranean prisons what struck them all with undisguised horror. The cells contained sufferers of all ages and of both sexes, from the maiden of fourteen to the patriarch of four score. Most of them were chained to the floor of the dungeon, and bore on their bodies visible marks of torture. Some had pined there for years; others had but recently been imprisoned. Some had been unable to bear their torments; exhausted nature had given way under the rod of physical suffering and mental grief; their souls had quitted their tenements of clay, and had returned unto God who gave them; their unburied bodies lay mouldering on the prison floor. Some had been dead a long time, and nothing remained to testify of their previous existence but their blanched bones. Those in whom the breath of life still lingered were instantly released, and treated kindly by the humane French soldiers.

"The suffering victims having been removed from their dungeons, the soldiers proceeded to examine the other parts of the building. 'They found,' says the recorder of these events, 'instruments of torture of every kind which the ingenuity of men or devils could devise. The first instrument noticed was a machine by which the victim was confined; and then, beginning with the fingers, all the joints in the hands, arms, and body were broken and drawn one after another, until the sufferer died. The second was a box, in which the head and neck of the victim were so closely confined by a screw, that he could not move in any way. Over the box was a vessel from which one drop of water fell upon the head of the victim every second, each successive drop falling upon precisely the same place; by which, in a few minutes, the circulation was suspended, and the sufferer had to endure the most excruciating agony. The third was an infernal machine, laid horizontally, to which the victim was bound; the machine then being placed between two beams in which were scores of knives so fixed that by turning the machine with a crank, the flesh of the sufferer was all torn from his limbs into small pieces. The fourth surpassed the others in fiendish ingenuity. Its exterior was a large doll, richly dressed, and having the appearance of a beautiful woman with her arms extended ready to embrace her victim. A semicircle was drawn round her, and the person who passed over this fatal mark touched a spring, which caused the diabolical engine to open; its arms immediately clasped him, and a thousand knives cut him into as many pieces.

"The fire of indignation burned in the bosoms of the French soldiers at the sight of these horrid instruments of cruelty. Their fury knew no bounds; they insisted that every inquisitor and every soldier of the inquisition should immediately be put to the torture. It was in vain to oppose them. The colonel himself might have been sacrificed to their ungovernable rage if he had attempted to arrest them in their work of vengeance. They began with the holy fathers. The first was put to death in the machine for breaking joints. The torture by water was then tried, and the miserable wretch on whom the punishment was inflicted cried out in agony to be removed from the fatal machine; but his cries were unheeded. Next came the inquisitor-general, who was brought before the image of the virgin and somewhat roughly ordered to embrace her. He begged hard to be excused, but the soldiers were inexorable. Interlocking their bayonets so as to form large forks, they pushed him within the fatal circle,

and in an instant the image had cut him into innumerable pieces. The French colonel stood by and witnessed the torture of four of these guilty wretches. His soul sickened at the scene, and he withdrew, leaving the soldiers to wreak their vengeance on the rest of the guilty inmates.

"In the meantime, the news had reached Madrid that the prisons of the inquisition had been thrown open and the captives set at liberty. Multitudes hastened to the spot. O! what pen can describe the meeting of friends and relations on that eventful day! It was like a resurrection from the dead. There were fathers who found their long-lost sons and daughters; wives were restored to their mourning husbands; sisters to their much-loved brothers; and parents to their weeping children. There were a few among the rescued captives who had no friend to greet them, who could not recognise a familiar face in the midst of that immense throng. There were many who returned with countenances expressive of deep disappointment; those whom they expected to see emerging from their dungeons had fallen victims to Papal tyranny, and had quitted this earthly scene. They were where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Great and indescribable were the emotions of that vast multitude; but not a tear was shed for the fate of those merciless men who had with such determination executed the imperative orders of Rome. As soon as the people began to retire, Colonel Lehmanowsky removed the books from the library, the paintings, the furniture, and every article of value from within the walls of the building, and sent to Madrid for a waggon-load of gunpowder, which he deposited in the vaults beneath. A slow match was placed in connection with the powder. The troops retired to a distance. In a short time a tremendous explosion was heard; the walls and turrets of the massive structure rose majestically into the air, enveloped in clouds of dense smoke, and then fell back to the earth an immense heap of ruins. It was a sight never to be forgotten. The inquisition was no more. God be thanked! was uttered from many an aching and yet grateful heart on that eventful day."

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THE light that comes in through gospel applications and power will exceedingly melt and wound a soul; but they are the woundings and meltings of love, and the spirit of adoption, not of fear and bondage, but of power, love, and of a sound mind. Mary wept and washed Christ's feet; Peter wept bitterly, not in fear but in love; witness Mary's box of ointment, and Peter's profession, "Lord, thou knowest I love thee." The sensations which this gospel spirit works in the soul are such as bring enlargements, and flowings, and pourings out of spirit; but the sensations which the law works bring in a straitening, a contracting, a gathering up, or narrowness in the spirit; and therefore it is called bondage and fear.—*Saltmarsh.*

BUT even as to you, O ye children of God, by faith in Christ Jesus, who have the sense of God's friendship in your hearts, who feel the peace of God in your minds, who experience the comfort of it in your consciences, doth not this pass your understanding also? For can you fully explore the amazing heights and wondrous depths of this blessing? Dwell on it you may; you ought, with rapture. Speak of it you may; you ought, with joy, saying with David, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul." But fully to comprehend, and explicitly to explain, the inward comfort of heartfelt peace with God,—here all reason is nonplussed, and all language fails in description. But here faith is all in all. We believe what we cannot comprehend; we experience what we cannot fully explain; we rejoice, adore, and praise God for "the love of Christ which passeth knowledge;" and for the happy consequences of it, "the peace of God which passeth all understanding." Both the one and the other, it is our happiness to know by faith; but it is not our calling perfectly to understand nor fully to explain.—*Mason.*

## INQUIRY.

Dear Sir,—Will you please favour us with your answer to the following very important inquiries through the "Standard," and you will oblige a few of the Lord's staggering children?

If a follower of Christ and a preacher of the gospel commit suicide, is there hope of eternal life for him? Does that passage, "Ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him," have any reference to his case? And how can we reconcile it with, "He that is begotten of God keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not?" Is insanity permitted as an effect of infirmities and affliction, or is it a curse, as in Deut. xxviii. 28, 29: "And the Lord shall smite thee with madness?" Yours, &c.,

A STAGGERER.

## ANSWER.

The writer of the above truly calls the questions which he asks "very important inquiries." We feel them to be such, for they seem to place us in a position as if we were called upon to decide upon the eternal state of a poor fellow-sinner—a state in which, but for sovereign grace, we ourselves might now have been. We know, too, how hard the flesh pleads for a favourable answer, and how unwilling it is to submit to that decision from the word of truth in which alone the spirit finds rest and repose. "Let God be true, but every man a liar," is, however, the acquiescence of faith amidst the whisperings of unbelief and the murmurings of nature. But let us seek an answer to some of these inquiries from the law and the testimony—that is, from what is either plainly revealed in the word of truth upon the point, or may be fairly gathered from the sacred page by the analogy of faith.

1. Take first, then, *the cases of suicide* recorded in the word of truth. Three black cases meet us in the Scriptures, all of whom were professors, and the two last preachers, Abithophel, Saul, and Judas. Do not these stand forth as so many memorials of the power of Satan, the strength of despair, and the indignation of the Almighty?

2. But have we any *scriptural instance* of a saint of God committing the fatal act? When we are told that a child of God may lay suicidal hands on himself, we should wish to have some scriptural instance. The two nearest to it were Samson and Jonah; but the first did not lay violent hands on himself,\* though he died as a warrior might die, say Col. Gardiner or Hedley Vicars, in defence of

\* Dr. Gill's remarks on this point are so much to the purpose that we cannot forbear to give them: "As for his own death, he did not simply desire that, only as he could not be avenged on his enemies without it, he was willing to submit to it; nor did he lay hands on himself, and cannot be charged with being guilty of suicide, and did no other than what a man of valour and public spirit will do; who for the good of his country will not only expose his life to danger in common, but for the sake of that, will engage in a desperate enterprise, when he knows most certainly that he must perish in it. Besides, Samson said this and did what he did under the direction and influence of the Spirit of God; and herein was a type of Christ, who freely laid down his life for his people that he might destroy his and their enemies."

his country, amidst and with the enemies of God; and the other did not throw himself into the sea, but was thrown in by others; besides which, he was miraculously preserved.

3. But consider the direct *promises* made to the saints of God, and the declarations of the preserving hand of the Almighty over them. "He will keep the feet of his saints;" (1 Sam. ii. 9;) "Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation;" (1 Pet. i. 5;) "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to men; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it;" (1 Cor. x. 13;) "Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all. He keepeth all his bones; not one of them is broken." (Ps. xxxiv. 19, 20.) These are strong testimonies to show that the Lord will not suffer Satan to prevail over any one of his saints. If he can prevail over one he might prevail over all; and then where would be the power of Christ and the strength of his grace, or the security of the elect? In the passage quoted by our correspondent, it is expressly declared that "he that is begotten of God keepeth himself, and that *wicked one toucheth him not*;" (1 John v. 18;) but that wicked one toucheth him indeed, and that to awful purpose, if he can prevail over him to lay murderous hands on himself.

4. When, for wise purposes, the Lord left Job for a while in the hand of Satan, he said to the tempter, "Behold, he is in thy hand; but *save his life*." (Job ii. 6.) Does not this express prohibition show that Satan cannot touch *the life* of a child of God?

5. Again, is suicide a *sin* or not? Is rebellion a sin, unbelief a sin, despair a sin? then suicide must be a sin of sins, for it is the last fruit, the highest top and summit of these sins. Can a man who commits it be said to die in faith, or hope, or love? Where is receiving the the end of faith, even the salvation of the soul, if a man die in unbelief, as a suicide must? How can his hope be "an anchor of the soul sure and stedfast," if it break in the storm? and where is love, when he bids defiance to the Almighty by breaking through the bounds of life and death which he has set? Evidently he dies in sin, and in a sin for which he can have no repentance, for he cuts himself off from repentance by the same act by which he cuts himself off from life.

And now to answer another part of the inquiry. That insanity may afflict a child of God, is, we think, undeniable; but that it may so far prevail as to issue in suicide is another matter. Insanity will often take the form of religious melancholy—we use the word "religious" in the common sense of the term, for there is often much religion where there is no grace. A person so affected, or we may say, so afflicted, often much resembles a child of God when under strong convictions. It is therefore considered by some a real work of grace; and should such a one lay violent hands on himself, false charity at once steps in to think well of his state, and calls him a believer—thence drawing the conclusion that such a one may commit suicide. That a professor and preacher of the doctrines of the gospel should be so left in the hands of Satan as after a long life of

profession to lay suicidal hands on himself is enough to chill our hearts with horror. Still, we must not for this or any other similar event abandon the testimony of God for the opinions of men, but rather cry the more earnestly, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe."

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*"THY WILL BE DONE."*

"Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldest take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?"—Ruth ii. 10.

Thy will be done, my God, for thou the Judge  
And Maker of the earth cannot do wrong.  
In tender mercy thou wilt never grudge  
To bless a trembling, broken-hearted worm.  
Eternal praises to thy sacred name,  
Thou glorious nor less gracious Three in One.  
Instead of hell, O what a rest remains  
For Israel's race. Amen. Thy will be done.

Thy will be done concerning Israel's host,  
Father of all our mercies, who begun  
A scheme before all worlds to save the lost,  
And bless them in thy dear, thine only Son.  
Wonder, O heavens! and fearful trembler know,  
Thy help and strength from God in Christ will come.  
Why? Why? Ah, why indeed! 'Tis even so.  
Amen. Thou God of grace, thy will be done.

Thy will be done, thou first-begotten Son.  
Thy Father's will immutable is thine.  
Equal and co-eternal with him, One.  
But O how poor am I if thou'rt not mine!  
Thy glory laid aside, in depths of woe,  
Thy church's debt was paid—that mighty sum!  
Why? Why? Ah, why indeed! 'Twas even so.  
Amen. My wondrous Lord, thy will be done.

Thy will be done, Husband of husbands thou,  
Concerning her who is by sin disgraced;  
Who out of self would in thy image grow,—  
Entreat thy smiles, with hopes to see thy face.  
Unparallel'd's thy love to sinners low,  
And everything that's base beneath the sun.  
Why? Why? O, why indeed! 'Tis even so.  
Amen. My gracious Lord, thy will be done.

Thy will be done, O God the Holy Ghost,  
Concerning Zion, city of our King.  
'Tis thine to testify of Israel's Boast,  
Whose loving-kindness makes poor sinners sing.  
The heavenly dews thy mercy doth bestow  
Turns sighs to songs, and makes poor hobblers run.  
Why? Why? O, why indeed! Still be it so.  
Amen. Blest Comforter, thy will be done.

Thy will be done, Spirit of God and Christ.  
Thy praise begun below shall blaze above.  
When from thy courts to my poor hearth thou fliest,  
The fire burns bright. Thou blest celestial Dove,

Thy gracious work is known and felt below.  
 And who shall blast the grace that's thus begun?  
 Grace, mighty grace! Ah, why? Still be it so.  
 Amen. Dear Comforter, thy will be done.

Thy will be done, my God, in providence.  
 Be this my hearty prayer from day to day:  
 "Give me to walk by faith and not by sense,  
 Believing thou wilt help me all the way.  
 O keep thy dust from murmuring if thy sky  
 Looks black, while gathering clouds conceal the sun.  
 Should sinful nature ask the reason why,  
 O then give grace to say, "Thy will be done."

Thy will be done, my Helper in times past,  
 For no good thing hast thou withheld from me.  
 Thy timely, welcome bounties came as fast  
 As needs appear'd, though I forgetful be.  
 Should now thy hand seem closed, and streams all dry,  
 And doors all fast against thy sinful worm,  
 Then, should rebellion ask the reason why,  
 My God, give grace to say, 'Thy will be done.'

Thy will be done, O thou whose hand doth fix  
 Thy people's bounds and dwellings here below.  
 If with my lot afflictions thou dost mix,  
 Because it pleases thee, it should be so.  
 If sorrow upon sorrow make me sigh,  
 And trial side by side with trouble run,  
 Then, should base Esau ask the reason why,  
 "Amen," let Jacob shout. "Thy will be done."

Thy will be done, although it is my lot  
 To toil with those who strangers are to thee.  
 Thy gracious presence oft-times in my shop  
 Humbles, dissolves, and greatly comforts me.  
 The grace is thine which makes me angry grow  
 When filthy conversation is begun.  
 Why, Lord, this grace? Ah, why? Still be it so.  
 Amen. Indulgent Lord, thy will be done.

Thy will be done! Millions shall bless thy will,  
 Which blasted theirs, and will'd them into life.  
 And thou, dear Lamb, the Life, do thou fulfil  
 The heart's desire to live in thee and thrive.  
 Blest Spirit of God, when I am sad and low,  
 Baptize me in that dear, that Holy One.  
 Why? Why? Ah, why indeed! I covet so.  
 Amen. My covenant God, thy will be done.

Thy will be done. Lord, finish and complete,  
 And bless with patience till the whole is done,  
 Till Zion's travellers round thy throne shall meet,  
 And join the church triumphant all in one.  
 Methinks I hear, "Come, come, ye blessed, come!"  
 And see the low, low bow before the throne.  
 While thy dear face, my Lord, is gazed upon,  
 Admiring millions shout, "Thy will be done!"

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

JULY, 1862.

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

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON  
BY THE LATE MR. WARBURTON.

PREACHED AT EDEN STREET CHAPEL, LONDON, MAY, 1850.

“Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love.”—1 John iv. 7, 8.

(EVENING SERMON.)

WE read these words as a text in the morning, and then attempted to drop a few hints upon the love of God. We noticed the love of God the Father, in his settling, providing, and giving all blessings for his dear church and people, for body, for soul, for time and eternity, treasured up in Christ for their use, their comfort, their peace, their victories, their salvation, and his glory; and there is not one of these blessings but will be enjoyed and received, according to God's testimony, whatever unbelief may say, however despair may sink the soul. Nothing will baffle God's purposes of eternal love, in providing for all their trials, all their despair, all their sinkings.

We attempted to take notice of the love of God the Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, equal with the Father and one with him, in doing all the work, completing redemption for his church and people, securing it, binding it up fast, completely redeeming them, and saving them in himself with an everlasting salvation. My dear friends, I love firm work, for I am such a poor weak frail worm, that if it was not firm work in God's eternal love, I should have shaken myself out of it thousands of times; and that is the reason why I love it from my very heart. God says, “Thou hast ascended up on high, thou hast led captivity captive, and received gifts for men, yea, for the rebellious also.” My soul has blessed him for that. God has so fitted it to my heart; nobody can fit it so nicely as he can. “Yea, for the *rebellious* also, that the Lord God may dwell among them.” Come, poor stubborn, rebellious soul, poor, fretful, rebellious worm, that seest and feelest what a rebel thou art in thy heart, from day to day and from week to week at times, “Yea, for the *rebellious* also.” Christ, in his love, has completed such an eternal redemption for his church that it can never be spoiled.

We will now endeavour to notice the work of God the Holy Ghost. O what love, what sovereign, what discriminating love, to stop the ob-

jects of his choice in their mad career to hell, when nature was boiling up with enmity against God, their soul swallowing in and transgression as a sweet morsel, their desires all bound up in nothing but enmity, uncleanness, and filthiness of every description. The whole mass of mankind is thus born, and here lies, with no more sensible desire to God and the knowledge of his ways than a wild ass's colt. The fear of God is not before their eyes, neither have they a desire after the knowledge of his ways. Now what can God the Holy Ghost see in such men to move him to set his love upon them? It cannot be the man's desire, for he desires sin; it cannot be the man's obedience, for he is obedient only to the devil, and to the deceitfulness of his ungodly heart. It originates, my friends, in nothing more or less than in his sovereign, discriminating love, fixed and settled upon them from everlasting. It centres in himself; as the apostle says, "And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." Well, then, if they are dead, there is no life, unless it is alive to the devil, alive to the world; but no life to God. "Wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience. Among whom also we all had our conversation in times past;" yes, my friends, "in the lusts of our flesh, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind, and were by nature the children of wrath, even as others." And why not so now? You see it needs no words of mine to set it forth: "But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us." You see it is all in the past tense; therefore it is settled and it is done; "even when we were dead in trespasses and sins, hath quickened us together with Christ; by grace ye are saved; and hath raised us up together and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, that in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness towards us, through Christ Jesus; for by grace ye are saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." How blessed, how precious, when God the Spirit reveals it in our hearts, to see that it is the sovereign, discriminating love of God that stopped us. How precious it is to say with the apostle Paul, "And such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." Ah, my friends, it proves the love of God the Holy Ghost. What love! Not only beginning the work but carrying it on; stripping his people, clothing his people, wounding his people, healing his people, chastising them, and giving them the delightful anointing of his holy unction to revive them again. My friends, it is love, it is love! Hear what the Lord says himself: "The Lord hath chosen Zion; he hath desired it for his habitation. Here will I dwell, for I have desired it." And here his blessed Majesty dwells in the heart of a poor child of God. He sits and rules here; and it is love, his sovereign love, that bears them up. It all comes from the fountain of eternal love, for "God is love." Nothing can separate us from God, for love is stronger than death.

"Ah!" says one, "this is your Antinomianism, to teach people

to live in sin and neglect their duties." I am convinced that those who say so are as destitute of the power of God in their hearts as the very pews in which they sit. What! A love that produces such things as these lead to licentiousness? There are some people so witty, so particular in explaining all Baxterianisms and all other isms, but the truth of God. The love of God in entering into their hearts they can never enter into. My friends, this is one of the greatest cuts that a poor child of God can have in his heart, to think of abusing the goodness and mercy of God. About two years ago I had more of this than ever I had in all my life before, because of the troubles in my church. I had such work in my heart, such planning, and scheming thinking about my church, what will they do? My friends, this cut me up like a dagger. This did not lead to licentiousness; but O what grief it brought!

The love of a Three-One God has bound his people up; and, my friends, they are one with him. O, is it not surprising, as the apostle says, that "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!" And this is all in love, my friends; you and I have not merited it; and we can, therefore, heartily say, "Not that we loved God, but that he loved us." So that his love will bear us through.

God will chastise his people; and all in love. I believe in my heart and soul that David and Peter, though God forgave them, could never forgive themselves. I believe, my friends, it is a keen, cutting thing for a poor child of God to fall outwardly. God has not suffered me to fall outwardly; but I have not a stone to throw. I know I should have done it if God had not kept me. I have trembled in my heart from time to time. I have begged of God to keep me. Such is the wretchedness of old nature, when it is busy in the heart of a poor child of God, that there is no need for him to fall outwardly to bring trouble. It is none but children that will have the Father's rod. Bastards will never be handled by the Father's rod, but they will be handled by the rod of God's wrath by and by.

God's children, when they are taught by Father, Son, and Spirit, one undivided Jehovah, love one another. Does it not produce more peace than quarreling one with another? I tell you what, my friends, I believe the man that enjoys the love of God in his heart,—there is not a man that is exposed to foes like him. The love of God in his heart will make him honest. The love of God in his heart will not cause him to become proud and sow discord amongst brethren. "O!" say you, "you are making caps, are you?" There is no harm in bringing such sort of caps for you. "O, then," says one, "we are to tamper with Arminianism sometimes?" O do not take such sweeps as this. We all have our weakness, and our natural feelings. Is there a perfect man, put them altogether, in the world? What does our Lord speak: "Forbearing one another, forgiving one another."

There is no man can love God till he is born of the Spirit, till he is born again; as our text says: "He that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God." No man can love God till the power of the Spirit

has entered into his heart. An elect soul, before the love of God enters into his heart, and the love of God is set up in his soul, is ignorant of it. The effects of calling are not known to himself, though made known to others. Zacchæus, when he went up into the sycamore tree, had no more love to God than the sycamore tree had; but when the power of God entered into his heart, Jesus calls him down, and the effect of it was seen to others: "Behold, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have wronged any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold."

You see again what a striking instance there was of this in Saul of Tarsus. He went full of rage and fury against the cause of God. His heart was full of enmity against the glory of God and his blessed Majesty; but what a change was made: "Lord," he says, "what wilt thou have me to do? And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do. And the men which journeyed with him stood speechless, hearing a voice but seeing no man. And Saul arose from the earth. And when his eyes were opened, he saw no man; but they led him by the hand and brought him into Damascus. And he was three days without sight, and neither did eat nor drink. And there was a certain disciple at Damascus named Ananias, and to him said the Lord in a vision, Ananias. And he said, Behold, I am here, Lord. And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight, and inquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul, of Tarsus, for, behold, he prayeth." It appears that Ananias had not much love to Saul, when he said, "Lord, I have heard by many of this man, how much evil he hath done to thy saints at Jerusalem. But the Lord said unto him, Go thy way, for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles." And I believe his heart was knit to Saul, of Tarsus, in a moment. Such power and love laid hold of him and Saul, of Tarsus, that they drank into one Spirit; for he said, "*Brother* Saul," &c. And was not this the very case with you and me, when grace entered into our hearts and gave us a discovery of our danger of going to hell? Was it not love to God's people? O what revenge against our treatment of them! Those very people, now we would give a thousand worlds if we could have felt as they did. Why, my friends, how can a man love the very image of Christ unless he have the image of God in his heart? Our Lord says, "Whosoever shall give to one of these little ones a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, verily, I say unto you, shall in no wise lose his reward."

Come, poor dear soul, there is another blessed text: "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren;" and as sure as ever God hath given thee a love to the poor of Christ's family, it is from the love of God. Thou mayest not have a sweet sense of this in thy heart, nor ever wilt have till God reveals it there. There is not a greater sign of a man's being of the serpent's generation than his having a heart at enmity against a child of God for truth's sake; for the Lord hath put enmity between the seed of the serpent and the seed of the woman, and they can never drink

into one spirit. Even a child of God, in his sinkings sometimes, can never believe he is one of his people; but he has a love to the dear people of God, and at times feels a real union with them in his heart. But, says one, "I feel so much enmity at times in my heart; I believe there is no more love to God and his people in it than there is in Satan." But what is it that makes thee so uncomfortable about these things,—this wretched enmity in thy heart against prayer and against everything that is Godlike? God knows I sometimes feel in my heart that there is something that rises against such a feeling as this. What a blessing that "grace reigns, through righteousness, unto eternal life;" and blessed be God, it *shall* reign. Paul says, "When I would do good, evil is present with me;" and he also says, "I find a law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am; who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" My dear friends, what is it that brings the soul to long for deliverance from this body of death? The love of God. When he brings the soul to a happy deliverance, he puts his feet upon his spiritual enemies, and says, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy, for when I fall I shall arise, when I sit in darkness the Lord shall be a light unto me." When a child of God comes here, what love there will be to the brethren! How he can forgive! I tell you what; if a man never feels a forgiving heart to his worst enemy, where is the love of God in his heart? Why, my friends, there is no more love to God than there is in the devil. Paul says, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus; and be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you." My friends, I have felt both sides of the question. I have felt that I could hang them up; but when the love of God comes into my heart, what sweet fellowship and love I feel, following Jesus in all his blessed commands. I would not give a farthing for any man's religion without it. But some may say, "I dare say you are angry sometimes." My old man never did love God; nothing can make him any better; but the love of God in my heart makes me able to forgive injuries. The love of God works nothing but fruitfulness and blessedness for the honour of God. There is no blessedness, contentment, and peace but where the love of God is in the heart. What a sweetness this is! My soul feels it sometimes. I can feel love to the brethren, even those who all their life have been taught to throw nothing but dirt. Love neither works wrath nor jealousies, to raise up pride.

What a sweetness there is when brethren, feeling the love of God, are knit together. There is no contention but upon one subject, and in this they can never agree; and that is not a contention which is to be the greatest, but which is to be the least. Jesus said to his disciples, when he went and took a towel and girded himself and began to wash their feet: "Know ye what I have done unto you? Ye call me Master, and Lord, and ye say well, for so I am. If I, then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet."

My dear friends, when the love of God is enjoyed in the hearts of God's people, they know he is a kind God, they know he is a merciful God, they know him in his providence, they know him in his grace, they know him in all his blessed influences; but they that are not born of God cannot love him. Love is an internal thing, which moves the heart of a regenerate man. He can know then what the apostle means when he breathes out his heart's desire: "The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God and the patient waiting for Christ," the Fountain of every stream, the Rock of all ages, the Source of every blessedness and of every true delight. "The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God and the patient waiting for Christ."

My brethren, God indulges me with moments like these. Though I have a world of iniquity within, yet, blessed be his name, he blesses my soul sometimes with sweet moments. It is one thing to feel it and another thing to talk of it. When I can lie or sit at his feet; and see how he has been with me for fifty-six years, and reflect on his goodness, my poor soul sits weeping like a child. Though sometimes I feel nothing but barrenness, yet sometimes my heart is unearthed with his goodness, and my cup runs over, and I can say, "Mercy and goodness have followed me all the days of my life."

God bless you with his love, and bless you with his kindness, for Christ's sake.

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#### THE LAST LETTER WRITTEN BY THE LATE MR. W. SHARP, SEN., MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, BRIGHTON.

My dear Friends in the Lord,—May grace, mercy, and peace be with you. Amen.

Ann informed you of my safe arrival, and for this great mercy, and indeed for every other, I hope to be thankful. To be enabled to watch God's hand is good for us. You know prayer is found connected with such a favour. Nay, I know not any favour so great as for us to know the worth of prayer. Yes, we are to "pray without ceasing," although at times tempted to lay it aside. Our gracious Father does not leave us to ourselves under such circumstances, but stirreth up in us some proof that he has not forgotten the exhortation he has given us, which is for our good. O my friends, what a condition would ours be were the Lord to leave us to ourselves. Some way or other he maketh a way to our hearts, for he claims them for *himself* to dwell in; and there he dwells, though so much sin is therein, so far as our fallen nature is considered; but, blessed be his name, that sin cannot have dominion. I think it is a great mercy for us that he should reign in us by his grace unto eternal life. The more I meditate on his grace, the more I find of his love, which only can create love in me to him. Though our fallen condition is so great an evil, yet a right knowledge of it leads to the greatest good. Yes, "where sin abounded grace doth much more abound."

What did Jesus do when he died? Why, he made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness. Let us beg of him that we might follow him in our life and conversation continually.

I have just heard that dear Martha is removed. We are called upon to be thankful. I hope you are as well as when I left you. Do not forget to remember me to Mrs. D. and the rest of the friends. We are as well as common, excepting my cold.

Brighton, Feb. 16th, 1855.

W. SHARP.

## LET THE INHABITANTS OF THE ROCK SING.

Esteemed Friend, for the Truth's Sake,—I have been a partaker of the goods weighed in your scales by the Lord's balance for more than 20 years, during which time I believe the Lord has blessed some portions to my never-dying soul. Through the blessing of God, in his providence, I am at present in a situation where I have now and then a spare hour, in which I think I can scratch down a line or two, if you deem them worthy of a small space in your valuable work. If you think that they are not worth a little room, put this poor epistle into the flames, where I hope the Lord has put all my works; that I may own no works as to my salvation, and that of every poor sinner, but the ever-blessed work of a Three-One God,—the Father in choosing, the Son in redeeming, and the Spirit in quickening poor sinners.

In the year 1838, when in my apprenticeship, I was at an Association Baptist Chapel, where my master and mistress made me attend, though my mistress was a member with Mr. Kershaw's people, at Rochdale; but it being 12 miles from our home, I was sent to what my guardians thought the best place convenient, often much against my mind. One Sabbath, in the above-named year, the minister took for his text these words: "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God;" when I am firmly persuaded that the fear of the Lord entered into my soul, and I believe that I had both a filial fear and a slavish fear in my feelings for some months; for the minister set me and others so much work to do that I worked, and tugged, and toiled at the task set us; but instead of ease of mind, as I expected, I kept getting worse, and saw myself a greater sinner every day. My feelings at times were such that I thought the Lord would not and could not have mercy upon me; when that was a thing that I kept praying for. The minister kept describing how good and heavenly the Lord's family were, and that they got holier and holier every day; and he kept asking all his congregation to give themselves to the Lord, and that the Lord was waiting to accept them. Spaking for myself, I felt a complete sink of sin and iniquity; so much so that my case began to look hopeless, and I felt it so too. I used to creep into a garret that my master had, and there pour out my complaint unto the Lord, who I feared would one day destroy both me and my profession of religion; but, blessed be his holy name, he had not so ordered, but had other things, blessed things, in store for me.

The blessed God of Jacob directed my steps to the company of a few old Christians, who began to talk about the work of the Holy Spirit upon a poor sinner's heart, and told how Satan-hunted, sin-tormented, soul-perplexed they were. I began to feel that they had been in the same school that I was then in, only they were older scholars. One lent me a "Gospel Standard," and I really thought it was the most curious pamphlet I ever saw in all my life. But when I began to read it, I could not let it alone even when the minister was preaching. My mistress began to see that something had made a change in me. She began to put out a word or two about the Lord's work, and about the preaching of Mr. Gadsby and Mr. Kershaw, and how she enjoyed one of Mr. Kershaw's sermons at a poor pilgrim's house on one of the Yorkshire hills, from that text: "Let the inhabitants of the rock sing;" and she used to preach the sermon over and over again to one of my fellow apprentices and me after our work was done.

She said so much about her favourite preachers that we had a desire to hear for ourselves. I shall never forget going to Rochdale and hearing Mr. K. take for his text Heb. xi. 24-26. I felt after that, and a few other sermons of the same sort from him and other servants of God,

that I quite breathed a new atmosphere. The blessed Spirit of grace let me see that I was a great sinner, but that God the Son had engaged in eternity to save such poor and needy sinners; and that he had left no part for me to do. My heart would burst out and out again, and we used to meet, a few of us, to talk things over, and wish we had a little place of our own to have the word preached in, without so much of the progressive scheme of would-be creature-attained holiness. I well recollect the minister under whom I first felt the arrow of conviction labouring hard to make us believe that the old man of sin got weaker and weaker in the state of sinful feelings, and the soul more and more holy by what he called progressive sanctification. I felt very much hurt in my feelings at him; for I felt sure it was contrary to the word of God; and asked him what that passage meant where it said, "He hath for ever perfected them that are sanctified." His reply was, "I shall not talk to you; you have been among those Antinomians, I can hear by your questions." Then I said kindly but firmly, "Then I cannot sit to listen to your preaching;" and the Lord enabled me to decide from that moment never to go again, and I never did. But more about our little place of meeting another time, if you can encourage such a poor sinful

POLICE OFFICER.

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### THE YEARS DRAW NIGH WHEN THOU SHALT SAY, "I HAVE NO PLEASURE IN THEM."

My dear and worthy Friend,—I once more address you, as such, from a long-continued sense of your kind love and tender regard for my spiritual welfare, for to one I would say who is less than the least of all saints is this grace given to know it.

I am still in the wilderness, in a thorny path of tribulation, surrounded by various trials. Last summer I entered my eightieth year, and am a witness to what the Prophet says, that it is labour and sorrow. Though the Lord has raised me up from my afflictions and blessed me with better health than I had before, yet I feel the effects of old age. My limbs seem to fail me now, so that I am a very poor traveller, and hardly dare venture out. O that the Lord would renew the inner man more and more! I have a good hope through grace, and know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he will keep that which I have committed to him against that day. Though sometimes I am so sorely harassed with doubts by Satan as to question all my experience, yet at other times I am strong in the Lord and the power of his might, so that there is not a doubt or fear. I would say with one of old,

"O might I doubt no more."

I long for that time and I am persuaded I shall enjoy it yet. O it is a great war, a great conflict to be fighting for nearly fifty-eight years. It will be fifty-eight years the first day of the next month since I was baptized and joined the church. I trust I have been growing ever since, but now seem weaker than ever. What a paradox! But O, dear friend, let us look at the better side. I appear now a better or more fit candidate for mercy than at first, and the Lord delighteth in mercy. Mercy always has reference to misery, and I can glory in mercy now more than I could when I first believed. When I take a look at my life from the first, when my vile nature first began to show itself, born in sin, shapen in iniquity, in the broad road to hell, without hope and without God in the world, fast bound for destruction, a willing slave of the devil, and then look at what I have passed through since, can I doubt for one moment that my name was not written in the Lamb's book of life, that I was not chosen in Christ, with Christ in the covenant of grace that was

ordered in all things? Have I not been called with a holy calling, not according to works, for I had none, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given me in Christ before the world began? And have I not felt his love to break, as it were, my heart? This is all clear enough when faith is in exercise.

“O for a strong and lasting faith!”

Lord, increase our faith.

Dear friend, it is a mercy to be found in the Lord's vineyard, or even to be a door-keeper in his house. How much greater to be a member in that house or rather of that house,—to be one with Christ, an heir of God and joint-heir with Christ, to sit down with him on his throne even as he is set down on his Father's.

My memory and many infirmities are so bad that I am not fit to write, yet I love the communion of saints, the excellent of the earth, in whom is my great delight. When God has gathered his saints all in, it will be a fellowship indeed. No more pain, sorrow, or distress; no more doubts or fears; no more plague of an evil heart; no more tempting devil; no more self, which is the worst.

“O that the happy hour were come  
To change my faith to sight!  
I should behold my Lord at home,  
In a diviner light.”

“O that I could now adore him  
Like the heavenly hosts above.”

None but Jesus! None but Jesus! He is precious! I cannot live without him. None in heaven above nor on the earth below,—nothing can satisfy my longing desires but Jesus. I would not give a fig for life without him; and having him formed in my heart the hope of glory, and feeling his gracious presence, I would say, “Lord, now let thy servant die,” seeing and feeling his great salvation. We are fast hastening to that point. A few more days or years with you, I can hardly say years with respect to myself; I almost live now by a day at a time. Not knowing the day of my death, I would lie passive, and say, “All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.”

I must conclude. Perhaps you are wearied by this time in reading this scrawl.

I hope you will have the goodness to write to me as soon as you can, that I may hear how you are getting on as a church and a people of God. Remember, the Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob. I have no doubt your soul prospereth in the Lord. Alas! I have often to say, “My leanness, my leanness!”

It may be the last time I ever may write, though I believe my health is better now than it was last year, before my heavy fall. All things are of God.

Dear friend, I feel sorry to give over conversing with you in this manner, but time forbids my stay.

My dear wife is much the same as she has been for some time, or rather better. She desires her Christian love.

Ever yours in Christ,

Desford, Nov. 21st, 1851.

EDWARD MOSS.

[Edward Moss was an intimate friend of the late Mr. Congreve, of Bedworth, to whom, indeed, the above letter was addressed.—Ed.]

AND even when we have won the castle, then must we eternally sing, “Worthy, worthy is the Lamb, who hath saved us and washed us in his own blood.”—*Rutherford*.

THE LORD THY GOD, HE IS GOD, THE  
FAITHFUL GOD.

My dear Friend,—I can join with the Church of England so far as to say, “I believe in the *communion of saints*,” as well as “the forgiveness of sins, and the life everlasting. Amen.” The simplicity and godly sincerity that run through your long letter commended it to my conscience, and caused tears of joy while reading it. O, the Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour. But perhaps you may sometimes say with Gideon, “If it be so, why do such and such evils befall me?” To keep the poor vessel of mercy steady, and in a proper place, entirely dependent upon the Lord. If the Lord had honoured me as he has honoured you, to stand up in his great name, and given me a door of utterance which my enemies could neither gainsay nor resist, and made my call to it as clear as I can see yours, I almost tremble to think what trouble I should have as ballast. In youth I was looked upon as a moral and perhaps amiable young man; but instead of this being the case, the Lord made me to feel and see what a monstrous wretch I really was. From the early age of 15 or 16, I sinned secretly, and should have sinned damnably, if the Lord had not let loose an army of horrors upon me, and made my conscience do its office, and kept me by his strong hand from ruining body and soul too. You know, dear friend, it is in the power of men to sin dreadfully, and none but God and their own souls be privy to it. The devil surely cannot know who God’s saints are until they are made manifest. But really I cannot think that he tempts every one as he did me. There is hardly a sin forbidden in God’s blessed word but what I have had a desire to commit, and in heart have felt myself verily guilty before God. In my 25th year I married, which has been a means of preserving me from many dreadful sins. But I then found the truth of that word, “He requireth things that are past;” and my burden of guilt was heavy on my mind for sins that were past.

My dear friend, I am giving you some of the black parts of my life, which perhaps may make you ashamed of your correspondent. But the Lord has pardoned all these dreadful sins past; yet I am such a wretch, I need pardon all day long. I know a little of what wrath in the conscience is, the dreadful burden of unpardoned guilt; and I know a little—yes, more than a little—of the largeness of God’s mercy. You will be ready to say, “No wonder such a monstrous sinner could not rest satisfied without a large measure of mercy.” No; I could not; and the Lord in great mercy has blessed me with it, after he had let me sink very near to black despair. It was not until the 41st year of my age in sin that the Lord revealed his mercy; but since then he has, as dear Hart says, let me

“Bear about this pledge below,  
This special grant of heaven.”

That is how the Lord has condescended to bless an especial sinner. Well, since that dreadful burden has been removed, I have had such a load of temporal trouble! I have lost, I believe, more than £200 since that time; and could I have foreseen it, I should have said it was impossible; I must have been broken all to pieces. But no; it is not so. As I have told you before, there now is but a step between me and temporal destruction; but upon that step the Lord has appeared so many times, that I begin to think it will be so all the way to the kingdom. This keeps me low, and humble, and dependent; but I am naturally a proud, ignorant fool.

Now this brings me back to your interesting letter. I have often felt a desire to preach; but if the Lord had fulfilled that desire, I cannot

think how much trouble would have been necessary. But that will never be. I am grieved sometimes that I am such a poor empty fool, that the Lord is obliged, as it were, to keep me with his strong hand, or I should run wild.

I have been dreadfully alarmed since I wrote to you last. A man who I thought had failed owed me £44, and I have only got £5 of the money. It was Satan, I think, who drove me 150 miles to see about it; and my journey was not one farthing's-worth of good in the matter. I have always so many debts hanging over my head that I have to watch that dear hand upon which I am forced to lean and trust. This helps to keep me sober, and says, "Be not high-minded, but fear." God's dear saints are all men wondered at; and sometimes I am wondered at and envied too, as I know I am highly favoured. When I feel well, I like to speak of it, I hope with a desire to the honour of God's great name. "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof and be glad." But when I feel dead and cold, and have even to read a sermon in public, I feel it quite a task. I often think of a remark of John Berridge's. He says, "Flowers that blow much and blow long generally blow themselves to death." And yet we always want to be in bloom—at least I do. Sometimes I feel well, and can write a comfortable letter to a Christian friend; but if I do not feel so, then it is almost a task. I heard a remark last week, by Mr. T., which I thought much to the purpose. He said, "When people show nothing but five-pound notes, we wonder where the small change is." Ah, wonder indeed! I am that proud fool. I seem to always want the five pounds; but you well know that is not always the case. I should ever like to write and speak of the things of God with cheerfulness; but when I am very low, I am glad to feel a little sweetness in that text, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday and to-day and for ever."

Lately I felt much comfort from only getting a glance at that blessed portion in Hebrews: "For he hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." O my dear friend, I call this a bank-note indeed; who can tell the amount? As dear Huntington once said, "It is payable this day and every day, even to millions of ages after date, signed and sealed by Jehovah himself." He gave me just a glimpse of it; and this made me for the time, as the apostle expresses it, boldly say that the Lord was my helper; and I did not for the time fear what man could do unto me. I never could be satisfied unless things were made plain. I want Abraham's faith; but then it must be accompanied with Abraham's trials, and this my flesh does not like.

Things generally are at a very low ebb with us here. I was lately in my native county, Surrey, and found them so there. I read a sermon, and made a few remarks upon what the Lord had done for my soul since I last saw them. Some stared with wonder, while two or three rejoiced for the mercy. The cry generally is, "Who will show us any good?" rather than, "Lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us." I am now but a youth in divine things, only just entered my ninth year. The Lord has favoured me very much in keeping up in my soul a lively sense of his mercy. Many were excited and stirred up for a time when I first wrote to them of what the Lord had done for me, but nearly all are sunk back to their old place. I have no doubt you find it so. There are but few that you can write to that care to keep up a correspondence upon subjects of eternal moment; and if you and I are kept alive and upon our watch-tower, it is all in mercy; mere mercy makes the difference. To me it is wonderful that if a poor sinner is lifted up from the dunghill of despair and misery, and is going home to crowns and thrones, and harps sweetly tuned, and not to appear to think or care about it but

once in the week, to me it does not look much like the work of God. But I hope better things of your congregation. Many of the labouring poor seem to enjoy more of divine things than tradespeople in towns.

I must now conclude. I have rather forced myself to write a long letter, in answer to your long letter, which I take as a mark of your affection, to send all this way to a stranger, and a poor ignorant creature. Love to all that love the altogether lovely Jesus.

Yours affectionately, for his sake,

Norwich, June 20th, 1848.

A. CHARLWOOD.

[This letter was written by poor dear Charlwood, when up to his neck in temporal trouble. But O the goodness and faithfulness of the Lord! He emigrated, some little time after this, to Australia, where the Lord blessed him most wonderfully in providence, it being just before the discovery of gold there, so that he came in for some good large drops of the golden shower. He immediately paid every farthing of the debts which he unavoidably left behind in England, and afterwards used every year, as long as he lived, to send a considerable sum for distribution among the poor saints whom he had known, and some of whom he had only heard of, often making us his almoner. He was enabled to leave a comfortable provision for his wife and family; and to crown all made a good end, and died in sweet peace and assurance of eternal life, an account of which will be found in our No. for Sept., 1860, p. 277.]

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## HE, BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH.

Dear Friend,—I have just received your feeling letter, and lose no time in answering it.

I see, and am glad to see, that, with myself, you find the way to the kingdom of God a path of tribulation; not that I rejoice in your sufferings, merely as such; for “no chastening for the present is joyous, but grievous;” but because I firmly believe that this is the right way to a city of eternal habitation, and the true mark of true spiritual experience, and that such is strictly scriptural.

My dear friend, it is indeed at times hard striving and squeezing work to enter into the kingdom of heaven experimentally. It may well be called a narrow path, a great fight of afflictions, a warfare, a way where there is no way, an unknown path, a deep and hidden path. As it is written, “Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known;” “Thou leddest thy people like a flock;” “Thy judgments are a great deep.” (Psa. lxxvii. 19; xxxvi. 6;) This path is “the blessings of the deep that lieth under,” (Gen. xlix. 25,) —the subterranean stream of life that works its way beneath the surface, and at times sweetly springs up into everlasting life in the heart. All our trials and troubles and our tormenting and soul-sinking doubts and fears about the reality and truth of our religion, and our utter helplessness to help ourselves; our shut-up, embarrassed, and straitened feelings in prayer, and our darkness and misery of soul from the feeling sense of an absent God; the heavings up and breakings forth of a fallen, depraved, corrupt, and abominable heart, and the guilt and sorrow attending it; all Satan’s temptations, and all outward and temporal troubles; all serve to make us fit subjects for the Lord’s free and sovereign grace, and to make our souls fit vessels for the Lord’s blessed word to fit our hearts, that we may be comforted, and magnify the matchless mercy and love of the Triune God of Israel. These painful lessons bring us into close quarters with God, and the end of them, sooner or later, is a blessing to our souls. They teach us *sound* wisdom; that is, experimental wisdom. They cause us to lift up our voice

after spiritual wisdom, after divine teaching, and after the love, grace, and mercy of God manifested to our souls, and seek for these blessed things more than they that seek for hidden treasure. (See Prov. ii. 1-9.)

I hope the Lord will go on to be gracious to you and your family until he bring forth your "righteousness as the light and your judgment as the noonday." (Psa. xxxvii. 6.) Then it will be clear enough, for there is no light (natural) brighter than the noonday; there you will not grope in the dark, there you will not mope and repine, but be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of the Lord's house. Blessed state!

Wishing that you may enjoy his presence and protection.

Yours to serve in the Bonds of Truth,

Preston, March 17th, 1841.

JOHN M'KENZIE.

## WEEP WITH THEM THAT WEEP.

My dear Friends,—I received your letter last evening, and can sympathise with you; but it is "through much tribulation," and this we are sensibly proving day by day. But hitherto the Lord hath helped, and hath been merciful and gracious, and better to us than all our fears; and I trust you will find him to be a present help in this time of need. But regarding your dear boy, I can truly say, feeling what a world of sin and iniquity we are living in, that it would be indeed a happy release if the Lord were to take him to himself, and for your comfort and consolation, particularly as you have something to ground your hope upon that his soul would dwell at rest. These words, after the death of my dear boy Ebenezer, came as a sweet cordial when I was looking in sorrow upon his corpse: "His soul shall dwell at rest;" and their peculiar solemnity and sweetness encourage me to believe that his soul is at rest.

The tender feelings of nature I know are great; and nothing but the grace, love, and tender compassion of Jesus, manifested, can carry the soul above it, swallow up death, and enable the soul to rejoice and triumph in such deep waters of affliction. This I have proved to my consolation, and it has been my comfort in trouble and affliction; and the sweet remembrance of these things often comforts and supports my mind, when my heart is overwhelmed within me. Such unmerited, unlooked-for love and grace

"Forbid me to think

He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;

Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review

Confirms his good pleasure to bring me quite through."

Well, I hope the Lord will bless, comfort, and support you both, and give you to feel the sweetness of his own word: "As thy day so shall thy strength be." Mr. G., of Brighton, has just lost a daughter, I think about 19 years of age. They had a good hope of her; and when asked at the last touching her hope, she said these words were spoken home to her heart with power: "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." She then bade them farewell without a tear, and turned her head and died.

Truly there is a solemn reality in the religion of Jesus; and "blessed are the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance." But I must forbear.

With our kind love to you both, wishing you the sweet presence of Jesus, and the felt power of those words, "Be still, and know that I am God," we are, with love to you both,

Yours affectionately,

Croydon, Jan. 15th, 1862.

H. & E. G.

## Obituary.

### SARAH SARGEANT.

*(Concluded from p. 182.)*

“My cough became very distressing. I had intense thirst, and entire loss of appetite. On the evening of Jan. 31st, 1858, I suffered much pain. I began to think the Lord was about to take me home. I said, ‘Lord, if thou art about to take me home, cut short the work.’ During the night and all the next day the pain continued, with spitting of blood. In the evening, the ‘Gospel Standard’ for Feb. lay upon the table. I took it up in an indifferent manner—so carelessly that I only took hold of half its leaves. Where I opened the book, I began reading. It was the 52nd page. I read till I came to these words: ‘Lord, do with me what thou wilt, only do not let me sin against thee.’ How these words\* stared me in the face, and condemned me for my peevishness on the previous evening. They were like a friend speaking to me and saying, ‘You have told the Lord to do with you what he pleased, rather than let you sin, and now he has laid his afflicting hand upon you, how peevish and fretful you are.’ A sense of his former lovingkindness melted me at his feet. I begged forgiveness for the past, and entreated him not to allow the enemy to harass me with infidelity on a death-bed, and to keep me from murmuring against him. For several months I was as a leaf driven to and fro. The least thing at times would bring on a pain like cramp at the heart. I was afraid sometimes to turn in bed. The pain did not continue long, but while it lasted my feeling was that I could not live. When I left a warm room, and went into a cold one, I could scarcely breathe. Sometimes, when I reached my bed-room, my heart beat so violently, and the pain was so great, that I felt almost exhausted. Mentally, I exclaimed, ‘Lord, dost thou know how I suffer?’ It was not a feeling of pettishness, but a mournful appeal to his tenderness. I often thought of Dr. Gordon’s pathetic appeal to his friends: ‘O, my friends, can you do nothing for me?’

“One night these words came with great power: ‘That I may know him and the power of his resurrection.’ Here I paused. I said, ‘I can readily offer this petition; but O, I shrink from the following sentence, ‘and the fellowship of his sufferings.’” In looking back, I cannot find words to express my feelings, or sometimes entire absence of feeling except exhaustion. My debility was so great, there seemed to be no power either of mind or body. In March, being better, I went out, but caught cold, and again suffered intense pain. In April, I left home to visit a friend, hoping that the change would do me good; but the cough was so distressing, and the perspiration at night so great, that I was very much wasted. It was painful to rest in any position long. At the end of a week my husband came to see me. He was ready to burst into tears at seeing me so wasted. He begged to have me conveyed home, thinking

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\* The words were her own.

that I should not live long. Twice my friend had been alarmed, thinking that I was dying. While staying with her, my mind was greatly exercised about my dear child. One day I was enabled to entreat the Lord on his behalf. I begged the Lord that whenever he left home he might be placed with God-fearing persons, that they might be as parents to him. After this I could leave him in the Lord's hands. Now my feeling was, 'Dear Lord, just what thou pleasest, either life or death.' I felt the vanity of earth and of earthly things,—that if recovered, the disease of sin would still remain—that nothing would cleanse the clay tabernacle but its being entirely pulled down. I longed for death that I might be freed from this loathsome disease. It is indeed painful to daily groan beneath a burden of sin, yet to know and feel that there will never be any improvement in nature—that it will never grow better. If we are favoured to day to rise, and the dear Lord enables us to set our feet upon our besetting sins, yet we fear that ere long they may get us down in the dust again. Still I feel it is a great mercy that though, alas! I am so often Satan's captive, yet, 'bless the Lord, O my soul!' I am not his slave. Once I wore his chains with delight. Now if he gets his shackles upon me they make me wretched.

"The dear Lord was pleased in a great measure to restore me. In June I had a refreshing season in hearing Mr. P— at Godmanchester. Soon afterwards, one Lord's day, feeling very lifeless, I said, 'Surely, there is something the children of God possess which I do not.' I was much cast down, fearing lest all I had experienced was merely natural excitement. On the following Wednesday, Hart's words on faith came with sweet power to my soul:

'It lives and labours under load;  
Though damp'd, it never dies.'

I felt assured that I possessed that faith, and I sang:

'How can I sink with such a prop  
As my eternal God?'

"Soon again the dear Lord laid his afflicting hand upon me. I was seized with a violent pain of the head. Not knowing what the Lord was about to do with me, I entreated him that, however heavily he might afflict me, he would enable me to see and feel that it was a loving Father seeking my good. I soon found that my left ear had lost its hearing."

The next paper is headed:

"Jan. 2nd, 1860.—As I was thinking over the things of the preceding day, the words were again made so very sweet to me that my soul was quite overcome with the thought of God's mercy to me; that to one so base he should say, 'I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions.' I said, 'What more could he say than, 'I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions?'"

"Jan 4th.—Outward trials weighed down my spirits, but I endeavoured to put them in one scale and the blessings which I had recently enjoyed in the other; but the enemy presented himself with this suggestion: Was it not all natural excitement? I said, 'No, Satan.' The words, 'I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy trans-

gressions,' came suddenly, and with them a sweet melting of soul. My weeping times have been many, and from various causes; but I think at no time do my tears flow so copiously as when the dear Lord pronounces my guilt and proclaims my pardon in the same moment. Black! yes, black indeed, but comely! Rejoicing, yet with trembling! Oh, to feel, while feeding on the sweet promises of the gospel, Satan as it were at my elbows trying to snatch them from me.

"May, 1860.—For some time I have not been able to write, my feelings being too intense for me to put them on paper. But few of them can I now recall. In the beginning of this year, my child being near 14 years old, his father considered it was time to be seeking a situation for him, whereby he might be able to provide for himself in after life. There was no opening for him at home. Having received his education at home, he had been almost always with me. He was my chief earthly companion when his father was from home. When he was about three years old, I had a dangerous illness. His little hands helped to smooth my couch. If death were mentioned, he would say, 'I should like us all to die together.' When he was about nine years old, I was passing through great trouble. He would not make any remark of his own, but would get the hymn book and read to me, choosing such as he thought would comfort me. Often it was this:

'O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave.'

Since I have been at Elsworth I have suffered so much from the violence of my cough that during the winter I get out but little. During how many evenings has he been my sole earthly companion! In the beginning of last Feb. a firm in London wished to see the youth. What a stroke this was to me! As he was so young, I hoped to have had him with me yet longer. I also felt that London was so dangerous a place for a youth. I paced backwards and forwards in my room. I was greatly afraid that in the anguish of my feelings my heart would utter some rebellious thing. The enemy tried to work upon my self-pity, to raise in my soul a storm of rebellion. God only knows the struggle that I endured. I struggled with all the energy of both soul and body, clasping my hands firmly till they ached. I stamped with my foot, and cried out, 'Begone, hateful self, begone!' From that time I felt a different spirit. Not that my grief was less; no, often did I say, 'I cannot let him go.' But there was confession of sin, and humble entreaties that the Lord would hear me for his mercy's sake,—not bold rebellion, as though it had a right to claim at the hand of God. I often feel it is a great mercy that I have such a God to go to, such a poor lisping, stammering creature as I am,—sometimes like a child that can only articulate a few words; only half the sentence by which it wishes to express its desires. We say, 'What does the child mean? I cannot understand what the child wants.' But not so with our God. If I can only articulate half the sentence, he knows what I want. Yea, if I cannot speak at all, he knows the desire. A friend often says

to me, 'O, you want such great things; you are not satisfied with a smile.' I highly prize a smile, for it assures me that though I have slighted and neglected the Lord, I still retain his favour. But suppose we had displeased a kind friend, and had not seen him for several months; but as we stood at a railway station, a train passed, and at one of the windows this friend looked out and smiled upon us; that smile would gladden us, as it assures us of his favour. But should we not wish that the train had stopped, that we might have spoken to our friend, and have shaken hands with him, and felt a hearty renewal of the friendship?

"When my dear child left home, I felt the loss of his society very much. A sudden thought one day passed through my mind, that I could take charge of and love an orphan child. But I thought again, that it was with difficulty that I did what was now necessary to be done. But my mind is often looking forward; and I thought, 'When the damp month of November comes, I shall scarcely be able to leave the house; and as my husband is engaged out so many evenings, how lonely I shall be. Whenever I thought of this, there was a strong impression that before that time something would occur to prevent my being lonely in the winter. What that something would be I could not tell. In the month of July a person died, leaving four orphan children. In the same month we took the charge of them. Some things in our lives we shall never forget. Truly this is one.

"About three years since, I used to feel a strange sensation on the top of my head, which quickly spread all over my frame; and I felt so weak that I could scarcely stand. One evening I was compelled to go to bed. During the night I dreamed that I was looking for some passage of Scripture, but what I did not know. In my dream I saw a young female turn to me. She said, 'You will find the Scripture in Nehem. ii. 2.' When I referred to the verse on awaking, I felt that it indeed described my case: 'This is nothing else but sorrow of heart.'

"In the early part of 1861, my thirst at night was so intense that I could scarcely move my tongue. Night after night I could get no rest. Often did I plead with the Saviour, as the High Priest of his people, reminding him that he is touched with the feeling of our infirmities. One night, when pleading thus, my soul was melted, and I exclaimed, 'Yes, the dear Son of God knew what it was to thirst.' It was not a trifling pain or thirst that made the dear Lamb of God cry, 'I thirst.' O! my intense thirst I cannot describe. Night after night, and week after week I had it. I thought of the lost and their sufferings. O, what a mercy to be snatched as a brand out of the fire!

"In May, my husband took me to London, to have the advice of Dr. —. What may be the Lord's will, I know not.

"About twelve years since my friends thought me dying. I thought so too. My mind was much exercised. Sometimes I asked the Lord to tell me, as he did Hezekiah, how long I had to live. One night I had a confused dream, in which some one said that I should live twelve years. At another time I dreamed that I was on a very

high mountain, and I could see only a broad, deep river which I must cross. I stood wondering how I should cross it, when some one said, 'If you come down that mountain, and go round the bottom of it, you will find a path where you will only wet the soles of your feet in crossing.' How I came down the mount I know not, but I stood on the brink of the river. It looked like a rippling stream, washing over a pebbly bottom. It is now twelve years since; but I seem to see it now.

“ And is life's dream now nearly o'er?  
 And am I waiting on the shore?  
 Thy voice, dear Saviour, let me hear:  
 'I'm with thee, child; thou need'st not fear.' ”

In July, 1861, we removed to Fenstanton, the doctor assuring us there was no hope of my dear wife's health becoming better unless we lived in a drier situation. About a month before this, symptoms of dropsy made their appearance. This disease, in spite of all remedies, continued to increase. Only once after our removal was my dear wife able to attend chapel. Sometimes she was a little better, but the improvement was not lasting. As late as Saturday, Sept. 7th, she was able to give directions respecting her domestic affairs, and even to attend to some herself. When I reached home after the labours of the following day, I found her much worse. On the next day I perceived that her mental faculties were failing; and on the Tuesday evening, when I was out preaching, it required all the strength of three friends to restrain her. The next evening a dear friend came to see her. He asked her whether she would like to take a ride on the following day. To this she replied, "No." He then said, "Would you like to see Jesus?" She immediately and warmly, with a sweet smile, said, "Yes," and then broke out in prayer: "O Lord, do come! Give me strength. O do strengthen me! O do give me strength!" I had during the day put up a bedstead for her down stairs, and on the following day she dressed and left her bed-room. Her mental faculties continued in the same state, though she perfectly knew the friends who came to see her. She slept comfortably during the night. In the morning her appetite was unusually great, and she thought of rising, but found herself too weak to do so. She merely tasted of her dinner, and shortly afterwards she said to me, "Love!" "Love!" There were broken utterances besides, which were too indistinct to be understood. These were her last utterances upon earth. For four hours I sat by her bedside, with my only child and two friends, watching the issue. I several times asked her whether she knew me, and whether she could tell me how she felt; but her tongue refused to perform its office. She was speechless, and most probably without consciousness, sight, and hearing as well as speech. A few minutes before 6 o'clock, Sept. 13th, 1861, without a struggle, she fled to Jesus's bosom, her body and her reason a wreck, but her soul safe in the hand of him who loved her and bought her with his blood.

