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THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

JANUARY, 1893.

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

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

VERY dear Friends and Brethren in Christ,—Another short stage of our journey through the great desert is passed, bringing us a little nearer to the spot about which of all others we find ourselves more frequently thinking, the words often coming up within us—

“Pause, my soul, and ask the question,
Art thou ready to meet God?”

For although we have many times been assured that we do indeed “hunger and thirst after righteousness,” and must therefore, according to the dear Saviour’s own words, “be filled,” yet, since it is no less a fact that there are times when we have bitter experience that “in us, that is in our flesh, there dwelleth no good thing,” and so shocked have we been at such times at the awful discoveries made, that the words of dear Hart seemed naturally to rise in our breast—

“Can ever God dwell here?”

Is it possible for the Holy One of eternity to be where there is so much hateful evil? Then doubt and fear come in, and something seems to say, O what a solemn thing it will be if after all we should be found wanting! “Nonsense! nonsense!” some poor unexercised soul may say; “You should not yield to doubt, and be so dishonouring to God!” Well, but the exercise is too deep and solemn, where it is really felt, to allow a few jeers to extinguish it. The question has too much depth in it, and lies down too deep in the soul to be put off with a stroke or two from poor Duty-faith’s empty logic. The great point for decision about the soul’s eternal safety is not to be settled by mere human arguments, either of one’s own or other people’s. The subject is too great, and lies out of the reach of all created intelligence to decide. It is the work of God alone to settle a question of such immense magnitude. “He shall take of mine, and shall show it unto you.” God’s own

word, from God's own mouth, applied by God's own Spirit, is all-essential in matters of such vast and mighty moment. "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." The quickened soul looks up to God, the blessed Spirit being his teacher, and asks him to speak the word. "Say the word, blessed God, thine own self; I must have it from thine own lips." The minister saying it, or the printer putting it on the paper at Oxford or Cambridge, is not enough for a soul made all alive to its eternal wants. "I want it from God himself. Lord, say it; say it, Lord, to *my* soul!" The quickening and teaching energy of the Holy Ghost imparts spiritual intelligence. This divine illumination, which gives spiritual understanding, rejects the mere letter of truth and all human reasoning in matters so great as the soul's eternal salvation. The pure word of God, coming in the spirit and life of it, is the only authority which can be depended upon. The living soul rejects all else which seeks to take the place of this. "I AM" must be my salvation, or I have none. "I AM" must speak the word, and then the deed is done, but not otherwise. All the angels in heaven saying it is without value. There is such an inexpressible weight lies upon the heart, and burdens the soul about its eternal safety, that unless Jesus says, in substance, "Thy sins are forgiven thee: go in peace," no true and solid peace can be found. The poor things who tell you to "take God at his word" are too ignorant and destitute of spiritual understanding to be listened to for a moment. God's real people do take God at his word when they can get it; this is what they want, and therefore cry, with dear David, "*Say*, say unto *my* soul, I am thy salvation." But if you will give them a piece of paper, on which the words are printed, or if you will quote Scripture words a thousand times over, telling them to take that, and that that is enough, then they will reject it as the mere letter. This may and does satisfy the *dead*, but the living want spirit and life in the word, and this can alone be obtained by the application of the word by the Holy Ghost, whose glorious work and whose glory in his work he will not give to another, nor his praise to men-made images. In the councils of eternity the invincible operations of the third person in the ever-blessed Trinity were seen to be as needful in the execution of the great scheme of Redemption as the great scheme itself was dependent on all the glorious persons in the divine and eternal Godhead for its origin. What a marvellous display of all the attributes and perfections of

Father, Son, and eternal Spirit, is made here! "What," O God, "is man, that thou art mindful of him?" Ah! what indeed? It is the prerogative of the eternal Spirit alone to make the revelation. None can have to do with God, spiritually, but by revelation. The great business of revelation is in the hands of the Holy Ghost. "He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you."

"Blessed are they that mourn," and "Blessed are ye that weep now." All godly persons have godly sorrow here; they loathe themselves and grieve for sin. Grace never did, and will not while in this world, lift a person up so high above the corruption of fallen nature as that he does not feel its being and mourn over it. Poor deluded people, who would impose upon you, and have you believe that they are such masters over themselves as to be able to live without sin, are not taught of God. The word of God is clear enough: "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." What was it that made the Apostle such a wretched man? "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" "We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened." What burden like it to make a man groan? He solemnly fears, at times, that what he feels within will break out into open action; and he knows that it would be so if he were not kept every minute. He has bitter experience of the truth, that to will is present with him, but how to perform that which is good he finds not. If this is the experience of a man who had been caught up to the third heaven, can we hope for a different or a better one—we who feel that we are by no means fit to stand on the same level with such a man? Well, it comes to this: if we are to be guided by the infallible rule of God's word, then no person who is unacquainted with the plague of his own heart has any ground for hope in God. A warfare there must be where there are two natures—and he cannot be a child of God who has not two natures, flesh and spirit—these being contrary the one to the other, so that we cannot do the things that we would. If these are not the footsteps of the flock, the Bible is not true; but we know that the word of God is a pure word, and if our experience corresponds with that, we need not mind what it does not correspond with. "Let God be true, and every man," if he would speak differently, be looked upon as "a liar." "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." And O sweet and blessed fact!

“there is a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness;” and “poor wretches,” as dear Hart says, “are welcome here, and the poorer the wretch, the more welcome is he.”

“Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.” What beautiful words! altogether so suited when applied by the blessed Spirit to poor and needy souls; then they are good words, which make the heart glad—hearts and words made by God to fit each other exactly; experiences and words made to dovetail. And although at times we find ourselves, as we think, in such strait places that no child of God was ever in; our heart almost as cold as death, if not quite; our minds as dark as midnight; our soul as barren as the mountains of Gilboa; and in our feelings as graceless as though we had never had a spark; prayer a task and a burden, because the mere form can never satisfy where there is real life; and the felt absence of the spirit and power of prayer aggravates the case greatly. Tell us to make a world! it would be just as possible at such times as to pray. The heavens, indeed, are as brass, and the earth as iron; we are shut up, and cannot come forth; and when God is pleased to shut, he *does* shut, and all the pulling, or pushing, or scheming in the world cannot open. “*I* open, and *I* shut.” God made the day, and God made the night. He opens the heavens in the morning, and shuts them up at night. When we can make light and darkness, as some poor things seem to think they can, then we shall be less dependent than we now are; but the Lord in mercy keep us from such ignorance and independence, and go on to teach us our entire dependence on him for every particle of grace we have. O brethren, are there not times when the thought that we live upon God’s pure bounty pleases us well? that our God supplies *all* our need, both in providence and grace, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus? Ah, we like this so much better than being left to provide for ourselves. We prefer gathering our feet under the King’s table, and partaking of his royal bounty, to living anywhere else or in any other way; and here do we desire to live till we die.

“*He giveth grace and glory*: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.” Grace makes God’s people upright, and keeps them what it makes them. “I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me.” David’s comfort was in God’s covenant; his house was not as he would have it, but God’s covenant

was—that was ordered in *all* things and *sure*, and in this, and this alone, was all his hope. That covenant was made with him, and it was everlasting. Now, nothing short of this very thing will constitute ground solid enough for any child of God to stand upon. David had great and sore troubles—national troubles, family and church troubles—but out of them all the Lord delivered him. And, dear friends, how many times, when we have come to the edge of some deep water, have we stood shrinking at the wide and deep flood, and thinking, “How shall we pass it?” “How shall we pass it?” has come up within us a thousand times; but sooner or later the Lord has come, and either made a passage through the sea, or stooped down and taken us, as it were, on his almighty shoulders, and swam across the waters with our body, our soul, and all our cares—for the whole are his, as much or more than they are ours—and so we have come safely through the dangerous way, to the praise and glory of his grace; and not once, twice, nor thrice has this been the case, but many times during our wilderness journey. When trials and temptations of no ordinary magnitude have stood in our way, and threatened to swallow us up alive; when everything connected with our faith has been tested severely—God, heaven, devil, hell, providence, religion, the Bible, the people, our own soul even; everything has had to go through the fire or the water, and a thousand fears have come lest all should be burned or drowned—then, even then, the mountains have departed and the hills have been removed, but God Almighty’s kindness, covenant, and peace have remained. His faithfulness has abode in its full strength. “I will never leave thee: O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me. I will forget thy sins and all thy ill manners. ‘I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and iniquities I will remember no more.’ But, O Israel, I will never, no never, forget thee! Forget thee! for whom I left the indulgent breast of my eternal Father, and became contracted to a span in the poor virgin’s womb! For thy sake, thy Maker, and the Maker of all worlds, was born of a woman! For thy sake the divine and eternal Legislator, who rules and governs the universe, was made under the law, and became a curse for thee! Thy hell, thy very hell, with all its eternal consequences and unspeakable anguish, I made mine—so made mine that I suffered all for thee and in thy place! Every temptation, the keenest, the strongest, the most horrible, I went into,

in all their immeasurable and unspeakable detail! The belly and bottom of all my Jonahs' hells I experienced, that I might save them from the drowning sea of my eternal Father's wrath, and calm the boiling depths of his eternal vengeance, by plunging over head and ears into its raging and furious abyss!"

Ah! Jesus, we had to this day and to all eternity been locked up without hope under the awful and endless curse of a righteous, just, and holy God, hadst thou not, in the infinite riches of thy grace, followed us, redeemed us, and brought us safe to land. "Salvation is," indeed, "of the Lord;" we vow it, and will pay it to eternity. "Be thou exalted, Lord, in thine own strength: so will we sing and praise thy power." How many salvations are comprehended in the one great salvation! He hath delivered, he doth deliver, and he will yet deliver. His gracious and blessed Majesty has given us his name and address, and bid us call upon him in the day of trouble. What an expression of sympathy and affection! as much as to say, "Children, you will have days of trouble, when you will be ready to think that all things are against you, and that they will drag you down to your grave, and make an end of you. The enemy will be close by, ready to say, 'Where is now thy God?' when your tears will be your meat day and night, and your soul will be cast down within you; then, then call upon me; come and tell me all thy woes. Have I ever failed thee? Tell me if I have. Speak, if thou canst prove me ever to have been unfaithful. Have I not been as good as my word? Then come, come unto me, thou heavy laden and weary one; unbosom all thy griefs to me, who am never too weary to listen to *all* that thou hast to say. Come, child of grief and sorrow, and cast thy burden upon me, and leave it with me; I will sustain thee. 'Thou art mine: I have redeemed thee.' Thou art not kind in keeping thy troubles from me. Wouldst thou do me wrong by trying to bear thy troubles alone? Do not slight me; I have been thy Friend, and will be to thy journey's end, whether thou wilt believe me or not. I cannot but abide faithful; I cannot deny myself; I am God, I change not, and *thy* God to help thee in every time of need; therefore come boldly, come boldly. I am to thee an ocean of mercy, from which thou hast ever been supplied, and from which thou shalt still obtain both grace and mercy, as much as thou needest; therefore fear not, as failure is impossible."

Remember, too, that every stroke the enemy fetches on

thee goes to his heart; every pang his child feels reaches that human breast up in heaven, and is more Christ's pain than ours. His breast is so tender that everything which touches us touches him. The life we live is the life which he lives in us, who is the life of all life. We draw the breath he breathes within us. Christ in you is Christ all over you, Christ all round you, and all for you. He has brought us through all past troubles, and made us, salamander-like, to live through all the fires, so that neither the flames nor the floods have been able to destroy the immortal principle; and though for the present we are tossed up to the heavens and down again into the depths, yet we are as good as in the port, and as safe for the harbour as though we had entered it, since the Maker and Master of the deep holds the helm. He that commands the stormy wind, before it can lift its head so high, bounds its course and strength by his irrevocable decree; he also commands the ship, and is responsible for the safety of every passenger, yes, and of every hair of every head of every darling child. Fear not, heir of grace and of glory! Who shall separate thee from him who loved thee so well as to lay down his life for thee? Say, could he love thee more than to spill his very blood for thee? Thine eternal Lover's love has neither brim, bottom, bank, nor shore. Out of this immeasurable sea of grace and glory flows his endless and unchanging affection. Every cup of cold water comes out of his heart; every drop of honey comes out of this Rock, besides all the gracious water which runs down into all the dry places; and brethren, can any place in the universe be so dry as that which is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked?" Yet Christ, in the exceeding great and precious promises, like a cluster of rich ripe grapes from the country beyond the river, has given us one now and again to moisten our parched lips, when every grace in our soul has appeared to be giving up the ghost, and instead of sinking to rise no more, we have been begotten again to a lively hope; and in the realization of the earnest, faith, hope, and love have got on their legs again, and we have said in our heart, We shall one day see the goodly land—we shall, we shall.

During the past year many dear friends have gone from us never to return; and though we held them so dear while they were here, seeing that they are taken from so much present evil, as well as from the evil to come, would we have them come back to us? Perhaps in some cases, where life seemed so very desirable, as parents for the

children's sake, and as ministers for the people's sake, where the absence of both is felt keenly, it would be found hard to say, and feel it, "Thy will be done," at all events for the time being. But have we hope that we shall go to them? Did we see such distinct marks of grace about them as to prevent our having a doubt as to where they now are? Was their company such as we felt at home in? Then our consolation is great, because the relationship is such, that while we are separated in bodily presence, we still are one in heart and in spirit, and shall meet again in the Father's house, where there are many mansions. "If it were not so—and we often fear that it will not be so with us—I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, for you together; you who like to be with me and with one another now; I am going to prepare a place for thee and me, for us to live together. We have lived together here, and shared in each other's woes and joys; we will live together out of this world, in my Father's house, where there are many mansions, a country of mansions, buildings of God, erected on purpose for you—you who are wrought for the selfsame thing by God himself—you who are built into one another by the Holy Ghost, as members of Christ's body, and into him, the head of union of all the parts." Jesus is the head of being, the head of life, the head of motion, and the head of conservation. So then, if *our* hearts have ever burned within *us* on Christ's account, through little touches of his grace, love, mercy, and blood, causing some kindling of the soul's affections to each other, it is the evidence of Christ, the hope of glory, being on the premises, and the certain earnest of an eternity of communion with each other and with the Fountain of all Grace in his presence. Yes, we shall go to them, yes, to them with whom our hearts have been while here. What a wonderful thing it is to feel so drawn to them as not to have a doubt about them! Our confidence as to their eternal safety is so strong, that were it possible for us to be lifted up to heaven, and see them in their mansions in their Father's house, we should not be more confident of their being there than we now are. Our doubts and fears are more about ourselves; none about them. We feel that we are such a mixture of faith and unbelief! and yet, from the very fact that we are so, how groundless must our fears be. "Did Jesus once upon us shine?" Dare we say, No, he never has? Have not our hearts warmed towards each other as we have walked and talked together? What is it within

that makes the sacred fire that warms and illumines? Why, the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us. There is no other cause. This has always been the cause of the communion of saints. Can we have had sweet communion of soul with those who are gone to heaven, and not be of one spirit? Impossible. Why this is the evidence of being brought into the bond of the covenant, and is the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. If we love him that begat, we love them also that are begotten of him. They are the very counterpart of ourselves, whose eternal state we could not doubt for the world, and yet we are so unbelieving and have so many fears about our own. How good the Lord is in that he does not cut us off and cast us out, but speaks to us again and again, saying, "Fear not: It is I; be not afraid."

How very much God is like a Father who pities his children, and who remembers that they are but dust. Some poor people think that their religion is so good, and their state very sound, because their confidence is so strong. They think it so very wrong to doubt and fear, and yet all the while have not the slightest ground for hope, from anything which the Lord has either said or done for them in a spiritual way. They are strangers to the work of God within. The strong man armed still keeps the house; the goods are therefore in peace. The outside of the cup and the platter is clean, but there is no company of two armies within, there being but one nature—flesh, and no Spirit. The premises are kept quiet; there is no contention, because the Spirit is not there for the flesh to lust against, to spit its spite at, and to quarrel with; and because there is no Spirit there to lust against the flesh, and to lift his voice against the lusts and affections of the flesh; because there are not two natures, like Ishmael and Isaac, in the same house, there is no conflict, all is peace and harmony, there is nothing contrary the one to the other; so that these people, unlike the children of God, can do the things that they would; they can believe and take the promises, they can keep themselves alive, and do many wonderful things, often putting worm Jacob, whom God speaks kindly to, and tells not to fear, to the blush, because the one seems so strong and the other feels solemnly his weakness, and often trembles at what he fears in some evil hour may overtake him and cause him to make shipwreck of faith altogether. Yes, but Jesus "having loved his own which

were in the world, loved them unto the end"—*them* that were in the *world*, not them that are in heaven. Of course he loves all that are in heaven; we can understand this, because in heaven all the people are holy; sin cannot enter there, no mistakes can be made there, no devil to tempt there, no slips and falls there. Yes, but every blood-bought spirit that is there once lived here, was once a sinner here, was loved here, and kept by the power of God to the end of his journey. Yes, it is in this world where sin is and where sinners live, where there is not a perfect and an upright man to be found, save such as God himself makes and keeps so. It is here, in this world, where God's dear children have to live before they are taken up to heaven to live there. It is here where the god of this world lives, and where all the children of disobedience live, where the whole world lies in the wicked one—the wilderness of sin and temptation, where Jesus Christ himself lived. It is here where all those whom he loves have to live, where the bounds of their habitation are fixed for the present. God's Lots must live for a time in Sodom, and have their souls vexed with its filthy conversation, but they are not to live here without being loved by Jesus Christ. They are none the less the objects of his undying love. O blessed fact! O sweet thought! Jesus loves his own. But then they are sinners, sinners to a man, as well as other people, and, according to their statements, great sinners, the chief of sinners! Yes, and true enough it is too, and with a witness they feel the truth of it; but then, this is their mercy, Jesus Christ receives sinners. He, blessed Being, came into the world where the sinners are, and, to the glory of his sweet and blessed name, he came to seek and to save them; yes, to *seek* as well as to save them. Creature religion says, "If you will seek God, he will save you." This is all the world's religion; yes, but it is not God's; he *seeks* and *saves*. If God will save a sinner, one or a thousand, he must seek them as well as save them. If God will have people to live with him up in heaven, he must send his own Son into the world to fetch them up *all* the way to him. There is not a sinner among all the sinners who will be saved that will stir a step after him. If God will have him, he must come down after him, or there is no having him. Why, instead of a sinner going after God, he runs away from him. We all, to a man, ran away from God in the garden, and not one soul has ever ran back again. If God could not run faster than man, he

would never catch him; and even when God catches him, the poor hardened wretch turns round upon his Maker and resists him to the uttermost. Instead of showing the slightest disposition for reconciliation, he is in arms, and uses all his powers to keep the stronger than the strong man out of the house, to prevent his being overcome. Every breath in his soul says, "No surrender! no surrender!" Nor is he, nor can he be overcome but by a superior force, and that force must be the power of God Almighty. In this way the Lord discovers his love. God so loves him and all his who are in the world as to come to the place where they are to be found, and begins the great work in them. God begins, God carries on, and God finishes. He loved them, not because there was or could be anything in them to love; the cause is in himself. "*I have loved thee.*" Why? "You must come and live with me throughout all the ages of eternity, and spell it out if you can. 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love.' I am God who loves thee; I change not."

And now brethren in the ministry, for whom I feel great and affectionate concern, and that for Christ's sake, the church's sake, and your own sake, suffer me to speak a word, not in any sense as your master or dictator; as such I should be robbing Christ of his glory, degrade myself, and seek to degrade you. "One is our Master, even Christ, and *all* we are brethren." O what an unspeakable mercy is it to have Christ for our Master! Who would have thought of the holy Jesus, the Son of the Blessed, calling us into his service? What Master is like him? What service is like his? Would we change, were it possible, for the highest place or state in the nation? I am sure I can say for us all, No, no, no; we love our Master; we love his service; we want no other Master—no other service; we will be his for ever. Are not our hearts one? Is it not his glory alone that we seek? Do we not mourn over the poverty of our services? Are we not in our own account poor and unprofitable servants? In looking over the imperfections and infirmities connected with a life's services, are we not ready to blush and take shame to ourselves? Do not we want the great High Priest to come after us with the blood of the everlasting covenant, and sprinkle us? as in the holiest service sin is not wanting. We are verily conscious of innumerable blemishes; in this we do not, cannot glory, but abase ourselves before our God, and fly to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness for the royal city and the inhabitants

of David's royal house. A continual consciousness of the uncleanness of our natures preserves us from appearing before the people of God as those who do not want the same gospel for ourselves which we preach to them. We do indeed want the same. Being men who are compassed about with infirmities, we are much more suited to compassionate others who suffer in the same way; and being made partakers of the same sovereign favours as our people, we are the better able to speak to them of the exceeding riches of God's grace, mercy, love, and blood, as "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." We are painfully conscious of the fact that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Perhaps we have a deeper sense of it than many others, for others' sakes, but this is overruled for good. A constant sense of the malady keeps us hard and fast by the bleeding cross of Christ, with a determination to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and him crucified. And, brethren, it is no small mercy to be kept by the power of God from the fashionable and damnable errors of the day.

But we must close our eyes to facts if we do not see in the present day a lamentable absence of love to the truth as it is in Jesus. O how one's heart sickens, and with what grief of spirit do we witness the falling away from the spirit, power, and purity of the truth of God! Among our own people, signs of decay and decline are too, too evident. Where it will end, the Lord only knows. But can it be questioned that the love of many doth wax cold—cold towards the truth of God, especially with regard to pure doctrine and a real experience of the power of truth in the heart? It is true that there is a show of great concern for the outside; but you may be certain what this means, when it is opposed—as in almost all cases it is—to a living experience. This show of being over-much righteous is of the very same nature as that which the Lord Jesus denounced when he said, "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." But beneath this mantle of outward sanctity they covered up their murderous weapons with which, when opportunity offered itself, they crucified the Lord of glory. A great show of love to that which is outside the cup and platter goes a long way with those poor deluded people who are left of God to think that he is pleased, as they themselves are, with

"Rounds of dead service, forms, and ways;"

and as dear Hart likewise says, "It is trivial trash, and unsubstantial stuff." But underneath this sanctified cover they seek to stab the truth and extinguish experimental preaching and experimental religion. Still, as there always has been, so there always will be, a deep-rooted enmity between the religion of the flesh and the religion of the Spirit. It must be so while "that which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." Persons contending against experimental religion is a sad and solemn evidence against themselves and of the times. The words of John Newton:

"'Tis a point I long to know," &c.,

has been the prayer many times, and a sweet morsel to some of the purest and sweetest saints of God while here; yes, and will be as long as God has a poor and an afflicted people, and such as tremble at his word. God will look at these exercised ones, who from the very bottom of their hearts are saying,

"Give me Christ, or else I die."

Hold fast, then, brethren, God helping you, to the truth as it is in Jesus. Shun not to declare the whole counsel of God, whether men will hear it or reject it. You are not responsible for this. Faithfully, unflinchingly, and affectionately proclaim the glorious gospel of the blessed God in all its fulness and freeness, according to the ability which God has given you. Never, never be afraid to preach the pure, unadulterated word of truth. Be afraid not to preach it, for God will never sanction nor bless anything contrary to it. Your tongues had better cleave to the roof of your mouth than that you should fall from your steadfastness in not witnessing for God and his truth. The nature of the times demands that we should be clear, so clear in our statement of truth that the people should know what we mean by what we say—so clear that the people should not be able to misunderstand us. Keep nothing back; hold nothing in reserve.

Antichrist is all alive, and on every hand seeks to take advantage of the opportunity to establish the principles and kingdom of the beast. The beast and the false prophet combine in their purpose and spirit against the truth of God and God's church. It is a solemn and painful wearing out time for the saints of the Most High, and will be much more so as the time advances. The Civil and Spiritual Courts of the Nation having, in the recent case of the Bishop of Lincoln, given their verdict in his favour, opens at once a wide and legal door for the admission of

the bloody papacy into the Established Church of the country, the same power having by degrees obtained a deep-rooted existence in the Senatorial Chambers of the nation. The papal vote has become a very significant matter there, and cannot but be considered an important item in the judgment of whichever party in the State is in power. And when the leading statesmen on both sides will speak of Protestantism, which has made this country the envy of the world—the one calling it “A Upas Tree,” the other “Vulgarity,” we know pretty well how much we are to expect from those in authority, and more particularly so when from the very throne itself and downwards there is such an evident sideling towards the beast and the false prophet. But is it possible that we who have suffered so much from such a cruel and sworn foe can have forgotten the bloody history of the papacy, both at home and abroad? Fifty millions of human beings called to sacrifice their lives because they would not bow down to the beast and worship him, seems an incredible number; but England and the Continent are powerful witnesses to the bloody deeds of Rome; and in the history of the greatest despot and the bloodiest tyrant the world ever saw, in the reign of the Church of Rome, you have enough to thrill you through and through, and to make you wonder that this nation should again show signs of submitting to the old yoke of bondage which the Man of Sin is doing his best to put upon our necks again.

No period since the Reformation has been so ripe and pregnant for evil, both in the nation and in the church, as the present. The prospect is by no means cheering; the outlook is serious; and yet all outside a very narrow circle are saying, “Peace, peace.” The signs of the times all round the horizon are threatening. Things are ripening fast to bring about a great crisis, upon which hang great and tremendous issues. O God, reform us, but do not destroy us, as our sins justly deserve.

Although we have been spared, as a nation, the dreadful scourge with which other places, not far from our own shores, have recently been visited, when the dead by hundreds at a time have lain unburied, because neither coffins nor graves could be prepared fast enough to receive them, yet it has but little or no weight with us. In the blindness and ignorance to which God has given us up, we attribute all such visitations to second causes. The imperfect state of sanitation is supposed to be the absolute cause of the existence of the deadly malady on the one

hand; and on the other, that which we call the perfect state of sanitation is supposed to be the means of stamping out all forms of epidemical disease. The words "*stamping out*" have a most objectionable and awfully defiant sound about them, which grate exceedingly upon our ears, causing us to tremble lest the Almighty should visit us with some heavy judgment which we cannot stamp out, and which the magicians of the land will be obliged to acknowledge to be the finger of God.

To what one nation under the whole heaven has God been so good, and shown himself so favourably disposed, as he has done to us? What one people in all the earth has such a history of providence and grace to read as we have? To whom has Almighty God discovered himself in so many thousand merciful forms as he has done to us? What wonderful testimony to the truth and power of his grace, sealed with the blood of his dear saints, has he given us to witness! And O with what splendour of grace has God distinguished this nation, and made it to stand out for all ages with an exceedingly gracious conspicuousness, as a standard-bearer for his great and glorious name! What witnesses to the nations of the earth has he made us of his truth, in that he has honoured us to print and publish his Word to an almost incredible extent! Miles of the blessed Book, the Bible, have been sent from our shores, in almost every language, to almost every clime beneath the skies. Upon whom has he spent so much grace, and put so much honour? And who and what were we? What have we been? What are we now? "Who made us to differ? and what have we that we have not received" in the Reformation? "He sent from above; he took us; he drew us out of many waters; he delivered us, because he delighted in us." And brethren, may I not ask the question, with wonder and admiration, Upon what people under the sun has he poured out so much of his Spirit, and continued to do so for so long a time? What numbers of the seed of the blessed of the Lord have been predestinated, by God's gracious and irrevocable decree, to receive their first and second birth in this country, before passing to the kingdom of glory prepared for them in the eternal world! And may we not hope that there are still a few left in the city who give evidence of their having been graciously marked by divine appointment, because they sigh and cry on account of the abominations done in the land? O may their cries still go up to heaven, and may the Spirit still be poured out upon us; and O may our numbers be increased, if so

be God may still favourably regard us and arise for our help, and stem the mighty floods of evil coming in upon us from all quarters. We have been the most favoured of nations, putting all things together, and for a considerable time. O may God, in the infinite riches of his mercy and grace, recover us, forgive all our iniquities, heal all our diseases, redeem our lives from destruction, and crown us with lovingkindness and tender mercies. Indeed "He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities;" but "Like as a father pitieth his children, even so hath the Lord pitied us."

Certain we are that sooner or later there will be a solemn reckoning time. O may the Lord, in his great mercy, pardon our sins and forgive our manifold transgressions.

THE EDITOR.

*"WHAT ARE THESE WHICH ARE ARRAYED
IN WHITE ROBES?"*

REV. vii., 13 TO 17.

AH! who are these in robes so white,
Who stand before God's holy throne?
How came they to that world of light
Where sins and sorrows are unknown?

Make known to me from whence they came;
Say, were they mourners here below?
Were they opprest by Satan's power,
And their poor souls oft filled with woe?

O yes, through fires and floods they came,
The path of tribulation trod:
When walking through earth's desert land,
They often sighed and mourned for God.

'Twas through the mercy of the Lord
That they were called to walk this way;
And, bless his great and holy name,
Their darkest night is changed to day.

There, in that holy, happy home,
The praises of the Lord they sing;
There the dear Lamb of God doth lead
Their souls where living waters spring;

Full draughts of heavenly bliss they drink,
At the full fountain of God's love;
And all true mourners here below
Shall taste the same in heaven above.

A LETTER TO THE LATE MR. SYMONS, OF BRISTOL.

Bath, January 9, 1832.

MY Dear Friend,—I now take up my pen to thank you for your friendly and Christian advice to the living. And here, with deep humility of soul, I wish to give all due praise and glory to God for his kind, gracious, and bountiful dealings towards me, both in providence and grace. By my late bereavement, you are led to conceive that a change has been produced in my circumstances. Certainly, a change has been effected, but not such a change as some have supposed, for it has been conjectured by some that by the death of my late beloved wife I am now placed in a state of independence, so far as relates to the things of this world, and they have been led to conclude that I shall soon leave my situation. But this is a wild, mistaken notion, for instead of independence, a funeral debt has been contracted, and not one shilling has been added to principal or income by the late painful visitation. But I have much to be thankful for, and I hope that a sense of God's goodness to me will always fill my soul with gratitude to him. With regard to the change in my mode of living that you have noticed, I can only say that I must continue where I am for some considerable time, if the Lord will; therefore I can only say that my present plan is this: I have invited my father to come and live with me, which he has accepted, and I expect him (should nothing prevent) at the latter end of this month. This I judged was a duty that I was bound to discharge towards my aged parent, and most consistent with my present circumstances; and I hope this step which I have taken will meet with your approbation. As to future plans, which, you say, "nature is very fond of drawing out," I must leave them. I have no other plan at present than what I have stated, but I dare not say what to-morrow will produce. I know who has said, "Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." But whenever a plan is produced in my mind, relating to any alteration in my circumstances, I pray God that the plan may be one of his drawing, and that he will give me grace to execute it, in humble dependence upon him to direct, guide, and influence me to accomplish it in his fear, and according to his good-will and purpose. At present, I have work enough to contend with. The leprosy in the house, the plague in the heart, a daily cross upon my shoulders, the restless desires of the old man, who is to be mortified and put off, and the buffetings of Satan, I find are work enough to keep faith, hope, and charity in full employment; nay, and more than they can manage, without superior aid. "Thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled." And when the Lord hides his face from *us*, *we* shall be troubled also. Faith, hope, and charity are of infinite service to the child of God; they are truly blessed companions, and most excellent

labourers; but if power from on high be withheld, vain is their help, for our iniquities will surely prevail against us. Nothing short of the presence of Jehovah can comfort us, and his power protect us. But what little acquaintance I have with the things I have alluded to has weaned me, in a very great degree, from the perishing things of this world.

I desire to bless my God for food and raiment, and for the many comforts he has given me in this life, but my affections are not fixed upon them, because they are earthly, and earthly things are not my treasure, for they are all to perish with the using, and perishing things can never satisfy an immortal soul, born of God, and redeemed with the precious blood of Christ. These are not my strongholds, nor my refuge. My best and choice treasure does not lie in these corruptible and perishing things; through grace, the Lord has taught me better, and he has helped me to look higher than earth for my treasure. My soul pants for God's presence, nearness of access to him, communion and fellowship with him, that I may walk in peace and equity with him, and be upheld with the right hand of his righteousness, and his free spirit; that I may sweetly enjoy the dews from the everlasting hills, and see the light and face of the Sun of Righteousness, and receive a rich communication from the Divine fulness of grace treasured up in Christ; that I may be conformed unto him in all things, so as to live to his glory, and show forth his praise; to rejoice in him as my wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, and that every thought of my heart may be captivated by his beauty, excellency, and glory; that I might look to him by faith, view him as the Captain of my salvation, and fight under the banner of his everlasting love, as a good soldier of Christ; that I might live upon him as my spiritual food, drink his precious blood as my spiritual drink, and wear his divine robe of righteousness as my wedding garment; that I may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things, by following him as my Guide through evil report and good report, with a firm and blessed determination to know only Jesus Christ and him crucified, and constantly to look to him, while in this wilderness, as my Divine Leader and Forerunner to everlasting glory; to daily sit at his adorable feet, and receive his word; that his word may dwell in me richly, through the mighty operation of his most holy and blessed Spirit, who reveals Christ to the soul, and glorifies him as King in Zion.

O my beloved! my heart is open to thee, to speak a little of this fair and lovely One! It is the desire of my soul to praise him, who is above all blessing and praise, and to magnify the glorious riches of his grace, to talk of his power, and the majesty of his kingdom! "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory. Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." Why is he so desirable? Because he is altogether lovely, and

the chief among ten thousand. And when he comes, and drops a little of his sweet-smelling myrrh upon the handles of the lock, the bolt of unbelief flies back in a moment, my heart opens to receive him, and my soul flies on wings of faith and love to his protecting and embracing arms, and melts with love; and then contrition, humility, and godly sorrow begin to operate, and I am crumbled into dust and ashes before his blessed majesty; and if I had a thousand souls to be saved, most willingly would I commit them into his almighty hands, believing that he would keep them, through faith, unto salvation.