Fenstanton.

S. SARGEANT.

[Mr. S. states that he has found the papers which, at the beginning of this Memoir, he said were missing. They may be inserted at a future time.]

## INQUIRY.

Dear Sir,—Will you be kind enough to answer the following inquiry at your earliest convenience, which will much relieve the minds of many belonging to a Strict Baptist church. Is it consistent to ask or allow a minister to preach who is not a member of a Strict Baptist church, but labours among the General Baptists and Independents? Also, is it consistent that any sermon should be read to the people which is not of the same faith and order?

Yours in the Truth,

T. S.

## ANSWER.

We find some little difficulty in understanding the exact meaning or bearing of the above inquiry. Is it asked whether no minister should be allowed to occupy any of our pulpits unless he be "a member of a Strict Baptist church?" or is the question merely directed against men who hold erroneous views?

Now, though we hold fast and firm by the principles entertained by the Strict Baptist churches, yet we are not so exclusive as to consider that none should preach in our pulpits but those who see, and not only see but act with us on Strict Baptist principles. If we believe a man to be taught and sent of God to preach the gospel from an experience of its power, we are glad to welcome him in the Lord's name, whether he be a Strict Baptist or not,—of course with the implied understanding that he would not take advantage of his position to bring forward his own views on Baptism, or to attack ours. On this principle most of the Strict Baptist churches have always acted, and consider that in doing so they are no more inconsistent than when they sing the hymns of Hart, Watts, or Newton.

But if the question be asked, whether a minister should be allowed to preach in a Strict Baptist pulpit "who labours among the General Baptists and Independents," there can be but one answer, and that a most decided "No." For does not his going among these enemies of truth plainly show what his principles are? Would he be received by them unless he held and advocated their views? To admit, then, such a man into the pulpit is to confound truth and error, to make the distinguishing doctrines of the gospel of no account, and to introduce contradiction and inconsistency into our very midst.

There is a similar confusion in the kindred question: "Is it consistent that any sermon should be read to the people which is not of the same faith and order?"

"Order" is a good thing, an excellent thing, and so far as church discipline and government are concerned, should be maintained with the utmost strictness. But it appears to us that "order" should not occupy the same prominent position as "faith," when we come to the reading publicly sermons of truth; for we may soon arrive at a position little less than popish in principle, if we lay down that every sermon to be read in a chapel must have been the production of a Strict Baptist minister. We were lately reviewing Mr. Vinall's sermons and in our April No. gave one at length. But Mr. Vinall was

anything but a Baptist. Did this, however, prevent our giving it? And if that sermon was worth reading in private, why might it not have been read in public? If the principle of reading none but Strict Baptist sermons publicly were adopted, we should on the same principle never read Mr. Huntington's works, Dr. Owen's, Luther's, and a whole array of godly books which have comforted and instructed thousands of the family of God. Let us keep rigidly to the same "faith" as regards doctrine, and to the same "order" as regards church principles and practice; but not tie ourselves down with an unbending rule that we will not lend our ears nor give our hearts to any men, whatever grace or gifts they possess, who do not see and do not practise what we believe to be an ordinance of God, but one which the Lord himself has not laid with power upon their consciences.

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Dear Brother,—We agree with your views on Ps. li., excepting one point, in which we do not see eye to eye with you; but we must admit that we are poor ignorant creatures, and can see nothing without the teaching of the blessed Spirit. Now this point is the pure humanity of our gracious Lord; and as far as the Lord has given me to see, it appears plainly that he took our nature upon him. Now, for instance, look at Gal. iv. 4: "God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law." But we read in Job, "How can he be clean that is born of a woman?" (Job xxv. 4.) See likewise Rom. viii. 3: "God, sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh." Again, turn with me to Heb. ii. 14–18, where he tells us very plainly that "he took not on him the nature of angels, but he took on him the seed of Abraham." Now what is the nature of the seed of Abraham, but the nature of the church in its fallen state? Does Luke i. 35 apply to the humanity of Christ or to his holy life? For he never did commit a personal sin; he magnified the law and made it honourable; he fulfilled the law for his church.

Now, dear brother, if you would be so kind as to look over these passages; and if you can afford space in your next to give me your views on them, it will oblige

Yours truly,

May 12th, 1862.

M. M.

ANSWER.

As the above letter is apparently written in an inquiring spirit, though there is something that we do not altogether like in it, and touches on a point of some difficulty, yet one of great importance to the spiritual establishment of the child of God in the truth, we feel disposed so far to notice it as may enable us, with the Lord's help and blessing, to throw some light upon the subject from the word of truth.

There is evidently great confusion, if not error, in M. M.'s mind with respect to the nature which the Son of God assumed into union with his divine Person. He is so far right that he fully sees the blessed Lord took upon him our nature, but does

not seem to have a clear or right view of the exact character of the nature which was thus assumed by the Son of God. Nay, he goes so far as to intimate his belief that the nature thus assumed was our fallen nature, for he asks, "Now, what is the nature of the seed of Abraham but the nature of the church in its fallen state?" and refers us to Job xxv. 4, as if Bildad's inquiry had some bearing on the humanity of Jesus.

This, then, we believe to be an error; and as very probably other readers beside him may have dim or even erroneous views upon this point, and as we consider it one of considerable importance, we shall endeavour to show from the Scriptures the truth of God on this point, and to explain what nature the Son of God really did assume when he came in the flesh. And we do this the more readily as being a point which we did not specially open up in our Meditations on the Sacred Humanity of the Blessed Lord, though so far assumed by us that it ran as a thread through them.

But in order to open up this subject with some measure of clearness—an essential matter on such deep and delicate points, and in which much confusion prevails even among the children of God, we shall arrange our examination of this question under the four following heads, and endeavour under them to show,

I. First, that the Lord took human nature *in all its reality and all its entirety*; and that this human nature was *the actual flesh and blood of the children*;

II. Secondly, what is the real meaning of the expression, *a fallen nature*;

III. Thirdly, that the Lord did not, therefore, assume a *fallen nature*; and what must have been *the necessary consequences* if he had done so;

IV. Fourthly, *what nature* the Lord really did assume in the womb of the Virgin.

I. Under this head we have to show two distinct points: 1, that the Lord *really and truly* assumed human nature; 2, that the human nature thus assumed was *the flesh and blood of the children*.

1. Nothing, then, can be more plain from the Scriptures than that the Lord assumed human nature in all its reality and all its entirety. He was "the man Christ Jesus;" (1 Tim ii. 5;) the Son of man, who had not where to lay his head; (Matt. viii. 20;) who came eating and drinking; (Matt. xi. 19;) who was weary; (John iv. 6;) slept; (Mark iv. 38;) wept; (John xi. 35;) suffered, died, and rose again. We need not multiply proofs of this, as none now doubt the real humanity of Jesus. But it was not always so. In the early ages of Christianity, and indeed so soon as the first century, there was a set of pestilent heretics who denied that Jesus Christ was come in the flesh. They did not deny that the Son of God was come, but asserted that he took human nature in appearance only, under some shadowy form, and not real flesh and blood. This heresy, generally called the Gnostic heresy, holy John condemns in burning language, denouncing its authors as deceivers and anti-

christ. (1 John iv. 3; 2 John 7.) And well might he thus hurl at them his hottest thunderbolts, for their scheme undermined and overthrew the whole plan of redemption by atoning blood. A shadowy body would have had shadowy blood; therefore no real bloodshedding, no actual suffering, obedience, or sacrifice; therefore no actual redemption. This, then, must be the sheet anchor of our faith, that the Son of God assumed human nature in its thorough reality, so as to take into union with his divine Person a real and perfect human body and a real and perfect human soul.

2. But it was also indispensable to the work of redemption that the nature thus assumed should not be *an altogether new nature*, created, as it were, purposely for the Son of God, but that it should have a *real alliance and affinity* with human nature as already created. The Goel, or Redeemer, was the next of kin, as only he had the right to redeem. (Ruth ii. 20, *margin*; iv. 1-10.) And as there could have been no redemption if there had been no affinity of blood, so, without it, there could have been no union; for the saints would have had no union with Christ unless they had been "members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones." (Eph. v. 30.) The Lord, therefore, according to the flesh, was to be of the seed of the woman; (Gen. iii. 15;) of the seed of Abraham; (Gal. iii. 16;) of the seed of David. (Rom. i. 3; 2 Tim. ii. 8.) But nothing can be more express on this point than the language of the apostle, to which our correspondent has referred: "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. For verily he took not on him the nature of angels; but he took on him the seed of Abraham." (Heb. ii. 14-16.) As "the children," *i.e.*, the children of God by electing love, the children given by the Father to the Son, (Heb. ii. 13,) were to be redeemed, it was necessary that he who redeemed them should take part of the same flesh and blood with them; for "both he that sanctifieth," that is, Jesus, (Heb. xiii. 12,) "and they who are sanctified," that is, the people of Jesus, "are all of one," that is, one lump, or one nature. (Heb. ii. 11.)

Thus it will be seen that we firmly hold that the blessed Lord assumed our nature, yea, the very nature of the woman, of Abraham, and of David, for he was "made of a woman," (Gal. iv. 4,) a living, breathing woman, partaking of her flesh as her own son. (Matt. i. 21, 25.) And yet we as firmly hold that the nature thus assumed was not a *fallen* nature.

To clear up this mystery, which may well be called the great mystery of godliness, for in it are wrapped up unspeakable treasures of grace and glory, let us endeavour to show,

II. What is to be understood by the expression—*a fallen nature*. Men, even good men, and what is more, preachers and writers, often use words of which either they do not know the precise meaning, or employ them in a loose, vague, indefinite way. It is therefore indispensable to correct speaking and writing rightly to understand and

rightly to use the terms expressed by tongue and pen. What, then, are we to understand by the expression—a *fallen nature*? Evidently a nature fallen from the image of God in which it was originally created. Then a fallen nature is a sinful nature—a tainted, a polluted, a corrupt nature. Is M. M., or is any one who fears God and believes in his dear Son prepared to say this? “No,” M. M. replies, “I do not believe nor assert this. I should tremble at the thought of so doing.” Then why do you say, “Now what is the nature of the seed of Abraham but the nature of the church *in its fallen state*?”

What, also, do you mean by your utterly uncalled-for reference to Job xxv. 4, as if the human nature of the Lord could not be clean because born of a woman; and what do you intend by asking whether the expression, “holy thing,” (Luke i. 35,) “applies to the humanity of Christ or to his holy life?” as if you had some doubts whether the humanity of Christ was really a holy thing. Why? Because either you do not know the meaning of the words that you use, or are ignorant of the truth on this important point. And what do you also mean by referring us to Rom. viii. 3, as if the expression, “in the likeness of sinful flesh,” meant that Jesus had a fallen nature? Can’t you see that the apostle most carefully guards his meaning by using the word “*likeness*?” In outward appearance the Lord was as another man; but he was not the same, for our flesh is sinful, which his was not. He was therefore sent, not in sinful flesh, but in the likeness of it; and no more took sinful flesh when he took the likeness of it, than he took real flesh when he appeared to Abraham as a man in the plains of Mamre. That Christ took and wore a sinful nature, but was preserved from actually sinning by the indwelling power of the Holy Ghost was Edward Irving’s heresy, which, after all, was merely the revival of an old error taught in Scotland by a Madame de Bourignon, a French woman, in the last century, who drew away many into her pernicious ways, and caused much anxiety and trouble to the Erskines and other defenders of the truth.

This, then, we hope, you cannot mean, and we shall, therefore, assume that, from ignorance or inadvertence, you express yourself incautiously. We pass on, therefore, to show that,

III. The blessed Lord *did not assume a fallen nature*; and to point out what would have been the *necessary consequences* had he done so.

i. Two things are necessary to make us partakers of a fallen nature, from both of which Jesus was wholly free: 1, an original standing in Adam as a covenant head; 2, a derivation of nature from him by ordinary generation.

1. Our entire nature was originally in Adam as *our legal head and federal representative*. His sin, therefore, was our sin, and as such is justly imputed to us and charged upon us. The Scripture is express here: “By one man’s disobedience many were made sinners;” “By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that” (“in whom,” *margin*) “all have sinned;” “By one man’s offence” (“by one offence,” *margin*) “death reigned by one;” “By the offence of one judgment

came upon all men to condemnation." (Rom. v. 12, 16-19.) From these passages it is clear that we all fell in Adam, he being our federal head and legal representative. The whole, then, of our nature, body and soul, being in him, (in his loins naturally, and in him as our covenant head representatively,) it fell in and with him. But our blessed Lord never was in Adam as a federal head, nor was his human nature in Adam as his representative, for he was not comprised in the covenant wherein Adam stood. Adam was the head of the human race, but not of Christ; for "the head of Christ is" not Adam, but "God." (1 Cor. xi. 3.) There were two covenant heads, one natural and legal, in whom the whole human race stood, and the other spiritual and gracious, in whom the elect stood, for as "in Adam all die, so in Christ all (the elect) are made alive." But these two heads are distinct; and Christ being set up in the eternal covenant prior to the fall could not possibly be in Adam representatively. And though by lineal descent in a sense "the son of Adam," (Luke iii. 38.) yet the Lord derived his human nature from him only legally from and after the first promise, when Adam ceased to be a common person and a federal head. The human nature, therefore, of the Lord not being in Adam by representation or legal covenant, did not and could not fall in him. And to anticipate our next point by one reflection, just see the consequence had the human nature of the blessed Lord stood in Adam as its representative head. It would have fallen in and with Adam as ours did; and then where would have been recovery or redemption? For a fallen nature could not redeem a fallen nature any more than a sinner could redeem a sinner.

2. But there is another thing necessary to the inheritance of a fallen nature,—it must be transmitted by *natural generation*. "Adam begat a son in his own likeness, after his image." (Gen. v. 3.) But the human nature of our blessed Lord was not derived from Adam by natural generation, but was a "holy thing," (Luke i. 35.)—a pure and sacred humanity formed in the womb of the Virgin, under the overshadowing operations of the Holy Ghost. Thus, though formed of the substance of the woman—actual flesh and blood, and the flesh and blood too of the children, as having affinity and alliance with them, yet the human nature of the blessed Lord was not a fallen nature, for it had no share in the fall of Adam, nor was it naturally derived from him.

ii. But see the *necessary consequences*, had it been a fallen nature.

1. As having fallen in Adam, the imputation of original sin would have belonged to it, for had the human nature of Jesus been in Adam as a federal head it would have shared in the common guilt of the first transgression. Christ is a Covenant Head as God-man; but if his humanity had been in Adam, half, so to speak, of his complex Person would have been in guilt and ruin. Thus we see that it is an error, and a great one, to assert that the Son of God took a fallen nature into union with his divine Person. Apart from all arguments, our soul instinctively shrinks from the thought as marring the perfect holiness of the spotless Lamb of God.

Is it not awful to think that the human nature of the blessed Redeemer was guilty of original sin? But this must have been the case if his human nature had been in Adam when he fell.

2. A fallen nature is, as we have already shown, a nature which has fallen from God, fallen from his likeness and image, in which it was originally created, and thus become sunk into apostacy and alienation from the life of God. As the penalty denounced upon disobedience was death: "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," (Gen. ii. 17.)—a fallen nature is a *dead* nature—the body virtually dead, as having in it the seeds of sickness, dissolution, and corruption; and the soul actually dead, as alienated from the life of God, and utterly unable to recover itself out of this state of spiritual death.

Now, is M. M. prepared to say that Jesus took this fallen nature upon him—that God's "Holy One, who saw no corruption," (Ps. xvi. 10; Acts ii. 27; xiii. 35,) took a body in which, naturally and necessarily, there were the seeds of sickness, dissolution, and corruption; and that he took a soul alienated and apostate from the life of God? If, then, you do not mean this, never say again that the blessed Lord took a fallen nature.

IV. But we proceed now to show, to the best of our ability, *what nature* the Lord really did take.

i. He did not, then, take of the nature of Adam *before* the fall; for the sacred humanity of the blessed Lord differed from the nature which Adam wore before the fall in these several particulars:

1. Adam's nature was a *person*, for he had no personal subsistence out of that nature. But the humanity which Christ took was not a person but a *nature*, having no personal subsistence in itself, but taken into union with the Divine Person of the Son of God in the very instant of its miraculous conception.

2. The nature of Adam before the fall, as made of the dust of the earth, was *earthy*: "The first man is of the earth, earthy." But the sacred humanity of the blessed Lord is *heavenly*, for it is the image to which our present earthy bodies are hereafter to be conformed, for "as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." (1 Cor. xv. 47-49.) Thus, among the mysteries of redeeming love this is not the least nor last, that human nature, in union with the divine Person of the Son of God, is exalted to a state of glory which it never would have had in Adam had it retained its pristine and primitive purity.

3. The nature which Adam wore before the fall was purely *natural*. There was nothing spiritual in either his body or soul. Body and soul were indeed alike pure, upright, and innocent, for they could not be otherwise as coming from the creative hand and breath of Him who is infinitely pure; but it was the natural purity of a creature, as it came forth from the hands of its Creator.\* The body

\* The image of God in which Adam was created was "righteousness," but not "holiness." The restoration of this image in man being after the image of Christ is "in righteousness and true holiness," (Eph. ii. 24,) which is "the new man," that Adam did not possess, at least not in his primitive creation.

being formed of the dust of the earth, was pure but not holy, for sanctification is a new covenant blessing, a heavenly grace, and not comprised in nor connected with the original creation of man or the covenant of works. Similarly, the soul breathed into the nostrils of Adam by the mouth of God was "a living soul," but not spiritual, for it was not sanctified by the special operations and indwelling of the Holy Ghost. But the sacred humanity of the Son of God was, in a sense, *spiritual*,† (which the nature of Adam was not, either in body or soul,) the body being formed by the miraculous and special operation of the Holy Ghost on the substance of the Virgin, and the soul sanctified and filled by the same eternal Spirit with every heavenly grace from the instant of its union with his divine Person.

4. The nature, therefore, which Adam had before the fall was not a *holy* nature, for neither body nor soul was formed or sanctified by the creation, the operation, or the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. But the sacred humanity of the Lord was "*a holy thing*," miraculously formed by the Holy Ghost in the womb of the Virgin.

ii. But now it is time to show *what* this human nature of the Lord *really* was. For if it was not the unfallen nature nor the fallen nature of Adam, the question may well be asked, What was it?

It was a body prepared for him by the Father, (Heb. x. 5,) "fearfully and wonderfully made," for it was "made in secret," from the eyes of all created intelligences, and "curiously (or skilfully) wrought in the lowest parts of the earth." (Ps. cxxxix. 14, 15.) It was, therefore, a nature special and peculiar, allied, indeed, with ours by blood, for it was a portion—*a holy and sanctified portion* of the flesh and blood of the children, but not a fallen nature, as ours is; 1, as having had no representative existence in Adam; and, 2, as formed miraculously by the power of the Holy Ghost overshadowing the Virgin mother. It was, therefore, essentially "a holy thing"—a sacred and spotless humanity taken into indissoluble union with the Divine Person of the Son of God at the very instant of its conception, and now worn by him in the courts of bliss. Lift up your eyes, believer in the Son of God, and view that sacred humanity in eternal union with the Deity of Christ, and then ask yourself, "Could such a holy humanity as this have been the nature of Adam before the fall or after the fall?" and let the faith in your breast give the answer. But bear also in mind that the humanity of the Lord was real, not shadowy. It was, therefore, free, not from such incidents of humanity as eating, drinking, sleeping, and suffering, but from all its taint of evil, both in body and soul. It was, therefore, capable of death, but not in itself mortal—dying only by the voluntary act of the Lord of life; (John x. 17, 18;) capable of suffering, but not of sinning; capable of faith, but not of re-

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† When we speak of the humanity of the blessed Lord being "spiritual" and "heavenly," we mean so as to its origin and formation. We are not speaking now of the glorified humanity of Jesus, which in its highest sense is spiritual and heavenly; and we therefore guard our meaning from misunderstanding or misrepresentation by the words, "in a sense."

pentance; capable of every acting of hope, love, patience, humility, and obedience, but not of regeneration; capable of a temporary separation of body and soul, but not of any separation from the Godhead with which it was in union.

And what shall we more say? How weak our conceptions, how feeble our pen, to set forth this heavenly mystery! But this we will say of the sacred humanity of the ever-living Lord, that it is the bond of union and communion between God and men, the delight of the Father, the admiration of angels, the present hope and joy of the saints; and to be hereafter perfectly conformed to it all their expectation and all their desire.

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## REVIEW.

*Immanuel; or the Mystery of the Incarnation of the Son of God. Unfolded by James Usher, Archbishop of Armagh. Reprinted from the Editions of 1649 and 1677. London: James Nisbet & Co., Berners Street. 1862.*

TIMES have been when godliness and learning went hand in hand; nor was that the most barren or unfruitful age of the church of Christ when learned men were godly and godly men were learned. When the long dark night of the middle ages, during which feudal barons ruled in their castles who could not write their own names, and to be able to read saved a man's neck from the halter,\*—when this long and dreary night of superstition, ignorance, and violence was broken up by the invention of printing and the diffusion of ancient literature, there arose a wide-spread desire after learning beyond the conception of the present age. Rome's policy was to keep men's minds in ignorance. The human mind was to be a dark cell, with every crevice stopped up through which the light of day might penetrate; and its sole and whole illumination was to be a solitary taper, manufactured at Rome, and lighted at St. Peter's lamp. When, then, learning began to revive, it was like the awakening of a prisoner in his dark cell, and an earnest calling out for the light of day. Learning thus became another word for liberty, the uprising of the mind against the bondage of ignorance, backed by superstition, and an armed host in the distance to enforce submission. This will explain why all the Reformers were men of deep learning. With them learning was liberty—liberty to think for themselves, liberty to read and understand the Scriptures, liberty to preach and pray and open the mind of the Spirit, liberty to proclaim salvation as revealed in the word of God, without Rome's leave or Rome's interpretation. The printing press loosed the Bible from the chains of manuscript. A thousand Bibles could be produced at the cost of one manuscript, with the additional advantages of much greater legibility and portability. But until these precious deposits of inspired truth could be

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\* This was called "benefit of clergy," as it was presumed if a criminal sentenced to be hanged could read, he was one of the clerical order, and therefore safe from punishment at the hands of the laity,

unlocked by translation into modern tongues, the printing press could only issue them in Hebrew, Greek, or Latin—dead languages to the unlearned. Hence learning and godliness united to open the sealed fountains of truth to the thirsty multitude; and soon Tyndale in this country, and Luther in Germany, set themselves to the mighty task of translating into their native languages the book of God. We need not further pursue the subject of translation, though there is not a reader of these lines who is not indebted every day of his life to those learned men who toiled for him to put into his hands that English Bible which, if he be a partaker of God's grace, is "a lamp unto his feet and a light unto his path."

But soon another necessity arose for the union of learning with godliness. The grand truths of the Bible, which had been overlaid by Romish doctrines, had to be published as with the sound of a trumpet, and to be defended and vindicated from all opposition. Rome woke up. Her craft was in danger. Reformation in her eyes meant the overthrow of her power and the drying up of the river of gold which had flowed so abundantly into her lap. She too must now have her learned defenders, as Dr. Eck, Cardinal Bellarmine, Baronius, and a host of men whose once well-known names would be to our readers like the catalogue of signatures, Neh. x.: "Bunni, Azgad, Bebai," &c. But these men, now shadows of a shade, as dead as their dust, were then intellectual giants; and giants, not dwarfs, must encounter them in the tented field, where pens meet pens, instead of swords clashing with swords; and ink runs in streams instead of blood. Luther's works fill eight thick folio volumes; Calvin's make up ten or twelve similar volumes, thinner in bulk, yet larger in size. These were indeed writing and reading days—when a good thick folio volume, almost as much as a man can carry in his arms, was laid on his breakfast table by the side of his loaf.

Then came another age—the age of Owen and Goodwin, when learning and godliness still were mated, and well mated too. We speak deliberately when we express our doubt whether in all England there now be a man of such deep theological learning as Dr. Owen, and more than a doubt when we say there is not one in the compass of these isles who combines his learning with his godliness. In fact a divorce has taken place between this once well-matched pair. Learned men are not now godly; godly men are not now learned. Learning now attacks the Bible, instead of defending it; and godliness reads the Bible without digging into Hebrew roots, or plunging into the mysteries of Greek Lexicons and the whole apparatus of learned criticism. And which is the loser in this divorce? Surely learning. Godliness does not need learning's lamp to guide her steps to heaven. But learning without godliness can only stumble into hell. Nor is there any hope or probability that the divorced pair will ever meet again. The academies, it is true, are trying to publish the banns; but their learning is as defective as their godliness; and from such an ill-conditioned pair there is little hope of a healthy offspring.

Archbishop Usher was one of the most learned—if not, in some

points, the most learned man of his day. If we mistake not, he arranged the chronology, that is, the dates affixed to the margin of our Bibles. These simple figures, which, perhaps, some of our readers never even noticed, demanded an amount of learning and research of which they can form no conception. Every date given in the Bible itself, the closest examination of all the ancient historians, the calculation of all the recorded eclipses, and all these elements to be compared and harmonised!—Reader, hast thou the slightest idea what labour and learning were necessary to fix the exact date when Christ came into the world? It is sufficient for thee to know he came to save thy soul. Here rest. But Usher could not rest here. He must toil and calculate to find this and a thousand other dates, and so to furnish history with one of her eyes.\*

But Usher was more than a learned man, or his name would not have appeared in our pages. He was a great divine and a mighty champion for the truth.

The book before us is a reprint by a private individual, who, in a neat preface, signs himself "T. H.," of a discourse contained in Usher's works. And a most excellent discourse it is—unfolding, in clear, consistent, and scriptural language, the great mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh. Two or three extracts from it will show how far it justifies the opinion that we have thus expressed of it; and this we do the more willingly, as we have in this very No. touched upon some of the same points in our Answer to an Inquiry:

"And we must consider, that the divine nature did not assume a human person, but the divine Person did assume a human nature; and that of the three divine Persons it was neither the first nor the third that did assume this nature; but it was the middle Person, who was to be the middle one that must undertake this mediation betwixt God and us, which was otherwise also most requisite, as well for the better preservation of the integrity of the blessed Trinity in the Godhead, as for the higher advancement of mankind by means of that relation which the second Person, the Mediator, did bear unto his Father. For if the fulness of the Godhead should have thus dwelt in any human person, there should then a fourth person necessarily have been added unto the Godhead; and if any of the three Persons, beside the second, had been born of a woman, there should have been two Sons in the Trinity. Whereas now the Son of God and the Son of the blessed Virgin, being but one Person, is consequently but one Son, and so no alteration at all made in the relation of the Persons of the Trinity."

"We are further here also to observe in this our Melchizedec, that as he had no mother in regard of one of his natures, so he was to have no father in regard of the other, but must be born of a pure, immaculate Virgin, without the help of any man.

"And this also was most requisite, as for other respects, so for the exemption of the assumed nature from the imputation and pollution of Adam's sin. For sin having by that one man entered into the world, every father becometh an Adam unto his child, and conveyeth the corruption of his nature unto all those whom he doth beget. Therefore our Saviour, assuming the substance of our nature, but not by the ordinary way of natural generation, is thereby freed from all the touch and taint of the corruption of our flesh, which by that

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\* It is a common saying that history has two eyes—chronology and geography; the one to show her time, the other to show her place.

means only is propagated from the first man unto his posterity. Whereupon, he being made of man, but not by man, and so becoming the immediate fruit of the womb, and not of the loins, must of necessity be acknowledged to be that 'holy thing' which so was born of so blessed a mother; who, although she were but the passive and material principle of which that precious flesh was made, and the Holy Ghost the agent and efficient, yet can not the man Christ Jesus thereby be made the Son of his own Spirit; because fathers do beget their children out of their own substance; the Holy Ghost did not so, but framed the flesh of him, from whom himself proceeded, out of the creature of them both, the handmaid of the Lord, whom from thence all generations shall call blessed.

"That blessed womb of hers was the bride-chamber, wherein the Holy Ghost did knit that indissoluble knot betwixt our human nature and his deity, the Son of God assuming into the unity of his Person that which before he was not, and yet without change, (for so must God still be,) remaining that which he was; whereby, it came to pass that this holy thing which was born of her was in deed and in truth to be called the Son of God. Which wonderful connexion of two so infinitely-differing natures in the Unity of one Person, how it was there effected, is an inquisition fitter for an angelic intelligence than for our shallow capacity to look after; to which purpose we may also observe, that in the fabric of the ark of the covenant, the posture of the faces of the cherubims toward the mercy-seat (the type of our Saviour) was such as would point unto us that these are the things which 'the angels desire to stoop and look into.'"

With what force and clearness of language does this old divine speak! With what fitness does every word seem chosen, and how harmonising with the Scriptures of truth and the experience of the saints! Take the following extract as a proof:

"When Moses beheld the bush burning with fire, and yet no whit consumed, he wondered at the sight, and said, 'I will now turn aside and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt.' But when God thereupon called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said, 'Draw not nigh hither,' and told him who he was, Moses trembled, hid his face, and durst not behold God. Yet, although being thus warned, we dare not draw so nigh, what doth hinder but we may stand aloof off, and wonder at this great sight? 'Our God is a consuming fire,' saith the apostle; and a question we find propounded by the prophet, 'Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with the everlasting burnings?' Moses was not like other prophets, but God spake unto him 'face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend;' and yet, for all that, when he besought the Lord that he would show him his glory, he received this answer, 'Thou canst not see my face, for there shall no man see me and live.' Abraham, before him, though a special friend of God, and the father of the faithful, the children of God, yet held it a great matter that he should take upon him so much as to speak unto God, being but dust and ashes. Yea, the very angels themselves, which are greater in power and might, are fain to cover their faces, when they stand before him, as not being able to behold the brightness of his glory.

"With what astonishment, then, may we behold our dust and ashes assumed into the undivided unity of God's own Person, and admitted to dwell there as an inmate under the same roof, and yet in the midst of those everlasting burnings, the bush to remain unconsumed, and to continue fresh and green for evermore! Yea, how should not we, with Abraham, rejoice to see this day, wherein not only our nature, with the Person of our Lord Jesus, is found to dwell for ever in those everlasting burnings, but in and by him, our own persons also are brought so nigh thereunto, that God doth set his sanctuary and tabernacle among us, and dwell with us, and (which is much more) maketh us ourselves to be the house and habitation wherein he is pleased to dwell by his Spirit, according to that of the apostle: 'Ye are the temple of the living God, as God hath said, I will dwell in them and walk in them, and I will be their God and they shall be my people;' and to that most admira-

ble prayer, which our Saviour himself made unto his Father in our behalf: 'I pray not for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; 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. I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me.'"

This learned and godly archbishop—where shall we find such bishop or archbishop now, even for learning, much more for godliness?—has some beautiful and original remarks on the union of Christ and his church, viewed as his body:

"We are yet further to take it into our consideration, that] by thus enlivening and fashioning us according to his own image, Christ's purpose was not to raise a seed unto himself dispersedly and distractedly, but to 'gather together in one the children of God that were scattered abroad;' yea, and to 'bring all unto one head by himself, both them which are in heaven and them which are on the earth;' that as in the tabernacle the veil divided between the holy place and the most holy, but the curtains which covered them both were so coupled together with the taches that it might still be one tabernacle, so the church militant and triumphant, typified thereby, though distant as far the one from the other as heaven is from earth, yet is made but one tabernacle in Jesus Christ, 'in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto a holy temple in the Lord,' and 'in whom all of us are builded for a habitation of God through the Spirit.'

"The bond of this mystical union betwixt Christ and us (as elsewhere hath more fully been declared) is, on his part, that quickening Spirit, which being in him as the Head, is from thence diffused to the spiritual animation of all his members; and on our part faith, which is the prime act of life wrought in those who are capable of understanding by that same Spirit; both whereof must be acknowledged to be of so high a nature, that none could possibly by such ligatures knit up so admirable a body, but he that is God Almighty. And therefore, although we did suppose such a man might be found who should perform the law for us, suffer the death that was due to our offence, and overcome it; yea, and whose obedience and sufferings should be of such value that it were sufficient for the redemption of the whole world, yet could it not be efficient to make us live by faith, unless that man had been able to send God's Spirit to apply the same unto us."

"Upon this ground it is that the apostle telleth us that we 'have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh.' That as in the tabernacle there was no passing from the holy to the most holy place, but by the veil, so now there is no passage to be looked for from the church militant to the church triumphant, but by the flesh of him who hath said of himself, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me.' Jacob in his dream beheld 'a ladder set upon the earth, the top whereof reached to heaven, and the angels of God ascending and descending on it, the Lord himself standing above it.' Of which vision none can give a better interpretation than he, who was prefigured therein, gave unto Nathaniel: 'Hereafter you shall see heaven opened, and the angels of God ascend-

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\* Two of the most learned bishops in the church, Dr. Ollivant, Bishop of Llandaff, and Dr. Lee, Bishop of Manchester, were old schoolfellows of ours, and we can testify, therefore, to their great abilities, especially of the former, who, for classical attainments, towered over the rest of us, at least in boyish estimation, like an Alp over the level plains. At Cambridge he fully realised all that was anticipated of him, having carried off the highest honours. Yet even he, though a most accomplished classical and Hebrew scholar, is not an Usher for depth of learning. That he knows anything of vital godliness we have at present no evidence.

ing and descending upon the Son of man; ' whence we may well collect, that the only means whereby God standing above, and his Israel lying here below, are conjoined together, and the only ladder whereby heaven may be scaled' by us, is the Son of man; the type of whose flesh, the veil, was therefore commanded to be made with cherubims, to show that we come to an innumerable company of angels, when we come to Jesus the Mediator of the new testament, who, as the head of the church, hath power to 'send forth all those ministering spirits, to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation.'"

Our extracts will speak for themselves. The clearness, force, and consistency of their statements of divine truth need no commendation from us. It is true that we do not agree with every word and expression; nor does it enter into the minutiae of Christian experience. But as a scriptural, masterly exposition of the great mystery of godliness in the compass of one discourse, we have never seen its equal.

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*CHRIST ALL AND IN ALL.*

My dear and infallible Guide;	My Solver of difficulties hard;
My Counsellor, faithful and true;	My Surety in whom I am blest.
My bountiful Lord to provide;	My Guardian, my Portion, my Lot;
My Bringer of good things to view.	My soul's blest Inheritance too;
My soul's Best-beloved and Friend;	My Root which never can rot;
My Portion, my daily Support;	My Father, most holy and true.
My Prospect when time's at an end;	My soul's dear Beginning and End;
My Advocate always in court.	My Alpha and Omega thou;
My Refuge, my Rock of defence;	My Riches I never can spend;
My Helper when sunk in distress;	My Lord who has kept me till now.
My Hope against reason and sense;	My Judge and my Counsellor dear;
My Lord who has promised to bless.	My Witness, both faithful and true;
My Helmet, my Buckler, my Sword,	My Prophet, Apostle, and Seer;
My Keeper, my Sun, and my Shield;	My Storehouse of things old and
My King & my Priest, by whose word	new.
My soul that was wounded is heal'd.	My Covenant, steadfast and sure;
My Life, and my Love, and my	My Mark and my Prize whence to
Song;	run;
My Food, and my Drink, and my	My Sealer, to make all secure;
Dress;	My All Things united in One.
My Peace, and the Joy of my tongue;	My Jesus is all this to me,—
My Parent, to feed and caress.	My present, my future Reward;
My Captain, Deliverer, and Guard;	My Ransom, by which I am free;
My Husband, my Brother, my Rest;	My Saviour, my God, and my Lord.

A. H.

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THE abundant grace and vastness of this salvation, in and through the Person of Jesus Christ, is so great that my eye is dazzled. I am not able to measure the heavens. I bring my bucket to hold the sea, and it is drowned in the great waters. And yet here faith has a refuge against confusion of mind; viz., when it espies a passive sense in all the justification and acceptance of the gospel, and in the fruits thereof; working me up to, and making me to be content with a conformity, according to the measure given me by Jesus Christ.—*Dorney.*

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

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AUGUST, 1862.

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

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A SERMON BY MR. HAZLERIGG,

PREACHED AT FREDERICK STREET CHAPEL, BIRMINGHAM, LORD'S DAY MORNING,  
AUGUST 21ST, 1859.

“Then was I in his eyes as one that had found favour.”—Sol. Song viii. 10.

THE speaker in the text is the spouse, or the church of the Lord Jesus Christ; in fact, any living child of God who has experienced or who is in the enjoyment of a sweet and powerful sense of the love of Christ in his heart. It evidently refers to some blessed manifestation of the Lord Jesus of which that person can speak in such language as this: “Then was I in his eyes as one that had found favour.” I was many days seeking for this very thing, and could not rest until the blessed Spirit gave me a full manifestation of the love of Christ, until that same blessed Spirit who put into my heart a longing for these good things, revealed Jesus Christ sweetly and fully to my soul; then I saw that I was really accepted by him, that I too might say, “Now am I in his eyes as one that has found favour.”

Now remember, my friends, that all the people of God really found favour with God according to his own eternal purpose and covenant love from eternity. So that, in this sense, every elect vessel of mercy stands and stood from all eternity in the free favour of God. All those that God the eternal Father gave to the Lord Jesus Christ before the foundation of the world he set his heart upon, and made them, in the purpose of his eternal mind, accepted in the Beloved. And Jesus, seeing them as his Father's gift, saw them with an eye of free, eternal love and favour; his delights were with these sons of men. But the words of our text evidently speak of things in an experimental manner, and of what the Spirit of God leads the child of God first to long and thirst after, and then gives that child of God an experience of, so that he shall experimentally and sweetly say, “My beloved is mine, and I am his;” “Then was I in his eyes as one that had found favour.”

I dare say, in looking round upon you here present before the Lord this morning, there are some among you who can truthfully use these words, who can look back to the period when the Lord Jesus shone sweetly and blessedly into your souls; when the gracious Spirit of God revealed him with life, light, and power from on high. You can remember the particular period; you can recall the circum-

stances and place. It was a moment to you not to be forgotten. Even if tried as to the nature of what you experienced, you cannot but feel sure that a something sweet and powerful took place in respect of your souls, and a something, too, that you did not and could not produce for yourselves. It was, perhaps, a season of great temporal as well as spiritual trouble when the Lord broke in upon you, and you were amazed to find how completely the light of his loving countenance could cheer the gloomiest scene, and revive and even gladden the most sad and desolate heart. It may have been when alone in the secret chamber, no eye seeing you but God's, like Nathanael under the fig-tree; or it may have been in the midst of a crowd; it may have been when privately reading God's word, or kneeling at his footstool, or in the public place of worship; it may have been in the lonely road or in the busy street; for God is not bound either by times or places. And the Spirit enables you, perhaps, even at this very time, to look back and sweetly recall the visit of Christ's love, and therefore to take into your lips the words of our text: "'Then was I in his eyes as one that had found favour.' Sweet indeed and blessed was that visit to my soul."

But probably some are present who have never yet arrived at this blessed standing, who have never been able to say with assurance that Jesus was theirs. They may almost have come to this point, and yet have never been plunged into that river of water of life which Ezekiel at length found impassable, a river to swim in; they are still short of that sweet assurance which, under the teaching of the Spirit of God they long for, and which would enable them to say, "Then was I in his eyes as one that found favour." Now, this encouragement I can give you who are thus thirsting, and longing, and hoping for the blessing of the enjoyment of God's love in Jesus Christ, that sooner or later it shall be abundantly revealed unto you; you too shall be enabled to appropriate the words of the spouse, and to say that you have found favour in the eyes of the Lord Jesus, for his own faithful word declares, "They shall not be ashamed that wait for me."

Again. It is possible that some of you have in days past found favour of the Lord, and had pardon experimentally sealed by the Spirit of God upon your consciences, and yet at the present time have a cloud upon your experiences; darkness, thick darkness, perhaps, covers your evidences; there is guilt again in the conscience, distress again in the heart. So it was with many of the children of God mentioned in the Scriptures. But though you are not as in months past, as in the days when God's love sensibly sustained you, still you cannot rest satisfied without the restored sense of his favour, and are earnestly longing for a fresh manifestation of Jesus Christ to your souls. Well, Jesus says, "I will see you again, and your hearts shall rejoice." If his absence at times is expedient, his presence is delightful and his return is sure. Legality, doubts, and guilty fears at times may prevail over the minds of those who have received the witness of the Spirit. Look at the case of the prophet Isaiah, who, under the vision of the glory and Majesty of God, sank into the greatest distress, so that he cried out, "Woe is me, for I am

undone, because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts." It was the apprehension of God's holiness and his own sin, without a corresponding faith in Christ's favour, which so overwhelmed him; but here he could not rest, and he was sinking until one of the seraphs touched his lips with a live coal from off the altar. Then, having had a fresh manifestation of pardoning love through the blood of Jesus, he was in his eyes as one that had found favour. So, as we read in the New Testament, it was with Peter. After the Lord had shown much love and mercy to him, and called him Cephas, a stone, Christ having manifested his power and majesty by a miracle, the apostle cried out, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." He saw something of the holiness of Jesus, and his sins came fresh upon him, staring him in the face, and rushing into his mind; therefore he cried out under the feeling, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." He, too, was sinking; but the Lord Jesus dropped a sweet "Fear not" into his heart. Then he was revived by Christ's love, and was in his eyes as one that had found favour.

In attempting to make some remarks upon the text, as the Spirit of God is pleased to give me any power, I will divide the subject into five parts; speaking,

- I. Firstly, about the *importance of God's favour*;
- II. Secondly, of the *loss of that favour*;
- III. Thirdly, about the *seeking of the favour of God*; and how it is a *fruit of God the Spirit's work in the soul*, as it is not of him that willetth nor of him that runneth, but of God who showeth mercy;
- IV. Fourthly, of the *finding of God's favour in Christ*, according to the express words of the text;
- V. Fifthly, of the *fruits and effects* which are sure to follow this finding.

I. In the first place, then, I am to say a few things about the *importance of the favour of God*. Now, in entering upon this part of our subject, we shall probably be met with some such objection as this: "Who questions the supreme importance of the divine favour? What, then, is the use of dwelling upon a point which every one is ready to allow?" But the truth is, men think they own and recognise the supreme importance of God's favour, when virtually they do nothing of the sort. They assent, indeed, to the proposition, but do not feel the force of it. "Who say they would be so foolish, so besotted, as not to allow that must be the one important, yea, essential thing? What can compare with the favour of the Almighty?" Yet if we look a little closer into the matter, men do for the most part really and practically deny the value of that which yet with their lips they will readily enough proclaim the importance of. Look at men's lives; listen, indeed, to their ordinary conversations; these things speak louder than their professions; and their worldliness, carelessness, and ungodliness plainly proclaim that they see little or no importance in the favour of the Almighty. If men did really

feel what their lips profess, would they with all their hearts and souls and might be pursuing time things, creature gains, man's praise, earthly objects? Would they with both hands be heaping up the dust of the earth, and neglecting to make their interest in the favour of God a thing sure and certain to them? Men's hearty pursuits show the real feelings of their hearts. So the most of men may proclaim with a lip-assent that the favour of God is the supremely-important thing, yet their conduct gives the lie to this profession, and declares that they feel it to be a matter of the utmost insignificance. There is, then, a needs-be for our remarks upon the importance of the favour of God.

The Psalmist David says, "In his favour is life;" (Ps. xxx. 5;) and this implies the converse, in his displeasure is death; and as a proof of this, we need only take a look at the present state of this evil world. What is its condition? Men have lost the favour of God through sin; and what has resulted from the loss? Death! Death of all sorts! Bodily death.—The Psalmist says, in Ps. civ., "Thou takest away their breath; they die, and return to their dust." These words first picture to us the dying state of men in this world, owing to the sin of Adam, man's consequent loss of God's favour, and the sentence of death in the law. Death in trespasses and sins.—Men for sin are given up a prey to sin; as it is written, so solemnly and tremulously, "His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins." (Prov. v. 22.) Men, having by sin lost the favour of God, have fallen an easy prey to sin and Satan. Death eternal.—Sin and the loss of God's favour not only produce temporal death, but consign thousands and millions of the human race to the second death, the lake of fire, to everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and all participation in the benefits and blessings of his glorious power. But then as curse and death come through sin, so through the free favour of God in Christ all that stands in that free favour is truly restored. Thus we read, "Thou (*i. e.*, God in Christ) sendest forth thy Spirit; they are created." We live again as to body, soul, and spirit, in and through the free favour of God in Christ Jesus; the displeasure of God passes as a dark thunder-cloud over all the world in Adam, but the Sun of free favour in Christ rises upon the election, and blots out as a thick cloud our transgressions and as a cloud our sins. Thus, in God's disfavour is death, but in his free favour in Christ is life for evermore. God's own people, under the teachings of his Spirit, learn experimentally and feelingly the truth of the Psalmist's words. In heart and conscience they have some knowledge of this truth, that God's frown carries death in it; but his smile is to them again as life from the dead. When they behold God in his legal majesty and terrors, think of him as dealing with them according to the law of works, or in strict accordance with their merits and demerits, and therefore in awakened consciences apprehend his severe, unendurable displeasure, their hearts die away within them; the law comes in its killing power, and they die as to their hopes and joy in God. But when free favour is revealed and mercy shines, they revive as the corn and

grow as the vine, and spread forth their roots to drink in these waters of life as Lebanon. O my friends, have not some of you felt as David did, that if God seemed to frown upon you it was as death to your souls? By reason of his highness you could not endure. But the sweet light of the free favour of Christ has again and again blessedly revived you; your souls have lived again and your bones flourished as a herb, when in his sight you have been as those who have found favour.

Again. The Psalmist tells us that in the favour of God is security. You will remember how he sets this forth. He speaks of his mountain standing strong. He felt, that is to say, secure on the throne of Israel, for such is peculiarly his meaning. But what made his mountain stand strong? What established his authority? God's favour: "Through thy favour my mountain stands strong." But how was it when the Lord hid his face from him, and manifested displeasure on account of his great sin? "Thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled." His own son shook his throne, and once familiar friend and counsellor plotted craftily against him, and his kingdom for a time passed, as it were, away from him. Thus he found that the secret of his security was not in present circumstances, but in God's constant favour, and still stretched-out arm of help and deliverance. Is it not the same with ourselves? When God sets and keeps a hedge about us and all we have, how safe and secure all is; but let him withdraw his protecting favour in an experimental sense, and how soon the thieves break through and steal. And whilst he is sweetly manifesting himself to us, and saying amidst the greatest dangers, "I am thy God, I will be with thee," how secure we feel; we smile at the storm if we are sure a gracious God is our pilot, and stands at the helm. But if we lose sight of this, how soon our poor fearful hearts give way; we tremble not only at a thunder-storm, but at the shaking of a leaf, and fear greatly where no true cause of fear is. Thus, in feeling and experience, we find that all our security is in the free favour of God.

Again. Victory over enemies is in God's favour, as in Ps. xlv.: "For they gat not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them; but thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because *thou hadst a favour* unto them." It was God's sword, God's arm, God's countenance, that enabled literal Israel to overcome their enemies; it was not their number, their equipments, their captain Joshua's warlike skill, but God's favour: "Because thou hadst a favour unto them." Through this they trod down their enemies. So also it is with us. What is it gives the victory over sin, or enables us to overcome the world and Satan? When God hides the light of his countenance, or withholds his help, how weak we are; how strong do we soon find those armies of lusts, and worldly cares, and devils which fight against us.

"Thou hid'st thy face, my sins abound;  
World, flesh, and Satan all surround."

But Jesus comes to the rescue, lifts up again the light of his counte-

nance upon us; then "backwards they go and fall;" and these things oftentimes repeated teach us that victory is in his favour.

Another Psalm (lxxxix.) points out that all true prosperity and all proper strength really depend on God's favour: "For thou art the glory of their strength, and in thy favour our horn shall be exalted." This exalting of the horn figuratively signifies power and prosperity; and the Psalmist declares all to depend upon God. All desirable temporal prosperity, all soul prosperity, the prosperity of Zion generally, and of any part or portion of Zion, all depends not on human wisdom, creature efforts, independent power, but the free favour of God in Christ. Hannah in her rejoicing said, "Mine horn is exalted in the Lord, my mouth is enlarged over mine enemies, because I rejoice in thy salvation." Through God's prospering blessing, literal Israel got wealth and prosperity in their land, and through the same prospering blessing, or God's free favour in Christ, God's people are blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ, and come into possession of those blessings,—their better Canaan, flowing with a purer milk and sweeter honey.

Another testimony to the importance of God's favour is found in Deut. xxxiii. 23: "O Naphtali, satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord." You cannot show me one thing on the face of the earth that can really satisfy the sons of men, much less the children of God. God's favour in Christ Jesus alone can fill up their renewed desires; and when they enjoy this, they are filled with the blessing of the Lord. I appeal to your own experiences. Take all your carnal gratifications; have they not left your hearts still empty? Carnal pleasures, sensual gratifications, knowledge, wisdom, honours, even the more amiable and refined gratifications, without God; have they not left an aching void? The only satisfying things to a renewed soul are communion with God in Christ, the light of his countenance, and sense of his favour; these are bread and wine, and milk, and marrow and fatness to the soul; with these alone God's Naphtalis are satisfied.

But again. This favour in the Book of Proverbs is compared to a cloud of the latter rain, or showers that water the earth; because God's favour to a living, thirsting soul is as refreshing to it as showers of seasonable rain are to the parched ground. How sweet and true the wise man's words are: "In the light of the king's countenance is life; and his favour is as a cloud of the latter rain."

Another thing that makes this favour important is, that on the favour of God finally depends all that is necessary as to the favour of man. And it is our wisdom to seek first the favour of God, and the other will follow so far as is good for us. When Esau came against Jacob, the latter took the wisest course, wrestling with the angel, and prevailing there; and in this way he prevailed with man also. The angel, we read, blessed Jacob, saying, "Thy name shall no more be called Jacob, but Israel shall thy name be; for as a prince hast thou power with God and with man, and hast prevailed."

I will finish up this part of my subject by calling your attention to Paul's word's in Rom. viii.: "If God be for us, who can be against

us?" If the Lord has a favour towards us, let all the world rise up against us, and it does not signify; but the opposite is true, if God be against us, though all the creatures could be on our side, what would it profit? But truly, in the long run, all the creatures shall be armed by God against his foes. So, then, nothing in the end can profit that man who fails to obtain favour of God.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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## A LETTER BY DANIEL HERBERT.

My beloved Friends,—Once more my heavenly Father has enabled me to take up my pen, just to write a line or two to give you some reason why I have not done it before. Know, then, my dear friends, that my God has chastened me sore; but not appointed me unto death just yet; for after three months' confinement I am again so far restored as to be able to sit up a little, and make an apology for my apparently ungenerous neglect; and all I can do is to endeavour to persuade or assure you I am not that ungenerous, ungrateful creature you must have supposed me to be. Be assured, my beloved friends, your kindness has not been bestowed upon an ingrate. Every mark of friendship you have so repeatedly manifested towards me is still fresh on my mind, neither have they ever lost their value in my estimation. Your last noble and generous present, that so added to my Christmas comfort, I admit I ought to have acknowledged, which I meant to have done; but God was pleased to lay me by as a poor helpless, shiftless, forlorn, destitute sinner, sometimes contending, like mistaken Jacob, that all things were against me. Afflicted in body, distressed in mind, my poor dear wife and daughter and myself all afflicted at the same time, I have sometimes feared I should be smothered in the slough of despond; yet my precious Lord was pleased to hold me up by saying to my poor disconsolate mind, "Fear not; I have redeemed thee. Thou art mine. I will surely deliver thee. Thou shalt never fall."

I have often felt myself just on the borders of despair; but at other times, blessed be my Almighty Friend, I have been the happiest man living, knowing, feeling, and believing it would soon be better with me than now. I have sometimes been enabled to look forward for my next estate, when I know I shall be far more rich than I now am poor, far more happy than I am now miserable, far more blessed than I am now distressed. Sometimes my dear Father has favoured me with that faith that I found to be the substance of things hoped for.

I thought to have seen you last February, at which time I should enjoy what I had so long been anticipating, that is, my going to see you, which I generally anticipate more than ever a schoolboy anticipated his vacation; but February came, and all was a blank; and since that time I have not been out but twice, and am now kneeling upon a chair with a pillow to scrawl this line, with so much weakness and debility that I find I must soon leave off. I fear you will not be able to read what I have written. I assure you it is with a trembling hand, a weak body, and mental pain; but it is my mercy to know that my Redeemer liveth; and I am hoping, and longing, and waiting to hear my precious Saviour say to me, "Come up hither!" I am truly weary of this wretched world. I am weary of sinful self and all below the skies.

I meant to have written to you a great deal; and before I was taken with this my long affliction, O how I longed to see you! I thought I had such a very long tale to communicate. But not so. My Father has

ordered it otherwise. I never more expect to see you till we, as kindred souls, reach that blessed kingdom prepared for you, dear friends, and for me (a poor broken-hearted man, as to this time state) before the world began. I rejoice to believe it will soon be better with me. I thought it would have been before now; but I find my time is not quite run out, for I am much recovered the last few days. Perhaps my dear Lord designs to give me a little more faith, and then to try it. O thanks be to my blessed Lord, my faith has never totally failed yet. Like poor Job, I have often said, "Lord, if thou slay me, yet will I trust in thee." I was never better than I was last February, at which time I was to write to you, and fix the time for my much-anticipated visit to Deeping. Nay, I felt so well and hearty then that I had not only made up my mind to visit you, but I felt much inclined to reach Quadring once more; for I felt a strong desire to convince them that I was no hypocrite; for their ungenerous conduct towards me convinces me that they must have entertained something of such an opinion that led them to such an unexpected abandonment. As for you and my kind unwavering friend, Mr. D., I shall, while I live, think of you with pleasure and affection.

I fear you will not be able to make out my scrawl. I have been part of three days about it. I trust I need make no apologies. My very heart and soul's desire is that God may bless you, both for soul and body, for time and eternity; and when you arrive at that glorious city where Jesus reigns, you will find poor Herbert there. God bless you. I can say no more.

Sudbury, May 12th, 1832.

D. HERBERT.

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## A VOICE OF THE PAST.

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My dear Brother, Companion, and Fellow-Traveller in the Narrow Way, —The path that is trod by few, and no wonder, for "flesh dislikes the road." And what but sovereign, distinguishing, all-conquering grace could ever have made you and me forsake such a nice, fine, broad, smooth, and even path as the world and professors are so comfortably jogging along together in, for that of a narrow, thorny, trying, rough, and uneven one? Surely it was not the choice of nature, for we still find the flesh dislikes it, but faith approves it, and really at times discovers that

"This only leads to endless day,  
All others lead to hell."

Cheer up, then, dear brother. Pluck up heart.

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

The Breaker is gone up before us, and says, "I will even make a way for thee in the wilderness;" "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." And so we prove it, in spite of all our wretched unbelief.

Paul says, "Take to yourselves the whole armour of God;" and what is armour needful for, but as a defence against foes? We are engaged in a warfare,—the threefold alliance of world, flesh, and devil. These are powerful enemies, and, like Goliath of Gath, defy the whole armies of Israel. Saul armed the stripling in a coat of mail; but this would not do; neither will all the free will powers of natural strength do to go against this great host. We need David's God to arm us, who out of our felt weakness can make us strong, to put these armies of the aliens to flight; and he, of his goodness, has provided armour of proof for every soldier of the cross. We are not called to sleep and play, but fight. He tells us to take the whole of it. Ah, my brother, a part won't do. We need to be

rigged throughout, from head to feet, in order to combat with the great host that comes against us. Truth to gird up the loins.

“Never shall the foe confound thee,

While the truth maintains the fight.”

“Having on the breastplate of righteousness, as an armour, on the right hand and on the left.” (2 Cor. vi. 7.) The shield of faith to protect the heart; the helmet of hope to guard the head; “having our feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;” the sword of the Spirit, and the weapon of all prayer. If wisdom and skill be given to use these weapons aright, being thus armed, we may go forth, like David, in the name of the Lord, and defy all the hosts of hell. But, alas! How often we feel to lack wisdom, skill, and courage in the war! Satan takes advantage of such a season, comes in like a flood with his loud roarings of, “God hath forsaken thee; thou art nothing but a hypocrite,” &c. The world, too, opposes from without, with its perplexing cares, bewitching snares, and entanglements; and unbelief within cries out, “All these things are against us.” The flesh, too, lusts (or wars) against the Spirit; and, like the Psalmist, who, though once so strong and valiant as to face and slay the giant, we now fear, like him, we shall one day fall by our foes, as he thought he should by the hand of Saul. Ah, my dear brother, what a conflict it is! But what a mercy for the poor, weak, bruised reed, T. V., and the poor smoking flax, J. H., that although victory to us often seems to hang in doubtful scale, yet “the battle is the Lord’s,” and greater is he that is for us than all that can be against us.

“He gives the conquest to the weak,  
And treads their foes to hell.”

The Lord increase our faith.

I saw dear Mr. M. yesterday. He is still in the body, yet appears to be drawing near the river; but what a proof of the reality of vital godliness is manifested in him. He is not in raptures, but is blessedly delivered from the fear of death, sweetly resting upon the covenant love of God, and feeling the truths he has been preaching to others now to be his support on the bed of languishing. I felt my mind encouraged in talking to him. “O,” I thought, “what a mercy to be established in the truth, so as to have a religion that will do to die by.”

Through mercy, I arrived home in safety, and with my family are all well. Give my very kind love to brother D. and all friends.

With kind love to you and yours,

I remain, Yours sincerely in the Bonds of Love,

Sutton Benjer, April 23rd, 1860.

JAMES HUGGINS.

[The writer of the above letter, whose poetical pieces have sometimes appeared in our pages under the signature of “A Smoking Flax,” was called upon as in a moment to put off this mortal tabernacle, having died, as it is called, suddenly, on Jan. 9th, 1862.]

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HAD not Peter been assured of the love of Christ from his own mouth, “that his faith should not fail,” his tears and Judas’s sorrowing, would appear all of one colour and kind, to such a beclouded apprehension; just as Joseph, who, till he had opened himself to his brethren, was mistaken by them for a cruel and harsh governor; but when they saw it was their brother Joseph, O what meltings and embracings were then amongst them! Many a soul, convinced by that Spirit which Christ hath sent to reprove the world of sin, walks sadly under their wound or burden, not knowing the nature and condition of such a spiritual wound.

—*Saltmarsh.*

## A LETTER BY THE LATE J. BRIDGER.

Dear Christian Friend,—I have once more taken up my pen to write to you, not concerning things of this world, for I am well suited in that respect, and have been some time, though I must acknowledge the Lord has brought about things in a remarkable way. It has happened when any one about me has spoken about religion, aiming his discourse at me, I have spoken very freely of my sentiments, and have insisted on the faith of assurance, instead of what they call the faith of reliance. Being placed among those professors, I have endeavoured to reconcile their principles to mine, and to attend with them; and although I have been so often cast down by them, yet I was for trying them over again, supposing the fault must be in me. But I had so much of the law preached to me, while I found it worked slavish fear, hard-heartedness, wrath, and confusion, while the minister declared it to be the only rule for a Christian's life and conversation, that I was obliged to leave.