I bless my God that I can see something more in him than the Arians or Socinians ever saw. I can see him as my all and in all. His Person and work are so inexpressibly glorious that my affections fix upon, and my soul rejoices in him, and most gladly would my soul remain in his dear presence for ever. But this cannot be here, for he in his wisdom withdraws, and leaves off to commune with me, in order to try both faith and patience. Now midnight darkness creeps over my soul, and I am shut up, and cannot come forth; sin begins to work powerfully in the members, to bring forth fruit unto death; hardness of heart takes place, and a benumbed feeling succeeds. The old man is brisk and gay, strong and lively, but my soul gets lean, barren, and dry, because the communication is suspended; consequently the branch is fruitless. The mouth of prayer is stopped, or, at least, it is nothing more than lip service and bodily exercise, which profiteth little. A contracted spirit comes on, and straitness in my own bowels follows after. Iniquities prevail, and one devilish suggestion after another comes rolling into my mind, like an overwhelming flood, which threatens to carry me headlong with its distressing influence, until I groan with the burden, and my soul is ready to sink in the deep waters, where there is no standing. Thus my gracious God is pleased to teach me both good and evil. He teacheth me, by his blessed Spirit, that I am to look to him for every good and perfect gift, and that I must depend upon him, in the sweet exercise of faith, to work in me the good pleasure of his will. By these changes, he has taught me the damnable evil of sin; and he has shown me the horrible uncleanness and foulness of my heart and nature, in order to keep me from putting any confidence in the flesh. Thus he has led me to observe, and take particular notice of, the two armies within, struggling for mastery. By these things he has brought me, in a little degree, acquainted with the bondage of the Law, and the liberty of the glorious Gospel; the bitterness of the one, and the sweetness of the other; the darkness and distress occasioned by the one, and the light, life, comfort, and consolation produced by the other; to prize the one and dread the other.

O my dear friend, we are not ignorant of Satan's devices, or of the deceivableness of Sin, the weakness of the flesh, and the power of Omnipotent Grace; the damnable delusions of Satan,

and the soul-cheering, God-honouring, and God-glorifying truths which the Holy Ghost teacheth. But notwithstanding, I must confess with shame that I am a very dull scholar in the school of Christ. I have never been able yet to rise higher in divinity than the blessed feet of Christ. I have nothing to boast of, but very much do I see in myself to humble me and make me loathe myself before God. I have many things yet to learn; therefore my prayer to God continually is this, "Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies."

I will now close this epistle (for perhaps you are grown tired of reading it) with the words of an old, faithful, and valiant servant of Christ to a friend of his; I mean the late Mr. Romaine—"I wish you a happy New Year, the happiest of all you ever saw, and therefore I wish you more, still more, enjoyment of our infinitely rich, everlastingly precious, Jesus. You and I shall then live to a blessed purpose, if every day of this New Year, we get more out of self, and live more *in*, and *on*, Jesus." Should you discover anything in this long scrawl that does not lie straight with the unerring rule, and harmonize with the eternal Word of Truth, point it out to me; exercise your judgment; be free in your remarks, and let me hear from you very soon. And may the good-will of our unchangeable Friend be with us! So prays a poor sinner.—Yours in the best of bonds,

WALTER BRETT.

MADE WHITE FOR THE HARVEST.

SOME of God's converted people are soon matured for glory, by their nearness to, and intimate communion with the Sun of Righteousness. These are frequently known to outrun their brethren, and (like John at the tomb of our Lord) to reach the sepulchre, finish their course, and ascend to their Master's joy at a very early period; while other saints, who either do not ripen so fast, or who have a larger field of usefulness to occupy on earth, are detained from their crown until they are full of years. Each of these is gathered as a shock of corn in its season. O believer, if thy God summons thee away betimes, his Spirit will first perfect that which concerneth thee! nor will Providence apply the sickle until grace has made thee white for the harvest. Or, if he lengthens thy thread, having much for thee to do and much to suffer, he will shew himself the God of thy old age, and not forsake thee when thou art grey-headed; for he hath inviolably declared, "Even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and I will deliver you." Remember, to thy great and endless comfort, that

"His every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises."

TOPLADY.

RESIGNATION.

"Let him alone, and let him curse; for the Lord hath bidden him."—(2 SAM. xvi. 11.)

THE branch that is vitally united to the vine partakes of the qualities of the vine. If it bear fruit, it is because a vital union exists between the branch and the vine. "It cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine." Take the branch out of the vine, and it will wither away. "I am the vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit." Mark, reader, it is said, "I in him," for "without me ye can do nothing." Then, vitally, it is Christ's fruit-bearing still carried on in his branches on the earth. What a sweet spirit did he manifest at all times and under all circumstances here below! Was he reviled? "He reviled not again;" when his enemies spit in his face, he returned it not; and when their rage reached its climax, as he hung between earth and heaven, "a spectacle of wounds and blood," he said, bowing his holy soul in the meekest and sweetest resignation, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." What a sweet spirit! Not only does it show his pity, but likewise that he recognized that, having engaged to accomplish the work of a Surety, and take the place of a Substitute, "the Lord had bidden them curse"—left them to their cursing, yet held them responsible; for "with wicked hands" they did it, as saith the apostle, when charging home their guilt.

Now, is there not, in some small measure, the same spirit manifested by David, in the above words, "Let him curse," &c., namely, a holy resignation of soul under the recognition of the fact that the hand of God was in it? If so, let us notice two or three points of truth connected therewith. May the Spirit of truth guide us, so that the same spirit may be earnestly coveted by us, should we be called to pass through like circumstances.

I. *The language is expressive of the deep recognition of his just deserts.* The same spirit appears to me to be here seen as is discovered in the sentence which came from the riven heart of the fallen monarch, under the faithful strokes of reproof from Nathan. When the prophet had secured the sentence from David against the man in his parable, he said, "Thou art the man!" which went right home to the heart of "the man after God's own heart," and he said, "'I have sinned against the Lord;' and now if he curses, or bids another curse, it is no more than I deserve."

Let us just glance at the history of the fall of him who uttered the words, "Let him curse." "There was a time when kings went out to battle," but David stopped at home. "David sent Joab, and all his servants with him, and all Israel; and they destroyed the children of Ammon, and besieged Rabbah. But David tarried at Jerusalem." Then appears to commence his fall. Think of what is involved in his tarrying at Jerusalem. Peter first boasts, then follows at a distance, then denies. O

that we may watch the first appearance of the spirit of declension! The foe is so insidious; "What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch," said he who knoweth "the way of the serpent upon the rock."

While Joab and his servants and all Israel were engaged upon the battle-field, David was at home. "And it came to pass in an eveningtide, that David arose from off his bed, and walked upon the roof of the king's house; and from the roof he saw a woman washing herself; and the woman was very beautiful to look upon." "The man after God's own heart" was that very moment a fallen monarch. Not a stone would we throw. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Do you look upon a poor fallen brother, and say within, "I shall never do so; my mountain stands strong; I shall never be moved?" How many times have both reader and writer gone as far as the fallen monarch had, when from the roof of his house he looked, and longed, and schemed? If not in that identical sin, yet in some sin quite as offensive in the sight of God, though more readily looked over and excused by man; therefore, "let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." What poor tried child of God, who has been deeply taught the dreadful depravity of his own wicked heart and the spirituality of God's law, but feels a deep debtor to the love and power displayed in his own preservation through life from those outward flagrant sins into which some have fallen—and God's people too? And such who have been so deeply taught will take the mantle of Christian love and kindness, and, turning their faces, moving backwards, will cast it over the poor weeping and contrite one, Shem and Japheth-like, and not make sport of it, as Ham did. Some may say, "Should you connive at sin, and cover it up?" God forbid. But when you see the poor relenting one weeping tears such as none know how to shed but those who have fallen, and have been broken down by the manifestation of that love, the eye of which conveys a thousand reproofs and a thousand cordials at one glance, as in Peter's case—"And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter," and that look he could not stand; "he went out and wept bitterly"—would you forbear to cast the mantle of Christian kindness over that one? If so, your Christianity has not done much for you. It appears to me to be both self-righteous and selfish; and we would say, "God enlarge you as Japheth."

But to return. David had already fallen in his heart when he looked with wistful eye towards the object of his desires. The schemes, as circumstances require, arise in his mind, both for the gratification of those sinful desires, and for the covering over his sin after those desires were gratified; and those schemes were dexterously carried out, but not without adding sin to sin. Ah! a poor soul once within the coils of sin and Satan, knows not how deeply entangled he may become, nor when he will get out; indeed, he never will until covenant love rescues him.

Well, the schemes of David are so far accomplished that Uriah is among the slain upon the battle-field, and we hear the king saying, "The sword devoureth one as well as another." And we read also, "The thing that David had done displeased the Lord." What a sentence! "The man after God's own heart" had incurred the displeasure of Jehovah! That eye which sees all things at one glance had watched the case through, from the rising emotion in the monarch's heart, upon the roof of his house, to the accomplished design; and he who is infinite holiness did not intend to allow the stupefied conscience of David to long slumber in apparent impenitence, but that he should feel the rod of correction; for which purpose the Lord sent Nathan the prophet, who faithfully delivered the message of Jehovah, which was so blessed of the Holy Ghost that the king said, "I have sinned against the Lord." The reply of Nathan was, "The Lord also hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die. Howbeit, because of this deed, thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme; and the sword shall never depart from thy house." Neither did it; for you find that throughout the remaining part of David's life he had successive trials. And how often must the words have sounded through his soul, "The sword shall never depart from thy house," while the weighty trials rolled over the sad and sorrowful heart of the child under the chastening hand of his God and Father! Yes, and his mind would revert in bitter reflection to the circumstances of the case; and we think we hear him sighing forth, again and again, from a riven heart, "I have sinned." And, while Shimei cast stones at him, and the bitter words, "Come out, come out, thou bloody man, and thou man of Belial," the king said, "Let him alone, and let him curse; for the Lord hath bidden him"—I deserve it; I have sinned. And though Shimei thinks it is for the blood of the house of Saul, my mind is recognizing it as the accomplishment of the sentence, 'The sword shall never depart from thine house.' The rod is what I deserve; shall I not patiently endure it? Therefore, 'Let him alone, and let him curse.'

Do we not herein discover David to be a type of Christ? Did not Christ recognize that the sins of his people found upon him, as numbered there by a just God, deserved every stroke which he endured as the Substitute of his people? Was there the least desire for the slightest mitigation of his sufferings at the expense of justice? Thence he said, "I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair: I hid not my face from shame and spitting." He knew the demerit of sin, and, sin being found upon him, he patiently submitted, "enduring the cross, despising the shame," though his enemies, like David's, did it from a bitter, persecuting spirit, without the least regard for the honour of the justice of God.

O Christian reader, when we consider our sins, and what those sins deserve, and are favoured to believe that our blessed Surety

endured all the penal curse due thereunto, we may well say with David, concerning all our persecutions, afflictions, trials, and enemies, "Let him alone," &c.; for—

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

II. *The language is expressive of the patient endurance of a penitent heart.* No heart can endure the insults of a fellow creature so patiently and submissively as the king of Israel did, but a broken, penitential one. Neither could David's, had not Jehovah, his covenant God, touched his heart with the finger of his power, and looked upon him with a look of love—had put away his sin, and sent Nathan to inform him of it, and it broke his poor, otherwise hard heart. Now you hear him saying, "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." Brethren, have you not been favoured to submit to the strokes of your chastening God, in whatever way or form those strokes have come? Remember, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. But if ye are without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons." And you know that, under the law, a bastard was not allowed to enter into the congregation of the Lord, even to his tenth generation; and some think—ten being a perfect number—the meaning is, he never should enter in. Be that as it may, a bastard—a nominal professor, an unregenerate person (as such)—shall never enter into the congregation of God's living ones, so as to become one with them.

Thus the Father chastiseth all his children; but O how different the state of spirit in which it is received—yes, and in one and the same child! There is the wild bull in the net state, and there is the patient, submissive, the "opening not the mouth" state, "because thou didst it." We are sorry to see a child of God kicking, because we know such will get a wounded spirit. Poor Jonah! poor dear man of God! listen to him: "I do well to be angry, even unto death." "What, Jonah! don't you mean to be good-tempered any more as long as you live?" "No, not as long as I live." Reader, can this be the man that said, from an overflowing soul, "Salvation is of the Lord?" The very man, and we have no stones to throw at him, but would rather admire that love and compassion of his gracious God, whose "Spirit would not let him go," amidst all his rebellion and kicking. We do not admire his rebellion, nor crave it, knowing too well the effects thereof in a lacerated conscience, bondage of spirit, hardness of heart, barrenness of soul, and a fallen countenance. Indeed our dwelling place has been in "a dry land." But can we not, on the other side, say we have been

"Calm amidst tempestuous motion,
Knowing that the Lord was nigh?"

Have we not been enabled, under brokenness of spirit in the dust of abasement, to submit to and patiently endure the chasten-

ing rod, whatever may have been its nature, though it has been a cursing Shimei? Yes, and have pitied the persecuting one, feeling sweetly the spirit discovered in the Saviour's words, "Bless, and curse not." "Let him alone, and let him curse."

III. *The "man after God's own heart" saw the hand of God in it*—"The Lord hath bidden him;" or, as some think, "God has left him to curse me." What a blessed view to take of the circumstances of the case! We fear it has been very different with us at times. We have only looked at the rod, to the almost entire forgetfulness of the hand and heart that has been using it. The writer frankly acknowledges that he has. O how often have we found ourselves full of bitter rancour, ready to retaliate in some form, and have imbibed much of the spirit of Abishai, as seen in his request, "Let me go over, I pray thee, and take off his head; he is only a dead dog." "That may be true," we think we hear David say, "but I would rather pray this prayer, 'Deliver my soul from the sword, my darling from the power of the dog,' than take off his head. Besides, what is his cursing, compared with what my sins deserve?"

O my reader, to be brought into a deep sense of the heinousness of our sins, and what those sins deserve, will, under the blessing of the Holy Ghost, sweetly suppress the spirit of retaliation, and paralyze the arm of revenge, when you meet with provocations from persecuting enemies, especially as you recognize them as rods in your Father's hand, whereby he is correcting you, believing the designs of his loving heart are most gracious, and filled with the greatest good! And he who could say, "Thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell," surely could say, "And thou wilt deliver me from this cursing Shimei. 'Let him alone;' he cannot go beyond the limits of the pleasure of him who has bidden him curse me." And ultimately we hear him saying, in praise to his delivering God, "He delivereth me from mine enemies; yea, thou liftest me up above those that rise up against me: thou has delivered me from the violent man. Great deliverance giveth he to his king, and showeth mercy to his anointed."

When we are brought to discern the difference between retributive justice in punishing sin with unmingled vengeance, and the correction administered in the trial, we may well patiently submit to the rod, even though it be in the form of a cursing enemy; for—

"He lifts the rod on high
With pity in his heart."

Yes, and we may be silent upon the ground of the blessed truth that there is no penal evil in the rod against that person who has been called, and enabled, through the operations of the Holy Ghost, by faith to lay hold of the substitution of the adorable Immanuel, in whom our sins were dealt with by the striking arm of a just God in fiery indignation: "Awake, O sword, and smite the shepherd, and I will turn my hand upon the little ones."

“Go on, then, cursing, Shimei! It is my Father's rod; shall I not submit? I will leave the revenge with him to whom it belongs: ‘Vengeance belongeth unto me.’”

“Flee angry strife and shun revenge;
Vengeance to God belongs;
He will repay some future day,
And grace shall be your songs.”

To view the hand of God in the trial, and to see that the design is gracious, enables the child of God to sweetly submit, and patiently endure the calumnies of the bitterest persecuting enemies. What an illustration we have of this in the case of Joseph: “I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now, therefore, be not angry with yourselves that ye sold me hither; for God did send me before you to preserve life. For these two years hath the famine been in the land, and yet there are five years in which there shall be neither earing nor harvest; and God sent me before you to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance. So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God.” And one design was “to preserve you a posterity.” Why to preserve them a posterity, reader? Because God's national covenants and promises belonged to them, as made with them in Abraham their father; therefore they must live, and must be preserved and taken care of, though they walk in the midst of death. Not only so, but the seed royal, Christ, was there seminally, and Jehovah took care of them, for the “seed of the woman” was in them as regards his humanity. Thus God was fulfilling his purposes, making the wrath, envy, and jealousy of man to praise him. O the wonder-working hand of our God, bringing good out of evil, blessing out of cursing, life out of death! Satan and sin tempted David; his own heart yielded; he fell, and incurred the displeasure of Jehovah; yet the God of Israel brought about his own purpose thereby, for through David's union with Bathsheba is traced the genealogical line of Christ's human nature. (See Matt. i. 6.) But poor David went to the grave with broken bones.

If you wish for a more lucid display of these great matters, turn to Calvary's solemn transactions. Satan stirs up the murderous enmity of the Jews to crucify Christ; yet Christ crucified “gives the incurable wound to the head of Satan.” Thus the devil helps to bring about that transaction which wounds his own head, helps on the work of salvation, and becomes an acting, yea, chief agent in accomplishing the purpose of God, though his infernal designs were to stamp out of existence everything that was of God. We think Satan must look back upon Calvary's blood-scenes with infernal regret, as each inroad is made in his empire, which is the result of that illustrious victory gained over him by the Son of God in the “place of a skull.”

IV. *Is not this the language of a hopeful soul, “Let him alone, and let him curse?”* But how is it possible for the soul to be hopeful under such trying, such peculiar circumstances? Absa-

Ion has raised a conspiracy against him; he with whom counsel had been held was among the conspirators, and most of David's subjects had turned traitors. Is it possible for one in such distress to hope? (See Psal. xlii.) O yes, beloved; amidst a shower of stones, and dust, and curses, the living soul that has found its anchor in a covenant God in Christ is enabled secretly to trust under apparently killing dispensations; as said the "man of the land of Uz," "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," so may you, reader, if ever you have felt the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, although it may be as dark as night now.

"Did Jesus once upon me shine?"

"Then Jesus is for ever mine."

Now, we read in the fourteenth verse, "And the king, and the people that were with him, came weary, and refreshed themselves there." Ah! hope rears its head when the refreshing time comes "from the presence of the Lord," and he is pleased to send a token of his regard to us while in this or that wilderness of affliction, temptation, and sorrow. David's covenant God had not forgotten him, for he sent a present after him in the wilderness at a time when much needed (see 2 Sam. xvi. 1, 2); and, taking it as a token of the regard of his God, we think we hear him say, "Go on cursing, Shimei; my God cares for me, and I hope he will yet appear and 'deliver me from those that rise up against me.' 'It may be that the Lord will look upon mine affliction, and that he will requite me good for his cursing this day. O Lord my God, in thee do I put my trust; save me from all them that persecute me, and deliver me,'" &c. Is not such the language of hope, expecting the interposition of heaven in times of greatest trial? O how sweet and refreshing, under trying circumstances, to receive some evidence that God cares for us, and for a promise to drop with power into our hearts, such as, "I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me!" It helps us to submit to the persecutions of our foes, and to say, "Let him alone, and let him curse."

May the Holy Ghost help us to take the right view of every trial, and carry our cause to him who hath said, "I will never leave you."

FELLOWSHIP with God is one of the brightest beams of the Sun of Righteousness, a most precious doctrine of the Gospel, and certainly the most sweet and felicitous enjoyment of the believer this side of heaven.—*Horne*.

O DIVINE love! Amazing and miraculous grace! that ever the great salvation of the adorable Jesus hath laid hold on me, notwithstanding I am the basest of all the human creation. Behold! I see the wise, the moral, the rich, and the noble, standing at a distance from the great salvation, and strangers to the pardoning mercy of God, whilst I, the most unworthy of all, am fed with the comforts of his love. It is thy doing, O thou omnipotent Saviour, and it is marvellous in my eyes! Thou lovest merely because thou wilt love, and pardonest only because such is thy good pleasure.—*Macgowan*.

CHRIST AN ADVOCATE.

MY dear Jane,—I will begin this as the beloved apostle speaks in the 2nd chapter of his First Epistle of John, 12th verse: "I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake." I hear you say, "I wish, mother, I could say indeed that my sins were all forgiven me for Christ's sake." Be it so. You are, I hope and believe, seeking for that pearl of great price, Christ formed in your heart the hope of glory; and may you never rest until you find rest in him, is the prayer of your affectionate mother. The poet says,

"Go on my word and name to own,
And none shall rob you of your crown."

Again the apostle writes, "My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and he is the propitiation for our sins." He is all to us and for us to the Father. Here is a foundation for our poor souls to rest upon. He is "a chief corner stone, elect, precious," and whose builds upon it shall never be confounded or ashamed of their hope, world without end. A house that was built upon this Rock fell not. Why? Because it was founded upon Christ, the Rock of Ages. Where had the writer been long since, if the Holy Spirit had not condescended to lift up Christ Jesus to the eyes of my faith, and point to him, saying, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," and thy sins, for it is the application of it to our own souls that does us good, and nothing less than that will satisfy a quickened soul, one that is made alive by the Holy Ghost.

I was at home the whole of the day on Sunday, feeling quite unwell, but I found that the Lord was not confined either to times or places, when it was his purpose to bless his own children, for I had a good day, though alone in the afternoon and evening, yet not alone, for the Lord came and removed the entire burden under which I had been groaning for several weeks, and I could for a little season rejoice in Christ Jesus, having no confidence in the flesh. I was enabled to tread the world, with its cares, the flesh, and the devil, all beneath my feet, and longed for that day when my flesh should rest in hope of a glorious resurrection from the grave.

I know I am getting out of your depth, so will try and come into your own line of things, lest you should say that you cannot read this letter with any comfort or edification. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." Now, do you not hunger after the bread and thirst for the water of eternal life? even after Jesus, who says, "I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever." "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you." "Because I live, ye shall live also." Here is the saints'

standing, not on their own merit or demerit, or works of any kind, either good or bad, but upon the oath, immutability, and everlasting covenant of the three persons in a covenant God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The Spirit takes of the things of God, and reveals them to all the flock of Christ, and sets up the Kingdom of heaven in the poor sensible sinner's soul. You will say, "That is what I want to experience." Then I can assure you that the Lord will not disappoint your desire, for he never said to the seed of Jacob, "Seek ye my face in vain;" no, never. "Though the vision tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry" beyond the Lord's time; and when the Lord's mercy, love, and grace come, and set your soul at liberty, then expect the conflict and war to commence with the world, the flesh, and the devil. I would not say this to damp your joy in the Lord, but merely to warn you what to expect if your faith is the faith of God's elect. You will, it may be, have the bridegroom with you many days, perhaps weeks; no fasting days then; but when the bridegroom is taken away, then will you fast in those days. The Lord Jesus on one occasion spoke these words to my soul: "Daughter, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee;" "Ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you;" and many more blessed texts of Scripture, which were then brought to my poor hungry soul. My soul lived upon this food, or rather upon Christ crucified for my sins and raised again for my justification, for some weeks. I thought at that time my enemies were all dead, or if still alive, that they would never rise so as to overcome me again. My Beloved, however, hid his face, and I was troubled; then my enemies came in like a flood upon my soul, and would have drowned me, had not the Holy Spirit lifted up a standard against them. "Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day," the Captain of my salvation having fought the battle and obtained the victory for me over all my enemies; and when he grants me faith to believe it, why then I am more than conqueror through him who hath loved me.

Possibly you may never have to experience the rough path along which I have travelled. The Lord is a Sovereign in these matters, and has an undisputed right to do as he please with his own. In my right mind I can say, The Lord hath done all things well that concern me and mine. When unbelief works, everything is wrong, and I am as fretful and full of discontent as Satan can make me. This I felt much when first I came down here, but last Sunday all the crooked things were made straight, and a mountain brought to a plain, so you will see that nothing is impossible with God.

I have said these few things that you may not expect too smooth a path to the Kingdom of heaven. This is not to be our rest, because it is polluted. God's children are said to be looking for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

GRACE HAMMOND.

JUSTIFICATION.

My dear Sister,—As to the words you mention (Rom. x. 13), “For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved,” they seem to relate to verse 12, “For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek, for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him”—which words do show the exceeding riches of the grace of God and of our Lord Jesus Christ to a remnant among the Gentiles as well as to a remnant of the Jews, even to as many of both as belong to the election of grace, that were chosen of God in Christ to be vessels of mercy, and thus before by him prepared unto glory, upon which they are called of God unto faith in Christ, unto their everlasting salvation by him; as Rom. ix. 23, 24, “And that he might make known the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy which he had afore prepared unto glory, even us, whom he hath called, not of the Jews only, but also of the Gentiles.” And thus, Rom. x. 12, “For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek, for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him;” that is, unto all those, both Jews and Greeks, that call upon him in faith, he is rich in salvation-grace. And then he gives the proof of it (verse 13), “For whosoever (of Jews or Gentiles) shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.” This verse proves not, as some would have it, that any of the Gentiles have, or can have, salvation in calling upon the name of God, without faith in Christ; but the contrary is evidently intended in this verse by the apostle’s own explanation of it (verse 14), “How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed?” It is such a calling on the name of the Lord Jesus that proceeds from faith in him which he speaks of. And next, he shows the necessity of persons hearing of Christ, in order to their faith in him, “And how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard?” And then he proceeds to the ordinary way which God hath appointed for persons hearing of Christ, in order to their faith in him, “And how shall they hear without a preacher?” The preaching of the gospel, then, by Christ’s sent servants, is necessary unto persons hearing of him; and their hearing of him, unto faith in him; and their faith in him, unto their calling upon him; and all these are necessary unto their salvation by him.

How vain a thing, then, is it for anyone to think or say that “persons may be saved by the light within, by attending to and improving of that!” which, indeed, is no other than natural conscience, or the light of the law, in some remains of it, in every man’s conscience, which dictates what is moral duty, and reproves for what is sin. The light of reason is indeed from Christ, as Head of nature; and so likewise is the light of the law, in that measure of it which illuminates every man’s conscience, to direct him, in part, as to what is his duty as a creature towards God, his Creator, and towards man, his fellow-creature; and with light in

these respects, Christ, as Head of nature, lighteth every man that cometh into this world of nature. But this light, though it serves to deter persons from gross sins, and is for the preservation of human society, and also is sufficient to leave persons without excuse that rebel against the dictates of it, yet is it vastly deficient as to directing any man in the way of salvation, or as to showing him the only way in which he can be saved. It is gospel light from Christ the true light, the sent Saviour, darted into the minds of men by the Spirit of Christ, through the preaching of his sent servants, which can alone direct any man to the only way of salvation by faith in Christ; or it is Christ the true light, as Head of grace, of gospel light, that lighteth every man that cometh into the world of grace with the saving light of God's salvation by faith in him, without which every man by nature is in darkness, and in a perishing condition.

Hence, of the Gentile nations who had the light of natural conscience, or the light of the law of nature as given to Adam, in some remains of it in their conscience, it is said that they walked in darkness, and dwelt in the region of the shadow of death, until the light (of God's salvation by faith in Christ) shined upon them through the preached gospel. (Isa. ix. 1, 2; Matt. iv. 16.) And to the Ephesian Gentiles the apostle said, "Ye were sometimes darkness (*i.e.*, before your conversion to Christ), but now (since the gospel hath shined upon you, and into your hearts, unto faith in Christ) are ye light in the Lord." (Eph. v. 8.)

And not only of the Gentiles, but of the Jews also, who, besides the light of natural conscience, had the light of the moral law as given at Sinai; even of them it is said that they were in darkness, or "ignorant of God's righteousness." (Rom. x. 3.) The heathen may have, as these Jews had, a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge (verse 2), "For I bear them record, that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge." For they being ignorant of God's righteousness—of the infinite righteousness of his pure nature, and of the extensive righteousness of his holy law, which reacheth to the inmost soul, and can admit of nothing less than perfect, universal, and perpetual obedience for a justifying righteousness—they being thus ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, their good meanings, well-wishings, and their doing the best they could—this their imperfect obedience they went about to establish, to make it stand as their justifying righteousness before God; and hence it is said, "they have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God" (verse 3); that is, they have not bowed themselves, in the matter of their own salvation, to the complete righteousness of the Saviour which God had revealed in the gospel to be received by faith as the only justifying righteousness of a sinner. "For Christ (in his complete obedience to the law for us) is the end of the law for righteousness (the fulfilling end of it for justifying righteousness) to every one that believeth." (Verse 4.) Whether they be Jews or Gentiles, whoever of both they are,

that believe in Jesus, that are light in the Lord, Christ is to them the end of the law for righteousness. They seek no other righteousness for their justifying dress before God but the complete obedience of his own Son. And as for all other persons in the world, with all their light of reason and of the law in the conscience, they are still in gross darkness—in a state of unbelief—and, being ignorant of God's righteousness, they go about to establish their own righteousness, and have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God. They stumble at Christ and his righteousness, which is to be received by faith unto eternal salvation, and it proves to them a stumbling-stone, to their utter destruction. But unto them that believe, Christ is precious, and his righteousness is submitted to and received by them as their only righteousness before God. And upon all them that believe, whether Jew or Gentile, this righteousness is, without difference, by imputation of God's free grace, unto their everlasting salvation and eternal glory.

This is certain, my dear sister, that there is no salvation in any other—in no other person or thing—but in Christ alone. "For there is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we must (or can) be saved." "If there had been any law given that could have given life to fallen man, verily righteousness had been by the law." But as the eternal moral law of God, which is perfectly holy, just and good, in its own nature, and which bears upon it the infinite purity of God's nature, can admit of no obedience for a justifying righteousness before God but that which is absolutely, universally, and eternally perfect; it is hence impossible that it should ever justify a sinner by his own obedience to it. It is in this regard weak through the flesh, weak as to any power of justification through man's corruption and imperfection. And whoever attempts to obey the light within, the light of the law in natural conscience, or the precepts of the law as given at Sinai, which is for substance the same law, to make himself righteous before God, and render himself acceptable to him thereby, instead of his desired salvation, he will bring upon himself swift destruction. The perfect law of God, and God according to his law, will curse him to death for his imperfection, and sink him thereby, as a just punishment, into eternal perdition: "For as many as are of the works of the law are under the curse." But as "God in the fulness of time sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law," by his complete obedience to it—in the active part of it, to the law's righteous commands, and in the passive part of it, in his suffering its just penalty for our sins in the breach of it, in all that curse, wrath, and death which it denounced—by this means Christ hath perfectly redeemed sinners from under the dominion of the law, as a covenant of works, even all those that believe in Jesus, that approve of his blood as a sufficient satisfaction to divine justice for their sins, and that rely upon the merit of it alone for all their pardon and

peace with God, and that approve of the righteousness of Christ as infinitely sufficient for their justification before God; that submit to this righteousness, and desire to be found in that alone, for all their acceptance with a God of infinite purity; these, even all these, who thus believe in Jesus, are by him redeemed from the curse of the law unto death, and made righteous in him before God, and accepted with him unto eternal life.

But though the justification of those that believe in Jesus is perfect, and every way complete before God, as they stand in Christ their Head, yet, alas, their sanctification in themselves is very imperfect. Though the dominion of sin is destroyed in their hearts, yet the being of sin remains there, and its mighty working at times is painfully felt by them, and will be, so long as their heaven-born souls remain in the earthly tabernacles of their bodies. But he that hath justified believers completely, and that hath begun to sanctify them in part, will perform his begun work, and sanctify them wholly in spirit, soul, and body, by his free grace, and then, having meetened them for, will receive them to eternal glory.

And meanwhile, the just are to live by faith, to come to Christ continually, as miserable sinners in themselves, and to receive him daily, in all his fulness, as the great Saviour, who is held forth by the Gospel to be received by faith as God's free gift to the chief of sinners, even unto whomsoever will, and thus coming to Christ and receiving him as sinners. They are to draw nigh to God as believers, with all holy confidence, as being complete in Christ, and made and presented perfect in his spotless, glorious righteousness. And being made the children of God by faith in Jesus Christ, they are to yield themselves unto God in love, as obedient children; and for the glory of that grace which hath saved them, they ought to have respect unto all God's commandments, which are given them by Christ without the curse, to direct their conversation as becometh the gospel. And though they cannot obey perfectly, nor perform any duty without sin, yet they are to walk before God in every known duty, with a childlike liberty, as being heirs of immortal glory, bathing their persons and services by faith continually in the fountain of Christ's blood, which is set open to cleanse them from all impurity. They are to view Christ likewise by faith, not only as their dying sacrifice on the cross, but also as their living High Priest upon the throne, who now appears in the presence of God for us, to present our persons and services, though imperfect as they come from us, complete in his own perfections as holiness to Jehovah, unto an everlasting acceptance with him. They are to view by faith likewise the Lord Jesus Christ as their great pattern and glorious exemplar, as their head of representation and communication, in whom they stand, and unto whom they shall be conformed, increasingly and perfectly, both in soul and body, when faith shall be turned into vision, and hope into fruition, and their whole persons complete in bliss, at the morning of the resurrection.

Thus the just, in the present state, are to live by faith, their faith to work by love, and in patience of hope to rejoice in the glory of God. For, "as is the heavenly, such are they that are heavenly." As Christ is the Head of his body the Church, such are the members, as they stand in him mystically unto God, even now in this present world, and such they shall be from him shortly in themselves personally. For, "When he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." We shall be like him in perfect purity, and when Christ who is our life shall appear, we also shall appear with him in glory.

Hence then, my dear sister, what reason have we to bless God for his salvation in Christ! that though we had destroyed ourselves by sin, and could never help or save ourselves by the law, God in his infinite wisdom should contrive, and by his infinite grace provide, such a glorious way of salvation by Christ crucified, in which all the perfections of God are glorified, and sinners eternally saved!

And what cause have we to bless God for the gospel of Christ, which is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile. And as faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God, how greatly should we prize a gospel ministry, and how constantly should we attend that word by which faith is wrought. How watchful should we be that we do not lend so much as the ears of our body to a legal ministry, that sets the creature to doing instead of believing for life. If the Holy Ghost by the apostle said of legal preachers, "If any man preach any other gospel, let him be accursed," how jealous should we be of hearkening unto preachers of the law, lest we ourselves thereby should be drawn aside to the works of the law, which expose all that are of them to the curse of the law.

And though it is true that we ought to "prove all things, and to hold fast that which is good," yet ought we not to listen to those teachers who dethrone Christ to exalt the creature; but from what we have heard of their doctrine, we ought to flee from them as the most dangerous enemies, for God's honour and our souls' safety. Let us not venture to associate ourselves with corrupt teachers, and so put the trial of their doctrines upon our weak judgments, and think we have warrant so to do from the Scriptures; but let us try all doctrines, heard or heard of, by the word of God, which is the only standard of truth, and by which through earnest care and fervent prayer, with the teachings of the Holy Spirit, we may know certainly if the ministry we attend is a gospel ministry. And if we hear the gospel in its purity, let us abide under the sound of it constantly; for the sheep of Christ hear his voice, and know it, and a stranger will they not follow, for they know not, they approve not, the voice of strangers, and therefore will not follow them.

Grace be with you,

ANNE DUTTON.

Obituary.

ANNA GOMER.—On January 15, 1892, aged 79, Anna Gomer, of Peckham, London.

The following brief outline of her experience, written by herself, was sent to the Committee of the "Gospel Standard Aid and Poor Relief Societies":—

"I have, I believe, been the subject of convictions from very early years; but the time when I hope the dear Lord, in infinite mercy, effectually convinced me of my utter ruin, was in the year 1842, while hearing that man of God, the late Mr. Tiptaft.

"I felt indeed that hell would be my portion, and even envied the beasts that perish. I continued in this distress for some time; at length the time came when it pleased the Lord graciously to raise me to a little hope in his mercy by the application of these words, 'And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins.' At this time I heard the late dear Mr. Philpot much to my comfort; still I wanted a clear deliverance.

"Early one morning, in my bedroom, I was in great distress. I was compelled to seek the Lord's face most earnestly, when it pleased him to bring to my mind those words of dear Hart's with divine sweetness and power:—

'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 show.'

I could then say, 'My Lord, and my God.'

"I was removed, in the providence of God, from my native town of Chichester to Hastings; there I attended, as often as I could, the ministry of the late Mr. Fenner. From Hastings we removed to Brighton, where I attended the ministry of the late Mr. Grace and Mr. Vinall. After the death of Mr. Grace, Galeed Chapel was built, and the Church formed by the late Mr. Godwin. I attended there. One day the Lord applied these words with much power to my soul, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.' This constrained me to cast in my lot with the people of God meeting for worship in that Chapel, and to follow the Lord in that blessed ordinance of his house, Believers' Baptism. I felt much at home at Galeed Chapel, and was much favoured at times, in hearing the Gospel preached there, especially by Mr. Godwin. At this time I had to pass through a great trial, which I cannot enlarge upon.

"In 1874 we were again removed, in the providence of God, to London, which was a great trial to me, and, I am sorry to say, was the cause of much rebellion on my part. I can truly testify that 'the rebellious dwell in a dry land;' my generous God, however, once more appeared for my deliverance, in hearing Mr. Hemington preach from the words, 'Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.' I was

once more enabled to bless the Lord for all his dealings with me. Shortly afterwards my husband was removed from this world by death, when I and my daughter removed to Peckham. I attended the ministry, and have been, at times, much favoured in hearing Mr. Plummer. I have united in Church fellowship with the friends, and was, I trust, helped to tell what the Lord has done for my soul."

For many years the way in which our late dear aged friend and fellow member had to walk, was through much tribulation indeed. She was made and kept very dependent upon her gracious God and Friend, to help her all her journey through the wilderness to another and better land. Through the Lord's mercy her trials were overruled for her good. She was, at times, favoured to realize that this precious promise was hers: "Even to hoar hairs will I carry you." She loved Zion's gates, likewise to frequent the courts of the Lord's house. A day spent there was to her better than a thousand spent elsewhere. Whenever it pleased the Lord to confirm his word to her soul she testified of his love and mercy, so freely bestowed upon her. Nothing short of the fulfilment of the blessed promise, made by the dear Redeemer when on earth to his spiritually poor and needy people, satisfied our friend: "He shall take of mine, and shall shew it unto you."

After a good time in meeting with the Lord's people for the solemn worship of God, she has said to me, "O the great goodness of the Lord to me, a lost and ruined sinner by nature! Bless his holy name! Salvation is of the Lord! How great and wonderful are his favours to me!

"Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine."

After the sacred blessedness of the sealing witness of the Holy Spirit with her spirit that she was a child of God, she had those trying changes, from light to darkness, which all who are born again, sooner or later, experience, and which are the cause of many groans and sighs God-ward. He who tempted and thrust sore at the Lord Jesus ("If thou art the son of God"), was permitted to thrust sore at her with respect to her relationship to God and his family. In such trials of faith I have seen her shake her head, and heard her say, "'I am shut up, and cannot come forth.' O that the Lord would appear for me once more. I prove his word true, 'Without me ye can do nothing.' I trust I am not deceived. 'O say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.'

"Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee."

Through the kindness of an affectionate daughter and kind friends who subscribe to our "Poor Relief Society," her temporal needs were supplied. Several times my wife and I have been eye-witnesses of her gratitude, first to a faithful God, and

then to those friends who gave of that which the Lord bestowed upon them providentially to benefit the Lord's poor.

On one occasion the cheques for the Lord's poor who reside in Camberwell were sent to me a day earlier than usual (Sunday was quarter day). My wife receiving an impression that there was something very special about the matter, at once took our late friend her share. As soon as she saw her, she said, "I know why you have come this morning. I have been praying to the Lord to help me in a time of special trouble." She then related how her landlord had filled her poor mind with gloomy fears; that he had threatened to sell her furniture, had she been unable to pay him the two weeks' rent due to him for her apartments. The Lord gave her a promise that he would provide, enabling her to trust him for its fulfilment, and rejoiced her soul in making her crooked things straight and rough places plain; thus she once more proved his word both sweet and precious, "All are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's."

In her last illness the great adversary was permitted to thrust sore at her many times, but was not allowed to triumph over her. A few days before the Lord called her to his eternal rest, she fell asleep; when she awoke she was greatly disappointed to find herself still in this vale of tears, because in her sleep the Lord gave her a sweet foretaste of the peace, joy and glory that awaited her. She said to one of her children, "I have heard sweet notes; there is no discord there; but we must be taught and learn the notes here, or we shall never sing them in heaven."

On the evening before the Lord took her home, she said to me, "I do so long to depart, and be for ever with the dear Lord." Addressing him in prayer, she said, "Do, dear Lord, soon take me home." My wife saw her a few hours before she died the following morning. She said, "I cannot say much, I am so weary." My wife said, and she repeated after her—

"Weary of earth, myself, and sin,

Dear Jesus, set me free;

And to thy glory take me in,

For there I long to be."

She finished repeating each verse of the hymn, and soon fell asleep in Jesus, and proved that blessed Scripture true, "I heard a voice from heaven, saying, 'Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.'" G. P.

RICHARD BATCHELOR.—On Aug. 23, 1892, Richard Batchelor, Minister of the Gospel, late of Biggleswade, Bedfordshire.

The subject of this short account appears to have been born in the year 1818, but where is not known to the writer. He spent his youthful years and those of his early manhood in the ordinary course of nature, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and

of the mind according to the bent of his will. By his own pen he describes how he was brought up in the Church of England, as his relatives were before him; that he could attend the worship of the Establishment once on a Lord's day, and during the remainder spend his time in every sort of carnal amusement, generally finishing the day at the public-house. He was also in the habit of using very profane language, so much so that he was considered to exceed all others in the neighbourhood, one man telling him, as he states, that he was the most profane swearer he had ever heard. Thus he followed the desires of his heart and mind, to the full extent of his powers; but the day of God's power came in due time, when he, who loved sin and scoffed at holiness, was to be made willing to enter on a new course, and to seek spiritual instead of carnal delights. When he was about twenty-three years of age, and attending the service in the Church of England, one Lord's day the minister took for his text these words: "Fools make a mock at sin: but among the righteous there is favour" (Prov. xiv. 9); and the Lord, in mercy, condescended to make them as a sharp arrow in the heart of his natural enemy, but covenant child of the King of kings. He says, "My feelings under these words, as soon as they were out of the minister's mouth, I can never describe. My apprehension of the awful majesty of God, as a holy and just God, was such, and he seemed to look upon me with such awful frowns, that I at once concluded my doom was for ever fixed. O the agonies of mind that I felt! My sleep went from me, and I abhorred all manner of food. The words of the text closely and incessantly followed me, with all the most awful threatenings in the Bible denounced against impenitent sinners, till at length I wished many times that I had been a beast or a bird, or anything rather than a human being. Now under these cutting convictions I thought I would try and pray; but fearing it would be mocking God, for some time I dared not attempt it. Such a wretch was I, in my feelings, and so ignorant of what constituted prayer, that I thought any prayer that was not nicely put together would be only adding sin to sin.

"Just about this time I got hold of a tract, the subject of which I have forgotten; but suffice it to say, I found in it a ready-made prayer. A little encouragement seemed to beam across my mind that if I used that prayer I should be able to pray with a measure of acceptance. But alas! my expectation was not in the least realized, and the fancy prayer had to go overboard; for such was my misery owing to the burden of my sins, that I was at length constrained to groan out my feelings; yea, I roared like a lion and mourned sore like a dove. Then I was constrained to read the Scriptures; for I seemed to have some idea that comfort must come that way, if it came at all; yet all were like drawn swords to my conscience, till I made up my mind to look at the book no more. But here I found my resolutions again failed; and those dreadful Scriptures were

continually sounding in my ears, 'Because I have called, and ye refused,' &c.; 'And these shall go away into everlasting fire, but the righteous into life eternal;' 'The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God;' 'He that made them will not have mercy on them, and he that formed them will show them no favour.' Many times when on my knees asking the Lord, if he could do anything for me, to have compassion upon me, it seemed as if the voice of some one said, 'There you are, at it again; you are at it again! You know there is no mercy for you; the Lord will strike you dead!' and I was sorely afraid it would be so. Then, at other times, a voice seemed to say, 'You don't go right.' Then I used to cry to the Lord to show me what it was to come aright. One day while crying to the Lord for mercy, these words came very powerfully to my mind, 'If we confess our sins, God is faithful,' &c.; and a thought struck my mind something like this, that I must confess each sin and express sorrow for the same. So here I set my memory to work, to call up every sin that I had committed, and I begged earnestly of the Lord that if there were any I had not confessed he would condescend to bring them to my remembrance that I might confess them, and be favoured to hope in his mercy.

"Now this brings me to the memorable moment when the first real gleam of hope darted through my poor distracted mind. Previously to the change wrought in me, I had many very powerful temptations to take my life, but always seemed to be terrified at the thought of such a thing. My troubles did not arise from any outward circumstances in any way. I had everything, as I thought, to make me happy and easy; a good situation, and money in my pocket. But O, it was my sins, my soul lost, and lost for ever! I could not shut my eyes against the thought. If I slept, and I had but little sleep at times, it was there. But one day, at about half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, I crept away into a secret place, with my soul as full of woe as it could hold, and utterly destitute of hope. I fell on my knees before the Lord, my face resting on my hands, and feeling every moment I must die. And I remember, as well as if it was but at this moment, uttering these words, 'O Lord, I cannot live like this any longer. I deserve to die. Let me die, that I may know the worst of my case.' Then I would try and harden myself in sorrow. The words were no sooner out of my mouth, than these words were dropped into my soul with great sweetness and power: 'For my thoughts are not your thoughts,' &c. (Isa. lv. 8, 9), and at the same time the Lord, in all his bitter agonies on the cross, was clearly represented to my mind, and he looked upon me with such pity and compassion that it pierced my soul as with a thousand arrows. I then exclaimed, 'O Lord, let me die.' But the words, 'For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways,' &c., again ran through my mind. Hymn 1025, in Gadsby's Selection, blessedly spoke my feeling at that time, especially verses 2, 3, and 4. I rose up,

went out, and felt a measure of relief, and a good measure, as I thought then, I hope, that the Lord perhaps might forgive my sins. I then began to enquire about those words, if they were in the Word of God, as I did not remember having seen them; and I thought at that time if it was not Scripture it would prove of no benefit to me in the end. So I set about, with all diligence, to find the words, if they were to be found. At length I found them, word for word as they were dropped into my soul. Indeed, the whole chapter seemed like a full breast of consolation, and I saw more beauty in it than I even found sweetness, although I enjoyed a good measure of the latter. The last four verses I saw a very great beauty and blessedness in; and this was the means of raising a hope that I should be made a recipient of eternal mercy. But this did not last long, for darkness, doubt, and fear crept over my mind, Satan telling me that I had altogether mistaken the meaning of the Scriptures; and as to the people referred to, those promises were made to a covenant people, and that what I had seen was to let me know what the saints would have and I should miss.

“About this time I was tempted to believe that I had committed the unpardonable sin. Under this I was held for several weeks; and these words, ‘The Lord set a mark upon Cain,’ came into my mind, and I verily thought the Lord had set a mark upon me. As I was walking on the road one day, I met a man who was a stranger to me, but I noticed how very hard he looked at me. ‘There,’ said Satan, ‘he can see Cain’s mark upon you.’ What that mark was I could not conjecture, unless it was the misery depicted on my countenance. Now I began to have hard thoughts of God, and I reasoned thus: ‘Why did he bring me into being, when he knew that I should commit sins against him, and then condemn me to eternal fire? O that I had never been born!’ Then I thought he had power, and could have kept me from running such lengths in sin. ‘O wretch that I am! Live I cannot; die I would not. But alas! I am lost, lost for ever!’

“One day while thinking on my miserable state for time and for ever, these words arrested my mind: ‘Wherefore all manner of sin shall be forgiven unto men.’ ‘But,’ said Satan, ‘you have sinned the unpardonable sin.’ About this time I had a very trying dream. I dreamt that I was in a dark passage, and the floor was paved with glass, consequently I was quite unable to keep on my feet. It was a sharp descent, and I was quite conscious where it led to. I struggled hard to turn round to get out; I also cried aloud for help; but the more I plunged about, the further I got down. At length I reached the bottom, where was a pair of large folding iron doors, and as I reached them they flew open by some unseen power, and I beheld such a sight as can never be erased from my mind and memory. I then awoke, and, to my great astonishment, found myself in bed, but my heart in a dreadful flutter, and my body and night-clothes I might have wrung out from perspiration. Then, finding it

was not reality, I for the first time felt what true gratitude was, to think that I had escaped that burning lake for the time being.

"In 1843 I went into a room which was used by the Wesleyans. I went, as I thought, for the last time. In that room I sat with all the horrors of the damned, as it seemed to me, in my soul. But just before the close of the service, the preacher repeated those words in Mark viii. 35, 36, and they dropped with such sweetness and power into my soul, followed up with Matt. ix. 2, 'Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee,' that in an instant I found my guilt, sins, terrors, and fears, with all the curses and clamours of a broken law, had fled; and in exchange I had peace, rest, and joy in believing, through the power of the Holy Ghost. And his blessed Majesty accompanied the words with 'He that believeth hath the witness in himself;' also 'He that believeth hath set to his seal that God is true.'

"The next morning I felt like a man let down into a new world, in measure realizing what the Lord had promised me before, that I should 'go out with joy and be led forth with peace;' 'The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.'

"After my blessed Lord so sweetly delivered my soul from guilt and condemnation, by the powerful application of Mark viii. 35, 36, &c., as they dropped from the mouth of the preacher, the first request I made to the Lord was to let me die, as I stood free from guilt, as also from fear. I was then amongst the Wesleyans, and I was obliged to speak of the blessed effect of pardon in my soul. The Wesleyans told me that as the Lord had done such great things for me, I must now do something for the Lord, and that I must go out and preach. I went, I think, as near as I can remember, about three or four times; but how to preach, so as to reconcile the doctrines they held and the things done in my soul, I was quite unable to find out; and feeling it a solemn and weighty thing, I refused to go any more. They then turned upon me, and called me a wicked and slothful servant, pretending I had had so much done for me, and now refusing to work for the Lord. These things distressed me, and sent me groaning to the Lord; and on one occasion the Lord spoke these words powerfully: 'Thou shalt preach the preaching that I bid thee.' I wondered what that preaching could be; for I was at that time as ignorant of the doctrine of election and the fundamental points as Balaam's ass. I was sharply exercised in my mind about this preaching, nor could I see how it was to be brought about; but the Lord one day settled that matter with these words: "Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and none can shut it.' After this a minister, named Newman, asked me if my mind had ever been exercised about the ministry. I said it had, and continued—'Why did you ask me?' He replied, 'Because I believe you will have to be a preacher.'

"I then joined the Huntingtonians; and in 1866 a church was formed, where I attended. I was chosen deacon, and it was de-

cided by the church that I was to administer the ordinances and read and expound the Word; and a desire was often expressed, by many of the friends, that I would take a portion of Scripture and give my thoughts upon it. I did so on one occasion, when I was in the desk. The leading man took great umbrage at it; also another, who was no friend to me; but his conduct became too flagrant to be tolerated, so that the church was obliged to separate him. Mr. C., a minister, once said, 'You will have to work in the Lord's vineyard,' and he told the people, not in my hearing, that the Lord had a work for me to do; and he said, 'Do you be careful what you do to him.' I was invited, and pressed to speak, until I could resist no longer. Two houses, in different parishes, were opened for me. The chapel being five miles off, they soon filled. The Lord blessed the Word to one poor man who was on the borders of despair. Still I was sorely tried about preaching; but the Lord spoke these words: 'Go. Have not I sent thee?' and followed it up with—

'And I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.'

"Almost directly after the Lord opened my mouth, I had a letter asking me to go and speak at Chelmsford. I sent a reply to say, that as I did not feel satisfied that I had anything to do with preaching, I must decline going. They then sent a second letter, to say that they should expect me, as the thing, they believed, was of the Lord. I then consented to go once, if they would promise to ask me no more. While I was wondering at this, I received an invitation from Billericay, to speak for them. I consented to go once, but begged of them that they would not ask me a second time. I thought to myself, 'I have got into a pretty trouble; whatever shall I do?' I cried unto the Lord, that if it was not his will, he would not let the people ask me; and if it was, that he would make it plain; when these words dropped into my soul: 'Thy prayer is heard. Believest thou this?' I said, 'Yea, Lord, I believe it.'

"I then began to think that the way was made plain, but I received such a stab from one of my dearest friends that I thought my heart would break. Here I had to go again to my ever-faithful Friend, and he spake these words into my heart: 'In all my mountains I will make a way.' I went to the house of God, and spoke from the words, but did not feel as I like to feel when speaking. I felt, 'The people will all see what a fool I am.' When I got out of the chapel, a good man said to me, 'How are you?' I said, 'Not very well, for I have been speaking in bonds.' He said, 'Have you felt your bonds?' I said, 'Yes.' He said, 'Bless the Lord; I hope he will send you in bonds again, for I never before heard so powerfully in my life as this morning.' I had not been speaking long before I arranged, so nicely, one Lord's day, to go to Brentwood, chiefly to get away from speaking; but when I arrived there, to my great surprise, the leading person said to me, 'You will speak for us to-day.' I

said, 'O dear no, I did not come here to speak.' He said, 'But you will have to speak.' On another occasion, after I had done speaking, at a place where I went once a fortnight, a good old man came and said, 'Do you remember what you spoke from the last time you were here?' I said, 'Yes,' rather tremblingly. He said, 'I do, and I thought I must tell you, for your encouragement, how the word was blessed to me.'

"The Lord has continued to help me through many oppositions and hard words from professed friends. He has helped me hitherto, and brought me, in his providence, where I am, although I was invited to two or three other places, with a view to the charge; but I have no doubt that I am where the Lord intended to place me. Trials and exercises, bitters and sweets I have, but I am kept alive to this day."

This concludes the account written, of his early experience, by our departed friend. In the year 1873 he was called to the pastorate over the church at Biggleswade, worshipping in Providence Chapel, and continued with them till the year 1884, when, through some differences arising between him and some of the people, he resigned his charge and began to supply various churches holding the doctrines of grace, many of them being in Lancashire and Yorkshire, until a short time before his death. For the last ten or twelve years of his life he was afflicted with a very distressing though painless disorder of the throat, which at times almost prevented his speaking, and was always a most serious inconvenience to him in his ministry; but, like Paul, he was enabled to endure it patiently, as a thorn in the flesh with which the Lord saw good to exercise him for his growth in the graces of humility and patience. Our friend was sound and clear in doctrine and experimental in his preaching, often speaking to the hearts of his hearers with unction and power. During his ministry at Biggleswade, the church was increased considerably, and several improvements and repairs were effected in the building of the chapel. Though a man of very few words on general subjects, when he was drawn out into conversation on spiritual things, his discourse showed that "the wellspring of wisdom is like a flowing brook," for he spoke with sweetness and savour of what he had felt, tasted, and handled of the goodness of the Lord. He was indeed a pleasant companion on such occasions, as the writer can testify, in whose soul he has left a lasting impression of brotherly union. His second wife, to whom he had been married for over thirty years, died about three years since, and after that he went to reside with two ladies at Potton, to whose kindness and attention to his comfort he bore strong testimony, saying that they were like daughters to him; and to the time of his decease they tended him with the same Christian affection, for which every brother and sister in the Lord will feel thankful to them, as the Lord's handmaids to one of his afflicted servants. These ladies have jotted down a few remarks and notes as to his last days, with which I purpose concluding

this account of our dear friend. He continued preaching till April of this year, but was then very unwell, and obliged to cancel his engagements; after that he was worse for several weeks, and then recovered sufficiently to take short walks and sit in the garden on fine days. He so continued through the summer, some days better, and again worse. During this time he was generally in a very comfortable frame of mind, and delighted to talk about the goodness of the Lord to him, and would look back and trace all the way the Lord had led him, and would say, although it had been a pathway of trials, troubles and afflictions, it had been the right way; for he could see now that he had not had one trial too many, but goodness and mercy had followed him all the way. He would often say, "I wish I could thank the Lord more,

'For mercies countless as the sand,
Which daily I receive.'"

He was truly thankful for having so many kind friends, and used to say, the Lord raised up friends for him wherever he went, and he felt sure they would be rewarded for all their kindness to him.

On August 3rd he was much worse, and was obliged to stay in bed; he suffered great pain, but was quite resigned, and very much blessed with the presence of the Lord. He would often say the Lord had been with him in a most remarkable way most of the time, the enemy not being permitted to harass him at all. He would also frequently exclaim—

"He saw me ruined in the fall,

Yet loved me notwithstanding all;" &c.

One day he said he had not that sweet comfort he had been enjoying of late, but facts could not be altered; that nearly fifty years ago the Lord gave him a promise that he would never leave nor forsake him, and he never had, nor would, but has been as good as his word. He would often quote these lines—

"Poor and afflicted, Lord, are thine," &c.

On August 11, being told it was his birthday, he replied, "I had hoped it was the Lord's will for me to spend this birthday in glory, for 'the day of a man's death is better than the day of his birth,' if so be he has a good hope; and I have that." Some days after, it appeared to those around him that his end was near; he was very peaceful, and said, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them—Yes, follow, not go before or with them, but follow after," and then solemnly added, "Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal glory." He would say, "Do come, dear Lord, do come;" and stretched out his hands entreatingly, saying, "Precious Lord, do come and take me to thyself." Later on he said, he was quite happy; as happy as he could or wished to be in this world. He expressed his thanks for all the care and attention he had re-

ceived, and said, "You all have been very kind to me, but the Lord has been kinder, for

'He raised me from the depths of sin,' &c.

Some time after he said, "'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.' I hope I am one; I think I am." He revived a little for a few days, and then gradually became worse. He would sometimes quote the lines, commencing, "Peace by his cross has Jesus made," &c.; and often remarked, "The truths I have preached, I have lived by them, and I can die by them." For some days he was very weak, not being able to speak more than a few words now and then, and the last day scarcely anything. On the 23rd August he peacefully, with a gentle sigh, passed away. He was interred, on the 26th August, at Biggleswade Cemetery, by Mr. Wilson, of Clifton; Mr. T. Wilson, of Biggleswade, taking part in the service. "The memory of the just is blessed." WRIGHT GEE.

WILLIAM CASWELL, of Horton, Gloucestershire, aged 18 years, was one of a family, ten in number. Two sisters were called away from this world of sin and sorrow six years ago, one 29 years of age, the other 23, but we have every reason to hope that they are taken from the evil to come, and that their ransomed souls are with the Lord; hence we sorrow not as those who have no hope, for "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," and at times can say, "blessed be the name of the Lord."

William was not left to run into open sin as many at his early age have been, but we noticed no work of grace upon his soul until it pleased the Lord to bring him low through affliction. After being ill three weeks, we thought his end was very near. His brothers and sisters were sent for, to whom he spoke in the most solemn manner of the uncertainty of life, the certainty of death, judgment, and eternity, intreating them to consider their latter end, assuring them of their interest in his prayers that they might be brought to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ, if his will, through his blood and righteousness.

"If I die now," he said, "heaven will be my eternal home. I shall behold my Saviour's face with joy, who has washed me from my sins and saved me with an everlasting salvation. I have the earnest of it in my soul, and hope soon to realize its full enjoyment and be eternally satisfied."

For a few days we encouraged the hope that he would be spared to us a little longer, but the Lord had purposed otherwise, and soon this hope was cut off. For five weeks he was not able to turn over in bed, his sufferings being most severe, yet patiently endured. He was constantly begging of the Lord to give him grace to bear with meekness and submission all that he might see fit to lay upon him, saying, "Do come and take me to thyself; 'Loose me from this house of clay,

Then I will sing as loud as they.'"

He was so weak as to be able to speak only in a whisper, and

few friends were favoured to see him. One with whom he had been acquainted asked him if he could look back to any time in his life when the Lord was pleased to convince him of his state as a sinner, and to cause him to feel his need of a Saviour. He replied, "I can, and shall never forget it. It is about three years ago, under a sermon by Mr. Small. The arrows of conviction entered my soul, and I was brought in guilty and undone, from which I could not escape, sinking in distress and almost in despair." His mother asked him if anything had been made helpful to him; when he found a few hymns which the Lord had blessed to his soul, and upon which he had encouraged him to hope. He desired, if raised up again, to confess him before the world, saying,

"Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found."

Just at this time his father injured his foot, and was obliged to stay at home, which gave him the opportunity of conversing with his son respecting the things that the Lord had done for his soul. He asked him if he loved and approved the truths he heard at the little chapel. He replied, "Yes, I can rest the whole weight of my soul, living or dying, upon them, for I believe them to be strictly in accordance with the word and will of God; a certain and sure foundation that will never give way." His conversation was most spiritual, his heart and affections being in heaven. On another occasion he desired his mother to thank God for his mercies during the day, and to ask him to grant him a little sleep through the night. On the following morning, after thanking the Lord for preserving mercy in such an affecting and solemn manner that we shall ever remember, his father said, "My boy, your mind has been in heaven for a time this morning." He replied, "Yes, father, and I hope soon to be there myself." In the evening he once more, and for the last time, poured out his soul to God. Every word was with power, as he quoted portions of the word of God and hymns, such as

"God moves in a mysterious way,"
"O Lord, I would delight in thee," &c.

On being asked if he had any wish to get better, he said, "I have left it with the Lord; his will is mine." His mother said, "You will soon exchange earth for heaven." "None too soon," he responded; "here is sorrow, sin, and pain, but in heaven these things are done away, and parting will be no more; and I am sure I shall go there, for Jesus has said, 'Where I am, there shall ye be also;' therefore he will not leave me behind.

On the day of his death he told his sister that he was going home, and should soon be with his two sisters gone before. In the afternoon he closed his eyes, and commended himself in prayer to God, but not so as to be understood by us, except a word now and then, such as "O Lord," "Heavenly Father," &c.

W. GIBBS.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

FEBRUARY, 1893.

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

THE HIGHWAY CAST UP.

A SERMON BY MR. RUSSELL, OF SWINDON, PREACHED AT SALEM CHAPEL, PORTSMOUTH, SUNDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 23RD, 1892.

“Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people: cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people.”—Isaiah lxiii. 10.

THE Lord has been pleased to employ a large variety of similitudes, and to speak in highly figurative language in his holy Word, and that to convey his mind unto his church and people; but in order to understand the spiritual import of figurative language we need what the apostle Paul is pleased to call “an enlightened understanding,” and what our Lord did for his disciples when journeying to Emmaus, when it is said, “Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures.” Previous to that time, the disciples had a very little insight into God’s holy Word; but when Jesus opened their understanding, then they could see the force of prophecy concerning Christ himself. When our Lord was here upon earth, he likewise spoke parabolically and figuratively in many instances.

The similitudes employed in our text are those of “gates,” “highway,” “stones in that highway,” and of a “standard.” All this is figurative language. The Lord Jesus Christ spoke of two principal highways; one was the highway to destruction, and the other was the highway to eternal life. At the entrance of both of these principal highways were gates; one was the wide gate, the other the strait or narrow gate. The gate at the entrance of the broad way was a wide one, and admitted many through it; and so the Lord said concerning it, “Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, which leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat.” And as it was the broad way then, and many travellers therein, so it is to this pre-

sent time; still a wide gate, and still a broad way, and still many travellers therein—"Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." It was few then, it is few now; and notwithstanding the enlightenment of this nineteenth century, there is still "a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen; the lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it; the unclean shall not pass over it; no lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there; and the wayfaring men (that is, those that are in it), though fools, shall not err therein." Whatever views you may have of yourselves as pertaining to your foolishness, or whatever views I might have of myself pertaining to my ignorance; this one thing we are grounded and settled in: If ever we get to heaven, it must be by the narrow path, and Jesus Christ is the way; so that—

"There's not a man that's born of God,
But readily will say,
If ever my poor soul be saved,
'Tis Christ must be the way."

Well, as there are these two principal ways and gates at the entrances, so there are many other gates spoken of in God's holy Word which the saints of God are brought to be acquainted with; hence there are those which are called the "gates of death," and the sweet psalmist of Israel had an experience from his God relative to these gates, knowing what he had been delivered from, and how the mercy of God had been surrounding him. He offers this prayer of present distress: "Have mercy upon me, O Lord: consider my trouble which I suffer of them that hate me, thou that liftest me up from the gates of death." He had been down there, and the hand of God had reached him; the power of Jehovah had been displayed in lifting him up therefrom, and he could look back and ask for mercy from that same God. What did he want it particularly for? "That I may show forth all thy praise"—not a part of it—in the gates of the daughter of Zion. "I will rejoice in thy salvation." That is what he wanted mercy for, that God might again be glorified in his deliverance; that he might go and tell God's people; that he might go forth in the gates of the daughter of Zion, and tell what God had done in delivering him, and show forth his praise thereby.

In that chapter I read in your hearing (Rev. xxi.) this evening, John was privileged to have a sight of the "holy

city," and he saw that that city had twelve gates, and in them the names of the twelve tribes of Israel. He saw also that that city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb. Now, in the order of time, the twelve patriarchs had their existence about fifteen hundred years before the apostles' day, and yet their names are placed in the gates; whereas the apostles who came so many years after, had their names reckoned in the foundations. Now, shall I ask the question, Why was that? If I answer it, I shall answer it like this: Those twelve tribes of Israel were typical of the whole Church of the living God in their variety of exercises, experiences, conflicts, temptations, difficulties, triumphs, and victories, through which they were brought by the power of their God; and further, they were typical of the various constitutions, temperaments and dispensations which are to be found in the family of Jehovah; so that there are some who display, at times, the spirit of anger, and others display the spirit of jealousy, and others the spirit of pride, and others display personal ambition; but though there are so many different temperaments in the church militant, there are no variations existing when they come into the church triumphant. For each tribe had their twelve thousand sealed and placed in equality on the gates of Zion. They had Moses as their leader and commander; Moses went to them in Egypt, Moses goes before them in the Red Sea, Moses is their leader and commander through the wilderness, Moses is at the head of them till they come to Jordan. But let me tell you this: God never designed to build up his church upon the law, or that Moses should be the foundation of that church; hence, Moses leads them on till they come to Jordan, where Joshua is appointed to take Moses' place, beautifully typifying the Lord Jesus Christ, the antitype of the law. Joshua leads them on to the "promised land," set forth in a spiritual way and manner. Looking at this, and applying it in an experimental way and manner, we find how the law of Moses becomes our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ. Moses brought the people to Joshua, and then Moses had to leave them, and Joshua had to take command of them. Therefore God never designed to build up his church and people upon the law, but upon the faith of the everlasting Gospel was his church to be built up; hence the apostles had their names written in the foundations. But let us go a little further.—These twelve gates denoted, in the first place, "equality." They were all alike, exactly

of the same dimensions, the same lengths, and the same breadths, thus showing equality. In the next place it denoted uniformity. These gates were all alike, and made of the same material, for every gate was of one pearl, and thus uniformity and equality were readily observable. There is to be seen, further, that perfection of glory reigns there, inasmuch as the number twelve is the symbol of perfection with our God; and thus there were twelve tribes and twelve apostles: in the gates the names of the twelve tribes, and in the foundations the names of the twelve apostles. Again, we see in it the beauty of access from all quarters. "They shall come," says God, "from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the Kingdom of God." Thus, the city lieth foursquare, with gates on each side, showing that there is admission from the four corners of the earth; and God shall have all his people there, and there shall not be one absent when God makes up his last account; no absent sons, no vacant thrones, shall be known when Christ appears.

With these remarks we will draw a little nearer to our text. I shall not attempt to divide this subject; but if the Lord shall be pleased to help, we shall deal with it in the order in which it stands.

The whole of our subject, we may say, takes the form of a divine commission. There is a certain person or persons here spoken to by Jehovah himself, and that person or persons is or are commanded to be active. The context points very clearly to the person or persons here referred to; hence, in the 6th verse, Jehovah speaks like this: "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night: Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and give him no rest, till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." Now, God here claims himself to be the divine author of placing the watchmen upon the walls of Zion; and I will venture to go so far as this, that no person who is not divinely authorized by God to preach the gospel will preach that word with that authority as one who is authorized to preach it. The duty of watchmen in olden times was this: To stand on the walls of the city, and watch for the approach of enemies; and if they saw in the distance the approach of the enemy, then it was their duty to sound the alarm, and that alarm had not to be misleading or uncertain; and to this the apostle Paul referred

when he said, "If the trumpet (that is the watchman's trumpet) give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?" They would not understand what was the matter if the trumpet gave an uncertain sound; but if it gave a certain sound, they would understand that they must prepare for the conflict. Now, God, so to speak, calls aloud to his watchmen, just as though he had said, "I have something else for you to do as well as to stand upon the walls and sound the note of alarm." You know there is this possibility, that a person may stand in a pulpit, and he may preach the truth as it is in Jesus, strictly in accordance with the Word of God, so that the keenest critic should not be able to detect an error in his testimony; yet, though he speak so clearly that the keenest critic could not discover an error in his testimony, his outward conduct in life might be very inconsistent, so that his preaching the truth, although ever so clear, would lose its effect upon the hearers; and therefore, what we understand by the commission in the language of our text, "Go through, go through the gates," is, as if Jehovah had said, "Now, be an example to the people; you profess to preach the gospel, or sound the sound of alarm; do not be always upon the walls, but come down and go through the gates; let the people in the city know the sort of character you are, and what kind of life you spend every day; let them see something of the effects of that which you preach in your everyday life, just as if God had said it." And is not this important? I should say, it is of the greatest importance; and the great importance of it is conveyed in the repetition of the thing. God did not design it to be passed by unnoticed; but God says, "Go through, go through." Now I will put it like this; Suppose that in Swindon, where I am well known and preach occasionally (and I hope I preach there in the same strain as I preach here, and that the same truths are delivered there as those I deliver here, and the same glorious Gospel as I hope I deliver here, and the same Christ exalted, as I hope and desire to exalt here). Now suppose that the congregation by whom I am known personally, knew that I visited the public-house occasionally, and spent my evenings with the company there; or if in my business transactions I tried to take advantage of my fellows by craftiness; they would say, "What is the use of taking notice of what that man says? What example is he to the people to whom he preaches?" Why, my preaching would lose all its influence, and be like the truth cast to the winds. But God says, "Go through, go through

the gates." When he has anything important to impress upon the minds of his church and people, he generally repeats the language like this, to show its importance; and so we have in the 40th chapter of Isaiah a passage like this: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her sin is pardoned: for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins." There we have the person commissioned; there we have the commission, and the people he was to go to; and there we have the blessed results of the blessing received—received double of the Lord's hand.