About this time, I had a book of Mr. Huntington's put into my hand. The title was, "Every Divine Law," &c. Here I found what it was made me stumble; and no wonder, for such men as the minister I named above come so near "that if it were possible they would deceive the very elect." Then I blessed God that he had raised up such a champion for the truth as Mr. H.; and though his body is laid in the grave, yet his memory was blessed by me, and what I read threw a great light upon my path.

My path since I saw you last has been one of temptation and persecution, and I have suffered much from slandering tongues. I am hated both by professor and profane, and have lost the good name of this world, only for contending for the power of truth. I often think I will not open my mouth any more; but when I hear of the hurt of the daughter of Zion being healed slightly, I have had something darted into my mind, and it has been as soon out of my mouth, which has given great offence, and they would say in their hearts, as Ahab did of Micaiah, "I hate him, for he never prophesies any good concerning me, but evil."

I now hear Mr. Abbott, at Five Ash Down, once a month; it is eight miles and a half from here; and I hear Mr. Vinal about as often.

About three months ago I was continually filled with the slavish fear of death and judgment. I had before me the great day of the Lord, in which he shall come to judge the world in righteousness. I thought I could see the Judge in all his grandeur and majesty, with all the Holy angels with him, pronouncing the awful sentence upon me, "Go, ye cursed;" and I seemed to have such dreadful views of hell and of the pit closing its mouth upon me, that for some months I seemed to be exploring the unfathomable depths of the bottomless pit, and frequently have I put up this petition, "O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul. Who can dwell with everlasting burnings?"

One day in my journey over the forest to hear a good man, my mouth was filled with prayer, and in my petitions I said, "Surely, dear Lord, shall it ever be after so many enlargements of soul in which I have been a wonder to myself, in pleading the promises of God and the merits of a dear Redeemer, his precious blood, and everlasting righteousness, and his power to save; after longing, panting, hungering, and thirsting after him; after seeing God would be just to cut me down; after I have blessed God with my lips, and for aught I knew with my heart, for the glorious plan of salvation; after I have felt the enmity of my heart slain, and been made willing to be saved in God's appointed way; after feeling such a love to his people; after assembling with them and speaking to them of the goodness of God; after contending for his cause, and opposing false doctrine; after putting up so many petitions when no eye saw

me but his; after being made to feel my insufficiency, my lost, ruined, and helpless state; after having great light and understanding given me, in an imperceptible way, so as I could not account for;—shall I, dearest Lord, be a companion of devils in eternal flames? No, no, dear Lord! For the honour of thy great name, let it not be so;" and I told Satan he was a liar. I fell on my knees on the ground, and prayed to God that Satan might never triumph over me in hell, and say, "This is that wretch that mocked God with his lips; but now he is mine." O how earnest were my petitions! and I thought of the kingdom of heaven suffering violence; and since that time I have experienced a great change in my feelings; and now my prayer is that I may be found in Jesus. Slavish fear is withdrawn, and I see all the promises in him are Yea and Amen. My prayer is, that I might have faith to believe; and I do now believe there is an abundant fulness in Christ to cleanse my black, polluted soul; and I have frequently exclaimed, "O Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean."

I believe the devil is in greater rage against me than ever. He is afraid he shall lose one of his faithful subjects; therefore he at times with all his force stirs up in me hard thoughts, blasphemies, &c., which are said to proceed out of the heart. I sensibly feel his influence, and I have never found but one weapon of any service against him. This has often been my cry, "Cleanse thou the thoughts of my heart by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit;" and then, at times, Satan has been obliged to retire. I am certain that the prayer which is not indited by the Holy Spirit is not prayer; and I am daily taught to put no confidence in an arm of flesh.

I was in company the other day with Ann P., the young woman who has been so long afflicted with the dropsy, and has so often undergone operations. She has lately been very ill, and given over by the doctors, but is now much better. She told me she was much encouraged from these words: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters; he restoreth my soul." From those words she preached me a pretty sermon. I can truly say I love her, because I see the image of God stamped upon her. She is indeed one of the afflicted daughters of Zion, but is all-glorious within, and shall be brought to the King in raiment of needlework.

Yesterday I went to hear Mr. Abbott, at Five Ash Down, and walked to Crowborough, on my way home, with Mr. W., and he told me Mr. Fowler had lately preached there three times, and told me his texts, and some impressions left upon his mind. He was a wonderful preacher, and he heard him extraordinarily well. It seemed his preaching was owned and blessed in that place. "O my friend," I said, "how unkind of you not to let me know. I would have gone to hear him if I could have crawled; and if he comes again, and I am alive and able, I shall be there."

You remember a professing man by the name of B., who crossed the forest in our company on the evening of Tuesday in Easter week last. We were then speaking of the fears of hell, and he said he had long been a stranger to them. However, it left a concern upon his mind, and once after this, on hearing him speak of his joys and peace and the like, I told him I believed it was not all real; and I was enabled to bring things forward in a way and manner that astonished myself. He said at the time that it only established him, but I felt persuaded that I had not spent my strength for nought; and on the next Sunday, when I saw him again, he told me he had never spent such a week in his life. He had felt all his false hope give way. He could no longer maintain his con-

fidence. What I had advanced had made such an impression upon his mind that from the time that he left me till then he had not had one moment's ease, and now could see wherein he was resting short of heaven, and that he could bless God for the interview above alluded to. Since then he has had no joy to boast of, but, to use his own words, has been shaken over the brink of hell. He is now one of my choice companions.

Give my kind love to your father and all your and my friends; and when it is well with you, remember Joseph; for I beg an interest in your prayers.

I remain, Yours in Brotherly Love,  
Hartfield, Nov. 15th, 1824.

JAMES BRIDGER.

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## STAND STILL AND SEE THE SALVATION OF GOD.

Dear Sir,—Having somewhat recovered from a bed of sickness, my mind is led out to write you a few of the exercises of my mind during my sickness. At times prior to my sickness I felt to have sweet communion with Christ and sacred fellowship with the Spirit. I felt that I could call God my Father, Christ my Saviour, and God the Holy Ghost my Comforter and Guide. I was taken with a severe pain in my right side on Dec. 9th, and that was succeeded by another in my left side. It was then I found it a great difficulty to breathe. I was compelled to retire to bed, and I had administered to me powerful stimulants, and sweating was the result. After I had perspired, I found some relief. But what next? My mind was dark. A gloom fell upon me; my faith gave way; and I could no more say, "My Father," "My Redeemer." The springs of joy seemed to be dried up, and I began to doubt and feel all bewildered. This led to a strict self-examination. It came very powerfully to my mind to ask myself a few questions how matters stood between me and the King of kings and Lord of Lords. I said, "If the day of dissolution is come, Am I on safe ground? Is the Lord Jesus Christ my salvation? Has he offered himself up a sacrifice for my sins? Has his blood atoned for my iniquities? Has he fulfilled the law, and brought in and wrought out an everlasting righteousness for me? Has he suffered the stroke of offended Justice for me? Am I one that was sanctified by God the Father, preserved in Christ Jesus, and called by God the Holy Ghost, yea, one that is called from death unto life, regenerated and born again? Have I ever tasted that the Lord is gracious? Is all that has gone before a delusion?" My eyes were turned inward, and a self-examination went on. It was painful work; and I assure you I for a short time forgot all the pains of my body. I could not find a single evidence that I could build upon that I was a child of God. I said, "I am deceived after all. I have been deceiving myself these many years. Well, what am I at the best? Nothing but a sink of sin and iniquity. There is no soundness in me. I am nothing but wretchedness. I am as black as darkness; nay, there is not a sin of any shape or size but what dwells in me. I cried out, "O what a wretch am I! What a den of deceit, envy, and infidelity!" And in this state I lay groaning, and could not sleep nor rest. I said, "Can such a sinner as I be a child of God?" I replied, "No! Woe is me, for I am undone!" In this state of mind I passed the night, and the morning came and found me groaning and sighing. I said, "What must I do?" The afflictions of my body I felt not, for the agonies of my poor distressed soul were so great. But in a little time I was enabled to stammer out with weeping, "Lord, help me, unworthy though I be to receive the least mercy at thy hands; and yet, dear Lord, I have nowhere else to fly but

to thee for help at this time!" I thought my poor heart would have broken, and I stammered out again, "Lord, help me!" And under this agony of soul I laboured all that day. Night came again, and nothing could I say but, "Lord, help me, a poor, debased, hell-deserving sinner. I do acknowledge, wert thou, O Lord, to send my soul to hell, thou wouldst be just in so doing. I have no claim on thee. If I am saved, it must be an act of free and sovereign grace; yea, of thine own mercy and goodness." Again I said, "O Lord, wilt thou help me?" But no relief came. The night passed and the morning came, and found me a poor dark, sinking sinner, yet still enabled to continue my cry, "Lord, help me!"

About 11 o'clock in the morning I was enabled to rise from my bed. Though very feeble in body, not so feeble but I could pace the room. I did so in deep agony of soul. I felt my poor soul sinking, as it were, into the very jaws of darkness. I went on my knees, and I said, "Lord Jesus, here is a poor, helpless sinner before thee. Wilt thou in mercy help him?" I said, "O Lord, thou *must* help me or I die, for there is none to help or save or who can save but thou!" I rose from my knees and paced the room again. I said, "How long, Lord, is this struggle to last? Decide for me;" yet I dreaded the decision. I cried out 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 fruits, yea, the whole cluster, a full Christ, a gracious Christ, a precious Christ, one that can lift my poor soul out of this dungeon,—a sin-atoning, a justice-satisfying, and a soul-cheering Christ, one who can save to the uttermost, the very ends of the earth, the vilest of the vile. I wanted a Christ like this. I wanted a counsellor to plead my cause; when these words broke in upon my heart: "Now why dost thou cry out aloud? Is there no king in thee? Is thy counsellor perished? For pangs have taken thee as a woman in travail." I said, "O Lord Jesus Christ, art thou my Counsellor? If so, thou ever livest to plead for me. Who knows but the Lord will be gracious to this poor sinner?" I said, "Thy will be done, O Lord; and mayest thou, in thy tender mercy and loving-kindness, enable me to lie passive in thy hands and be submissive to thy will, believing that thou wilt order all things for the best." Now I began to feel a little composed, and some little hope that the dear Lord would do something for my poor burdened soul. Now a ray of light began to dawn in my dark soul, and as if I heard a still small voice say, "Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." O what a calm I felt! The storm in my soul I felt to subside. "O Lord God, I feel that thou wilt yet do something for me; thou wilt undertake for me!" Then these words came with power and sweetness: "Therefore, I will look unto the Lord; I will wait for the God of my salvation. My God will hear me." I put my hand to the bookcase, to take down my Bible, and there fell down a pamphlet. I took it up and looked for its title; and a strange title it seemed to have: "The Heir of Heaven Walking in Darkness, and the Heir of Hell Walking in Light. By J. C. Philpot." I commenced reading its contents. I am at a loss to find words to give expression to my feelings while I was going through that part of the sermon which treats of the heir of heaven walking in darkness. O how every word sank into my soul! It just met my case. Every sentence that I read I felt some encouragement from. I felt the Day Star to arise in my soul. I read and wept.

O the rich mercy and goodness of God. He is full of grace and faithfulness. O what a rich mercy when the dear Lord makes choice of one poor sinner as instrumental in his gracious hands to be the means of raising out of the dust another to sing praise to the name of his God.

I do feel that the dear Lord has blessed that sermon to my soul. I feel that I can say with Micah: "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgressions of the remnant of his heritage? He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy. (Bless his dear name!) 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. Thou wilt perform the truth to Jacob and the mercy to Abraham which thou hast sworn to our fathers of old." Amen.

Halifax, Dec. 1st, 1861.

J. C.

## A TESTIMONY TO THE FAITHFULNESS OF GOD.

Beloved and esteemed Sir,—Nothing, I trust, but the constraining love of Christ has induced me to take the liberty of now addressing you, a stranger in the flesh, but, I trust, well known in the spirit; together with an increasing prompting of soul, to make known to you a little of the Lord's loving-kindness to me, a five-thousand-pence debtor. Did any motive of a meaner nature actuate me, too well I know your discernment would at once detect it; therefore, with trembling, I make this attempt, looking to the God of all grace for strength and guidance, while I testify to you that your labour has not been in vain in the Lord to me, an out-of-the-way, uncommon sinner—not in the calling and convincing part of the work of grace, but in the building-up, confirming, strengthening, and establishing my poor soul in the unalterable, unchanging love of Jehovah, through your valuable ministry.

I have proved that neither judgments nor mercies will move me; but a sense of the Lord's goodness has the blessed effect. As the poet sings:

"But something, Lord, can do the deed,  
And that dear something much I need."

What deep realities there are in vital godliness, joys and sorrows the world knows nothing of; but the sum and substance of it all is, as that great apostle Paul says, "To know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge."

I first went to hear you preach at West Street, ten months ago; and, though often sorely thrust at and harassed by Satan, and with the bubblings-up of my own desperately-wicked heart, yet I can say, through the goodness of God, from that time I have scarcely had a barren season on the Lord's day. Deeply soul-searching is your ministry, and that is what makes it precious to me; but it has not always been in a way of consolation. No; but instruction in the way of righteousness, and God's mysterious dealings with me, have been so opened up and explained that I can, and do, bless God on your behalf that he enables you to seek out his poor rambling sheep in a way of experience and bear them on the shoulders of gospel comfort. How often I have come into the house of God depressed and distracted, feeling myself to be the poorest of any that worship there; and before I have come away, what a change! The dear Lord has so confirmed me in the word of his grace by your mouth, that my heart could respond entirely to the testimony; and I have eaten and drunk, and forgotten my poverty. The solid satisfaction, the rest of soul in the Lord, I have felt while hearing you I have not ability to describe; but, bless the Lord, O my soul, he filleth the hungry soul and satisfieth the sorrowful soul. He brought me up out of the horrible pit and out of the miry clay; he set my feet upon a rock and established my goings. O what sinking sand is all other ground but this!

But I will relate a little more, if you have patience to read, solely for the honour of a helping, forgiving God; for why should the wonders he

has wrought be lost in silence? That he who is no respecter of persons should have regarded me in my low estate, who am but a female domestic, is to me a wonder indeed; but because he set his love upon me, therefore he would deliver me. He has known my soul in adversities. I have known the Lord and have been a member of a Particular Baptist church in Kent about nine years. There I was called by grace out of this ungodly, vain world. I went bowed down under a sense of my utterly lost condition for many months, but was soon raised to a hope in the mercy of God through Christ Jesus, and for the most part was drawn to him by love. But to be brief. So satisfied was I of my acceptance and salvation in him, through his precious blood and love, shed abroad in my heart, that I could have laid me down and died, and longed to do so, feeling I should awake in his sweet embrace; but, alas, alas! How little did I then know what bitter herbs were in store for me. After walking in a consistent profession of his name for more than four years, —I say consistent as far as human eye can see,—sometimes enjoying the light of the Lord's countenance, while at others a horror of great darkness, with fearful forebodings, would come upon me that all was not right, till at length, through complicated evils, idolatry of heart, weakness of faith, the power of Satan over outward circumstances, working rebellion, I felt in heart to a most fearful degree. O sir, that I am here alive is astonishing to me. I can only give you just an outline. I seemed to be in a place which I have since heard you describe, where two seas meet, and Satan worked me quite into a corner. He suggested that I had served God for nought, and brought all my troubles upon myself, through my profession; that I was only a hypocrite, as every one could see, and that I had all along deceived myself. And O, dreadful to relate, I believed him, and declared, if I were not a Christian, I never would mock God any more, but appear in my true character; and accordingly I attempted to throw off all my religion in substance, as John Bunyan said, "Let him go, if he will." But O, blessed be God! he did not give me up in his eternal purpose, or I should not have been here to this day. I would say no more on this to me ever-painful subject, did I not know from your own lips that you understand something of this path, which so very few know anything about. It is such deep points as these that you are so acceptable to me in, causing fresh courage to my enervated, distressed soul on account of my transgressions. The bitter remorse is sometimes almost enough to drive me away from all means. So far from my gathering satisfaction from anything I can render unto God, like some poor creatures who trust in their performances, the moment I came to such a conclusion as the former, down I went, lower and lower, deeper and deeper, towards black despair, and my cruel tempter now became my tormenter and accuser. The desperation, the madness, almost to insanity, that followed, no tongue can tell. I believe no greater hell shall I ever know, if sent there, than I experienced for twelve months, night and day, plotting to take away my life, feeling I could not live here, having committed the unpardonable sin. God's dear people were a bitter dread to me, once my delight; and my precious Saviour gone for ever as I believed. Thus did I weary out a whole year, such a one as God only knows. But O the riches of his grace! He saved me by fire indeed, after burning away all that dross that must be consumed before we can heartily embrace and prize a free salvation, all of grace, and know how to value a precious crucified Christ. He is to me now, I trust, more than all the world beside. In having him, I possess all things.

At length he was pleased again to set my captive soul at liberty, breaking away the darkness by degrees. Every day did I experience

such a sweet visitation as I cannot describe, further than that it was like the Spirit of God talking with me, and showing me the everlasting security of God's dear people, how impossible it is that they can perish, and how indescribably blessed is their state.

After this more sensible manifestation of the Saviour's love to my never-dying soul, I felt wrapped in his embrace and lost in astonishment, love, and praise; and truly I felt myself a new creature, both spiritually and temporally. I well understood Elihu, where he says, "My flesh shall be fresher than a child's." I felt I had none on earth or in heaven but my precious Redeemer.

I have had to fight every inch of my ground ever since I have known his name. Earth and hell have sometimes seemed combined against me. But how sweet that verse is:

"But here's our point of rest:  
Though hard the battle seem,  
Our Captain stood the fiery test,  
And we shall stand through him."

But notwithstanding all the blessedness I enjoyed, my broken heart was often distressed and harassed by Satan, and when the Lord withdrew his smiles, how I sank! Here I felt I was a gospel sinner, which would drown every grain of comfort; and never hearing God's ministers describe such a case, or say anything to give me satisfaction, till after two years God, in his kind providence, brought me under your ministry, to be bound up and strengthened and be eased of my burden. I am now encouraged to hope I shall stand in my lot with the beloved Daniel at the end of days, from his sweet presence I enjoy and the enlargement of heart I have for that which pertains to God. His love is better than wine. I have sometimes felt you have preached salvation to me, if no one else got a blessing. Do you remember some months ago making, as you said, quite a digression to relieve your mind of something that lay with weight upon it? You read several of those striking verses of Hart's, the Author's Confession, and said, if there were any poor souls there in such a case, it was for their sakes you were constrained to speak. I sat and trembled and rejoiced at the remarks you made. I said, "That's me! That's for me!" No possible language can better describe my feelings and experience than that hymn:

"I strove to damn my soul, to know the worst,  
But strove in vain."

He saves to the uttermost. Who can tell God's "uttermost?"

And now I dare not longer presume upon your time and patience, and humbly beg pardon for so far doing so. For many months I could not get rid of the persuasion that I must write to you; but I have put it off, not liking to intrude upon your notice; but if God should in any way make use of this feeble testimony of his great goodness to encourage you in your labour of love or for the good of any distressed soul, his great name shall have all the praise.

That he may long continue you upon the walls of Zion, and crown your labours with success, is the wish of,

Yours humbly and gratefully, for Christ's sake,  
Hove, Brighton, Aug. 12th, 1861.

S. B.

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Do not unchristian any for forsaking you. Endeavour to restore them in the spirit of meekness, or let them alone. Time will discover who are right, they or you. Tell the Lord every trouble; commit all to him as fast as it comes to hand, rough or smooth, and leave him to do his own work, and in his own way.—*Hardy*.

## Obituary.

### SOME OF THE LAST SAYINGS OF W. DRAPER.

WRITTEN BY HIS SON.

Dear Sir,—Having seen in the "Standard," of Nov., 1861, some letters written by Mr. Yeomans, giving an account of the last days of Mrs. Barber, I thought you would like to see some account of the person to whom they were addressed. You will see, from some of his last words, he was one that lived in the fear of God and in the enjoyment of the things that belong to his eternal peace.

His widow, being still living, and, like Hannah of old, giving thanks to the Lord for his redeeming mercy, is desirous, should it be the will of the Lord, that the following account may be for the strengthening of the faith of his people, and for the comfort of those who are drawing near the end of their race, believing that he who has begun the good work in them will carry it on and finally perfect it in their eternal rest.

Mr. and Mrs. Draper were both members of Mr. Huntington's, and afterwards of Mr. Burrell's. Mr. D. has written an account of the Lord's dealings with his soul, which you can have to insert at some future time, if you think proper.

Yours affectionately,

T. M.

Being very poorly on Friday morning, Jan. 5th, 1838, my father did not go to his work till 10 o'clock. He had not been out above an hour, when he was taken very ill, and was obliged to be brought home in a cab and put to bed. His head was wandering a little at first, but a few minutes after he was in bed he was overwhelmed with a sense of the Lord's goodness, and broke out, saying, "Blessed be God for Jesus Christ. What should I do without him? A poor lost sinner, conscious of many things, but justified through Christ, and accepted of God through him. I shall not die, but live; and declare the works of God, who hath shown me great and sore troubles, and shall quicken me again, and bring me up from the depths of the earth," &c.

He received much comfort the next day from 1 Thess. v. 4-10: "But ye, brethren, are not in darkness," &c.; also from Heb. ii. 14 to the end: "Forasmuch, then, as the children are partakers of flesh and blood," &c.

On Sunday, the 7th, seeing my sister R. in tears, he said, "Oh, my dear, this is a trying place; but, blessed be God, we are, as the Apostle says, children of the light and of the day, not of darkness nor of the night," repeating, "Not of darkness, but of the light, that that day should not overtake us as a thief in the night. I do believe the Lord will give me an expected end." O, those words in Hebrews are so sweet: 'We have not a High Priest who cannot be touched with the feelings of our infirmities.' No, he succours and comforts us in all our difficulties. O, call upon him; he is a merciful and faithful Saviour." He expressed many fears that darkness might come

upon him, but added, "What God hath done is done for ever; he hath been the guide of my youth and my only refuge."

On Monday, the 8th, after two or three hours of extreme pain and much groaning to the Lord, my mother gave him a cup of tea. He looked earnestly at her, and said, "Now I can say with the apostle, 'I am ready to be offered; and the time of my departure is at hand. I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing;'" laying great stress upon the words, "And not to me only."

There was scarcely an hour during the whole of Tuesday in which he did not break out with some sweet portion, such as, "They that know thy name will put their trust in thee;" and this: "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe;" and added, "I have found him so to me;" praying earnestly that the Lord would still be with him to the end.

Between 3 and 4 o'clock on Wednesday morning, after musing some time on his long affliction, he burst forth with these words: "There will be an end to all these rags and patches." My mother said, "What do you mean, my dear? You have no rags about you." He answered, "Don't you remember the pieces of flannel you have given me to keep me warm, and the rollers you have wrapped about my legs? But there will soon be an end to all these things, for this mortal shall put on immortality, death shall be swallowed up of life, and this vile body shall be fashioned like to the glorious body of Christ. It will, indeed, my dear; I feel the foretaste of it." About 5 o'clock, he suddenly broke out with the following lines:

" ' Musing on my habitation,  
Musing on my heavenly home,  
Fills my soul with heavenly longing.  
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.  
Vanity is all I see.  
Lord, I long to be with thee ! "

Early on Thursday morning, the 11th, in prayer to the Lord, he said, "O Lord, if thou hast been my helper, if thou hast washed my filthy soul in the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, now that the rains descend and the floods come upon me, be thou my strength; when I pass through the fire, do thou be with me;" and much more which cannot be remembered. Fearing that so much excitement would hurt his head, my mother begged of him, while he was pleading with the Lord to bless her and her family, not to talk so much. He answered, "I am not beside myself; I know what I am doing. My children lie heavy on my heart; and the Lord has said, 'Leave thy fatherless children, and I will preserve them; and let thy widows trust in me.' O that they would be wise, and that they would consider their latter end, that they would walk in the steps of their father. O Lord, thou knowest that I have walked as a poor abject creature before men; but thou often wilt have it so, that such poor objects should turn out to be the sons and daughters of the Lord

God Almighty." My mother said, "Your lot is now like poor —, who died a few weeks ago." He answered, "'The Lord is my portion, therefore will I hope;' 'The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places;'" with many more such passages. Shortly afterwards he said, "I have had much exercise in my soul during my lifetime from this passage, 'Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace;' fearing that there might be some secret unknown thing which, when I came to my end, would prove to be wrong; but now I have peace. The morning I was brought in, sweet peace flowed into my soul, and I feel it now. I seemed then to have put off the world, and all that belonged to it." At 8 o'clock he talked earnestly with us all. He repeated again that favourite portion, "I know that there is a crown of righteousness laid up," &c.; and said, "What a fool I should be to say such things, if I did not feel them in my heart, seeing that I shall shortly appear before the Judge of the whole earth." He expressed much thankfulness that the Lord had been pleased to lay him by, so that he had not to encounter the very severe weather. He said it was like being in a palace to be in a warm bed—what a mercy it was. He often repeated these words: "It is all over now; I have done with 'all work."

After he had been visited by the doctor, he said he did not know whether he should linger a long time or go off suddenly; but he wished to fall into the Lord's hands and say, "Thy will be done." He hoped the Lord would give him patience to wait till his change should come. He repeated the whole of Toplady's hymn, beginning,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me," &c.,

adding, "Lord, I want a hiding-place, I want a resting-place, I want peace, that peace that is made by the blood of the cross. Thou hast been with me in my youth; do not leave me now in this valley. I beg it for thy great name's sake. Amen, amen." Soon afterwards, he again repeated, "Rock of Ages." My mother said, "He is a rock; his work is perfect." He added, "'A God of truth, and without iniquity; just and right is he.' You may read in Toplady or in the Bible, but it is much better to read it in your own heart."

Soon afterwards he was visited by a person in a high profession, to whom he scarcely spoke; but as she took her leave of him, a friend called whom he had expected. She asked him how he did. He answered, "I am very well, very well;" and repeated it many times; and said, in reference to the person named before, "I feel dumb, and have no power to speak before such; but 'Come and hear, all ye that fear the Lord, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul.' O how I feel the power of this Scripture: 'God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' He has enabled me, in much tribulation, to sow to the Spirit, and now I am reaping the fruit of it in the sweet peace and comfort with which he supports my soul. I have written some account of my trials; it may be they will prove profitable to my children, who lie very near my heart. The Lord makes me now as a prince among them;" and added, "Such honour have all the saints."

About 1 o'clock on Friday morning, he again repeated the words, "Rock of Ages," desiring my mother to get the book and read to him. When she had done so, he said, "There is a Saviour; there is a resting-place; and there is my hope exactly described in that hymn." He repeated also the following lines by Toplady:

"A debtor to mercy alone,  
Of covenant mercy I sing;  
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,  
My person and offerings to bring.  
The terrors of law and of God  
With me can have nothing to do;  
My Saviour's obedience and blood  
Hide all my transgressions from view."

Soon afterwards, he requested my mother to read Luke xii., saying, "That has been a comfort many times during my pilgrimage, and I should like to hear it once more in the body, particularly verse 32: 'Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom;'" and afterwards conversed with my mother during the whole night, only stopping at intervals to get breath. About 6 o'clock, my sister said to him, "How do you feel now, father?" He took her hand, and said, "Another day of rationality, Sarah. Waiting in hope for glory. But we cannot hasten these things." He then sang the whole of the hymn beginning,

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,"

saying that he had not sung much for some time past, but was obliged to be content to have it in his heart. His daughter R. said, "If you had not, father, you could not sing it so now." He replied, with great vehemence, "No!" A few minutes afterwards, he stretched out his arm, and said,

"I shall behold his face,  
And I shall share his love,  
And prove the riches of his grace  
For evermore above."

Seeing my mother looking at his hand, he said, "What are you looking for?" She answered, "Do you feel it cold?" He replied, "No; but I can tell you this:

'There's death within me—all about me,  
But the remedy's without me;  
See it in my Saviour's blood.'

About 3 o'clock on Friday afternoon, we all thought he was dying. He cried out, "O Lord, do thou be with me when I pass through Jordan." My mother said, "I believe you have one foot in now, my dear, and the High Priest is in the midst." He answered, "Yes; he stands firm; and no wonder, when that High Priest is the Lord Jehovah." Speaking largely of the glorious Trinity, he said, "Ah, Mr. Burrell often speaks of that; and O that I may be rooted in that glorious Trinity, Father, Son, and Spirit, to all eternity." He likewise repeated the following lines of Toplady's:

"When languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond the cage,  
And long to fly away."

Also these:

“Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
For who ought to my charge shall lay?”

A friend coming in, he spoke of the goodness of the Lord in providing for and preserving him all his days, in delivering him out of all his difficulties, and now that he was come to his end, he had not forsaken him. In this strain he continued for about an hour. He then looked on those around him, and said, “Is this death? If any of you know, tell me; do not fear; I am not afraid to die.” Shortly afterwards, contrary to the expectations of all who saw him, he revived, and said, “Well, perhaps it is not going to be now, to my sorrow; but may the will of the Lord be done.”

During the following night, he was very low-spirited, having many despairing thoughts, fearing he should have to return to the world again, but expressed his desire to all who spoke to him that he might fall into the Lord's hands and submit to his will. His pleasure at seeing his friend from Birmingham on Saturday morning was very great, though he was extremely weak and said very little. About 12 o'clock at night he exclaimed, “O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength;” and repeated many times this text: “He shall show me the path of life. In his presence is fulness of joy, and at his right hand are pleasures for evermore;” and afterwards sweetly conversed.

On Sunday, the 14th, he saw many friends, but was too weak to converse much with them. He continued the same on Monday, occasionally speaking of the goodness of God; and with a friend who called he had the following conversation. Mrs. —, on going in, was told that he had been much comforted in the night, yet he had experienced many conflicts; that at 3 o'clock in the morning, after the stupor occasioned by the medicine had left him, he broke out with these words: “O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength;” and added, “‘Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,’ &c.; but I have seen and I have heard,” with many more Scriptures which cannot be remembered; “He is my Rock,” and “Rock of Ages.” On her entering his room, he said, “Ah, Mrs. —,” and held out his hand. Whilst holding it out, he said, “The Lord bless and keep you. cause his face to shine upon you, and make all your bed in your sickness, support and comfort you upon the bed of languishing, as he does me, and put underneath his everlasting arms. O what a mercy it is to find him a God at hand. I have been brought very low, very low indeed.” It was observed, “But he helped you.” “Yes, he has, blessed be his name. I have had sore conflicts; the enemy has thrust sore at me, and the conflict has been very sore; but he has made his people more than conquerors.” On hearing that his conversation had been many times profitable to the person present, and had led him earnestly to desire the same teaching, he said, “Ah, my friend, you must pray for it.” It was replied, “I prayed the Lord this morning to bestow his presence with the same tokens he had given to his servant, Mr. Draper.” He said, “O how humiliating it is to hear that any of his people should name you by name to the Lord; and that such a poor, abject, feeble instrument should be set up as a

witness for him," and repeated it many times, adding, "O how humiliating it is." He then fell into prayer for his wife, himself, and the person present, entreating the Lord to be their support when they came into the same trying situation, with the same consolation that he had granted him, and that he would be pleased to bestow upon them salvation, both of body and soul; with many more truly affecting petitions; concluding his prayer with "Amen" three times, with such increased energy as can never be forgotten.

Fearing that, in his weak state, a longer visit might be too much for him, the friend was about to leave, when he pressed a longer stay, saying it would not hurt him, and that he liked to see the people of God; that he had many kind friends and a kind family, who had done all for him they could do, by medicine or otherwise, and would still do to their utmost; but all would avail nothing when the summons should come. The enemy oftentimes harassed him much; but he was enabled to overcome. He then sank back on his pillow, exclaiming, "My dear Lord! I must call him so. I cannot leave off praying." He was reminded of his prayer on the day after Christmas Day, when many of the friends were present. He alluded to many of his feelings during the time, as if he had a persuasion that the same company would not meet again. In that prayer he was very happy, and could hardly leave off. The little account he wrote of his early experience was named to him, and he expressed his gratitude to the Lord for his tender care in watching over him in his youth, saying that he believed the Lord had begun the work in his soul at an early age, and that he would also carry it on. He desired that the friends would seek after such knowledge and wisdom as would support them in a dying hour. During this intercourse, many more things were said by him, to encourage the earnestly seeking after the Lord Jesus Christ, in life and in death, which a treacherous memory fails to record. Very many were expressive of his full reliance and total submission to the Lord's will in all things. Those who had an opportunity of witnessing the fervent manner in which the things were delivered by him could say, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright;" truly believing that to be his end.

At about 12 o'clock at night, my mother, perceiving him to be going very fast, asked him if his peace remained. He said, "Sweet peace; I shall enter into peace." A few minutes afterwards he said, "This is hard labour." My mother replied, "But you will soon be where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying." He answered, "This is a sweet promise. And so is this: 'The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads.'" Several times during the night he exclaimed, "Bless his dear name, he has not forsaken me yet," earnestly entreating the Saviour to go with him to the end of this dark valley, repeating, "I shall see him. I shall behold his glory. He knows I love him, and he loves me. I shall soon be with him." Once after this, he spoke a few words and then fell into a doze. His breathing gradually shortened until half past 3 o'clock the following morning, Tuesday, Jan. 16th, when he breathed his last without a struggle.

MEDITATIONS ON THE OFFICE CHARACTERS  
OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

## III.

## THE LORD JESUS AS THE ENTHRONED KING OF ZION.

(Continued from page 180.)

It is sweet to view by the eye of living faith the eternal purposes and fixed counsels of the Father to exalt and glorify the Son of his love. That Jesus should be eternally glorified; that he should wear the crown so anciently promised, so righteously won; that he should sway, as if with those very hands that were nailed to the cross, his righteous sceptre over all things in heaven and in earth—a sceptre of grace to his friends, a rod of iron to his foes; and thus fully accomplish the counsels of God's heart and the sure word of his lips, is the desire and joy of all who love his name. To them, therefore, the contemplation of the fixed purposes of God to exalt his dear Son and put all things under his feet is full of sweetness and blessedness. An "everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure;" deep counsels of eternal wisdom; fixed purposes of grace and glory; the word and oath of a God who cannot lie; the infinite knowledge of an omniscient, and the boundless power of an omnipotent Sovereign,—these deep mysteries, which are hidden from the wise and prudent, are revealed to the babes who long to be taught and love to learn. They see and feel what a sin-worn world the present scene is; what wreck and ruin everywhere meet the enlightened eye; what misery, what crime, what contempt of all divine authority; what rebellion against every restraint of law or conscience; what open defiance of all check on pride or passion, everywhere abound. Viewing, then, this state of things, and seeing, as wealth increases and population advances, what an influx of foreign ways and manners, of modes of thought and reckless ungodliness, seems more and more rushing in as with an overflowing tide, the child of grace is almost tempted to lose sight of Him who sits above the waterfloods, and to feel or fear as if the god and prince of this world were the real master of the scene, and the great controller of events. As a relief against such unbelieving, God-dishonouring, infidel thoughts, faith is sometimes enabled to look through and beyond all these dark mists of the valley to those unclouded heavens where the Son of God sits at the right hand of power. The present reign of Jesus cannot be seen by the eye of sense. Indeed we have no evidence that Jesus reigns at all but by watching and discerning his hand in providence, believing the word of his grace, or feeling the power of his resurrection in the heart. These are the three witnesses against all the persuasions of sense and the cavillings of the reasoning mind,—the grand sustaining props of the soul when the floods of ungodly men make it afraid. But the chief witness is the sure word of promise, the sworn oath of the Father to the Son, as recorded in the Scriptures of truth: "I have made a covenant with my chosen, I have sworn unto David my servant, Thy seed will I establish for ever, and build

up thy throne to all generations. My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips. Once have I sworn by my holiness that I will not lie unto David. His seed shall endure for ever, and his throne as the sun before me." (Ps. lxxxix. 3, 4, 34-36.) As, then, Abraham, the father of the faithful, "staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief, but was strong in faith, giving glory to God, and being fully persuaded that what he had promised he was able to perform," so faith rests upon the sure promises of God that the throne of his dear Son shall be established for ever. Were sense and reason not opposed to the fulfilment of this sure word of promise, there would be no need of a faith like Abraham's—against hope to believe in hope.

Meanwhile, may it be our happy portion to touch for ourselves the sceptre of his grace, to submit to his sovereign will, and whoever may say, "We will not have this man to reign over us," to yield ourselves to his unseen, yet not unfelt authority as Lord and King in our hearts and consciences.

But as we have shown, in our June No., from the word of truth, the eternal purpose of God the Father to glorify his dear Son and exalt him as Lord and King, we shall now consider, with his help and blessing,

II. The *execution* of this purpose in the incarnation, death, resurrection, ascension, and glorification of the Son of God.

Our blessed Lord, speaking of himself, said, "Verily, verily I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." (John xii. 24.) Under this figure, the corn of wheat, the Lord intimated his death and resurrection, and the fruit which was to spring out of them. Using the same figure, the apostle says, "But God giveth it a body, as it hath pleased him." (1 Cor. xv. 38.) Thus, in order to carry out God's eternal purposes to glorify his dear Son, it was needful that he should take a body chosen and prepared for him by the Father. He was to be exalted to regal dignity and power, not merely as the Son of God, but as the Son of man, or rather as the Son of God and the Son of man in one Person. In this mysterious and most blessed union of Deity and humanity in one glorious Person lie hidden boundless treasures of grace and glory. To be a King he became incarnate. In reply, therefore, to Pilate's question, "Art thou a King, then?" Jesus answered, "Thou sayest (that is, sayest truly,) that I am a King. To this end was I born." (John xviii. 37.) The road to royalty, to a throne which should endure as the days of heaven, lay through the Virgin's womb. The eternal Son of God must become in time a man, that he might reign as God-man for ever and ever. He must come down to earth, that all power might be given unto him in heaven and in earth. (Matt. xxviii. 18.) He must be made lower than the lowest, that he might become higher than the highest; must serve, that he might rule; wash his disciples' feet, that a crown of glory might be put upon his head; take upon him the form of a servant, that God might "highly exalt him and give him a name which is above every name, that at the name of

Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth." (Phil. ii. 7-10.) Through the disobedience and transgression of man, created in the image of God to be his representative on earth, God's lower creation became marred and defaced. Sin, the spoiler, entered Paradise. With sin entered death; and with death disorder, wreck, and ruin spread themselves far and wide over this once fair domain which God himself pronounced very good, until earth has become a very Aceldama—a field of blood. How dishonourable, then, would it have been to the ever-living God had Satan been thus permitted to triumph. Would it not have been the boast of devils and the wonder of angels, that the arch-fiend of hell should have, as it were, outwitted by his skill all the wisdom of Omniscience, and defeated by his power all the strength of Omnipotence? To destroy, we all know, is easier than to create. A child may, by accident or thoughtlessness, in a moment break a priceless vase; a madman set fire to the accumulated wealth of ages; a vile assassin take at one thrust a life precious to a whole nation. But if to destroy be so much easier than to create, how much more difficult is it to restore what is destroyed! What skilful hand shall repair the shattered vase? What art can give us back the precious manuscripts, the antique cameos, the statues of a Phidias, the paintings of a Raphael? What Promethean skill renew the murdered statesman's life? Here the skill of man fails; here the mocking devil seems to triumph, and to gather up fresh strength to go on with that infernal work whence he borrows his name, "Abaddon," the destroyer. (Rev. ix. 11, *margin*.) But where man falters in despair, and Satan shouts in triumph, the wisdom of the All-wise, the might of the Almighty, the grace of the All-gracious, eminently shine and display themselves with infinite lustre before the eyes of all created intelligences. Over man Satan prevailed by craft and infernal skill; but by man—by that very nature which he sought utterly to destroy, shall he be baffled, defeated, overwhelmed with shame and everlasting contempt. He was allowed to bind wretched man in the chain of sin till the iron entered into his soul; but by man shall everlasting chains be bound round him unto the judgment of the great day. As Apollyon, the destroyer, shall he destroy the image of God in man; but by man shall that image be restored, and not only so, but raised to a glory, a brightness, and a lustre to which it never could have attained by its original creation. Pride and envy, inflamed by desperate malice against God and man that human nature, inferior to angelic by creation, should be promoted to the favour from which he had fallen, urged on Satan to plot the deadly deed. He would ruin and destroy that nature. The image of God should not shine upon earth. He would mar and deface it; he would pollute with his own infernal spawn the very nature on which that image had been stamped; would debase it to the lowest hell; would fill it with bestiality and filth, blood and crime, till, as sunk below the brute creation, God should loathe and abhor the work of his own hands. In this hellish plot he was, in the inscrutable wisdom of God, allowed so far to succeed as to make the world what we now see it, a hideous

wreck and ruin, festering and sweltering, like a huge carcass, in its own corruption, till the burning flames of hell seem to be the only place into which it can be cast out of the sight and presence of a God of purer eyes than to behold evil, and who cannot look on iniquity. But O the depths of eternal wisdom and surpassing grace! Into this very time-worn scene of sin and woe, just as the spring-tide of iniquity had risen to its utmost height, and the whole world seemed flooded with evil as with the waters of a second deluge—into this wrecked and ruined world, and what was far worse, amidst these degraded and debased wild beasts of men, the Son of God came in the flesh. From the bosom of the Father did the Son of his love come forth to repair the waste places, the desolations of many generations. On this very sin-stricken earth, this abode of misery and crime, did the feet of the Son of God in our nature rest. This vale of tears he trode with holy steps, in the world but not of it, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. According to ancient promise, “when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law.” (Gal. iv. 4.) In that sacred humanity—real flesh and blood, the flesh and blood of the children, though not like theirs fallen, but holy and pure, the eternal Son of the Father stood in the gap and repaired the breach, took a holy portion of that nature which sin and Satan had defiled into union with his own divine Person, obeyed in it the law, enduring the curse, offered up his holy body and soul as a sacrifice for sin, laid down the life which for that purpose he had taken, and raising his incorruptible body from the tomb, took it with him into the courts of bliss, there to sit down at the right hand of the Majesty on high. O the wisdom and power of God! O the unfathomable depths of mercy and grace! O the unsearchable treasures of goodness and love! O the opening visions of eternal glory! Satan baffled! Sin blotted out! The image of God restored! Human nature raised to inconceivable dignity by its personal union with the divine Person of the Son of God! The fallen church washed, justified, sanctified, and glorified with all the glory of her Head and Husband, and an eternal revenue of glory brought to a Triune Jehovah—to God the Father for his eternal purposes of wisdom and love; to God the Son for his unspeakable condescension in the work of redemption; to God the Holy Ghost for his forming the sacred humanity of Jesus, and sanctifying the elect of God to know his grace, be conformed to his image, and partake of his glory.

But carried away by the grace and glory of a theme so precious, we have rather anticipated our subject. We proposed to show the connection between the incarnation and death of Jesus and his exaltation to royal dignity. We have thus far, then, showed that, in the boundless depths of the wisdom of God, his dear Son took flesh that as our great High Priest he might put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. But the same boundless wisdom and grace which provided the sacrifice assured him of a crown as his reward. This was a part of “the joy set before him, for which he endured the cross, despising the shame.” Death was not only necessary as a part—a

main part of the sacrifice which he, as Priest, offered, but as a requisite for the glory with which he, as King, should be crowned. In fact all his three offices, as Prophet, Priest, and King, required to be sustained and magnified by his sufferings and death. What an example of meekness and martyrdom, what lessons of suffering and patient endurance of the deepest agony and shame are seen in the dying Prophet; what precious blood in a dying Priest; what grace in a dying King! How this last shone forth so conspicuously that the dying thief acknowledged him as King, and begged for an interest in his kingdom.

But there was another reason why the road to the throne lay through the valley of the shadow of death. Our blessed Lord had "to destroy death and him that had the power of death, that is the devil." But this was "through death." (Heb. ii. 14.) Through sin death had come into the world, and had no sooner entered than it set up its throne on the earth, for "it reigned from Adam to Moses, even over them (that is infants) who had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression," which was a voluntary act of disobedience, but as overwhelmed in his original sin, they had fallen under the power and authority of the grim king of terrors. The sceptre had therefore to be wrung out of his hand. But, according to the eternal appointments of infinite wisdom, this could only be by the Son of God submitting to die. He therefore took a nature which could die—not in itself mortal, but capable of dying by a voluntary act. No man took his life from him. The Lord of life could not be robbed of life by the creatures to whom he had himself given breath. But he could lay down the life which he had taken by a voluntary submission to the reign of death. He could thus snatch the sceptre from his grasp, destroy and disannul him, and by the same act of meritorious obedience break to pieces the reign of Satan, "who had the power of death," as ever terrifying by it the children of God, whom by this terror he held in cruel bondage. It deserves our utmost attention and prayerful consideration to see, by the eye of faith, the display of wisdom and power shining forth in the way in which the all-wise God sent his dear Son "to destroy," or, as the word is in the original, to unloose, "the works of the devil." (1 John iii. 8.) Satan had, so to speak, spun a ravelled knot when he cast the cords of sin round man's heart. This tangled and tight-drawn knot could not be cut through as by a sword of omnipotent power; but had by infinite wisdom and patience to be unravelled through its whole length. The work which Satan had done was to be undone. Disobedience had to be repaired by obedience—the voluntary obedience of the Son of God, and therefore of infinite value. Sin had to be atoned for by sacrifice—the sacrifice of the nature which had sinned, in union with the Person of the Son of God, and therefore deriving from it unspeakable efficacy. Death had to be destroyed by the ever-living Son of God submitting to die. The law must be magnified by being obeyed by him who by his divine Person is above law. The Lawgiver must be the law-fulfiller. He who is the ever-blessed One must be made a curse; and the holy One of Israel,

who knew no sin, must be "made sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." "Who will set the briars and thorns against me in battle?" asked the Lord; "I would go through them," is his answer. (Isa. xxvii. 4.) So our blessed Lord went through these thorns and briars set against him in battle. He thoroughly went through all that he undertook; and by going through unravelled the work of Satan.

Let us explain this more distinctly, as a point full of truth and blessedness. Thus he went through *temptation*—wholly through, for he "was in all points tempted like as we are," (Heb. iv. 15,) and by going through every possible temptation which can beset us, threaded, so to speak, the whole avenue of temptation from beginning to end. So he went through the whole of the *law*, rendering a perfect obedience to it in every demand of unflinching love to God and his neighbour. So he went through the whole of *suffering*, for "he was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," experiencing every possible form of suffering that was compatible with a holy nature. And, in a sense, he went through the whole of *sin*—not as a personal transgressor, for he was perfectly holy in body and soul, "a lamb without blemish and without spot," but by imputation, feeling the weight, grief, and burden of all the sins of his elect people. So also did he go through the whole *wrath* of God, for he drank the cup of his indignation against sin to the very dregs. We can only glance at these things, but they are full of the deepest import, and might, with God's help and blessing, form a theme of most fruitful meditation, for they embrace the whole of the work which the Father gave him to do.

But in thus going through, and by going through undoing the works of the devil, it is desirable to bear in mind and have, as it were, before our eyes that the blessed Lord went through all that we have mentioned in his *complex Person as God-man*. Thus his sacred humanity, in union with his Deity, went through the law, temptation, suffering, and death—the human nature tasting each and all in their utmost intensity, but the divine sustaining, dignifying, ennobling, and bestowing unutterable value, merit, and validity upon every thought, word, and act of the suffering and obedience of the holy humanity, for there was but one Person, though two natures, and therefore all the acts were personal acts. As an illustration of this, look at the actings of our own soul and body. These are distinct, but as united in one person are viewed as one. Thus, as our blessed Lord went through the whole work which the Father gave him to do, his Deity, being in union with his obeying, suffering humanity, stamped each successive movement, as he went through it, with all the value and validity of Godhead. If this is difficult to understand—or at least realise, for who can understand it?—revert to our figure. Is not the mind of an artist stamped upon his work? Does not our soul impress itself and express itself by our body? So Deity stamped value and validity on all the acts of the Redeemer's humanity. This is beautifully alluded to, Ps. xlv., in the description of the bridal garments of the church as the queen: "The King's daughter is all glo-

rious within; her clothing is of *wrought gold*. She shall be brought unto the King in *raiment of needlework*." The gold was to be wrought into her clothing, the raiment to be of needlework, intimating that her robe of justifying righteousness was wrought, as it were, as in needlework, stitch by stitch; yet that every thread was embroidered with gold. Here we have the thread of the humanity in union with the gold of Deity, and yet each in so close union that the thread is but one. In gold thread the beauty, the value is in the gold; yet how close the union. Gold by itself could not be made into embroidery. So Deity cannot suffer, bleed, or die; but humanity can in union with it. It is this union of Deity with humanity which made the work of redeeming love so unspeakably glorious, and so meritoriously efficacious. As Hart says:

"Almighty God sighed human breath."

It is indeed a mystery; but "great is the mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh." O glorious mystery!

"The highest heavens are short of this;  
'Tis deeper than the vast abyss;  
'Tis more than thought can e'er conceive,  
Or hope expect, or faith believe."

Yet what or where would redemption have been, unless Deity had imparted value and validity to every thought, word, and act of the obedient, suffering humanity.

Our blessed Lord, then, passed through death seemingly conquered, but really a conqueror; seemingly overthrown by Satan, but really his overthrower; seemingly covered with shame, but only to be crowned with glory and honour; seemingly under the curse of God, but really enduring the curse that he might be made a blessing; as a servant, obedient unto death, for crucifixion was the mode of punishment for slaves, yet that he might be exalted in that very nature which there suffered, bled, and died to a throne of immortal glory. Thus, too, he lay in the grave, that as by dying he might rob death of his sting, so by the tomb he might spoil the grave of its victory. But death could not hold the Lord of life, nor the grave enchain the hand that held the keys of hell, as the apostle preached, and as faith believes: "Whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death; because it was not possible that he should be holden of it." (Acts ii. 24.) He fought, he won, and to him as the overcomer was the crown given: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne." (Rev. ii. 21.)

But the question may arise in the mind, *When*, that is, at what particular period, did the blessed Lord enter upon his kingly office? We have already shown that in his other offices there was an *initial* entrance before his *full* assumption of them. Thus, as Priest, he entered initially into the priestly office at his circumcision; as Prophet, he entered initially into his prophetic office when, a child in the temple, he sat among the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions. But he did not enter fully upon his prophetic office till after his baptism, nor upon the priestly till he consecrated

himself in the prayer recorded John xvii. In a similar way he entered *initially* upon his kingly office at his birth, for he was "born King of the Jews;" (Matt. ii. 2;) but he did not enter *actually* upon it until after his resurrection, for then it was that "all power was given unto him in heaven and in earth." (Matt. xxviii. 18.) But it was more especially when he went up on high, and sat down at the right hand of the Father that the sceptre of royal dignity and power was put into his hands. In Ps. xxiv. we have a beautiful description of Zion's anointed King into the courts of bliss as he returned victorious from his conquest over sin, death, and hell: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of glory." Then did God highly exalt him, and give him a name which is above every name.

But as this subject is too wide for our present limits, we must defer our Meditations on it to a future Number.

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## REVIEW.

*Hart's Hymns. London: Collingridge, 117 to 119, Aldersgate Street, City.*

WE knew a good and gracious man who used to say that he never felt comfortable unless Hart's hymns lay within arm's reach. We need not say, after such an expression, what a precious treasure of comfort he had found in them. But it is not our object or intention to review Hart's hymns, for our praise would be like praising fine gold, and our criticism of them like searching for specks in a sheet of plate glass. The choicest of the saints of God have now for more than a hundred years testified, as with one voice, to the blessing which these hymns have been made to the church of Christ. In giving to his church two such men as Joseph Hart and William Huntington, what a feast of fat things, of wine on the lees well refined has the Lord of the house spread in his banqueting house over which floats the banner of eternal love. What a proof, too, is this that Jesus still lives and lives to bless. The chief thing, then, which now deserves notice and claims from us a few moments' attention is not so much to recommend such a priceless gift as Hart's hymns as to bring it more within the compass of the poor among the family of God, and to circulate such a treasure as widely as possible. Here the publisher whose name stands at the head of our present Article deserves a word of commendation from us. He has done much to give us cheap editions of this blessed hymn book; and his editions are not cheap and —; we will not use the obnoxious word, but really nice, we might almost say beautiful publications; printed on

a thin but firm, good paper, in clear, fresh, sharp type, and very free from those errata which so deface many cheap religious works.\*

Among the advantages of the edition before us is the giving of a table of the first lines of each verse, except the first line of the first verse, found in the usual index. As a profitable Railway Companion Mr. Collingridge has put up some copies of this edition in what is called in the trade Roan Tuck, that is, a nice little pocket book form, so that our good old friend, who always kept Hart's hymns within arm's reach, might now have carried a copy in his waistcoat pocket.

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### MERCY AND JUDGMENT.

"I will sing of mercy and of judgment; unto thee, O Lord, will I sing."

ARISE, my soul, ye earthly thoughts, take wing,  
 For to the Lord alone I now would sing;  
 Mercy and judgment both shall be my theme,  
 If the blest Spirit with celestial beam  
 On my dark soul now condescend to shine,  
 And it illumine with light and life divine;  
 For without him, no good can e'er accrue  
 From what I of myself attempt to do;  
 But if he aid, a grateful song I'll raise.  
 God's mercies and his judgments call for praise,  
 For both together do so sweetly blend.  
 God wields his rod, but shows himself a friend.  
 He spake in kindly whispers unto me,  
 That as my day was, so my strength should be.  
 Soon heavy trials followed in the rear,  
 But that sweet promise much allayed my fear.  
 Wearied and faint under my load of woe  
 Nature soon sank beneath the heavy blow;

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\* Amongst these carelessly-printed books we may name Mr. Doudney's edition of Rutherford's Letters. We attempted, in our copy, to correct the errata; but it proved a hopeless and endless task, and the few corrected pages looked like an office revise. Rutherford's Letters were in the first instance printed from the MS. copies which had been well nigh worn out with frequent perusal. The Scotch press was in those days singularly bad and incorrect, and thus these invaluable letters were published with all their faults on their heads, and the errors of the press besides. When, then, this edition is recommended as a republication from the old original edition, it is misleading those who are not acquainted with these circumstances. What we want is not a cheap republication of an edition full of faults and errors, but one revised with the utmost care, preserving all the old pithy language of the writer, but purified from its gross mistakes both of transcription and the press. But whilst we are on this subject, let us give Mr. Collingridge a piece of advice. Should he republish the slip he has printed from John Newton's Bible, we would recommend him to submit it to the revision of some good Latin scholar, as we defy any one, in its present form, to construe it; at least it has quite baffled all our attempts to do so, or we should have been pleased to insert it in our pages. If quotations are given from the learned languages, let them be printed correctly. We were, therefore, somewhat surprised to see all its errors faithfully transcribed in the "Gospel Magazine." Would the editor kindly favour us with the correction and translation of the quotation, and inform us also whence Newton took it? As a little clue to the discovery, we would suggest Buchanan's Latin version of the Psalms, a favourite book of John Newton's.

But mercy shone forth with a genial ray  
 To cheer me as I walked my thorny way;  
 And many mercies mingled with my grief,  
 Sent by the Lord himself for my relief.  
 O blessed Lord! I would adore that grace  
 That did in love compassionate my case.  
 Thou knew'st my frame, remembered'st I was dust,  
 And though thou chasteued'st, gav'st me faith to trust  
 And look to thee for strength in time of need;  
 And, Lord, I've proved thou art a friend indeed.  
 I would adore thy love and watchful care,  
 E'en when to thee I scarce could breathe a prayer,  
 For sometimes like a stone so hard I lay,—  
 And though in trouble, yet I could not pray.  
 And though thy mercies mingled with my woe,  
 No breath of praise did from my bosom flow,  
 Till thy blest Spirit with celestial rays  
 Melted my heart and turned my voice to praise.  
 Now, though affection's tears will sometimes flow  
 For that loved form now laid by death so low,  
 I dare not murmur, but my loss sustain,  
 And mercy whispers, "Death to him is gain."  
 To thee, bless'd Lord, thou glorious mighty King,  
 Of judgment and of mercy I would sing;  
 And though thy judgments sometimes seem severe,  
 I would submit, and thy bless'd will revere.  
 Let not thy judgments pass unheeded by,  
 But sanctify them, Lord, that I may lie  
 Low at thy feet in true humility,  
 Trusting, adoring, cleaving unto thee.  
 Let not thy mercies pass as common things;  
 In them, I'd view thy hand, thou King of kings;  
 With humble gratitude I would adore  
 For all that's past, and trust thee still for more;  
 But as I know my pathway here must lie  
 Through much affliction, Lord, to thee I cry;  
 Lead me, and guide me always in thy fear,  
 And in all trouble, Lord, thyself be near.  
 For mercies and for judgments I would raise  
 A song of love, and gratitude, and praise,  
 And at his feet in adoration fall,  
 And own him just, and crown him Lord of all.

A BABE IN ZION.

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THE confidence of God's children is never so complete that they are free from all fear, even the fear of unbelief; but still we ought to struggle against it, so as not to be hindered in the course of our calling.—*Calvin.*

SURELY, O my soul, if thy spiritual troubles return not again, they are but gone back to bring eternal troubles. It is with thee, O my soul, as with a man whose bones have been broken, and not well set; who must, how terrible soever it appear to him, endure the pain of breaking and setting them again, if ever he be made a sound man. O that I might rather choose to be the object of thy wounding mercy, than of thy sparing cruelty! If thou plough not up my heart again by compunction, I know it must be rent in pieces at last by desperation.—*Flavel.*

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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SEPTEMBER, 1862.

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MATT. V. 8; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 37, 38; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

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A SERMON BY MR. HAZLERIGG,

PREACHED AT FREDERICK STREET CHAPEL, BIRMINGHAM, LORD'S DAY MORNING,  
AUGUST 21ST, 1859.

"Then was I in his eyes as one that had found favour."—Sol. Song viii. 10.

*(Concluded from p. 235.)*

II. But we pass on to our second head, having to make some few remarks concerning the *loss* of God's favour. And our prayer and desire is that the Spirit of God may so fasten the words on some of your hearts that you may see and feel now, if never before, your lost estate and condition in this respect; for I am satisfied that without this divine operation of the Holy Ghost, the words of the preacher will prove but as pointless arrows.

In order to understand this matter, we have to consider two things: the creation of the whole race of mankind in their first parents; and the relation in which God stood to them as thus at first created in Adam.

The first Adam, like the second, was a public person; and at his first creation included all his unborn posterity in himself; so that the entire race of men were represented in him, and stood in his person before the Lord. This being the case, he was placed on trial, whether he would obey and serve in all respects his Creator or not; and to this end God gave him the simple commandment not to eat of one particular tree in the midst of the garden; all the rest he might freely eat of; everything for necessity and delight was most freely and abundantly bestowed upon him; but as a test of his obedience this one tree alone was forbidden him. Now we must not consider this as a mere arbitrary command of God. It was, on the contrary, in perfect harmony with the law of his being, and therefore for man's real good, that some test of his obedience should be given him. Without this, the highest powers of his soul, his will and conscience Godward, could not have had their proper exercise. He was created to love, serve, and obey his Maker; he was to be supremely happy and blessed in so doing. His conscience, whilst he kept God's holy law and served him perfectly, was to be his continual feast. As a good man, retaining a perfect integrity, he was to be abundantly satisfied from himself; and consequently, to make him, according to his nature, happy and blessed, it was necessary to give

him some injunction which should be accompanied with adequate sanctions, or the promise of life on obedience, and the threatening of death upon disobedience; and which should be the standing trial of his integrity. To have given him a law in the same form as the law was afterwards given upon Mount Sinai, would have been unsuitable to his state of innocence and purity, and, consequently, his obedience was put on trial by the injunction not to eat of the forbidden tree. We have, then, our whole race represented in Adam; we have it placed in the most favourable circumstances for obedience; we have this obedience tested in Adam for his and his posterity's good; for we may be sure the tree of knowledge and the command concerning it were no exceptions to the glorious benevolence of God in his creation, or the one thing of which it could not be said it was very good. No; all was good; all was ordered to the greatest advantage of man, God's creature; and under these circumstances Adam ate of the tree, sinned, and forfeited that conditional favour of God which was suspended on his obedience or disobedience to God; and when he fell all his posterity fell as included in him; so that the entire race became guilty before God, and lost to the conditional favour of their Maker. This is plainly stated by Paul in Romans v., where it is distinctly asserted that by the first Adam sin, or *the sin*, came into the world, and death, or *the death*, by sin, and so death passed upon all men in and through Adam, for that all have sinned in him. So that Adam no longer could be a fountain of innocence and life and peace to his posterity, but a fountain of bitter waters; and all the streams flowing from that corrupted source are full of sin, the curse and the death due to Adam's transgression.