The first gate which we shall refer to will be that which is at the entrance of the narrow way, called the strait gate, and we hesitate not for one moment to set that gate as "the gate of regeneration," or new birth; and whatever profession we might make in the Lord's name, and however high we might stand in the estimation of our fellow creatures, if we have never passed through the gate of regeneration, nor had a new birth (spiritually speaking), we are no nearer heaven than when we were born; for we are still outside the narrow way, until the strait gate is passed through. It is called, in Scripture, "The passage from death unto life." "For we know (said John) that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren;" and our Lord insisted upon this very emphatically when he was here upon earth, and said in this wise: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see (much less enter) the kingdom of God." "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I say unto you, Ye must be born again." Now, here comes in the blessed work of the Holy Spirit: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." That person (man, woman, or child) that is on the road to heaven through the strait gate; in the way to eternal life; such person will have to meet with conflicts, trials, oppositions, temptations, and crosses in their journey, if they have passed that strait gate.

Let us look at another gate. There is the gate of faith; and when we deal with faith, we must just draw the line of distinction between living faith and dead faith. I want you to judge upon this point, whether you have the living or dead faith. The dead faith is a negative faith; it is motionless; it performs no work; it has no

hand to lay upon the head of Jesus, and so to confess sin there; it has no eye to see the beauty in his face; it has no mouth to taste that he is gracious; it has no ear to hear the sound of his voice; it has no mind to worship or serve him with delight and pleasure; and therefore, being dead, it is in every sense negative, as James said concerning it: "For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also."

Now, what about the living faith? The living faith in Christ has a hand, and that hand is sometimes laid upon the head of the Lord Jesus Christ; and confession of his sins is made out of the sinner's mouth to the Lord Jesus Christ; hence dear Watts said,—

"My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine;
Whilst like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin."

And as faith has received this hand, so likewise it has an eye, which beholds more beauty in the face of the Lord Jesus than in all the creatures of our God put together; hence he is viewed with the eye of faith by God's dear family as "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." Then this faith has a mouth, and that mouth is favoured at times to taste that the Lord is gracious. And this living faith has also an ear, which hears sweet music in the name of Jesus, so that no other music is to be compared with it; as dear Watts says,—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear."

Moreover, faith has feet with which to walk in the ways of God; and a mind to serve God in the newness of life, and not in the oldness of the letter. "For whatsoever is not of faith, is sin." Hence you see the beauty of having a living faith in Christ, and that as an active one, which goes out towards its author, Jesus Christ. "Looking," as the apostle Paul said, "unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." Do not think for one moment of knowing anything of the preciousness of him without faith! We have never seen him naturally. Do you think there is a possibility of having a real love to Christ without faith? It is utterly impossible. Therefore it is, "Whom having not seen, ye love;" having seen him, in a believing heart, "Ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory: receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your

souls." So you see what a living faith does for the children of God. Far, far better to have one grain of living faith than to have this chapel full of faith that is dead. Combined with faith, there is hope and love; the apostle's sum-total. After speaking of a variety of things, he sets forth this as the total sum remaining, "Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity."

We will not dwell longer on this part of our subject, but will now notice the next sentence: "Prepare ye the way of the people." John the Baptist was called the forerunner of Christ, or one that prepared the way for him; and when he came to prepare the way for Christ, he did it like this: "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain: and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." That is one way that he prepared for the Lord Jesus Christ; thus showing how Christ Jesus removed all difficulties and all obstructions in the way, and made an open, clear, and plain path for the salvation of his church and people. By bringing down the mountains and exalting the valleys, a level is made; by making the rough places plain, and the crooked straight, a straight road is open, one that is pleasant to the feet; and this through what Jesus Christ has accomplished on behalf of his church and people. There was not a crook in the law through the weakness of the flesh, but Jesus Christ made it straight; no rough places in the law, but he made them smooth; not a mountain in that law, but he has brought down, so to speak, and exalted his people from that valley of humiliation to the mountain of redeeming grace and dying love.

But there was another way that John prepared for the coming of Christ; that was, he came baptizing with water; but in preparing of the way for Christ, John never thought that a person would be saved upon the ground of being baptized; that was not how he prepared the way for Christ! And I hope you have never had any one to preach for you from this pulpit that would teach that we are saved upon the ground of being baptized by water. I have never heard of a Particular Baptist preaching so, and I hope I never shall. John came in this way, preparing for Christ: "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance." Repentance there means amendment of life, reformation of con-

duct, separation from the world. That is what is meant by John's baptism by water unto repentance; but he further said, "There cometh one mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire: whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into his garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." See what a solemn disparity John saw between himself and Christ; he, as preparer of the way, was not worthy to bear the shoes of him who was to come. Now, there is another point I want to touch upon here. There was a multitude came to John that bore no fruits of repentance, no amendment of life, no separation from the world; and yet they desired to be baptized by John. What did he say? "O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance; and think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father; for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham." Now, what does that mean? It means this: We are not to say within ourselves, "We are the elect, we are of the seed of Abraham, and therefore may live as we like; it does not matter what our conduct in the world may be, if we are of the seed of Abraham, and of the elect, when we come to die we shall go to heaven upon the ground of that; and my conduct has nothing to do with it." He would not baptize them on that ground; that is right Antinomianism to say thus to ourselves, "'We have Abraham to be our father,' or that we are of the elect, and when we die shall go to heaven." I say, Away with such Antinomianism, and let us contend for an amendment of life and separation from the world. John said, "The axe is laid unto the root of the trees (whether he be elect or of the seed of Abraham): therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire." That is John's version of the matter. "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Now then, the gate of baptism was opened by the Lord Jesus Christ himself, as the way into the church set before us; and he opened that gate of baptism previous to opening the gate of the Lord's Supper; hence we contend, according to the Scripture order of our God, that baptism by immersion precedes going to the table to communion, if we follow in

the footsteps of the Lord Jesus Christ and have him as our example. Now, you know I should be condemned in my conscience if I preached to you after this order, if I had not been baptized myself, and if I did not believe it right and consistent as the right way into the church militant here; but I do believe it, and believe that we are following the Lord Jesus Christ in a consistent way and manner, by baptizing by immersion in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and thus going through that gate into the church militant here below. "Prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people."

We have not half done with the verse which we read for our text this evening, but the time is gone, and therefore will not proceed further with our subject. God command his blessing upon his own truth, and lead you into the solemn consideration of its force and reality, and, if his gracious will, may you be led to practice his word, for Christ's sake. Amen.

THE WANDERER'S DREAM.

Genesis xxviii.

HE slept beneath the desert skies;
 His pillow was the desert stone;
 Yet heavenly visions bless'd his eyes,
 And cheer'd his spirit, sad and lone.
 He saw the stair of light let down,
 Whose shining steps the angels trod,
 And call'd the desert where it shone,
 The gate of heaven—the house of God.
 Thy sleepless eye, O God, still keeps
 Its watch o'er every covenant heir;
 And angels down that ladder's steps,
 From thee to me a blessing bear.
 Through Christ to thee ascends my prayer;
 Through Christ on me is grace bestow'd;
 Each place becomes, when Christ is there,
 The gate of heaven—the house of God.
 In dungeons dark, in dwellings mean,
 Where suffering saints have bent the knee,
 That mystic ladder has been seen,
 And angels come with gifts from thee.
 This night may I the vision see,
 My spirit climb that radiant road;
 This night my quiet chamber be
 The gate of heaven—the house of God.

A LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. J. WARBURTON.

Southill, Aug. 26, 1881.

My dear Friend,—God is good; he is wise, gracious, merciful, tender, and of great compassion. In times of deep trial, when visited with cutting reproofs, and our very soul is ploughed up by grievous disappointment, the hand of God's afflicting dispensation laid upon our poor body, the things we have loved, looked forward unto with anticipated pleasure, torn from us, all our foreseen comforts ended in pain and sorrow, and we in our feelings a mere wreck, cast out, cast off, dealt with as if the Lord intended our utter destruction—in such a strait place, wounded in mind, harrowed up in soul, chafed in spirit, pressed with tormenting fear, stung with guilt, one's soul shut up in darkness, with nothing but enmity against God, rebellion against his ways, and infidelity at work, diffusing its hateful bane in every part—in such a predicament to sit quietly down, unruffled in mind, undisturbed in spirit, and say, O how good, kind, gracious, merciful, and pitiful the Lord is to me! is impossible to human nature.

Trials come according to the purpose of God. They are sent for good, and good will come out of them. Our poor purblind reason cannot see that any good will result from this painful affliction or that heavy cross, or from this or the other mortifying dispensation. But let our fears, unbelief, hardness of heart, and desperation be ever so great, they cannot prevent the design of God in sending the affliction—no, never! God sends them in wisdom, and in wisdom he so regulates and disposes of them that they shall turn to advantage. If we have faith, the one faith of God's elect, we shall have trials; hence we read of "the trial of your faith." All the afflictions that the family of hope pass through are trials for their faith. The effect of affliction is to discover and bring to view what formerly was hid from sight. The furnace discovers the dross; our pride, lust, malice, enmity, self-righteousness, heart blasphemy, and desperate evils, all appear swarming by thousands. We now feel what hundreds only utter—that we are sinners, having the plague spot of corruption deep in us, rankling in every part. Now we can say in truth, having experience of the same: "In me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." The Lord now works marvellously in us, to enable us to do some of those impossibilities that others, void of such things, cannot do. The Lord, of his good pleasure, works in us not only to will, but also to do. We can no more perform what God commands, by our strength, than we can create a new sun. Nothing is more easy than for men to bring forth precept after precept, and place them as an iron yoke upon the necks of believers, until their souls are well nigh brought into cruel bondage. The Psalmist points to the way and manner—how and when—the commandments are kept and walked in: "I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart." (Psalm cxix. 32.) It is then that the heart is enlarged; that those things which contract the soul, and keep the spirit as

it were shut up in prison, are removed; a clear course opened; every stumblingblock taken away; and the burden that has pressed so heavily taken off the shoulders. Now, the sin that contracts the mind, shuts it up so that there is no coming forth, is unbelief; when doubts arise as to the truth of our profession, and we can see many things, yea, everything in us as grounds for our incredulity. The great burden, pressing with such weight as to make our spirit stoop, and prevent our observing God's commands, is guilt. In this extremity, when our crimes press upon us, our sins come in view, and the mercy of God is withheld, contractedness of spirit will surely be the effect. Another thing that prevents us from doing what we would is insensibility; we are then as stupid and senseless as if neither mercy, judgments, the pains of hell or the bliss of heaven could move us. O, wretched state! How this shuts, contracts, and narrows the heart! Nor have we power to break down these hedges that so confine our souls. Can we, when mists, and fogs, and clouds obscure the sun, command them to depart? We cannot loose the bands of Orion. The dayspring is not at our command. When in this state, death and bondage are in all we say or do. Can we pray with any heart or soul? Alas! words freeze upon our lips. Can we read with profit? Not one verse without wandering. Can we love either the Lord's people or the Lord himself? Impossible. Now mark, what is impossible with us is possible with God; therefore he comes at the appointed time, having salvation; and just according to the proportion of salvation realized in the heart, so it expands and enlarges; and then there is a doing the will of God in obeying his precepts. One of these is repentance. Can I do this of myself? I may fast, put on a long face, squeeze out a few canting tears, observe many things distressing to the body; yet in all this there may not be one grain of real gospel repentance toward God. It is the goodness of God coming into the heart, enlightening the soul to see the lines of truth drawn upon the conscience; this softens the heart, sets godly fear in exercise, enlarges the affections, and sets love in motion. Now there is an open door set before us. Strength of faith, of hope, of patience, of confidence being renewed, there is a "mounting up with wings as eagles;" or if not able to soar on high, yet we may "run and not be weary;" or if not enlarged so as to be able to run, yet to "walk and not faint." It is the Spirit that worketh all in all, yet not to the same depth or extent. God's promise is to "pour water upon him that is thirsty;" that is, a soul panting, longing after, and desiring righteousness, will have a measure of grace from God. "And floods upon the dry ground;" that is, a soul resembling the drought of summer, when the earth is hard and chapt; "floods"—such a measure of grace as shall abundantly satisfy the waste and desolate places. "I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring;" that is, the Spirit of adoption shall rest upon an heir of God under slavish fear.

Now, according to the threefold measure received, there is the threefold effect: "One shall say, I am the Lord's; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel." You, my friend, will, I have no doubt, say, "If I can come in at all, it must be with weeping, fearing, despised, crushed, troubled, and afflicted Jacob." Then you are among the blessed; yea, and you shall be blessed. Now, be attentive: a blessing there will be couching under all your crosses, trials, sorrows, and afflictions. Your seed time may be a weeping one; eternal life is in the seed; spring up it will—"first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn" of peace and joy "in the ear;" for God crowneth the year with his blessing—the harvest.

SAFETY ALONE IN JESUS.

My Dear H.—Your note rejoiced my heart, but I shrink from answering it from a sense of my *inability*. O that the dear Lord would, as you say, guide the pen! You say it is all temporal trouble that has brought you to a throne of grace. Well, my dear, what a mercy is it to be brought there by any means! But tell me honestly, Do you ask for temporal mercy, and will temporal blessings satisfy you, or does your soul sigh for those which are eternal? Does not your heart pant for Jesus and his salvation? Do you see enough in the Lord Jesus to make you feel that an interest in his love and communion with him, conformity to his image and the lot of his people (which is tribulation in the world but peace in him), are more to be desired than all the things of this world? Let conscience answer. Would not your heart prefer the portion of the Lord's people to the highest attainments of this life? I know you cannot be satisfied in your present state, nor do I wish you to be, any more than I would wish you to leave home for the purpose of visiting me, and then settle yourself down at one of the stations on the line. I would have you become more and more dissatisfied with your present state.

You can never know the feeling of safety till feelingly *in Jesus*, the precious City of Refuge; but I would have you encouraged and animated by the hope that you are *in the way*, and may the recollection of the *slow* progress you have hitherto made stimulate you to *press forward*. I know, by experience, the place you are in, and all the exercises you speak of, and I have proved, by blessed experience, that when passing through them I was in the footsteps of the flock. May the Lord encourage your heart and strengthen you to wait upon him diligently, to cry unto him mightily, until he arise and shine upon your soul with pardon, love, and joy, enabling you, in the language of the word, to exclaim, "My beloved is mine, and I am his."

M. MARSH.

THE GIFTS AND GRACES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT:
HIS WORK AND OPERATIONS IN THE SOULS
OF GOD'S PEOPLE.

WE read in the holy Scriptures that the redeemed family of God have ever been distinguished and set apart from the rest of mankind by special marks and evidences known only unto the Lord, and many inestimable blessings have been conveyed unto them from time to time by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, whose divine commission it is to seek after, and search them out from among the ruins of the fall, and to "bring them unto the light," that they may be made manifest that they are sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, and whom he hath from all eternity treasured up and so signally blessed in the Person of his eternal Son, Jesus Christ. This redeemed family, then, have had a standing and a resting place in God's dear Son from all eternity, and by virtue of that standing are members of his Mystical Body, as we read, "Bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh." Christ, speaking of them as his own gift, says, "This people have I formed for myself: they shall show forth my praise." There is then a sacred bond of union subsisting between this redeemed family and a Three-one Jehovah which can never be broken. Hence they are loved eternally by God, the Father, who hath chosen them in his only begotten Son, Jesus Christ, from the rest of mankind, and the Eternal Son having received them as his own from the hands of the Father, and seeing the awful state into which they had sunken by transgression, freely and willingly offered himself to become their Mediator, Day-man, Surety, Saviour, and Redeemer; and above all, laid down his life for their sakes, and suffered an ignominious death, even the death of the cross, that he might redeem their souls from an eternal death, and present them before his Father, without spot or blemish, or any such thing. This sacred bond of union, and this relationship, which exists between Christ and his bride, with all other matters that belong to the bride's spiritual welfare and the Lord's honour and glory, are to be made known to this chosen people, this royal priesthood, and this holy nation, by the blessed teachings and quickening operations of the Holy Spirit, who is in every way equal with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ, proceeding from them both, as we read in the sacred word, and therefore every grace and favour emanates from him; and whatever good we may think we possess, if we have not received it through the teaching of the Holy Spirit, it is of no real value, and, like "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal," will perish in the using. The Holy Spirit, then, is God, and God declares that he "is a Spirit, and to worship him aright he must be worshipped in spirit and in truth." Without the Holy Spirit we cannot do this, nor yet perform any other spiritual act which shall be acceptable to God. Of all the rich blessings that a covenant God in Christ Jesus can bestow upon us poor mortals

in this sin-dyed world, none can be greater than the gift of the Spirit in our hearts; and through the Spirit we derive every grace and favour that we need to make us "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."

It is our desire, as the Lord the Spirit is pleased to help us, to set forth some of those spiritual graces of the Holy Spirit which are so abundantly bestowed upon the redeemed family by the eternal God in Christ Jesus, and whose graces are so intrinsically valuable and essential for the preparing of the whole of the redeemed family for all the vicissitudes of this life, and for that eternal weight of glory that awaits them.

(i). The first gracious operation of the Holy Spirit, then, that we shall endeavour to consider, is *the revelation and application of eternal life*; and this eternal life, as we see from the inspired word, is evidently a pure gift from the eternal Three-one Jehovah, as Christ himself says, "I give unto my sheep eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." This spiritual and eternal life, then, is given to sheep belonging unto Christ; they are his by gift and by purchase. Hence he says, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Here we see how free was this gift from the bosom of the Father, for the Father gave them all to his dear Son, and that from all eternity. And does not the Holy Spirit give the command to every faithful minister of the Gospel, to feed the church of God, which Christ hath purchased with his most precious blood? Here then was the price paid for them, therefore they must belong to him, and are his lawful gift and purchase. Thus, according to his own sovereign mind and will, and at that special time which he, as God and man in one person, hath purposed in himself (for he giveth no account of his matters), he giveth eternal life unto his sheep, and through this life given them they leave the paths of sin and folly, "Turn to the fold and enter in," and are made manifest to be sheep of Christ's pasture. But this eternal life is made known in the hearts of these sheep by the Holy Spirit, and in no other way; for the Holy Spirit takes of the things of Jesus, and reveals them unto his chosen family. It is then the greatest mistake to suppose that these sheep belonging to Christ, in their unregenerate state, can give themselves life, or in any way quicken their own souls, or that any man can perform such an operation for them. If they could, the Apostle Paul's expression could not be true. He says, "By grace ye are saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." But taking a broad view of the religion of the day in which we live, we fear that there are but few to be found who in their hearts believe that they must be saved by grace. However, the Holy Spirit alone teaches this doctrine effectually in the hearts of those to whom he reveals eternal life; and when divine life is given, then another doctrine is laid upon the mind with solemn weight and power. And as

all God's words are true, so the great Searcher of hearts takes care to write so much of them as is needful in the inmost mind; and this great doctrine, which Christ preached when upon earth, is laid much upon the mind, *i.e.*, "*Ye must be born again;*" and it is brought home to the sinner's heart who has received eternal life with a crushing weight, so that he is brought to a complete stand, and wonders how, and in what way he is to be born again. His reasoning powers cannot help him here, and he is as much set fast with reason as was Nicodemus, who went to Jesus by night, saying, "How can these things be?" But do we not see here some good effects of this grace of the Holy Spirit which has been made known to him? Before this eternal life was made manifest in the heart, there was no enquiry as to how we could be "born again," nor yet did we feel our lost and ruined state and condition, or know that we were sinners before a holy and a heart-searching God. Eternal life, then, has done something, if it has only brought us to feel that we are sinners, for Jesus came to call sinners unto repentance; but this inward life has discovered deadness and darkness, and brought us into much bondage and misery; so much so, that we feel we are as nothing, and as a thing of nought in our own eyes; and we ask ourselves, "What must we be in the eyes of the Lord, who cannot look upon sin but with the greatest abhorrence?" We now feel the truth and solemn importance of God's holy word, which says that "God looked down from heaven upon the children of men to see if there were any that did understand and seek God;" but alas! "they were all gone astray, there were none that did seek him; no, not one." But how is it possible for a fallen sinner to seek after God and to do good unless the gift of eternal life is bestowed upon him? Surely we know nothing of the way to heaven, and the manner how we are to seek unto God and obtain mercy until he, by his good Spirit, communicates divine life into our hearts; and when it is placed there, it begins to work mightily in our souls, to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin and Satan, and the laying bare the carnal heart with its deceitfulness and lusts, and as the grace of the Spirit looks deeper and deeper into the carnal mind, bringing to light the deceit, the hypocrisy, and discovers to our astonished gaze the hidden things of dishonesty, we start at the sight, and with solemn feelings exclaim, "How can God dwell in such a heart as mine?" Never did we have such a sight of ourselves as we have now, and never before did we feel that we are corrupt in every part; so much so, that we are at a point in saying that "there is no soundness in my flesh." Indeed we feel that "the whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint." We are, then, unholy in every part, and know not how we are to be made better; this inward life has so upset us, and has so upset everything around us, that we are fearful of the awful consequences that may follow. We feel miserable in ourselves, because our sins and iniquities testify against us; and we are miserable in

the world because we cannot do the things that we would. We have a mind to do what is right; but when we would do any little good which our better judgment might propose, alas! we find that "evil is present with us," and our heartfelt language often is, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But not only are we wretched in ourselves, but we feel to have so much sin and guilt in our desperately wicked heart, that, were it to ooze out in the same manner as we feel it within us, it would pollute the land; and we often wonder if anyone ever felt as wretched and as miserable as we do. If we look within, "All is vain, and dark, and wild;" and if we look without, we see vanity, misery, and death stamped upon everything below the skies. The world is full of sin, and God's curse hangs over it, for God hath cursed the ground for man's sake, and the creatures upon the earth bespeak death and decay, yea, they wait their little time, and then pass away. Man, too, "who is born of a woman," is but of short duration. "He cometh forth like a flower, but soon withereth, and is cut down like the grass under the mower's scythe, and he passeth away;" and, as Job says, "Where is he?" Ah! this solemn question: "*Where is he?*" But O, the greater question is, "Where am I? and where will my never-dying soul be shortly?" saith this poor sinner. He feels now that he is a dying man, and time itself is fast carrying him onwards to eternity. "O, eternity, eternity!" says this awakened sinner; "the very sound itself of the word eternity fills my mind with dread alarm. Its awful abyss I cannot comprehend. O! what shall I do, and whither flee, to escape God's just vengeance due to my sins? Would to God that I had never been born! How solemn is my position, for how very great are my sins. If I were to count them, they are more in number than the hairs of mine head. I feel that God's wrathful vengeance burns against them, and that he hath set me as a mark for his arrow! I am chastened every morning, and there is no language so applicable to my present feelings as that of the Psalmist, when he says, 'O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath, nor chasten me in thy hot displeasure; for thine arrows stick fast in me, and thy hand presseth me sore.' I am weary and heavy-laden, says the soul, so that I cannot look up, and my heart-felt cry to the Lord is, O for a shelter from the wrath to come, that the pit of hell may not shut her mouth upon me!"

Now all this soul-trouble and deep exercise in the mind of this poor sinner is the effect or result of the grace of eternal life in his heart, and it has worked within him like leaven in the meal; and so powerful has it been in its operations, that it has cast down the imaginations of his heart, spoiled principalities and powers, dethroned the strong man armed, and given a death blow to sin and wickedness in high places. Moreover, it has brought the sinner in guilty before God, laid him low in the dust of self-abasement, and stopped his mouth from boasting of his

own strength and doings in fitting himself for heaven. It has killed him to it all, stripped him naked and bare, and laid him as a great debtor under the curse of God's holy and righteous law, which demands from him full payment for all the debts he hath incurred from his youth up; and the sinner seeing and feeling himself to be in this wretched condition, inwardly "groans, being burdened," and humbly "putteth his mouth in the dust, if so be there may be hope for him."

(ii). Secondly, we pass on to notice *the grace of repentance toward God*, which is a blessed grace of the Holy Spirit bestowed upon the heirs of salvation. And be it known that this is a repentance freely given, one that needeth not to be repented of, and differs much from that repentance which was found in Cain after he had killed his brother Abel. That was only a natural repentance, which filled him with remorse of conscience, made his burden heavier than he could bear, and brought down God's just displeasure against the crime he had committed. Therefore he set a mark of disapprobation upon him, and henceforth he became a vagabond in the earth. Nor is it the repentance of Esau, after he had sold his birthright for a mess of pottage to his brother Jacob. He was moved to take such a step from self-interest only. However, he lost the blessing, and never was able to obtain it again, "though he sought it carefully with tears." Nor is it the repentance of Judas Iscariot, who for the sum of thirty pieces of silver, sold his Lord and Master; and O, in doing so, how he betrayed innocent blood! His repentance, then, did not arise so much from the crime committed, as from his being found out. Avarice and greed helped him to betray his Lord, but he never counted the cost, nor did he for a moment conceive the depths of misery into which that dreadful crime would plunge him. But this repentance, given to poor hell-deserving sinners, is in its nature and origin much like that repentance so graciously bestowed upon Peter, when his agonizing Lord cast a pitiful look upon him after the cock-crowing. This brought to Peter's remembrance what he had said, and he was filled with grief and sorrow, and "went out, and wept bitterly." So does every awakened sinner who is brought to feel the killing letter of God's holy law which he has a thousand times broken, either in thought, word, or deed. Many ejaculatory prayers are offered up, and many grievous sins are confessed at the footstool of mercy, as this repentance is felt in our hearts. We hope that it is a godly repentance, because it leadeth the soul to God; and the distressed sinner often says with the Psalmist, "It is good for me to draw nigh unto God." And when he can do so feelingly, in his heart, he cries out and says, "I have gone astray like a lost sheep" from my youth up; and, "Seek thy servant," O Lord, who humbly desires to put his trust in thee. But what an opening up of the heart, and a free and full confession of *all* our sins, is laid before the Lord, as he by his Spirit helpeth us to pray, and teacheth us what to pray for as we ought!

What a deep sense of our need of mercy is felt within us; and O, how we sigh and groan for that mercy and forgiveness which God in Christ Jesus is pleased to bestow upon his poor and needy children! Many times in the day do we repent of our sins, and turn unto the Lord with—"God be merciful to me a sinner," and "Pardon mine iniquity, for it is great." With what longing eyes do we wait upon the Lord, and watch every visible sign that comes before us, if peradventure the dear Lord, the Lamb, will grant unto us the great blessing we ask of him! But what low and humble views we have of ourselves at these seasons! There is much brokenness of spirit, contrition of soul, softness of heart and humbleness of mind, as we approach unto God at the mercy-seat; and most grateful do we feel, at times, that we are permitted even to come there, for it is at the mercy-seat that the good Lord looks upon his repenting children, and pours out upon them the spirit of prayer and the grace of supplication. And when these rich bestowals are received into the heart, with what child-like simplicity do we cleave to the Lord in our poor breathings, humbly asking him to "bring us unto the light of his truth, that our deeds may be made manifest;" and we say, "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Yes, it is in the "way everlasting" we wish to be found, for we solemnly know that all other ways are the ways of death. We are willing, then, to make any sacrifice, in plucking out right-eye sins, and cutting off right-hand sins, if by so doing the Lord will have mercy upon us, and give us a name and a place amongst his chosen family; and how this grace of the Holy Spirit leads us back in the paths of life, that we may carefully and prayerfully examine all the way we have come; and as we re-tread this unhallowed ground, O the very many dismal forebodings we have in our minds! Unbelief and Satan will stop us at every turn, and tempt us to believe that our sins are too great and too many ever to be forgiven us. And when we look at them as they lie before us, we are almost ready to give up in despair; but as the dear Redeemer hath ascended up on high, "to give repentance unto Israel and remission of sins," so he by his sweet Spirit once more gives a little godly repentance, and kindly whispers into our souls, "He that confesseth his sins, and forsaketh his sins, shall find mercy;" and O, the willingness felt in the heart to comply with this gracious exhortation spoken! Thus we begin before the Lord, saying, "Lord, thou knowest our frame: thou rememberest that we are dust," and we spread before him all our sins, keeping nothing back, no, not even those great sins committed under a cloak of religion, and which sting so deeply. And O how anxious we are that they should be forgiven us amongst the rest, as they are like mountains of guilt before us. Thus we bring our sins of omission and sins of commission, with all our false religion, false faith, false hopes, and false confidence, our empty notions, creeds, rites, and ceremonies, we had trusted in,

and all our prayers, however orthodox or heterodox they may have been, and we spread all before the Lord, solemnly repenting of them as we do so, and grieving inwardly that we should ever have been so blind as to make choice of such a worldly religion, which cannot profit the soul in any way, nor make that straight in our hearts which God, by these inestimable graces of his Holy Spirit, has made so crooked. But how is it possible for any natural person, dead in trespasses and sins, to embrace, in his heart, and hold fast, by the hand of divine faith, that pure religion which cometh down from heaven, and which is only known savingly by the teachings of the Holy Spirit? Natural men can only desire natural things; and while they are in the world the highest attainments they ever can seek after, or desire, will be worldly. They are of the world, are buried in the world, and therefore "the love of the Father is not in them." Whilst the dear children of God are exhorted in the holy Scriptures to "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world," it would be dangerous for them to do so. They are bidden to "touch not, taste not, handle not," and are commanded to "come out from amongst the world, and be separate, and touch not the unclean thing;" and the Lord assures them that "He will be a Father unto them, and they shall be his sons and daughters."

Now, these sin-distressed children of God we are here considering, and who are the blessed recipients of these graces of the Holy Spirit, are a people that are "called out of the world with a holy calling, not according to their works, but according to God's purpose and grace, which was given them in Christ Jesus before the world began." They have in measure "passed from death unto life," at least they have eternal life made manifest in their hearts, are blest with much godly repentance for sin, and, as much as in them lies, are fleeing from the wrath to come, by prayer and supplication. They are not living and having their conversation in the world as formerly, nor are they carried away with its vanities and pleasures as once they were. There is now much tenderness of conscience, honesty of principle, uprightness of heart before God and the world, which nothing could produce but these quickening and soul-enlivening graces. The good work is begun in their souls by the Holy Spirit, and it must and shall be carried on and completed. There is also in the hearts of these poor sinners "some good thing towards the Lord God of Israel." They feel an attachment to the saints of God who are much farther advanced in divine things than themselves; they love the ways of God as revealed unto them in his word, and they are deeply interested in the solemn, discriminating truths of the gospel; and although the truth searches them through and through, they love to be constantly found in the means of grace, and no preaching of the gospel is too close for them. A sound, faithful ministry is the very desire of their hearts, and to have their internal feelings described and measured by the standard of God's truth is really their soul's great delight;

and when a bright ray of divine light dawns upon the mind, or shines upon their dark path, O how thankful they are! And if they should hear of a poor sinner who has been bowed down by sin and Satan, in hard bondage, delivered from the curse of a broken law, lifted up out of the dust, and set at sweet liberty by the rich mercy of God through Christ Jesus, and made one with him, their souls are then on the stretch, and filled with heavenly gloe. Their prayer now is, "Remember me, O Lord, with the favour thou bearest unto thy people: O visit me with thy salvation!" Yes, it is a free and a full salvation they are seeking and panting after, and nothing short of this will ever satisfy them. The Lord the Spirit has brought them to this point, and taught them effectually that in no wise can they save themselves; therefore through grace alone they look to Christ, beseeching him to save them by his blood and righteousness. They plead his merits, his life, his death, his resurrection, and his glorious ascension; and having learnt in the school of Christ Jesus that he is both "able and willing to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him," they are most desirous to draw nigh unto God in and through his dear Son Jesus, upon whom they hang their hopes for heaven and glory, and into whose hand they have cast their souls and bodies, saying, "If I am to perish, I'll perish at his dear feet, pleading forgiveness through his precious blood." This determination has been arrived at only by the efficacious power and teaching of those graces of the Holy Spirit we have faintly been considering.

(To be continued.)

THE PROMISED REST.

BY THE LATE W. HANCOCK, SOMETIME MINISTER OF BETHEL CHAPEL, MAIDSTONE.

"Let us therefore fear, lest, a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it."—HEB. iv. 1.

SUCH is our peculiar situation as Christians in the present transitory and imperfect state of our existence, that we frequently need a faithful admonition, as much as we do a comfortable and encouraging promise. In the sacred Scriptures we not only meet with a word in season when we are weary, but a salutary caution when in danger of wandering from the path of truth, seeing that the corruption of our nature, and the deceitfulness of our hearts, and the vanities of life, are continually uniting their efforts in order to withdraw our feet from the pleasant paths of righteousness and peace. Neither the abundance of our privileges, nor the extent of our knowledge in matters of religion, nor the depth of our experience, can possibly insure us perfect security from the various snares and dangers with which we are surrounded. This assertion, alas! has been fully proved in the history of God's ancient Israel, as well as in the lives of many eminent

saints recorded in the word of God. And will not our daily observation of the professing portion of mankind bear additional testimony to this humiliating point of scriptural truth? Have we not seen some who in appearance bid fair for heaven, suddenly start aside like a broken bow? Have we not heard others boast of their zeal and courage in the cause of religion, yet turn back in the day of battle, desert the standard of Christianity, and renounce that Saviour to whom they once professed to adhere with so much constancy and affection? Such instances loudly call upon us to beware of trusting to our own hearts, to exercise a godly jealousy over ourselves, and to take heed unto our paths that our footsteps slip not. While we know for our comfort and encouragement that many believe to the saving of the soul, we should still remember that there are some who draw back unto perdition, and our eager and constant prayer should be that we may not prove of this latter number. The Apostle Paul in the preceding chapter mentions the apostacy of many Israelites, who, notwithstanding having heard the law delivered from Sinai in all the pomp and sternness of majestic justice, still provoked God to destroy them in the wilderness, on account of their manifold and aggravated transgressions, and so felt the loss of the promised land. The inspired writer also warns the Hebrews against the deceitfulness of sin, and exhorts them to beware, lest they, like Israel, should fail of a promised rest through unbelief; and then he draws a very just and conclusive inference from the whole, suggesting that we have also need to fear and be cautious when we contemplate the history of that highly favoured race, the children of Israel, who did not improve their privileges, as might have been expected, but perished in the wilderness by reason of their iniquities.

“Let us therefore fear, lest, a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it.” That there remaineth a rest for the people of God is a delightful and animating truth, and it is the good pleasure of God that all the faithful followers of Jesus should be put in possession of that rest. “Fear not, little flock,” said the Saviour, “for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.” How sweet is rest to the weary traveller; how it softens the toil of the labourer, who is doomed to eat his bread by the sweat of his brow. The curse seems to be converted into a blessing, and his rest is sweeter for his labour. “The sleep of a labouring man,” says Solomon, “is sweet, whether he eat little or much.” Thus will heaven prove to the weary Christian. The greater the fatigue he has undergone here, sweeter, proportionately, will his heavenly rest prove hereafter. It is the design of God, by all his dealings with a believer, to prepare him for that blissful world “where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.”

“CHRIST’S heart is glad in us without sorrow, and every day whilst we live is his wedding day” (Zeph. iii. 17).—Owen.

AN ADDRESS BY THE LATE MR. R. MOWER.

DELIVERED IN THE LUDGERSHALL BAPTIST CHAPEL, ON SUNDAY,
APRIL 5, 1891.

It is no doubt understood that I intend to give an outline of the Lord's dealing with me, particularly during the last fifty-eight years.

I will found my remarks on the language of David in Psalm xxxvii. 23, 24. "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand."

I am the youngest of a small family of two children. When my father died, the business was carried on by my mother and brother until their death. After searching in vain for employment in London and Woolwich, on my return I was engaged as a sawyer at Devizes. Here it pleased God to fasten upon my mind the solemn things of eternity. I was led continually, year after year, to labour under the most dire convictions, and had some sore temptations. I was so unsettled that I felt it was quite impossible for me to continue long where I was. I made it a matter of prayer that if it were God's dear will I might be delivered from these wicked men, whose language was so annoying that it went as a sword into my soul. When I reached the yard (it was Monday morning) the signal was shortly given to go to the ale-bench; but God had shown me, and caused me to feel, that this course would bring me to hell. While refusing to accompany them, I heard some one say something about Methodists. It was known very well that I was in the habit of going to the cottage where some of these people met, and therefore they cast it in my face. I went home, and threw myself into the Lord's hands, trusting I might never enter the yard again. Shortly after this a gentleman said he should like me to put his garden straight. While thus engaged, eternity and eternal things were my leading thoughts from morning till night. When I had been there two or three days he asked me to mow the grass in his little paddock. Here my mind was drawn out more and more, and I was led to think what an awful thing it would be should death take me in my present state. I trembled from head to foot. While contending with the thought of being lost for ever, these words were brought home with mighty power to my conscience: "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" (Isa. xxxiii. 14.) They came into my soul like thunder, and I was afraid that I should be in that devouring fire and in those everlasting burnings. Next to these words came those of our Lord, which seemed worse than ever, being brought to my soul with mighty power: "Ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" (Matt. xxiii. 33.) Here were such thunderings—the damnation of hell and everlasting burnings—I said to

myself, "That is my place." O! the horrors, the terrible horrors which I felt! I saw nothing before me but destruction—with such power were these words spoken to my conscience: "Everlasting burnings! Everlastings burnings!" I do not seek to alarm you, but my mind was exercised in such a way that I fancied I heard the groans of the damned beneath my feet! I knew no peace of mind for a long time afterwards. The terrors of the law were continually before me; this produced a desire, doubtless, that those who hear the truths of the gospel should not have the terrors of the law hidden from them. Such were the effects of these exercises that I lay groaning, and sighing, and crying in the meadow until night came on. When I got home, my wife could see that there was something amiss, and asked what was the matter. I told her I was ill, but did not tell her of the battle in which I had been engaged. During the whole of the night I had no rest, and was unable to go to work on the following morning; but I never told my wife or any person living of the conflict that was going on in my soul. I continued to work for the gentleman before alluded to until the latter end of the year, still attending the cottage meetings in the village, together with the church and the various chapels within reasonable distance, to try to get a little ease. But nothing relieved me of those fears of everlasting burnings, and nothing brought peace to my conscience. All my sins came against me, and I felt guilty, guilty all the time, being sure that my sins must take me into the hottest hell. For two years this battle lasted, with constant attacks from the prince of darkness, and temptations of the darkest kind kept haunting me continually.

At the end of the year I left my place of employment, and my neighbour, a small farmer, wanted me to look a little to his corn, and barns, and property. Both my employers were carnally-minded men, one of them being in the habit, occasionally, of cursing and swearing. They were the instruments, however, in the hands of God, of doing me a great deal of good. They were as much the servants of the Lord as the ravens were when they fed Elijah, the prophet. I remained in the little farmer's service five years. One day when in the barn quite alone—and my best times were while at work in this barn alone—the Lord indulged me by bringing to my mind something that the preacher had said at the cottage on the preceding evening, about the Lord Jesus Christ; and I was led to ask the question, Who was the Lord Jesus? and to meditate on his sufferings and death. I had thought many times of the words I had used when at church—"By thine agony and bloody sweat, by thy cross and passion, by thy precious death and burial, by thy glorious resurrection and ascension, and by the coming of the Holy Ghost, Good Lord, deliver us." O, those words! they threw a calm over my fears and reached my soul. O, how I was led to look! Never before could I see as I then saw, for I was allowed to see the crucified Son of God. So blessedly was my mind drawn out, and so many

parts of the Word were brought into my soul, that I could believe that the Son of God died for poor, lost, and ruined sinners; and that which made it so sweet to me was that God the Holy Ghost showed me that all these sufferings were for such poor, hell-deserving, lost creatures as myself. It seemed as though some one said, "All this suffering was for thee." What a change! What a blessed change! Everlasting burnings had no place in my mind then; they were turned completely out, and I had nothing else to do but to bless and praise the Lord with all my heart and soul. Never, never, friends—never shall I forget it! Never for an hour since have I had such a precious view of the Son of God, and I shall ever remember, gratefully, the blessed peace which came into my soul. You may, perhaps, be anxious to know what impressions were made upon me by this revelation of Christ to my heart. Well, I thought of those around me, particularly those at the cottage with whom I had been in the habit of meeting. I thought how much I should like to tell my fellow-creatures how good the precious Lord had been to my soul. Then it was I learnt by experience that beautiful hymn that we sometimes sing:

"Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, 'Behold the way to God!'"

Those words seemed to be burnt into my very heart. *Talking* about the Lord Jesus and his blood is all very well, but to *feel* is wonderfully different.

One night at our little meeting-house we had no preacher, and an impression came to my mind to try and talk to the little company a short time myself; and for the first time in my life I attempted to open my mouth in the name of the blessed Lord, and to tell them what a dear Saviour I had found. I was led to these words; you will find that they were put in the form of a question by the Lord Jesus: "What think ye of Christ?" The people present had no more idea than myself that I was about to preach to them; and to make the circumstance one never to be forgotten by me, my beloved mother, who had experienced many sorrows, offered many prayers, and shed many tears on my behalf, together with my brother, were among the audience. This was my first beginning as a preacher. The news quickly spread around Devides that young Mower had been preaching, and very shortly afterwards I was requested to go to my native place, where I had spent a good deal of my time, and where my youthful and subsequent follies were well known. A chapel had been

erected there. Among the congregation were several friends whom I knew. I talked to them pretty freely, chiefly concerning the person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ, the word being attended with saving power. I was afterwards invited to Bromham, Sandy Lane, and Hilcot. These, together with my native place, were continually visited by me for five years. Some of my friends in Devizes suggested that I should receive some remuneration. I had seen a gentleman creep into the chapel, and try to hide himself just outside the pulpit. He called at my house one day, and said that it was proposed to open a British school, and if I would consent to be the master they would be glad. Here I had an opening, and I consented to become the master. A house was accordingly provided for me, and I commenced my duties; and friends, what a mercy I found it to be! and what an opening for my pulpit labours! I was continually preaching somewhere or other; my poor tongue was never silent. By and by I met with an old preacher who said to me, "Do you know that you are going the way to kill yourself?" I smiled, saying that I scarcely understood what he meant. He went on to add, "I knew a minister, some years ago, who died from the effects of preaching, and you will very likely do the same." I replied, that I could not die in better service. I laboured hard, however, and the Lord owned my labours, poor as they were; and there are circumstances which come before my mind, some of them very cheering, which, if time would only allow, I should be pleased to relate, as being what I choose to call bright spots in my desert journey.

At the expiration of five years I left the school. The gentleman who was my chief friend died, also several of the other subscribers. The school, therefore, failed for want of funds. It was also reported in various places that I had been preaching election, and that it was stealing away my usefulness. One person who had been in my school told me to my face, while I stood in his shop, that we were nothing better than a little handful of Antinomians. Thus you see, my friends, the enemy was working. It has been said of me that if I did not come out from among them I should be ruined. These are the cunning ones who say these things, who fancy they know something when they know nothing at all.

I now took a house at Devizes, and went to live there, but only for about a quarter of a year. As the Lord would have it I was blessed with health and strength, and was always preaching somewhere or other. I was one day sent for by a person who wished to see me particularly. He said that he purposed taking a business at Shipton, in Hampshire, and wanted me to take charge of it. I told him that I knew nothing whatever of Shipton or of Hampshire, at the same time enquiring how long it would be before he required my services. "I am waiting for you," was his reply. While thinking over the matter, that there was something rather strange about it, he continued, "When you

will say the word, two appraisers shall make a valuation of the stock and premises, indoors and out, without delay." This being done, I at once prepared to go; and that is how I came to Shipton.

A circumstance occurred soon after my coming to Shipton which must not be overlooked. A friend, with myself, went across the Downs to Netheravon chapel; when we arrived, however, there was no preacher. The deacon having heard, by some means, that I had come to reside at Shipton, asked me if I would speak to the people under the circumstances. I consented; and what was the result? For forty-six years I have been a supply to that congregation. Here was the hand of the Lord displayed in a striking manner. For the above period I was the only person who baptized and administered the ordinance of the Lord's Supper at Netheravon. Time would fail to give a full account, but I must say the same as Paul did of the people at Thessalonica, that he could see the evidence of the power of God which attended the ministry of the word among them. "For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." When God gathers his jewels together here, there will be a goodly number found who have been brought to him through the feeble instrumentality of his unworthy servant.

I will now leave Netheravon, and come back to Shipton, a place known only to a few. Here a remnant were brought to know the truth of God under the labours of his poor worm; but there are only a few people left there who know the things of God in truth.

On several occasions the Lord has favoured this poor old man to preach his gospel in London and Woolwich, and has condescended to own and bless the word of his grace. I mention this for the glory of God, and not with the desire of robbing my precious Lord of the glory which belongs only to him. No, no. I remember once having a view of him, by faith, on the cross. I looked at him; and O! friends, never will that sight be forgotten; never can it be forgotten by me—never, never! And now, to close the service of this morning, I will say a few words respecting my coming to Ludgershall. As to preaching, I never asked any persons whether they would like to hear me. No. Paul said, "When it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace, to reveal his Son in me, . . . immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood." Neither have I been thus left, never having had one moment's conference with any man living. I was once asked by an old Baptist minister if I would like to have a short conversation with another minister on the Saturday previous to my going out to preach on the Sunday. I said No, for I had been trained in the wrong school to go to confer with human blood. I have done without such aid hitherto, and I am thankful that I never began with it

Now about my coming here. There are some present who can remember that over forty years ago I came to this place. I never asked to come, but was begged of and entreated to accept the invitation. I was told that it would be a charity for me to come; but why it should have been thought a charity for me to come to Ludgershall I know not. Well, I came, but soon found that my preaching was not acceptable to the people; and because I dared to preach the doctrine of election from this pulpit, the very man who told me that it would be a charity to come, urging me again and again, turned round and became my bitter enemy. The second reason of my coming here is unworthy of notice, so much so that I will not refer to it.

After leaving Ludgershall, and for a long time feeling determined not to go there again, and being told by some that if I again entered the pulpit it would serve me right if I were thrown out; the people of Devizes, with some others, were anxious that I should come again, using many entreaties. An old Baptist minister, who knew something of the many obstacles which had been thrown in my way, said, "Go, and blow the trumpet again." After pondering over the matter for some time, I came, and that formed my second coming to Ludgershall. Respecting my coming to live at the village, I was led to leave everything in the Lord's hands. It was pointed out to me that as the railway was being formed, it would be such a nice relief, in my declining years, to step to the station, and go up and down the line, as the case might be, urging me, at the same time, to come to a decision. I wrote to my friends, saying that I thought I should come, and I had the satisfaction of learning that I followed the right course. Having, however, but a few more minutes at my disposal this morning, I must pass over a great deal which I have been called to encounter in my wilderness journey.

In the verse I have chosen, upon which to found my remarks, you will find that it says, "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord." The word "*good*," being printed in italics, shows that it is not in the original, but has been added by our translators. "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way." What a mercy it is to know that the Lord takes a delight in our way! When you are sent on a journey by your Maker, he expects you to succeed in the mission upon which he has sent you; and in this case he more than expects it, he secures your success. The Lord delights to go with his dear children. When a young man feels a desire in his heart to proclaim the glad tidings of the gospel, in the humble hope that the Lord will be with him and own his testimony, the Lord delighteth in his way. If he had not taken a delight in the poor services of his servant, he would never, never have approved them as he has done. There are expressions in God's word that are sweeter than honey and the honeycomb, and here is one of them: "The Lord takes a delight in his children's way." He delights to hear our prayers—to hear our cry. And do you

think, dear friends, if the Lord had not taken some delight in his poor servant, and in his ways, that he would have sent him to Netheravon to labour there for so many years? or that he would have called and cherished so many of his people in Ludgershall, using him as the unworthy instrument? Had he no delight in our meeting here Sabbath after Sabbath, what profit would it be to us to come together as we have done to-day? That is what the apostle Paul felt, that the Lord was with him, and delighted in his way, and the poor old man who addresses you feels the same.

You are at liberty to make known the dreadful things through which I have passed during more than fifty years; how everything seemed to go wrong, without any hand of mine, and without its being in my power to prevent it. It was the knowledge that the Lord delighted in my way, alone, that upheld me; yes, "it was the Lord's doing, and it was marvellous in our eyes." In another Psalm we are told that "The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy." This, my friends, belongs to you, and not to the preacher only. He will also "bless with salvation those who hope in his name."

And now, dear friends, in the few things I have spoken to you this morning, I feel that I have gone as far as my strength will allow. May the dear Lord pardon what has been said amiss for his name's sake.

(To be continued.)

"WHAT IS MAN?"

Aug. 31, 1815.

My dear friend's most affectionate and savoury epistle came duly to hand, for which I thank you, and from which I find we are close together, upon the same foundation stone in the same building, members of the same body; and however insignificant, the head cannot say unto either, I have no need of thee; no, we are his jewels, covered with much dirt, so that our value is unseen by any eye save that which is infinite, and that very eye was upon us before dust was fashioned into man, and has never, no never for one moment lost sight of us. Our midnight hours and our noonday walks, our days of pleasure and our months of pain, have been seen and fixed by him. Our way through this wilderness world, however dark, intricate, perplexing, and mysterious it may have been to us, was marked out for us before time began. For us and such like, all nature keeps its course Day and night, summer and winter, succeed each other, and must do so, until the purchase of Christ's blood get safe home. O what a harvest home will that be, when the last sheaf is taken out of the field, and nothing left therein but weeds—wicked men and devils! What a scene! Those bodies in which we groan, being burdened, will awake from a long sleep, and embrace the very souls that once dwelt in them, when all quarrels, fighting, and

hard working, while in Egypt, will be eternally forgotten, and they will enter upon an endless song of praise unto God and the Lamb.

My pen has run in a way I did not think of when I first took it up to write this scrawl to my dear friend, but we are not our own, and well for us that we are not. My dwelling in general, so far as it regards feeling, is in a dark and solitary place, where I hear many dismal howlings that alarm me greatly. Now and then I hear the voice of the wood-pigeon, crying "Do, do," which I try to obey; nay, at times I seem determined to double my diligence, and make a job of it, and immediately I order an embargo upon my eyes, ears, and mouth—nothing to go in or out of any of these ports but what is strictly legal. In one of these precious moments I passed by my wife in open daylight, just touched her, but neither saw her nor anyone else, though the street was nearly full of people. Another time while walking in the same street, laced up in a similar way, and going to my dinner, a drunken man met me, and in one of his staggers knocked me clean off the causeway. In an instant I took the stick I carried with me, and gave him such a blow over his head, that I made him reel again. This, you will say, is bad work; and indeed so say I. This is the first time of my mentioning the circumstance, save to one, and to him only in sighs and groans. But while I was doing this, a busybody appeared (whom you know, as he often called at your house and mine while I was at Lewes) and accused me, representing me as too bad for anything; but he might have spared himself the trouble, for all that he could say was fully admitted and confessed in my groans and sighs before him whom I found afterwards to be a friend of mine (and I know he is a real friend of yours, for I have several times met with him in your own house); and even at that very time I knew he had all power on earth and in heaven. I had no doubt of his power, but my faith staggered, touching his willingness to bless me; but I told him I had sinned against heaven and in his sight—for I knew he saw me—and was not worthy to be called his son; upon which he was pleased to seal a pardon on my soul, shed abroad his love in my heart, and so struck a severe blow at my spiritual pride, for I believe he took this method of curing me of it. O! what have I felt on this occasion! What worthless worms are we! Well might David say, "What is man?" But surely none was ever so bad as myself; at any rate, I may safely say, a worse was never called by grace. I am the very fag end of creation, the very end of the world, a particle of corruption.

It is needless for my dear friend to invite me to his house, although I know I should be welcome under his roof. I assure you I know of none to whom I would rather pay a visit, but at present circumstances will not admit of my leaving home for so long a journey.

At this time the Lord's prophets appear to me to be hid in a corner. A fair show in the flesh makes great progress, but real

religion never was at a lower ebb. Talkatives are in abundance, but how few are the real, humble, broken-hearted followers of the Lamb! The truth preached plays about my ears, but does not make me free. I still remain shut up, and cannot go forth. When I kneel down before the Lord, for a moment I feel sweetly engaged, but the very next moment I am pursuing vanity. O my God, hold me up, and I shall be safe. Mrs. H. and lads unite in kindest love to Mr. and Mrs. B. Eternally yours,

W. HUDSON.

GRACE AND NATURE.

“Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.”—JOHN i. 13.

It is against the whole order which God has set in the world, for anything to be the cause of itself, or of a higher rank of being than what it has by nature. No effect is nobler than its cause; grace is more noble than nature. A seal cannot convey any other image than what is stamped upon itself, and no further than its own dimensions; neither can nature stamp anything of grace upon the soul, because it hath no such image engraven on it by God. Nature, though never so perfect in its own kind, can never produce a thing of higher perfection than itself; a plant can never produce a beast, nor a beast a man, nor a man an angel. No natural quality can be changed in any subject by itself, but by the introduction of some other quality superior to it. The fire can never freeze while it is fire; water can never part with its coldness without something superior acting upon it; and can those naturally bad ever become spiritually good, but by an almighty power? No nature can exceed its own bounds, because nothing can exceed itself in acting. Whatsoever a natural man doth is but natural, and can never amount to grace, without a change of nature and addition of a divine virtue. If anything could rise above its own sphere, it would be stronger than itself. Nothing can ever make itself something; the best apostle counts himself no better (2 Cor. xii. 11): “I am nothing,”—and entitles grace the sole benefactor of all his spiritual good. (1 Cor. xv. 10.) What thing ever gave itself its own shape? Every piece of art is brought into figure by the workman, not by itself. Conformity to Christ is a fruit of the election of God, not first of the choice of our own wills. (Rom. viii. 29.) “Whom he did foreknow he did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son.” The first link of the chain in the providential and in the gracious work in the soul runs in the passive for the most part: “Ye are justified, ye are sanctified;” not you justify or sanctify yourselves; though working out salvation is ascribed to them that have received grace and life, as acting afterwards for such ends, and producing such effects by the strength of grace received from God, and grace accompanying that first grace in its act.

CHARNOCK.

A FEW PARTICULARS OF THE LATE MARY ANN WHITTOME, FORMERLY OF STAMFORD, LINCOLN-SHIRE.

She died at Croydon, on the 28th August, 1892, in the 88th year of her age. She was born, it is believed, of godly parents, Nov. 14th, 1804, at Stamford: her father, a stone and marble mason, then in business there, but subsequently removed to Cambridge.

She was apprenticed to the dressmaking, and married before completing her 19th year. Her husband's father was a maltster and farmer at Caythorpe, near Grantham, with whom they went to reside, and lived very happily together for a short time; but she received a severe shock, in her husband's sudden death, when she was but little more than 22 years of age.

The blighting of her domestic happiness appears to have been the means of constraining her to seek the Lord, who mercifully raised up friends where least expected, directing her steps to London, where she obtained a situation as lady's maid in Bedford Square.

The Lord was pleased to give her a portion of his word, whereon she trusted, with submission to his will. She walked for some time with a tender conscience, and attended several places of worship, hoping to meet with the kind of preaching she felt to need, but not knowing what to ask for. One thing she resolved, after finding some sweetness in waiting upon the Lord—that if ever she got married again, it should be to a religious man. Some time after she was sent for to keep her brother's house at Stamford, where she became acquainted with a young man, a friend of his—neither having any respect for religion. Notwithstanding her resolution, she married him in October, 1830; but, alas! followed his course of life, not even attending any place of worship. The Lord, however, graciously re-opened her eyes to see herself as a sinner, bringing her very low, which so embittered her life as to fall in with a strong temptation to its destruction.

But behold the wondrous grace of God! Our dear father in after years regularly attended Mr. Philpot's ministry, the Lord having laid sore affliction upon him, being stricken with incipient palsy in the right arm, preventing the following of his occupation, and gradually extending, during about fourteen years, through the whole frame. Sometime before he died he was deeply distressed about his soul, and cried aloud for mercy, which his poor brother-in-law, before alluded to, could not understand, remarking that he had always been an upright man, and saying, "Surely if anybody went to heaven he would." But our father's sins so stared him in the face that he could not keep quiet. From what our mother heard from his lips, together with a portion given her—"He is a chosen vessel unto me"—her mind was satisfied concerning his end.

During the course of her spiritual life, she was favoured, at times, with remarkable faith. In the year 1841, a few months before the birth of her seventh child, she was baptized; and in answer to her prayers, the Lord graciously gave her an assurance concerning the babe, so that in this "confidence of faith," a few weeks after, on her dear Pastor calling to see her, she said, "Mr. Philpot, that child is a vessel of mercy!" He, being somewhat incredulous, enquired, "How do you know that?"

After entering into particulars with regard to this blessed assurance, she exclaimed, "I am satisfied about it, though I may not live to see it!"

The Lord tries the faith he gives; and no doubt her patience was often tested, as twenty-five years rolled away before visible signs were manifest of spiritual anxiety in her son. But the Lord honors the faith he bestows, for she lived to see him more than twice that age; and, through grace, the spiritual life maintained, and, in a certain respect, developed beyond her expectation. To those favoured to walk in this path, it will not seem strange that there was felt between them a *particular double love*.

On the occasion of the birth of her last child, in December, 1846, she was greatly blessed, though in body so prostrate as to necessitate the babe being placed out to nurse. The following March the Lord took him, applying to her soul the Scripture: "And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver: and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness;" enabling her submissively and triumphantly to exclaim, "Lord, take him as an offering in righteousness!"

In the providence of God she settled in London in 1860, and much valued the ministry of Gower Street, where she became a member. A few years after she was constrained and helped to write some of the Lord's dealings with her, and for two or three years to jot them down in the form of a diary. We therefore now introduce her own language to the reader:

"I had some thoughts of eternity from a child, and that there must be a change in me before I died. I wished many times that I might die of consumption, so as to have time to repent. Still I went on in a careless way, fond of all sorts of worldly amusements, such as balls, theatres, &c. In 1822 I went to visit a cousin, and there I met with a young man to whom I was married in the following year. For a time I was as happy as this world could make me, and in due time the Lord was pleased to give me a son in answer to my prayers—the first real prayers, I believe, that ever I offered. After which I saw so much mercy in being brought safely through, that I asked for my 'Church Service' to read the prayers and thanksgivings, which I really felt to be good. Soon after this, my dear husband's health began to fail. We tried all the means we could, but instead of getting better he gradually got worse, until, at length, the doctor pronounced him to be in a consumption. When my dear babe

was thirteen months old, it was taken ill, and died in a few days. This was a great grief to me, but I dared not give way to over-much grief, for fear the Lord should take away my husband. We were considerably tried in circumstances; still I thought if the Lord would but spare him to me, I should not mind what privations I might have to undergo. But the Lord did not see fit that it should be so, for early in the following year, when I was little more than twenty-two years of age, he was taken from me under very painful circumstances. To all appearance he seemed at this time as if he would live some months, for he was not confined to his bed. We had a little business that wanted seeing to in the village where we formerly lived, and as he wished me to go, I consented, leaving him with his mother and sister. I was obliged to stay all night, and he requested me not to walk home in the morning, but to wait for the coach in the afternoon. However, the next morning a man came to me who had come from Grantham, he said, to call upon his uncle, who lived in this same village. He was then going to return to Grantham, and asked if I would like to walk home with him? I rather hesitated, saying, I had promised not to walk home, it being nine miles. Still, I said, as you are going, I will try to walk, for I shall get home all that time earlier to my husband. Accordingly we set off and walked home, talking cheerfully all the way, I little thinking what had taken place; for my poor husband had died the night I left, and this man was sent over to Caythorpe to give orders for the grave, and order the bell to be tolled as soon as I was out of the parish. What my feelings were when I reached home, and found my husband gone, may be better imagined than described. He had gone cheerfully up to bed, and was about to undress, when he gave a deep cough, broke a blood vessel, and was gone before the doctor arrived. After the first burst of grief I was enabled to look unto the Lord, and beg of him to appear for me; and in a little time he gave me a measure of submission, raising up friends where I little expected. My dear mother-in-law, who I hope was a good woman, felt it keenly that her son should have been taken off in such a sad state, for there was no evidence that any change had been wrought in him. All he had time to say was, 'The Lord have mercy on my soul!' There we must leave it.

"Shortly afterwards I left, through the ill-treatment of his ungodly father, and came to London; and after a little time, the Lord gave me these words: 'They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever,' which led me to submit, and to trust that the Lord would provide for me. In a short time a situation opened up for me in London; and while I was in it, I went to several places of worship, trying to find the sort of preaching I wanted. I did not know what sort to ask for, but wanted to hear the sinner laid low and the Saviour exalted; for I felt myself to be a sinner, and to need a Saviour. At times I felt a little sweetness in wait-

ing upon the Lord, and resolved that if ever I married again, it should be to a religious man; but, O, what were my resolves worth? A few months afterwards I was sent for to Stamford, to keep house for my brother, and became acquainted with a young man who set at nought all religion, and was little better than an infidel. We were married after a little time, and away went all my religion, for neither of us went to any place of worship. But I soon found plenty of trouble; for although my husband was an honest, straightforward man, and much respected, (. . .) my life soon became a burden to me. I could take pleasure in nothing. After a time my eyes were opened to see what I had brought myself into by marrying as I had done. I could no longer take pleasure in the world; my life was miserable, and at times seemed more than I could bear. Then it was suggested to me, 'Why bear all this? Put an end to yourself!' And I have thought it would indeed be better. But while thinking upon it, this thought came, 'If you kill yourself, you must go to hell! If you bear with your trouble, who can tell? You may, perhaps, go to heaven.' At length I was again brought to call upon the Lord with more earnestness, and thus my trials brought me to him. Still I attended no place of worship. After this my dear father came to see us for a few days, and I wished him very much to stay Sunday over; but he said, 'No! there is nowhere to go and hear; if Mr. Philpot was going to be here, I would stay.' My carnal mind immediately rose up in jealousy, to think he should think more of Mr. P. than of me, his own child. And I said, 'Who is Mr. Philpot, that you make such a fuss about? He must be a very great man.' My father replied, 'He is indeed a great man. He will be at Stamford on such a day; will you promise to go and hear him in North Street Chapel?' I had not heard that there was such a place as North Street Chapel. 'Well,' I said, 'as he is such a wonderful man, I will go and hear him,' and so said my poor husband. The day arrived, and my husband and a friend went in the morning. The text was Isaiah l. 10, 11. My husband was much struck with the sermon. I went in the afternoon. I do not remember the text, but found it was just the sort of preaching I had been seeking after when in London. How dearly I loved Mr. P.!

From this time we both went, and took the children regularly. This brought me to seek the Lord more earnestly, for I knew he alone could help me, and that I must have something from himself; and there was a secret something told me that the Lord would appear for me, and that my trials were working for good, although, at times, I so much rebelled against them. After a little time I went to chapel one week evening, and Mr. P. took for his text Ps. xliii. 3, 'O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me; let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles.' He remarked that he thought very little of a person's religion that did not begin with prayer. I thought, that is just the prayer that suits me; for I want the Lord, and

him alone, to lead me. On going home the words came into my soul with such power as I shall not forget; and the words, 'O, send out thy light and thy truth,' were constantly on my mind for two or three weeks; and be where I would, it was as though the Lord was looking at me. I felt great sweetness in the words, which produced great humility and love to the dear Lord, his people, and his ways. The Lord's look seemed a look of love, so that I blessed and praised his holy name. What a thirst I had for the word of God! Old things had passed away, and all things had become new; and I thought trouble had all fled, for I could now bear all things, as Paul said, with the love of God in my heart. This continued for some months, and I ignorantly thought it would always be so with me. But by degrees the Lord withdrew himself, to let me have a little sight of my wicked heart. O, what baseness I could then see! There was condemnation on every side. The spirituality of the law was opened up to me, and I saw that I had broken every one of God's holy laws, in thought, if not in deed. I was brought into great darkness. What sighing and groaning for a length of time! the devil telling me I was only a hypocrite, and that all I had felt was only a delusion—my sins being so great! O! what self-loathing this produced! I could scarcely bear myself; and how must I be before a holy God? I could not lay myself low enough. To think of this vile body being decked with any sort of ornaments I could not bear, so away went the little jewellery I was accustomed to wear. I was very near throwing them all into the fire, for I felt more fit to be clothed in sackcloth; however I put them away, and there they have been ever since, for I think it ill becomes the Lord's people to deck themselves with such things. I had to carry this heavy burden of sin for some time, until at length the Lord once more appeared to my poor, cast-down, benighted soul. It was one week service. The text was, 'I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil.' The sermon was very sweet to my soul, and I felt the rising of the blessed Spirit as I was coming out of the chapel, which caused me to go round the back way to be alone and in the dark. I had gone a very little way before I felt such love flow into my soul as I cannot describe. It was as though a ton weight was taken off my back. I scarcely felt on my feet, the joy was so great; I could indeed, and did say, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name;' for I felt, without a doubt, that I had an interest in the dying love of a precious Christ. Now, I thought, I will never doubt again, nor feel so burdened any more. But, alas! it did not last long. I soon sank as low as ever, again sighing and crying to the Lord that I might have the blood of Christ sprinkled upon my conscience, hearing under the word that it was what every child of God should feel. That was now my errand to the throne of grace, and I could give the Lord no rest until I had it; but how

it was to come I knew not, for I had not at that time seen a 'Gospel Standard,' or heard anyone relate anything of the kind.