Now, if we just glance at the relation in which God stood to the entire race as in Adam, this loss of the divine favour by every one of us naturally becomes more striking and clear. The standing of Adam before God was legal and conditional; it was entirely according to the tenor of the covenant of works. "This do and live" was really the burden of the command given him, though it was given in a forbidding form. It really meant, as long as Adam fulfilled the law of his being, and maintained a perfect integrity before God, serving and obeying him in all things, as bound to do, so long he should retain the favour of God; but failing herein, and swerving from integrity, this favour would be absolutely lost to him. Thus, then, God was made known unto Adam as a Creator, a Lawgiver, a King, a Judge, a just as well as infinitely wise and Almighty God. We see, then, how sin must have completely separated between man and his God; how the divine favour must have been forfeited by the fall. Was God his Creator? Then to this infinite benefactor, the source and upholder of his being, and the giver of all his blessings, his obedience and service were most justly due. How heinous, then, was his sin, and how abominable to a holy and infinitely just Creator. Was God his Lawgiver? What a solemn contempt did man, by transgression, put upon God in this light, breaking his law, and insulting the Lawgiver. Was God his King? Sin, then, was man's rebellion—a throwing off of the allegiance to his rightful Sovereign,

and setting up a fallen spirit and corrupt desires in God's place. Man, in fact, outraged every perfection of his Maker, and transgressed against every relationship in which he stood to his God. He disbelieved the veracity of the God of truth; he defied his power; he dared his vengeance; he arrayed infinite justice against him, and made himself filthy in the eyes of infinite holiness; he questioned and outraged, at a devil's suggestion, infinite goodness, denied the wisdom of his Maker, and in short, in, every point of view, by departing from the service of his God and the integrity of his own being, utterly forfeited the favour of his Creator; and, as we have seen, we also forfeited it in him; and from that time to this the entire race of men are naturally aliens from God, cut off from his conditional favour; or, according to the forcible words of Paul, "without God and without hope in the world."

III. We now, having dwelt upon the importance of the divine favour, and noticed the loss of it, proceed to our third head, concerning the *seeking* of this favour, thus naturally lost. This is entirely the work of the Holy Spirit of God. Isaiah sets our natural disregard of God forth; and some of us have felt the truth of his words, "There is none that calleth on thy name, that stirreth up himself to take hold of thee." So, then, if we are stirred up, it is by God. I ask you, my hearers, would you ever have sought after, ever even have had one genuine desire after God, unless the Spirit of God had stirred up your hearts to feel that his favour was the one thing needful? God's own testimony on the point is simple and decisive. Looking down from heaven upon the children of men, he declares there is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. So, then, if we have sought and are seeking after him, all our language must be,

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

Grace has made the difference. A man can receive nothing but that which is freely given him from heaven. We, as others, were dead in trespasses and sins, too blind to know God, too base to value Jesus, too blinded and besotted by sin and worldliness, lies and delusions, to really see and feel our need of the divine favour, and truly and heartily to seek after it. But in respect of seeking God, the sons of men may be divided into three classes,—those who are quite indifferent to the divine favour, who answer to the apostle's description of the Gentiles; they follow not after righteousness; they live without exercises about, or any efforts after the favour and acceptance of God; and O what crowds must range themselves, if truthful to their condition, under this head. Those who are in some degree awakened to a consciousness that divine acceptance is a matter of great importance, but who go about obtaining it in an entirely unscriptural and delusive way, endeavouring to establish some righteousness of their own before God, whilst neglecting and despising the righteousness of Christ; these are like the Babel builders of old, endeavouring, by human efforts, and with human merits, to establish themselves under the favour of God. Of this second class some are

mere natural men, entirely deceived, altogether a prey to a legal and self-righteous spirit; but others have the life of God's Spirit underneath all in their hearts; and these work themselves out in working for life; they find their legal labour all in vain, and at length have their eyes opened to see the sin and madness of their legal, Christ-denying efforts.

“Indignant Justice stood in view;  
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew.  
But Justice cried, with frowning face,  
This mountain is no hiding-place.”

Then the blessed Spirit directs their hearts into the way of peace, leading them to seek God's favour in the right way, even by coming to the Lord Jesus; trampling all righteousness of their own beneath their feet, and seeking to find favour with Christ, not by works of righteousness which they have done, but by casting themselves as lost sinners upon God's free mercy in him. Now these are the true seekers; these are the Spirit-taught and led persons; and these each say, in the long run, “In the Lord have I righteousness and strength.” “Then was I in his eyes as one that had found favour.”

But about this true seeking we notice the following things. It is honest and sincere seeking. These persons seek according to the Scriptural expression, “with the whole heart;” and it is such earnest, thorough-hearted seekers who obtain the blessing.” (Prov. ii.) It is diligent, prayerful seeking. “Yea, with my spirit within me,” says Isaiah, (xxvi. 9,) “will I seek thee early.” They dig for Christ as for hid treasure, and lift up their voice for understanding. It is proper seeking: “In the way of thy judgments,” (Isa. xxvi. 8,) the way laid down by God, “have we waited for thee.” These persons seek the Lord, not in paths of allowed, habitual sin, not in worldliness, not amid pleasures, gayeties, and follies; but they seek him in means of grace, public and private. They go forth by the footsteps of the flock, (Song i. 8,) and seek Jesus where Jesus is to be met with. He feeds not amid the lion's dens, but in the gardens and amidst the lilies, in the means of grace and amidst his people. It is persevering seeking. The merchantman seeks goodly pearls till the pearl of price is found. “One thing,” says David, “have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after” till I obtain it. God's people, though often faint, are still seeking and pursuing; and though, to their own sense and feeling of things, their warmth of pursuit may vary, great coldness may oppress them, and they may at times hardly seem to seek at all, yet there is a something at the bottom of their hearts which cannot give it up, which still is alive, still desiring, still restless without Christ, yea, still pursuing, until they can say of Jesus, “Then was I in his eyes as one that had found favour.”

IV. But we will proceed to our fourth head; the *finding* of favour with Christ, according to the words of the text. This, as we have said, is a conscious finding of favour in the Lord's eyes. It is as though the spouse had said, “Then I perceived myself to be one having found favour with the Lord Jesus, and therefore with God in him.”

It is written of Noah, (Gen. vi. 8,) “But Noah found grace in the

eyes of the Lord." This made all the difference between his portion and that of the world round about him. With him God conversed familiarly, as with a friend, provided for his safety, and sheltered him and his house when he brought a flood upon the world of the ungodly; and sooner or later all true seekers after this favour of the Lord Jesus shall find it, and sweetly experience it, as he did. When a thousand fall beside them, and ten thousand at their right hand, they shall not fear, for they shall be assured it shall not come nigh them, for they shall see themselves, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, to be those who have found favour with the Lord. There is a sweet promise to those who are diligently and earnestly seeking this favour, assuring them of ultimately finding what they seek: "Ask," says Jesus, "and ye shall have; seek, and ye shall find; for every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth." So, then, there can be no final disappointment to those who have hearts given them to seek God's favour in Christ. But still there is a set time to favour Zion; and until the proper, and therefore the best, time to reveal his love with power is come, the Lord Jesus may cover his face from these seekers as with a cloud. Christ is with them whilst seeking. His right hand of free grace upholds them; therefore they thus follow hard after him, and yet they cannot see this to be the case. Like the two disciples journeying to Emmaus, their eyes are holden.

"No Christ is seen, although the Guide."

Some have to go longer than others before they obtain in this respect what they want. God is a Sovereign, and in some cases he very quickly reveals the fulness of his love and mercy and grace to the soul; in others, after a long, tedious journey through a legal wilderness of drought, and thirst, and horrors. Paul was filled with the Holy Ghost on the third day; the gaoler at Philippi trembled and rejoiced in the same night. Some go for a long period under a spirit of bondage; indeed, some travel onwards weary and heavy-laden to a dying hour, being all their lives long, in a literal sense, subject to a bonding distress of spirit, through fear of death; yet at evening time finding sweet and comforting light. Thus we cannot say when or how, but in the light of the promise we can say that in due season the sincere seeker shall find favour experimentally with Christ.

But again. We may observe that this very seeker is the man that, until he does find it, will be the person most open to doubts, fears, and distresses upon the point of finding. He who sees little importance in a thing, or feels little desire after it, is not much exercised or troubled about obtaining it; but the man of earnest heart is the man who for a time is almost overwhelmed with fears lest the blessing never should be his. This man fears he is not the real seeker, that he is not in earnest, does not seek so as to find; fears Christ has no favour for him; fears he is a reprobate, not a vessel of mercy; that he is growing worse instead of better, getting farther from the object desired instead of nearer to it; in fact, has a thousand sad, desponding thoughts, at times, come into his mind as to his state

and condition; and perhaps, just when the set time to favour him has come, is ready to give all up; for when the Son of man, according to the promise, comes to build up Zion out of the dust, shall he find faith on the earth? But the mercy is, though we faint, Jesus lives; and though we believe not, he remains faithful, he cannot deny himself; and so when the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and his tongue faileth for thirst, the Lord hears his want, draws nigh to his distresses, and takes this opportunity of his necessity for manifesting the abundance of his mercy. All Scripture is full of this. Christ gives his cordials to the fainting, and cheers up the sinking spirit by the deep draughts of his everlasting love, showing the poor, almost-despairing sinner the freeness and fulness of his favour. The seeking is of the Spirit, the discovery is of the Spirit. The child of God learns he cannot do these things for himself, not only scripturally but experimentally; and this makes him seek for the blessing in a way of prayer; and though he is sometimes ready to give up prayer too, as the Lord seems to shut out his cries, yet he cannot give it up; he must cry, he does cry; he sighs, he groans; and these are prayers with God; and at length the eye of love and mercy, which has all along been watching over the man, and directing him to the blessed issue, looks forth in sweetness upon him. Then his heart leaps within him; he has found what he wants; he is now in the eyes of Jesus as one who has found favour. The blessed Spirit shows him that Christ is his righteousness, Christ his redemption by his blood, Christ his wisdom and strength, Christ his all,—and that Christ is all this to him by the free gift and through the eternal love of the Father; and so finding favour in the eyes of Christ, the man becomes conscious in his heart that he is an object of the eternal love of the Three blessed Persons in the Trinity; for the love of God is now shed sweetly abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost which is given him. Now he feels abundantly rewarded for all his toil and sorrow, and remembers, whilst exulting in the favour of God in Christ, no more the anguish, for joy that he has come at length, though by so rough and weary a road, to the city of eternal habitation.

Now all this may be effected, not only with an infinite variety in respect of time, but also of means; with a word or without a word; on the knees in prayer, in the field, the shop, the place of business, on the road, in the street, under preaching, in using the ordinances,—in fact, we cannot and must not tie down the Almighty God to particular ways of accomplishing his purposes. He will work, and work, too, as he pleases, and none shall let it. All we can say is, that the work shall be according to the word, though perhaps no particular word may effect or accompany it. There is only one truth, one Lord, one faith; and so, though the one Spirit may accomplish his designs in thousands of ways, the result shall be substantially the same. It is always in the eyes of one God, a God in Christ Jesus, that the poor, distressed, seeking soul finds favour. And this brings us to our last point; to

V. Notice some of the *effects* resulting from this finding of favour in the eyes of Christ.

In the first place, the child of God now experiences a sweet peace reigning in his heart and conscience through Jesus Christ. Before this, for peace he probably had great bitterness; but now God extends peace to him as a river. Being justified by faith, he has peace with God. Now is fulfilled to him the sweet promise in Isa. lx.: "I will make thy officers peace." The peace of God which passeth all understanding keeps his heart and mind through Christ Jesus. This is not a false peace, or a carnal, ungrounded security, but peace upon the sure foundation of truth. Where there is no pardon of sin, no justification, no covenant eternal favour, there can be no true, well-grounded repose. This the poor seeking soul felt; and consequently, until the abundance of peace-giving truth was revealed to and in him, he could not rest in his soul. But now, being freely justified by God's grace, and seeing himself accepted in and by the Beloved, he sings of covenant love, and rests in the favour of him in whose eyes he now sees himself to have found mercy.

Again. The child of God is full of a holy, sweet joy. He knows the meaning of Peter's words, "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet, believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." This is not like the joy of the hypocrite or the laughter of fools; it is not founded on a man's own supposed merits, or based on creature and temporary things; it is a joy in God, upon the foundation of his own free grace and glorious truth, revealed in the Scriptures, and brought with power into the distressed sinner's heart by the Holy Ghost. It has truth for its foundation, God in Christ for its object, and the Holy Spirit for its experimental origin; and, therefore, is not a joy of folly but of wisdom; a joy glorious now, and full of an earnest of a brighter immortality.

Accompanying this sweet joy and peace in believing is love,—love to God, love to man, love to the brethren, benevolence to a man's poor ruined fellow-creatures. The law commands love, but the gospel gives it: "Which thing is true in him and in you, because the darkness is past and the true light now shineth." (1 John ii. 8.) Love was always present in God's heart to his people, but not in them towards him. But when the true Light sweetly shineth, we love him because he first loved us. His love revealed draws out our love in a sweet answerableness to him. As the sun draws upwards the vapours from the earth, so the love of God revealed in Christ draws upwards our heart's affections unto him; and then these affections, being thus drawn heavenward in love to God, distil again in the sweet showers of brotherly love, and general benevolence to our fellow Christians and fellow creatures. Love, then, in this sweet, blessed feeling and exercise of it, abounds when in Christ's eyes we are as those who have found favour. Love, in the principle of it, was in the seeker; but love, in the sweet sense and abounding of it, is in the finder. Beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, who in Christ is revealed to be love, we are changed into the loving image.

Then humility abounds at the same time. When Job found favour, he cried, "Behold, I am vile," and abhorred himself, repenting in dust and ashes. Never is a child of God lower and less in his own eyes than when he stands with conscious acceptance before the eyes of his gracious Maker and Redeemer. Exalted to the highest glory, he sinks into the deepest self-abasement; and the crown placed upon his head by the hands of eternal love he takes off with the hands of humility, and casts down at the feet of the God who, in Christ, has thus loved him.

Then obedience becomes sweet. "What shall I render to the Lord for all his favours bestowed upon me?" is now the felt cry of the heart. When Isaiah's lips were touched with a live coal from the altar, those lips, cleansed by blood and fired by love, cried unto the Lord Jesus, "Here am I; send me." Cowper excellently describes the change from legal efforts to gospel free obedience:

"What shall I do,' was then the word,  
 'That I may holier grow?'  
 'What shall I render to the Lord?'  
 Is my inquiry now."

Thus the freed man of Christ becomes bound by the sweetest ties to obedience. Faith in his divine favour works love, and love is the free principle of all sweet and acceptable obedience.

Now, too, comes a real delight in means of grace and ordinances. The Bible, what a book it becomes, when every page is perfumed with the name of Jesus, in whose eyes we have found favour! It becomes the field of Sharon to us, now that in that field we can discover Jesus as our Saviour, and full of grace and truth. Prayer becomes a delight, not a task; and so it is at such times in the use of other means. In fact the substance of Watts's lines is felt:

"My willing soul would stay  
 In such a frame as this;  
 And sit and sing herself away  
 To everlasting bliss."

We would be constantly bringing Jesus into our mother's house, into the chamber of her who conceived us. We love to abide in the galleries or means of grace, when Christ is held in those galleries, and in his eyes we are as those who have found favour.

Then, too, sin is renounced. We say of it, "Get thee hence; other lords have had dominion over us, but now, by thee only, Lord Jesus, will we make mention of thy name." To Satan we say, "Get thee hence." Even self is trodden under foot; for love is so mighty a principle that the Dagon of Self falls before it, and we feel willing to be anything, do anything, yea, even suffer anything, so that Christ may be glorified in us, whether by life or by death.

And, not to mention more things, we conclude with one other sweet result: We rejoice in hope of the glory of God. The fear of death is gone, for the sting of death is quite taken from the conscience; pardon of sins, the receiving of the atonement, the assurance that it shall be well with us when we come to die, the sweet persuasion that to die will be gain, as only being a dissolving of that which

keeps us yet at some distance from the Lord,—these, and other things, make death appear desirable. O we would now, even now, be dissolved, and be with Jesus. But if it is his will that we should tarry here awhile, even so, Lord Jesus. Come life, come death, all is bright, all is full of hope, all abounds with fair prospects of bliss. Our windows are of agate, our prospects full of blessedness, now that in Jesus' eyes we are as those who have found favour.

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### NO CHASTISEMENT FOR THE PRESENT SEEMETH TO BE JOYOUS, BUT GRIEVOUS.

My dear Friend,—You say in yours that many changes, mountains, knots, crooks, and rough places have appeared before you, since you last saw me. Yes, but the Lord has been better to you than all your fears, and has made the crooked things straight. In many things which come upon us we feel at the time quite overwhelmed, and know not what to do. Still there is a secret something which bears us up and keeps us looking and hanging on him who is mighty to save in the greatest of straits. This, my friend, you have proved over and over again, that he is a faithful God, in all your trials, difficulties, and afflictions, though sharp. But the end of them has proved and will prove to be sweet and good to you. How was it with Jacob when he exclaimed, “Me have ye bereaved of my children; Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away. All these things are against me,” &c. (Gen. xlii. 36-38.) Yes, so he spake as he thought at the time; but could not have had the least conception of those things that were laid up for him in the womb of providence, which were afterwards to prove a blessing to him; so that this was a further proof of the truth of the Scriptures, in which Paul, by the Holy Spirit, writes to the Hebrews, (xii. 11,) “Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous; nevertheless, afterward, it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby.” This has been my prayer, and is daily, that I may be rightly and truly exercised in the way that Paul speaks of there, and be made submissive and resigned to his will in all things which he may see fit to lay upon me; for I well know, when in my right mind, that he cannot err. But how often do I murmur and rebel against him and his ways towards me. What a merciful God he is in showing mercy to such a wretch; and, instead of cutting me off from all hope whatever, he whispers peace to my troubled conscience, and raises my drooping faith again; and, as Hart says,

“True faith's the life of God;  
Deep in the heart it lies.  
It lives and labours under load;  
Though damp'd, it never dies.”

This has been a great help to me at times, for I have feared whether I had any faith at all; then when I have felt a little working of faith, as I hoped it was true and genuine, there has been something which has still kept me up. But this has not lasted long; and then I have feared again. O what poor changing mortals we are; or, leastwise, I feel myself so to be, and daily need that helping hand that changes not ever to keep me and to hold me up.

I had a good time at Leicester with our friends M<sup>r</sup>. K., J. C. P., and Kershaw, and the friends there. How good and pleasant it is when we can meet together, and feel of one heart and mind, and not afraid to speak to one another. I stayed with them two nights, when I returned with Mr. I. from Faversham, and felt quite at home with them. A real

union of hearts knits strangers together in the best of things. This I can say, that I have found it to be so since I have been away from home this time.

Yours in the Truth,

Faversham, Oct. 29th, 1846.

G. BROADBRIDGE.

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A LETTER TO HIS ENGLISH FRIENDS, BY  
THE LATE DR. URIEL LINDSLEY.

Dear Friend,—I am come to inform you how I first became acquainted with the writings of Mr. Huntington, and to inquire something more particularly about him. About the time of his decease, his “Bank of Faith” fell into my hands, and one year afterwards, two octavo volumes of his “Epistles of Faith,” which whetted my appetite for more. By private friends I made diligent search in all our seaport towns for the rest of his works, but in vain. As I did not know how much he had written, nor how to direct a line for further information, to the Fountain of wisdom I went for a solution of the mystery, and to the Father of mercies for a supply of my wants. I asked him to send me the whole or a part of the writings of W. H. As to a choice of what part he should send me I was in the dark, not knowing what subjects Mr. H. had treated on; but my ever-blessed Director and Comforter chose for my next perusal two volumes, “Gleanings of the Vintage;” and one volume, “Letters between W. H. and J. Jenkins, with a Funeral Sermon from 1 Thess. &c.,” and sent them by the hand of a man that I never had seen nor heard of before, who lived in Savannah, in Georgia, 1,000 miles from me; and what is still more mysterious, he had never read them himself; and I live one mile out of the city, yet the Lord sent him even to me. Thus faith got her demand, and sent back a tribute of unspeakable gratitude in return. Those only who are privy to the banner of eternal love being struck to the power of faith know the preciousness of such seasons or gifts.

As I could only retain these books 14 days to read them, I imitated the poet,

“Join'd night to day, and Sunday to the week.”

You might well think that being so limited for time, it behoved me to glean diligently and without loss of time. I did so, and found it very profitable. I was inclined to think that the Lord of the vineyard had given orders when the vintage was gathered, for the workmen not to be particular in gathering every cluster; and I suspect that Boaz told the reapers not to gather the corners of the field, but to let some handfuls of bread fall, that those who came to glean in his field need not be induced to go into other fields to glean, seeing “in my Father’s house there is bread enough and to spare.” By this extraordinary answer to prayer, I took encouragement humbly, but boldly, to ask for the whole works, and though Satan made some faint attempts to prevent the suit, it was answered from above continually, “Is anything too hard for God?” I never had a doubt of a moment’s continuance but I should obtain the whole of the above-mentioned works. You may probably ask, “Why so much labour and travail to obtain the works? Why did you not send immediately to Loudon and purchase a copy?” In answer to such queries, I must say the Lord never intended me for independence; but he shortly afterwards raised up a man who went to a bookseller, and told him to send for the whole works complete, and that he would be responsible for the payment. He sent, and in June, 1818, we obtained 20 volumes. It said on the title-page, “Completed to 1806.” They cost 75 dollars (£15). We sent again, and got last fall three volumes “Post-humous Works,” and I am expecting, this present month, two volumes,

“Gleanings of the Vintage,” and one volume, “Letters to J. Jenkins, and a Funeral Sermon from 1 Thess., &c.” The winter past we received some of his “Spiritual Sea Voyage,” in pamphlets; so that you see I am obliged to live by faith, even in obtaining the whole of the writings of Mr. H. The firm we have employed to obtain our purposes is How and De Forest, Booksellers, New Haven, and the firm they deal with is George Cowie and Co., Poultry, London. H. and D. are going to write C. and Co. for us for the remainder of the works, and I shall enclose another letter to you with theirs, informing you whether we got the Gleanings, &c., and send a catalogue of the subjects we want, and entreat you, for Christ Jesus’ sake, that you will be particular in forwarding C. and Co. all that we have not got of Mr. H.’s writings. I want no duplicates, but one entire set of all that he ever published. I do not know what we may receive by the expected packet, therefore I cannot now send the inventory of what we want.

I must now proceed to make a little inquiry concerning your much-loved and invaluable friend and pastor, the late Mr. Huntington; for envy and malice, with their hydra heads and envenomed tongues, have not suffered his reputation to escape their polluted touch, even in this distant clime. (Mark xiv. 56.) Did he always escape the common insensibility of professors? Did not his presence awe his persecutors at times to shame and silence? Did not he reveal all mysteries in his riddles to his intimates? Is there any preacher left behind him (Elisha-like) possessed of a double portion of his spirit? What is his name and place of residence? How do the churches fare that he planted and watered? Do they decline or not? Has the Lord sent leanness of soul and cleanness of teeth, and famine of the word to them? or are they fed abundantly and nurtured in the fear of God? Did he always preach with his eyes fixed on the north-west corner of the room and his right hand hold of the upper left button of his coat during a whole exercise? for so say some in this city who pretend to have heard him preach. Was he contemptuous in his deportment? I ask not these questions for my own sake, but that I may have wherewith to stop the mouths of calumniators, (Tit. i. 9, 11,) for his own writings are a sufficient evidence to faith in his favour, though they will not satisfy the world. There is not a person in my knowledge, since the days of Paul, who writes so much in the apostolic style, according to my judgment, or who is so manifest to my conscience in the sight of God as he; and it was with the greatest regret I heard of his death at the time I first became acquainted with his writings. Is his wife alive? Are any of his children copying his faith, and which? Who is “Philomela?” Is she still alive? What is her name, and where is her abode? What is meant by the “King’s Dale and Desert?”

As I know none in this country who hold the faith once delivered to the saints, as Mr. H. did, and as he was a man after my own heart, I should exceedingly like to find a perpetual correspondent of the true Huntingtonian stamp, either in yourself, or in some one of your acquaintance, by whom I might learn whatever is of importance in the churches among you, to whom I might communicate the same kind of intelligence from this quarter, and to whom, and from whom, I could reciprocally receive and communicate of the things of the life to come, that together we might dwell on the theme of redeeming love and grace, till our hearts should burn with seraphic love, and all our powers were swallowed up in contemplation of that mysterious plan devised in the eternal council for man’s redemption,—a theme that will occupy the attention of the ransomed when time shall be no more, and when God shall be all in all.

Mr. H., I have before observed, was a man after my own heart. Probably you would like to know wherein. 1. In the first place, then, he notes

himself as standing in the front rank of sinners; 2. Called out of the ordinary way; 3. When the Father revealed the Son in him the hope of glory, he scarcely knew whether he was in the body or not; 4. He was instructed with a strong hand that he should not say "a confederacy" with nominal professors; 5. He had long-continued temptations from Satan as well as abundance of fiery darts and buffetings. Spiritually, he always appeared to occupy business in deep waters. The Lord never suffered him to remain long upon the lees, but emptied him from vessel to vessel; 6. He was indulged with visions and revelations; 7. He eminently lived by faith, not only in spiritual things but in temporal, and made religion subservient to all purposes of life. In short, it is evident, from his writings, that God raised him up to scourge the lifeless professors, who deny the power of godliness while they content themselves with the form, and to lead back to the true fold the inquiring but wandering sheep; and to give weight to the whole, he lived religion itself.

As I do not know how credulous you are, it may be necessary for me to particularise a little. At the age of 25, when to human probability my conversion was the most unlikely event that could have taken place, the Lord spake to me in thunder and lightning. "For God speaketh once, yea, twice, but man perceiveth it not, in a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man, in slumberings of the bed, then he openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction." In such a time there appeared to me in human form, clothed with a loose white garment, at the foot of my bed, a resplendent figure, or person, telling me, in an audible voice, "If you do not attend to the salvation of your soul, you will be damned." The impression this made upon me, though great beyond description, did not awake me. I wept my pillow wet, and did not awake by some hours so early as usual. I was confounded at what had passed in my sleep, but soon found means to quiet the agitations of my mind. This happened while I was at my eldest sister's, who was married, and lived 50 miles from my place of residence. A few weeks afterwards, I returned there again. The night came on, and I retired to rest; but no sooner were my eyes closed in sleep than the same (vision shall I call it?) appeared with far more splendour and painful reality than before, and repeated the same words. The effect was similar, only I could not so easily rid myself of distressing anxiety as before. However, in a few hours the impression left me. After three or four weeks' lapse of time, journeying, I lodged at the same place again; and no sooner had I retired to rest than the same vision, with awful identity, appeared at the foot of my bed, and delivered the same impressive message as before. The impression now made was never more to be obliterated. I endured the greatest agony about my future state and more pregnant anguish and remorse than I ever did before or since. My pillow was wet again with my tears. Notwithstanding my distressing anxiety, I did not awake until the sun had risen some considerable height. In vain I strove to recover the common thoughtless gaiety of my mind. The scenery of the night past effectually drove me from this my refuge of lies. A heavy burden lay on my mind all the following day. There was, however, no real conviction of sin, but only an impenetrable darkness. Late the following night I retired to rest, but my mind was too much agitated to admit of sleep. While I lay in this situation, there came a powerful influence on me to pray. How to pray I knew not. While I resisted, the impulse increased, till pressing necessity urged me out of bed, and on my knees compelled me to make a decisive determination to seek the pardoning mercy and love of God at a throne of grace, or die supplicating. This is the way I was first effectually alarmed.

I shall now, for the want of room and time, pass over the interval between this and the beaming of eternal glory on my soul, and show you the manner of that. When I was burdened with guilt in the extreme, I went out into the fields in the evening, knelt down, and begged, for Christ's sake, that God would grant me an absolute submission to his will. A sudden horror thrilled through my veins; I ceased to pray; I beheld myself guilty before God, as having no excuse to make; that I was wholly at his mercy; if he left me to perish he would be just. In this silence and suspense I remained some considerable time. Everything in nature conspired to the solemnity of the scene. The night was remarkably clear and still, without a moon, the Cayuga Lake smooth as glass, the streams high poured down the rocks into the lake from every side. Except the rivulets and tinkling of bells, a dread silence seemed to reign over universal nature. This suspense was succeeded by an unpremeditated, supernatural, absolute, and involuntary resignation to the will of God. \* \* \* I arose from the place, light as air. The burden of guilt was wholly removed. I went to bed and slept quietly; but when I awoke in the morning, though my consciousness of guilt was all gone, I felt no sensible love, no gratitude to God. I concluded he had withdrawn the convicting operations of his Holy Spirit from me. A painful anxiety now agitated my mind, and I prayed God would continue his convictions, and not take from me a sense of my need of a Saviour; but I could no more feel the guilt I had formerly done. I continued in this state till the afternoon of the third day, when it pleased God of his infinite mercy suddenly to dispel my fears. A ray of heavenly light beamed upon my soul, and then, for the first time, I beheld the mediatorial character and glory of Jesus Christ with ineffable clearness. My whole soul was captivated and lost in the prospect. I retired in solitude to express my gratitude, and enjoy an extatic interview with my divine Benefactor and Deliverer. O how inexpressibly precious was my Redeemer in the rich, boundless, and overflowing manifestations of his gracious presence.

"The dear extatic scene no words can show,  
And none but by experience e'er can know."

From this time I enjoyed sweet and almost uninterrupted communion with God for nearly 12 months; after which I experienced some small decay of spiritual fervour for almost a year, though not without some joyful foretastes of that exalted felicity prepared for the redeemed. This was succeeded by the most near, intimate, and exalted communion with God, accompanied by clear, strong, unwavering faith in Jesus Christ, and confidence in the promises. I walked as in the immediate presence of God, and had most of the time clear and comprehensive views of his omniscience and omnipotence, which made me shun the very appearance of evil. I well knew, for I felt it, that "God is love." My heart was ravished with the riches of his grace; my whole soul was swallowed up in the prospect; there was an overflowing fullness. So great and so bright were the manifestations of Jesus, that it seemed many times as if nature would dissolve and faith be changed for vision. My faith in Jesus Christ was so strong, my confidence in God so great, and the inexpressible, immediate, and intimate communion I enjoyed with the Holy Spirit such, that I never could or dare open fully to any one. I had such enlarged views of the way of salvation by Jesus Christ, and the extent, purity, and spirituality of the divine law that it seemed to me everyone might behold it. It appeared evident to me that God could in no way be just if he did not punish the finally impenitent with everlasting banishment from his presence. I saw sin to be so exceeding sinful, and was so fearful of it and of myself on account of it, lest I should fall into it, that I anxiously desired to die, yea, prayed that God would take me

to himself before I should dishonour him by backsliding; but I was not answered in this particular. Many times, when I have attempted to pray, my Redeemer has prevented me with his grace and has answered my request before I had time to ask, and the Holy Spirit has helped my infirmities with groanings that could not be uttered.

“ This, this is grace indeed. Grace!  
Not to be thought on but with tides of joy;  
Not to be mention'd but with shouts of praise!”

Since the above-mentioned season, I have compassed Mount Sinai about, having scarcely any guides but those who preach legality in the abstract, nor any associates but those who are of the same cast; so that, occasionally,

“ I roam through long and dreary night,  
Where no day-star appears,  
To warn me of approaching light,  
Or chase away my fears.”

Yet I have never for a moment lost sight of my interest in the covenant of promise since God first showed it to me.

To repeat it again, I want you to introduce me to a correspondent who is acquainted with the great things of God, who looks at things that are not seen, and feels their importance. If “*Philomela, of the King's Dale,*” is still alive, show her this, and tell her my heart is knit to her in the bonds of eternal love, and that we shall shout, “*Salvation to our God and to the Lamb,*” as soon as mortality drops the curtain. In this country we transport pamphlets the greatest distance with less postage than letters the same distance. I do not know whether you can send a single pamphlet to this place without it passing through the Custom House. If you can, I wish you would send Mr. H.'s treatise, or sermon, on “*The Eternal Setting of the Sun,*” by the first opportunity, as I have a great curiosity to see it from its title.

What I have written to you of my conversion is without ornament or comment. It is simple and abridged, for want of room and time. It is a plain statement of facts as they occurred. If it would be gratifying or edifying, I may at some future time give it to you in full. Tautologies and errors in writing I have made, but have not time to correct them, having sat up the principal part of last night to accomplish what I have already written. I expected I should have found Mr. H.'s Correspondence with Elizabeth Morton, and his Letter on that passage of Scripture, “*Quench not the Spirit;*” but they are not in the 20 volumes. If you have them separate in pamphlets from other parts of the works that I have not yet obtained, I should like to have them when How and Co. send to London next time.

Should you or any of your acquaintance choose to correspond with me, direct to Dr. Uriel S. Lindsley, New Haven, Connecticut, North America.

These three letters in one I send by private hand, Mrs. Sophia Lee, wife of Mr. Thomas Lee, of Liverpool, England. Please to be so kind, sir, when I send out by H. and H., to send to G. Cowie and Co. all the writings of Mr. H. that I have not in my possession, of which I will inform you at that time, and you will much oblige

Your Brother and Companion in Tribulation,  
and in the Kingdom and Patience of Jesus Christ,  
New Haven, America, May 4th, 1819. U. S. LINDSLEY.

[In our volumes for 1853 and 1854 will be found some weighty letters from Dr. Lindsley, and a long account of his Christian experience, of which he has given here but a slender sketch. The above letter was written, we believe, to Mr. Bensley, Mr. Huntington's printer.]

## Obituary.

### MARIA ADELAIDE PRIOR.

IMMEDIATELY after the death of my dear wife, I felt a desire to write a few lines as a memorial of her, and of the Lord's dealings with her in providence and grace. During her life of Christian experience she was the subject of many changes of a gracious kind; but she had not the ability or courage to speak much of what she knew and felt. The language of the prophet Zechariah was very applicable to her; "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." The unctuous power of these words was experimentally felt in her heart. She knew what it was to feel helpless in salvation matters, and for years she had felt her need of the Saviour; but could not, until the last few weeks of her life, say that she was his. She had long felt a union to God's chosen people, those whose hearts were broken and whose spirits were contrite, and who felt a trembling within them at God's word. She was anxious that they should be her chief companions, and where they went she would like to go; yet she was continually complaining of doubts and fears respecting her own interest in the merits of Jesus.

During the ten years we were acquainted with each other, we conversed together many times upon the subject of Divine grace in the soul. We could not see eye to eye, in all we conversed upon, neither was there at all times a sympathy of feeling upon the points we discussed; but there was one exception, and upon that point we could always agree. We both felt how lost and helpless we were, and how much we needed the intercession and mediation of Jesus and God's sovereign mercy in him. We felt that unless we were saved freely, we must perish for ever. We could both testify of the sovereignty of the Spirit in his dealings with the soul. Her path was very different to mine. I could state somewhere about the time when regenerating grace began to manifest itself in me and my conduct; but she could not remember the time when grace took possession of her heart. The work in her soul was secret and gradual; she had felt an inward monitor in her conscience checking her against immoral actions and conduct ever since she was a child, when she was accustomed to attend a Sabbath school in connection with the Church of England.

At a very early age she was possessed with religious impressions, believing it to be her duty to attend a place of worship on the Lord's day; and, as I have just observed, she had a great fear of offending God by anything immoral. She was a communicant at the Church of England for five or six years, during which period her soul went through many changes. She had a natural feeling against professing what she could not comfortably enjoy, and was consequently accused at times of being shallow-minded. Writing to one who thus accused her, she said, "I notice much more than you appear to be aware of; my mind, you say, does not expand. Well, I like to be kept in a righteous circle; it may be a small one;

but I hope it is a sanctified one." She did not like to step any further than the Holy Spirit led her, and this spirit she manifested up to the day of her death.

As is the case with most persons when young in religion, her mind was greatly tainted with Arminianism, free-will, and universal redemption. She has told me many times that during the years 1846-7, she did her best to be saved, or to enjoy peace of conscience by a consistent walk and conversation. She tried to be as religious as she possibly could, and felt determined, if possible, to obtain peace of conscience before God; but she felt an aching void in her soul, which no power of the flesh could satisfy. She confessed that she failed, and felt sorrow of heart, and at last made up her mind not to attempt it again. At this time she was living at her native place, Cambridge, at her own home. The ministry under which she sat was a kind of duty-faith and Arminianism mixed. This system coming in contact with her spirit greatly perplexed her. Being in soul trouble she looked up to the ministry for comfort; but under this erroneous system she could not be established. She said there was a certain something always bubbling up in her soul, telling her that her eternal security could not depend upon carnal faith nor yet upon faith at all, meritiously, for she was convinced that if ever she was saved there must be a something else; and for this something else she prayed, cried, and groaned a long time.

During the time in which she was exercised in this manner, some friends with whom she was acquainted lent her Christopher Ness's Antidote against Arminianism. This book she tried to read, but having never heard such strong arguments before, and being entangled at the time with free-will and duty-faith, she could not proceed with it, and told her friend the next time they met that she could not get on with Ness, for she could not comprehend his arguments. Her friend told her not to trouble herself about it, but to lay it on one side for the present, and after a while she might feel disposed to take it up again. She told me that day and night she thought of the book, and she felt determined, if possible, to understand more of it. She took it up again and again, sometimes early in the morning before any of the family were awake. At last Divine light sprang into her soul, her eyes were opened, her understanding was enlightened, and by this book, instrumentally, she was led to see and feel what the salvation of her soul entirely depended upon, viz., the eternal and sovereign love of God the Father, the life, blood, and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the sanctifying influence of the blessed Spirit. When this light first sprang into her soul, she said her spirit leaped for joy. She could not open her heart to any of her family, she being the only one that felt any desire to serve God and to fear his name. She was frequently ridiculed by her brothers and sisters on account of her religion, and was styled by them at times a chapel-trotter. For several months she was in the habit of attending a Sabbath morning prayer meeting, at 7 o'clock. She would get up and attend the meeting,

return home, and attend to her domestic duties, and the principal part of the family would not know that she had been out.

I would just remark here that I was in the habit of attending this meeting at the same time, but I did not then know her personally. She opened her feelings to those friends who could sympathise with her, and she felt a union to all those who loved the same glorious truths, whether they attended the Established Church or dissenting chapels.

In 1847 she was removed in providence to a situation at Richmond, in Surrey, in a clergyman's family. Here she was compelled to attend the church at which her master officiated; but she used to tell me that it was a barren ministry to her. Her only religious comfort at this time was when she sat alone in her own room, meditating upon the Scriptures of truth, and reading the "Gospel Magazine" and the "Gospel Standard." Her master frequently spoke to her in a jeering manner. He knew her principles and the books which she read. He was what is commonly termed an evangelical clergyman, yet he manifested a very great hatred towards the doctrines of discriminating grace. Her mistress was in the habit of holding Bible classes, which were attended by several young women. Of course the servants of the household were expected to attend, which Maria did. But she was a speckled bird amongst them. The kingdom of God was set up in her soul, and she could not help speaking of the things which, by faith, she had handled and felt. The manifestation of the spirit of discriminating grace, in answer to questions put to her, appeared to mar the whole of their meetings; but principles were serious matters with her.

In 1851 she returned to Cambridge, and resided with her mother-in-law, and again attended Christ Church for some time, but could not find rest or comfort under the ministry. The perpetual note in the pulpit was, "Believe, only believe;" but how to believe to the satisfaction of her soul she knew not, neither was she informed by the minister, but was greatly puzzled, and felt an inward inclination in her conscience not to attend the Church of England any more, but to seek a home under a ministry where she had reason to believe Bible truths were defended and the people of God comforted and built up. Hence she was led to attend Eden Chapel. The first time she entered the chapel, a prayer meeting was being held. She said that she felt a sweet union to the sentiments which were expressed by the brethren, and when she heard the preaching she said it was what her soul had been longing for, and that she had found a home at last. At this time I had attended Eden Chapel about 12 months. I knew she attended there, but still did not know her personally. In the course of a few months I was unexpectedly brought into her society, at the house of a friend.

Although my wife was a constant attendant at Eden Chapel, she could not see the propriety of baptism by immersion, and that of believers only. The subject of baptism was one of the first topics upon which we conversed. She confessed that she loved the Strict Baptists, but could not conform to the ordinance herself. After a

little while, however, her meditations were blessed, and she was baptized, with several others, in April, 1852. She was baptized by Mr. Marks, pastor of the church at that time.

She did not continue long with them as a member, being called away in the beginning of July to a situation at Croydon, in Surrey. Here she had the privilege of hearing Mr. Covell, to whose ministry she always felt very much attached. After residing at Croydon about nine months, she came to London, and we were afterwards married.

For some time we attended no particular place of worship. Sometimes we went to one place, and sometimes to another, until we settled down at ——. My wife appeared to be quite at home there for some time, and then she became in a measure dissatisfied, sometimes complaining of the ministry, at other times of the coldness of the people. Her complaints were frequent, and I felt at times very angry with her. The minister was what is termed a doctrinal preacher, and at the close of nearly every sermon which she heard, she would come home and complain of what she had heard. She would say that she had no doubt whatever about the truth of the sermon, but she thought the preacher's aim was not to comfort those who were hungry and cast down, and who were panting after an experimental knowledge of their interest in God's salvation, but that it was more designed to establish those who were resting in carnal security. God had not at that time taught me the difference between fleshly attainments and spiritual growth; in fact, I quite reversed them, and spoke of intellectual attainments as growth in grace. It was evident the Lord was exercising her soul, and convincing her that joy in the heart was not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord. What she felt predominant in her soul was doubts and fears. The cause of doubts and fears, and godly deliverance from them, she could not hear from that pulpit; consequently it was a barren season with her while at that chapel; and when she came home she received very little sympathy or comfort from me. I knew but little of those things which constituted her path. I was evidently at that time left to backslide into an intellectual system of Bible truth, although insensible of it. Since then the Lord has spoken to me, and said, "Return from your backslidings." And, thanks be to God, I have returned, with shame and humility. He has caused me to humble myself before him, and to guard against going out of my depth in spiritual matters, presuming to be where the Spirit has never placed me. He has also caused me to feel ashamed of myself for grieving his tender-hearted children—those who are afraid to move until he leads them.

But a little about her remarks upon the ministry at ——. I very rarely attended chapel myself in the evening, but my wife did; and when she came home after service, I was in the habit of asking her how she had heard Mr. —. Her remarks were, "Well, the sermon was all about faith in the promises, and a great deal about bars and bolts being drawn, &c., but nothing to the comforting of a cast-down soul—no living testimony traced out, so that an exercised soul

could lay hold of it." She would say there was no cordial for those who were battling with flesh and spirit in their souls. As I did not then feel towards the ministry as she did, of course we could not agree. I used to tell her that Mr. —'s ideas were very grand, and also very clear; and I thought it very strange she could not see and feel as I did. She would tell me that it was not ideas she wanted. She had known ideas long ago. Such language as this I could not understand. I was ignorant of her case. The ideas suited the intellect, or brain, but did not comfort the doubting, God-fearing soul. My answers to her grieved her very much; so that frequently she would not tell me at all how she had heard, but kept the matter to herself. Only a few weeks before she died, she told me that many times she had wept bitterly while coming down the road from chapel. But why did she weep? Because she was in a measure obliged to sit and hear such barren sermons Sabbath after Sabbath, and that she was afraid to mention these things to me, because I spoke so angrily to her. She told me that she was constantly praying that I might feel differently some day. I did not think at the time that I should ever have to repent of what I said to her. I could receive the truth into my judgment, and I took that for heart work. She used to tell me that I had a great deal to learn, and that I should one day be humbled.

In 1859, circumstances turned up which called all my powers into vital exercise, and I began to feel what vital religion is. The lot fell upon me to feel a barrenness in the ministry at ——. There was at that time a great controversy going on amongst doctrinal preachers concerning the sovereignty of God in loving Jacob and hating Esau, and I was by this controversy partially awakened out of the sleep in which I had slumbered for about seven years. I complained of myself and also of the ministry to my wife. My complaints to her were more than she had ever complained to me. Her heart appeared to leap for joy that I began to feel something, and that my soul was beginning to have a little exercise. She remarked that I should soon have a little feeling for her. She was right again; for I was brought to acknowledge my fault, and to express my sorrow that I had ever saddened her spirit. We then began to walk as it were in newness of life. We communed with each other in such harmony, and in such a manner, as we had never done before. It was evident to her, and also to myself, that God the Holy Ghost was gradually opening my eyes and enlightening my understanding in spiritual matters. I had not so keen an appetite for carnal or literal interpretations of Scripture. It was the spiritual hidden mystery and power of them that my spirit aspired after. I began to hunger after life instead of a name to live, after the substance instead of the shadow, after the spirit instead of the mere letter. Consequently, I became dissatisfied and barren at ——, and, of course, I could not help giving vent to my feelings to my partner in life. She felt a degree of pleasure to think I was harassed about the same things of which she had been complaining for nearly seven years. God had certainly laid hold of me, and brought me to a

proper sense of humility and godly sincerity. I could then feel for his broken-hearted saints and contrite spiritual children.

My wife would sometimes talk to me about a law work. She was afraid she had not been through what was termed a law work. I endeavoured to assure her that she had, because she acknowledged that she had done her best to save her soul by good deeds, &c., which only brought misery and bondage into her soul, so that she was obliged to give it up, and leave the matter entirely in the hands of God. Such a spirit as this, I assured her, was the spirit of a law work in the soul. Some experience it more deeply than others. It is the spirit which profiteth. She replied that if such was the spirit of a law work, she had been through it, and was certainly living under the influence of faith.

We were constrained eventually to leave the ministry and people at —. The controversy respecting the Eternal Sonship of the Saviour was in a great measure the means of bringing us to a decision. We were both ashamed of the ridiculous and contradictory statements made by the ministers with whom we were connected, and whom we thought were men of sterling truth, but who appeared in our estimation mere formalists.

This part of truth she loved dearly, and would tell those who conversed with her that the truth was God's, and that we had no right to tamper with it. She thought it a great scandal and slander in those ministers who publicly asserted that those Christians who contended for the true Sonship of the Saviour were led by Mr. Philpot. She said that if others of the Lord's family felt in the matter as she did, they would know that such slander was false, and that it displayed great ignorance. It was a doctrine that she felt by experience to be dear to her, whatever others might feel. She also felt thankful that God had raised up such a man as Mr. Philpot to defend her principles. She felt that there were many of the Lord's dear family in the same state of mind as herself on the subject. I tried at the time to speak a little in favour of one minister in particular, who made himself very conspicuous upon the occasion. I happened also to take home a pamphlet, written by Mr. Palmer, entitled, "The Reviewer Reviewed Again." She read a little of it, and was soon convinced of the fleshly arguments brought forward. She said that she could not look over his sarcastic expressions; but not only that, she was ashamed of his lawyer-like language, as she termed it. She felt assured he did not know what he was talking about, and also felt confident that no one else knew what he meant; or if they could understand and feed upon such chaff, they were quite welcome. She looked upon the author of the pamphlet as a carnal minister; and she felt that she could not have anything to do with any class of persons who would invite such dead and fleshly ministers to preach or speak for them. *(To be continued.)*

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A GRACIOUS heart is not a blab of the tongue, but rests and rejoiceth silently in the conscience of a secret sincerity. Those vessels yield most sound that have the least liquor.—*Bishop Hall.*

## MEDITATIONS ON THE OFFICE CHARACTERS OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

### III.

#### THE LORD JESUS AS THE ENTHRONED KING OF ZION.

(Continued from page 258.)

In bringing before our readers our thoughts and Meditations on the Kingly Office of the Lord Jesus Christ we have thus far attempted to trace out, in full harmony, we trust, with the word of truth, two prominent, though as yet preliminary, features of its peculiar character, and have shown, 1. The *eternal purpose* of God the Father to glorify his dear Son, and exalt him to his own right hand as Lord and King; and, 2. The *execution* of this purpose in the incarnation, death, resurrection, ascension, and glorification of our adorable Redeemer.

The point at which we somewhat abruptly stopped in our last No. was the *exact period* at which the blessed Lord entered upon the full exercise of this royal dignity and power. We drew, as our readers will doubtless remember, a distinction between the initial and the full assumption of his kingly authority, and showed, from his own words to the disciples, that "all power in heaven and in earth" was not given unto him until after his resurrection and just antecedently to his ascension and glorification. Until then, though his Son, he was the Servant of the Father, meekly doing his will, and finishing the work which he had given him to do. (Isa. xlii. 1; xlix. 3; John xvii. 4; Heb. x. 7.) Even among his disciples, in the days of his flesh, he was "as he that serveth;" (Luke xxii. 27;) and "being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." (Phil. ii. 8.) He was then "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;" who "hid not his face from shame and spitting." Out of his mouth there went not then "a sharp two-edged sword," (Rev. i. 16,) but "prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears." (Heb. v. 7.) "His visage" then, as viewed in vision by the evangelical prophet, "was so marred more than any man;" (Isa. lii. 14;) for "his countenance" was not yet, as seen by the beloved disciple in the Isle of Patmos, "as the sun shineth in his strength." (Rev. i. 16.) Lots were then cast on his vesture; (Matt. xxvii. 35;) for on it was not yet written, "KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS." (Rev. xix. 16.) The kiss which touched his sacred cheek was the kiss of a base traitor, (Matt. xxvi. 49,) not that of loving, loyal, submissive allegiance. (1 Sam. x. 1; Ps. ii. 12.) The crown of thorns then pressed his brow, not the diadem of glory; a reed, not a sceptre, was put into his right hand; and the knee bowed before him was not the knee "of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth," but the knee of mockery and scorn. (Matt. xxvii. 29; Phil. ii. 10.) Yet was there a joy set before him; and this was the joy of being "set at the right hand of God in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and

every name that is named, not only in this world, but in that which is to come;" in seeing of the travail of his soul, and having "all things put under his feet, and made the Head over all things to the church." (Eph. i. 20-22.) But when exalted to the throne of glory, then was fulfilled the promise, "The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool. The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion. Rule thou in the midst of thine enemies." (Ps. cx. 1, 2.)

This present kingly power is mystically represented in the word of truth by his sitting on Mount Zion; for that is "the city of the great King," (Ps. xlviii. 2,) and as such typified the royal dignity and sway of Jesus.\* As thus mystically his royal residence, Zion became the perfection of beauty, for out of it God hath shined; and out of it now sends forth the rod, or sceptre, of his strength. (Ps. l. 2; cx. 2.)

The peculiar glory and blessedness of this exaltation of Jesus is that it is in *our nature*. As one with the Father and the Holy Ghost, he ever was King; for "by him were all things created that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things were created by him and for him; and he is before all things, and by him all things consist." (Col. i. 16, 17.) He who created all things must be the King of all things; he who is before all things must

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\* We have sometimes thought that the reason why Zion typically represents the royal throne of Jesus is by many not well understood. Mount Zion literally was a steep hill at Jerusalem—so steep and inaccessible that for generations after the children of Israel had gained possession of the land, it still remained, like a little Gibraltar, in the hands of the Jebusites, the original inhabitants of the place. "As for the Jebusites, the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the children of Judah could not drive them out; but the Jebusites dwell with the children of Judah at Jerusalem unto this day." (Jos. xv. 63.) But when David was anointed king over Israel, and had reigned at Hebron seven years and six months, he cast his eyes toward Jerusalem, as a preferable metropolis, and a more suitable seat of his extended empire. But as long as the hill of Zion was occupied by the warlike Jebusites, they would retain their command of the lower city. His first step, therefore, was, with the help of God, to dispossess the Jebusites of this their stronghold. But so strong was this hill-fort by nature and art, that the Jebusites ridiculed all his attempts to capture it, putting on the ramparts "the blind and the lame" soldiers of the garrison,—what we should call the worn-out invalids of the army, as if these Chelsea pensioners, who could neither see nor walk, were amply sufficient to baffle all David's attempts at its capture. (2 Sam. v. 6, 8.) Joab, however, as a prize set before him, for which he was to be David's chief captain, mounted the hill, smote the lame and the blind on the wall, and the Jebusites behind the wall, and won possession of the coveted spot. (1 Chron. xi. 6.) There David henceforward dwelt, as its conqueror, as in a castle; (1 Chron. xi. 7;) there he fixed his royal abode, and thence he swayed his sceptre over the whole land of Israel, from Dan to Beersheba. Its very name was typical, for it signifies literally, "sunny," or "shone upon," as facing the south, and ever basking in the rays of the warm sun. Thus the sunny hill of Zion, as a hill of conquest, and as the royal seat of David, became a suitable type of the throne of Jesus in the courts above, won by lawful conquest, (Rev. iii. 21,) where is now his royal palace, (Ps. xiv. 15; xlviii. 13; lxxviii. 68, 69,) and where he rules and reigns as the anointed King of heaven and earth. Thus Mount Zion typically represents not the cross, but the crown; not the law, but the gospel; not the battle, but the victory.

rule all things, as their rightful Sovereign; he by whom all things consist, that is, continue in daily being, must needs ever sway over them his protecting sceptre. But this is not the regal dignity which Jesus now wears, nor the peculiar sceptre put by the Father into his hands. The peculiar glory of his kingly office is that the sceptre is held by *human hands*—by those very hands through which the nails of the cross were driven. Yes; that very hated Nazarene, against whom “the kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers took counsel together;” that very abhorred Jesus, against whom the maddened crowd, in their bitter enmity, cried, “Crucify him, crucify him;” that despised One of men, and rejected of the people, whom they, in their judicial blindness, did “esteem stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted;” that “very Man of Sorrows,” who poured out his soul unto death, and who was numbered with the transgressors, now seated on his throne of glory, reigns with sovereign sway, and must reign until he hath put down all rule and all authority and power. This exaltation to the right hand of power was the promised reward of his humiliation, sufferings, and death; (Phil. ii. 9–11; Heb. xii. 2; Rev. iii. 21.) But as we shall have occasion to enter more fully into this subject before we close our Meditations, we shall now proceed to our next point:

III. The nature, object, extent, and duration of this royal dignity, as now invested in the Person of the risen, ascended, and glorified Son of God.

i. And first, the *nature* of this kingdom. This, like the place where it is exercised, and whence it issues its royal mandates, is *heavenly*. Our blessed Lord, when he stood before Pilate’s judgment bar, declared that his “kingdom was not of this world.” It is, therefore, a kingdom, not earthly but heavenly; and as such possesses peculiar characteristics which entirely distinguish it from all other kingdoms.

We will take a glance, therefore, at some of the peculiar features of this heavenly kingdom:

1. It is eminently a *spiritual* kingdom. When our blessed Lord went up on high, he received gifts for men, as is declared in those exulting words of the Psalmist, “Thou hast ascended on high; thou hast led captivity captive; thou hast received gifts for men,\* yea, for the rebellious also; that the Lord God might dwell amongst them.” (Ps. lxxviii. 18.) These gifts were spiritual gifts, different measures of heavenly grace, as the apostle explains: “But unto every one of us is given grace, according to the measure of the gift of Christ. Wherefore he saith, When he ascended up on high he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men.” (Eph. iv. 7, 8.) So also testified Peter, on the day of Pentecost, when the risen Lord, as he had promised, baptized his disciples with the Holy Ghost: “This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we all are witnesses. Therefore, being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the

\* There is a beautiful marginal rendering of the words, “for men,” (and, indeed, is the exact literal version,) “*in the man,*” that is, in his pure and sacred humanity which he now wears in union with his eternal Deity.

Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear." (Acts ii. 32, 33.) This blessed Spirit was not given, in his full measure of heavenly gifts and graces, till Jesus was glorified. (John vii. 39.) Comforting, therefore, his sorrowing disciples, their gracious Master said to them, "Nevertheless, I tell you the truth; it is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send him unto you." (John xvi. 7.) The disciples seem themselves to have expected a temporal kingdom. This anticipation of worldly dignity and of a throne erected on earth's base clay manifested itself in the request of the mother of the sons of Zebedee: "Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on the right hand and the other on the left in thy kingdom." (Matt. xx. 21.) And, what we should have less expected, even after his resurrection, when the cross and the sepulchre must have, as one would think, for ever dispelled their dreams of a temporal throne, the eleven disciples asked their risen Master, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" (Acts i. 6.) Thus even those faithful few who had walked with him in intimate union for several years, who had heard his heavenly discourses, and more particularly listened to those spiritual lessons uttered in their ears after the last supper, and his closing prayer so filled with holiness and truth,—even these believing, affectionate disciples seemed to turn their eyes to the restoration of the fallen national and natural kingdom of Israel. They did not see, until baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire, how poor, how low, how unbecoming the glory and dignity of the Son of God it would have been to sway an earthly sceptre. What is its chief glory, but that it is a spiritual kingdom, administered by spiritual means, for spiritual persons, and unto spiritual ends? To subdue hearts, not to conquer kingdoms; to bestow the riches of his grace on poor and needy sinners, not, like Solomon, to heap up gold, and silver, and precious stones; to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him, not to spread ruin and desolation over countless provinces; to be surrounded with an army of martyrs, not an army of soldiers; to hold a court where paupers, not peers, are freely welcome, and where the court dress is not "changeable suits of apparel, mantles, and wimples, and crissing pins," but "the fine linen, clean and white, which is the righteousness of saints;" to issue not pensions, but pardons; and to grant to favoured objects not stars and garters and ribands, but "bands of love," and "the morning star" of his dawning smile, (Hos. xi. 4; Rev. ii. 28,)—such are some of the objects of the King of saints. Say that the Lord after his resurrection had appeared in majesty and glory to put to flight the Roman armies; say that he had made Jerusalem his metropolis, and subdued all the nations of the earth; would *that* have been a conquest worthy of his coming from the bosom of the Father, or in harmony with his agonies in the garden, and his sufferings and sacrifice on the cross? To reign spiritually over believing hearts; to quicken and regenerate, save and sanctify, pardon and bless the objects of his eternal love; to conform them to his suffering image, and make them meet for the

inheritance of the saints in light,—what would the highest, greatest, and most glorious earthly conquests have been in comparison with such and similar spiritual triumphs of his grace?

2. As being, therefore, a spiritual kingdom, it is a kingdom of *grace*, for in it, as administered by its heavenly Sovereign, grace “reigns through righteousness, unto eternal life.” (Rom. v. 21.) This is one of the chief blessings of the exaltation of the Lord Jesus to the right hand of power, that the throne on which he sits is “a throne of *grace*.” (Heb. iv. 16.) Thus, having finished the work on earth which the Father gave him to do, he is gone up on high to carry into execution those purposes of grace which brought him down. To begin, carry on, and complete, from heaven his dwelling place, the work of grace on thousands of his chosen saints here below; by grace to pardon their sins; by grace to subdue their iniquities; by grace to purify their hearts by faith; by grace to sanctify their affections and fix them on things above, where he himself sitteth on the right hand of God,—such and similar conquests of his all-victorious grace make Jesus unspeakably precious to those who believe. But what heart can conceive, or what tongue recount the daily, hourly triumphs of his all-conquering grace? We see scarcely a millionth part of what Jesus, as a King on his throne, is daily doing; and yet we see enough to know that he ever lives at God’s right hand, and lives to save and bless. What a crowd of needy petitioners every moment surrounds his throne! What urgent wants and woes to redress; what cutting griefs and sorrows to assuage; what broken hearts to bind up; what wounded consciences to heal; what countless prayers to hear; what earnest petitions to grant; what stubborn foes to subdue; what guilty fears to quell! What clemency, what kindness, what long-suffering, what compassion, what mercy, what love, and yet what power and authority does this Almighty Sovereign display! No circumstance is too trifling; no petitioner too insignificant; no case too hard; no difficulty too great; no suer too importunate; no beggar too ragged; no bankrupt too penniless; no debtor too insolvent, for him not to notice and not to relieve. Sitting on his throne of grace, his all-seeing eye views all, his almighty hand grasps all, and his loving heart embraces all whom the Father gave him by covenant, whom he himself redeemed by his blood, and whom the blessed Spirit has quickened into life by his invincible power. The hopeless, the helpless; the outcasts whom no man careth for; the tossed with tempest and not comforted; the ready to perish; the mourners in Zion; the bereaved widow; the wailing orphan; the sick in body, and still more sick in heart; our famishing brethren and sisters in the North; the racked with hourly pain; the fevered consumptive; the wrestler with death’s last struggle—O what crowds of pitiable objects surround his throne; and all needing a look from his eye, a word from his lips, a smile from his face, a touch from his hand. O could we but see what his grace is, what his grace has, what his grace does; and could we but feel more what it is doing in and for ourselves, we should have more exalted

views of the reign of grace now exercised on high by Zion's enthroned King.

3. But it is a kingdom also of *life*. A living King needs living subjects. The dead in sin, the dead in profession, have neither part nor lot in the matter. "Death cannot celebrate thee." "The living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I do this day." (Isa. xxxviii. 18, 19.) Jesus is "the way, and the truth, and the life;" and as such says to his people, "Because I live, ye shall live also." Thus he appeared to John in the Revelation, calming his fears when he fell at his feet as dead: "And he laid his right hand upon me, saying, Fear not, I am the first and the last. I am he that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore." (Rev. i. 18.) To give life, and that more abundantly; (John x. 10;) to be "the resurrection and the life, so that he that believeth in him, though he were dead yet should he live," (John xi. 25,) was a part of his divine mission. As, then, the kingdom of the beast is full of darkness and death, (Rev. xvi. 10,) so the kingdom of Jesus is full of light and life, for he has declared that he is "the light of the world;" and that "he that followeth him shall not walk in darkness, but have the light of life." (John viii. 12.) The nature of this kingdom is beautifully unfolded in Ps. xxi.\* "The king shall joy in thy strength, O Lord; and in thy salvation how greatly shall he rejoice! Thou hast given him his heart's desire, and hast not withholden the request of his lips, for thou preventest him with the blessings of goodness; thou settest a crown of pure gold on his head." (Ps. xxi. 1-3.) It will be observed that among the blessings thus asked and granted was *life*. "He asked life of thee, and thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever." (Ps. xxi. 4.) This life is his mediatorial life, and, therefore, a given, not a self-existent life. As he himself declared: "For as the

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\* Ps. xxi. is a kind of pendant, or what is sometimes called a complement, to Ps. xx. In Ps. xx. the church, foreviewing the sufferings and sacrifice of Messiah, thus prays on his behalf to his heavenly Father: "The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee. Send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion. Remember all thy offerings, and accept thy burnt sacrifice." (Ps. xx. 1-4.) She has a confidence that the Father will accept his burnt sacrifice, will "grant him according to his own heart"—the salvation of his people, and will "fulfil all his counsel"—the counsel of peace "between them both." (Zech. vi. 13.) In this anticipation she says, "We will rejoice in thy salvation," &c., and adds, in the confidence of faith, "Now know I that the Lord saveth his *anointed*"—that is, his Messiah, his Christ, the very name which Jesus bore, and by which he is still called. But as in Ps. xx. the church viewed the suffering, sacrificing Messiah, so in Ps. xxi. she views the triumphant, reigning Messiah; and sees the Father setting a "crown of pure gold on his head," thus exalting him as King to his own right hand. She sees all his petitions granted, "honour and majesty laid upon him," and himself made "most blessed for ever." Thus the two Psalms, as it were, fit into and mutually explain and illustrate each other. Ps. xx. is prayer, Ps. xxi. is praise; Ps. xx. sees the cross, Ps. xxi. sees the crown. In the one we see what Jesus *was*; in the other what Jesus *is*. Read in this point of view, they cast much light upon both the past and present work of Christ; and especially show the deep interest and sympathy which the church takes and feels in both his humiliation and exaltation.

Father hath life in himself, so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself." (John v. 26.) Of this mediatorial life he gives to his people; and thus they live by him and on him, as he lives by the Father, according to his own words: "As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father; so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me." (John vi. 57.) This life quickens, animates, and sustains the church of Christ as she comes up from the wilderness, leaning on her Beloved. Thence comes all her union and all her communion with her risen Head. She lives by it in him, and he lives by it in her. Thus Head and members are one; for as in the natural body the life of the head is that of the members, and this oneness of life makes them one, so is there one life in that mystical and spiritual body of which Christ is the glorious Head. But the subject of Christ as our Life is too wide for our present limits, for it embraces all those communications of divine life which make and manifest his people to be a living people, and comprehends every breath of spiritual life in their hearts from the first cry of a convinced sinner to the last hallelujah of an expiring saint.

4. For a similar reason we can only just briefly remark that the reign of Christ is in its very nature a kingdom, also, of *light*, (1 John i. 7,) as opposed to the power of darkness; (Col. i. 13; Eph. v. 8;) a kingdom of *liberty*, (John viii. 32, 36; 2 Cor. iii. 17,) as opposed to the reign of bondage; (Acts xv. 10; Gal. iv. 24, 25, 31;) a kingdom of *love*, (1 John iii. 1, 16,) as opposed to the reign of enmity and alienation; (Rom. viii. 7; Col. i. 21;) a kingdom of *peace*, (Isa. ix. 6, 7,) as opposed to war and strife; and a kingdom of *holiness*, (Isa. xxxv. 8; Dan. vii. 22; Heb. xii. 14,) as opposed to a reign of sin and uncleanness. (Rom. v. 21.)

5. But its peculiar characteristic and chief glory is that it is an *inward kingdom*. "The kingdom of God is within you." (Luke xvii. 21.) "The King's daughter is all glorious within." (Ps. xlv. 13.) This internal kingdom is that "kingdom of God," of which the apostle declares that it "is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." (Rom. xiv. 17.) It is, therefore, "not in word but in power;" (1 Cor. iv. 20;) requires a new and spiritual birth to see it and enter into it; (John iii. 3-5;) is the special inheritance of "the poor in spirit;" (Matt. v. 3;) is entered into "through much tribulation;" (Acts xiv. 22;) "suffereth violence, and is taken by force;" (Matt. xi. 12;) and, when received in faith, is "a kingdom that cannot be moved." (Heb. xii. 28.) It is, therefore, not a kingdom of outward grandeur, but of inward grace; not one of temporal majesty, but of spiritual authority; not one of visible pomp and show, but of invisible influence; not a display of rustling robes, clashing bells, pealing organs, painted windows, mediæval architecture, white-robed choristers, intoning priests, surpliced processions, and all that sensuous appeal to the mere natural feelings and passions of the human mind, whereby Satan, as an angel of light, deceiveth the nations, but a holy, heavenly, spiritual reign of the Lord of life in a broken heart, a contrite spirit, and a tender conscience. Happy those who, illuminated from above by a hea-

venly light, and made alive unto God by a new and divine life, are not to be imposed upon by the baubles of an empty religion; who, knowing the truth for themselves by the teaching and testimony, work and witness of the blessed Spirit, cannot and will not "call evil good or good evil, nor put darkness for light and light for darkness, bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter." Happy those who see, feel, and know the difference between form and power, deception and reality, a name to live and Christ formed in the heart, the hope of glory! Happy those to whom the King of kings has extended the golden sceptre of his grace, whom he has made willing in the day of his power, and on whose hearts he sits enthroned as their only Lord and Sovereign.

Having dwelt at such length on the *nature* of the reign of Christ at the right hand of the Father, we must defer to a future Number the consideration of its object, extent, and duration.

### INQUIRY.

Dear Sir,—I and others would feel very much obliged to you if you will state your opinion of the drift of Paul's meaning in 1 Cor. i. 11-17. A minister in the pulpit of a Baptist chapel on Sunday last, on reading the chapter, said, "It is a most unfortunate thing for the sticklers for water that Paul should have given utterance to the sentence in the 17th verse, viz., 'Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the gospel.'" "

I am, dear Sir, yours in the hope of the Gospel,

H. T.

### ANSWER.

A more foolish, silly, and we may add, in our judgment, more unbecoming speech never dropped from the lips of any man professing to preach truth than the words imputed to the minister in the above Inquiry.

Assuming that his words are correctly stated, what could he mean by calling the express language of the Holy Ghost "a most unfortunate thing?" Had *fortune* any hand in the Bible? Is this text "fortunate" for one party and that "unfortunate" for another, just as if the question were not whether this or that passage were the inspired word, but whether it favoured this or that creed? We have all heard of Arminian texts and Calvinistic texts; and we know that the Churchman has his array of selected passages to show the awful nature of "schism," and the Dissenter has his counter-file of texts proving the sinfulness of a worldly system. So there are, according to some men's views, Baptist texts and Anti-Baptist texts; strict communion texts and open communion texts; and so we may expect, after a time, to have conformity to the world texts\* and non-conformity to the world texts. But what wretched work is this! Men consult their Bible to find texts to prove a point when they have

\* Mr. Binney, in his "Making the Best of Both Worlds," has made a good beginning of this nice work of removing the landmarks and levelling the King's highway of holiness. But he is rather chary of his texts.

already made up their minds upon it, which is much as if a man were to ask his friends whether he should marry when the wedding-day is already fixed. But this is not the way to consult the Bible. This is to act like "the captains of the forces and all the people," when they came to Jeremiah, begging of him to pray to the Lord for them, "That the Lord thy God may show us the way wherein we may walk and the thing that we may do;" (Jer. xlii. 3;) when all the time they "dissembled in their hearts," and were determined to go into the land of Egypt, whether the Lord approved or not. (Jer. xlii.)

If Baptism and the Baptists cannot stand before *any one* declaration of God in the Scripture, let them go down at once. "Let God be true, but every man a liar." But if they stand on the firm basis of the word of truth, not a single passage can be found which will thrust them from it; for were it so, Scripture would contradict Scripture. Let us, then, examine this passage, which is so singularly "unfortunate for the sticklers for water," and see whether there is anything so truly formidable in it, and whether it at all contradicts, or even remotely affects their principles or their practice.

The fairest way will be to take the passage in its connection, and examine its real meaning; not that such a man's foolish speeches deserve the least notice, but because its true purport is often misunderstood and misrepresented.

It is evident from the apostle's language that there was much party spirit at Corinth: "For it hath been declared unto me of you, my brethren, by them which are of the house of Chloe, that there are contentions among you. Now this I say, that every one of you saith, I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas, and I of Christ." (1 Cor. i. 11, 12.) This spirit of party filling the church with contention and confusion, the apostle sought to beat it down by showing that in Christ all were one, and that such party cries as, "I am of Paul, and I of Apollos," were to set up mere men in the place of the Lord Jesus, which he does by asking, "Is Christ divided? Was Paul crucified for you? Or were ye baptized in the name of Paul?" (1 Cor. i. 13.) Is Christ, he asks, divided? Are there two Christs, one for this man, and one for that man, or as many Christs as there are parties in the church? But some of you say, "I am of Paul. By him I was called. He is my spiritual father. I look to him as my head." "What?" says the apostle, "Do you look to *me*? Call yourself belonging to *me*? Was Paul crucified for you? Did he bear your sins in his own body on the tree? Or were ye baptized in the name of Paul?\*" If not, why do you, or any one of you, speak as if *I* were your head?" But seeing how his name had been thus used, or rather abused, to party purposes, he adds, "I thank God that I baptized none of you but Crispus and Gaius." His

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\* This very appeal shows that they had been baptized, or they might justly have answered, "Why, we were not baptized at all." The whole force of his appeal consists in this: 1, that they had been baptized, and 2, not in the name of Paul but of Christ. By their own confession therefore and profession, Christ, not Paul, was their spiritual Head.

meaning here is most evident. He saw that if he had himself personally baptized many or most of the Corinthian church, it would have given them an occasion, or at least a colourable pretext, to call him their head, and that they would have taken advantage of that circumstance to strengthen their party spirit. Full of zeal, therefore, for the glory and honour of Christ, he bursts out, "I thank God that I baptized none of you but Crispus and Gaius." But why thank God for this if baptism be a divine ordinance? For this reason, lest any others whom he might have baptized, but was providentially preserved from so doing, should have availed themselves of that act to say that he had baptized them in his own name. He then calls to mind that he had also baptized the household of Stephanas; and not wishing to speak too positively on such a point, which, after all, was not a matter of inspiration, but of mere natural, unassisted memory, he adds, "Besides, I know not whether I baptized any other." Then come the words which have so often been misunderstood or misrepresented: "For Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the gospel; not with wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect." (1 Cor. i. 17.) Now to us nothing seems more plain than the meaning of the apostle. He compares the work of preaching with that of baptizing, and gives the former the preference. "Christ," he says, "sent me not to do the less work, but the greater. My work and office is to preach the gospel, not to baptize. Any one can do the less work, but my special work is to do the greater.

A figure may illustrate his meaning. The church is in Scripture compared to a garden: "A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse." (Sol. Song iv. 12.) Now, in a garden there is much and various work to be done; and some work requires more skill than others. If, then, the head gardener were to say to one who asked him why he did not dig, "My work is not to dig the borders, but to prune the trees, to plant the flowers, and lay out the beds," would that imply that the garden were to lie undigged, or that the head gardener meant to cast contempt on the spade, and on the under gardener or labourer who used it? So, because Paul was not sent to baptize but to preach the gospel, it no more shows that baptism is to be neglected or set aside, or that he casts an intentional slur on it, than because the peach trees are to be pruned, the roses planted, and the flower-beds made, that the borders are to be left undigged—or that the head gardener has received orders from his master that the spade is never more to be used in the garden, that it is a worthless instrument, that he had no objection to a spud or a hoe, but that to call a spade a spade, or to introduce it into the garden, might give offence to neighbouring gardeners who had ceased to employ it. We have merely used the figure to show by an instance the folly of such reasoning.

But as some persons are averse to figures, as introducing carnal comparisons into the things of God, we will adduce a parallel case in the Acts of the Apostles, which we think is much to the point, and throws considerable light on the meaning of

Paul's words here. While Peter was preaching the gospel in the house of Cornelius, "the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word. And they of the circumcision which believed were astonished, as many as came with Peter, because that on the Gentiles also was poured out the Holy Ghost; for they heard them speak with tongues and magnify God." (Acts x. 45, 46.) Now, how did Peter act? He declared that they were fit subjects for baptism, as having received the Holy Ghost. "Then answered Peter, Can any man forbid water that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?" (Acts x. 47.) It is evident from this that he held and advocated believers' baptism. But did *he himself* baptize them? No. "And he *commanded* them to be baptized in the name of the Lord." He left the mere administration of the ordinance to others to perform for him. The two cases are precisely parallel. Paul preaches the gospel at Corinth; Peter preaches the gospel at Cæsarea. God blesses Paul's word; God blesses Peter's word. Those who believe at Corinth are baptized; those who believe at Cæsarea are baptized. Paul does not baptize them himself; Peter does not baptize them himself. How close the parallel! And from the comparison we may gather the following conclusions: 1. That believers were baptized in the apostolic churches; 2. That the apostles themselves did not usually baptize; 3. That to preach the gospel is a much higher and more important office than the mere act of baptizing; 4. That the greater act does not supersede or set aside the less.

This, then, we think, is a fair representation of the case, and a scriptural explanation of the passage; and as such we commend it to the consideration both of the friends and the opponents of Believers' Baptism.

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We see in a clear frosty night, though the moon shines very bright and the stars too, yet it is both cold and hard, as if there were no light at all; but the sun hath another kind of power and enforcing warmth in the beams of it; so it is in those that are enlightened only by the law of nature, or conscience; they are cold and hard, or impenitent, and have no warmths, or meltings, as in the true regenerate believer.—*Saltmarsh.*

THE difficulties I meet in my progress would often oblige me to give up my pretensions to preaching the gospel; but a secret something, in the resistless providence of God, compels me still to go forward; and God never fails to appear again and again in my soul, to strengthen, comfort, and satisfy me that I am engaged in his work. At times I am shaken to pieces with unbelieving fears, and tormenting doubts. I feel nothing of the comfort, presence, and power of the Holy Ghost in my heart. Faith, hope, and love, seem quite extinguished in my soul. No power to pray, or even desire is left to my feelings; but hardness, fretfulness, and misery have taken possession of my mind; and manifold sore temptations, horrible vexatious thoughts, and grievous and sore buffetings of Satan make me at times tired of this wretched existence, and all the cares and delusions of life. But God says, "Yea, I will even betroth thee to me in faithfulness, and thou shalt know the Lord." It is the Lord's faithfulness that keeps us from falling; he is faithful, who will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able; but will again and again manifest that he is as the dew unto Israel.—*Hardy.*

*ZION'S THANKSGIVING AND PRAYER ON BRITAIN'S  
BEHALF.*

OCCASIONED BY HEARING THAT PEACE WAS PROCLAIMED IN 1856.

<p>O BRITAIN! guilty, favour'd land, Though for destruction ripe, in thee Are pleaders found, dear little band, Whom God wills still to hear and see.</p> <p>Else what would be thy wretched case? Could they from thee be once with- drawn, Soon thou, a barren wilderness, Would be exposed to grief and scorn. Has Zion's prayer prevail'd for thee? Has God now stay'd the bloody sword? Is peace proclaim'd? His hand come see, And bless him, all who love the Lord.</p> <p>Around thy coast while he shall rear His bulwarks,—prayer and saving grace, Nor men nor devils may draw near, To fright or harm his chosen race. Still o'er the briny deep was heard The din of war, which now is o'er! Behold the scene! O hear the word! There thousands lie, to live no more. Was it not God's avenging hand, His sweeping scourge for spreading sin? Why did he spare this guilty land? Because his Spirit cried therein. Bless'd be the Lord, for placing here His wrestlers, and for answering prayer. Accept our thanks. Saints, drop a tear. Lord, prove that Britain's still thy care.</p> <p>Bless thou our Queen; peace to her reign, Till death her earthly crown remove; Then may she, if thy pleasure, gain An everlasting crown above. Bedworth, May 3rd, 1856.</p>	<p>Her senators, our God, endue With wisdom for the place they fill; And be all their enactments, too, For Zion's good, if 'tis thy will.</p> <p>Bless thou her realm; thy church, too, here; Accomplish all thy wise designs. Look up, ye saints, the end draws near; Watch, wait, and pray, the promise shines.</p> <p>When once the Fear of Israel's there, Though thousands rage, they can't prevail. O England! Be this thine—to share That wisdom which will never fail.</p> <p>Still nourish thou the saints of God; Protect them by thy wholesome laws; And he will, by his staff and rod, Still fight for thee, and own thy cause.</p> <p>Lord, in thy camp may none be found Who slightly pass the subject o'er. My heart now melts to hear the sound, That thou hast ceased the cannon's roar.</p> <p>My spirit faints thy saints to meet, To mingle there with theirs my praise. Hosannah! Spread the tidings sweet. Our Lord is God, the God of grace.</p> <p>O bless him, all ye saints of his! There's nought too hard for him to do; He who has bid the war to cease Will land us in his kingdom too.</p> <p>Thanks to our God for peace once more. Lord, sanctify this scourge, we pray. Now open wide the gospel door, And say, "Arise, and come away." G. T. CONGREVE.</p>
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AT this time I saw more in the words, "heirs of God," than ever I shall be able to express while I live in this world. "Heirs of God." God himself is the portion of the saints. This I saw and wondered at; but I cannot tell you what I saw.—*Lunyan.*

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

OCTOBER, 1862.

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

A WORD FOR THE POOR AND NEEDY.  
BY AN ENGINE DRIVER.

"For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth, the poor also and him that hath no helper."—Ps. lxxii. 12.

THE Lord has said in his word, "I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord;" (Zeph. iii. 12;) and it is for the comfort of these poor and afflicted people that God has left so many precious promises on record. To his servants he says, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people; speak ye comfortably to them; tell them that their warfare is already accomplished;" tell them that their victory is already won by their glorious Lord; "for in all their afflictions he was afflicted." We have not a High Priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but he was in all points tempted as we are, so that he knows where we are in our feelings; he knows our trials and our temptations.

O how sweet has that portion been to me when my soul has been bowed down by reason of the roughness of the way: "My Beloved is like a roe or a young hart." He can quickly come and relieve his poor tried children. "Behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattice." And does not Christ meet with his people and show himself through his own ordinances? Say, for instance, when meeting together in the house of prayer. There God meets with his people, and blesses the preaching of the word to their souls; and at times it is as though the servant of God knew all about their trials.

Again, God often looks and smiles upon his people when passing through the ordinance of baptism; and, if ever my soul was blessed (and I believe it was) through the outward means of grace, it was while passing through that ordinance. But little did I then know that I must soon go into the wilderness, to be tempted and tried; but I now see it is essential; for all God's people must follow the Lamb, whithersoever he goeth. Hart describes it well:

"When all this is done, and his heart is assured  
Of the total remission of sins,  
When his pardon is sign'd, and his peace is procured,  
From that moment the conflict begins."

I used to think, "Could I but believe in Christ as my Saviour, then the conflict would be over; but, alas! I was only a child, and therefore spoke as a child.

Again. The Lord often looks through the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. It was so just before his ascension. He made himself known to his disciples in breaking of bread.

But I must pass on to look at the words before us: "He shall deliver the needy when he crieth, the poor also, and him that hath no helper."

In looking at these words, I will, by the Lord's help,

I. Try to show who the *Deliverer* is; because we must be satisfied of his ability before we can trust to him for so great a deliverance.

II. Try to show the *character* who is poor and needy, and who has no helper.

III. Try to show *some of the things* that he so earnestly and ardently *begs to be delivered from*.

IV. Try to show the *certainty of their being delivered*; for there is one of God's *shalls* in the text; and it is God's *wills* and *shalls* that secure the salvation of all God's people. All their supposed strength is as nothing; for Christ "trod the winepress alone, and of the people there was none with him."

I. The *Deliverer*. The Psalm from which our text is taken is called a Psalm for Solomon. And who was Solomon? A sweet and precious title of the Lord Jesus Christ; and it seems somewhat remarkable that David, who wrote this Psalm or prayer, adds a double "Amen." I believe there is more in that little word "Amen" than most men are aware of. It signifies sincerity. We mean what we say. Some of us who were once wrapped up in a form of godliness, without the power, how often did we repeat that word; but not until God opened our eyes to see and feel what we were did we understand it. So, to this day, many of our fellow creatures who go to church or chapel and hear the minister repeat such words as these: "God be merciful to us, miserable sinners," and then follow, and that loudly too, with "Amen," really do not know what they are about. But truly I have no stones to cast at them; for if God had not plucked me as a braud from the burning, I should have been there too. Herbert says in one of his hymns:

"May Christ be first and Christ be last," &c.

And so it is. Christ must be first and last in the salvation of such poor worms as we are; and this is the Deliverer spoken of in the text. Christ is called the Amen, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the substance of all truth. He is the truthful witness, and all the promises in him are Yea and in him Amen, and were ratified by his death.

But I have said that Solomon was a type of Christ. Now, while looking at the type, may the Lord enable us to see the beauty and blessedness of the antitype. Solomon was anointed king in Israel; so was Christ, not only as King but Prophet and Priest. David, in

speaking of him says, "Thou lovest righteousness and hatest wickedness; therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows." Again he says, "I have found David, my servant, (Christ being there meant,) with my holy oil have I anointed him." Again. Solomon was the man who was to build the temple; and has not Christ built his church, himself being the foundation stone, on which they are built? And when the temple was completed how Solomon intercedes for the people! And does not Christ intercede for his people now? Yes; and he is "able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." What an unspeakable mercy it is we have such a High Priest; and how earnestly and ardently did he pray for his people when on earth: "Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me," &c. Happy is that man or woman who is interested in that prayer. He well knew what we should have to meet with from the world; therefore he prays to the Father to keep them. And were it not for his keeping mercy where should we get to? How the enemy tempts us to many things. Sometimes, through the powerful temptation of the enemy, I have felt sure if God did not keep me I should fall into some gross evil; but, bless his name, he does keep me from outward sin, though inwardly I fall daily and hourly.

But we must pass over many things in Solomon's life. We find after this that the Queen of Sheba heard of him, and came from the uttermost part of the South to see him; and she had many hard questions to ask him. Does not this beautifully set forth Christ and his church? God's people are in the uttermost parts of the earth, and when they hear of the fame of Jesus, they come to him with cries and tears to ask if their names are written in the Book of Life; and their language is similar to that of Hart:

"Lord, what a riddle is my soul," &c.

The disciples had many things to ask the Lord, which they could not understand. But how condescending was Christ! "To you," said he, "it is given to know the mysteries;" as though he had said, "I will tell *you*; but to the mere professor it is not given." And how God's poor people come to him now and earnestly desire him to answer their poor petitions, like Rebecca: "Lord, if it be so, why am I thus? Why am I so tried? Do, Lord, appear for me and deliver me. I know thou art able." And, mark, this is the last resource. You may have tried all other means, and then at last are compelled to come from the very ends of the earth in your feelings to this spiritual Solomon; and such is the love of his heart that he never turned one away that came in this way, nor ever will, let his questions be as hard as they may. You may have been a great sinner, but that is no hindrance, for "he is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him;" and for your encouragement he hath said, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

I might speak of many more things, to show that it is Christ here spoken of; but I pass on to show,

II. The *character* that feels his need of such a Deliverer: "For he shall deliver the needy," &c. The needy, poor, and him that hath no helper, I understand to be but one character; and he is made to prove the truth of the text in the various stages of experience; for all are cut down, as Paul was; but some are like the blind man we read of, whose eyes Christ anointed. But perhaps some may not see with me on this point. Be that as it may, I am not for controversy but profit, or, in other words, that God's name may be glorified and his children edified and blest. Therefore I will endeavour to take up the child of God, and speak of him in his various stages of experience, viz., as *needy, poor, and helpless*.

Now, as I before observed, they are not all cut down like the apostle Paul, or like the three thousand that heard Peter; for in many cases the work is carried on more gradually. But all must be brought to feel they are guilty, lost, and ruined. There are many of God's children kept under a false ministry; some amongst the Wesleyans and some in the Church of England, as it was in my case; but perhaps while there the Holy Spirit begins to work upon their heart and convince them of sin; and then they begin to feel they need something they have not as yet attained to, notwithstanding that they may have been very pious and attended worship regularly. Yea, perhaps they have gone so far in their religious duties as to partake of the Lord's Supper; and yet for all that they feel there is something wanting; for the child of God will read God's word, and find that "cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the law to do them;" and not only so, but he reads that the law is spiritual, reaching to the thoughts and intents of his heart, and he feels that he has often wicked thoughts mixed up with his best performances; yea, thoughts that he would be ashamed to name. I believe the enemy is permitted, at times, to have great power over our thoughts, to make us feel our weakness and the need of the Lord's keeping grace in our best performances. That dear man of God, Bunyan, says, in his "Grace Abounding," that the enemy was often permitted to follow him up to the pulpit door. I remember once, some five or six years ago, having some machinery to alter and improve, and much I was puzzled to know how to set about it for the best; and one Sunday the enemy was suffered to take my mind away from hearing the word, although in the house of God, and the things that before had puzzled me now seemed removed. I speak this to my shame. I remember, too, that on my way home, my wife said to me, "This has been a good day to me. I found it good to be there. How did you get on?" I answered her, (not in a pleasant frame,) "O! I never heard anything." And after I had told her how my thoughts had been occupied, she gave me a few gentle reproofs. Thus God showed me my own weakness and the necessity of calling upon him to keep my thoughts stayed upon him, even in the house of prayer.

But to return. The child of God who is brought thus far will find there is a something that he feels his need of that the world cannot give, and the minister does not seem to understand his case. I once

heard of a man in the Church of England that felt his heart sins to be such a trouble to him that he went to the minister to explain more fully his case. The poor man said, "It is heart sins that trouble me so;" and the poor parson, not understanding his case, went and fetched his dictionary. "Heart sins," said he, "I don't see such a name. Here is "Heart's Ease," but that is a plant;" and so the poor man was obliged to go away as he went. He found him to be a physician of no value. And so are all who have not been experimentally taught by God the Holy Ghost.

So this poor soul is a needy one. He needs some one to teach him the way of God more perfectly. And he is not only needy, but he is poor. This seems to be a stage lower; and, in fact, it is the work of the Holy Spirit to bring the soul down before it is lifted up. Before honour is humility. We read in God's word that "the needy shall not always be forgotten; the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever." No; this needy soul shall not always be forgotten. The Lord will drop some sweet promise into his heart, giving him a sight of Christ as the Saviour of sinners, and as the only way whereby he can be saved. It may be this: "I am the way, the truth, and the life. No man cometh unto the Father but by me." Now the poor soul cries out, and says, "Lord, what a poor creature I am! I have been labouring and toiling all these years with my good works to be reconciled to the offended Father, and now I see that all I have done goes for nothing." Now he becomes a sincerely poor man, depending wholly upon the merits of Christ. Now the eye of faith looks to the blood of Jesus, and not to his own good works. His expectation is now fixed upon Christ. Well, the Lord says, "The expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever."

But he must be brought one stage lower yet. In many cases it takes years to bring a man down to where there is none to help. We read of one poor woman who was 12 years under physicians of no value, and instead of getting better, got worse; and thus it is with God's poor people. But Christ has said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." The poor child of God who is brought thus far will often shun all company. He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, even in company, if so be there may be hope. Yea, he putteth his mouth in the dust of self-abasement. Many times did I shun the company of my fellow-labourers when I was in this place, not because I was better than they, for I felt myself the worst, but because I wanted to be by myself, to pour out my heart to God. I have in the evening, instead of joining with them at the inn, taken my little Bible, and gone into the wood. I remember being once called to go with the engine some miles from home; and one morning, being more cast down than usual, I was just about to light up the fire, when I said in my extremity, "O what a poor, unhappy man I am! There is not a soul here among whom I labour that knows anything about a broken heart; but all I hear, all day long, is their filthy conversation;" when all on a sudden these words of holy writ were dropped sweetly into my soul: "This people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned amongst the nations." I

looked up, and said, "Lord, shall not I be reckoned amongst that people which thou hast said thou wilt place on thy left hand, and say, 'Go, ye cursed,' " &c. ? A sweet hope sprang up that I should should not; and although I knew not where the words were, yet I felt sure they were God's words by the power that I felt.

Thus the poor soul feels himself a needy and poor man; but he must be brought down where there is none to help before the deliverance comes. He must be brought to justify God in his condemnation. "O!" says the poor soul, "that is hard work. Can it be possible that after all my fears and cries I can ever justify God if he sent me to hell?" Yes, you must; for every mouth must be stopped and all the world be brought in guilty before God. Like the poor thief upon the cross when he said, "We suffer justly, but this man hath done nothing amiss;" or like the servants of Benhadad, with their ropes about their necks, saying, "I deserve to be hanged, but do, dear Lord, have mercy upon me, if thou canst do anything for me, if there is any way left, for I can do no more. I have no helper. I am depending entirely and alone upon the merits of Christ." Thus the poor soul is brought, as David said, to fall down where there is none to help. "Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses."

This is the time of every poor Jacob's trouble; but he that is brought thus far shall be delivered out of it. There is no trouble like it. He is brought to the last extremity. There God kept me for about three months; and there never was any trouble that I ever experienced like this. I was from day to day, and night to night, not knowing which way matters would end, and it seemed as though my life hung where David's did when he said, "There is but a step between me and death." Enemies in abundance were suffered to rise up against me; and here I was left groaning to the Lord. Ah! The soul that is brought here will experience what David did when he said, "Many there be that say of my soul, There is no help for him in God. Many are they that rise up against me." His sins rise up against him, and the devil rises up against him, telling him he has been too great a sinner for God to have mercy upon him; and the world will rise up against him, and curse him as Shimei did David; and the poor soul is humbled down, and all he can say is, "Let them curse; it may be the Lord will requite me good for their cursing this day. The Lord has bidden them." Here the soul lays down all his working tools. He is now brought where there is none to help, and his language is, "Be not far from me, for trouble is near, for there is none to help."

Poor child of God, do you know anything about these things? If you do, I am warranted from God's word to tell you, for your comfort, that our spiritual Solomon shall deliver your needy, poor, and helpless soul. I am not speaking speculatively, but what I have experimentally been taught. How that poor soul that is brought thus far will keep wrestling with God in prayer! He will creep about like a worm into secret places to pour out his soul to God, and in God's own time he will arise and deliver him. "The vision is for

an appointed time, and though it tarry, wait for it; it will surely come and not tarry" beyond the appointed time. The Lord will speak unto thy poor distressed soul, and say in language like this: "Then thou spakest in vision to thy Holy One, and saidst, I have laid help upon one that is mighty. I have exalted one chosen out of the people." This is God's co-equal and co-eternal Son, whom God chose from all eternity to be the propitiation for our sins. He is the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of peace.

Now God says in his word, "Where there is no vision the people perish." What vision is that there spoken of? Not an open vision; for I believe there are but very few who are favoured with an open vision; but the vision that is there meant is a vision of faith, in and through the Son of God. God is a Sovereign. It may be under the preaching of the word, or it may be through a dream or in reading the word; but whether in these cases, or any other way, the poor soul will find that the blood of Christ, being applied by the Holy Spirit, will perfectly cleanse him from all sins; for there will be such light shine through the word to his soul that all his sins will be taken away, and he will feel the truth of that word, "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." He will now have "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness," that he may be "called a tree of righteousness, that the Lord God might be glorified."

O happy day! There are none like it here upon earth, when the poor soul is favoured to go into the banqueting house, and when the banner over him is love; when he is taken upon the knees and dandled; when he lies all night at the breast, and is abundantly satisfied; when he can lay him down and sweetly sleep, having the Saviour in the arms of faith and love. This is a foretaste of that heavenly inheritance which this happy soul shall one day inherit.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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CHRIST, having espoused a sinner to himself by faith, doth wash him from his filth, and presents him to himself at length without spot, (Ephes. v. 25-27,) and the person being received upon the account of mere grace, sin has no equal plea against such a one, because the strength of his plea must be by the law; and grace having supplanted [satisfied] the accusation of the law, the trial depends in another court, where sin is cast out. And if sin could not at first hinder the acceptance of the person, much less can it procure a dis-acceptation afterwards. (Rom. v. 10.)—*Dorney.*

THERE may be repentance, or a kind of sorrow for sin, as Ahab had; there may be a kind of joy in the gospel-ordinances, as Herod had; there may be a kind of reforming, as in the same Herod, "who did many things that John taught;" there may be a kind of faith, as in those who believed in the parable, and in time of temptation fell away; there may be a kind of frequenting the word preached, as in those that may say, "Have we not eaten and drunk in thy presence, and thou hast taught in our streets?" there may be conviction of sin, as in Felix, who trembled at Paul's preaching; but all these are not wrought in the power of Christ, nor in the life of the Spirit, and therefore all such religion is but that of a carnal professor, or self-deceiver, or self-sufficient hypocrite, who deceives not another more than himself.—*Saltmarsh.*

## SANCTIFICATION.

Friend H.,—It was my intention not to have written again, as I find you have acted the part of Job's friends, in condemning what I have said without finding an answer. If you cannot, as you say, see eye to eye with me, why do you not point out by the word of God my error, that I might cleanse my way by taking heed thereto, according to his word? You are not deficient in your other kind of works; why, then, deficient in this? I would not give a farthing for that man's religion who is afraid to meet the simple word of God; for though I might build up myself in a supposed religion of holiness, that might reach to heaven in my own eyes and the eyes of others, yet, if it be not founded on simple truth, it will, by and by, when the floods and rains descend, be swept away as a refuge of lies; therefore come to the light, that your deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God. With respect to sanctification, God forbid that I should be ashamed of any truth of his that has been applied with power to me. It was in my mind to have written largely on this head, but as you seem to hint in your letter that you fear my labours will be in vain, and being conscious in myself that they were never of much worth, I shall bring it into as small a compass as possible. But to begin: Sanctification in the Scriptures means several things. And, as I wish to establish every one by the mouth of two or three witnesses, I will begin in the following order.

Sanctification, in the first and highest sense, is God's choosing of his people, and viewing of them holy in Christ Jesus, before the world was: "Sanctified by God the Father, and preserved in Jesus Christ." (Jude 1.) "Unto the church of God which is at Corinth, to them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints." "Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit." (1 Pet. i. 2.) "According as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love." (Eph. i. 4.) Here is sanctification in the Lord Christ before the world was.

In the second place, the great work of sanctification was completed when Christ suffered and arose from the dead, leaving all the sins of his elect behind him, having given a full satisfaction to law and justice, by which the iniquities of that land were removed in one day. (Zech. iii. 9.) And to this agreeth our Lord's own words: "For their sakes I sanctify myself." (John xvii. 19.) "By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all." "For by one offering he hath for ever perfected them that are sanctified." (Heb. x. 10, 14.) And when he arose from the dead, the Spirit bore testimony that this great work was accomplished. "He was justified in the Spirit." (1 Tim. iii. 16.)

In the third place, it means a purifying or cleansing of a sinner's conscience by the application of the atoning blood of Christ: "How much more shall the blood of Christ purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God." (Heb. ix. 14.) Now sanctification in this sense is set forth in the Scriptures by too many things here to mention; as purifying, (Mal. iii. 3,) purging, (Isa. i. 25,) cleansing, (Joel iii. 21,) washing, (Isa. iv. 4,) sprinkling, (Lev. xiv. 7,) &c., all of which imply that man is in a filthy and impure state, which filth is to be taken away from the conscience by this washing, cleansing, or purging by the blood of Christ, which is true sanctification according to God's word: "Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate;" (Heb. xiii. 12;) "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin." (1 John i. 7.)

But how is this done? Why, it is said first to be done by the Holy Ghost: "That the offering up of the Gentiles might be acceptable, being sanctified by the Holy Ghost." (Rom. xv. 16.) Secondly, by the word of truth: "Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth." (John xvii. 17.) And lastly, by the blood of Christ: "He sanctified them with his own blood;" (Heb. xiii. 12;) all of which were shadowed forth by the form of sanctifying under the old law: "Moses took of the anointing oil and of the blood which was upon the altar, and sprinkled it upon Aaron, and sanctified him." (Lev. viii. 30.) The anointing oil is the Holy Ghost; the blood that was sprinkled the blood of Christ; and that in which Moses conveyed it the word of God; all which spiritually takes place sooner or later in every conscience that is powerfully convinced by the Holy Ghost that it is in the same state as described by our Lord, (Mark vii. 21, 22,) "Out of the heart of man proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, blasphemy, pride, foolishness, deceit."

When this is the case, and not before, he will see the necessity of something to cleanse and purge the guilt and filth of all these away, after striving and trying every means the human mind could devise, and matters still growing worse and worse, which is sure to be the case where God's good Spirit has begun the work: "When the commandment came, sin revived and I died." (Rom. vii. 9.) This is sure to bring upon the mind those groans and cries which you find in Ps. xxxviii. 8: "I have roared by reason of the disquietness of my heart." And again, "I am weary of my crying;" (Ps. lxxix. 3;) "I cry out of wrong, but there is no judgment." (Job xix. 7.) This is a proof of the true work of God; and when this is the case, nothing but a removal of those sins which distress the conscience can produce peace, or bring about a happy reconciliation. Now this is not to be done by the word of man, no, nor by the word of God alone; it must be accomplished by the Holy Ghost.

Now the way the Holy Ghost accomplishes this great work is by the application of the blood of Christ, through the written word, to the sinner's conscience: "How much more shall the blood of Christ purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God;" (Heb. ix. 14;) "That he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word." (Eph. v. 26.) Here you may see sanctification as described by Paul; but he tells us that it is not accomplished in word but in power and in much assurance, so that a sinner cannot mistake it: "For all shall know me, from the least to the greatest. For their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." (Heb. viii. 11, 12.) Never was a criminal shut up in a cell, under the sentence of death, more sensibly set at large by the king's pardon than the above man: "By the blood of thy covenant have I sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit wherein is no water;" (Zech. ix. 11;) and again, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;" (Isa. lxi. 1;) "and to bring forth the prisoners out of the prison-house." (Isa. xlii. 7.) Now never was a load more sensibly taken from a man's shoulders than fear and guilt are from the conscience of such a one: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" "For thou hast broken the yoke of his burden, and the staff of his shoulder;" (Isa. ix. 4;) "Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing; thou hast put off my sackcloth and girded me with gladness;" (Ps. xxx. 11;) "For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace." (Isa. lv. 12.)

Now I should be glad to know in what part of sanctification the prodigal was deficient, when he had the fatted calf within and the best robe without, a ring on his finger and shoes on his feet, and something to

make him merry within. I think he was made meet for the inheritance above; (Col. i. 12;) and the Lord declares such to be clean; (John xiii. 10;) and if clean, he must be sanctified, which the apostle affirms in those words: "But ye are sanctified, but ye are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." Now here is a man, according to the apostle Paul, sanctified.

But there is another branch of sanctification, which is the effect of this and not the cause, as some would have it, and consisteth in the mortification of the deeds of the body, which, the apostle declares, is the will of God: "That every one of you should know how to possess his vessel in sanctification and honour;" (1 Thess. iv. 4;) and if it be the will of God, not all the wills of men shall hinder it; (1 Thess. iv. 3;) it it must be done where his Spirit comes. Now if a man has all this latter sanctification, so that he mortifies the deeds of the body, and sweeps the house never so clean, (Matt. xii. 44,) if he has not the former, he is nothing worth; he is like a shell without the kernel: "What is the chaff to the wheat?" (Jer. xxiii. 28;) a statue without life: "Ye have a name to live, but ye are dead;" (Rev. iii. 1;) a show without substance: "Ye make a fair show in the flesh;" (Gal. vi. 12;) a lamp without oil: "They had no oil in their vessels;" (Matt. xxv. 3;) a house without a foundation: "He builded his house upon the sand, so it would not stand." (Matt. vii. 26.) Now mistake me not. The groundwork of sanctification is the removing of guilt from the conscience, a taking from the heart the supreme love of sin, and fixing in its stead the love of God: "I will circumcise their heart to love me." This is what I have to say. Now sanctification of the members of the body effectually takes place at the presence of Christ: "The mountains quake at him, and the hills melt, and the earth is burned at his presence." (Nah. i. 5.) More work for the learned; but when the Sun of righteousness goes down, the beasts of the forest creep forth. (Ps. civ. 20.)

This is what I have to say, and may God give thee to experience its power as I have experienced it, and thou wilt fight no longer against such a glorious truth.

Thine to serve in the Gospel of Christ,

P. BRICE.

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## FELLOW-TRAVELLERS.

My very dear Friend and Brother,—Your kind epistle I have perused over and over again, with profit and delight; but, before I can return a proper answer, I must ascend much higher than I am upon that mystical ladder you have an account of in ancient history. (Gen. xxviii. 12.) Indeed, my friend, you appear to me to be strangely altered from what you once were. (Rom. iii. 9.) I have looked over the wonderful works of the Almighty in the six days when the heaven and the earth were created, and though they are all marvellous and great, yet I could not discern one creature that could be said to be exactly like thee. After pondering over the wonderful thing (Zech. iii. 8) for a season, at length, by means of a supernatural guide, (John xvi. 3,) I found out a little of the properties of this uncommon creature, and likewise its proper name; and after all, my friend, it is evident that thou art neither more nor less than a beast; (Rev. iv. 8;) and I verily believe thou art of such a peculiar species, that there is no thing besides like it in the whole creation of God! *A beast with six wings*, and each pair of wings for a particular purpose. (Isa. vi. 2.) But what appeared so wonderful was, that this beast was *full of eyes within*. And the last thing that engaged my mind, was the work in which this uncommon creature was employed. (Rev. v. 9.)

After I had meditated awhile on this matter, it was all made plain to me, and the sum and substance appeared to be this: "A new creature in Christ Jesus." Thus, my dear friend, I have found out your genealogy at last, and, by the rays of a sunbeam, have discovered that I am a near kinsman of yours, only much shorter in stature; but I hope to grow taller in time. (Eph. iv. 13.) At present, my wings are too weak to reach the heights you have attained to; nevertheless, I love to hear you describe the heavenly prospects you are favoured with. At the same time, I am not sorry to find that you sometimes go down into the depths of tribulation, because a certain wise man, who travelled before you in the same path, declared that "before honour is humility;" and a greater than he hath said that "you shall go *in* and *out* and find pasture." So that, if I cannot soar so high, I am sure to meet you in some part of the same path I am called to walk in, and therefore can in truth call you my fellow-traveller; and, as we trudge along, I sometimes can learn the time of day by your watch, when I have forgotten to wind up my own. Another advantage I gain by this is, that I can lean upon your arm when I am weary, and sometimes get you to carry a part of my luggage, as it is seldom that I travel without a burden of some kind or other. Another thing I have gained by your company is this: when I have met with dirty roads, which is often my lot, you have been so kind as to wash my feet, by which act of kindness I have been enabled to walk more comfortably than if I had been alone; and this I call charity. These things, my brother, have rendered thee a very useful companion, and I hope no trifling thing will ever cause us to separate, as Abraham and Lot once did. No; let us jog on together until we get home; for though now we sometimes are discouraged because of the roughness of the way, yet at the end we shall have rejoicing together, and join with the rest of the labourers in the harvest home song,

"All our sorrows left behind,  
And earth exchanged for heaven."

While I am scribbling, a variety of things occur to vex and burden my mind; but these words come in and produce a calm: "The things concerning me have an end." I have been looking in the roll, but cannot find them; however, they are sweet to my taste. They are the words, I believe, of our most blessed Immanuel, and must point to the conflicts he had to endure for our sakes. O wondrous love! How completely was the scene of suffering finished on Calvary! But not so the glory that was to follow; for he shall reign over the house of Jacob *for ever*, and of his kingdom there shall be no end! As is the Head, so are the members. As he was, so are we in this world; and, having received the first-fruits of a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us hold fast what we have received, that none take our crown. The Lord Jesus is our crown, and where he is there is the kingdom also; therefore the things concerning us which have an end, must mean the temptations of Satan, the corruptions of the heart, the hatred, persecutions, and oppressions of the world, and the many diseases that afflict these tabernacles. All these things will shortly come to an end. Come, my brother, lift up thy head; redemption from all these things draweth nigh. Hold fast; stand fast;

"We shall be conquerors all ere long,  
And more than conquerors too."

You ask me to define the properties, faculties, and powers of the soul; but these things are too high for me. The mind, will, understanding, and affection, for aught I know, may constitute the principal powers of the soul; if so, to have the mind in the spirit of it renewed, the will subdued and rectified, the understanding illuminated, and the affections

rightly set and inflamed by the most Holy Spirit of God, and all brought into sweet obedience unto Christ Jesus, such a one, I conclude, must be a hoping soul; such a soul hopes for the accomplishment of every covenant promise; and the substance of every promise is, grace here and glory hereafter. Grace is glory begun, and glory is the consummation of grace; so that, while the hoping soul looks through a glass darkly, and beholds the Father shining in the face of Jesus Christ, that soul is, by the power of the Holy Ghost, changed into the same image from glory to glory. Thus I have, in my lame way, set a double glory before you; and if you will favour me with the use of your spectacles, I may have a better prospect; and for this kind act, I promise, out of the next pocket-money I receive, to treat you with a penny.

With kind love to all the brethren on your side the river,

I remain, more and more thy affectionate Brother,

June 25th, 1813.

J. KEYT.

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### THE MYSTERY OF CHRIST PREACHED TO THE GENTILES.

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Dearly-beloved Henry, and Penelope your Spouse,—Grace, mercy, and peace be unto you. Amen.

I was hinting to my friend when you were here, that I felt some intention to write my thoughts to him concerning the mystery of the preaching of the gospel to the Gentiles, and of its being believed on in the world. I never was from my childhood fond of writing, and feel some difficulty in compressing my thoughts on this subject into the narrow limits of a letter.

The apostle, in writing to the Colossians, calls it the mystery hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest to the saints, to whom God would make known the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles, which is Christ in you the hope of glory. This is the blessed substance that I have, and ever wish to have in view, for in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. He has been preached to us as the only Saviour of men; and we have believed that there is no other name given under heaven for our salvation. He has been preached as seeking and saving them that are lost. We have felt ourselves completely lost, and he has found us. He has called us to himself; we have come to him, and have found rest to our souls. He has preached that without him we can do nothing; and we believe this an absolute truth. He has preached himself the Way, the Truth, and the Life. We have believed this; In every way that we have hitherto discerned or ever shall discern, we have found ourselves fast bound with our sins; and we have believed that all our sins were forgiven for his name's sake; therefore our hearts have been filled with gladness, and the lame has leaped as a hart. He has been preached as the Reconciler, and we have believed him to be so to us with his Spirit's witness, to whom belongs all true believing, which has made our hearts enlarged with gratitude. We have heard of the multitude of his mercies, and we have believed it has covered the multitude of our sins. We are assured that in our flesh dwelleth no good thing, and we have believed that we have saving heavenly treasure in our earthly vessels. We believe that God has opened the door of faith to the Gentiles; that he sensibly admits them at times into his presence; that no man can shut this door, and that the Lord himself never will shut it. The Lord says that to his saints it is given to know the mysteries of his kingdom. We believe it really is so, and to none other. Common observation will prove this in converse with foolish virgins. It is said we are passed from death to life, because we love

the brethren. We are taught this of God, and feel and believe it to be a truth. We have heard that his delights are with the sons of men; and surely we have evidently found his goodwill towards us. He has told us the just shall live by faith; and hitherto he has maintained our souls in life. We have been often cast down, but never forsaken. It is said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." We feel it; but in him we feel peace. He says, "The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live;" and surely we know it from all others. He says, "All things are yours, whether life or death;" and we have been enabled to believe this; only we feel at times in the flesh some shuddering concerning the last enemy. He preaches, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of heaven;" and we believe this with all our hearts; for "God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved. He that believeth on him is not condemned."

"Great is the mystery of godliness. God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached to the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory." His conception and incarnation have been realised in our souls by faith, as also his painful sufferings, in some small measure; likewise his glorious resurrection and ascension, the sending forth of his Spirit, and his abiding with his church to this day. It has been made plain to us that in him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, that he is the only way to the Father, and that we are accepted only in the Beloved. He has chosen us, and ordained us to obtain salvation; therefore his lovingkindness has drawn us to love him, and then he carries the matter forward, and says, "The Father himself loveth you, because ye have loved me, and believed that I came out from God." All this, and very, very much more is preached to us Gentiles, and believed on in the world.

The preaching of the gospel has clearly made it known to us that that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit. Hence our minds are sometimes compared to a flowing brook, which is clear, clean, and bright; and oftentimes it is like a filthy, stagnant pool, wherein grows nothing but rushes; sometimes to the garden of the Lord; and oftentimes to a barren heath. We sometimes feel ourselves on the Rock, and oftentimes, as it were, on the sand. At other times we seem to stand fast, and oftentimes to be slipping; sometimes a holy boldness, and oftentimes like a thief that is taken; sometimes very cheerful, and oftentimes very dejected; sometimes strong in faith, and oftentimes no cheering faith to be felt; sometimes we feel the fear of the Lord, and sometimes are ready to presume. This makes us cry, "Lord, keep thy servants from presumptuous sins." Sometimes fervent charity towards his family; at other times care little about them. Sometimes we enjoy the spark of grace and supplication; at other times feel more stupid than an ass. Sometimes heavenly-minded, and oftentimes earthly, carnal, and devilish. Sometimes praying for safe deliverance out of the world, and sometimes shuddering at death. We are happy when our Lord speaks peace, and poor wretched creatures when he withholds his blessings. He has promised never to leave us nor forsake us, and God Almighty grant we may never break through the hedge and leave him, for in him is our safety, where we shall be quiet from fear of evil. I am bold to write thus to my friends, because we are made of the same material.

Perhaps my dear friends are tired; therefore I conclude, wishing you every spiritual blessing in Christ Jesus, to whom be ascribed blessing, power, glory, majesty, and dominion, for ever and ever.

Yours in the Lord,

Balham, Oct. 28th, 1828.

F. TRISLADE.

## THE TESTIMONY OF AN OLD DISCIPLE.

Dear Friend,—I received your few lines, and feel sorry to hear of Miss B. continuing so unwell. The Lord knows what is best for us, and has promised we shall have it; but nature says, "Not so, my Father." This is the first born. God's ways are not our ways. Just the reverse to carnal nature; and if we approve of God's ways being best, it must be by the same power which enabled Peter to say that Jesus was the Christ of God.

O, dear friend, in answer to your remarks on conflicts, I would say, "Never mind. We have the prize. Eternal life, grace given in Christ before the world began. Let us look at our high calling of God in Christ Jesus, and consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself. We are called to fight, to endure hardness, and to be crucified to the world and the world unto us. We fight by faith, and faith overcomes the world, the flesh, and the devil. Time is short. We have not much time allowed us to glorify Christ in the fire; and faith must be tried by fire. It is a precious sight for Christ to look at, and exceedeth that of gold, even to the Christian. You say, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." True enough; but they are not my worst trouble. A wicked heart and unbelief is worst; but over all enemies we are sure of the victory. You will say, "Sweet words, and easy to repeat;" but I am assured of it, because God has promised it, and he cannot lie. You will say I don't know what passes within your breast. I know the spot you are in; and this is the cause why I write at this time. The horrible pit and miry clay, together with the corruptions of the heart, have gained ground. What of that? The old lion cannot go beyond his bounds. You are in a very tempted state; you are afraid you shall give the enemy a cause against you. That is well, as it will be a means of preventing it. Call mightily on God for help. He will hear. And do not forget that sweet passage: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive a crown of righteousness." What nearness to God it seems when the same apostle says, "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations, knowing that the trial of your faith worketh patience; and ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God, ye might inherit the promises."

My dear wife is still very unwell, and has been very ill since I saw you at our house. I am, through mercy, better upon the whole; but I vary so. I prove the truth of the word of one of old. It is labour and sorrow at such an age. I need not enter into my own feelings. I should soon fill a page. My trials are well known to the Lord, though my words are few. He hath said, "Be still, and know that I am God." The heart knows its own bitterness, and a stranger meddleth not with its joy."

Ever yours in Truth,

Desford, May 19th, 1850.

E. MOSS.

It is the office of the Holy Ghost to assure us of the adoption of sons, to create in us a sense of the paternal love of God towards us, to give us an earnest of our everlasting inheritance. As, therefore, we are born again by the Spirit, and receive from him our regeneration, so we are also assured by the same Spirit of our adoption; and because, being sons, we are also heirs, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ, by the same Spirit we have the pledge or rather the earnest of our inheritance.

—Pearson.

## Obituary.

### MARIA ADELAIDE PRIOR.

*(Concluded from p. 280.)*

My wife's mind in religious matters varied but little during the last seven years of her life; certainly she was better established in divine truth. She scarcely read anything with delight except the Scriptures and Hart's Hymns.

The last time she attended ——— Chapel was Sunday evening, December 16th, 1860. She was at the time very unwell with a bad cold, which was the commencement of her last illness. After she left, she went once or twice to Gower Street, and heard Mr. Smart. She said, when she came home, that she was sorry she had neglected so many precious sermons. She also went two or three times to hear Mr. Shorter, and made the same remarks. I believe these were the only ministers she heard from December to July.

The disease which caused her death was consumption. I think the commencement of it may be dated from the year 1854. She was taken ill in that year soon after her confinement. Every year she got worse and weaker. She was in the habit of going into the country every summer for the benefit of her health; but the last attack appeared to break her constitution entirely.

I must just say a little more about Mr. Shorter's sermons. After she had heard him, she felt very much attached to his heart-felt expressions; they appeared to come home so close to her. She frequently expressed her sorrow that she had lived so near to Wilderness Row for eight years and neglected to hear such godly sermons. She said, "I have wasted my Sabbaths in listening to dry doctrinal, intellectual sermons, instead of hearing the life, power, and unction of the blessed gospel. I might have been comforted many times when I was wounded." She felt that she wanted a ministry the aim of which was to feed the new man of grace in the hearts of God's little ones. She had heard from the pulpit that God's little ones might have their hearts enlarged if they were not so idle, moping at home. This expression, from ——— pulpit, cut very deep into her spirit, and I believe it was about the last sermon she heard at ———. She told me, when she came home, what she had heard, and I must say that it grieved me as well as it did her. I felt that what she told me of the sermon was true, because I had heard the like from the same pulpit myself.

This brings me to April 1st, 1861, when my wife left her home for Cambridge, never to return again. I was instructed by her medical adviser to get her out of London as quickly as possible. Many prayers had ascended from my heart up unto God that he would open up a way for me to act. My dear wife had also prayed after the same manner. We were living witnesses that God heard and answered prayer. He had provided extraordinary means for blessings and comforts to soothe us in our afflictions, and we realised by experience the truth of the words that "for all things I will be inquired o

by the house of Israel to do it for them." She talked very sweetly about these things. She felt so confident that God had heard and answered her prayer, and we felt our hearts so full of God's goodness, that we did not know how to be thankful enough. I can speak for myself in this matter. I often appeared, as it were, to have a whole Bible of my own, God so blessed me in the day of trouble. To prove that my wife's heart felt the same as mine in these matters, I will make a quotation or two from her letters which I received at different times during the few weeks she lived at Cambridge. In the first letter after her arrival she said, "How good the Lord has been to me! O how I wish I could thank him! My spirit is as the poet describes:

"I want a loving, thankful heart  
Thy praises, Lord, to sing."

On April 23rd, I received another letter, in which she said, "On the whole I think I am a little better; but all our trying to get better is of no use unless the Lord bless the means. It is to him I am looking, and for him waiting. He has only to speak the word, and his servant shall be healed. I want to lie passive in his hands, and know no will but his; and I am sure, my dear, your feelings are the same as mine. You are watching and waiting at the door, wondering where the scene will end; but you know that it is all well that the Lord does." In another letter she said, "I have had the pleasure of seeing and also talking with Mr. M. He spoke very nicely to me. He said that he did not think I should be in this world long; but he was sure I should have a happy death." She said, "I am very weak, and there is very little I can do." On the 8th June, I went to Cambridge and remained with her ten days. I was, of course, very glad to see her, but did not expect to find her so ill. She was extremely weak,—obliged to sit all day. It was a great trouble to her to get up and down stairs. She got weaker every day, and the Tuesday evening following, when she retired to bed, her bodily strength entirely gave way; she walked, with assistance, up two flights of stairs, which completely overpowered her. I told her she should not walk either up or down stairs any more while I was there; therefore I carried her down stairs in the morning, and up stairs in the evening until the day I left. A bedstead was then fixed in the parlour, in which room she remained the rest of her life. She never went up stairs again.