As to a Christian experience, I did not know what it meant. But the thought of the blood of Christ was now laid with such weight upon my mind, that I could not rest without it; such was my intense desire to be right with God. After a little time, the Lord was pleased to answer the cries which were put up night and day, for I have crept out of bed to go on my knees to beg for it. One morning as I was making my bed, thinking it over, my mind was all at once caught, as it were, to the head of the bed with a faith's view of the dear Redeemer hanging on the cross, with his dear head drooping, and his eyes fixed upon me, with the words, 'They shall look on me whom they have pierced, and mourn as one mourneth for his first-born.' The sight melted my heart. I dropped on my knees, burst into tears, and said, 'O, thou blessed Jesus, what have my sins done? But was it for me thou didst shed thy precious blood? O! was it for me?' O, how I wept! How different the feelings when I lost my first-born! Still I said, 'Was it for me?' when the words came, 'Be not faithless, but believing.' Immediately I said, 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.' I did not want anyone to tell me it was the blood of Christ sprinkled on the conscience, for I felt it. O, how happy I felt for a few moments! But directly afterwards the devil said, 'How do you know that Christ shed his blood for you? He has not pointedly told you so.' That was a strong thrust at me, which exercised me all day. In the evening as I was sitting at work, pondering over what I had seen in the morning, the Lord, so to speak, came to me; no words were spoken, but such love, majesty and power came into my soul as I cannot describe. My soul was as full of love as it could hold. All I could say was, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul,' as well as the tears would permit, for they flowed with joy. 'Bless and praise his holy name; Christ is mine, and I am his,' with other such expressions, kept flowing out of my lips as fast as I could repeat them; and such sweetness did I feel at the name of Jesus, that I could scarcely contain myself. I opened the Bible that was lying on the table, and said, 'O, thou lovely Jesus, let me kiss thy precious name!' which I did in the Canticles. I then knew what was meant by the love of God being shed abroad in the heart, though I had never read of it. O what a glorious day was that; indeed, never to be forgotten! for I felt as sure of being in heaven as though I were already there. My husband, after a little while, came into the room, wishing me to go to supper, but I wanted to be alone. I had had my supper of heavenly food, and went to bed as quickly as I could get ready my dear babe, for I had one about six months old, and was rocking the cradle when my beloved came unto me. The name of Jesus was indeed sweeter than honey or the honeycomb. All this was on Saturday. Dear Mr. Tiptaft was to preach the next

day, and I had been tried all the week about hearing him, for fear he should cut me off; but, bless the dear Lord, he had been before him, and showered down his love and blessing upon me, so that I went to the house of God with joy, having no fear of being cut off by the minister. I had Christ in my heart, and had clasped him in my arms and affections, and could say, 'Thy love is better than wine.' But before the week was out the Lord had withdrawn himself, and Satan came and set upon me, telling me that all I had experienced that day was nothing—what I had in the morning was nothing. 'It was true,' he said, 'the Lord Jesus shed his blood upon the cross, but he did not tell you that it was for you.' I began to think—No! he did not really tell me it was for me; that is, he did not say 'Yes or No!' 'And as to that love visit in the evening, it was all nothing; it was too much love for me; I had not had law-work enough; and besides, what were all those tears for? If I was, as I thought, made so happy, what did I cry for?' O how I sank down lower than ever, to think that after I had embraced a precious Christ in the arms of my affections, and had felt so sure of being in heaven, yet after all, I might be nothing! I must not think it was real; I was deceived in both morning and evening. O the sighs, groans, and misery I felt, as I thought of its all being wrong! O how I cried to the blessed Jesus to tell me by words from his own mouth, that he had shed his precious blood for me; for if he would but tell me from his own mouth, I would believe, and never doubt again. I was kept in this state for some time, begging and praying, sighing and groaning for an answer, when one evening, being alone in the house at my old work of begging, all at once I thought I would take the Book and see if I could get any comfort. I opened on Luke xxii., and the latter part of verse 20 came with power into my soul: 'This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed *for you*.' Those words *for you* came with such almighty power into my heart that I could scarcely contain myself. It was well I was in the house alone. I believe I went into every room, blessing and praising the Lord that ever he should so condescend to answer my poor cries. I cannot describe the half of what I felt; but very shortly afterwards I was again robbed. The devil set upon me by telling me that 'it was presumption in me to think the Lord would answer me with those words. Such blessed words were not meant for me. It was his disciples he was talking to. Besides, said he, you were searching the Scriptures, praying that the Lord might speak through them. It ought to have come in a different way from that, when you were about the house doing your work. You have taken it before it was given! You have robbed the Lord! If the Lord had meant it for you, he would have given it at some other time, and not when you were reading. And what were all those tears for? That was wrong!' This sunk me deeper than ever. What! thought I, can I have been such a

wretch as to rob God of such precious words as those? Lord, in mercy forgive! O Lord, pardon my sin! O! what shall I do? Surely it is all over with me now! I seemed almost in despair; everything appeared wrong, and there I was, condemned in thought, word, and deed. 'I had not had law-work enough. The Lord did not deal with his people like that; so much love was altogether wrong!' In this distressed state I continued for about a month, till one morning these words were, as it were, whispered in my soul, when I was scarcely awake: 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee.' Though it was as a still small voice, it aroused me, and I said, 'What blessed words! How sweet to me!' But it came directly, 'You must not take any notice of them; they are not with power!' Still they kept coming over and over again. I thought, 'That is just what I want—an assurance of the Lord's love to me.' 'Yes,' said Satan, 'but you must not notice them; they do not come with power.' 'No,' I said, 'it is so. O, that it would come with power!' It seemed gone for a little while, which damped my spirit much. After a little time I began to get up, when all at once the words were again applied with such power and sweetness as I cannot describe, nor shall I ever forget the joy I felt. I said, 'O, thou blessed Lord, can it indeed be possible that thou canst so condescend to bless such an out-of-the-way wretch?' Then these words came, 'Thou art highly favoured among women!' I fell on my knees and said, 'Dearest Lord, I am indeed highly favoured; bless thy dear and precious name! O, that thou ever shouldst so favour me, a poor, wretched, unbelieving worm of the earth!' I turned round and said, 'Now, Satan, what do you think of this?' It was just as if I could see him skulk away, and never from that blessed morning has he told me that I have had too much love, nor has he taunted me about a law work.

"What a blessed time I had of it! I could bless and adore my blessed Lord and Saviour, and hold sweet communion with a blessed Three-one God, and could say, with unwavering lips, 'My Jesus, my Lord, and my God!' The love I felt I cannot describe. O, how rich I felt! I wanted nothing, and had nothing to pray for. All I had to do was to praise the Lord. Had I been called upon to go to the union, I could cheerfully have gone, with my blessed Jesus in my soul. But what I wished for most, was to drop this vile body and go to be for ever with my lovely Jesus. I felt I could give up children, husband, and everything on earth, for my whole soul seemed in beaver. What delight I felt in the ways of God! By this time dear Mr. Philpot had come to reside at Stamford, and had been there some little time when Mr. de Merveilleux was anxious that the ordinances of the Lord's house should be attended to. Mr. Philpot was not, at that time, anxious to have a church formed; but Mr. de M. persevered, going to some of those he felt were the Lord's people. He brought the paper to me, and asked if I would join them.

I said, 'Well, I have not at present thought of baptism; but I will think of it, and ask the Lord about it, whether it would be right for me to attend to it.' It was brought to my mind what great things the Lord had done for me, and would it be right for me to shrink from taking up the cross and following the blessed Jesus in the 'watery way?' Still, after all that the Lord had done, there seemed to be a trying to put it off, when these words came, 'He that knoweth his Lord's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes.' I said, 'O, thou dearest Lord, can I bear thy frowns after so much love shown to me? Let me rather hug the cross and despise the shame. I will, if thou permit, gladly show to the world whose I am and whom I desire to serve, and out of pure love to thee take up the cross.' It then came to my mind, 'But what will your husband say to it? Perhaps he will not like it, and will oppose it.' First, I thought I would go through it and not tell him; then I thought that would not be right. I must name it to him; but am determined, by God's help, to attend to the ordinance whether he likes it or not.

It was some time before it took place, so that I laid it before the Lord, and asked him to make my husband willing, though I felt persuaded he would be taunted by his family. Before the time arrived I said to him, 'There is to be a baptizing service at the chapel, and I wish to be one of the number; what do you say to it?' To my great surprise he said, 'If I could see as much in myself as I can see in you, I should not hesitate.' I was struck with his answer, never having told him a single word of what I had passed through. I replied, 'Why, what can you have seen in me to cause you to give such an answer?' He said, 'Do you think I am blind, not to have noticed the change in you?' How my heart went up in gratitude to the Lord for thus making the way so plain and comfortable for me! At length the time arrived—but I should say that I named my position to M. de Merveilleux (who was a medical gentleman), whose wife was going to be baptized with me. She was in the same state as myself; and he said he would not sanction either of us going through the water at that time. But the Lord gave each of us faith to believe we should take no harm. On the Saturday I sent my clothes to the vestry to be ready. I had been poorly all day, but in the evening was so ill that I had to leave my dear children unwashed and go to bed. Then the devil set upon me, suggesting, 'What do you think of yourself now? What presumption it is for you to think of being baptized! You need not have sent your clothes, for you will not be able to go, and that will prove what a hypocrite you are.' I sank dreadfully low in my feelings; still I knew my motive was pure, and after a time I fell asleep. When I awoke in the morning I felt better than usual, and ate a good breakfast, the first time I had taken any for some weeks. I went to chapel cast down, fearing after all whether it was right for me, and whether I was a fit subject for baptism, when this thought came—'I must go through; "this people shall be my

people, and their God my God." In the afternoon we assembled round the pool, and dear Mr. Warburton (senr.) gave out hymn 648, Gadsby's Selection. I felt somewhat cast down, until he came to these words:

'Dear Father, draw, and we will run,
In sweet obedience to thy Son.'

What precious love and willingness flowed into my soul! I could scarcely wait till it was my turn to go. Mrs. de M., being the elder, went down first. I was like a bird let loose out of the snare of the fowler. In the evening Mr. W. formed the church. It was a blessed time to me; the words in the hymn so melted me down:

'Why was I made to hear thy voice?' &c.

They had such a humbling effect, and my soul was full of love to the dear Lord. I did not want to sleep that night, and had scarcely any, for singing and making melody in my heart to the Lord. How wonderfully the Lord made good his promise, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be,' for the next day I was as ill as usual, and could take scarcely anything. After this I went on more comfortably in my soul, but still had many changes and many discoveries of my evil heart, which was opened up to me as the Lord saw fit. I have since seen the dreadful pride that rose up, even when in the water. It was in this way:—Dear Mr. Warburton addressed Mrs. de M. as his dear sister, and spoke very nicely to her. To me he said, 'What a mercy that the Lord stooped to pick *thee up!*' Immediately pride rose up with this thought, 'Why should not the Lord pick me up? What! am I worse than she? Only that she is a lady, and I am not!' which I thought caused him to make that remark. How little I knew of my desperately wicked heart at that time! How many scores of times since have I had to say, 'What a mercy is it that the dear Lord should ever have stooped so low as to pick me up!' Great and many have been the trials since then, and great and many have been the helps and deliverances! And I would now say,

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

(*To be continued.*)

THE WEALTHY PLACE.

Laverton, May 9, 1866.

THERE has been long silence again, though it is not for want of affection, but chiefly, I think, for want of will and power, and from a feeling sense of my great lack of wisdom. However, I feel that amidst it all I must try and pay my dear afflicted brother one more visit, and see how he is, and inform him that the poor, feeble, tottering, and trembling village preacher is, through great mercy and the tender care of the Covenant God of Israel, held up and held on, amidst so much weakness, many

failings, infirmities, fearings, doubtings, misgivings, unbelief, hardness, and barrenness, of which he is so often the sorrowful subject. But I know that the Lord doth lead by a right way, that we may go to a city of habitation, and that he will do right; for "though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion;" and although "sorrow may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning."

You and I have had to prove, by painful experience (yet profitable), that the pathway to heaven is through fire and water; and when in the fire we have often feared we should be burnt up, root and branch, or be rejected as reprobate silver, but we have been brought out into a wealthy place; and when in the water, we have feared we should be drowned, make shipwreck by dashing against the rocks, or sink into some whirlpool to rise no more. But still, when sinking in deep mire, where there was no standing, and in our feelings at the ends of the earth, with our hearts overwhelmed within us, there has been a cry left, and a cry forced from our troubled bosom, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." And when in the belly of hell, there has been a looking again towards his holy temple, and a listening for the still small voice, attended with the petition, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." This, moreover, has been followed with a little apprehension of him as being behind the wall, and then showing himself through the lattice; and now our dear Joseph cannot longer refrain himself, but will speak to us comfortable words and kind. And no sooner do we hear him speak, than we cry out, "It is the voice of my Beloved: behold he cometh, leaping upon the mountains, and skipping upon the hills;" and when he thus graciously appears, levelling the mountains and hills, scattering the gloom of night, stilling the storms and tempests, calming the raging of the fires and the floods, putting our enemies to flight, speaking peace to us that were afar off, casting up the highway before us, his ransomed people, that we may pass over, where no lion is, neither any ravenous beast permitted to go up thereon—finding that we are favoured to walk there, our harps are forthwith taken down, and we break forth on the right hand and on the left, exclaiming, "O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me." So, notwithstanding all our doubts and fears, we will trust and not be afraid. Thou shalt choose for us our inheritance, guide us with thy counsel, and afterwards receive us to glory.

Give my kind regards to Mrs. V. My dear wife joins in love to both.

I am, yours in the love of the truth,

W. SPIRE.

THE cross, the precious cross of Christ, is the only place where sin is subdued, legality and self-righteousness put off, the sinner humbled, and glorious Gospel liberty delightfully experienced to the praise of the Lord Jesus Christ.—*Horne*.

WHAT IS HART'S MEANING IN HIS ARTICLE ON THE OPERATIONS OF THE HOLY GHOST?

HAVING received three letters, two of them bearing the same signature, directing our attention to an article which appeared in the "G. S." for December, written by Joseph Hart, we have thought that the following remarks might not be out of place on the points referred to.

The training of the Holy Ghost, we think, refers more particularly to the *work* allotted to the particular person chosen by God for a particular work. The Holy Ghost cannot with truth be said to train up and lead a child of God into sin, or to teach him that he may do evil that good may come. Joseph Hart was too well taught of God to intend such an interpretation. We should not follow an angel who taught such a doctrine, because God teaches just the reverse.

And since God, who chooses the man for a great work, is the sole and absolute Proprietor of all things in the universe, from the highest heavens down to the deep and dark abyss of woe, and is from necessity, as a Being of infinite attributes and perfections, the Sovereign Ruler and Universal Governor, and chooses those methods which most commend themselves to his infinite wisdom, and uses those means which are best suited for the trial, fitting the person he has chosen for a special work—may not an infinite Being, who is omnipresent, omniscient, and omnipotent, do as he please in all the realms of his own universe, without giving any account of his matters to man?

Hart's language is admittedly strong, and his experience more than of ordinary depth. But we ask our friends to remember that Joseph Hart was no ordinary man, either as to his gifts or experience; and at times his forms of speech are exceedingly strong and possess great force, which would scarcely be suited to any other person than Joseph Hart, he having been left to go down deeply into almost all kinds of actual sin, which were the means of discovering to him the awful depths of his own depravity, and the dreadful nature of original sin; and then experiencing such wonderful deliverances, flowing so freely, fully, and purely from God's sovereign favour, the grace was seen and felt to be so unmixed and absolute, that his whole soul becomes ravished and absorbed with the gracious and blessed revelations that God gave him of his love and mercy. He is now full of admiration, love, and wonder; and coming across Wesley's creature-exalting and Christ-dethroning doctrines, while his soul is so full of love and zeal, he strikes out like a giant in his fullest strength against the blasphemies of such a merit-merchant, and deals deadly slaughter.

Considering the great enemy Wesley was to the glorious gospel of the blessed God, and Hart being filled with so much love and zeal to his great Master, we do not wonder at the strength of Hart's language.

Can our friends be commonly honest when they affect not to know what Hart means by the sentence, "sin is unheeded?" We find it exceedingly difficult to believe them to be so ignorant of the mere letter, and sincerely trust that they are not ignorant of the sweet and blessed experience expressed. Who, unless they wanted to make a case, could read the sentence, with its connections, and not understand the meaning of the writer? Can a soul, while it is in heaven, heed sin in the sense of regarding it with favour? Does he not disregard it, as unworthy of his notice? And this is the sense intended by Hart, as is evident enough. Brethren, pray be honest, and not so wickedly captious.

Let sin present itself in its most alluring forms, in its most enchanting robes, to the soul while it is in heaven, Can it be regarded but with the deepest detestation? While the soul is on Tabor with Christ, everybody and everything of the nature of this world, is totally eclipsed. The kingdoms of this world and the glory of them are to you as they were to Christ, not worthy of your notice. It is "Jesus only."

Brethren, do you not know what this is by happy and heart-felt experience? We would really hope that you do, although you appear, from your remarks, not to know. Look at Hart's hymn, 251st, first three verses in particular—commencing,

"When Jesus, with his mighty love," &c.

It is of no use for sin to come, with its ugly features, to be noticed, while the mighty love of Jesus fills the heart and elevates the soul; there is no room for sin then—No, no;

"While I am held in thy embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to roll;
Each smile upon thy beauteous face,
Fixes and fires and charms my soul."

Sin has no power then, the soul is in heaven;

"Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon—
Vanish as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon."

"He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love." The soul is in heaven; sin cannot get so much as a glance. O, brethren, how much we wish for you such an experience as Hart's!

As to Hart's doubts about the nature and duration of the punishment of the wicked, we understand him simply to mean what he says—that "the Scriptures are full to the point," and are enough for him; the will and purpose of God he entirely acquiesces in, but to comprehend the awful subject is more than he is able to do; all of which we entirely endorse, and we have no kind of doubt upon the subject of eternal punishment.

THE EDITOR.

Obituary.

MARY BUTLER.—On September 18, 1892, in her 84th year, Mary Butler, a member at Zion chapel, Bedworth.

She was called by grace when young, and according to the church records she joined the church on August 1, 1824.

She had always been accustomed to attend Zion chapel and Sunday school, but once went to hear a person who was preaching in the street. There had been a sudden death in the place, and the preacher spoke about it, and asked how it would have been had the summons come to one of them. This made a great impression on her, and was evidently an arrow sent by the Holy Spirit into her conscience, for she became separated from the world. When only 15 years of age she was baptized, with several others, she being the youngest; and Mr. Smith, the pastor, spoke specially to her when she was received into the church, praying the Lord to keep one so young. Her subsequent life proved the reality of her religion, being a quiet, consistent, and humble walker, though reserved in manner. She was favoured to sit under a searching minister, for a number of years, and many were the seasons of enjoyment under the ministry of the gracious men of God who at that time supplied the pulpit at Bedworth. Her soul was fed with living bread. She was a true lover of Zion, and was never out of her place at the Sunday or week evening services if able to be present. She loved the ministry of Mr. Sinkinson, which was many times made a blessing to her soul. The Lord was no doubt preparing her for the rough path she had to travel for very many years. When eighty years of age she injured her arm, and had to have it amputated. The doctor was unable to say whether she would survive the shock to her system or not, but the Lord wonderfully supported her and kept her calm and patient. She spoke of these words being much on her mind: "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Once when two friends called upon her, and found her in trouble with sickness in the family, she seemed to bow in submission to the Lord's will, and quoted the following lines:—

"I must expect a daily cross;

Lord, sanctify the pain;" &c.

At another time she said, "All is well. His way is the best. He has promised, and will never forsake me. His promises never fail." Before the operation was performed she suffered intense pain, yet she never murmured, but would often say—

"Weary of earth, myself, and sin,

Dear Jesus, set me free;" &c.

Soon after the trial, the words, "My grace is sufficient for thee," were sweetly applied to her soul, and she seemed to realize the fulfilment of them to her journey's end. The word of the Lord was oftentimes her meat and drink. The Palms were much blessed to her soul, the 23rd especially. She was also

particularly fond of Solomon's Song, 2nd chapter, and would repeat the last two verses: "My Beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies. Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my Beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."

She never ceased to lay everything before the Lord; and as long as her grand-children can remember, they have frequently heard her in the night pleading with God. She loved the hymns,

"Jesus, o'er the billows steer me;"

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah;"

"Rock of Ages;" &c.

And with her poor feeble voice would sing them when she was on her bed racked with pain. She sometimes expressed a dread of crossing the river; but her dear Lord was very gracious to her, not suffering her to be left very long without some promise to cheer her heart. As she lay in bed, pillowed up and bandaged, one of her relations spoke of her pitiable condition, when she replied,

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,

My beauty are, my glorious dress."

On Sunday, August 14, she attended the administration of the Lord's Supper, to which she had anxiously looked forward, but it proved to be the last time she was favoured to partake of the emblems of her dear Saviour's dying love. On her return from chapel, being very feeble, she fell down, was taken to bed, and never again left it until her burial. During the last month she was wonderfully upheld. When she bade her grandson good-bye, a week before she died, she was quite resigned. She said, "All is well. God bless you; I shall not see you again upon earth, but may we meet in heaven."

A female friend went to see her the day before she died, who quoted the words, "In my Father's house are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you;" also the verse of a hymn—

"There we shall see his face,

And never, never sin;" &c.

Mrs. B. responded, "O! that is nice." The same friend referring to the promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," and saying, "It has been fulfilled to you;" she said, "I could not have borne it if I had known it beforehand, adding,

"I can do all things, or can bear

All suffering, if my Lord be there."

It is his presence we want; we can do nothing without it." When drawing near her end the deacon called to see her. She said to him— "How long? How long?"

On the Tuesday before her death she had a dream, and was heard to say on awaking, "Beautiful! Beautiful!" On the night of her death she asked to be placed upright in bed. She then waved her only hand for several minutes, and was heard to say, "Jesus—coming." She fell into a sleep, and at about 9.55 she opened her eyes and smiled, and gently breathed her last.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." J. M. P.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

MARCH, 1893.

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

THE SURE FOUNDATION.

A SERMON PREACHED SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 18TH,
1872, AT CROYDON, BY MR. COVELL.

“Therefore thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste.”—ISAIAH xxviii. 16.

THERE are two things that stand out in my text very clearly: the glory of God’s dear Son, and the good of his people; and as God declares that he will bring them about, he causes us to look, admire, and wonder, saying to us, Behold, “what I will do!” and we may depend upon its being done to purpose. God ever had the exalting, making known, and lifting up of his dear Son in view; therefore the Son of God says, “From the bowels of my mother hath he made mention of my name,” that is, in the promise that God made to our first parents, saying, “The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent’s head;” then the Holy Ghost declares by his servant Peter (Acts x. 43), “To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins,” no matter how bad they may have been, or how vilely they have lived, what servants to sin, or what tools of the devil; “*whosoever* believeth in him shall receive remission of sins;” and this brings such a revenue of praise to the Lord, both here and throughout eternity, as they sing one harmonious song, “Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood . . . to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.” O, how true it is that “at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, and tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord (the way, the truth, and the life) to the glory of God the Father.”

In the words of our text we find God saying, “Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation *a stone*;” and Jacob speaks almost the same words in blessing his twelve sons (Genesis xlix.); when pronouncing the blessing upon Joseph (verses

22-24), he says, "from thence is the shepherd, *the stone of Israel*;" and that is the foundation upon which Jacob rested. The Psalmist also alludes to *this stone*, saying (Ps. cxviii. 22), "The *stone* which the builders refused is become the *head stone of the corner*" (verse 23), "This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes." And we find the Son of God himself alluding to our text, saying, as is recorded by Matthew and Mark, "Have ye never read this scripture, the *stone* which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner?" and in another place he says, "Whosoever falls upon this stone shall be broken, but upon whomsoever *it shall fall* it will grind him to powder;" then it is better for you, my friends, to fall upon it than for it to fall upon you. Peter also refers to my text in his answer to the rulers and elders of Israel (Acts iv. 11), "This is the stone which was set at nought of you builders, which is become the head of the corner." And Paul, in Romans ix. 33, says, "As it is written, Behold, I lay in Sion a stumblingstone and rock of offence; and whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed;" then Peter confirms it in the chapter we read (1st epistle, 2nd chapter), all to prove that "out of the mouth of two or three witnesses every word shall be established;" indeed, we find plenty of witnesses, all to confirm the truth that Christ is that foundation stone that God hath laid in Zion. Mark where it is laid; in the Church of God, for mind, it is these people that are near and dear to God; he has such love to these people that he has chosen for himself, that he spares nothing for their good and his own glory; "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?" O how dear and precious his people are to him! it is for these that the world stands; so that while he rules over all things in heaven above and in the earth beneath, governing them by his word, he is the father of his people, he loves his holy ones, and all he has in view is to do them good. He would never have created the world but for the salvation of these, and to bring them to heaven and to glory; hence it is said that "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called *according to his purpose*." If you search all through the Word of God, you will find that everything that God does, and that all he suffers to be, works so as to bring about the good of his people; he ever had them in his heart; they were always in his thoughts and under his eye; and although many of them are poor as far as regards this

world, never possessed of a sovereign, perhaps, to call their own, and many of them are cast down on account of the trials through which they have to pass, yet, in looking through the Word of God, you will find that everything is for their good; and if you are a man of trial, temptation, and exercises, you will find everything conspire for your good, that, sooner or later, you may be well laid on this foundation stone. Then God (so to speak) cares nothing about the world at large. How you can see this in the case of the flood: no sooner is Noah safe in the ark, than God drowns the world directly. God told Lot that he could do nothing to Sodom while he remained there, but no sooner is he clear away than down comes the fire and brimstone and consumes the people at once. God's people are his jewels; he cares for them; they have his eye and his heart upon them; therefore they shall be led, guided, and directed by him in all things that shall be for their good; but the wicked will be destroyed by the breath of his mouth, and he will be glorified in their destruction. God's people are for the most part a poor and an afflicted people; indeed, he says, "I will leave in the midst of thee a poor and afflicted people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord;" but they are so precious in his sight, that he "has a book of remembrance" for them, in which is recorded all that respects them in providence, as well as the preservation and final salvation of their souls;

"O could we but believe,
Then all would easy be."

But though we believe not that we have such a God and Father that so loves us and cares for us, yet he abideth faithful, he cannot deny himself, and he abides the same yesterday, to day, and for ever.

Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone. Now, God is a wise master builder; and we all know that a wise builder will take care that the foundation is right, for if that is not right, away goes the house; as the Son of God tells us in the parable, the man built his house upon the sand, but the wind beat upon it, and the rain washed away the foundation, and great was the fall of that house. But God has laid for a foundation, a *stone*. What does the prophet Zechariah say (chap. iii. verse 9)? "For behold the stone that I have laid before Joshua; upon *one stone* shall be seven eyes," that is, in this stone shall be found all the perfections and attributes of the great Jehovah; that Jesus is one with the Father, equal to bear the weight—and it is a weight indeed he has to bear; O such a weight

that man can have no idea of. What ten thousand times ten thousand filthy, abominable, hellish sins he has to bear! Therefore, if God has chosen you, this stone will bear all your sins; but if God had not laid this foundation, not all the strength of men, nor yet of the greatest and most noble of angels, nor yet all united together, could bear the weight that was to be laid upon this foundation stone. I would say with shame, I would say with sorrow, that if my sins were laid upon the greatest archangel, he would sink under them—yes, that he would. What, say you, Is sin of that filthy nature, of that immense weight, that it would sink all men in creation, and angels too, to the bottom of the sea? Then blessed be God for Jesus Christ; thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift. Therefore, you may depend upon it, that in the choice of him, “Behold, I lay in Zion,” &c., here are all the perfections of God himself to be seen centred in this Christ of God: here is strength, poor thing, to bear thee up, to hold and sustain thee; for the text declares him to be a “sure foundation;” and in 1 Peter ii. 6, it is said, “He that believeth on him shall not be confounded;” and in Isaiah liv. 4, “Thou shalt not be put to shame.” Paul declares “other foundation can no man lay;” they may attempt it, yea, and build upon it, too, but the ruin of *that* house will indeed be great. Everything that man builds upon short of this *stone*, will as surely sink as there is a God in heaven and Christ to judge them at the last day. What thousands rest upon their good intentions, their prayers, their services, their alms-giving, their circumspection, upon anything and everything short of the Christ of God, and all such will be damned for their folly; while there is no poor, sensible, broken-hearted, fearing soul that falls upon this stone that will ever fall short of or miss the mark; for mind, all that believe on this Christ, all that rest here, please God, and shall, by resting and building here, be brought, sooner or later, to bless God for the gift of his dear Son; therefore says the Apostle Paul, when speaking to the Gentiles (Ephesians ii. 20), Ye “are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone.” Dr. Watts says truly:—

“Foolish *builders*, Scribes, and Priests,

Reject it with disdain;

Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,

And never *rest* in vain.”

Now, as God has laid this stone in Zion, he will bring all his people to build upon it; but this is the last place

you will build upon : you will trust in your good intentions, your prayers and promises, and you will have more faith in these than in anything else ; but God will have you trust in none other than his Christ, for he declares that he will sweep away all your self-righteousness—and this he will do by his blessed Spirit operating in your heart ; and the Son of God says, “ If I be lifted up I will draw all men *unto me*.” Now, if we begin to look into your heart, we shall find that you have purposed to build upon something or other that you have meant to do, something short of Jesus Christ ; but when the Holy Ghost begins to discover to you what you are as a sinner ; how that sin is mixed with all your best doings ; that, notwithstanding all your promises, you cannot do what you would ; he will bring you to this spot : “ Every mouth shall be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God.” Mr. Hart says,

“ A sinner is a sacred thing,
The Holy Ghost has made him so.”

And again—

“ To see sin smarts but slightly,

But O ! to FEEL cuts deep beyond expression.”

Now, if God the Holy Ghost has made sin exceeding sinful, it has brought this cry out of your heart, “ What shall I do to be saved ? ” The great thing with you will be the salvation of your soul, pardon of sin, and to find favour with God. O to have sin removed, and to be saved with an everlasting salvation ! You want now to get to heaven, to know what it is to have access to God, and to realize and feel him to be your Father and friend. Now, if the Holy Ghost has done this for you he will surely bring you—if he has not already—to this “ foundation stone,” yes, that he will, as sure as you are a living man or woman. This is how he will bring you :—“ God be merciful to me a sinner,” and you will fall flat upon Jesus Christ, and this will be your feeling : “ If Christ does not save me I shall be lost—unless he pick me up, unless he wash me in his blood, and save me for his mercy’s sake, I am entirely lost.” Now do you know what this is ? has he really brought thee in faith and in truth to fall here : “ Son of David, *have mercy on me !* ” “ Save, Lord, or I perish ! ” What, no hope left in anything that you can do ?—all hope in prayers, promises and performances now quite gone ? Is it this, “ Give me Christ, or else I die ? ” If this is it, then, my dear friends, he is everything to you. O, what you can now see in his suitability, in his sufficiency, in his merit, and righteousness ! He is

indeed to you now the "Pearl of great price," and, say you, I can now see and feel plainly enough that, unless I have an interest in this Christ—unless he has "loved me," "given himself for me," it had been better for me that I had never been born. Why, man or woman, *now* you and this glorious foundation stone, this precious corner stone can come together; now you are built upon it; now your faith fastens upon it. The Son of God asked Peter, "Whom do men say that I am?" "Some say one thing, Lord, and some another." "But whom say *ye* that I am?" "And Simon Peter answered (Matt. xvi. 16) and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." "And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven:" you have the right thing, your faith embraces *Me*. Now, I ask, has your faith brought you out from self, from all ideas of performances, as a helpless sinful creature to build all your hopes upon Jesus Christ? If so, this foundation is not lost to you; no, no, he is the foundation of your hope; take away Christ! and what would be the result? O, you would be lost, to all intents and purposes! Will nothing but Christ suit you? No; you must have *him*, because he is the only safe and sure foundation for your hope. Faith now unites you to him, your soul runs out after him, and if you cannot draw that virtue from him that you desire, you come to this conclusion. "If he does not save me I will never rest upon anything besides—I will look to none other." Do thy eyes thus look right on, and thine eyelids straight before thee? Then depend upon it he is thy Christ, and thou wilt prove him to be so in the salvation of thy never-dying soul; the faith you have is wrought in your heart by the blessed Spirit, and, being "the faith that unites to the Lamb," is "more than mere notion or whim." What you have is a reality—*O that it is!* And what a mercy to find God's Spirit working in your heart, uniting you to the Christ of God! you will find that nothing shall ever be able to separate you and *him*; thy faith will hang upon him through life and in death, and you will find that salvation you have been so long seeking after; you will come here with the apostle: "The life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God"—and you will feel too in the comfort of it—"Who loved *me* and gave himself *for me*."

Again, he is not only the foundation to which his people are united by faith, *but* the foundation also of their *hope*: Here it fastens! you know it is so, you have no hope in

anything else, no, no! “*But,*” say some, “I do not know whether I have any hope in him.” O, poor thing, is there not a something springing up again and again in your heart, like this: “Who knows, perhaps he may save me; who can tell but what he will have mercy on me; peradventure he may save a wretch like me; it may be that he may pity me in my low estate and prove to me that his mercy endureth for ever?” Have you not some such feelings as these in your soul? Why, poor thing, here is a foundation for *hope*; take this foundation away, and what *can* you hope in? If I were to propose any other foundation, you would say, “O no, sir, I cannot hope in that; nothing but the Christ of God for me!” and when you hear of his love and blood, what he has done to save poor sinners; his great love toward them; how he came on purpose to save; how he does save thousands. Ah! that he has, thousands; then thy hope lies here: “It may be he will hear me,” and now your hope rests upon him. And I tell you another thing for your comfort, poor soul, it will be an anchor that will never give way; it will be sure and safe enough. Storms may arise, winds may blow, the devil may be strong, fears and doubts and all these things together may be ready to sink your soul; but *hope* will be the anchor of your soul, sure and steadfast, it enters into that which is within the veil, and that is the foundation stone that God has laid in Zion. Jeremiah (xvii. 7) says, “Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and *whose hope* the Lord is.”