During my stay with her, I endeavoured to speak as little as possible to her about temporal things, and endeavoured to comfort her with the precious promises of the gospel. Our conversation on these matters was very pointed, and it was evident that godly fear predominated in her soul. She wanted a whole Christ and a whole gospel and all the blessings attending them; yet she was afraid to take hold of anything, for fear it was not for her. She confessed that her whole soul was hanging upon Jesus, and that she felt she must be lost for ever if he did not save her. She requested me to find that passage in Isaiah which says: "And they shall all hang upon him." She said, "The assurance that Jesus died for me is all I want

to know. If the Lord the Spirit would but say to my soul, 'I have loved you,' or words to that effect, I should be satisfied; but I must have the words from the Lord himself." I told her that I was as confident she was a saint of the Lord as I was of my own existence. She said, "I know that a mere intellectual conviction of the truth is not sufficient. A bare head knowledge or carnal reverence for the grand doctrines of the Bible will not do to die by; neither will it speak peace to the soul. It is the Spirit's witness I want." She frequently referred me to those precious chapters where the apostle speaks of the witness of the Spirit, and walking after the Spirit and not after the flesh. She would then refer me to the whole church of God upon earth. Though they may differ in gifts and abilities, "yet," she said, "they manifest the same spirit;" and she said, "These passages convince me that there is a great deal of letter preaching and teaching, and dead-letter profession in the present day. This is evident by the spirit which some manifest." She next called my attention to that portion of Scripture which says, "We are all baptized into one Spirit." "I feel," she said, "that this passage is much perverted by some ministers. I feel assured that the unctuous power of it is lost sight of, and that preachers and hearers generally are ignorant of its true meaning. It means that there is but one spirit manifested by all the church militant upon earth, when they are in their right mind. I know that my creed is a Bible creed; but I want the Holy Spirit to witness with my spirit whether I am his or not. I also know that God will be inquired of by the house of Israel to do these things for them. I know he does not put new wine into old bottles; but makes an aching void in the heart, which nothing but mercy can fill up. I also know that it is more easy to imagine what the aching void is than to feel it personally; it is more easy to talk about it than to mourn under its burden. I feel assured that ministers and professors generally do not know what they talk about, or they would manifest more union to God's exercised children." The carnal state of some Calvinistic churches had great weight upon her mind. She said over again, "I feel assured that there would not be so much talk if there was more of the unctuous power of the Spirit felt in the heart." I listened to every word she said, and then asked her if she thought she was one of those who would sing the praises of redeeming love above. Here she was stopped again. She said, "I hope so; but I am afraid positively to say, Yes. This I know, I am broken-hearted, and my soul appears to have nothing to hang upon but Jesus. Take away his preciousness, I am lost for ever." From the manner in which she related this I could not help telling her that I was confident she would be in heaven, let her death come when it might. She said, "I am afraid it will not be so, because the Lord has not blessed me with the enjoyment of the promises; and how can I enter heaven without knowing where I am going?" I told her, as well as I could, what I understood by the promises, such as, "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God." "Yes," she said, "but I am not pure in heart." I assured her that by the *faith* which she mani-

fested she *was* pure in heart. She looked at me with a piercing eye, and said, "How can you tell me that I have faith?" I replied, "Do you not feel that you are a lost and ruined sinner in yourself? And do you not feel at the same time an aching void, and a begging spirit, that the merits of Jesus and the intercession of Jesus were yours?" "Yes," she said, "I do; and that is my prayer all day long." "Then," said I, "that is divine faith." I said, "Would you not feel satisfied if God himself were to speak with power to your soul, and assure you that you are one of his?" "I should," she replied. I said, "That is an evidence of divine faith, and also an evidence of purity of heart. All the promises in the Old and New Testament are for such as you." She replied, "It is all very well for you to say so. You have had assurance of faith brought home to your soul." I tried to assure her that my faith was no better than hers, but that her faith very greatly confirmed mine, because the very things that the blessed Spirit had brought home to my soul with sweet assurance, and with which my soul was greatly comforted, and the testimonies unto which my soul clinged, were the very things which her soul longed for; and she felt there would be no satisfaction until she got them. I said, "If I never see you again in this world, I am sure you will enjoy them; if not in this world, you will the moment you enter eternity. God is sure to be faithful. Those that fear the Lord shall be blessed."

About this time one of the visiting ladies connected with the parish called to see her and talked with her about soul matters. The lady asked her if she trusted in Jesus. She answered very quickly, "In whom else can I trust?"

On June 18th we parted, never expecting to see one another in this world again. On June 25th I received a letter from her. She appeared to be very weak in body, and, according to her handwriting, in a trembling state, and evidently very low in mind, and in great soul trouble. She said, "I have had a good night's rest last night, but I seem as though there was no thankfulness in me. My heart is as hard as a stone. I feel wretched. I have no desire to pray, nor can I pray. This is my greatest trouble." I replied, "I think you made a mistake when you said you had no desire to pray or to be thankful. If there were no desire, it would not be your greatest trouble. If these things distress your soul, it is very plain that you would pray if you could. I feel confident that you are a monument of grace—free grace! What a blessed testimony you are leaving behind that all human ability is vanity. You are a living witness that salvation in the heart is and must be the work of God, as well as salvation on the cross."

The following is an extract from the last letter she ever wrote to me. It was dated July 1st, seven days before she died: "I am thankful to say I am a little better in my mind. I have had Mr. M. to see me again. Do send me that sermon of his. Mrs. S. will read it to me, as she comes to see me sometimes. I like her much. Give my love to Miss P., and tell her I would write, but cannot. I am much the same, but weaker. My appetite gets worse; my cough remains the same. I had a bad night last night. I don't wish to

complain, seeing the great things the dear Lord has done for me, and how gently he is taking the body down; but I do want to feel him in my heart. That is all I crave. I felt a pleasure in reading what you said respecting my hard heart. I should like to say more, but I am so done over."

On the Wednesday morning there was a great change in her for the worse. It was evident to those about her that she was fast sinking, and that her time in this world would be short. Her friends waited until Friday morning, and as she still got worse, she thought it advisable to let me know of the change, and I received the following letter: "Mother wishes me to send you a line to say your dear loving partner is very much worse. Her doctor and those around her think her time will be very short in this world of suffering. You will be glad to hear that she continues to be very patient, and is quite calm, and willing to depart when the Lord sees fit to call her, to be with Jesus. She is happy. Nothing troubles her mind. All is peace. What a mercy! Your dear children are both well. Should there be any change to-morrow morning, we will let you know." After receiving this note, I felt very anxious to see my wife once again, if possible, and obtained permission to go to Cambridge the next day, Saturday, intending to return on the next Tuesday. I found her very ill indeed, but cheerful and sensible. She was not able to talk much; nevertheless, we conversed a great deal together at intervals. Our conversation was chiefly upon soul matters, and the faithfulness of God. Before I left her, three weeks previously, I requested her that if the Lord should speak peace to her soul, so that she should be able to feel sure of her interest in his salvation, to let me know, if possible. She said that she would tell those who might be with her at her death to let me know. But having another opportunity of seeing her alive, of course this was about the first question I put to her, whether the dear Lord had manifested himself to her or not. She was enabled in those dying hours to tell me in a clear and intelligible voice that God had been merciful towards her. She said, "I was greatly comforted a night or two ago by the Lord applying many precious promises to my soul; at least I felt the sweetness of them. One in particular seemed uppermost in my heart, and it is so now, and it is upon my lips: 'Your sins and your iniquities will I remember no more.' Therefore, how can I doubt?"

She begged of me many times during Saturday and Sunday to pray to the Lord to give her ease in body. She was evidently suffering great agony. I told her that I was continually praying that the Lord would ease her pains, so far as it was consistent with his will. I read to her the sufferings of Christ in the garden and upon the cross; what agony he endured, and how he cried, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me;" yet he said, "Not my will, but thine be done!" These words appeared to console her a little. She remarked that when the dear Saviour was in agony and thirsted, they gave him vinegar, mixed with gall, to drink; "but although I thirst very much, I have not such drink given me." In this she felt highly favoured. I told her that many had to endure great agony

of body in their dying hours; but what was worse than all, they had great agony of soul also. But she felt no soul trouble. And this she felt to be a great mercy.

It was only at intervals that she could speak, and at times she could not bear to be spoken to; it wearied her too much.

On Sunday night I was sitting by her bedside, when the thought came across my mind that she was realising all the blessings for which she had often sighed and prayed, but doubted and feared she should never get. I said to her, "What a mercy, in your dying hours, you have not to give up the religion which you possessed and professed while in health." She answered, "I did not pick it up."

It was evident at this time, about 9 o'clock, that she was taken for death. I read a little of the Scriptures to her; but she could not endure much. I sat by her side till nearly 12 o'clock. She many times wished me to go to bed; but, as I thought her end was very near, I did not feel inclined to do so; but, in order to pacify her, I went to bed about 1 o'clock in the morning, her sister promising to call me if another change should take place. I was called about 5 o'clock. Her end was fast approaching. When I entered the room, she knew me. She could not converse at all, but she felt pleased to hear anything about Jesus. I felt too full to say much. I told her that I did not think Jesus would be long before he took her away. She looked at me very hard, and said, "Dying! I am dying!" She appeared to be in very great agony, and almost immediately after went off in a kind of convulsion, breathing very hard, and in great bodily pain. Her sister thought she was in agony of mind also. I remarked that I firmly believed it was only bodily pain, that her spirit was happy; and this proved to be true to a demonstration. I did not think she would ever come to herself again; but, to my surprise, she did, and all her pain appeared to leave her for a minute or two. She looked at all in the room, and then said to me, "I am so happy!" She really looked happy. I had not seen such a pleasant smile upon her countenance for many months. After this, she went off again in much the same manner as before. This was about 6 o'clock. She did not recover herself again. She was evidently dying very fast. I went down stairs to have some breakfast, about 8 o'clock; but I had not been down many minutes before I was called up again. I was just in time to see her breathe her last. She breathed three times very hard after I entered the room, and then her spirit departed. I felt that her sufferings were all over, that she was gone to her everlasting home. She died on Monday, July 8th, 1861. J. P.

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PAUL means that the Spirit of God gives such a testimony to us, that (he being our Guide and Teacher) our spirit concludes our adoption of God to be certain. Our own mind, of itself, independent of the preceding testimony of the Spirit, could not produce this persuasion in us. For whilst the Spirit witnesses that we are the sons of God, he at the same time inspires this confidence into our minds, that we are bold to call God our Father.—*Calvin*.

## MEDITATIONS ON THE OFFICE CHARACTERS OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

### III.

#### THE LORD JESUS AS THE ENTHRONED KING OF ZION.

(Continued from page 288.)

IN viewing with believing eyes the Person and work, grace and glory, qualifications and offices of the blessed Lord, we are apt to fix our faith upon them more in reference to *ourselves*—to our own personal salvation and consolation, than as eternally designed to manifest the glory of God. It is, indeed, as seeing him fully and wondrously suited to all our wants and woes that we are first led and enabled to believe on the Son of God unto eternal life. A High Priest who has put away sin by the sacrifice of himself, and who, as now at the right hand of Power, is “able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him,” well suits a self-condemned, guilty sinner; a kind and condescending Teacher, at whose feet we may humbly sit to hear his words dropping with unction into the heart, is well adapted to those who feel their ignorance, and long for heavenly instruction; and a King who can not only manage for them all their temporal and spiritual affairs, but—harder work still!—can rule over their stubborn wills and subdue their iniquities by his Spirit and grace, well meets the case of those who sigh after deliverance from the power and prevalence of a body of sin and death. But though these benefits and blessings, which come down to the people of God out of the mediatorial life and fulness of the Lord Jesus, are in themselves exceedingly great, and, as realised by heart experience, unspeakably precious, yet are they really but second and, as it were, subsidiary to higher and more glorious purposes. No final object can be so dear to God as his own glory. To fill heaven and earth with his manifested glory must be a purpose of greater moment with the LORD than to save and bless a ruined race. To forgive iniquity, transgression, and sin is a part of God’s glory; (Exod. xxxiii. 18–23; xxxiv. 5–7; Num. xiv. 17, 18;) but the glory itself must be greater than that of forgiveness, of which it is but a part. Thus after the Lord had said to Moses, “I have pardoned, according to thy word,” he added, “But, as truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord.” (Num. xiv. 20, 21.) The glory of his holiness, of his justice, of his power, of his faithfulness, of his love, and all the other perfections of the divine nature, must be equal to that of his forgiveness of sin, not to mention the essential glory of his eternal existence as a Trinity of Persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in the Unity of the undivided Essence. To reveal this glory, that thus it might be seen and admired both in heaven and earth, was the eternal purpose of the Most High, even of him who has said, “My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure.” (Isa. xlvi. 10.)

But as God is essentially invisible, dwelling in the light which

no man can approach unto, whom no man hath seen or can see, this glory could only be revealed in the face of his dear Son, who is "the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his Person." This is John's express testimony: "No man hath seen God at any time; the only-begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." (John i. 18.) In almost similar language speaks the apostle Paul: "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." (2 Cor. iv. 6.) We see, therefore, that to glorify his dear Son was the eternal purpose of God; for in glorifying him he glorified himself, as our Lord declares: "I have glorified thee on the earth;" (John xvii. 4;) and again, "Father, glorify thy name. Then came there a voice from heaven saying, I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again." (xii. 28.) But the glory of the Father and of the Son are one, according to the words of our Lord's intercessory prayer: "And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." (John xvii. 4, 5.) Thus we see that the Son of God glorified his Father on earth, and that the Father now glorifies his Son in heaven. And as he set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places that he might be thus glorified in him, so the main purpose of the present royal dignity of Jesus is to manifest that glory.

These few remarks may perhaps prepare us to enter more clearly into the consideration of that part of our subject which now lies before us, viz., the object, extent, and duration of the royal dignity of Jesus at the right hand of the Majesty on high.

i. The *object* of this regal sway demands first our consideration.

In that sublime and most affecting prayer which the Lord Jesus offered up to his heavenly Father on the eve of his sufferings in the garden and on the cross, he himself unfolded one special object of his present possession of supreme authority and power: "As thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him." (John xvii. 2.) From these words of the gracious Lord we gather two things: 1, that the Father has given him power over all flesh; 2, that it was necessary he should possess this supreme authority in order to bestow the gift of eternal life on as many as the Father had given him. The execution, however, of this latter purpose, implies and involves several others, which we shall now, therefore, attempt to unfold.

1. *The execution of God's will upon earth* is intrusted to the hands of the risen and exalted Son of God. God's open will is made known to us in the Scriptures, and this must ever be our guiding rule, for "secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children for ever, that we may do all the words of this law." (Deut. xxix. 29.) But besides this open or express will, God has a secret will, not revealed, at least not plainly and clearly revealed, as is his positive will in the word of truth, though there doubtless are dim intimations of it, could we

see them.\* But as all our readers may not see the distinction we make between the open and the secret will of God, let us explain our meaning a little more distinctly. One instance may suffice as an illustration of the distinction between them. It was God's *open* or expressed will that when he sent his dear Son, Israel after the flesh should believe in him as the promised Messiah; but his *secret* will was, that his people by outward covenant should reject him, and nail him to the accursed tree, that redemption by atoning blood might be accomplished, and also that the Gentiles should be the firstfruits of the Saviour's finished work. Now, as the secret will of God thus sometimes differs from his open will, who is so fit to carry into execution this hidden will as the Son of his love, of whom we read, "No man knoweth the Son but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father save the Son?" He that ever lay in his bosom as his dear Son must fully know all the mind of the Father, for he declares, "As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father." (John x. 15.) To carry out this will demands infinite wisdom and infinite power, as well as an infinite knowledge of the mind and purpose of God. But in whom shall we find this union of infinite knowledge, wisdom, and power but in the exalted Son of God? To bring the subject more fully before your mind, take as an instance the execution of the secret purpose of God to save his elect people from all their sins and all their foes. Consider for a moment the countless complications of events connected with the execution of this purpose! Look at the millions of human persons and of human passions which lie in the path as obstacles; the opposition of all the powers of earth, and hell; the dreadful state of alienation and enmity into which the elect are sunk; the several and special call of every vessel of mercy; the temptations, trials, and deliverances of each, all which need infinite wisdom to know and almighty power to meet,—do but consider these complicated circumstances, and what a view will it give you of the present reign of Jesus as carrying into execution this secret will of the Father. We have named but one instance, but that is sufficient to give us some little idea of the authority and power committed to the hands of Jesus as enthroned King in Zion.

2. Another purpose of the exaltation of the blessed Lord to the throne of mediatorial glory is that he should be a *living Head of influence to his church*. This is beautifully set forth by the apostle in that heavenly prayer which he put up for the church of God at Ephesus at the close of the first chapter of his Epistle: "And what is the exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power, which he wrought in Christ when he raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not

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\* Thus, in the instance of God's secret will mentioned by us in a following sentence there were intimations of the rejection of the Jews and the call of the Gentiles, as the apostle shows, Rom. ix. 24-29; xi. 8-10, though these obscure hints were overlooked, and really did not affect or contradict God's open and expressed will.

only in this world, but also in that which is to come; and hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be the head over all things to the church, which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all." (Eph. i. 19-23.) In what grand, noble, eloquent, expressive language does the apostle here set forth the exaltation of Jesus, "far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion" in earth, heaven, or hell, and "all things" past, present, and to come "put under his feet," that he might be a glorious Head of life, power, and influence to the members of his mystical body. It hath pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell—a fulness of all grace and gifts as well as all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Out of this fulness he is ever supplying the members of his mystical body; for from him, as an ever living Head, "all the body, by joints and bands, having nourishment ministered and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God." (Col. ii. 19.) It is only by this union with Christ as a living Head, and by receiving supplies of grace and strength out of his fulness, that we come experimentally and feelingly to know that he lives at the right hand of the Father. We may indeed believe it to be so from the testimony of God in the written word, but we have no such evidence as the Lord speaks of when he says, "At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you;" (John xiv. 20;) or that which John means when he declares, "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." (1 John v. 10.) This is the grand, the vital distinction between the living and the dead, that the living have union and communion with a living Head, whilst the dead are "alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart." (Eph. iv. 18.) This blessed truth and divine mystery of union and communion with him, the Lord unfolded to his sorrowing disciples in those heavenly discourses, before his sufferings and death, which the Holy Ghost has recorded by the pen of John—John xiv., xv., xvi. But we shall merely refer to one passage in them as chiefly illustrating our present point: "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you. Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me. Because I live, ye shall live also." (John xiv. 18, 19.) Let us seek to enter into the meaning of our Lord's gracious words here. His bodily presence was now to be withdrawn from the world. It had despised, it had rejected him. It knew him not, it valued him not. It had proved itself utterly unworthy of his continued presence; it should therefore be deprived of that blessing; it should "see him no more." This polluted earth should no more be trodden by his holy feet. His miracles of mercy should cease; his words of grace and truth should be no more heard; and as the world had no powers of sight but the bodily organ of the eye, when he left the earth it ceased to behold him. "But ye," he says to his disciples, "*but ye see me.* Because I live, ye shall live also."

Our Lord in these words unfolds two mysteries of his heavenly grace—sight and life. The believer sees, the believer lives. But whom does he see, and by whom does he live? He sees Jesus, ho

lives by Jesus. He sees by a spiritual sight, he lives by a spiritual life, for Jesus is his life; and because Jesus lives, he shall live also. Thus the child of God carries in his own bosom the clearest proof and sweetest evidence that the Son of God is risen from the dead and reigns supreme in the courts above, for he sees him there, he feels him there. His anointed eye, like the eye of Moses, sees him "who is invisible;" (Heb. xi. 27;) and his believing heart, rising up on the wings of love, seeks those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. (Col. iii. 1.) In the parable of the vine and the branches, this mystery of vital godliness is more fully and clearly unfolded, especially in the words, "Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing." (John xv. 4, 5.) A living Head in heaven is the great object of our faith. Without faith in him, there is no union with him; without union with him, there is no communion with him; without communion with him, there is no fruitfulness; without fruitfulness, there is a casting into the fire as a withered and dead branch. Such is the circle of divine life and fruitfulness in the mystery of faith; such the issue of barrenness and death in the mystery of unbelief. Let us trace it a little more distinctly. Jesus lives at the right hand of God; because he lives, he quickens into spiritual life the members of his mystical body; as a fruit of this quickening power, they live; they see him; they believe on him; they have union and communion with him; they live a life of faith upon him; and bring forth fruit to his praise. The whole mystery of this life is contained in the experience of the apostle: "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." (Gal. ii. 20.) But as this life of faith on the Son of God is exposed to countless fluctuations, and is opposed by countless inward and outward foes; as it has no power to maintain itself, but, like fire, must go out if left untended; and as the extinction of this life would involve the oath and promise of God and the faithfulness of his dear Son, it needs the Almighty power of the enthroned King of Zion to maintain it in being by continual communications of grace and strength out of his own fulness.

3. Another purpose of the regal sway of the Son of God is to *subduc all things unto himself*. When the Father raised him from the dead and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places, he virtually put all things under his feet. This was the promise made in Ps. viii., as spiritually interpreted by the apostle: "Thou madest him a little lower than the angels; thou crownedst him with glory and honour, 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." (Heb. ii. 7, 8.) When God created Adam, he gave him dominion over the

works of his hands. This dominion, however, he forfeited by transgression. But the dominion given to the first Adam is bestowed in a much larger measure on the second Adam; for to the first Adam was granted dominion only over all things in the earth, but to the second Adam of "things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth." (Phil. ii. 10.)

But though this dominion is virtually and absolutely given him, and though he sits at the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens, as a sure pledge of the Father's absolute gift, yet its full accomplishment is still incomplete. This is clearly intimated by the apostle in the last clause of the words quoted by us from Hebrews ii. 8: "But now we see not all things put under him;" and in that remarkable passage: "Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power. For he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. For he hath put all things under his feet. But when he saith all things are put under him, it is manifest that he is excepted which did put all things under him." (1 Cor. xv. 24-27.) We shall have occasion, in the course of our Meditations, to dwell somewhat fully on these words; but the point to which we wish to call present attention is, the declaration in them that Christ "must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet." But *why* this necessity? Because the Father has virtually put all things under his feet, both by promise and by performance; by promise when he said, "Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession;" and by performance when he raised him from the dead and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places. He *must*, therefore, reign till he has fully executed the Father's purpose and the Father's promise. Were he to leave the throne before he had "put all things under his feet," where would be the faithfulness of God; where the promised reward of Jesus? But we must bear in mind that as the reign of Jesus is a *spiritual* reign, so the enemies put under his feet are the *spiritual* enemies of his people. Their enemies are invisible, and therefore the power exercised against them is invisible also. We see sin and wickedness universally prevailing; a most cruel, bloody, and fratricidal war desolating some of the fairest provinces of the earth, and by its consequences affecting millions of our own countrymen; Satan raging as if his time were short; vital godliness at a very low ebb; churches torn to pieces with internal strife; few faithful ministers in the land, and these often walking apart as if half afraid of, or half jealous of each other; error widely spreading; and popular preachers either pandering to the worldly spirit of their hearers, amusing them with jokes and anecdotes, and entertaining them with lectures, or arresting attention by novel interpretations of Scripture, and running a reckless tilt against established truths. When, then, we survey a scene like this, our hearts may well sink, and our faltering lips may almost say, "*Does* Jesus reign? Why, then, do these objects meet our eye so opposed

to his holy government? If “*all* things are put under his feet,” why is the world, why is the church what we cannot but see they are? To silence this questioning spirit, which the more it is indulged the more perplexing it becomes, let us bear in mind the great truth which we have endeavoured to enforce, that the reign of Jesus is eminently a spiritual kingdom, and exercised for his spiritual people. Thus it is not consistent with his present counsel to put down in an open manner, by visible acts of authority, the enemies of his people, but to strip them of so much of their power as affects the salvation and sanctification of his own loyal subjects. To set this in a clearer light, let us bear in mind that an evident distinction may be drawn between the partial and the full display of the present power of Jesus. A king may possess in himself absolute power, and yet restrain himself in the exercise of it. So with the Lord Jesus Christ as King in Zion. None who believe in the power of the Lord Jesus as the exalted God-man can doubt his ability to sweep away from the face of the earth every vestige of sin and misery. But he does not do so. Sin still reigns rampant, and the cry of misery rises up on every side. We must come, then, to one of these two conclusions, either that Jesus does not reign with supreme authority, or that his power is for wise purposes not fully put forth. The first conclusion is infidelity; the second agrees with the views that we have put forth of the spiritual reign of Jesus. And to this agrees the testimony of the written word, for we read: “And the seventh angel sounded; and there were great voices in heaven, saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever. And the four and twenty elders, which sat before God on their seats, fell upon their faces, and worshipped God, saying, We give thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty, which art, and wast, and art to come; because thou hast taken to thee thy great power, and hast reigned.” (Rev. xi. 15–17.) From this prophetic declaration it is plain that until “the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ,” which they are not now, the Lord has not “taken to himself his great power and reigned,” that is, has not displayed his sovereign authority in visible manifestation. It is now spiritual, and therefore invisible, but not the less real because at present necessarily partial. Were it otherwise, this world would not be a place of temptation and trial, nor should we be conformed to Christ’s suffering image by walking here as he walked. View this point, then, of real though partial authority and power as exercised by the Lord, in relation to the various enemies of his people. Take, first, that enemy of God and man, the arch enemy Satan. By his death, Jesus “destroyed,” or, as the word rather means, broke his power; (Heb. ii. 14;) and when he ascended up on high “spoiled” him and all his associated “principalities and powers, making a show of them openly.” (Col. ii. 15.) Does not this look like a complete conquest of the powers of hell? Yet Satan is still permitted to blind the minds of them which believe not, (2 Cor. iv. 4,) and hurl his fiery darts against the children of God. Satan could fill the heart of Ananias with evil, (Acts v. 3.)

and hinder Paul from good. (1 Thess. ii. 18.) Can we reconcile these two statements? Is he destroyed who can blind and ruin the sinner? Is he spoiled who can distress and hinder the saint? Yes; but not fully nor finally. He is virtually destroyed as regards the saints of God, because he cannot destroy them, either body or soul; he is spoiled, if not of all power to hinder or distress them, yet of that overwhelming authority which he is allowed to exercise over the world as being still its god and prince. Thus we can understand how the kingdom of Christ is a real kingdom, and his power a really exercised power, though not at present triumphant in full and open manifestation. But though thus wisely and necessarily limited as to conspicuous display, as regards its spiritual exercise it is full and effectual. Take as an instance, more fully to elucidate this point, another enemy which is put under his feet—*death*. The consideration of this may give us a still clearer insight into the nature of the authority exercised by the Lord in his kingdom than the one already adduced. That beautiful chapter, 1 Cor. xv., will throw great light on this part of our subject: "For he must reign till he has put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." (1 Cor. xv. 25, 26.) Observe the connection here between the reign of Christ till he hath put all enemies under his feet, and the destruction of the last enemy, death. As death is still destroying, he is not yet destroyed, that is, in the full sense of the term. But he will be *fully* destroyed. When? At the resurrection; for then, and not till then, "will be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory." But is there no destruction of death till his final destruction? Surely. When, by a manifestation of pardoning love, the sting of death is taken away, is not death then spiritually destroyed? Many a dear saint of God has shouted on a dying bed, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory?" even at the moment when Death is stinging him to death, and the victorious grave is about to claim for its prey the worn-out body.

We need not pursue further the train of thought. The examples we have given, and to them we might add those of the world and of sin, sufficiently show that the apparent incompleteness of the Lord's triumphs over his enemies, the wide prevalence of sin and misery, and all the opposition made to his authority and power, are no valid arguments against the reality of his reign, or the exercise of his government. It is full and complete for all its intended purposes. If more were needed, more would be displayed. Is it not enough that he reigns spiritually in the hearts of his people; that he controls the power of all their enemies; that he subdues their iniquities; that he sets a limit to the strength and subtlety of Satan; that he deprives death of its sting, and robs the grave of its victory; that he keeps back the raging waves of an ungodly, persecuting world; defeats all devices against his church; and brings every member of his mystical body through all the storms of time and waves of corruption to the eternal enjoyment of himself? Is not this a real kingdom? Is not this supreme and successful authority? And is not the exercise of

this sovereign government, invisible though it be, as effectual as if it were more openly displayed and shone more brightly and conspicuously before the eyes of men?

But here we shall pause, reserving to a future Number our considerations upon the extent and duration of this kingdom of the Son of God, the nature and purpose of which we have thus far, however feebly and imperfectly, attempted to unfold for the edification of our readers and the promotion of the glory of a Triune God.

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## INQUIRY.

Dear Sir,—If the Lord the Spirit should incline you, you would greatly oblige me by answering the following inquiry. Is personal preaching consistent with either the spirit or the word of the gospel of the Son of God? And was the late Mr. Gadsby a man of that stamp—a personal preacher? Yours, &c.,

A CONSTANT READER.

### ANSWER.

THE main question is, “*What is personal preaching?*” That there is such a kind of preaching is an undoubted fact; but in many cases it may be hard to decide whether such or such preaching is personal or not. To some persons, all faithful, all practical preaching is personal. To preach the doctrines of grace clearly and boldly, with a little experience just at the end, is considered quite sufficient by many who stand high in a profession of truth both in the pulpit and in the pew. Any close application of the word to the conscience, any searching questions about an experimental knowledge of the power of truth on the heart, any enforcing of the precept, any insisting on a godly life and consistent walk, such preachers would consider highly legal, and their hearers uncomfortably personal and very unpleasant. Were such unusual sounds heard in some of their crowded chapels, instead of the congregations going home pleased with the preacher and still more pleased with themselves; instead of, “*What grand ideas! what noble language! what a beautiful sermon! what a wonderful man!*” there would be a damp on well nigh every face, and sad complaints would spring up in every direction, “*What in the world has come to our minister? Whom is he driving at this morning? Has anybody offended him?*” Or, “*How legal he is getting! We shall soon all be in bondage. I shall go somewhere else if this personal preaching is to continue.*” To avoid all this unpleasantness, precept and practice are kept in the background; and thus, for fear of legality, all gospel obedience is ignored; and for fear of personality, all faithfulness discarded. The liberty of the gospel is made to cover many a sin; and the full assurance of faith used to hide many a dirty spot. Indeed, if a minister be not himself walking in the fear of God, and living in a manner becoming his profession, he cannot, with any decent consistency, urge on his hearers that practice in which he himself is so deficient; and were he to do so, all eyes would be turned on him till his face might well be scarlet, and his lips stammer and falter under the guilt of his

own hypocrisy. To avoid, therefore, this great inconvenience to himself, to make things pleasant to the people, and at the same time to throw over the whole transaction a decent gospel mantle, there is a tacit agreement between the pulpit and the pew that all practical preaching is dangerously legal, and if at all pointed or frequent, extremely personal.

But if, casting behind his back all such God-dishonouring compromises, a minister would not shun to declare all the counsel of God, how can he help being considered personal by those whose practices he censures? If, for instance, he should have deacons or influential members notoriously covetous, all preaching against covetousness will be thought personal both by them and their friends; if any members of the church hold an error, preaching against that error will be deemed personal by all who are entangled in it; if in the church there be strife and division, all testifying against contention, and showing the evils of a contentious, angry, unforgiving spirit will be considered extremely personal by those whom it condemns. The rest of the church or congregation, whose sore wounds it does not touch, may consider it faithful preaching, and justify the preacher from the word of God and their own consciences; but the aggrieved parties, as they consider themselves, will not easily forgive the faithful exposure of their sins, and sooner than condemn themselves will condemn their faithful reposer. In this sense of the word, not to be personal is to be unfaithful; for the servant of God has to commend himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God; (2 Cor. iv. 2;) and if he do this, some will cry out under the sharp sword of the Spirit, when it is flashed in their faces and cuts into their pride and self-righteousness.

But in this day, how can a minister not be personal who would be at all faithful? Suppose that, like Isaiah, (iii. 18-26,) he testify against "the changeable suits of apparel" and "the stretched forth necks of the daughters of Zion," will not this be personal in the eyes of the fashionably dressed members of the congregation? If, like Ezekiel, (xxxiv. 4,) he should testify against the shepherds of our professing Israel, as not strengthening the diseased, nor healing the sick, nor binding up that which is broken, nor seeking that which is lost, would not this be interpreted as a personal attack on some of the most popular ministers of the day, who call all such entering into the trials and afflictions of the exercised family of God "corruption preaching?" If, like Jeremiah, he "take forth the precious from the vile," and consequently expose the vile doctrines, experience, and practice held or connived at by many in the churches and chapels of the land, will not this be called a bad and bitter spirit by all whom it condemns? If, like Micah, he declare that a lying spirit is gone forth among many of the prophets of the land, will not many a son of Chanaanah be ready to smite him on the cheek, and many an Abab to put him in prison and feed him with the bread and water of affliction?

Thus we see that we must not condemn all pointed preaching as personal until we have well weighed it in the scales of the sanctuary

and found whether it be of God or man; for by so doing we might condemn the faithful servants of God now, as we should, by parity of reasoning, have condemned the prophets of old.

But apart from this peculiar line of testimony, which is given but to few, for, indeed, much love and wisdom are needed with it to prevent it degenerating into rancour and railing, preaching is sometimes most personal, in the best sense of the word, when it is least personal in the worst sense—that is, it is personal in its application, not personal in its intention. Let us explain our meaning. “A Constant Reader” asks us whether the late Mr. Gadsby was a personal preacher or not? To this we answer—in one sense of the word, he was the most personal, and in the other, the least personal preacher of all the ministers whom we ever knew. He always insisted, in a remarkable manner, that salvation and everything connected with salvation was a *personal* matter; and in that sense he was a very personal preacher, for he cut down with an unsparing hand all faith, and all profession of faith, which did not stand in the power of God, and was not made known to the heart and conscience. But besides this kind of personality in his preaching, there were many marked instances in which his word was sent home with such power to the conscience, that the hearer, struck as it were by a sudden arrow, actually believed that he was speaking directly and personally to him.\* In one case, if we remember right, a man thus struck in conscience, was obliged to go and make restitution of some money which he meant to appropriate to his own use. This was personal preaching with a witness, and the best of all personal preaching, for it was personal without personality.

But now comes the main point of the question: “Is personal preaching consistent with either the spirit or the word of the gospel?” If by personal preaching is meant, as we suppose, an angry, violent attack on some individual in the congregation, without any eye to the glory of God, or any desire for the man’s real good, then we say that such preaching is contrary both to the word and the spirit of the gospel. It is contrary to the word, for “the servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient,” &c.; (2 Tim. ii. 24;) and he has to approve himself as a minister of God, “by pureness, by knowledge, by longsuffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned,” (2 Cor. vi. 6,) all which graces of the Spirit are completely opposed to cutting speeches and bitter personalities. Nor is such preaching less opposed to the spirit of the gospel, which is love and faithfulness—as the apostle says, “speaking the truth in love.” (Eph. iv. 15.)

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\* An instance of this nature, about twenty years ago, once occurred to ourselves. We had been preaching at Zoar chapel, London, and were going home after service, when a well-dressed young man came up, pale as death and trembling in every limb, and abruptly accosting us, said, “Who told you that I was in the chapel? You looked at me and said, ‘Having eyes full of adultery, and that cannot cease from sin.’” We quietly answered, “I do not know who you are, as I never saw you, to my knowledge, in all my life.” The young man turned on his heel and disappeared in the crowd. He was evidently smitten in conscience, but whether for life or death we know not, for we have neither seen nor heard anything of him from that day to this. But we never saw a man so agitated by a sermon.

A man has no right, naturally or spiritually, to turn the pulpit into a coward's castle, and thence attack one or two or more in his congregation whom, perhaps, he is afraid to meet face to face in a room, and against whom he may have been prejudiced by false reports, or by his own flatterers. We have always much set our face against such personal preaching, and have we hope been, in good measure, preserved from it, as feeling its injurious effects on one's own spirit, as well as seeing that no real good, and often much harm, results from it. It is cruelly unfair to attack an individual who cannot defend himself—to hold him up, as if on the horns of the pulpit, before the congregation, who generally know pretty well who is meant, and to condemn him as if unheard, without judge or jury. It is bad for the preacher, as gratifying some of the worst passions of the mind under the garb of faithfulness; it is bad for the hearers, as grieving and perplexing the children of God, whilst it mightily pleases the worst part of the congregation, who often like to hear the sound of blows, when not aimed at themselves, on the same principle that some people like to see a street fight. But besides these manifest evils, it brings a reproach on the cause of truth; it sows the seeds of strife and division in the church and congregation, for some are almost sure to take sides with the party preached at, and to sympathise with him as an injured man; it fills the minister's own mind with wrath and bitterness; and usually leads him to cleave to that party—sometimes the worst—which will hold him up in his doings, right or wrong.

From this personal preaching, if we have described it correctly, the late Mr. Gadsby was mercifully preserved by his natural nobility of mind, knowledge of his own heart, sense of his own infirmities, and especially by the Spirit, grace, and example of his adorable Lord and Master.

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*WHEREFORE LOOK YE SO SADLY TO-DAY?*

WHAT means this sadness which I feel?	And do they often hear the word, Yet feel as dark as night?
Is this the way to bliss?	And when a word of comfort comes It takes a hasty flight?
Do all the ransom'd of the Lord Feel burden'd like to this?	And do they feel a heart like stone, Or hard as adamant?
Do those who fear the Lord most high	Can hear of judgment—mercy too, And yet will not relent?
Find sin a heavy thrall, And feel as destitute as though They had no grace at all?	Yes, all these things prove there is life.
As though they never had a sign, A word of heavenly grace?	A soul that's dead in sin Feels none of this, for he is dead To all the filth within.
As though they never saw God's light Shining in Jesus' face?	Yet, gracious Lord, thy Spirit power Can thaw a heart like mine.
As though their prayers were no- thing worth, Their sighs and groans a mockery?	Come, Saviour, let me feel thy love O cause thy face to shine.
As though there ne'er was one like them In all Christ's little flock?	

ZACCHEUS.

THE  
GOSPEL STANDARD.

NOVEMBER, 1862.

MATT. v. 8; 2 TIM. i. 9; ROM. xi. 7; ACTS viii. 37, 38; MATT. xxviii. 19.

EXTRACTS FROM A SERMON BY THOMAS CASE,  
PREACHED IN LONDON IN 1659-80.

“Hold fast the form of sound words, which thou hast heard of me, in faith which is in Christ Jesus.”—2 Tim. i. 13.

FAITH and love are, as it were, the two hands whereby we “hold fast the form of sound words.”

I. *Faith.* Christians look to your faith. Faith is a hold-fast grace which will secure the believer's standing in Christ. As unbelief is the root of apostasy and falling back from the doctrine of the gospel, (Heb. iii. 12,) so faith is the spring of perseverance: “Kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation.” (1 Pet. i. 5.) Faith keeps the believer, and God keeps faith. Now faith keeps the believer close to his principles upon a twofold account :

1. Faith is the grace which enables the soul to realise all the truths of the gospel. Evangelical truths, to a man who hath not faith, are but so many pleasing notions, which are pleasing to the fancy, but have no influence upon the conscience. They may serve a man for discourse, but he cannot live upon them. Suffering truths, in particular, are pleasing in speculation in times of prosperity; but when the hour of temptation comes, they afford the soul no strength to carry it through the trial, and to enable a man to “go forth unto Christ without the camp, bearing his reproach.” (Heb. xiii. 13.) But “Faith,” says the apostle, “is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.” (Heb. xi. 1.) Faith makes divine objects, although very spiritual and subtle in themselves, so many realities, so many solid and substantial verities. It gives them a being, not in themselves, but in the believer, and makes invisible things visible; as it is said of Moses, he saw “him who is invisible.” (Heb. xi. 27.) How? “By faith.” (Ver. 23, 24.) That which is invisible to the eye of nature is visible to the eye of faith. Faith brings the object and the faculty together. Hence, when men in the day of tribulation fall away, and walk no more with Jesus, though so lately exalted to a high degree of gospel notion, it is because, through want of faith, divine truth hath no root in their heart. All their knowledge is but powerless notion floating in the brain, and can give no reality nor substance to gospel verities. Knowledge gives lustre, but faith gives being; knowledge doth initiate, but faith doth realise; knowledge holds out

light, but faith adds life and power. It is faith, my hearers, whereby you stand. Faith is that whereby a man can live upon the truth, and die for the truth. "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." (2 Tim. i. 12.) Look to your faith, Christians.

2. Faith enables the soul to derive strength from Jesus Christ to do, to suffer, to live, and to die for him and for the truths which he has sealed and ratified with his own blood. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." (Phil. iv. 13.) Faith invests the soul with a kind of omnipotency: "I can do all things." Natural men's impossibilities are faith's triumphs. Faith is an omnipotent grace, because it places the work on an omnipotent God. "In the Lord have I righteousness and strength," (Isa. xlv. 24,) is the boast of faith; righteousness for justification, and strength for sanctification and for carrying on all the duties of a holy life. This is intimated in my text: "Hold fast," &c., "in faith and love which is in Christ Jesus." If it be asked, "How shall we hold fast?" the answer is, "By faith." How does faith hold fast? "In Christ Jesus;" in proportion as it is moved by, and acts upon Jesus Christ. Christ is a fountain of strength; and that strength is drawn out by faith. Hence David's resolve: "I will go in the strength of the Lord God; I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only." (Ps. lxxi. 16.)

II. The second grace you must look to is *love*. Love is another hold-fast grace. "I held him and would not let him go," says the spouse of her Beloved. (Song. iii. 4.) I tell you, Sirs, love will hold fast the truth when learning will let it go. The reason is, learning lieth only in the head, while love resteth in the heart, and causeth the heart to rest on the thing or person beloved. "I cannot dispute for Christ, but I can die for Christ," said the poor martyr. Love will say to the truth as Ruth said to her mother-in-law, "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me." (Ruth i. 16, 17.) Love is the glue which makes the heart cleave to the object; as it is said of Shechem, "His soul clave unto Dinah, the daughter of Jacob." (Gen. xxxiv. 3.) Love is the twist of souls. "It is but one love that entwines lovers." Christians, if you would hold fast the truth, love it. Love hates putting away. Whenever your love begins to decay, you are in danger of apostasy. "For this cause God shall send them strong delusions, that they should believe a lie." (2 Thess. ii. 11, 12.) For what cause? "Because they received not the love of the truth." (Ver. 10.)

Christians, look well to your standing. There is much of this judicial blast abroad. The generality of professors content themselves with and rejoice in the light, notion, and expression of the truth, but they have not any love to it. Parts without grace have been the practice of this evil and adulterous generation. The foolish virgins of this age have oil in their lamps, but none in their vessels, an

so perish. "Ye, therefore, beloved, seeing ye know these things before, beware lest ye also, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own stedfastness." (2 Pet. iii. 17.) Let it be your care to receive the truth, in the power of the truth, in the impressions of it upon your hearts, and in the love of it. Love the truth, even when the truth seems not to love you; when it makes against your carnal interests; when it calls for your right eye and your right hand,—the right eye of your sinful pleasure, the right hand of your dishonest gain; when it comes to take away all your false principles and all your false evidences; when it leaves you without so much as a duty or a church privilege, without even a creed, or a Paternoster, or a good intention, but casts you out of all which self and flesh have counted your gain in point of salvation, (as Phil. iii. 7,) to the loathing of your persons, &c.; (Ezek. xvi. 5;) even then, I say, "Receive the truth in the love of it." God intends you more good in it than you are aware of; and therefore say, with young Samuel, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth;" (1 Sam. iii. 10;) and with Bernard, "Do, Lord, wound me, scorch me, slay me; spare me not now, that thou mayest spare me for ever."

III. There is yet another means, recorded in the verse following my text, relating to the same duty, though expressed in a different manner: "That good thing which was committed unto thee, *keep*." This good and excellent trust and deposit was either the ministerial office with the gifts and graces, which Timothy had received of the Lord, for the edifying of the church, or else "the form of sound words" committed to his charge in our text. Whichever it is, this duty is inculcated upon Timothy again and again, that he should "keep" it; preserve it, as under lock and key. Saith Beza, "He keeps his deposit that improveth it so that the depositor finds no cause why he should take it away." But how shall Timothy, or any other evangelical minister or Christian, be able to keep it? It followeth: "By the Holy Ghost." The duty, indeed, is very difficult; but, by receiving the help of the Spirit of God, believers shall be enabled to do it. And he is not far from every one of them; for it followeth, "By the help of the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us." He is, then, as a principle of life and power; by his virtue and influence, "helping their infirmities, (Rom. viii. 26,) and "working in them mightily." (Col. i. 29.) Great is the opposition that believers meet withal; and Satan and this present evil world have been too hard for many. Not professors only, but ministers also, men that seemed to be stars of the first magnitude, have proved to be but falling stars, mere comets, that for a time make a great blaze, but quickly die out: "They went out from us, because they were not of us." (1 John ii. 19.) But real saints, real believers, shall hold out. Why? "Because greater is he that is in them than he that is in the world." (1 John iv. 4.) "Keep by the Holy Ghost that dwelleth in us."

Christian, "walk in the Spirit" (Gal. v. 16) and pray for the Spirit. Cry mightily unto God for the continual presence and operation of the Holy Ghost; and for your encouragement, take along with you

that blessed promise of our Saviour: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" (Luke xi. 13; 1 Tim. i. 17.)

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## A WORD FOR THE POOR AND NEEDY.

BY AN ENGINE DRIVER.

(Concluded from p. 299.)

"For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth, the poor also and him that hath no helper."—Ps. lxxii. 12.

But I pass on to show,

III. *Some of the things that he will need delivering from.* Although, while he is favoured to be kept here all will go well, yet, unless the Lord is pleased to take him out of the world in this his first love, he will prove the truth of the Saviour's declaration, "The days will come when the Bridegroom will be taken away; then shall they fast in those days." Then it is that the beasts of the forest creep forth. Now in this Shulamite there are two armies, "the flesh lusting against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh;" so that we cannot do the things that we would. I am not going to encourage sin. No, by no means. But this I say, there are evils still in the heart of every child of God, and they are his greatest tormentors, because God has given him a tender conscience; and those evils that he feels rise within, he often fears he shall fall by them; and when these things are bubbling up in his heart, his greatest fear is that he shall one day fall by the hand of Saul. The psalmist David found it so, and he said, "Innumerable evils have compassed me about," &c.

Now, as the Lord will, I will try to speak of some of these evils that he needs delivering from; and I shall speak of those things that my soul has had to pass through, and which I have, from time to time, to cry to God against, and who has hitherto been pleased to hear and answer me. First, then, I would try to speak of the *temptations* that God's people have to meet with from the enemy. Now, for a poor child of God to be tempted is no sin; but the falling into the thing that he is tempted to is sin. How many of God's people have been tempted to commit that sin which Peter and others were suffered to fall into! We have no stones to cast at them, for it is by the grace of God we are what we are. The Lord sees fit to try me, or rather to try that faith which is his own gift; and he has sometimes opened up his word and his eternal mind towards me in the word. Then, again, I have been cast down very low, so that, like Joseph, the word of the Lord has tried me; and whilst I have been thus burdened, the enemy would, at times, tempt me to a certain sin, and then say, "There will be an end to that thing." But God has hitherto been faithful to his word: "He shall deliver the needy when he crieth." Some of God's people are tempted to take God's name in vain; and such is the power of the enemy that, at

times, when their minds are thus tossed, they really are afraid they have done it; and perhaps the enemy will try and make them believe they have, and turn round upon them and accuse them, and tell them there is no hope now for them. This is called Satan's sieve; and when Satan is permitted to get the poor soul into it, as he did Peter, there appears to be nothing left but chaff.

Another thing that Satan will sometimes tempt the soul to believe is, that there is no God, no devil, nor any hereafter. And he will sometimes set our carnal reason to work and say, "It is written, God created the heavens and the earth." "Now," says he, "if that be so, what sort of a place was this on which we now live before the creation?" Thus the poor soul gets at times into such a confused state of mind, that he knows not where he is. My soul has passed through these miry pits. But God will not leave one of his poor and needy ones here; he will deliver them out of the pit and place them again upon the Rock of Eternal Ages, and put a new song into their mouths, even praise to their God; thus proving the faithfulness of God's word: "He shall deliver," &c.

Many more things I might treat of that the child of God is tempted to, but it would not be prudent to speak of all. But what a mercy it is for thee and me that "we have not a High Priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

Another thing that the child of God wants to be delivered from is *pride*. This is a formidable enemy to God's family. It is one of the things that make us oftentimes go bowed down, because it is so hateful in the sight of God. He will not suffer his people long to indulge in it; consequently the more pride we have about us, the more ballast we need to keep us steady. Pride is the mother sin of many more evils. It was pride that caused Herod to be smitten and eaten up of worms; because his proud heart could not give God the glory. Pride would not let Haman have any rest until he had a warrant from the king to slay all the Jews. But how God frustrated his designs; and how often do God's people get caught in that trap before they are rightly aware where they are! And how often does this cursed pride prompt us to take up the weapon of self-defence. Perhaps some one may be suffered to do us an injury; perhaps some of God's people may be permitted to do something which proud nature does not like; and then, instead of enduring hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, we are ready to run away from the ranks, or, like Peter, take up the sword of self-defence, instead of casting all our care upon the Lord, who careth for us. However, the Lord's people shall be delivered from it, yet so as by fire. It will cost them many a sigh, for the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is; and all that which is not of the Spirit, God will burn out of his people; and burning is not very pleasant to the flesh. My soul has painfully travelled this path; but God knows how to deal with his people. We read that Christ "learned obedience by the things that he suffered. Though he were a Son;" that is, though he were a Son from all eternity, "yet learned he obedience." The covenant engagement

was settled before time; therefore the first act of his obedience was to take our nature upon him in union with his divine nature; and so on until he expired upon the cross. And this is how God's people learn obedience, namely, by suffering; "For," says Paul, "if we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him." He will make us suffer for our folly, in order to bring us to his feet.

Now, poor child of God, has the Lord showed thee the sum and substance of all real good, which is the Lord Jesus Christ, by faith? If so, what does he require of thee, but "to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God." As though he said, "I want none of your self-righteous works to merit my favour, but do to justly to thy neighbour, and to love to show mercy where mercy is needed, that ye may be as burning and shining lights in the world, and that ye walk humbly with me." "If thy brother smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head;" which shall not burn him up, but melt him down; and if thy brother offend thee and do thee wrong, go and tell the Lord all about it, and pray for him; for in so doing, God shall bring him to a godly sorrow of repentance, and he shall come to thee and acknowledge his fault. But never take up the sword of self-defence; for that springs from the pride of thy heart, and I know it from painful experience. May God, then, deliver us from pride and self-defence.

Another thing God's poor people want delivering from, is evil thoughts. It would not be prudent to speak of the things that rise up oftentimes in the heart of a child of God. One of old said his most holy thoughts were polluted; and oftentimes the enemy will hurl such dreadful thoughts into the minds of God's people, yea, even while in the house of prayer, that the poor soul cries out, "Can ever God dwell here, in such a wicked heart as mine? When I would do good, evil is present with me." Happy is that soul that God has made to know and feel it and cry out against it. In speaking of the human heart, Hart says,

"There malice, envy, lust, and pride,  
Hell and all its murderous train,  
Threaten death on every side,  
And have their thousands slain."

But what a mercy that God's people have a promise, in the words of the text, of being delivered from these things when they cry; for "the righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles."

But, perhaps the poor soul may say, "Ah! I have been such a great sinner; I have provoked him to anger; I have backslidden from him; my sins are indeed black." Read Ps. cvi. 43, 44. Many a time, not once nor twice, but many a time, did he deliver them, but they provoked him with their counsel, &c.; nevertheless, O that blessed "nevertheless," notwithstanding all their badness, nevertheless, he regarded their affliction when he heard their cry. When the mother hears the cry of her child, does she not run to it? And, although in some cases the mother does not regard the cry of her child, yet God says he will not forget his children.

Another thing the poor soul needs delivering from is, *wicked and ungodly sinners*. Sometimes he might be carried away by their conversation. I know what this is well. Perhaps, sometimes when at work with them, they will use such language as to make you join in with them in laughter; and sometimes their conversation is so congenial to the flesh, that, unless kept by the power of God, we are likely to fall here. And then the poor child of God brings guilt upon his heart, and he knows feelingly now what David meant when he said, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me;" and he will find that when he comes before God there is something wrong. This leads him to self-examination, and makes him cry out, "O Lord, keep me from the ungodly, and deliver me from a trifling spirit." I believe that it is this trifling spirit that causes some to be so chastened; for God is determined to keep his people, and therefore he chastens them sore, that he should not give them over unto death.

One more thing I will speak of, that the child of God wants delivering from, and that is, *false brethren*. Paul said he had been in perils oft, among false brethren, &c. Solomon said, "Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful." Sometimes God's children get falling out and wounding each other; but, amidst all, there is a secret love to each other, and their language is, "O that God would bring us together again in peace!" They cannot endure even anybody else to hurt them. How is this? Why, there is a love to each other; and they say to others, "See that you speak kindly to them, for my sake. Don't hurt them." God will make it straight in his own good time; and when he does, there will be a double love. So that these are not the false brethren that I am alluding to. For, indeed, these are true brethren, with all their faults and failings. But there are some who pretend to be your friends for a time; but let tribulation and persecution arise because of the word, then these, being ignorant of the power of God, both in casting down and lifting up, will join hand in hand against you, and call you a very dangerous character. They will misconstrue your words, and lay to your charge things that you are as innocent of as a babe. "False witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty." But God shall deliver thee, poor soul, from these, so that thou shalt have to say, to the honour of God, "If it had not been the Lord who was on my side, when men rose up against me, then they had swallowed me up."

IV. The *certainty* of God's delivering them. As I said at the commencement, God's wills and shalls secure the salvation of all his people; but that there was a moving cause, and that was love. God having loved his people from all eternity, God the Son covenanted from all eternity to redeem them, and the Holy Spirit engaged to take of the things of Jesus and reveal them unto them; so that they are everlastingly saved; and God says he will deliver them in six troubles, yea, in seven no evil shall come nigh them. Now, the six troubles may perhaps signify the trials and troubles that the poor soul may have to meet with by the way; and out of the last trou-

ble, which is death, God will deliver thee. And this is the greatest trouble to some of God's people, because they are all their life subject to bondage through the fear of death.

Now, God hath said he will not cast off his people, not forsake his inheritance; and the certainty of God's delivering them is, because he hath said it in his word, and his word is like himself, immutable.

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away." Were not his love firm and free, I know he would soon take it away from me. How many times have I proved him faithful to his promise! How many troubles have I procured to myself; in fact, all of them, and wonder at his love to me. So then, poor child of God, cheer up:

"He sees you when you see not him,  
And always hears your cry."

May the Lord bless this to the hearts of his people, and I will try to give him all the glory.

AN ENGINE DRIVER.

### AS DYING, AND BEHOLD WE LIVE.

Dearly Beloved—All hail! The peace of God rest on thee; for thou art worthy—unworthy in thyself, but worthy in Jesus. O how blessed it is to feel this!

No doubt you will be rather disappointed in not having an epistle before; but, my dear friend, you must pardon me, and make all the excuse you can for me, for as soon as I begin to write, my hindrances increase. Oft has my soul been refreshed, and rejoiced for the consolation, while thus communing with my friends in the Lord, which has hitherto been a blessed and desirable employment for me. Satan knows it, too, right well; therefore he prevents, and harasses me as much as he can; insomuch that I, sometimes almost in distraction, think I will never try to write on spiritual things again. A few days ago, a poor woman, in tears, took hold of my hand, and blessed God that, some time since, she saw one of my letters in the "Standard." She said if those were the feelings of a Christian, and I was a Christian, she hoped and believed she was a Christian also. This broke my hard, sorrowful heart, and encouraged me a little to withdraw my hasty conclusion, and leave the event with the Lord. Thus, I had another proof that the Lord was not confined to men of talent, or great abilities, or great light, or learning, or to the most likely means in man's estimation, when he is graciously pleased to comfort his people, or to accomplish his all-wise designs. No, bless his dear holy name, he does and will work by the most unlikely instruments and means, that it may be made the more evident from whence the power comes, that proud pompous man may be humbled, and that he may reserve to himself all the glory. Who could have thought that clay would have been a means, in God's hand, of restoring sight to the blind? Who could have thought that a few poor illiterate fishermen were intended by the God of grace and glory to be the anciently predicted and blessed apostles of the Lamb? Who could have thought that the family of the living God, his chosen, his redeemed, his beloved ones were to be the poor, despised, and afflicted of this world, and but a very few indeed of the rich, and wise, and noble were to be found amongst that highly-favoured number, had not the Scriptures made it known? Who could have thought that a persecuting Saul was designed to be Paul, the beloved? Who could have thought, when my dear mother and father saw me, their beloved first-

born, lying in convulsions for nearly a fortnight, and my mother watching without intermission seven nights and days, upwards of fifty years ago, that I should be spared so long to see such wonders, and feel such heavenly blessedness, and be made manifest a vessel of mercy before many witnesses? But time and Almighty grace have proved it true. O, my dear friends, my heart now bleeds and sings with love and praise to the God of my life and salvation for his mercies, and melts in holy wonder at his dear, sacred feet; and would he but give me power and grace sufficient, I do feel that I could gladly spend and be spent for him, who bled, and groaned, and died for me—for me! Ye angels, ye redeemed in glory, thou Holy Comforter on earth, come, witness to the sincerity of my weeping heart—the sum total of all that he has to bestow my soul craves to possess, feel, and enjoy below; and should I ask more than he deigns to give me while on earth, I know he will pardon me, and not take it amiss at my hands. But, forasmuch as he still tells me to open my mouth wide, and he will fill it, I do feel encouraged to ask of him a living store still; for my desires, at times, are like a flowing brook, which the fulness of him who filleth all in all alone can satisfy. And it is only while I am groaning out my deepest complaints and sorrows to him, I feel I can live. I love thus to groan away my dying life, and it is thus the Lord teaches me to die daily unto sin, and to live to God in the spirit. Dying must be hard work to old Nature; so it is hard work to part with darling sin; and to be daily dying unto sin, and still to feel sin alive in my mortal members, and tormenting me every hour is harder work still; which, together with the life within, that never dies, amounts to Paul's expression: "Dying, and behold we live!" A sweet and solemn surprise, indeed! A parable unto those who are without, but a mystery revealed, and rendered plain to my soul, and to my friend, by the Spirit. Blessed be God for giving me a natural and spiritual birth—the one without the other is not worth having; but, coupled together, is blessed indeed. And for ever adored be the dear name of my Lord, for calling me into the most holy place, to learn and know the secrets of his loving heart; as it is written, "The secret of the Lord is with them who fear him, and who hope in his mercy." My soul loves, and serves, and fears the God of heaven, and hopes still in his mercy. I love him, because his Spirit testifieth that he first loved me, and for all the loving-kindness he has bestowed, and, I trust, will still bestow on me. I serve him, because he has engaged my heart so to do, and because I have hitherto found him so kind, and gracious, and merciful; and because I find and prove that his service is sweet and holy, and perfect freedom. I fear him, not with a slavish, but a filial fear; not as a cruel task-master, as when under the terrors of the law, but as my Lord and Master, Redeemer and Friend, beneath the banner of his love and the gospel law of liberty, with a child-like, holy fear, felt within, lest I should offend such a dear, faithful Friend as he is to me, and cause him to hide his lovely face from me, and refuse to commune with me, which he often does, because I cannot help but sin against him, which makes my soul to groan, being burdened, and causes my life to be as though I were continually dying, and yet could not die. My friend knows well what I mean; therefore does my soul fear to sin against him; not for fear of hell and torments, but for the aforesaid cause, and because I love him and hate sin, and hate myself because I cannot cease from sin, and because I want to spend my worthless, dying life in uninterrupted communion with him, and live always as though I knew I was going to die, and die as triumphantly as I hope to live before the eternal throne above for ever.

I do not expect to be free from sin while on this side the grave, nei-

ther am I looking for it. The Canaanites were left in the land for Israel's good. Sin has worked for my good, and harm too, in measure; but it will end in my immortal good, without any harm. Blessed be God for the sweet assurance. How came I with that assurance? By the sealing testimony of God the Holy Ghost, and the application of the pardoning blood of Jesus, repeatedly felt in my conscience. How do I know it came from God? By the sweet and blessed effects which I feel it has produced within my breast. What are those effects? Love, joy, and peace in the Holy Ghost. Is this assurance abiding within? Yes, while I am favoured to hold intercourse with God by faith. Can intercourse with God be enjoyed while guilt remains on the conscience? Sin unpardoned, and guilt not cleansed by atoning blood, clip the wings of communion. A guilty, sin-burdened, and heavy-laden soul may plead and wrestle with God, but a living faith in exercise alone can prevail; and intercourse with God can alone be enjoyed when pardoning mercy shows the guilt and sin nailed to the cross, and the handwriting of ordinances which once stood against us is removed. How do I know that I prevail with God, when as yet the Lord delays to answer prayer? When faith assures me the vision shall come in God's own appointed time, and my soul is enabled to wait for it in hope, and watch unto prayer. Why do I hope that I have the life of God in my soul? Because I cannot live without tasting, handling, and feeling of the good word of life; and feeling is a sign of life, as also are tasting and handling. Why do I desire so to taste, handle, and feel of the good word of life? Christ is the good Word of Life, the life of my soul, the life of my spirit, the joy of my heart, the boast of my tongue, and the Word of God which has quickened and healed and comforted me. I want another and another taste of him, because I have tasted of him heretofore, and proved him to be so sweet and precious to my soul that nothing on earth can equal it, and because I feel a keen appetite for him, and a felt desire thus to be fed. I want to handle him, to be more and more assured that he is the self-same Jesus who died for me on Calvary, and with whom I hope to live and reign above; and because I have handled him before, and proved him to be the very same; and while handling him, my fingers have dropped with sweet-smelling myrrh, my bowels have been moved for him, my heart has been melted and broken, and made sick with love for my Best-beloved. I want to feel him as I hope to feel him above; for I have felt him so precious that I verily think that I shall never be satisfied till I enjoy his lovely presence there, and sin no more. Why do I think I die daily unto sin, seeing sin still liveth in me? I die daily to all hope of being free from sin while on this side the grave. I die daily to all expectation of ever being saved from sin and misery, and ever having guilt removed in the right way from my conscience, so as to bring the peace of God down into my breast, but by the Spirit's own application of the merits and atonement of Jesus really felt in my heart. I die daily to the love of sin, even as a dying saint, in the enjoyment of the presence of his Lord, would look upon sin, and long to be for ever free from it, that it may not grieve him any more. I strive to loose my hold of sin daily, as a man would strive to loose his hold of a serpent, and long with great desire for sin to leave his hold of me. I feel the pangs of sin dying daily in me, though it still liveth to my great torment and misery. I feel the strength of sin is taken away in the condemning power thereof, for Christ, the end of the law, dwelleth in my heart, the hope of glory. And, notwithstanding, I am dying daily in sin, in the misery I feel because of sin still reigning in me. For these causes, and more not named, I feel and know that I am dying daily unto sin, though sin still liveth in me; and, God is my wit-

ness, how I long more and more to live a new life unto righteousness, that my soul may be comforted more and more, and my dear gracious Lord may be for ever glorified thereby. I am dead to the law, as a covenant of works; and though I am so long dying unto sin, I am still living in hope, ere long, to feel sin for ever give up the ghost in me, in Jordan's flood; which will be the case as soon as I have drawn my last breath. O with what rapture and surprise I shall fly into the everlasting embraces of Jesus, my Lord, while my sorrowing friends are mourning over my worthless remains, and struggling with sin below. My heart and soul now melt for joy at the blessed consideration, although the thought of leaving my own life and flesh behind wounds my feelings beyond expression. Therefore, let this be engraved on my forehead: "Dying, and behold I live; for Christ dwelleth in me." For this cause I am always delivered unto death, that my spirit might be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus. Dear name! He shall never hear the last of it when he has saved me to sin no more. "We know in part," says Paul. How it delighted his soul thus to bear his witness to the honour of God to the churches; and how it delights my soul to bear my witness to the honour of God to my friends, that the song of the redeemed in glory is the very theme and rejoicing of my heart, and that I know what the joys of heaven are, in a blessed degree, before I reach that happy place; then shall I know as I am known.

"O to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be;  
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.  
Till in glory,  
Safe with Christ, from sin set free."

Again, "as dying, and behold I live." As though we were always dying, and yet to live. How painful! how distressing! how surprising! True portrait of my life indeed! O how surprising it has appeared to me since, that I was kept alive in the midst of the terrors of Sinai's flame, and still spared to see and feel the wonders God can do. It is no less surprising to me now to feel that I have not been consumed in the furnace of affliction, nor by the flames of sin and of a guilty conscience, nor by the rod of his hand, during these many years since, but am still preserved alive to praise him. Come, my brother, turn aside, and behold this great sight, a branch of the "bush" unconsumed! O mystery of mysteries, sacred and divine! But you know the cause. Life immortal was found in my heart. My eyes are bathed in tears, and my soul bleeds with joy at the sound. Rejoice, O ye righteous, and join the transports of my soul, for the Lord hath done it.

Farewell, my dear brother, thou servant of the Most High God! Peace be with thee and thy spouse, and prosperity attend thy labours. My soul, my spouse, and the brethren greet you both in the Lord. We are much as usual, through mercy. Write soon. "As dying, and behold we live." I am a mystery and wonder to myself.

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

Bedworth, Aug. 6th, 1846.

GEORGE THOS. CONGREVE.

[What light, life, and power are in the above letter! What sound doctrine, gracious experience, and living practice! How forcibly, feelingly, and experimentally the dear man, now gone home, expresses the longing desires of his heart after communion with the blessed Lord! Yet what a sense of indwelling sin and creature-helplessness! We may indeed call the above letter an epitome of vital godliness. O that we had more of such living experience in the Church of God! In this day of lukewarm profession, how few seem to live as our dear departed friend lived, who, being dead, yet speaketh in his letters.—ED.]

## A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. IRESON.

Very dear Friend in the Lord,—Upon the reception of your last favour, I purposed writing shortly; but “the way of man is not in himself,” and time has passed on, bringing me thus far towards the close of another year, leaving those things behind which we have passed through. Our present position, lot, and engagements, are in the Lord’s hands. I would take my stand at the cross and say, “God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.” For all is blank, loss, and shadow out of him. What a mercy to know that the kingdom of God standeth not in word, but in power, and to feel at times a little of that influential power, quickening, and awaking to a sense of want; producing a desire, and helping the soul to breathe inwardly for the life of Jesus in us, and for the power and unction of the Spirit to teach us all things.

Man, as a creature, wants a rock of truth to keep him from sinking, a centre to keep him from roving, and a certainty, to keep him upright amidst the various opinions of man and the storms of life. Christ is that rock; and the fair-bosom of incarnate love is the centre of attraction, when seen and felt. “Draw me,” says the spouse; “we will run after thee.” He is the altogether lovely, the chiefest among ten thousand; white and ruddy. The world is dead in sin, lost in darkness, beyond the reach of any human arm to rescue them from the ruins of the fall. “The election has obtained it, and the rest were blinded.” How important is truth, as it is in Jesus! For blessed are the people that know the joyful sound of salvation through the blood of the Lamb; proclaiming liberty to the captive, and making them free in Israel.

I have for some time been in the school of adversity, and have learnt very slowly a little of what is in man, and of what I should do if I were left to myself. This proud nature of mine would never be the humble worshipper of Jesus. It would despise Christ, and be lost. But there is another man, or another nature in me, that loves at times to bow the knee and worship him, and crown him Lord of all,—worlds, angels, and men, and would count all things but loss for the excellence of this knowledge of Christ. Small as my knowledge is, I can say he is the Jehovah, the God that made the world; the Goel, the Kinsman, Redeemer of his church, a Brother born for adversity. When he shows himself, I worship him. When he hides himself, who can behold him? How mysterious are his ways! Sense and reason are blind to them.

How precious is the Bible, that answers all the hard questions that are lawful for us to ask. This Bible defines the world, defines the church, the spiritual worshipper, law and gospel, faith and works, flesh and spirit; and tells us all things that are worth knowing. One little psalm contains volumes of books, when it is opened by the great Prophet by his Spirit. We then adore the Author, and love his words; and the great wonder is that God should have anything to do with us.

God is very good to me, sensibly so at times, but tries me to the very quick at others; but always comes when I can get no further. I sadly play the fool at times, and forget myself; fall asleep by the way, and dream of some creature good from some fine fancied scheme. This is the grand scheme,—God’s glorious plan of grace, developing itself at the foot of the cross, in the displays of wisdom and power, crushing the church’s enemies, and saving her with an everlasting salvation. It is “to the praise and glory of his grace,” in “Immanuel, God with us.” That this adorable Person should have clothed himself with our nature, and made us one with himself, might well call forth the admiration of angels and men: “Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace,

good will towards men." What an anthem of praise! What a subject of joy! The great Messiah has come, and told us all things!

What a fool must I be to be pleased or amused with anything but God's Christ. O how all-important is the work of redemption, the new birth, and to be a new creature. The babe in nature breathes, sucks, and weeps. Babes in grace breathe after Jesus, suck the breast of the gospel, when they can get it, and often weep from inward grief. Little children run alone, or try to do so; young men have to fight hard; and old men tell of past hardships and present mercies, the goodness of God, and the worthlessness of themselves. What a glorious gospel is that which brings life and immortality to light, and tells us that death is abolished, and turned into a sleep, by the immortal triumph of the Son of God on the cross.

And now what shall we say, dear friend, to these things? Will you not say with me,

" Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more?"

Be this the portion of my soul, while earth's my dark abode, to know Jesus, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings.

I should have liked to come your way, just to have asked after your welfare, and had a little conversation by the way, but the Lord has ordered it otherwise. My life and path have been, indeed, a chequered scene of events; but enough of this at present.

Farewell, dear friend in Jesus.

Yours in the Lord,

King's Cliffe, Nov. 15th, 1855.

J. W. IRESON.

[It seems strange to us, now when he is gone, that a man so well taught in his own soul as Mr. Ireson, so deeply exercised in the things of God, and able to express himself with so much force and originality as in the above letter, which is but one specimen out of many, should have been so little known to the Church of God, should have lived and died in comparative obscurity, preaching to a handful of people, and scarcely heard of beyond a small circle of attached friends.—ED.]

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### LETTER FROM W. MOORE TO J. KEYT.

Dear Friend and Brother in Christ Jesus our Lord,—Grace, mercy and peace, and a growth in Christ, in Christ Jesus my Lord.

Yesterday, being the Lord's day, he kindly gave me an airing in the fields of scripture, in answer to my petitions, which I perceive were accepted with a majestic, fatherly reservedness, which kept me in a waiting posture; but, on my way to the gate, I found, by walking, the effects of a weak inside, head, &c. However, this you know, my Father is very tender over his childreu (Ps. ciii.), and especially in their afflictions (Isa. lix. 13—16); therefore my Lord introduced me to the King, dictating to my heart, and prompting my speech. The King smiled, and light, like fire, kindled in my soul; so that I could not stay my speech; and if you could have been there, at that time, in the palace (heart), you, as I did, might have wondered, especially if my prompter had concealed himself (which he often does); for instead of receiving a little education, partly at a charity school, you would at the moment have supposed I had been to college; you would, as I did, have marvelled greatly. The language was equal to Paul's, and I believe Dr. Gamaliel's school was far inferior to my Master's. He having made all things for himself, all power is given him in heaven and earth; and though I get many stripes,

“ His strokes are fewer than my crimes,  
And lighter than my guilt.”

He in mercy gave himself for my sins, and I have given myself to him. It is a blessing, indeed, to be made willing in the day of God's power.

Thus you see my entertainment (in part) by the way. If you ask how long it lasted, I suppose about twenty minutes; but you know it is not likely that a beggar will think much about time. When suddenly caught up in the King's chariot, such a one is busy enough in admiring the silver pillars, the gold bottom, the purple covering, and the pavement of love, riding among the King's daughters in a city of pleasure.

After this, I had a little savoury conversation with one of the King's sons; and who would have thought he was my brother in being a beggar, a prodigal son? But so it is; and who shall turn me out of my house? “The son abideth in the house for ever.” Although he receives stripes, it is better than being a bastard. “Wherefore doth a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?” The rod is softened in blood. O matchless mercy! Sovereign love! And you know our Father sent his servant with a savoury dish of justification, and, by faith, we fed upon it. We enjoyed peace, and in our hope we have glory through Christ:

“ But, O remember what it cost  
To save our souls from sin, when lost.”

You know, we were revived in the afternoon with a breeze from the everlasting hills. This was an answer to one of my morning petitions, viz., “that I might be in the Spirit on that, his day.” The evening's discourse suited me. “And did not our hearts burn within us, while he communed with us by the way?” So we parted in peace. I lay me down to sleep in peace, after being chafed a little, together with a severe head-ache, and painful motion of the eyes. I arose this morning, between four and five o'clock, but in much weakness, and, soon after, the painful labour of the day was presented. Then came a lying whisper, saying, “If Mrs. K. shows your last letter to ——, — will see in those two lines enough to expose you; so that you can no more show your face.” I sighed, and looked upward with an honest appeal to God, the Searcher of hearts, from whom no secret thought is hid, saying, “O Lord, my God, thou knowest in the integrity of my heart, and the innocency of my hands, I have done this;” and all was peace between God and my conscience. Then I determined to write to my friend, requesting that he would paste a piece of paper over the last two lines of the four, or suffer it not to see the sun. Let us sing a verse suitable to our case:

“ How hard and rugged is the way,  
To some poor pilgrims' feet;  
In all they do, or think, or say,  
They opposition meet.”

I am scarcely able to sit to write, although my soul is in “good health and in a peaceable habitation, in sure dwellings and quiet resting places.”

Part of the last verse in Isaiah xxxii. came upon my mind early this morning, but I cannot understand it to my satisfaction. By way of acknowledgment of past favours, I have put you to the expense of more postage; so I pray that you may have work enough for the scales, and plenty of work for the till.

Peace be with you all. Amen. While I remain a beggar pestered in the hands of Zaccheus; yea, more also. Farewell,

August 2nd, 1813.

W. MOORE.

[Moore was a good and well-taught man, but there is a lightness and a flippancy in his style which we confess are not exactly to our taste.—Ed.]

## THE LORD REIGNETH.

My dear Friends,—It is a solemn, heart-cheering, and soul-supporting truth, “The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice, let the multitude of isles be glad thereof;” and also, “Clouds and darkness” may be “round about him,” yet “righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.” These words have often been sweet and sacred to me; and this morning, when I left the family after reading and prayer, they sprang up, and have been springing up with solemn sweetness and pleasure towards you both; and I do hope your minds may be led here; for truly, “righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.” Yes; and when I am led to look back upon the many years I have travelled in this wilderness, how truly do I feel the solemn truth of what David says: “Thou hast not dealt with me after my sins, nor rewarded me according to my iniquities; but goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.” It is the deep-felt sense of our deserts, and God’s great goodness coming over all our sins and iniquities, that makes mercy so sweet, salvation so great, and all God’s judgments right. O when I remember, before 1850, these words following me: “My son, give me thine heart;” “Thou shalt have none other gods but me,” my soul is humbled and melted at times within me, at the goodness, mercy, grace, and compassion of Jesus. And now, my dear friends, I am living to prove the truth of those words that came to me in demonstration of the Spirit and of power: “Ye must be crucified.” But, O what an unspeakable mercy, if we are called to suffer with and for him, that we shall reign with him. He was, indeed, a man of sorrows from the cradle to the cross; and he hath declared that his children shall drink of the cup that he drank of, and be baptized with the baptism that he was baptized with. Blessed be his holy name, he hath also said, “Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him;” for “He knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are but dust;” and he is touched with the feelings of our infirmities, and was in all points tempted like unto his children, but without sin.

“To trust him endeavour;  
The work is his own;  
He makes the believer,  
And gives him his crown.”

May the Lord bless you both, and make his word spirit and life, so that you may be able again to sing, “The Lord reigneth;” for “Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours.”

We are, Yours affectionately,

Croydon.

H. & E. G.

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## GOD THE DISPENSER OF HIS WORD.

It was the custom of Mr. Sharp, who was many years minister of the gospel in Brighton, to take a tour two or three times a year round the country, and dispense the word where there was no stated ministry. W—m. was one of those places; and there he related the following account of the Lord’s dealings with him.

He had been, he said, one of these tours, and had met with much of his dear Master’s presence in the word, and believed the word had been much blessed to his own soul and also to the souls of his hearers. The Lord had brought him home again in peace and safety, and he was that same evening going to preach to his own people, in his own little chapel. In meditating on the goodness of the Lord to him in his late journey,

and in having brought him back again once more in peace and safety, he felt his heart more than usually drawn out in love towards his blessed Master, and felt very comfortable, both in mind and body. He had likewise a text to preach from in which he could see much light, beauty, and order. As was his custom, he went into his little closet a short time previous to commencing, to ask the Lord to open his mouth, and make the word a blessing to the hearts and souls of his people; but he did not, on this occasion, ask the Lord for a text, as he thought he had one. A few minutes before it was time to begin, and (if I remember right, says the narrator,) while he was going up the pulpit stairs, he lost his text. It seemed completely taken away, so that he was much perplexed what to do; and that which but just before was light, beauty, and order, was now nothing but darkness and confusion. He could not think of a single passage on which to fix for a text, and felt almost as if he must give it up for that time. The first hymn was given out and sung, and he tremblingly engaged in prayer. Prayer being over, and still no text, he was nearly at his wits' end what to do; but while the second hymn was being sung, these words came to him with some light and sweetness; "Open thy mouth for the dumb, in the cause of all such as are appointed unto destruction." He had just time to look into his concordance, to see where the words were, as he gave them out for his text, and he found the Lord present with him. He opened his mouth, and was enabled very blessedly to speak from them. When the service was over, and the congregation had departed, one man only remained, and he was a stranger. He went up to Mr. Sharp, and said, "Perhaps, Sir, you will think it strange what I am going to say; but it is no less true than strange, that the Lord has brought me nearly 200 miles to hear the discourse you have preached to-night. I have known the Lord, I trust, for years, (or rather, have been known of him,) and many have been the times I have enjoyed sweet union and communion with him; but, in process of time, much darkness and distress of soul came on, to such a degree, that it brought my soul to the brink of despair, and my feeble body to the brink of the grave. Such hold it had upon me, that I nearly lost the use of my speech, and became, as it were, a dumb man. I had physicians one after another, but they all proved of no value; they did not understand my case, nor could any one but He who ordered it. At length my medical adviser said to me, with much earnestness, 'You must go to Brighton, and try what Brighton will do for you. You will be a dead man if you stop here.' I took his advice, and reached Brighton this afternoon, and, as I was roving about to see where I should take up my quarters, I saw a few poor people coming into this place, and thinking, perhaps, the truth might be preached here, I turned in. The Lord has met with me, and restored my soul, and opened my mouth, as you can hear. I can now talk, whereas I was nearly dumb when I entered the place. I may now go home again, as the end of my coming is obtained, and I shall, God willing, do so to-morrow."

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HE who sees so much reason to abhor himself and to repent in dust and ashes, for the iniquity that cleaves even to his good works, has the most powerful restraint in the world to deter him from the commission of bad ones.—*Toplady*.

THE delight of the new man is, to be under the government of the Spirit only; and all the issues of the Spirit flow from the heart of Christ only, by which the heart of a believer is made new in him. This newness lies especially in the spirit of a believer, which complies with the Spirit of God in the witness of adoption, even while the contradiction of defiled nature warreth against it.—*Dorney*.

## Obituary.

MR. HORBURY,

PASTOR OF THE ISLINGTON PARTICULAR BAPTIST CHAPEL, BLACKBURN.

In the month of January, 1859, the deceased had the first attack of paralysis, but was still able to attend to his ministerial duties. He, however, gradually got worse, and had another stroke in February, 1861, which affected him in a much greater degree than the first. He was greatly reduced in strength throughout his whole system, but more especially on the right side, his arm and leg on that side being paralysed; and, after a time, it was with difficulty he could cross the house with a crutch and a walking-stick. A few members of the church wished him to speak a little, and in the following June he complied with their request; but his breathing had now become very difficult, and it was with great pain that he spoke. In September he resigned his duties, continuing to get worse. His memory was much affected; and his medical attendant said that he might have a fit of apoplexy at any time, and that his memory would get no better. He also directed that he should not be left alone a minute, and held out no hopes of his recovery; but, on the contrary, said it was no use giving him any more medicine, as it had no effect on him, and he did not wish to put him to any more pain. The reader must bear in mind that his breathing, which had now become most distressing, almost choking him at times, prevented him saying a tithe of what he wished to do; he often said, "I should like to speak to people, but I have no breath to do so."

On Sunday, May 18th, he took to his bed. The day following, one of the members called to see him and asked him the state of his mind. He said, among other things, "he was stayed upon Him," and quoted the words, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." He was quite aware that he was on his death-bed, for he said, "Time with me will not be long," and repeated the following verses:

"Prepare me, gracious God,  
To stand before thy face;  
Thy Spirit must the work perform,  
For it is all of grace.

"In Christ's obedience-clothe,  
And wash me in his blood;  
So shall I lift my head with joy  
Amongst the sons of God."

He then added, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." He said this with a very solemn and impressive look, evidently feeling what the words express. At another time he repeated the following verse:

“ Salvation's of the Lord alone ;  
 Grace is a shoreless sea ;  
 In heaven there's ne'er a vacant throne ;  
 He hates to put away.”

He was struggling hard for breath, having to be repeatedly moved in bed, when he uttered the following words: “ This is hard work; but,

‘ Though painful at present,  
 ‘Twill cease before long,  
 And then, O how pleasant,  
 The conqueror's song.’ ”

He frequently prayed that the Lord would make his strength perfect in his weakness, and that his grace might be sufficient for him, and would often say:

“ Let me but hear my Saviour say,  
 ‘ Strength shall be equal to thy day,’  
 Then I rejoice in deep distress,  
 Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

“ I glory in infirmity,  
 That Christ's own power may rest on me;  
 When I am weak, then am I strong;  
 Grace is my shield and Christ my song.”

And,

“ When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
 The rivers of woe shall not thee o'erflow;  
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.”

His mind was remarkably stayed and comforted a great part of the time he was bed-fast, resting on the assurance he felt in such portions of Scripture as, “ I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;” “ As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round his people, from henceforth even for ever;” and hymns, such as,

“ The joys prepared for suffering saints,  
 Will make amends for all.”

He was, at times, insensible, and when he became conscious, would pray for the continuance of the proper exercise of his mind. On Thursday, June 12th, after being unconscious for a short time, he became conscious about 2 o'clock; he was very cheerful, and appeared quite engaged with Scripture things. He quoted the words, “ I will strengthen thee, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee, with the right hand of my righteousness;” and,

“ Jerusalem my happy home,  
 Name ever dear to me,  
 When shall my labours have an end,  
 In joy and peace and thee ?

“ When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
 And pearly gates behold,  
 Thy bulwarks and salvation strong,  
 And streets of shining gold ?”

Then again:

“ Jesus, thy blood and righteousness  
 My beauty are, my glorious dress,  
 Mid'st flaming worlds, in these arrayed,  
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

“When from the dust of death I rise  
To take my mansion in the skies,  
E'en this shall then be all my plea,  
Jesus has lived and died for me.”

He then said to his daughter, “Matilda, what is that song of grace?” She asked, “Which one?” As his speech was nearly gone, it was very difficult to make out what he said. He again said, “What is that song of grace?” She said, “There is a hymn which says,

‘A few more rolling suns at most,  
Will land me on fair Canaan’s coast;  
Where I shall sing the song of grace,  
And see my glorious hiding-place.’

Is that it?” He lifted up his hand and said, “Yes, that’s it, that’s it.” On the Friday, at noon, he said, “My heart and my flesh fail me, but the Lord is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.”

On Saturday, June 28th, there was a decided change in his appearance, and it was visible that he could not continue long, being too weak to move a limb, and unable to articulate audibly, except by great and repeated efforts. From this time up to his death he was frequently in prayer and supplication, his lips being nearly always in motion. A few words sometimes could be heard, as, “O Lord, I want to feel the power of grace in my soul;” “O Lord, under this affliction, enable me to be still and know that thou art God;” and he was heard to say three times, “Salvation’s of the Lord;” and, “Let me but hear my Saviour say,” &c.

The last prayer he could be heard to say was, “Blessed Jesus, blessed be thy holy name for thy holy word, which says, ‘We have joy and peace through the blood of the cross.’”

He continued until half-past 12 o’clock, on Thursday morning, July 3rd, when, after a few gasps, he yielded up his breath, aged 62. He had been minister of the Chapel at Islington, Blackburn, about 18 years. He was interred at the Blackburn Cemetery by Mr. Kershaw, July 7th, and was followed to the grave by many of the church and congregation.

WHAT Luther says of a dejected soul, that “it is as easy to raise the dead as to comfort such a one,” the same I may say of the secure, confident sinner; it is as easy to rend the rocks, as to work saving contrition upon such a heart.—*Flavel*.

THEY that are wounded for sin, and are enlightened to discern it, and are so wrought on by the Spirit as to feel and be sensible of it, being sensibly taken into covenant with God in Christ, though their stony heart be taken out, yet being dark in the purer conceiving of the gospel, are ready rather to put away gospel promises than to receive them, and imagine themselves rather fit for judgment than mercy or grace. Now, if preachers run to the law in their dealings with such souls for their thorough humiliation, as they pretend, and not to the gospel and faith in Jesus Christ, they bring fire, and not water, to quench them, and so kindle them the more; and setting the everlasting burnings of the law before their souls, put them all into a spiritual flame and vexation.—*Saltmarsh*.

## MEDITATIONS ON THE OFFICE CHARACTERS OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

### III.

#### THE LORD JESUS AS THE ENTHRONED KING OF ZION.

(Continued from page 321.)

THE nature and object of the Mediatorial kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ having thus far formed the subject of our Meditations, we shall now, with God's help and blessing, attempt to unfold the two next points which we proposed for consideration :

Its *extent* and *duration*.

Both these points involve difficulties, and have been the subject of frequent as well as warm controversy. But without flinching from expressing our views on the subject, we shall endeavour, whilst we avoid doubtful and controversial points, to tread as closely as we can in the footsteps of Scripture, and advance nothing which is not, at least in our judgment, in strict accordance with the inspired testimony.

By the extent of the Mediatorial reign of the Lord Jesus Christ, we may understand two things :

1. The *present*,
2. The *future* extent.

Both of these points will demand our careful and prayerful consideration, that we may advance nothing inconsistent with the word of truth or the dignity and glory of the blessed Lord.

The *future* extent will come more conveniently under head IV., in which we propose to consider the *future development and glorious manifestation* of Christ's mediatorial kingdom; and its *duration* will fall also better into its place when we have taken a view of his future glory. We have, therefore, now chiefly to examine the *present* extent of the Mediatorial kingdom of Jesus. One word will express this extent—*unlimited*. Nothing short of, nothing less than this, will be in accordance with his own words: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." (Matt. xxviii. 18.) What possible limit can be assigned to "all power in heaven and in earth?" All power in heaven includes dominion over all the angelic host above; and all power on earth embraces absolute, uncontrolled authority over all men, things, events, and circumstances beneath the starry skies.

But the question may, perhaps, arise, "Did not the Lord Jesus, as the Son of God, co-equal and co-eternal with the Father and with the Holy Ghost, already possess supreme dominion over angels and men, and so over all things in heaven and in earth?" Surely he did. But his power and authority, as the Son of God, are distinct from his power and authority as now exercised at the right hand of the Father. The peculiar glory of his Mediatorial kingdom is that the Lord Jesus reigns *in our nature*—not simply, therefore, as the Son of God, but as the Son of man. This Stephen saw in the vision of faith: "But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up stedfastly

into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. And said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God." (Acts vii. 55, 56.) This was also the prophetic view given to Daniel: "I saw in the night visions, and, behold, one like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of days, and they brought him near before him. And there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages should serve him. His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed." (Dan. vii. 13, 14.) Exactly similar are the declarations of the Holy Ghost in the New Testament: "And what is the exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power, which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come; and hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be head over all things to the church, which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all." (Eph. i. 19-23.) "And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." (Phil. ii. 8-11.) These testimonies demand our careful and particular attention, as in them are locked up some of the deepest mysteries of our most holy faith; and we will therefore bestow upon them, before we proceed further, a few moments' attentive consideration.

The Holy Ghost has set before us in the word of truth the blessed Lord as the object of our faith under three distinct points of view:

1. What he *was from all eternity*—the only-begotten Son of God; the Son of the Father in truth and love.

2. What he *became in time*—the Son of man, by taking upon him the flesh and blood of the children.

3. What *he now is*—the exalted God-man at the right hand of the Father; still the only-begotten Son of God, still the very and true Son of man; but uniting both these distinct natures, the divine and the human, in one glorious Person, and thus crowned with glory and honour, and sitting as a Priest on his throne in the highest heavens.\* It has been our aim and desire to set him before the Church of God under these three points of view, so far, at least

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\* These three points are all embodied in one verse, as spoken to his disciples by our gracious Lord: "I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world. Again I leave the world, and go to the Father." (John xvi. 28.) "I came forth from the Father;" there is his eternal Deity and Sonship. "And am come into the world;" there is his sacred humanity. "Again I leave the world, and go to the Father;" there is his present glorified state as God-man.

as we have seen him by the eye of faith and felt him precious. In one series of papers, we endeavoured to set him forth in his Deity and Sonship, as the Son of the living God; in another series, we attempted to unfold the mystery of his sacred humanity as the Son of man; and in the present series, now coming to a close, to bring him before the church in his Mediatorial grace and glory as the enthroned Priest, Prophet, and King of his redeemed people. May he graciously smile on this feeble attempt to set forth his praise, and more and more reveal himself to both writer and reader as the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely.

It is, then, in his glorious complex Person as Immanuel, God with us, God in our nature, that he now sits at the right hand of the Majesty on high; and in him, as thus exalted to be the head over all things to the church, faith believes, hope anchors, and love embraces. To look to him, even at times, from the very ends of the earth; (Isa. xlv. 22; Ps. lxi. 2;) to call upon upon him; (Acts vii. 59; ix. 14; 1 Cor. i. 2;\*) to confess and bewail at his feet our grievous sins and innumerable backslidings; to seek after clear and renewed manifestations of his glorious Person and finished work, of his atoning blood and dying love; to desire the promotion of his glory, not of our own; that his will should be accomplished in and by us, and not that our own wretched inclinations and sinful desires should be gratified to our fancied present pleasure, but real future injury; to live to his praise; to listen to his voice, and obey it; to be separated from the world and worldly professors and enjoy union and communion with him; to walk in his footsteps; and when this life, with all its sins and sorrows, comes to a close, to die in his loving embrace—is not this to live a life of faith in the Son of God, and thus “to know him and the power of his resurrection?”

But though we do not tie ourselves strictly down to a prescribed line of thought, and do sometimes avail ourselves of the liberty implied in the very word “Meditations” to wander, not, indeed, from the truth, nor even from the subject, but from a rigid adherence to a fixed path of discussion into the green pastures of musing contemplation of the grace and glory of the Lord the Lamb, yet we feel that we have rather digressed from our point, which was to show the *present extent* of the Mediatorial reign of Jesus.

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\* It was a special mark of the primitive believers that they “called on the name” of Christ, that is, addressed their prayers to him as God. Thus Saul came to Damascus “with authority from the chief priests to bind all that called on his name;” (Acts ix. 14;) and Paul addressed his epistle “to the Church of God at Corinth,” &c., “with all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord, both theirs and ours.” (2 Cor. i. 2.) So the heathen writer, Pliny, in his letter to Trajan, the Roman Emperor, written about A.D. 102 or 103, giving an account of the early Christians, says, “They are accustomed on a stated day to meet before daylight, and to repeat among themselves a hymn to Christ as God.” It was this worship of Christ, as the exalted Son of God, which drew down upon them such a load of shame and persecution. That they should worship as God one who had been crucified as a common malefactor, was unto the Jews a stumblingblock, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which were called, it was Christ, the power of God, and the wisdom of God. (1 Cor. 23, 24.)

We have already pointed out that in all the office characters undertaken by our blessed Lord, there was an initial entering upon them on earth prior to their full assumption as now exercised by him in heaven. In his priestly office there was an absolute necessity for this, as the Apostle so cogently argues: "For every high priest is ordained to offer gifts and sacrifices; wherefore it is of necessity that this man have somewhat also to offer." (Heb. viii. 3.) What he offered was himself: "Nor yet that he should offer himself often, as the high priest entereth into the holy place every year with blood of others; for then must he often have suffered since the foundation of the world; but now once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself." (Heb. ix. 25, 26.) As, then, the blessed Lord entered initially into his priestly office when he put away sin by the sacrifice of himself, so he entered initially into his kingly office whilst here below, before his full assumption of it as now administered by him at the right hand of the Father. Thus we see the subjection of all things to his dominion, even in the days of his flesh, as an earnest and pledge of all power being given to him at his resurrection in heaven and in earth. At his rebuke, as Lord of the elements, stormy winds and roaring waves were hushed into a calm. At his approach, diseases fled, for there went virtue out of him and healed them all; under his creative hand, food for famishing multitudes multiplied itself, without stint or limit; at his bidding, water was at once changed into wine; at his commanding word, the paralytic started up from his year-long couch, and the dead from his grave-borne bier. He had but to speak, and the deaf heard, the blind saw, the lame walked, the leper was cleansed. Was not this to walk on earth as its King and Lord? Yes; as Lord of the sea, he walked, in calm grandeur, upon its waves; as Lord of the earth, he bade the grave give back the buried Lazarus; and as Lord of hell, cast out devils, and made those infernal spirits cry out as in terror, "Art thou come hither to torment us before the time?" If, then, his dominion and authority were so unlimited in the days of his flesh, before he ascended the throne of his Mediatorial glory, what possible limit can be assigned to them now? But as our views of it are too often sadly narrow, and our faith in it proportionally weak, let us endeavour to show in some detail how wide, how unlimited is its present extent.

1. First, then, view it as extending over all *persons*; and bear in mind that this includes enemies as well as friends—those whom he will one day break with a rod of iron and dash in pieces as a potter's vessel, and those who serve the Lord with fear and rejoice with trembling. We are very apt to lose sight of the unspeakable benefits and blessings which we enjoy in the Lord's exercising kingly authority over all persons, and especially those in high places. Our beloved Queen, our temporal rulers, our judges, magistrates, and all administrators of government; our justly-prized and inestimable constitution; our just and moderate laws; our civil and religious liberties; and all, in fact, that we enjoy as citizens of this highly-favoured country, we owe to the regal power of our exalted

Lord. How plainly does he declare this under his name as "Wisdom," in the word of truth: "By me kings reign, and princes decree justice. By me princes rule, and nobles, even all the judges of the earth;" (Prov. viii. 15, 16;) "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water; he turneth it whithersoever he will." (Prov. xxi. 1.) Similar is the testimony of the New Testament: "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God;" (Rom. xiii. 1;) "Submit yourself to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake: whether it be to the king, as supreme; or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by him for the punishment of evildoers, and for the praise of them that do well." (1 Pet. ii. 13, 14.) Thus all civil authority is of God; and, as the Lord of life and glory sits at his right hand in the plenitude of his power, we cannot err in ascribing to his royal authority every temporal privilege that we enjoy. And not only in this favoured island, the Queen of the isles sitting on her sea-girt throne, the envy and admiration of surrounding nations, but everywhere on this earthly globe, as far as waves roll, winds blow, sun shines, or stars hold on their nightly courses, does the sceptre of Jesus sway the destinies and control the designs and actions of men. If, amidst all the turmoil and confusion of passing events, it be difficult to realise this, consider the consequences which would result both to the world and the church, were no such supreme dominion exercised. Look for a moment at the fierce, we may say ferocious, passions of carnal men, and see what earth would soon become were they left uncained in all their natural ferocity. Without the restraints of law and government, which, as we have shown, are instruments of Christ's supremacy, men would tear each other to pieces, like infuriated wild beasts, and deluge society with blood and crime. Where, amidst this awful storm, with every element of fury let loose, would society be? Imagine London given up for one day to the unchecked passions of its criminal population, and then ask yourself, "Is there no mighty power which holds in check these worse than wild beasts?" Yes, there is a power as wide-spread as light, as universal as air, as pervasive and far mightier than that which holds the earth itself in its orbit—the supreme dominion of heaven's exalted Lord. Not to believe this, is not to be a believer at all.

But you will, perhaps, say, "If Jesus reign thus supreme, why all this disorder, this misery and crime? why is earth what it is? why this bloody, fratricidal war in America? why this appalling distress in Lancashire, if he hold the reigns of government?" But are *you* a judge of order or disorder? Where you see little else but confusion, there may be the greatest order; and wisdom where you would fain tax the Almighty with folly. Are you a prophet, or the son of a prophet? Can you foretell what blessing is to spring out of this horrid war, or this sore distress? Does not a king punish as well as rule? And how can the Lord more effectually punish men than by scourging them with their own sins? It is God's special prerogative to bring good out of evil, and order out of confusion. If you were

to watch carefully from an astronomical observatory the movements of the planets, you would see them all in the greatest apparent disorder. Sometimes they would seem to move forward, sometimes backward, and sometimes not to move at all. These confused and contradictory movements sadly puzzled astronomers, till Newton rose and explained the whole; then all was seen to be the most beautiful harmony and order, where before there was the most puzzling confusion.\* But take a scriptural instance, the highest and greatest that we can give, to show that where, to outward appearance, all is disorder, there the greatest wisdom and most determinate will reigns. Look at the crucifixion of our blessed Lord. Can you not almost see the scene as painted in the word of truth? See those scheming priests, that wild mob, those rough soldiers, that faltering Roman governor, the pale and terrified disciples, the weeping women, and, above all, the innocent Sufferer with the crown of thorns, and enduring that last scene of surpassing woe, which made the earth quake, and the sun withdraw his light. What confusion! what disorder! What triumphant guilt! What oppressed and vanquished innocence! But was it really so? Was there no wisdom or power of God here accomplishing, even by the instrumentality of human wickedness, his own eternal purposes? Hear his own testimony to this point: "Him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain." (Acts ii. 23.) The "determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God," in the great and glorious work of redemption, was accomplished by the wicked hands of man; and if so, in this the worst and wickedest of all possible cases, is not the same eternal will not also now executed in instances of a similar nature, though to us at present less visible?

But having taken this hasty glance at the authoritative rule of Christ over and in the midst of his enemies, let us now look at his mild and clement dominion over his own people. Here we seem to stand, if not on surer, yet, at least, on plainer and more evident ground. The ancient promise of authority and power given unto the Son of God in prospect of his future exaltation, and of this the Scriptures are full, embraced two things—the subjection of enemies, and the willing obedience of friends: "The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool. The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion. Rule thou in the midst of thine enemies. Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning; thou hast the dew of thy youth." Willingly or unwillingly, all should be made subject to his sceptre; for "they that

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\* Milton well derides the contrivances of the ancient astronomers to explain these contradictory motions of the planets:

"When they come to model heaven,  
And calculate the stars, how they will wield  
The mighty frame; how build, unbuild, contrive  
To save appearances; how gird the sphere  
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,  
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb."

dwelt in the wilderness shall bow before him" in the voluntary obedience of love, and "his enemies shall lick the dust" in the forced submission of power. This distinction between the willing obedience of friends and the forced subjection of foes runs through many other inspired declarations of the nature and extent of the Mediatorial reign of Jesus. Thus, addressing his heavenly Father, the Lord speaks in ancient prophecy: "Thou hast delivered me from the strivings of the people; and thou hast made me the head of the heathen. A people whom I have not known shall serve me. As soon as they hear of me, they shall obey me. The strangers shall submit themselves unto me." (Ps. xviii. 43, 44.) We prefer the marginal reading of the last clause, "The strangers shall lie, or yield feigned obedience," as closer to the original,\* and more in accordance with the next verse: "The strangers shall fade away, and be afraid out of their close places." Almost the first act of faith is to obey. It was the first act of the faith of Abraham: "By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went." (Heb. xi. 8.) The faith of the gospel, therefore, is called "the obedience of faith," (Rom. xvi. 26,) and to believe the gospel is to obey the gospel, as the Apostle speaks: "But they have not all obeyed the gospel. For Esaias saith, Lord who hath believed our report?" (Rom. x. 16.) When, therefore, we believe the gospel, as made the power of God unto our salvation, we obey the voice of the Beloved as speaking in and by it. "Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to thy voice. Cause me to hear it." (Song viii. 13.) "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." (John x. 27.) As, then, the good Shepherd speaks, the sheep hear, and, as they hear, they believe and obey. The Prince of Peace sways his sceptre of love and grace over their hearts; they take his yoke upon them, which, by submission, they feel to be easy, and his burden to be light; and thus find rest unto their souls.

But this unlimited dominion extends also over all *things*—all events and circumstances, as well as all persons. This is hard to believe, but, were it not so, what security would there be for the salvation of the church of God? "All things are yours," says the apostle; "things present and things to come, all are yours." But how and why are all things yours? "Because ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." (1 Cor. iii. 22, 23.) But how could "all things" be ours, unless all things were subjected to the sovereign sway of Jesus? Again, we read that heart-cheering declaration: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." (Rom. viii. 28.) But how can "all things work together for good," unless these all things are in the hand, and under the supreme control of the Lord Jesus? for were any one thing exempt, that one thing, like a misplaced wheel in a piece of intricate mechanism, might make the

\* The word in the original never means to submit, but to lie, to flatter, to feign submission to a conqueror. See margin Ps. lxxvi. 3; lxxxii. 15.

whole machinery go wrong, and work for ill instead of good. At the end of the same noble chapter from which we have just quoted, the apostle enumerates a whole series of dangerous and distressing incidents to a Christian course: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for slaughter." (Rom. viii. 35, 36.) He then adds, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us." (Ver. 37.) But how "in all these things" could the suffering saints of God be more than conquerors, if he that loved them had not supreme control over them? Rising in a glorious climax of triumphant faith, he then declares: "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Ver. 38, 39.) "Things present and things to come" must be under the sovereign control of Jesus, as well as "angels, principalities, and powers," or some of them in height, or some of them in depth, or some of them in creation, would be able to separate the saints from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus their Lord. Have we not said enough to show from the word of truth what many believe in doctrine, but few believe in real, heartfelt, practical experience, that all things, events, and circumstances are subjected to the sovereign control of the King of kings and Lord of lords?

IV. But we now pass on to more difficult and delicate ground—the *future* extent of this Mediatorial reign.

IV. Now, at the very outset, we express our firm belief that this will be beyond all that has been ever witnessed, or seen, or known. To assert, as some are now asserting, that the present is the millennial dispensation, and that we are to have no other, is one of those wild, heady, unscriptural declarations which may be well expected from men who deny the true and proper Sonship of our adorable Lord. Can nothing content them but to strip Jesus of his "many crowns?" (Rev. xix. 12.) First, they rob him of his dearest and eternal crown—that he is "the Son of the Father in truth and love," and now they will strike another from his head, and will not suffer that all nations shall call him blessed, or the whole earth be filled with his glory.

That Christ shall reign to an extent hitherto unknown is so clearly revealed in the word of truth that, to our mind, nothing but the most obstinate unbelief or inveterate prejudice can deny it. Whether this reign is to be a personal or a spiritual reign we shall not discuss. It has been the subject of much controversy, and our object is not to discuss vexed questions, but to bring forth out of a believing heart that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace to our readers. But we cannot pass the subject by without expressing two convictions, founded, we trust, on the word of truth, as far as it has been opened up to our spiritual understanding:

1. That the reign of Jesus will be from sea to sea and from shore to shore; and 2, that this reign, whether personal or spiritual, will be in full accordance with every gospel doctrine, every heavenly truth, and every part of living experience. We have no idea of a carnal kingdom, or any sympathy with those who by their sensual views of Christ's future reign have done so much to prejudice the minds of God's family against it. Man must ever be what he now is, a poor, fallen, sinful creature, whom the blood of Christ alone can save and the Spirit of Christ alone regenerate. What the Blessed Spirit can do, when poured abundantly out, was seen on the day of Pentecost. No carnal paradise, no earthly delights, no worldly thrones or sceptres, no rivers of literal milk and honey, no amount of wheat, or wine, or oil, no abundance of the young of the flock and of the herd can satisfy the souls of those, whether few or many, now or hereafter, who come and sing in the height of Zion and flow together to the goodness of the Lord. Unless their *soul* be as a watered garden, watered with the blood and love of the Lamb, God's people would not, could not be satisfied with his goodness. (Jer. xxxi, 12, 13, 14.) There will be an abundance of earthly peace and temporal prosperity in those happy days when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks; when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more;" but if all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the LORD\* it can be no other glory than that seen by the saints now: "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." (2 Cor. iv. 6.) This must be a spiritual glory, according to the apostle's testimony: "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.)

But whilst we believe that there will be a display of the future glory of Christ's Mediatorial kingdom such as earth has never yet witnessed, but which all the prophets have foretold in their highest strains, and as with one harmonious voice, yet would we guard ourselves strictly against forecasting either the *time* or the *manner* of its accomplishment. When the disciples asked their risen Master, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" what was his answer? "And he said unto them, it is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own

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\* Have those who deny or ignore the future reign of Christ and his millennial glory ever considered this passage? "But as truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." (Num. xiv. 21.) Is all the earth filled with his glory? Is there any present prospect of it? But how solemn the oath of God where he swears by his own eternal being, "As truly as I live." Is not God's oath one of those "two immutable things in which it is impossible for God to lie?" (Heb. vi. 18.) And was not this the very nature and essence of the faith and patience of Abraham, that he believed the word and oath of God, "and so after he had patiently endured he obtained the promise?" Whatever faith, then, or patience such men possess, it is quite clear they have not the faith or patience of father Abraham.

power." (Acts i. 7.) He did not say that the kingdom should never be restored to Israel, but he checked their inquisitive spirit into God's sovereign disposal of the times and seasons, and bade them, by implication, not indulge in vain dreams of an earthly kingdom in which they should hold power and place; but directed their faith to the promised gift of the Holy Ghost and their own personal witness of him—a witness in faith and suffering, unto the uttermost part of the earth. No one thing has cast more contempt on the prophecies of the Old Testament and New than the innumerable rash attempts to settle dates and times for their fulfilment; for when these anticipated dates have been falsified by the events not then taking place, occasion has been taken from these mistakes to throw discredit on the prophecies themselves. We dare not, therefore, fix any date or time for the fulfilment of any one unfulfilled prediction.

Nor, again, do we venture to entertain in our own mind any idea of the *manner* in which the Lord will accomplish what he has promised. But this we will say, that we have no faith in missionary exertions, at least as at present exercised; or any hope that by huge mixed Societies of believer and unbeliever, or any cumbrous, worldly apparatus of subscriptions and donations, patrons, presidents, secretaries, and deputations, or by what are called revivals, or united prayer-meetings, or any similar means, the glory of the Son of God will be made to shine upon earth. No. The Lord will take his own way as well as his own time. No arm of flesh shall put the crown on his head, as no arm of flesh can take it off. Whatever attempts man may make, until "the Spirit be poured upon us from on high," the wilderness will not be a fruitful field. But when he sets his hand again the second time to recover the remnant of his people, then his own way will be at once the mightiest, wisest, and best; and when accomplished, the whole fulfilment of his eternal promises to glorify his dear Son will be not only in the strictest accordance with the word of grace, but in harmony with every glorious perfection of a triune God.

We know by painful experience how unbelief and infidelity fight against this testimony of God to the manifest glory of his dear Son on earth. When, then, we feel so much unbelief within, can we wonder that in these last days there should be "scoffers walking after their own lusts, and saying, "Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." (2 Pet. iii. 4.) Fixing the eye of sense on visible objects, and seeing "all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation," men naturally resist the declarations of God in his word, that there shall be "new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness;" and where they cannot and do not openly deny "the testimony of Jesus" which is the very "spirit of prophecy," they so qualify and explain away the express language of the Holy Ghost, as to amount to a virtual denial of his kingdom and glory beyond its present manifestation. No heart is naturally more unbelieving than that which beats in our bosom; but we cannot and dare not resist the testimony of God,

which forces itself, as it were, upon us more and more as we examine the sacred page. When, for instance, we read such a testimony as this: "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the LORD, as the waters cover the sea," (Isa. xi. 9,) we ask ourselves, "Are these the words of him that cannot lie?" Surely they are; for they are in the book of God. But are they fulfilled? Is the earth, at the present moment, as full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea? How do the waters cover the sea—partially or fully? Who can say that the knowledge of the Lord, that knowledge of which Jesus says it is "eternal life," (John xvii. 3,) fully covers England, or one town, or one house, or one whole family in it? We must either, then, believe in the future fulfilment of such a promise, or deny that God means what he says. See, then, how the case stands, a case that has often tried us to the very quick. The submission of faith, or the denial of unbelief. There is no other alternative. Which of them, reader, is yours? But take another testimony. "In his days shall the righteous flourish, and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth. He shall have dominion, also, from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth." (Ps. lxxii. 7, 8.) And again: "Yea, all kings shall fall down before him; all nations shall serve him." "His name shall endure for ever; his name shall be continued as long as the sun; and men shall be blessed in him; all nations shall call him blessed." (Verses 11, 17.) Are these predictions fulfilled? Do the righteous now flourish? Is there "abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth?" Let America testify. Let the fields of Maryland, covered with 30,000 wounded or dying men, proclaim aloud, "Yes, this is the millennium. There is no other. This is the fulfilment of all the prophecies which proclaim, 'All kings shall fall down before him, all nations shall serve him.' Is not the whole American nation serving the Prince of Peace, when brother meets brother on the battle-field? Is not the knowledge of the Lord covering Maryland as the waters cover the sea, when heaps of dying men strew her plains, and putrid corpses choke up her rivers?" But the booming cannon, the bursting shell, the volleys of musketry, the shrieks of the wounded, the groans of the dying, the wail of mothers and widows, and the very blood of the battle-field all cry, "No, no. This is not the domain of the Prince of Peace. This is rather hell broken loose upon earth than the binding of Satan; rather the pouring out of the vials of God's wrath than the pouring out of the Spirit from on high."

Wearied, then, and sick at the sight of such scenes of human sin and woe, our mind has sometimes felt a sweet relief in the belief that even this sin-worn world shall not always be what it now is, a very Aceldama, a field of blood and crime; that a day will come when "the LORD shall be king over all the earth; in that day there shall be one Lord and his name one." (Zech. xiv. 9.) Is this beyond the power or beyond the promises of God? "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," the Lord had his disciples pray. Is that prayer yet accomplished? Is it ever to be? If not, why were the disciples taught to pray for what God never meant to grant? We might fill

our pages with similar testimonies and with similar arguments, but we will content ourselves with one already referred to: "I saw in the night visions, and, behold, one like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of days, and they brought him near before him. And there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages should serve him. His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed." (Dan. vii. 13, 14.) Is this testimony fulfilled? Do all people, nations, and languages serve the Son of man? Does China serve him, or Turkey? Or, not to mention heathen lands, does France, does Italy, does England serve him? We need not pursue the argument. It is such passages as these, the force of which we cannot evade or resist, which, after many years of thought and examination, as well as temptation, have made us come to the conclusion that if there be no future development and manifestation of the kingdom and dominion of Christ more than what is now seen, the testimony of God in the Scripture cannot be true. But "let God be true and every man a liar." Here faith rests; and here for the present we lay down our pen.

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I AM persuaded that generally they mourn most who have most assurance. And all true gospel-mourners will be found to have the root of assurance so ingrafted in them, that in its proper season (a time of trouble) it will undoubtedly flourish.—*Owen*. [What a death-blow does this short paragraph give to the religion of those who profess to be ever full of assurance, and yet know nothing of a mourning spirit!]

WE now (Titus ii. 11) see why Paul speaks of *all men*; and thus we may judge of the folly of some who pretend to expound the holy Scriptures, and do not understand their style, when they say, "And God wishes that every person should be saved; the grace of God hath appeared for the salvation of every person. It follows then, that there is free will, that there is no selection, that none have been predestinated to salvation." If those men spoke, it ought to be with a little more caution. Paul did not mean in this passage, or in 1 Tim. ii. 6, anything else than that the great are called by God, though they are unworthy of it; that men of low condition, though they are despised, are nevertheless adopted by God, who stretches out his hand to receive them. At that time, because kings and magistrates were mortal enemies of the gospel, it might be thought that God had rejected them, and that they cannot obtain salvation. But Paul says that the door must not be shut against them, and that eventually God may choose some of this company, though their case appear to be desperate. Thus, in this passage, after speaking of the poor slaves who were not reckoned to belong to the rank of men, he says that God did not fail, on that account, to show himself compassionate towards them, and that he wishes that the gospel should be preached to those to whom men do not deign to utter a word. Here is a poor man who shall be rejected by us; we shall hardly say, "God bless him!" but God addresses him in an especial manner, and declares that he is his Father; and does not merely say a passing word, but stops him to say, "Thou art of my flock; let my word be thy pasture; let it be the spiritual food of thy soul." Thus we see that this word is highly significant, when it is said that "the grace of God hath appeared fully to all men."—*Calvin*.

*THE BOOK WITH SEVEN SEALS.*

I WITHDREW my soul from the vale of tears,  
 To gaze on the promised land,  
 And I saw the King of the ancient years,  
 With the sealed book in his hand.

He challenged the creatures to open the book,  
 And many essay'd therein to look,  
 From the saint to the fiend in hell.  
 For the truths therein were great and high,  
 Nor could they be read by a finite eye,  
 And its mysteries none might tell.

For God most great, the King of kings,  
 To whom those truths belong,  
 Had bound them all, both great and small,  
 With a mighty band and strong.

And his servants bow to his high decree,  
 For they may not fathom eternity,  
 Where God for ever lives,  
 Where the never, never-ending state  
 Of the elect soul and the reprobate  
 His sovereign pleasure gives.

And a saint was there in garments fair,  
 Who wept as he gazed around,  
 For no one might take that book, or break  
 The band that kept it bound.

But an elder, in robes of white array'd,  
 His sorrowing friend to cheer essay'd,  
 And the saint to sorrow forbore;  
 For a Prince drew near, of high renown,  
 His head was adorn'd with many a crown,  
 And a blood-stain'd garb he wore.

For he had fought in foreign lands,  
 And vanquish'd many foes,  
 To wrest his bride from a tyrant's hands,  
 And never-ending woes.

He was returning from the fight,  
 Flush'd with the triumph of his might  
 O'er those who braved his ire;  
 His sword was of unmeasured length,  
 His face outshone the sun in strength,  
 His eyes the flaming fire.

He took that book from the Monarch's hand,  
 And cut asunder its mystic band,  
 And broke in order each sacred seal,  
 Those wondrous mysteries to reveal.

And he show'd to his servants, as in a glass,  
 The things which must shortly come to pass;  
 For the sayings therein were holy and true,  
 And brought each future scene to view.

These lines were written while meditating on, and, with the eye of faith, contemplating some of the scenes described in Rev. v,

# THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

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DECEMBER, 1862.

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

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## NOTES OF A SERMON

PREACHED AT EBENEZER CHAPEL, DEPTFORD, SEPTEMBER 19, 1827,

BY WILLIAM GADSBY.

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“Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.”—1 John iii. 2.

MOST of you are strangers to me, and I suppose I am as great a stranger to you, in the flesh; but, if we can meet in our text, and set to our seal that God is true, we are blessed with the greatest blessings that God can possibly bestow. And can we wonder at meeting so few friends here? While we are in an enemy's country, can we wonder that we are hated? Depend upon it, God has made up his mind, and you may as well make up yours, that “through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom.” Besides, as Paul says, “These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.” Now, seeing that this is the case, how highly ought we to esteem them! If we had servants who wrought for us exceedingly well, we should esteem them, and take from them many pert replies which we would not take from those who worked with “eye service” only; and so ought we to do with afflictions, which are God's servants, and are made to work for our good; but how often do we think they are hard task-masters rather than servants!

I shall, as the Spirit of God shall enable me,

I. Speak of the *Persons* by whom the sons of God are loved.

II. The *objects* of that love.

III. Refer to some states in which it may be said, “*Now*” are we the sons of God.

IV. Mention some things in which it may be said, “*It doth not yet appear what we shall be;*” and speak of the *knowledge* we have of it.

I. *By whom* are these sons of God loved? 1. They are beloved of *God*; 2. They are beloved of *one another*.

1. They are beloved of God,—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. I know this is not a very fashionable way of preaching in the present day; but I am one of the old-fashioned sort. People do not like to speak of distinct personalities in the Godhead; but I must have

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost brought home to my heart, or I shall be damned. God the Father's love is seen in his eternal election of us in Christ before time began, and blessing us with all spiritual blessings in him. He "spared not his own Son, but freely gave him up for us all;" and heaven is a spiritual blessing given us in Christ. God the Son's love is seen in his laying down his life for us: "Herein is love, that, when we were yet enemies, Christ died for us." God the Holy Ghost's love is seen in his quickening us when dead in sin: "God, who is rich in mercy, for the great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sin, hath quickened us together with Christ;" and also in his "convincing of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment," "and taking of the things of Christ and showing them to us." He watches over the dust of the saints, and raises them again at the last day. But neither prophet nor apostle ever spake of God's love to the full. John says, "God so loved us;" "Behold *what manner of love,*" &c.; and, "Jesus, having loved his own which were in the world, loved them to the end." Not, as Arminians tell us, that we may be God's children to-day, and yet be lost for ever, and that Christ died for the damned in hell. I hate Arminianism, as I hate Satan himself. The great apostle Paul says, "His love passeth knowledge;" yet he *knew* it was higher than all his rebellion, deeper than all his filth, wider than all his wanderings, and as long as from eternity to eternity. It is a vast ocean, without bank, brim, bottom, or shore.

Sons of God! The nearest relations God has. Angels are not so near. Yea, this love has puzzled angels and confounded devils. He chose elect angels, but he never died for them. It is said, "Which things the angels desire to look into!"

God loves his people, his sons, not their sins, like a parent. The heart of Christ bleeds for their crimes, yet he prays on his knees to God for them; they are yet his loved ones.