Again, not only does your *hope* centre in this foundation stone, your soul rest upon it, and *faith* unite to it, but there will be something more in your heart; *love* will bind you to it—“Whom having not seen ye love.” O, yes; and “though now ye see him not, *yet believing*, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.” O, say you, “I often come here, ‘Do I love the Lord or no? Am I his or am I not?’” Well, sinner, let us go into it and see whether you do really love him or not. Do you not esteem any little from him, any *small* blessing from him of greater worth than anything mortals can give you? What is it that at times troubles your mind the most? O, say you, “It is this, if when I shall stand before him at the last day he should say to me ‘Depart, accursed, I never knew you’—at times the very thought seems to rend me in pieces, and brings such anxious fears into my heart, it makes me cry out, ‘Good Lord, assure me that I am thine.’” O, poor thing, none of those fears and feelings would be found in

thy heart if *there were no love*. Harken to what the ungodly say: "Depart from us, we desire not the knowledge of thy ways." What did the devils say? "Art thou come to torment us before our time? bid us depart into the herd of swine that we may get away from thy presence." Why, how are the wicked punished? They are punished, it is said, "from the presence of the Lord, and the glory of his power." (2 Thes. i. 9.) God is pure; and it is the eye of his Majesty reflecting upon the guilty souls of the lost that makes hell what it is to them; they are filled with fear, and trembling takes hold upon them, while they would fain "hide themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and say to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?" (Rev. vi. 15-17.) *But you* want to see that Lamb; you want to enjoy his smiles. O, poor thing, that is loving him. Why how many times have you retired to your bedroom, or got behind the door, or in some secret place, or have gone across the fields, with such intense longing in your soul after him, crying, "When wilt thou come *unto me*?" O, poor thing, how the wicked one will try to blind your eyes; how he will tempt you to believe that you are wrong! What! you not love him, when you know that you would be one of the happiest men in the parish if he would but come and say, "Yea, I have loved thee!" "O yes," say you—"if he would *but* come and say it!"—and you *not* love him? when you know that you esteem anything, yea, the smallest blessing from him more than a pocketful of gold, and you can say, at times, "Let worldly minds the world pursue!" Love to him has tarnished all the world and everything in it, and now how it cements you to him! Again, in his wonder-working providence how he has caused many things to fall out to you contrary to your wishes, desires, and expectations and prayers, and yet for all that you cannot give him up; you talk about it, you have said again and again from the bottom of your heart, "Yea, it is no use; he will never look to me, he overturns my desires, he never fulfils my prayers: there, he does not love me, I will have no more to do with it." This is what you have said in your spirit, but this was your infirmity. Just like Jonah, he would have no more to do with God, but as soon as God came, back he went: "I will pay my vows to the Most High." Just like David when at one time things went so contrary to his wishes and

desires, and what he expected and looked for; O, he said, "I will get away from Saul: I will go down into the land of the Philistines, and Saul will surely despair of finding me;" and down he goes; follows his own spirit; seems to have cast off God, and we find him telling lies when Achish asks (1 Sam. xxvii. 10) "Whither have ye made a road to-day?" "Against the south of Judah," said he, "and against the Jerahmeelites, and against the south of the Kenites"—thus deceiving Achish; while he had, on the contrary, invaded the Geshurites, and the Gezrites, and Amalekites. (Verse 8.) And Achish *believed* David, saying, "He hath made his people Israel utterly to abhor him; therefore he shall be my servant for ever." (Verse 12) Here is deception on the part of David; but at the bottom of all this there was love to God in his heart. Now, look! David marcheth with the Philistines to battle, and while he and his men are away, the Amalekites come and smite Ziklag and burn it with fire (c. 30), and take the women captive. (Verse 3.) "So David and his men came to the city, and, behold, it was burned with fire; and their wives, and their sons, and their daughters, were taken captives." (Verse 3.) "Then David and the people wept, until they had no more power to weep. And David was *greatly* distressed, for the people spake of stoning him." And David said to Abiathar the priest, "bring me hither the ephod;" and David inquired of the Lord, saying, "Shall I pursue after this troop?" And he answered him, "Pursue: for thou shalt surely overtake them, and without fail recover all." And so it may be in thy heart; and after you have been going on in this way, how he has brought you back by his good Spirit, showing you how goodness and mercy have followed you, and you have said, "The Lord is indeed good; O, I do love him." I ask, Have you not felt in your spirit many, many times, "'Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee.' 'Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none I desire on earth besides thee.' I am unworthy of anything from thee, even the least of thy mercies, and shouldst thou send me to hell, I deserve it; but, whatever becomes of me, I will declare thy name *is Love*, and that my heart's desire is to love thee, and, although sorrow and affliction may overtake me, I am sure that thy love will never fail." Now this love has cemented you to the Christ of God—O *that it has!* and you feel that love at times running out of your heart. O how glad you are when you hear poor sinners say they are anxious about their souls; it does you good. "I am thankful," say you,

“when I hear them ask about Jesus Christ, when I hear them say, it is none but Jesus they desire;” and when you hear him lifted up in the ministry of the Word your feeling is this: “O, I do hope some poor souls may be brought to know and love him—be enabled to lay hold of him, and hold him up in the arms of faith and say, ‘*Mine eyes have seen thy salvation.*’” Now all this proves that you *have love*, and that you have union to this precious corner stone; that your love centres in this stone that God has laid in Zion; and I tell you for your comfort that many waters cannot quench it. You know how, again and again, the world, and the various things that are in it, and about it, catch away your thoughts and take your heart. Very likely from Monday till Saturday you have scarcely had heaven in your thoughts for five minutes together, and if any of your friends have said, “Come and hear this or that good man,” O you have had no time, or if anyone has said, “Here is such a nice book, do read it.” “O, I have so much business to attend to I cannot read it now.” And this has been the case all the week through, and in your soul’s feeling you have been as cold and barren and lifeless as a beast of the field: no love going out towards the Christ of God; and you have thought, and perhaps said, too, “I am so taken up with the world, I fear I have no religion;” and you have come to chapel on the Sabbath, no life, hard, dry, and as dark as possible, and while the man of God has been giving out a hymn, or the minister may have read of the goodness of God that runs out to poor lost sinners, has not your heart begun to soften? And when the minister has gone on to speak of the mercies of the Lord, and what he can do for such, away runs your heart and affections after him, and out flows this language from the fulness of your soul—

“Let worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired and loved it too,
But grace has set me free.”

And you go after him now—ah! his Spirit *now* all the motion gives; and *now* all the world can do, or all the devil can do, will not keep your heart from going out in affection after the Christ of God. “Lord, I *do* love thee, thou knowest I do.” O, poor thing, if you know what *this* religion is (“Well,” say some, “I trust I *do* feel it”), you will be with him in heaven. God has laid this foundation stone for your *hope*, “In oaths, and promises, and blood;” now your *faith* lays hold of him, now your *love* embraces

him, nothing shall ever part thee and him—no, “nothing shall ever separate thee from the love of God;” for it is said that, “having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them to the end.” The blessed Spirit has cemented you to him *in love*; and you will find through life and in death, as Hart says (Gadsby’s 792):—

“That *love* shall still remain,
Its glories cannot cease;
No other change shall *that* sustain,
Save only *to increase*.
Of all that God bestows,
In earth or heaven above,
The best gift saint or angel knows,
Or *e’er will know, is love*.
Love *all defects* supplies,
Makes great obstructions small;
'Tis prayer, 'tis praise, 'tis sacrifice,
'Tis holiness, *'tis all!*”

Therefore, say the words of my text—and may God give you faith to lay hold of it and embrace it in the comfort of it:—“Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste.” The Lord willing, we will take it up again in the evening. Amen.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SWIFTNESS OF TIME.

How swift the wheels of time do move!
How soon the night succeeds the day!
How soon in heaven’s blest world of love,
Will all the saints their homage pay!

Whilst here below, what anxious cares,
And tears, and sorrows press the saints!
But, blessed God, thy gracious ears
Are open to our sad complaints!

O, what could poor, weak sinners do
Without thy love, and power, and grace
To help and cheer them as they go
Through this waste, howling wilderness?

Yet, dearest Lord, I seldom find
And feel my interest in thy grace!
O that thou wouldst my soul unbind,
And favour me to see thy face!

Give faith and patience, gracious God!
 And resignation to thy will!
 And while I walk earth's chequer'd road
 Ofttimes thy love to me reveal!

J. G.

“TRUST IN HIM AT ALL TIMES.”

Everton, April 27, 1786.

My dear Lissey,—Through the Lord's protection I came safe to Everton on Tuesday, the 11th, at half-past four, and found my servants all well, and everything well about me. Blessed be God for seventy years' mercies; may they follow me all my days, and bring me to the land of everlasting praise, where mercy endureth for ever!

We lose much of the savoury comfort that springs from providential bounty for want of duly discerning what a mercy it is; the starving beggar, who receives sixpence from a charitable hand, feels the value of this mercy, and blesseth his benefactor with a warm heart. And is not every mouthful you eat the same mercy? As much unmerited, and as much a free gift, as a beggar's alms? Why then is not every meal a feast of gratitude? Because we want the beggar's sauce, hunger and poverty, to make us duly thankful for food.

One morning last week, as I lay in bed, thinking of a person I could not relish on account of selfishness, these words were dropped into my bosom, “Look at what is good in him; overlook the rest.” I found the words came from the Lord, by the effect which they had, for they instantly removed the disgust which I had long conceived. Thus when a veil was thrown over selfishness, I could discern good things in him, and think of him with pleasure. This may be of use to my friend to remove present disgusts, which are cankers that prey upon the spirits. Alas! how little do we possess of that love, which beareth, believeth, hopeth, and endureth all things! We grow more like Jesus only as we grow up into him in love; and this grace purifies and sweetens the affections, banishing selfishness, so far as it prevails. It is the temper of heaven, and the nature of God; for God is love. And can a God of love suffer his children to want anything needful? Does he feed birds, and will he starve his babes? Has he given us bodies to be fed and clothed; and will he withhold food and raiment?

If you chance to feel anxiety about these matters, remember the sweet, quieting word, which Jesus has dropped to hush the spirit: “Your Father knoweth that you have need of these things.” And again, “Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom;” and if he gives you the kingdom, he will bear your charges thither.

I send my love to constant Betsy; the Lord send his love, and that crowneth all. Grace and peace be with you all, and with your affectionate servant.

J. BERRIDGE.

THE GIFTS AND GRACES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT :
HIS WORK AND OPERATIONS IN THE SOULS OF
GOD'S PEOPLE.

(Continued from page 71.)

(iii). Thirdly, we pass on now to notice *the Grace of pardoning love*. This sublime grace of the Holy Spirit always accompanies the grace of repentance towards God, and springs from and out of eternal life being given to Christ's wandering sheep in the wilderness. Thus we read in the Word, that "if we sow in tears, we shall reap in joy;" and, "if we go forth weeping, we shall doubtless return again with rejoicing." And Christ says, "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," and "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted." We also know that "sorrow and sighing are to flee away," and that Christ gives unto the sheep of his pasture "Beauty for ashes, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." And these chosen vessels of mercy are to be planted in the garden of the Lord, and shall be called "trees of righteousness, which the Lord hath planted." But none of this blessed experience is fully known and realised by these poor burdened sinners in their souls until they have tasted that the Lord is gracious and merciful unto them, or until they have sweetly passed from death unto life, by the love of God being shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost. Until this blessed grace is received with a divine power, there is no lasting peace felt in the conscience, nor anything substantial realised in the soul for hope fully to anchor in; but the poor disconsolate heart is constantly hoping and fearing; sometimes it is greatly cast down from what it feels within, and is much afraid that that which it is seeking after will never be obtained; then again a little hope springs up in the soul, a little melting of heart is felt, and some little light dawns upon the distressed mind, from which the poor sinner takes a little encouragement. The Word of the Lord may be precious, and if so the soul remembers its blessed injunction, *i.e.*, "Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord." Such gracious words, when spoken with power, are very consoling, and draw the sinner to God, in whom he hath put all his trust, and from whom he humbly hopes to receive mercy and forgiveness for all his sins. He waits upon the Lord with almost breathless silence, and his very soul is on the stretch for that rich blessing he has so long been seeking after; but he knows that the Lord has a set time to favour Zion, and therefore will not be turned out of his course. But we would here remark that no mortal knows the deep anxiety of mind felt when passing through this stage of Christian experience but those that are passing through it, nor can the intense feelings be fully described. It is a state of hope and despair, lost or found, heaven or hell, "Am I his, or am I not?" Here, then, is the

poor sinner, brought to the end of all things, and, according to his present feelings, standing on the brink of despair, feeling himself to be lost, ruined, and undone, having long ago renounced the world and all that is therein, and now he has renounced his own righteousness, which is only filthy rags at best; and if ever a poor worm inwardly groaned, being burdened, this is the character that does so.

Now, says the Lord, "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." This, then, is the very man; and the Lord now, by his good Spirit, begins to reason with him, and speaks comfortably to his soul, by assuring him that he has a favour towards him, and says, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool;" which to the poor sinner is good news from a far country. But the blessed Spirit, whose office it is to make known the Father's love, and to reveal the things of Christ to bankrupt sinners, takes this prisoner at the bar, and says to him, "I have found a 'Surety' for you," one "who is able to save you unto the uttermost" from all your sins, guilt, and fears, having paid all demands that come against you; and the price is his own most precious blood, which he so freely shed on Calvary's tree for the guilty, the vile, and the lost. He is now brought into the presence of God the Father, who looks upon the poor sinner through his beloved Son, and gives him such a gracious smile of love and tenderness, that the soul weeps to the praise of God's mercy bestowed upon him; and this blessed Surety steps forward and embraces this weeping child, and says, "Weep not, virgin daughter of Zion." "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." "I have redeemed thy life from destruction, ransomed thee from the grave, and saved thy soul from hell. Thou art for ever mine, and I am thy Redeemer and thy exceeding great reward. My blood, which I have so freely spilt for thee, freely atones for all thy guilt and shame, and cleanses thee from all thy sins; and my righteousness, which I now put upon thee, is a robe that hides all thy nakedness, covers all thy deformity, and heals all thy diseases. I have been thy Councillor, to plead thy cause before my Father, thy Advocate and Daysman, and Mediator to intercede for thee. Through ME the Eternal Father fully and freely pardons all thy iniquities, has for ever cast all thy transgressions behind his back, and will remember them no more; so that thou art justified freely from all things, from which thou couldst not have been by the law of Moses. And to assure thee of it the Father has given thee that gracious look of love, which has so effectually melted thy hard, frozen, and stubborn heart, that thou art now in full possession of that peace and pardon which give thee a title to an inheritance with the saints here on earth, and at the end of thy days thou shalt receive an eternal weight of glory with all them that are 'sanctified by faith that is in me.'" Thus the Eternal God and Father makes known,

through his Son Jesus Christ, that divine love and pardoning mercy to poor sinners, whom he hath eternally secured in the covenant of grace, and in this way alone can they ever be saved from the wrath to come, which must, and shall be poured out upon all them that know not God, and obey not the Gospel of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Here, then, is a sinner who once was lost, but is now found; once dead in trespasses and sins, but now made alive unto God through the power and the effects of eternal life given him; once naked, but now clothed in the robe of righteousness; once near despair, but now very near to the kingdom of heaven; once wandering upon the dark mountains of sin and wickedness, but now safely brought into the fold of Christ Jesus; once blind and poor, and wretched and miserable, but now possessing all things, and made a king and a priest unto God. Old things have now passed away, and behold, all things have become new. The things that we dreaded have not overtaken us, and the just judgments of God, we anticipated, have not been executed; and instead of going down to the gulf of despair we are raised to a sceptre and a crown, so that we can say, "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings;" and our goings now are in the paths of righteousness, and the Lord graciously inclines his lovely countenance towards us, visits us with his smiles, and "remembers us with the favour he bears towards his chosen people," so that we can sing of his mercy, tell of his faithfulness, and talk of his goodness.

When this grace of pardoning love is richly made known in the heart, it produces love to God instantly; thus we feel to love him, "because he hath first loved us;" and, saith this believer, "Now know I that the Lord hath a favour towards me," therefore "I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord;" and the language of this song is, "I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live." "Whoever would have thought," says this believer, "that such a worm as this would ever obtain mercy? Surely 'the Lord hath not dealt with me after my sins, nor hath he rewarded me according to my iniquities.' O bless his dear Name. 'He knew my frame, and remembered that I was but dust. I will praise him with my whole heart. I do love him, but would love him more and more, and would serve him better.'" Besides, there is a rich flowing out of love towards everything that is godly, especially to God's ways, his holy truth, and his chosen people. "We know," says the believer, "that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." And is not this a blessed and a rich testimony of the soul's eternal interest in this sublime grace of the Holy Spirit we are now dwelling upon—the grace of pardoning love? And when its gracious effects are felt in the heart, do we not exclaim with the Psalmist, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath

dealt bountifully with thee?" Yes, so bountifully that he hath given us more than we could even ask or think.

Looking, then, at the words, "Return unto thy rest," there is a great meaning in them, far greater than we can discover at the first glance; but as the Holy Spirit opens them up to our astonished gaze, and unfolds them to our spiritual understanding, we see that we not only rest from that hard labour we toiled at when under the curse of a broken law, and when in bondage to sin and Satan, but there is a solid resting in the sovereign love of God, made known to poor sinners by the power of the Holy Spirit, and which divine love *covers*, yea, even drowns a multitude of sins, removing them "as far from us as the east is from the west." There is also a resting upon the faithfulness of God, as we read, "Faithful is he that calleth you." And there is a divine resting upon the Holy Scriptures, inasmuch as we have found them to be meat and drink to our weary souls. We rest, too, in the covenant of grace; for the pardoning love of God, so richly displayed in our hearts, assures us that God in Christ has "made for us an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure," in which covenant we delight to dwell, feeling that the love and mercy of God has blessedly secured that covenant unto us; so that whatever storms and tempests may arise in the earth, we shall abide safely in this well-ordered covenant, which a precious Christ has with his own blood signed, sealed, and ratified as our eternal dwelling place, wherein we can peaceably rest, and feel quite secure from the blast of the terrible ones, and from the rage and malice of hell.

O what an anchorage is this well-ordered covenant for the poor and the needy of the Lord's chosen family to rest in! and what a firm foundation for their souls to rest upon! We may well say, with holy David, "Although my house be not so with God; yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure: for this is all my salvation and all my desire." But do we not rest upon the blessed doctrines of divine grace at these seasons? And is there not an embracing of them, and a believing in them? There cannot be any unkind feeling in our hearts against the grand doctrine of election, when the grace of pardoning love is sweetly made known in our souls; but there is a quiet and peaceable resting in the doctrine, and much heartfelt gratitude is flowing out of our souls to the God of all our mercies, that ever he should make known his electing love in such hearts as ours. It seems marvellous, too good to be true; and O, how clearly do we see that God moves in a mysterious way towards the objects of his choice, in providing for their spiritual needs, and in the manner in which he prepares them, by his grace and Spirit, for the kingdom of glory, when time with them shall be no more.

We stand amazed at the great condescension of God in Christ Jesus, that ever he should take any notice of us poor worms of the earth, and call us unto himself, for the purpose of giving

unto us eternal life through his Son; calling us unto a gracious repentance, which "needeth not to be repented of," and then so richly to display his pardoning love in our hearts, which seals us heirs of God and joint-heirs with his dear Son, Jesus. Surely we, of all others, can ask the question, "What shall I render unto the Lord, for all his benefits towards me?" And the Lord's benefits are not few nor small, but are many and great, so great that we cannot measure them, and so many that they cannot be numbered, but which are all made known by the Holy Spirit.

There cannot be any greater blessing, or any richer grace bestowed upon poor mortal man, than the grace of pardoning love, for it so thoroughly liberates our souls from the snares of death, rescues us from the hands of sin and Satan, removes every burden from the mind, cleanses the heart, gives peace to the conscience, clothes the naked soul, and brings it into the presence of the King of kings and Lord of lords; that under its divine influence, power, sweetness, savour, and unction, we can say, "I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste. He brought me into his banqueting house, and his banner over me was love." Thus we are brought into a new creation, a new atmosphere, and a new landscape is now beautifully spread before us; we have new hopes, new joys, new feelings, new employment, and we are altogether new creatures in Christ Jesus; therefore "we walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit," because "the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost." And there can be no condemnation, finally, come against us, and there will be no separation from these blessed graces of the Holy Spirit, for however much they may be eclipsed in the soul from time to time by the things that are carnal, and borne down in our hearts by the heavy pressure of grief and sorrow, nevertheless they will spring forth again and again, and bud, and bring forth fruit to the honour and glory of God's most holy Name; and we shall ever have great cause to bless the Lord for the gift of his pardoning love made known to us by his good Spirit.

(iv.) Fourthly, and lastly. We come now to consider *the Grace of Faith*. We are told that "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." And truly it is so, "for by it the elders obtained a good report," and so have all the chosen family of God, in their pilgrimage journey through the wilderness. But again, we read that "Without faith it is impossible to please God." Therefore it is most important that we should know that we possess the faith of God's elect, for there is no other faith that will stand the fire but that which cometh from above, and which is "the Gift of God." Moreover it is said that "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." Thus we may fairly conclude that those who are destitute of spiritual ears have not yet heard the word of God with power, and therefore lack faith, and so are not able to please God, for the things that they do are not mixed with a

divine faith. But where those other graces of the Holy Spirit, of which we have been treating, are made manifest in the heart, and are in some measure in divine exercise in the soul, there will be a corresponding measure of holy faith at work in the heart; and this faith, be it known, has a divine tendency in keeping the other graces alive within us. For instance, if the grace of gratitude be dull and sluggish in our hearts, as indeed it will be, more or less, then the grace of faith will sometimes act as a remembrancer, and bring things to the mind which the Lord has done for us, both in his divine providence and in his grace, and thus we shall be brought, by faith, under an obligation to thank the Lord for his mercies vouchsafed unto us. And faith teaches us the propriety of adopting this language before God: "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name give glory." Thus we shall see that the grace of faith in the heart brings to our mind at times many forgotten mercies received from the hand of the Lord in the past, which have not been duly considered and sufficiently acknowledged by us; hence faith sometimes corrects us for our follies, and reproves us for our oft-repeated wrongs, and in this way we are led to see what a valuable grace of the Holy Spirit faith is.

True faith, then, as we have said, is God's good gift, and lives in the heart of poor sinners, and being a handmaid to the soul, it intercedes for whatever the soul needs before the Lord, and pleads earnestly on its behalf at a throne of grace, for things that accompany salvation and which make the children of God spiritually wise. When the love of God was abundantly bestowed upon us, and a divine pardon was sealed upon the conscience, faith was strong and powerful in our heart and enabled us to believe in God to the saving of our soul. Through faith we believed that God loved us with an everlasting love, and faith helped us to say, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the children of God." Faith, too, brought us to believe that our worthless name is written in the Lamb's book of life; and O, what faith we had in believing, when we could so read our name in God's eternal book. Then, and not till then, could we say, "I know in whom I have believed." And did not faith penetrate deeply into the mines of God's eternal truth for us, and bring up those rich and rare blessings from that lower strata which God has hid from the wise and prudent, but which, by a living faith in himself, he hath revealed unto babes? And how we, by faith, were enabled to lay hold upon the blessed promises, which have been such a support to our mind, and which have yielded unto us the peaceable fruits of righteousness! We may, then, call it precious faith, for it hath made God's word precious, his Gospel precious, the promises sweet, his ways right, his judgments to be revered, his precepts obeyed, his commands followed; in a word, it has made *all* the ways of the Lord to be desired; and faith teacheth us that in walking in the Lord's ways, and in keeping his gracious

commands, there is great reward. Moreover, this grace of faith helps us to rest in the alone merits of a crucified Saviour, and to look to him alone for redemption through his blood. Faith shelters in his dear wounds, carefully observes the print of the nails in his pierced hands and feet, and often goes to the cross of Calvary to have a faith's view of this dear Man of Sorrows; and faith always says that there was no grief like his, and no sorrow like that which overwhelmed his righteous soul. The prophet says that the Lord's people "shall look upon him whom their sins have pierced, and shall mourn for him like those that mourn for their first-born;" and it is the work of faith to do so. Thus, when by a precious faith we can follow the Lord Jesus from the manger to the cross, and keep the eye of faith steadily fixed upon him through all the trials, temptations, sorrows, and sufferings he had to endure, then we can mourn for him, and grieve for him, while thinking that it was our accursed sins that nailed him to the cross, and pierced him through and through. To see him, then, by faith, agonizing on the tree, bearing there our sins in his own body, and that in the midst of the wrath of Almighty God poured out upon his holy soul, O! it is enough to cause us to mourn in secret, and exclaim, "Was ever love like this?" Faith never saw such a sight as this! And O, how it hangs upon him, and centres in him, and feels "that there is no sight so heavenly and so soul-enduing as the sight of the cross of Calvary!" Here, says faith,

"Let me rest my weary head,

While lightnings flash and thunders roll."

Here we see the necessity of keeping close to our suffering Lord in all that we say and do, and here we learn the meaning of his own gracious words, "I am the way, the truth, and the life;" and a faith's view of this dear Man of Sorrows will so humble us in the dust, and clothe us with humility, that we shall wish to tarry at the cross, that faith may behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of his people, and that he may cast a gracious look therefrom upon us, for there is life in his looks, and there is pardon in his eye. Faith beholds him as the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, and the one offering for sin which God accepted as a living sacrifice for his church and people; and no further atonement is now required by the God of heaven to satisfy the demands of justice, and to redeem the church from that fallen state into which it had sunk by the subtlety of the devil, the power of temptation, and the strength of sin. God is well pleased with this one offering, and by it he has for ever accepted the Bride, the Lamb's wife, as one eternally in his dear Son, and sees her all pure, without spot or blemish, or any such thing. And a divine faith in God the Father is able to look upon "this Man of Sorrows" in a similar manner, and firmly believes that "He is able," and willing, "to save unto the uttermost every poor sinner that comes unto God by him;" so that faith says, None need despair, who feel worn out in the

devil's service, while Jesus lives. And he not only lives in heaven, at the right hand of God, to intercede for all them that come unto God by him, but he lives in the hearts of all such, and by his good Spirit helps them to "work out their own salvation with fear and trembling;" and this grace of faith assures them that "it is God that worketh in them both to will and to do of his good pleasure;" so that faith is a precious grace of the Spirit, and comes from and is the gift of God. And O, how it helps poor weary souls to look unto him, to cast all their cares upon him, and to leave all their concerns in his hands. By faith they put their trust in him; yea, even trust him where they cannot trace him, and by this faith they obtain promises from him, with every other help and blessing they stand in need of. Through faith they are determined to hold on their way, and "to know nothing amongst men, save Jesus Christ and him crucified;" "Looking forward, by faith, to that blessed hope, and to the glorious appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ," who has done so much for them in redeeming their souls from hell, and bringing them out of darkness, bondage, and misery, into the glorious liberty of the gospel; which has made them meet to be partakers of the saints in light. We have faintly and imperfectly traced the above leading graces of the Holy Spirit, and their effects, in the hearts of God's chosen family, and humbly hope that our feeble effort to set forth the work of the Spirit will be followed with the Lord's blessing. There are other graces of the Holy Spirit we might consider, but which must stand over.

Leamington, Sept. 30th, 1892.

E. FEAZEY.

A LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. HOBBS.

Beloved in Christ Jesus,—I am looking forward with desire to the 6th of December, when I hope through the mercy of God we shall again meet, to commemorate the precious love of the Saviour in dying for poor sinners, by breaking of bread; and if it should please my gracious Lord to speak once more by the mouth of his unworthy servant to the hearts of some of his dear family, I shall rejoice indeed.

You and I know that the Kingdom of God is not in word, but in power. It is to enjoy that power, renewing, reviving, and restoring our souls, that I earnestly desire. How long we may be favoured to meet together in the Saviour's name, I know not. I believe that a hot furnace is preparing for Zion; but "he will sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." The church has had a long season of outward prosperity: and though I believe that all his dear family are called to bear their own personal cross, yet outward prosperity has in all ages been found more or less to produce a state of general declension as to spiritual things. God will revive his work in the midst of the years; but I cannot help fearing that it will be through severe trials. The Saviour says: "Every branch in me that beareth fruit the Father

purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." If it be so with particular branches, how much more with the whole church!

My dear friends, I am convinced that the church of Christ is at present surrounded by very intricate and trying circumstances. Indeed I cannot tell what to wish for, as to outward things. Nothing but constant, fervent, earnest prayer and supplication can be of any avail; but then, alas! I fear but few, very few of us, see the danger to which we are exposed. Our hearts are too cold and indifferent with respect to the present times. May we all be enabled to cry earnestly to God for a fresh manifestation of his power, for the outpouring of his Spirit into our hearts; that he will be pleased to show us the path wherein we should walk; that he will separate us more and more from this world, professing and profane; that he will teach us to do his will, and lead us into the land of uprightness.

My mind has been much exercised of late about public affairs. I do not wish to enter into politics, but I do see that the real people of God are in a very trying position. Brethren, "Pray without ceasing." Whatever may be our danger, all our safety is in Christ. There is nothing like cleaving closely to him, seeking his face, meditating on his Word, asking counsel of him, and waiting upon him continually. These I have ever found to be the only means which God will own and bless.

I have been called to pass through many deep personal trials; and, to the honour of him who hath said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," I am constrained to own that he has been my stay and support; and therefore I am encouraged still to trust in him, both for myself and for the whole family of God. If we have no strength, no wisdom, no righteousness of our own, he will be our strength, wisdom, and righteousness, yea, our All and in all.

I trust that we shall meet again before him, and that he will condescend to grant us his presence, and put the word of eternal life and eternal truth into the heart and mouth of the most unworthy of his servants, and that we shall all find it good to wait upon him.

Though now absent from you in body, I trust our united supplications shall come up with acceptance before him, through the Mediator of the better covenant. My dear friends, all things are possible to him that believeth. Faith and prayer have wrought wonders. Do let us seek for an increase of faith, and for the Spirit of supplication, from him who knows how to give good gifts unto his children.

Beloved, farewell for the present, until we are favoured to meet again. My love be with you all in Christ Jesus.

Yours affectionately in him,

Worthing, Nov. 27, 1868.

J. H.

THE sky is clear; there is no cloud: "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."—*Toplady*.

AN ADDRESS BY THE LATE MR. R. MOWER,

DELIVERED IN THE LUDGERSHALL BAPTIST CHAPEL, ON SUNDAY,
APRIL 5, 1891.

(Continued from page 79.)

As we proposed this morning, I will speak this afternoon from the verse following that upon which we then made a few remarks, viz., Ps. xxxvii. 24. "Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand." These words stand closely connected with the preceding verse—so closely that it will be plainly seen that they belong to one another. I have been thinking how many things I was compelled to omit this morning that would have been interesting to you, but they must be left.

The Lord's people are the workmanship of his own hands, for, says the apostle, "We are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works." Now the Lord's people, and especially his ministering servants, are like so many portions of clay in the hands of a potter, and he moulds each one for that which he has for him to do. I have often compared this to a person who is employed in making tools, who, when he begins to form a tool or implement, makes it proportionally strong according to the work for which it is intended. So, when God commences his work in the sinner's heart, he knows what he intends that man to do; and God never intended that the experience of one man should be the standard experience of all the rest. There are a number of points on which our experiences differ, but it is for us to consider the leadings of God. The apostle very nicely represents the advantages of the ministrations of the gospel, showing what his servants are made partakers of, and the use which God makes of them. He says, "that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." Now suppose a person to be greatly distressed about the salvation of his never-dying soul, and let a man, a professed servant of God, go to that person, who knows nothing at all, experimentally, about the exercises of the person's soul, and what can he do, or what can he say? Simply, nothing at all. I recollect being called upon to visit a poor woman at Teffont, a good way beyond Salisbury, who was confined to her bed, as she was really in a fearful state. She declared that she was lost, and that she had almost seen hell before her eyes. I listened to her tale, when she went on to say that she was so dreadfully tempted of the devil that she was past all hope. But upon coming a little closer to her case, and desiring to know more about it, I soon found that the poor woman was taking the operations of the Holy Spirit to be the operations or temptations of the devil. She imagined that as she had such a low view of herself, being in her own eyes such a wicked, hell-deserving creature, that it was the work of the devil. I told her that the devil never charged people with being wicked and hell-

deserving, but that it was the work of the Holy Spirit alone to make known such truths as these. Upon my encouraging her to cry unto the Lord for mercy and forgiveness, her eyes brightened up, and I found that what I had been enabled to say to her had taken some effect, for by and by she said to a friend who was near, that she had a hope of being saved with an everlasting salvation. It appeared that the wide difference between the temptations of the wicked one and the workings of the Holy Ghost had never been sufficiently explained to the poor woman. A clergyman having seen her a short time before I visited her, I enquired as to his opinion of the case. "O," said the person who was with her, "he says that she knows too much by a great deal!" That was a strange thing for a minister to say. O, my friends, the judgment-day will reveal to us many things of which at present we are entirely ignorant. I found that she wished to say that her profession of religion up to that time was nothing but hypocrisy.

There was also the case of a Wesleyan minister's wife in the village where I opened my school and occasionally preached. She, with another, were awakened while attending the services there. The husband of this poor woman told me that he could do nothing with her. No, my friends, we cannot comfort those who are in trouble and distress unless we have been in the same circumstances. The Lord's ministers have been taught, and are sent forth by the Holy Ghost, to comfort those who are in trouble and distress, with the comfort wherewith they themselves have been comforted of God; and I take it for granted that this order will never be altered. When our Lord chose the twelve apostles, he sent them forth by two and two to preach his word; and afterwards when he chose the seventy, he likewise sent them out by two and two before his face. Let that be taken notice of. He told them, moreover, that he would be with them, saying, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." And as surely as you and I are in this chapel this afternoon, so surely have we God the Son with us. When a man feels that God has called him to preach the gospel, he is a God-sent man, and wherever he goes he may be sure that the presence of God is with him. This I have been favoured to experience for many years. I had to wait some considerable time, to prove that the Lord was indeed with me, before I would venture to go forth to speak in his name. The late dear Mr. Philpot, a good and useful man, speaking to me on this subject, said, "The Lord seems to prepare one for one part of his work, another for another, and another for another." I was asked the question, many years ago, "What department do you consider you have principally allotted to you in God's work?" I said, When the Holy Spirit has impressed upon my mind a particular portion of his Word, let it be in whatever connection it might, I have gone and preached from it; and I believe, my friends, that many of our poor country preachers are led by the Spirit of God very much

the same, and speak in like manner. You see the promise here in store; I will read the verse: "Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand." The people of God are poor, frail creatures. There is not one here present, who has the grace of God in his heart, who would say that he had never fallen. We oftentimes fall grievously, and very much question the reality of our being in possession of the things of God, or we feel sure they would have more influence on our minds and on our lives. I shall never forget what a man once said in Devizes Chapel. His words were to this effect: "My walk is so very crooked, that you would not know that I was a professor of religion if I did not tell you so;" and I think the same is only too true of most of us. When temporal things are upon our minds we forget that we profess to be the children of God, and really need the good Spirit of God to rouse us from our slumbers. I remember on one occasion being spoken to about the cloudy state of a person's mind, and who was lamenting in the words of the hymn—

"What peaceful hours I once enjoyed;
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill."

I said to the person, You should not stop there; you should follow on with the next verse:

"Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet Messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast."

How many persons there are who catch hold of the one verse, and stop there, leaving out the next, and then speak of their darkness as though it was something to glory in as an experience. My friends, we should do well to be ashamed of it rather than glory in it. Depend upon it, the absence of the Spirit of God is the result of sin. Sin and the presence of the Holy Ghost will never abide together. I know what it is to pray for the downfall of "Thomas" in my heart, and I rest upon God's word when I aver that when we get into such a state as that, we should never get back again but for God's mercy. The word says, "Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down." I have thought that a man may fall to the threshold of hell, and yet, owing to the power of omnipotent grace, not be permitted to come there. I need not call to your minds what the writer of this psalm passed through. I do not think it is right to be always dragging poor David forward, but it may be done to illustrate these blessed truths. David fell, fell, fell! but did not fall eternally, because the Lord upheld him with his hand. And I would ask you again, friends, Were it not that the Lord graciously upheld us with his hand, should we, think you, be favoured to assemble in this chapel to-day? Do you think that if God had entered into judgment with us years ago, at the time

when we stumbled, and stumbled again, we should be found here this afternoon? And, O! though the Lord suffered us to fall, yet he suffered us not to fall utterly—to fall eternally. God will not allow his children to fall eternally. I would not, on any account, encourage presumption; but this I do say, Never let us do as it is to be feared some do, trust to the clemency of God at the expense of his justice! This will never do. It was one of the arguments brought forward by the prophet Malachi, when he said, "They that tempt God are even delivered." But I want you to notice the prayer of David in Ps. xix.: "Keep back," keep back "thy servant also from presumptuous sins." Presumptuous sin is doing that which we know to be wrong. I have been guilty of it, and I have to thank my blessed Redeemer, whom I am trying to exalt this day, for putting forth his hand and stopping me. That was what David prayed for, that he might be stopped—be kept back from presumptuous sins. Solomon says (Prov. xxiv. 16) that "a just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again." Our Lord also says (Luke xvii. 4), "If thy brother trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying, I repent; thou shalt forgive him." But some persons might say, Would a good man have as many as seven departures from God in one day? Well, he may indeed. You sometimes sing in this chapel—

"Dear Lord, and shall we ever live

At this poor dying rate?