2. They are loved by *one another*. John says, "If any man say that he loveth God and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for if he loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" That text, "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren," is, I think, much abused by some. They suppose it to consist of a universal love to all mankind; whereas, that has nothing to do with it. It is a child of God loving God's image in his children, that is intended. You may love your wife, husband, children, or parents, and it is your duty to do so; but, if you do not see the image of God in them, you cannot love them with the same love as you do the greatest stranger, whom you believe to be a child of God. You love your relations with a natural love, and it is your duty to provide for them before others; but the love of the brethren is very different. Don't you sometimes feel taken up in love to David, or Job, or some other saint who is gone to glory, as though you were with them? And sometimes, when strife is stirred up among brethren, and especially when Satan can persuade you that such a one is not a child of God who you thought was, then you think you may lay on pretty savage-

ly; but what cuts of conscience you begin to feel when you begin to think again that it is a child of God, and how harshly you have spoken of him!

II. The *Objects* of this love. It is said, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy;" and "whom he will he hardeneth." He loves his people, as Moses says, not because they were the greatest of all people, or most in number, but because he would, for his own glory; and I believe there never would have been a being or creature created but for the glory of Christ; for "by him and for him" they were created; and he will have his own, let the devil, hell, and sin drive them where they may. He loved thee, poor child of God, when thou wast as vile as Satan and as hell itself. Thou canst not say, "I was better than those who are left." If thou dost, I will know there is a fall at thy heels; but thou well knowest thou art the chief of sinners; and perhaps thou art, except William Gadsby.

I suppose I may venture to guess there are some here like a poor man I was with the other day. I was going to preach, and I said, "I am very dark and confused, and have no text; what text shall I speak from, John?" He replied, "I don't care what text you speak from, if you can but scripturally prove me to be a child of God." Sometimes a child of God is tempted to think he is deceived; and others, if he does not walk exactly in their shoes, tell him he is quite out of the secret; but I wish always to condescend to men of low estate. None but a child of God can point out the various holes we get into. I remember the time when I was afraid to open my mouth to any child of God, for I thought if I did, he would see in a moment what a vile creature I was, and tell everybody of it, and that nobody would have anything to do with me. I had about three miles to walk on a Lord's day, where part of the truth was preached; I say part of the truth, for the feelings of God's children were not mentioned; and I was so afraid of falling into talk with any of the people, that if I saw one on the road before me, I durst not overtake him. There was one man on crutches, but I would walk slower than even he, rather than he should speak to me; but if one was coming behind me, I would run fast enough. Then you will say, "How did you do when you were between two, coming and going?" I used to make a gap, and get over the hedge till they were past. Thus was I scared about for many months; till once, as I was going to Coventry, passing a house where a good man dwelt, the woman called after me, and asked me to stay, for her husband was going there. At this I trembled, and said, "I cannot stay; I am in a hurry." "He is ready," said she; so that I could not get away; but I determined to say nothing about religion; so I began to speak of the war, and trade; but he dropped that, and said, "Come, let us talk of soul feelings." At this I thought I should have fainted; but at length I began telling him some of my feelings. He smiled. "Now," thought I, "it is as I thought; he sees through me." But, to my surprise, he began to bring forward text after text, and showed me their meaning so sweetly that, by the Spirit of God, I was delivered from the temptation I had laboured under so long.

And now I will tell you a story, by way of introducing what I intend to bring forward. I was travelling in a stage-coach soon after I became a preacher, and there was an Arminian parson also in the coach, and he spake a great deal of holiness and piety. As I was in clothes of various colours, I knew he could not know I was a preacher; so I thought I would ask him a question or two. I said, "You are a minister, I suppose?" "O yes," he replied. "Now," said I, "suppose I were a professor of religion, I should like to ask some of you preachers what is the lowest evidence of a person being a child of God?" "O!" he said, "I should say, 'Go on.'" "But," I said, "would you not tell them first they were in the right road, before you told them to go on?" "O no," said he; "I should tell them to go on." "Well," I said, "this looks very strange, to tell people to go on without telling them anything whether they are in the way or not." But this, my hearers, is the general way of the professors of the present day. Now, I shall mention two evidences of a person being one of the objects of this love, which are, I think, as low as the Scriptures will warrant. One is: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," and "hungering and thirsting after righteousness" is joined with it. Now, had the Redeemer said, "Blessed are the *rich* in spirit," you could not have come in; but, poor dear soul, he says the *poor* in spirit; and here you *can* come in; for sometimes you are so broken down under a sense of your own vileness, that you know if ever you find mercy, it must be a free gift. You are too poor to pay for it. If your salvation depended upon a single good thought of your own, you could not produce it; you must be lost. The other is: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another." "Ah," say you, "I am quite shut out now, for I cannot speak!" Stop; you should have let me go on with my text: "And the Lord hearkened, and heard." Their voice was so low that, speaking after the manner of men, the Almighty had to lean his ear down to hear what they said. They were afraid to speak at all, except in a whisper, and hardly that. "And a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name." Poor child of God, if thou canst not speak, canst thou think? All God's family are not talkers; there are thinkers amongst them; and a book of remembrance is written for *them*. These poor trembling thinkers are amongst the objects of this love. Yes, those solemn thoughts they have, and those hungerings and thirstings after him are of his own doing, and never arose from sin, Satan, nor thine own heart. "And they shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels." Mind that, "*shall be mine.*" There is nothing doubtful about it.

III. When may it be said, "*Now* are we the sons of God?" At all times and under all circumstances; in trials, in difficulties, in disappointments, in losses, in crosses, in adversities, in temptations, in persecutions, "*Now* are we the sons of God." Yes, and in prosperity too; though sometimes it is not so manifest then as it is in adversity, for there is often a deal of dust about prosperity, which obscures everything but pride. But nothing can alter this love.

“Though we believe not, he abideth faithful.” “He cannot deny himself.” But were he to deny the objects of his love, he would deny himself; for they are one with him, “bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh.” “Now are we the sons of God.” It was *now* when the apostle wrote his epistle, it was *now* in eternity past, and it will be *now* in eternity to come. “For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Jesus Christ our Lord.”

IV. “*It doth not yet appear what we shall be.*” Not even in our greatest manifestations; they are far short of what we shall be. Even the three on the Mount of Transfiguration must have owned that it did not then appear what they shall be. Nor Paul, when caught up to the third heavens, though he heard things he could not utter, and he knew not whether in the body or not; it did not then appear what he shall be. But we *shall* know, for body and soul will be filled with immortal glory. “*We shall be like him*, for we shall see him as he is,” and not one more happy than another, not one near and another a thousand miles off, as some would suppose; for as to different degrees in glory, I do not believe a word of it, nor is there one word in the Scriptures that warrants such a doctrine. “Why,” say you, “does it not say, ‘As one star differeth from another star in glory, so also is the resurrection of the dead?’” Yes; but this has nothing whatever to do with difference of degrees in glory. It refers to the difference of the body as it *now* is, and as it will be at the resurrection; for mark what follows: “It,” that is the body, “is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.” There will be as much difference in the appearance of the body of the child of God at the resurrection, from what it is now, as there is in the most brilliant planet and the most dim star. Besides, when Christ shall appear, the whole church will be like him; and how can they all be like him if they differ in glory? All shall come to the full stature of a man in Christ; one Bridegroom and one bride; one Lamb and one Lamb’s wife. And not only shall all who are there be like their Head, but all the members shall be there; for, as the poet says,

“He’ll not live in glory, and leave her behind!”

“Because I live,” says he, “ye *shall* live also.” O what a blessed *shall*! “Father, I will that they also whom thou gavest me be with me where I am.” And will the Father frustrate his Son’s *will*? O, no!

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

Now, these are great truths; but what good can they do us if we have them only in our heads? We must have the Spirit to bear witness to our spirits that we are interested in them before they can

bring any consolation to us; and when this is the case, Satan himself cannot argue us out of them.

May God command his blessing.

[The above "Notes," with a few alterations, were written by a friend from memory a day or two after the sermon was preached. They are necessarily condensed, but the preacher's original language is discernible throughout.]

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## THE SOUL'S CONVERSE WITH ITSELF.

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S. SOUL, where are you?

A. Here am I.

S. But what is that which enshrouds you? You look like one encircled in the grave clothes of death.

A. O affliction presseth sore upon me, and my voice is spent with weeping.

S. But have you no mercy to record?

A. Yes, it is a mercy to be out of hell.

S. But if you cannot speak of present mercies, can you not call to mind former loving-kindnesses? Did you not experience God's kind, preserving care in the days of your youth?

A. Yes, he once mercifully preserved me from drowning, when it was said I must soon have sunk to rise no more; and many times after did he preserve me, when my feet stood in slippery places, for I was lively and giddy; and though from my birth I was rather weak, yet my buoyant spirits carried me beyond other children, who were stronger. I delighted to view the beauties of creation. Many times I rose before any of the family, to take a walk upon the beach, to gaze upon that mighty work of creation, the sea. I have sung with delight the words of the poet:

"What art thou, stupendous ocean?  
And if overwhelmed by thee,  
Can we think, without emotion,  
What must thy Creator be?"

I cannot say, like some, I had strong convictions of sin from my earliest years; my feelings and thoughts were that God was great, powerful, good, and merciful. I used to repeat forms of prayer, but often felt whilst repeating them, "I shall be glad when I have said them all." After I had been called by divine grace, I felt this had been a solemn mockery of God. What kind forbearance of the mighty God! But, when I was about 13 years of age, I was reading of a little boy who, when the Roman Catholics were in power, was burnt at the stake because he would read the Bible. I thought, "O that the Catholics were in power now, that I might die for Christ!" But, in a moment, the thought came into my mind, if my name is not now written in the Lamb's book of life, it can never be put there. All my prayers will be of no use, if it is not there. Now one day, in great distress, I took up the Bible to read, and read the first part of Luke; but such thoughts passed through my mind, that I laid it down, and thought I would never read it again. I thought I sinned

more in reading than in neglecting it; for Satan suggested that Mary only raised those reports to hide her shame, and that the miracles which Christ wrought were done by witchcraft. O what horror filled my mind at these thoughts! I thought I had committed the unpardonable sin, and the wretchedness I felt I never can describe. The enemy suggested that death would be preferable to the misery I then endured; that drowning was an easy death, and it would only be like going to sleep; that I could soon jump off the quay into the river, or walk into the sea, and allow the waves to carry me away. How often did I wish I had been a dog or an idiot! I used sometimes to give vent to my feelings in verse. One I remember was this:

" How wondrous are thy works, great God,  
 No man on earth can tell!  
 Thou giv'st the feeble infant birth,  
 The sinner send'st to hell."

At the last words, I sobbed as though my heart would break. My mother would frequently say to my sister, "What can that child be crying about? I get her everything she wishes for, yet she is always crying!" This distress of mind had brought me into a weak state of health. Though my dear mother was a good woman, she never suspected the cause of my distress. Though I once ventured to ask her what was the unpardonable sin, she said, "The Scripture saith, 'No murderer hath eternal life;' and he who takes his own life is a murderer, and there can be no forgiveness after death." I do not remember whether this quieted my mind, or whether the distress wore off gradually, but, after a time, I could again read novels as before. In one of my morning walks, something I was reading convinced me I was wrong. I thought I would give up novel reading. Having read part of one, and as the first, second, and third volumes lay upon the table, I felt a desire to know how the tale ended; but I was enabled to adhere to my resolution. What self-complacency did I then feel! One Sabbath morning I rose early, and took a walk into the churchyard. I was reading the epitaphs, when this one seemed to strike my attention:

" Grieve not for me, my dear friends,  
 Because I die so young;  
 The fewer years, the fewer sins;  
 God's will, it's best, be done."

This raised in my mind a desire to die, for, I thought, as I was young in years, I had not committed so many sins; but if I lived long in this world I should greatly add to their number. Being weak, and thought to be consumptive, I longed for death, and felt great pleasure in looking forward to it. Had I died then, I should have died happy, resting on a sandy foundation, that of not being so great a sinner as those more advanced in years; but that was impossible, for God had some better thing in reserve for me. My health improved; with it my desires for heaven fled, and I could read novels and visit places of amusements as before; and the theatre had not lost its charm. I had occasionally gone to chapel, but it was merely from

custom. One evening in November, 1838, I returned from chapel impressed with the feeling that I was a lost and condemned sinner. I wanted in secret to pour out my soul to God. I hurried up stairs and threw myself upon my knees; but all that I could utter was, "Lord, make me to hate sin! Lord, make me to hate sin!" Thus I kept crying for some time. My mother was surprised at my hurried manner, and being so long without a light, (for I could not approach the table to take one, for I wanted some secret place to give vent to the anguish of my heart,) sent my sister, who was much older than myself, to see the cause. When she came, and saw me weeping so bitterly, she said, "O Sarah, what is the matter with you? Now, do tell me." But I could only weep. This made her still more anxious; and I was in such a confused state I could not tell either God or man what I wanted. By degrees, light broke in upon my mind. I saw that salvation was what I wanted, and that none but God could give it. The question with me was not, "Could God save?" but, "Would he save?" I often sang these lines:

"Dear Lord, and will thy pardoning love  
Embrace a wretch so vile?  
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,  
And bless me with thy smile?"

How many times did I read that hymn of Miss Steele's and weep. It seemed to express my feelings and desires:

"Alas! what hourly dangers rise."

Sometimes I thought the Lord's people were not assured of their salvation till just before their death. I often wished that the Lord would speak to me as he did to Daniel. (xii. 13.) I frequently conversed with a person whose husband was a Jew. She used to say that the Jews were the only elect people; that the Scriptures were given to the Jews only; that the New Testament was not inspired, it was only written by men who followed Christ. How I wished I had been born of Jewish parents. Then I questioned whether eternal punishment was true, or whether there was a resurrection of the body. I thought if I could find it recorded in the Old Testament, I should believe it. One day the minister took his text from Isa. xxvi. 19. As he read the first part of the verse, "There!" I said, "is the resurrection in the Old Testament."

When about to make a profession, being about seventeen, my sister said, "Had you not better wait till you are settled in life? for many young persons have made a profession and afterwards married, and quite given up their profession." My reply was, "The Lord is as able to keep the young as he is the aged." But shortly afterwards, when complaining of the evils of my heart, what a sinner I felt myself to be, I was told I had not seen half yet. Inwardly I said, "Worse? That is impossible. I am so base it is impossible to be worse!" I felt very wretched. I thought if I lived long I should not be able to hold out in my profession, but should bring a disgrace upon the cause. My cry was, "Oh! that I had not been called till I was old, then to have made a profession and to have gone home

directly, never more to sin." But the Lord dealt very graciously with me; for after I had been very much distressed only a few months, the dear Lord was pleased to set me at liberty, by applying these words as the minister took them for his text: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." I scarcely knew anything more the minister said. It is impossible to describe the joy of the soul when first set at large:

"Lost in astonishment I see,  
Saviour, thy boundless love to me."

I was favoured to know the Lord loved me, and I feared not to say, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee." I felt

"More happy, but not more secure,  
The glorified spirits in heaven."

These words were particularly sweet to me: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard what God hath prepared for those that love him." Almost everything that I met with called forth praise. As I passed through the streets, and saw those poor females who are a disgrace to society, I pitied their wretched state. What a debtor I felt myself to be. Often did I ask that question, "Why me, Lord? Why me?"

One day, as I was walking a path I had often gone with the giddy multitude, in search of vain amusement, my soul was overcome with the thought that His eye was upon me then. How amazing, that the great, the mighty God should condescend to look down upon such poor creatures. What disparity! but,

"Determined to save, he watched o'er my path,  
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death."

Though I was greatly favoured, yet sometimes I was afraid lest I should not be right, because the word said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." Now, I said, every one is kind to me, both in the world and in the church, and I have no temporal trouble. I thought temporal things were things too mean to take to a throne of grace. I said, "As the Lord has saved me, surely I can leave all my temporal concerns with him." He has taught me since that for all these things he will be inquired of. I have since said with Job, "I was at ease but he hath broken me asunder. He hath also taken me by my neck and shaken me to pieces." But mostly they were days of prayer and of praise. One Sabbath morning I had been dreaming, and I awoke repeating these words: "We have conquered, through our Lord the Lamb." I was like a child who wanted constantly its parent's caresses; therefore was often at a throne of grace. The enemy tried me one day very much by saying I was too often there; as though I should trouble the Lord too much. At another time, when about to approach a throne of grace, great fear and trembling came over me lest I should not address the right Person in the Trinity. Sometimes these words tried me very much: "If the light which is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness!" Other things would

dart across my mind; but though they distressed me much, I was still favoured to dwell upon the mount. I said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God; and here I rest all my salvation."

As I was one day reading the Psalms, this passage seemed forcibly to arrest my attention: "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." A strange feeling came over my mind. Little idea had I of the gloomy path I had to walk for about six years, but yet there appeared a pointing to it. So great had been the display of God's love to my soul, that many times I have felt its effects for several days upon my frail frame. How I longed to be freed from its bonds. Sometimes to others I expressed my desire to depart, to be for ever with Christ. Some said my joy would not last long. Some said one thing, some another; but one took me much to task, saying I sinned in wishing so to die. I was afraid of sinning against God. What to do I knew not; for truly at this time Christ was indeed precious to my soul, and I longed to bask in his smiles. Thus was I in a strait, longing to depart, yet afraid of sinning therein; but such was my ignorance that I knew not what to ask for. I cried, "Lord, give me something to make me more contented to stay in this world." The Lord answered me according to my petition. Some time afterwards, I became acquainted with my dear husband. He had been in the church some time before me, but I had always shunned him. I soon found I was more contented to stay in this world; and since I have been a wife and a mother, I have found those ties bind me down to earth as with an iron chain. Well do I remember the weaning time. Whilst the dear Lord, with his own hand, fed me with the breasts of consolation, I felt not the deficiencies in the ministry under which I sat. But when the Lord had withdrawn, I looked to the ministry for an opening-up of the path, but I found it not. I was at the prayer meeting at seven, at the school at nine, at morning, afternoon, and evening services, yet in none found what I wanted. I sought him whom my soul loved, but found him not. The minister, both in public and private, condemned the "Gospel Standard;" books of truth, which the exercised soul could feed upon, we were warned against. A friend mentioned to me the "Heir of Heaven Walking in Darkness, and the Heir of Hell Walking in Light;" but such was my false charity, that the title frightened me. I did not wish to read it.

In March, 1842, as my father rose from tea, he fell back again in his chair. It was a slight stroke of paralysis. In the June following, he had another. He could not speak to us, but never can I forget how he fixed his eyes upon me. I would have prayed for a blessing upon his soul, but I could not. I was filled with anguish, yet could not breathe a prayer. It was the first time in my life that death had entered our dwelling. Though few days passed without our being reminded by a funeral of the uncertainty of life, yet when it came to our own circle, it seemed as though it could scarcely be that we should meet on earth no more. "Can he be gone for ever?" was a question that often arose in my mind. My seat was next his at the table day after day. I looked for him there; and then the truth flashed across my mind,

"He is gone from us for ever." When alone, I frequently cried, "My poor father! Where is he?" This caused me great distress. One day, as I was indulging my grief, I was suddenly arrested, and brought to feel whatever God had done had been just; and that if he had left me to perish in my sins, he would have been just too. What a mercy I felt it to be that I had been snatched as a brand from the burning. From this time I could leave it, feeling that secret things belong unto God. About four months after my father's death, as I was sitting by the fire, I said, "O! I feel so faint!" I rose from my chair, and walked across the room, but was forced to return to it directly, when the blood gushed from my mouth. I was scarcely conscious, but heard them say, "O, mother, it's blood!" Dr. T. thought the bleeding might return; but it pleased the Lord to raise me up again.

In November, 1844, I married, which brought me into union and communion with the Lord's dear people who knew the gospel more clearly, though, more properly speaking, one part of the church; for while the Lord's people embraced and loved the truth, because it was the food of their souls, others acquiesced only because the chapel was filled. I felt the parting with the teachers and children of the school; but these words were very sweet:

"Midst changing scenes, and dying friends,  
Be thou my all in all!"

I had forsaken the fountain of living waters, and was in a measure insensible of it. The Lord seemed for a time to say, "She is joined to idols; let her alone." But one Sabbath, I took up my Bible, and these words were forcibly applied to my soul: "The rebellious dwell in a dry land." My cry was, "Truly, Lord, I dwell in a dry land." I felt my barren state, but had no power to cry out against it. We had family prayer, but with me it was all dry; so far had I backslidden in heart that a throne of grace was almost entirely neglected. Now the Lord began to try me in various ways; though, as many of them more particularly refer to my dear husband, I leave them; but, as his partner, I shared with him all his trials. To separate from the mere professor was much harder than from the worldling; the professor is more bitter and rancorous. I proved that though the soul was not alive to spiritual things, yet it was not dormant; and though there was an external consistency, yet the mind was filled with vain thoughts. O what Sabbath days they were to me then. I looked forward to the birth of my child with the hope that it would be the means of rousing me. I thought my maternal duties would banish those vain thoughts, that they would leave me no room for them. In Feb., 1846, my son was born. Trials and mercies passed, but left me still the same, with this exception—additional anxiety. O what anguish I felt lest he should live and die without a saving knowledge of Christ. I loved my babe, but I often felt and said I would rather bury him in infancy than see him only a moral man. I tremble when I remember the suggestion of the enemy at this time. Often did I tell the Lord I did not mind what

trial he was to me, if he would but save him by his grace. I entreated the Lord not to let me be the mother of one who should live and die a rebel against him. How frequently was I reminded of this request in a way I thought not of. But though the salvation of that child was near my heart, and brought me sometimes to a throne of grace, yet I was mostly barren. My cry was, "O that I could feel, if it were but misery!" My grief was not that I feared hell, but that I had not access to the throne of grace, nor freedom of communion with my God. Sometimes I sought to arouse myself by setting before me the sufferings of the lost. Then I would ask myself this question, "If now your hope be the hope of the hypocrite, think of an eternity of suffering." As I was doing this one day, these words came sweetly and powerfully, and melted me to tears:

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

Sometimes, when pursuing the Christian's path, traced out by the ministry of the word, I have said, "If that is the path of a child of God, that is my path, and I am one, then." The enemy would suggest, was the word of God true? was there anything in religion at all? One day, as I sat in the house of God, I had such a sight and feeling of the perilous state of my soul, and at the same time such an assurance that I was held firmly in the grasp of God's mighty, everlasting love, that I could scarcely refrain from saying aloud, "Though scarcely saved, I am saved!" By these things was my soul just kept alive; for such was my coldness and deadness, and fear of going before God with a form of prayer, whilst my heart was far from him, that for many weeks together I did not attempt to approach a throne of grace. In temporal things, I sometimes thought I had just accomplished a certain object, when something occurred which quite overturned it. Then I said, "He fighteth against me all the day long." One day, being very much tired, and seeing no way of escape, I said, "Lord, take away my reason, that I may not see the evil that is coming upon me." Many times since have I repented of this hasty expression, when I have had to cry, "O Lord, spare my reason." These things make me fearful of what I say before the Lord, for by terrible things in righteousness does he sometimes answer us. I often said, "O that the Lord had allowed me just a little strength, then I would not lie here one night." As I lay meditating upon my distance from God, yet feeling I was still a child, I could not help singing aloud:

" Pause, my soul, adore, and wonder,  
Ask, O why such love to me ?  
Grace hath put me in the number  
Of the Saviour's family."

One thing that distressed me very much was the fear that I had never been truly melted with a sight of the sufferings of Christ at the Lord's table. One week before the ordinance, I was walking very carefully, watching my thoughts and feelings, lest I should

bring myself into greater bondage before the Sabbath, and I went on smoothly until the Friday night. That night, in a dream, Satan set before my mind a novel which I had read before I was called by grace so plainly that when I awoke I was as much entangled as though I had just read it. Sometimes when I have thought of going to a throne of grace, Satan has come with a false accusation, and I have had to pause and consider whether I was guilty or not. Sometimes he said it was only my affection for my husband that kept me from going back again into the world. I thought I should go down to the grave mourning, and gave up all hope of deliverance. When I have seen my dear husband cutting the "Gospel Standard" open, I have wished he might not read it. My feeling was, "Let me alone. It is of no use, for all I read or hear only makes me worse." He one day read a piece to me written by G. T. C., Bedworth, from the words, "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." At first I scarcely listened; but when he began to read where he speaks of his cold, dead state after having been brought into liberty, and that the Lord delivered him from it, hope beamed into my soul. I said, "God delivered him; perhaps he will deliver me." Though encouraged to hope, yet I had to wait some time for deliverance. Sometimes I felt so angry with myself, I have said, "O that I could tear sin from my breast;" then mournfully exclaimed, "O that I had not such a wicked heart." One day, as I sat musing upon my own unworthiness and distance from God, my soul was melted with the thought that ever he should love such an unworthy creature, who could scarcely render him a tribute of praise for all his mercies. My little boy, about three years old, came to me, and looking up in my face said, "Mother, why do you cry? I do not like to see you cry." I replied, "My dear, because the Lord is so good to me." The child returned to his play as though perfectly satisfied. Various ways did the enemy take to make me think lightly of sin, sometimes saying I felt too strongly about mean trifles; that many Christians said and did worse things and thought nothing of it. But I was enabled to resist, knowing that my Bible saith, "The thought of foolishness is sin." At one time I was much distressed lest I should be one of those who had tasted the good word of God, yet, having fallen, it was impossible to renew them to repentance. As I was much distressed with these thoughts, I opened the Bible; but the portion of Scripture which I read condemned me more than all. It was this: "For if we sin wilfully after we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins." This, I thought, I had often done; but I was led to see that I sinned contrary to my will. My will was to live without sin, if I could. As I was one day reading Jeremiah xxxviii., I felt that as was his state naturally, mine was spiritually. I cried, "Lord, I am indeed in a deep dungeon, O bring me out of it, if it be by bringing me down to the gates of death." A few weeks passed away. I had forgotten this petition, but I began gradually to sink. Sometimes the pain was very violent

inwardly. I said, "O that I could die." Then I would say, "We must die to know what dying is." My friends wished me to have the advice of a physician. The one named was said to be very skilful, but, at the same time, quick and irritable if his questions were not answered directly; but to me he was exceedingly gentle, saying, as I answered his questions, "Poor dear." He took my husband aside and said, "Do not fatigue her by bringing her up again, I think she is rapidly sinking." All that I felt at this time spiritually was this, that God was just in all that he had done towards me. A dear aged minister called to see me. He said, "How does your mind feel in the prospect of death?" I replied, I do not feel anything; but of this I am assured, he will appear again if it is not till a dying hour." The dear Lord was pleased to bless the means used, and after some weeks I was able to see the physician again. He was surprised to see me so much recovered, but he said the disease was still there. But the journey fatigued me, and on Tuesday morning I appeared sinking. My husband called up the nurse. She was much alarmed. Our surgeon, who was the nearest doctor, lived four miles from us; but we had medicine in the house which had been beneficial on former occasions in reviving me. Speaking after the manner of men, to all human appearance, had we not had the medicine in the house, I could not have survived until medical aid had been procured. Thus was I brought down to the gates of death, but not delivered. The Lord was pleased to raise me up again. But as I gathered strength, I felt a greater desire to live; my husband and child were strong ties. My thoughts, day by day, were my dreams by night. Dreaming that an aged minister came from the pulpit and sat by my side, I thought he appeared to think me dying, and said to me, "We shall be satisfied when we awake in his likeness." I said to him, "But it is hard work dying when the ties of nature cling so closely." These were my thoughts by day. When I read of Mr. M'Kenzie's death, I feared I should be like him; and when I had a return of spitting of blood, I entreated the Lord to spare me a few years. I continued slowly to gather strength; but one morning, as I was about to rise, I was seized with a violent pain in the head. The room was darkened, as I could scarcely bear the light, or any noise. The intensity of the pain led me earnestly to entreat the Lord to abate it. I felt what a mercy it is that there is something to bring us to his feet. The pain was great, but it was a blessing I would not have been without. It was here I gained deliverance. These words came so sweetly, I could not help singing them: "I will sing of mercy and of judgment." My dear husband, hearing me, came running up stairs. He said, "You quite frightened me. I thought you could not bear any noise." "I am forced," I said, "to 'sing of mercy and of judgment.'" I could now say, "In faithfulness he hath afflicted me!" The Lord convinced me of my sin and folly in departing from him, and led me to justify him in all his dealings towards me. He brought me to see it was all in love to my soul, and then he received me with a benign smile, which banished all my fears.

## A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE.

Dear Christian Friend,—Once more, after some weeks' silence, in the providence of God, I take my pen in hand to write a few lines to you, but, I confess, with some degree of shame. I ought to have done so before now; but it has not been for the want of thinking about you, nor yet for the want of good will towards you, but that I have been short of time, and very much perplexed with the cares of business, and such-like things, that I have not felt at all inclined to sit down to write a letter until the present time; but now, having a little feeling springing up, I hope of the better kind, in my poor disconsolate mind, I feel that I can send you a line or two, which I trust may be seasoned with salt to my own soul, and also to yours, if it be the will of our heavenly Father; for, alas! we cannot write nor yet read to profit, without the blessed in-shinings of his Holy Spirit's grace into our souls, to instruct the heart, guide the pen, and enlighten the understanding.

I thank you for your last kind letter, in reading which I hope I can feelingly say that my spirit felt a little refreshed and revived within me; ah! and I feel more and more the necessity of the Lord's presence in my soul, to support, cheer, and bear my spirit up under all the vicissitudes and perplexities I am called upon to experience while passing through this vale of tears. I feel but little comfort, in fact none at all, only as the dear Lord is pleased to give a little feeling sense of his goodness and mercy to unworthy me, in sometimes bringing a passage of his holy word, with savour and sweetness, to my mind, and in sometimes favouring my soul with a little nearness of access to his throne of grace, and in giving me to see and feel what a guilty wretch I am, in and of myself, that I nothing good can do that is worthy of his divine approbation; and yet I hope to see and feel more and more of the value and preciousness of the atoning blood of his dear, and well-beloved Son, Jesus Christ; for without an application of this to my soul, I know I never shall be saved. Bless his precious name! Although I have much to walk in darkness, and experience much barrenness of soul, and feel my affections so cold and my spiritual desires so few and languid towards him, yet he does not, I trust, wholly pass me by, and give me up to a hard heart and a reprobate mind, as we read was the case with some of old. But I do hope he does at times bless my soul with a little godly sorrow for sin, a little of that true repentance unto life which needeth not to be repented of, and a little hungering and thirsting after the rich cordials of his grace, which are so exhilarating to the drooping soul, when given in the time of need. I do hope and trust that I do know something of these divine realities for myself, and long to experience more of them; yet I am convinced that the more our souls are led by the divine Spirit into these divine and solemn things, we shall have to pass through deeper trials, stronger temptations, and sorer conflicts with self, the world, professors, and the devil, in order that the grace and faith that is given us may be tried and proved to be genuine. I think it is Kent who says, that

“ Grace, though the smallest, shall surely be tried.”

And true, indeed, it is, that we must have trials. Though we may use all the skill and judgment we have to escape, they will come, in some form or another. The Saviour himself said that while his followers were in the world they should have tribulation, but in him they should have peace: “ Be of good cheer,” said he, “ I have overcome the world.” Bless his precious name, he will not leave his people in the midst of trouble, for one said of old, “ Though I walk in the midst of trouble,

thou shalt revive me." Yes; the Psalmist found the Saviour to be a present help in trouble; and so do all his dear saints, more or less. O for more faith, more solid faith to believe that all things, however sharp, painful, trying, and perplexing, shall work together for good, to the souls of those who love and fear his great name. Unbelief says oft-times within my soul, like poor Jacob, "All these things are against me;" yes, and my foolish heart at such times says that it is true, which makes me rebellious against the dealings of God with me, both in providence and grace. Ah, it is so with me when I cannot see his hand towards me; when I cannot recognise his lovely countenance; when I cannot come near his throne; when I have no sweet words from his mouth, applied with power to my soul; it is then that I feel as if my soul were out of the secret, and the secret out of my soul. Yes; and Satan tells me it is so, too; that I am only a hypocrite, and that I have deceived myself. Then I wonder whether it is all a delusion and a cheat; for the dear Lord knows that I do not want to be deceived, and that it is my cry that if I am in any way deceived, he would undeceive me; for I can say from my heart I do detest a name to live, while dead in sin. We know it is well, at times, for us to stand in doubt of ourselves; for if we have divine life within us at all, that will make us cautious, watchful, and prayerful to be kept from falling, by the almighty power and grace of God; for by his help alone we stand from day to day.

O may the Lord still condescend to guide, keep, and preserve us all our journey through, until we shall reach that peaceful shore, where parting will be no more!

Now, my dear friend, I must draw to a close; trusting that these lines will find you, your partner, and little one in the enjoyment of good health, as I am happy to inform you I and my family are at the present time. And may our addresses to each other, if it be the will of our dear Lord, be found to be profitable and edifying to our souls; for I am sure that we have much to meet with in the way to cast our spirits down; and a word of encouragement, written or spoken in due season, to our poor souls, how good it is! The Lord knows how great are our needs, how great are our weaknesses, how many are our infirmities, and how many are the enemies with which our souls have to contend, from within and also from without. May it be his blessed will, from time to time, to speak comfortably to our souls, and satisfy all our needs, temporal and spiritual, out of that precious fulness which is treasured up in Jesus for his dear people; and may it be treasured there for your soul and mine. If the Lord is for us, it matters not who is against us. Ultimately we shall outride every storm. May it be so, for his name's sake. Amen.

Yours, I hope very sincerely in the truth,

B. F.

[The writer of the above letter, now passed away from this vale of tears, was one who walked much in the fear of God, and in much exercise of soul the chief part of his days.—ED.]

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WHAT law did Peter preach to Cornelius, or Philip to the Eunuch, or Ananias to Paul, or Paul to the jailor and his household, but only Jesus Christ? Nor can you find the Decalogue, I mean the commandment in its form, as a covenant, preached but to those who were under the law, and pretended to stand by the law, and to set up a righteousness by it, as the Pharisees and Jews did. Though I esteem the law to be holy, just, and good, as having something of the image of God in it; but now we are under a better, a more excellent law, a more spiritual commandment than that which contained but a few beams of righteousness, but now an infinity of righteousness.—*Saltmarsh.*

## WEEP WITH THEM THAT WEEP.

My dear Friend,—Christ, the desire of all nations, is yours, and heaven is the destined port to which all the contrary gales you meet with are wafting you, though sin, Satan, the flesh, reason, and the world tell you it never can be ; but they are all out of the secret.

When I learnt, by your affectionate letter of the 3rd instant, of your heavy and cutting afflictions, it did not fall upon my heart like iron striking iron, to make me fly off from you, but seemed to draw me near, and make me feel a greater cleaving of soul to you than ever, and a greater desire that your people should be my people, and your God my God ; and I felt myself indebted to the Lord for enabling me to sympathise with you and love you, though your heart within you was desolate and ready to perish. But these are the souls which Christ died for, who are in their feelings often at the grave's mouth. It was not the righteous, but sinners, heart-broken sinners, that Christ came to seek and to save. Therefore I highly prize that experience of the Holy Ghost in me, which enables me to weep with them that weep, and to mourn with them that mourn, and to repent with those that repent, and to be persecuted with those that are persecuted for righteousness' sake.

I feel that I would bear part of your burden, if possible ; but I am almost sunk into the grave at times with my own, and think I shall die in my sins, and be damned after all, and justly too, for my iniquities, transgressions, and sins, for my hardness of heart, blindness of eyes, and the crookedness of my feet. O, the wandering of my thoughts, desires, and affections ! O, wretched man that I am ! “ Who shall deliver me ? ”

I was awaked the other morning with the idea on my mind that sin was trying to suffocate me like a swarm of bees ; but if I should die out of heaven, I hope it will be with my last breath panting for Christ. I want to see his beauty and to feel the presence of his love in my heart ; and if I should finally be lost, I would rather die and be lost with my last breath longing for Christ than to have one hard thought in my bosom against him. That I cannot bear. No, never !

“ What ! tho' my sins like mountains on me fall,  
And God's just law with terror fills my soul,”

that would be a comparatively light thing, compared with my heart being filled with hatred to Christ, who is the perfection of beauty, and as honey out of the rock, and as oil out of the flinty rock, to all true Israelites.

But I must tell you, as I want to help and encourage you in the Lord, that when you were here last May, and opened your mouth amongst us for Christ, your speech and your preaching were not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and in power, which made my old friend, the miller, say, (who came several miles to hear you,) that he thought when going home that you had shaken the very dust out of your text ; to which conclusion he would not have come had it been only chaff, or had he been sent empty away. I suppose the poor miller, who knows what it is in times of scarcity to take a little flour to the dwellings of the hungry, felt the force of the figure and the word of the Lord to be as bread to the hungry to his own soul.

My dear friend, that the Lord may continue to own your ministry, bless you in your own soul, enable you to go up and down in his name, give you strength to bear whatever may be laid upon you, which I am persuaded he will in his own good time, is the desire and prayer of

Your unworthy friend (I hope I may say in the kingdom and patience of Christ). Farewell.

Kettering.

J. ROBINSON.

## A VISIT TO A SICK BED.

My dear Friend,—I reached Deptford at 12 o'clock, and found our afflicted friend just awaked out of a sleep. As soon as he heard of my arrival, he requested I would come up. I found him in bed, not having been up for five days past. As soon as I came to the bedside, he put out both hands, and, with a smiling countenance, said, "What, my dear brother John! I am very glad you have come to see me; I thought it long ere you came," &c. I then sat down in a chair, and we had above half an hour's sweet conversation together, very spiritual and very savoury; and though he is exceedingly weak, and unable to stand, yet his cheerful countenance, and the childlike, humble frame of spirit he was in, did my heart good. When I perceived that his strength was nearly exhausted, and was about to retire, he asked me if I had brought any tea and sugar. I said, "Yes." He then asked for the bill. I told him I had brought no bill, as it was all settled before I left home. He said, "Why, John, that's wonderful; tell me how it is." I then explained the matter to him, and told him, moreover, that four of his Christian friends had sent him a sovereign a-piece; and not only so, but one had sent £1 10s. for the bank of charity; so that there was not only a token of love for himself, but something to be distributed to the poor of the flock. I then laid the pieces of gold upon the bed before his eyes. This was almost too much for him; but, after a pause, he recovered himself, and requested his kind love to several of his beloved friends, and especially wished to receive a visit from Mr. J. Ford, saying he was very sorry that his mind was hurt by not seeing him the last time, but observed that at that period his pulse was at 120, and he was so low that he panted for breath; so that, if he had seen him, it was impossible for him to have spoken a word to him. Thus, my dear friend, I have given the outlines of my visit, and sincerely wish you had been with me. I never witnessed a more interesting scene; the poor sufferer reduced to a skeleton, at the same time cheerful, passive, tranquil, and serene, happy in soul, grateful to God and his friends, humble in spirit, and a true disciple of him who was meek and lowly in heart. From every observation I was enabled to make, I cannot say that "this sickness is not unto death;" but I feel a persuasion that the Son of God will be glorified in this dispensation, whether it terminate in life or in death. How blessed is the state of that soul which is enabled in such circumstances to lie passive under the hands of the heavenly Potter, resigned to his sovereign will, and blessed with a full persuasion that neither death nor life, things present or to come, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate it from the love of God in Christ Jesus! Surely, it is a soul-cheering matter to see and hear such an evidence in another; but how much more blessed to be in such a case when heart and flesh both fail, and to feel that, while every sublunary object is receding from our view, the bright beams of celestial glory dart their divine brightness through the valley of the shadow of death! Well may the departing soul, in such a case, adopt the language of Asaph: "My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." (Ps. lxxiii.)

That we may be numbered with the happy recipients of this grace and favour, is the hope and prayer of,  
 Thine most affectionately,  
 March 16th, 1824. J. KEYT.

God's ways are often contrary to our judgment. We lie and wait the way to see God come upon the tops of the mountains; but we are deceived; he cometh the lower way, through the valleys.—*Rutherford.*

## A BROTHERLY TOKEN.

My very dearly-beloved Brother, in the best of Bonds,—I greet you in the name of our precious, precious, and ever-to-be-ador'd Jesus, who had his goings from of old, even from everlasting. Ah, a once suffering, agonizing, bleeding, sin-bearing, sin-atoning, law-fulfilling, justice-satisfying, God-honouring, and at last expiring Jesus; but now a risen, ascended, highly-exalted Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel, even the remission of sins; aye, past, present, and to come, of which, through amazing mercy and love unbounded, we are the living witnesses.

“ O for such love, let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break,  
And all the ransom'd blood-bought souls  
Their Saviour's praises speak.

“ O could I sound his praises forth,  
From east to west, from south to north,  
I would his glorious name proclaim,  
Jesus unchangeably the same.”

My dear Brother, pray pardon my seeming negligence in not writing to you ere this, but I little thought of being absent from my beloved brethren and sisters in our adorable and ever-loving Jesus so long; but you must know that I have been to the house of mourning; but, blessed be God, I have been also to the house of feasting. Ah! I have sat under the sound of the Gospel of the ever-blessed and glorious God. O how I have heard Jesus exalted, as God over all, blessed for evermore, and the sinner placed where he ought to be, sitting at the feet of a lovely Jesus. I mean the poor sensible sinner, from his first being quickened to feel his lost and undone estate by reason of sin and transgression, and made to cry for mercy with, “ Lord, save, or I perish,” and being led on by the teaching of God the Spirit, through all the ups and downs, ins and outs, liftings up and castings down, hopes and fears, doubts and fears, little “ Who-can-tells?” &c., till God himself bespeaks salvation to his precious and immortal soul. Ah, my brother, when the dear soul is brought to this soul-ravishing spot, O what peace, O what joy and thanksgiving ascend in ecstasy and delight.

“ A blood-bought sinner, saved from hell,—  
O how his throbbing heart doth swell  
With love to Christ, the lovely Lamb,  
The incarnate God, the great I AM.”

But I find that I must stop. Pray do tender my Christian love and affection to one and all of the blood-bought little flock with whom I am, unworthy though I be, united in indissoluble bonds. May the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, grant you all love and peace, by all means; and should we never meet any more on this terrestrial ball,

“ We soon shall meet on yon blest shore,  
And crown Christ Lord of all.”

My beloved brother, greet one and all without exception, for me. I trust, if the Lord will, to be shortly with you. Till then, fare ye well.

I remain,

Your unworthy brother in the sweet Lord Jesus,

To Mr. T. Baxter, Chichester.

T. PADNER.

WHATEVER troubles you meet in the *world*, remember he has promised you peace in *him*; and there seek it. You may as well look for a worm among the stars, as for peace and satisfaction in the world.—*Hardy*.

## GROWTH IN GRACE.

My dear Friend and Sister in the Lord Jesus,—I thank you for your kind, encouraging note; and indeed I feel to need much more encouragement than I get. But the Lord knows our need much better than we can; and what is infinitely better, he also will and doth supply the same. I am glad the Lord is leading you by a right way to the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. To grow downward in the knowledge of self and upward in the knowledge of Jesus, is the way to increase both in unfeigned faith, and in humility also. This is that narrow path so few professors find; and none can find and walk therein but by the Spirit's aid. But, through his gracious hand upon us, hard things become easy, for it is hard for us to understand and hard for us to endure the perpetually-increasing knowledge of our own ungodliness. Yet the divine Spirit makes it easy by opening up to our view the suitability and infinite fulness of grace that is treasured up for us, or at least by giving us a comfortable hope that it is.

The Lord increase in you more and more the knowledge of his will concerning you in Christ Jesus, and enable you more and more to realise his love to you and his presence with you. So prays,

Yours affectionately in the Truth,

Islington, Aug. 23rd, 1861.

JAMES SHORTER.

As in all worldly joys there is a secret wound, so, in all godly sorrow and mourning, considered in itself, there is a secret joy and refreshment. Hence it doth not wither and dry up, but rather enlarges, opens, and sweetens the heart.—*Owen*.

CHRIST saw Nathanael long enough before he saw him under the fig tree. He saw him in the volume of God's decree; in the book of life, the records of eternity, the annals of everlasting love. In consequence of this it was that he called him to the saving knowledge of himself.—*Toplady*.

THE mariner wants no skill and wisdom to improve several winds; and make them serviceable to his end. A bare side wind, by his skill in shifting and managing the sails, will serve his turn. He will not lose the advantage of one breath or gale, that may be useful to him. I have many times wondered to see two ships sailing in a directly opposite course by one and the same wind. Their skill and wisdom herein is admirable. Thus prudent and skilful are men in secular and lower matters; and yet how ignorant and unskilful in the great and everlasting affairs of their souls! All their invention, judgment, wit, and memory, seem to be pressed for the service of the flesh. They can learn an art quickly, and arrive to a great deal of exactness in it; but in soul matters they have no knowledge at all. They can understand the equator, meridian, and horizon; by the first they can tell the latitude of any place, south or north, measuring it by degrees on the meridian; by the second they can tell you the longitude of a place, east and west, from the meridian, measuring it by the degrees of the equator; and by the third they can discern the divers risings and settings of the stars. And so in other arts and sciences, we find men endowed with rare abilities and singular sagacity. Some have piercing apprehensions, solid judgments, stupendous memories, rare invention, and excellent elocution; but put them upon any spiritual matter, and the weakest Christian, even a babe in Christ, shall excel them therein, and give a far better account of regeneration, the work of grace, the life of faith, than one of these.—*Flavel*.

## MEDITATIONS ON THE OFFICE CHARACTERS OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

### III.

#### THE LORD JESUS AS THE ENTHRONED KING OF ZION.

(Concluded from page 355.)

THE closing year admonishes us that it is time for us also to bring to a close our Meditations on the Office Characters of the Lord Jesus. Without further preface, then, we proceed to the consideration of the two remaining points which we proposed to examine in reference to the royal authority and power now exercised by the risen Son of God as Zion's anointed and enthroned King. These two points were,

1. The *duration* of his Mediatorial Kingdom ;
2. The *experimental* influence and *practical* bearing which a knowledge of his royal sway has, or should have, upon believing hearts.

We shall now then, with God's help and blessing, attempt to consider both these points in their order.

The *duration* of the Mediatorial reign of the blessed Lord we find most plainly and clearly intimated by the apostle in that noble chapter which has so stirred and comforted the hearts of thousands of the saints of God. (1 Cor. xv. 24.) We there read, "Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father ; when he shall have put down all rule and all authority and power. For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet." These words clearly and definitely fix the period of the Lord's present reign as now seated on the right hand of the Majesty on high. "Then cometh the end." An end therefore is to come. But what end? An end to the present state of things—to the existing Mediatorial dispensation; an end to that peculiar form of government which Jesus now exercises. He is now on his throne of grace; but he has to sit on his throne of glory, according to his own words: "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." He is now "an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." (1 John ii. 1.) But he is "ordained of God to be the Judge of quick and dead." When, then, he shall leave his Mediatorial throne "to judge the quick and dead at his appearing and kingdom," (2 Tim. iv. 1,) then his regal government, under its present form of administration, will cease.

But we must not suppose from this that he will cease to be King. Such a supposition would violate a thousand promises made by the Father to and on behalf of the Son of his love. We will content ourselves with adducing one from the Old Testament and another from the New: "My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips. Once have I sworn by my holiness that I will not lie unto David. His seed shall endure for ever, and his throne as the sun before me." Agreeing with this is the promise made by the angel Gabriel to the Virgin Mary: "He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the

Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David. And he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end." The kingdom then will remain, but the mode of administration be changed. It is now a kingdom of grace, but will then be a kingdom of glory. Christ now reigns *in* his people, but he will then reign *with* his people. "If we suffer, we shall also reign with him." (2 Tim. ii. 12.) He now sits as "a priest on his throne;" (Zech. vi. 13;) but when he appears a second time, without sin unto salvation, intercession will be no longer needed, for he will come and all his saints with him, and raising up their sleeping dust will present them to his Father conformed in body and soul to his own glorified image. The apostle therefore tells us: "For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." When, then, he has destroyed this last enemy by the resurrection, his Mediatorial reign will cease, and a reign of glory commence, which shall endure for ever and ever.

V. But we now approach a part of our subject which is of the deepest importance as personally affecting the case and state of every one who professes to believe that Jesus reigns as King in Zion—the *experimental* and *practical* influence which a knowledge of this truth has or should have on believing hearts. If we have no experience of the reign of Christ in our own bosom, and his royal power and authority have no practical effect on our lives, there is little evidence that we know him or the power of his resurrection by the teaching and testimony of the Holy Ghost. We know his royal power only as far as we experience it; we experience it only as far as we act upon it. Thus the evidence of knowledge is experience, the evidence of experience is practice. See then the golden chain which binds truth, knowledge, experience, and practice together, and all to the throne of the King of Zion. He is himself "the truth;" a revelation of him gives a knowledge of it; a knowledge of the truth works an experience of it; an experience of the truth produces the practice of it. Thus truth is *in* Jesus; knowledge *from* Jesus; experience *out* of Jesus; and practice *after* Jesus. Is not the chain complete? What shall we add to or take from it? But do not all the links, so closely bound together, derive alike their union and their power from his kingly sway? And over whom does he wave his royal sceptre? Over believing hearts; for his reign is a reign of grace, and therefore demands gracious subjects; a spiritual kingdom, and is therefore set up and maintained by the power of the Spirit; a rule of love, and is therefore received by faith and embraced by affection. It is impossible, therefore, to dissociate his kingly authority from a gracious experience of its power, or the sceptre of his grace from a practical obedience to its rule. To separate truth from experience and experience from practice is to put asunder what God hath joined together; and woe be to the man who proclaims such a divorce by his lips or by his life.

Let us, then, with the Lord's help and blessing, attempt to trace out this connection, and to do so with greater clearness we will view them separately, directing our attention first to the *experimental* influence

which a knowledge of Christ's kingly authority has upon a believing heart.

i. Few words have been more misunderstood, and, as a necessary consequence misrepresented, than the term *experience*. It has actually been stigmatised as almost synonymous with corruption; and many a proud lip has angrily curled at the word, and many a libellous tongue hurled at it an arrow of contempt. But by the term is meant, at least by those who use it aright, a gracious knowledge of the truth. It thus comprehends the whole work of God upon the heart—every branch of the divine life in the soul. Without it, therefore, there is neither faith nor repentance, neither regeneration nor conversion; and to be without it is to be destitute of the Spirit of Christ and so to be none of his, to be dead in sins, without God and without hope in the world. By an experience, then, of the authority of Jesus as King in Zion we understand a spiritual, gracious, and saving acquaintance with his kingdom as set up in the heart by the power of God. This kingdom is an inward kingdom. "The kingdom of God is within you." (Luke xvii. 21.) "The kingdom of God is not in word, but in power." (1 Cor. iv. 20.) "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." If, then, it be within us, there must be an internal perception of its presence; if it be in power, it must *do* something for and in us; if it be "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," there must be some spiritual tasting of these heavenly fruits. But before this kingdom can be set up in the heart there must be a breaking to pieces of every other kingdom there. This is beautifully shown in Daniel's vision of the image. "Thou sawest till that a stone was cut out without hands, which smote the image upon his feet, that were of iron and clay, and brake them to pieces. Then was the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold, broken to pieces together, and became like the chaff of the summer threshing-floors; and the wind carried them away, that no place was found for them; and the stone that smote the image became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth." (ii. 45.) The "stone cut out without hands" represents the Lord Jesus, a reference being intended to his human nature as not formed by ordinary generation; and the breaking to pieces of the feet\* of the image mystically foreshadows the wreck and ruin of everything which stands in the way of the setting up and full development of his kingdom. That Christ, then, may reign and rule in the heart, there must be a previous breaking to pieces of all other authority and power. The reign of sin must give way to the reign of grace; idols must be dethroned; rivals banished; lusts subdued; the flesh mortified and crucified; the old man put off, the new man put on. But who is sufficient for these things? Who will pluck out his own right eye, or cut off his own right hand? Who will drive the nails of crucifixion into his own quivering flesh? No one. The Lord, then, must do it all for and in us by his Spirit and grace. The means which he uses is his word, for "where

\* We do not say there is not a prophetic sense of the passage besides the spiritual meaning here given.

the word of a king is, there is power;" and he himself says, "Is not my word like a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" (Jer. xxiii. 29.) To revert, then, to our figure, upon the toes of sin and self, on which the image stands, the stone falls and breaks them to pieces. This fracture brings down the image, and, with the same crash, the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold become like the chaff of the summer threshing floors, so that no place is found for them. In this way pride and self-righteousness, unbelief and infidelity, hypocrisy and vain confidence, carnality and worldly-mindedness, sin and self in all their various shapes and forms, whether strong as iron, mean as clay, bright as brass, precious as silver, or glittering as gold, become smitten as with a deadly blow, and scattered to the winds of heaven, so as to form a compact and standing image no more. Now this fall and ruin of self makes way for the setting up of the kingdom of Christ in the heart. Jesus reveals himself to the soul, thus broken and humbled, as its Lord and King. He thus becomes known, believed in, and loved; and these three things, knowledge, faith, and love, lie at the foundation, and form the root of all gracious living experience.

Let us view them separately.

1. Unless we *know* the Lord, how can we trust him? for it is those, and those only, "who know his name," who can or will "put their trust in him." (Ps. ix. 10.) Indeed, without a spiritual, experiential knowledge of the Son of God, there is no eternal life, for "this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." (John xvii. 3.) But how can we thus spiritually and savingly know him unless he manifests himself unto us as he doth not manifest himself to the world? (John xiv. 22.) As, then, he manifests himself, his divine Person and finished work, his surpassing grace and heavenly glory, his matchless beauty and supreme blessedness, his complete suitability and all-satisfying sufficiency are clearly seen. This is to see light in God's light; (Ps. xxxvi. 9;) to be enlightened with the light of the living; (Ps. lvi. 13;) and to enjoy the blessing described by the Apostle: "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." (2 Cor. iv. 6.)

2. This revelation of Christ gives a spiritual knowledge of him, and out of this knowledge of him springs *faith* in him; "I know," says the Apostle, "whom I have believed." (2 Tim. i. 12.) Of this faith Jesus is the author, and Jesus the finisher, for it stands "not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." (Heb. xii. 2; 1 Cor. ii. 5.) But view this grace of faith chiefly as raised up and drawn forth upon the Person of Jesus as King of Zion. What is its first work? To give him a place in the heart. When Jesus reveals himself with power, faith immediately stretches forth its arms, and embraces him, and thus brings him into the soul. This is beautifully expressed by the Bride: "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 iii. 4.) It is by faith that Christ dwells in the heart, (Eph. iii. 17.) for faith first gives him admission, and afterwards maintains him there.

3. And as faith works by love, *love* next flows forth to delight itself in him who is altogether lovely, and thus to enshrine him in the warmest, tenderest affections of the soul. This is the crowning grace of the Spirit, the richest, ripest fruit of the whole heavenly cluster. As, then, Jesus is thus known, believed in, and loved, by this threefold cord the heart is bound to his throne, and to him who sits thereon in the fulness of his Mediatorial grace and ascended glory.

4. From this knowledge of him, faith in him, and love to him, springs *union* with him as the church's living Head; for the same Holy and Blessed Spirit, through whose heavenly teaching and unction these graces are communicated, gives and cements by them a spiritual union with the Son of God. (1 Cor. vi. 17.)

5. From this spiritual union with the Lord flows *communion* or fellowship with him: "God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord." This made holy John say, "And truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ. (1 John i. 3.)

6. From this communion flows *fruitfulness*, as the Lord so beautifully opens up in the parable of the vine and the branches.\* How plainly he there declares that "without him," that is, without union and communion with him, we can "do nothing," that is, bring forth no fruit to his praise; but that, if we "abide in him" by faith and love, and he "abides in us" by his Spirit and grace, fruit will be abundantly brought forth to the glory of God. (John xv. 4-8.)

ii. We thus see the necessary connection between an experience of the kingly power of Jesus, and all real *practical obedience* to his will and word, all inward and outward submission to his sovereign sway and divine authority. Of this obedience love is the main spring: "The love of Christ constraineth us." (2 Cor. v. 14.) "For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments; and his commandments are not grievous." (1 John, v. 3.) Does not our blessed Lord himself say, "If ye love me, keep my commandments?" Nay, so closely is obedience connected with love, that, not only is it made the test of it, but the very manifestations of Christ are closely connected with it. "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 will manifest myself to him." (John xiv. 21.) Practical obedience; a godly, consistent conduct and conversation; a daily walking in the fear and love of God; a fruitfulness in every good word and work; a living not unto ourselves but

\* The whole of this beautiful chain of vital godliness may be found by a spiritual eye, in those wondrous chapters wherein the Lord comforted his sorrowing disciples: John xiv. xv. xvi. xvii. 1. The *glory* of Christ with his Father: xvii. 5, 11, 24. 2. The *manifestation* of Christ to the soul: xiv. 21, 22; xvi. 16, 22. 3. A saving *knowledge* of Christ: xiv. 19; xvi. 14, 15. 4. *Faith* in him: xiv. 1, 10, 11, 29; xvi. 27; xvii. 8. 5. *Union* with him: xiv. 20; xv. 5; xvii. 21, 23. 6. *Communion*: xv. 4, 7, 10, 11. 7. *Fruitfulness*: xv. 2, 5, 16.

unto the Lord: a seeking of God's glory and not our own; a desire to do good to the bodies and souls of our fellow men; and a cleansing ourselves of all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, by the word of God's grace. All such and similar fruits of faith are generally left out of the Calvinistic profession of the present day. Good works are left to the Arminians. The very word would desecrate, it is thought, a Calvinistic pulpit, and to enforce them would seem to smack too strongly of free-will and self-righteousness to please the pew. But though left out of the ministry of the day, and left out of the practice of the people, they are not left out of the book of God, nor out of the consciences of those who truly fear and love him; and it will be seen in the great day how far they have been safely left out of the profession and practice of many who are considered by themselves and others champions of truth. But whatever such men may think or say, the word of God bears a sure, an unerring testimony that "holiness becometh the house of the Lord for ever," and that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." (Ps. xciii. 5; Heb. xii. 14.)

Thus far, then, have we seen what a holy, sanctifying influence a true experimental knowledge of Christ as Lord and King has over a believer's heart and life. His throne, though to our unspeakable comfort a throne of grace, is at the same time "a throne of holiness;" (Ps. xlvi. 8.) The hill of Zion on which the Father has set his Son is a "holy hill." (Ps. ii. 6.) To that holy throne, to that holy hill, sinners are welcome, but not sin. If we serve the Lord it must be with fear; if we rejoice in him it must be with trembling: (Ps. ii. 11.)

But it is time for us to bring our Meditations to a close. Our desire and aim in them have been to bring before our readers the Mediatorial grace and glory of the exalted Son of God, as Priest, Prophet, and King, to his redeemed and regenerated people; and in pursuance of this object, we have sought to make our Meditations edifying and profitable, by not handling these sacred topics as mere matters of doctrinal speculation, but as blessed experimental themes of heavenly meditation and practical efficacy and influence. We cannot but feel how weakly, how imperfectly, we have treated these heavenly mysteries; but they have not been handled by us without some thought and care, as well as prayer for divine instruction for ourselves, and a spiritual blessing upon them for our readers. We have not written carelessly for careless readers; but whilst we have endeavoured "to hold fast the faithful word as we have been taught, so as to be able by sound doctrine both to exhort and to convince the gainsayers," we have also aimed so to blend experience with doctrine, and practice with experience, as to edify the living family of God. They will be both our best and most lenient judges, for as they, and they only, know the value and blessedness of the subjects which we have brought before them, so they, and they only, will throw a mantle of love over our imperfections.

And now what remains but to beg of the Lord that, as these Meditations on his Office Characters were written to magnify the exceeding riches of his grace, so he would make them redound to the praise of his glory. Amen.

THE EDITOR.