Our love so faint, so cold to thee,

And thine to us so great?"

There are times when religion comes to be a dull thing and not much regarded by us. This is owing to a fall; and what a mercy is it that the Lord is the Protector of his dear people, and that he prevents their perishing for ever! When my heart has wandered so far away under the bewitching influences of the things of the world and the flesh, I have thought within myself many a time, had not the dear Lord stopped me, I should never have stopped at all, but should have gone on until I had dropped into eternal perdition.

If you put the following things together, how very nicely they harmonize: "My sheep," says Jesus, "hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." Here you see that the Lord upholdeth them with his hand. "My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." And then he adds, "I and my Father are one." If ever we are saved from eternal ruin, we shall see that it is because God upholdeth us with his hand. I do not suppose that there is a person present who has never fallen. When a sinner is made acquainted with his own heart, he will find out how weak and frail he is. The Son of God, by the mouth of the evangelist, in his description of the heart of man (Mark vii. 18-22), tells the

people of thirteen things which proceed therefrom, the first of the thirteen being "evil thoughts." Now, I tell you what, friends, it will not do for any one with a tender conscience to be carried away by his thoughts. Our Lord says, "Out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts." I have often looked these thirteen things over, and have thought within myself, What would happen if the dear Lord did not uphold his children with his hand?

There is one doctrine which I could not dare to preach, and that is the doctrine of Perfection. I do not want to be constantly referring to things pertaining to the flesh, though there are many which might be instructive; but I will just go back to one of the most eminent servants of God—Moses, who was of all men the most meek. We may be meek, but when even a meek man's temper becomes roused, though for the most part he may be meek, he is not perfect by a long way, as you can see. Now, just imagine yourselves, if you can, in the position of Moses, and then you will easily learn how it was that, when he came down from the mount with the tables of stone in his hands, and saw how his dear Master's commands had been violated and his own counsel trodden under foot, the poor fellow got out of temper, and down go the tables of stone and are broken in pieces; but blessed be God, he was Moses still—yes, he was Moses still, in spite of his having lost his temper. But we may not encourage passions because it is thus written for our instruction, as they may prove our ruin. On another occasion, when told by his Master to speak to the rock; instead of speaking, as he was ordered, he smote the rock twice with his staff because he was out of temper. Did this offend the Majesty of heaven? It did. You will find mention made of it in the Psalms, wherein it is recorded that in consequence of the stubbornness of the children of Israel it went ill with Moses. A man cannot know what is in his own heart until he is tried. The Lord tried Hezekiah, the king. There was pride lurking in his heart, of which he was quite unconscious; and I will be bold to say that there is some pride left in every one of us now assembled. The dear Lord save us from pride; it is an abominable sin in the sight of God. I advance this case and others; such, for instance, as that of poor, denying Peter. Who would have thought that such a man, with so much burning love for his Lord, would have told a falsehood and have been found guilty of cursing and swearing? And O! I will tell you what I have before now told people who have asked me what I should have done in such and such circumstances. I have said, I really do not know what I should have done; and O! friends, I do not want to be thus tried!

I was thinking over the Lord's prayer last night. I do not make use of it particularly, unless there are special reasons why I should do so; but this is the portion of it which arrested my attention: "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from

evil." "The steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord." There are a good many devices in a man's heart; but the ordering of his footsteps is of the Lord. Now, my friends, this is the point; think upon it; you can find it in the Book of Psalms; When David looked back over his past life, and was reminded of the many narrow escapes he had experienced, he was led to say, "My feet had well nigh slipped: but thy mercy, O Lord, held me up." In another place he says, "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler: the snare is broken, and we are escaped."

We are directed by God's word this afternoon to the loving power that preserves us in this trying world: "The Lord upholds us with his hand." What a mercy! Then look at the distressing scenes through which some of God's children have to pass; some have deaths in their families and among their friends. I have thought a good deal about death lately, and well enough I might do so. My dear brother was married some time before myself, and had a family of nine children, seven of whom are gone into eternity. But O! friends, that is not all; for although I do not want to go beyond that which is justifiable in reference to them, two girls dying when quite young, I am sorry to say that I never saw any mark of grace in any one of the remaining five. True, the last who died was in the habit of attending the Mission Hall at Richmond, but from a conversation I had with him on one occasion, and upon making enquiries respecting his state, I could discover nothing satisfactory. But he is gone, and we can only hope that the good Spirit of God operated upon his mind in such a manner as to lead him to the Lord. The parents are both gone, the mother dying very suddenly while in a neighbour's house close by her own. Whether she knew anything savingly or not, I am not aware. My brother has been in this chapel once or twice. But O! the effect produced in my heart when thinking that of the whole family there was not one upon whom I could find any marks of divine grace. One morning while visiting some friends at Woolwich, a person was expressing a deep concern for her family, and added, "O! Mr. Mower, I could wish that I had never been born!" I have sometimes thought it a strange wish for a parent; but she knew, and every gracious mother knows that her children have never-dying souls, and that unless they are made partakers of grace, they must be lost for ever! What a mercy it is for persons to grow up under the heavenly influence of this unctuous grace!

I should now like to have a peep at poor old Job; you are more or less acquainted with him. Though he was cast down, and greatly cast down, on account of trouble and affliction, he was not utterly cast down; and why? Because God supported him under all his troubles and afflictions, and made him a richer man than he had ever been before. I believe from my very heart that God's dear children, every one of them, are so closely

held in his hand that they shall never perish nor enter into condemnation. I thought just now, before coming into chapel, of the words of blessed Toplady—

“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.”

This, my friends, is something to take with us when we retire to rest at night, that cannot fail to give us comfort. When all is quiet and free from noise, I go and have a few words with the dear Lord, and then I have something to occupy my mind whenever I awake; and I have to bless his dear and precious name when I think, as I told you this morning (or that I meant to tell you if I did not), that after my deliverance from the fear of “devouring fires and everlasting burnings,” I never afterwards felt, nor at this moment experience that fear of condemnation to which I had before been for so long a time exposed. No, no, I believe that Christ has swept it all away. His blood sweeps away mountains of guilt, mountains of sin. This is the sweet effect of faith in the Redeemer’s blood. Why is it that temptations have been the means of hurrying men into eternity, and have not had the effect of rousing them to see their awful condition? Because there are so many who say to God, in effect, “Depart from us; for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways.”

You have here a plain account of who it is that has kept you, who it is that has upheld you. I have reason to bless God that he has upheld me with his hand. I feel that he who has helped us hitherto will help us all our journey through. May he bless us, and take us into his kind care and keeping, and bless our services for Jesus Christ’s sake. Amen and Amen.

HOW DO I LIVE UPON CHRIST?

ALAS! my soul, in spiritual things, thou too often livest upon thyself. Thou seekest in frames, in forms, in creatures, and in animal life, what is only to be found in thy Redeemer, even a right inward peace and stability of mind. Outward duties are well in their place, but they have no divine life in themselves, and can give none to thee. They are to be performed, but not trusted in; to be used with grace, but not to buy grace. They are as the scaffold to the building, a *mean* for carrying on the spiritual work, but not the *end* of the great design. In the power of Christ, they are blessings; without his power, they have no life or help in them.

Many treat the ordinances as a fair *substitute* for a serious and constant watchfulness over themselves, for patient devotedness to God, and for real holiness of heart and life, instead of the *mean*, and only the *mean*, which the Lord hath appointed, for leading up the soul to all this, as their proper and indispensable end. By such worshippers, the holy means are turned into a

profane and detestable idol (as was the case with some of old; Isaiah lxvi. 3) in the sight of the Lord, who doth not regard lip-service, nor any carnal or corporal attentions only, but *the poor and the contrite spirit*, that can tremble at, while it hears and believes, his holy word.

Remember this for thyself, O my soul. Thy first and last trust must be in Jesus. He is the way, the truth, and the life. Without him, all prayers, praises, rites, and ordinances, dwindle into carcases without a soul. Every performance will be carnal and corporal, unless the Saviour fill it with his divine Spirit: and when this comes, then there is a sweet communion of heart, and reviving of the soul after Christ: then there appears a delightful view behind the veil of outward ordinances, such as no carnal eye can behold, of the Lord in his goodness, beauty, grandeur, blessedness, and glory.

Mere professors stick in the flesh, and mistake the worship of the body and the motion of the lips, for the love, taste, action, and adoration of the soul. Religion is too sentimental for those, who rather walk by a course than live in it. The road indeed may be a good one; but these no more travel therein, than a corpse in a hearse can be said to be making a journey.

My soul, thy life and thy liveliness are all laid up in Christ, and to be drawn from him according to thy need. Thou hast no stock left to thy own disposal. As the manna was received daily from above, so thou must live out of thyself for thy spiritual daily bread. Having pleaded thy pardon by his blood, and thy justification by his righteousness, thou must live on him for grace still to plead both, to enjoy both, to commune with him from time to time, to deny thyself, to renounce the world and the devil, to master corruptions, to be growing wiser in his word, and more rich in its experience, and, in short, to use him for thine all in all. The whole of this is spiritual, and therefore difficult, work; and thou art quite unable to perform it in any respect, but through that strength which is made perfect in weakness. If Christ indeed be thy life; then, because he liveth, thou shalt live also.

In living thus upon Christ, thou art to live above thyself, and certainly above every thing which thou thyself canst perform. This is the true and sublime life of the *inner man*, which is not corruptible, nor dependeth for vigour upon corruptible things. It is therefore a hidden life. "*Ye are dead*" (says the Apostle), "*and your life is hid with Christ in God.*" No outward or carnal eye can see it at all, except in some of its holy outward effects, the true excellence of which it cannot apprehend; and the spiritual understanding of other believers can only discern its inward truth and growth, but in proportion as they themselves are spiritually grown up in Christ Jesus the Lord.

As thou art not to live upon thyself, O my soul, so thou canst not live this true life by the aid or opinion of others. If they are instruments of good to thee, it is thy heavenly Father who

employeth them for that end. They themselves must live upon him, as well as thou, for all their wisdom, grace, and strength, and not *by the life of their own hand*. Christ is, and must be, as much their life as he is thine.

Thou sometimes waxest and wanest in thy duties, as the moon in her light. At one time, thou art full of spiritual appetite and vigour; at another, in lowness and want of strength. The cause is not in the Sun of Righteousness, who is always alike; but in thee, who turnest not always the same aspect to him, and therefore hast not always the same light and heat. If thou thinkest to get brightness from the stars around thee, instead of thy Sun; thou wilt be like the dark part of the moon turned away from the natural sun, which often scarce appears, or, when it doth, appears very dull. In all providences, ordinances, and situations, Christ must be thy point of view, thy succour, thy light, thy life, and thy all; or they will be found, however excellent in his hand, only *beggarly elements* in thine.

In all things that are truly divine and spiritual, the flesh soon becomes weary, and flags, and fails. When the exercise grows difficult, especially, then corrupt nature soon declines, and cannot sustain or endure the toil. Hence it is, that so many seem to receive the word with joy, and to run well for a time, who, when persecutions or trials arise, having no root in themselves, begin to find dislikes and offences, and so presently fall away. Their fallow hearts have not been broken up deep enough by the gospel-plough (*i.e.*, the law) to cover well the gospel-seed. The seed of the word hath never been *hidden in the heart*, and so hath taken no root downward in humble and secret contrition, nor grown into substance upwards to "bring forth fruit unto perfection."

This hidden and spiritual life is often most active and strong, when the flesh is lowest and hath least to do. "Be silent, O all flesh, before the Lord; for he is raised up out of his holy habitation." When the Lord is risen upon the soul, all that is weak and carnal is as nothing before him. A sweet proof of this may sometimes be found in sick and dying believers. How do they triumph in spirit, with a glorious liveliness, over all the infirmities of a dying body! "When their heart and their flesh fail," God then appears most eminently to be the very "strength of their heart, and their portion for ever."

There is a *knowledge of Christ after the flesh*, which will carry men a great way into all the splendours of religious profession. It shall make a man look and talk seriously; carry him constantly to ordinances; give him great personal zeal and confidence; enable him to be very exact in all outward discipline and form of doctrine; nay, it shall bring him with a fervent activity (if a minister) into the pulpit, help him to deliver sound discourses with seeming earnestness and able oratory, so that multitudes shall hear and admire, and perhaps be wrought upon by him; and yet in himself it may be mere flesh, and the poor

low knowledge of Christ by the flesh, after all. There is sometimes a little true life in this, and then it is strengthened and refined by trials and temptations; but when there is none, then, by time or trouble or some other thing, it will finally fall away. "If they had" really "been of us, no doubt they would have continued with us."

O my soul, there are *depths of Satan*, as well as of God; and there is no security for thee, but in renouncing the flesh, and all the secret as well as open works of the flesh, and by following Jesus thoroughly in the regeneration. In the poverty of carnal nature, the Lord will manifest the riches of his grace. Thou must be poor in thine own spirit, or thou canst not be rich in his. He filleth the hungry with good things; but those, who are increased with their own goods, he will send empty away.

O Lord, look upon me, a poor and helpless creature, who cannot so much as look up to thee for aid, without thy special grace for that end. How can I live upon thee, my Saviour, unless thou come down to me in this dark and wretched world, and visit me with thy salvation? "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord;" and I would still patiently wait in all the ways of thine appointment, expecting thy presence in the troubled pool to bless me. I expect thee, and only thee. None else can do me good. My soul craveth for true and immortal life; and this is thy gift; O give it unto me. In all thy means of grace, let my heart wait for thy grace by the means. "Teach me to bless thee for means, when I have them; and to trust thee for means, when I have them not; yea, to trust thee without means, when I have no hope of them." Without thy presence all outward things are barren and dry; and my soul can find no sustenance. Lead me, O my gracious Shepherd, by thine own hand, to the green pastures, and beside the waters of thy holy rest; restoring my soul, and conducting me in the paths of righteousness for thy name's sake: so shall I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, neither fearing nor finding any evil; and at length arrive at the heavenly house of my God, in which I shall dwell for ever and ever.

SEARLE.

A FEW PARTICULARS OF THE LATE MARY ANN WHITTOME, FORMERLY OF STAMFORD, LINCOLNSHIRE.

(Continued from page 91.)

1869. Here I am, a monument of mercy! spared all these years in the wilderness; and

"Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Either by thy help I'm come!"

And thou hast not left me to the present time, but hast given me a little nearness to thy blessed self.

January 10th. This sweet verse was given:—

"I've bound thee up secure,
'Midst all the rage of hell;

The curse thou never shalt endure,
For I'm unchangeable."

What a precious promise! Hope I felt the sweetness of it, and blessed the Lord for it, but long for more nearness.

January 11th. These sweet words:—

"My breaches of the law are his,
And his obedience mine."

What a mercy to have such a blessed Law-fulfiller! O that I could love him more, and serve him better!

January 13th. Much refreshed at the prayer meeting. Felt it good to be there.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

April 15. This has been a week of sharp exercise and much conflict between flesh and spirit, with a feeling that this poor tabernacle is drawing near the end. What solemn feelings! with much prayer to the Lord to be with me when I come to the river. Those precious words have been my cry for some days—last two verses in 1093, Gadsby's selection:—

"To him, my only Hiding-place,
Let me for shelter fly;
The storm of death draws on apace,
And who can say how nigh?
In that dread moment, O to hide
Beneath his shelt'ring blood!
'Twill Jordan's icy waves divide,
And land my soul with God."

O that the Lord may hear my cry, and so favour me when the time comes! I do not seem to fear death so much as I fear being left without the presence of my Beloved. I seem to be like one who is going a long journey; and getting towards the end, fear I shall not find the beloved friend, Jesus, I so much long to see. O Lord, do keep back Satan, and let me "Hide beneath thy shelt'ring blood." Those two verses have been with me much of late, and speak the real feeling of my soul.

November 15. I desire to raise an "Ebenezer" to the dear Lord for all his goodness and mercy these many years in the wilderness. Yesterday was my birthday. Sixty-five years has the Lord borne with me, and been better to me than all my fears! I would bless him for all my mercies, and not the least of them in giving me such kind and loving and beloved children, for they each seemed to strive to show the most affection in sending such good and useful birthday presents. O, dearest Lord, I pray that thou wilt abundantly reward them. For who am I, and what am I, that thou shouldst have given me such kind children, to be such a comfort to me in my declining years? And O, dearest Lord, how can I sufficiently thank thee in giving me a good hope that thou hast heard my poor prayers on behalf of their never-dying souls? Thou hast spared me to see four of them with thy precious fear put into their hearts, and am not without hope that the others may be brought, in thine own time and way. Blessed

be thy dear name for the feeling thou gavest me last evening in hearing dear Mr. G. I now feel it a favour to get a little of thy precious love into my soul, being for the most part so dry and lifeless in my feelings. Thou hast indeed made me to feel the truth of thine own words, "Without me, ye can do nothing." No! dearest Lord, I want thee more than ever I did in my life, for the older I get, the weaker I am in myself; but, bless thy dear name, thou art increasingly precious as thou art pleased to give me a glimpse of thy lovely countenance. It is a wonder thou ever gavest me a look of love, such a worthless worm. I would bless thee for ever giving me a place in the hearts of some of thy dear children, who I have been privileged to visit, and received so much kindness from them. This may be the last year upon earth! I feel to be waiting thy summons, and daily pray for thee to be with me in the dark valley.

"O, to hide
Beneath thy shelt'ring blood;
'Twill Jordan's icy waves divide,
And land my soul with God."

Do help me, dear Lord, to leave this vile self more behind!

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all!"

"Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

January, 1870. I desire to raise another Ebenezer! The dear Lord has brought me to see the beginning of another year. Little did I think of being so long in the wilderness. I would again say, "Goodness and mercy have followed me" all these years; and here I am, as weak and helpless as ever, and seem more dragged down with a body of sin and death. I do so much feel the workings of sin in my members! Do what I will, self-hateful self—will work! Lord, help me to look out of self to thee! Death has been much upon my mind of late. Several dear friends have been taken home, who I cannot but envy. They are now singing the blessed anthem, "Unto him who saved us, and washed us in his most precious blood, be glory for ever and ever." No more sin to plague them, no more pain, no more sorrow. My beloved friend and late Pastor (Mr. Philpot) is one of the favoured ones. How sweetly and peacefully the dear Lord took him to himself! But it came so unexpectedly on me that I felt it very keenly, which led me to pray that the Lord would favour me in my last moments as he did dear Mr. P. After a little time the Lord blessed these words so sweetly to my soul—how precious they have been! "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God; believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you: I go to prepare a place for you." And then followed those sweet words:—"Peace I leave with you. *My peace* I give unto you."

I cannot tell the blessedness I felt, being such an answer to my poor breathings; for I had been troubled, and begged for peace—my blessed Jesus—in my last moments. What kindness and condescension in the Lord to such a worthless worm of the earth! I call it my New Year's gift. Praise the Lord, O my soul! O that I could love him more and serve him better!

January, 1871. Here would I raise another Ebenezer! The dear Lord has spared me another year—a poor unprofitable worm of the earth; at times, seem more earthbound than ever. Still the Lord does not leave me without some tokens of his love and favour. The blessed Spirit, from time to time, draws me with his sweet power, and gives me some earnest cries to him for help; and, bless his dear name, he condescends to hear and answer. I have been led to beg for another New Year's token, which was answered at the prayer meeting on Thursday evening. My carnal mind tried hard to stay at home—made all manner of excuses; but, blessed be his name, it did not prevail; there was a drawing to the house of God. For the Lord says, "There will I meet with you." And I thought, the time may come when I really shall not be able to go; then what guilt shall I feel in missing opportunities through listening to the flesh. So I said, at last, No! I will not stay at home. With the Lord's blessing, I'll go. After going, in my poor way, to the throne of grace, to beg for the Lord's presence and blessing, I went, but felt very cast down in soul. The first prayer (T. M.'s) seemed very suited to my case; the next called upon was friend S., whose breathings seemed to drop into my soul with much sweetness, and melted the hard heart a little, so that I felt it as the dew unto Israel; after which, Mr. H. gave out that sweet hymn:—

"Why, drooping saint, dismayed?
Does sorrow press thee down?
Has God refused to give thee aid,
Or does he seem to frown?
In darkness or distress,
His love's the same to thee;
Without declension, more or less,
Immutable and free," &c.

It dropped into my soul with such heavenly dew and sweetness, especially the second line of the second verse: "His love's the same to thee;" it was as though the blessed Jesus spoke it himself. I knew well the sweetness of his precious voice; there is nothing upon earth to be compared to it! He says, "My sheep hear my voice." O yes, bless thy dear name, thou hast caused me to hear it many times, unworthy though I be. These words were much upon my mind on the 2nd of the month: "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." There is all my hope, and I want no other. There I hang, upon the Lord's faithfulness; no other hope have I beside. I would say,

"More frequent let thy visits be,
Or let them longer last."

But thou, Lord, knowest what is best for me, a poor dependent on thy grace. Help me to live nearer to thee. I would bless the Lord for dear Mr. H. I find his ministry profitable and instructive. I like to be searched. I would say, with the Psalmist, "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Suffer me not to be deceived.

February. I still find dear Mr. H.'s ministry very profitable. He has been the means, in the Lord's hands, of drawing me nearer to his blessed self, with more prayer and earnestness than I have felt for years. I seem to have been taken back to the days of my spiritual youth. Have had just such blessed hearing times as enjoyed about twenty-eight years ago, and have enjoyed a measure of the same sweetness at home on my bed, in meditation, and was led to beg of the Holy Spirit to enable me to write down some of his blessed teaching in my soul at the commencement, which I have so many times wished to do, and have been specially requested by some of my friends, but seemed so unable on account of darkness, and thought it utterly impossible for such a poor destitute creature to remember things thirty years back. But the Lord has shown me that what seemed impossible to me was possible with him, so that I was enabled to remember and write down the beginning of the work of grace in my soul, and the Lord gave me a little sweet humbling feeling in doing so. O that he should have ever looked with an eye of pity and compassion on such a worthless creature, and bid me live! and that he should ever have given me such tokens of his love! And although I do not enjoy so much of his manifested presence now, he is the same unchanging God, and rests in his love. What a mercy! There would I rest my weary soul.

"A faithful and unchanging God,
Lays the foundation of my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood."

That is all my salvation and all my desire. I bless him for his preached gospel, which is made so sweet to my taste.

April 11. I felt this morning nothing particular going on in my soul until I knelt down, as is my custom, before leaving my bed-room. I hesitated for a moment how to begin. Was going to say, "O thou blessed God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," when in an instant the words, "My Father" burst into my soul with such power and sweetness as to melt my hard heart into tears of love and gratitude. I cannot express the majesty, solemnity, and bliss that accompanied the words; they seemed to carry me, as it were, into heaven, as they sounded over and over again in my soul. I said, "O my heavenly Father, do in thy mercy keep me from sinning against thee! O, to sin against such love as thou has manifested to me—what a dreadful thing! And yet, Lord, thou knowest, and I painfully feel that I shall do so if left to myself. In mercy keep me from it; and enable me to live more to thy glory. Alas! I find sin, dreadful sin, is

mixed with all I do; and can say with the apostle, "When I would do good, evil is present with me." What a mercy to have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous!

April 22. The devil has sadly grudged the blessed time I have had of late in hearing the Word, and more so for that short but heavenly manifestation and intercourse with my heavenly Father. It seems to have stirred up his enmity, so that I have been plagued with all manner of vile thoughts; but that did not seem enough, so he must cause my hasty spirit to be raised up. What a plague is a hasty spirit! How I have to mourn over and hate myself on account of it! and though it was a trifling thing that caused this trial, yet it led me to see and feel more of the desperate wickedness of my heart, and was brought to confess my sin unto the Lord, and entreat his forgiveness; and, blessed be his dear name, he healed the breach, and restored comfort to his poor sorrowful child, so that after all I was a gainer by the trial, and the devil was defeated.

July 29. Have been on a visit to my dear son A. Was there three weeks, during which time I was in much darkness of soul, and could get nothing under the word or in meeting with dear friends, which caused me much exercise and depression of spirit. I loathed and abhorred myself on account of my shortcomings, but had not power to raise my heart and affections heavenward, but was

"Empty of good, and full of ill,"

which made me cry out, O wretched one that I am! and thus I groaned over myself, and begged the Lord once more to appear, but was kept until the last morning, and then, on kneeling down, groaning and confessing my sins, these words were dropped into my soul: "And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?" My heart was in an instant crumbled to pieces with a sense of the Lord's goodness and mercy to such a worthless worm of the earth. I said, "O thou dearest Lord, what a fool I am, after all thy teaching! I am still looking to my wretched self to find something good there, when I well know that 'In me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing.' O, bless thy dear name, it is all treasured up in thee! O, help me to realize more and more the truth of thy precious words, 'Without me, ye can do nothing.' Ebenezer!"

August 19. I promiscuously opened the book at the 20th chapter of Job, and found sweetness in reading to the 27th verse, when such a blessed feeling of the condescension of the dear Redeemer came over my spirit that I cannot express. To think that the Lord of heaven and earth should so condescend to poor Thomas as to say, "Reach hither thy finger and behold my hands." And when I felt so much sweetness in reading of the Lord's condescension to him, it raised a hope that my poor breathings heaven-ward might be answered.

(Here the diary abruptly ends.)

In 1877 she came to live at Greenwich, and joined Mr. Boorne's church, whose ministry she found establishing and profitable; but in 1882 was removed to Croydon, where she also found the late Mr. Willis' ministry such as she could feed under. In her later years she often mourned her felt barrenness in spiritual things, remarking that she could never have thought it possible to get so bare and empty. Her great grief was indwelling sin, witnessing with Paul, "For I delight in the law of God after the inward man: but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But being blessedly taught both sides, she could also say, "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin."

Her kind medical man, Dr. Hinton—to whom she was much attached, and felt his sudden death acutely—told her she had no disease; it was simply decay of nature, and she would very likely die in her sleep, which thought she rather cherished, saying, "That would be nice." She took to her bed about a year and a half before her death, and the following expressions were taken down from her lips:—

July 20, 1892. "Grace shall reign!" "Underneath are the everlasting arms." "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" "The eternal God is thy refuge." "The Lord spoke that to me years ago, and it is sweet now to me."

July 24. "I should like to sing myself away to everlasting bliss."

July 25. "I wish I could praise the Lord more; I used to with every breath."

"Praise him all ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"

July 26. "Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,
My beauty are, my glorious dress!"

"What is the next, dear?" On being quoted:—

"Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head!"

she exclaimed, "That's it! That's it!"

July 31. "I want to be gone!" "So weary."

August 1. "It seems so long!" "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

August 2. "Hail, blessed time!" "Lord, bid me come, and enter my celestial home," &c. Putting her arms round her elder daughter, she exclaimed, "I want to love you, if I could; but there's one we ought to love more!" Her daughter replied, "You do, dear!" She responded, "I hope so!"

August 12. "O that I could bow before him *now*, and praise him! Bless his holy and precious name, I would crown him Lord of all!" "I think the Lord must be angry with me for something, or else he would take me home!"

August 14. "O that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly hosts above!"

"Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" "When shall I die, and enter into everlasting bliss?"

August 20. "O, great God, do in mercy take me home!"

August 24. "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Praise the Lord!"

August 26. After several days of extreme prostration and restlessness, she sank at about 9 o'clock in the evening into a quiet, natural sleep, which continued until 6 o'clock on the morning of the 28th (Lord's-day), when she ceased to breathe, and so her happy and disencumbered spirit took its flight to be "Forever with the Lord!"

Her remains were committed to the dust on the following Friday, by her nephew, Mr. J. P. Wiles, in the presence of a large concourse of friends, to await the glorious resurrection morn, when the body shall be raised in incorruption, in glory, in power, a spiritual body.

J. W.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

Oddington, Aug. 9, 1841.

I AM spared to write once more to my dear, interested child in covenant love, and am pleased to find that you are still in the old path marked out by Infinite Wisdom for his children to travel in before they reach the land of eternal rest, and this path is not a smooth path, but a tribulative one. The time will come, however, when you shall weep no more, for the dear Lamb will lead you to fountains of living waters, and God himself shall, with his soft hand of love, wipe away all tears. Nothing then, my dear child, will be able to distress you, for you will be perfectly free from afflictions, trials, temptations, doubts, and fears. As the Lord has graciously given you the earnest, so you shall assuredly come into possession of the rich inheritance, for your sympathising Friend who engaged himself for you, redeemed you, and rose again for you, is gone home in glorious triumph, and has taken possession of the kingdom for you. He said, "I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me; therefore 'Let not your heart be troubled,' for if I go away, 'I will come again;'" and this has been fulfilled thousands of times; for he left his sorrowing people, but he came again to them, and made himself known, notwithstanding their unbelief and rebellion. Look at Mary, weeping Mary, at the sepulchre. He came to her and said, "Mary!" and she said, "Master!" Look at the two sorrowing ones going to Emmaus. The Lord Jesus came again to them, and while he was speaking, their hearts were burning within them. Think of poor, broken-hearted Peter: he must come again to him; and he came when he, with others, were fishing, and said, "Children, have ye any meat? And they said, 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 it for the multitude of fishes." After this he made himself known, and said, "Come and dine." After dinner Jesus spoke to Peter personally, saying, "Lovest thou me more than these?" and he repeated the inquiry three times. Peter answered him, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee."

And has he not appeared to you—come again and again to you after your sinkings and castings down, when you thought that all was over? Then Jesus has appeared to the comfort and joy of your heart, and you have been enabled to enter a little into the feelings of the two disciples when their hearts burned within them. May the dear Lord give you many a token of his love and grace while in this wilderness you stay, and in the hour of death abundantly bless and support you, and enable you to shout Victory, victory, and enter into your glorious home in triumph and blessed satisfaction, to sound forth the praises of the eternal Three for ever and ever.

You wished to know whether I was coming to London again soon, but to this question I must say that I cannot tell, for I have heard nothing since I left, and therefore expect that I shall not come again at present. Next Sunday I expect to preach at R—, and if it is not very far from London, I should be happy to see you there, but I suppose the distance will prevent your coming. I saw your father and mother a fortnight ago, and breakfasted with them on the Monday morning, when we spent a very comfortable hour together.

I preached at Banbury and Boddicote on the Sunday, but the former is a miserable place. I would not preach there for a thousand a year. On Sunday week there were several friends came forward for baptism, and in the afternoon I baptized six, and I think the day may well never be forgotten. I did wish that you had been here. The first female who went into the water, as soon as I took hold of her hand, said, "Come, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul." I then asked a friend to assist her, by taking hold of her other hand, but she declined any assistance, saying, "No, my God will help me; he will bring me through it. My flesh shrank from it before, but now I find grace all sufficient." As soon as she could recover herself after coming up out of the water, her soul burst forth in blessing God for his grace, concluding with "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," &c.

I return thanks for your kind and welcome letter, and hope you will write again soon; you won't tire me; and then I will try to answer it with less delay. The Lord bless you and keep you, is the prayer of your sincere friend and brother in Christ Jesus,
G. GORTON.

ONE who is in Christ has divine showers falling upon the heart, and enjoys divine promises.—*Tu, lcr.*

Obituary.

ELIZABETH BARHAM.—On Feb. 15, 1892, aged 54, Elizabeth Barham, at Pembury, near Tunbridge Wells.

She was born May 11, 1837, of God-fearing parents, and was brought up very strictly under the sound of the truth. When eleven or twelve years of age she had a very bad fever, and shortly afterwards narrowly escaped death from drowning. At this time her mind was after the things of the world, but they left a sting behind.

Her parents entertained the ministers for more than forty years, living near the chapel. Her love to some of the old saints continued, though they had been dead many years. When she left home, she felt that nothing through which she might be called to pass would be worthy of consideration, if she could be at Shovers Green Chapel on the Sabbath-day. This she was favoured to enjoy for about three years. During that time she went to Tunbridge Wells Anniversary at "Hanover," and heard that dear servant of God, Mr. Milner, from 2 Cor. iv. 1: "Therefore seeing we have this ministry, as we have received mercy, we faint not;" which set her soul at happy liberty. She afterwards went to live at Tunbridge Wells, and attended "Hanover" until she was married. She then removed to Wadhurst, remaining there ten years; then to Eden Bridge for fifteen years. While at Wadhurst, the subject of baptism was laid upon her mind, in the neglect of which a guilty conscience was oft experienced. The time at length arrived when she joined a little church at Lingfield, Surrey. Her home being five miles distant, and the roads bad during the winter months, it was not without much difficulty that she was enabled to attend the services; but neither the inclement weather nor the badness of the roads could keep her away when health permitted. After a few years, however, some differences arising in the church, caused her to leave them, sometimes attending Smallfield, and at other times Eden Bridge.

After a time she again returned to Wadhurst, where the Lord saw fit to lay her upon a bed of affliction, and in the early part whereof these words were blessed to her soul: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." At another time—

"On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand."

The power of these words quite melted her down; but at times since she has called into question all that she hoped she had experienced, and wondered whether her religion would land her safe home to glory. On another occasion these words came with some degree of power:—

"No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus' sake."

She several times repeated to me the following:—

“Those feeble desires, those wishes so weak,
'Tis Jesus inspires, and bids you still seek.”

Although her illness was a very lingering one, she was blessed with great patience and submission to the Lord's will. She many times said—

“Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Dear Jesus, set me free.”

The cause of God and his servants lay near her heart. On my informing her of the death of the late Mr. John Warburton, she said, “It will not be long before I follow him.” A friend asking her how she was, a few days only before her death, she replied, “Fast going home to glory.”

M. A. DYER.

HARRIS LEWIS.—On May 11, 1892, aged 70, at his home in Oberlin, Ohio, U.S.A.

He was born near Leicester, England, and came to America at the age of 22. At about the age of 18, he began to be troubled with a sense of his being a sinner against God, but was kept in much bondage for many years. One night, some time after coming to this country, as he lay upon his bed awake, he seemed to see Jesus hanging upon the cross, and Jesus smiled upon him. He lay and wept, with such a glow of love as he had not felt before, but it did not last long. He lived, doubting and fearing, yet hoping. There was one dear old friend, now gone to glory, with whom he could talk freely, and was encouraged and comforted by him. The Bible and “Gospel Standard” were his main comfort and instruction.

Since changing his residence to Oberlin, he has not, for several years, attended public worship, as he could not be comfortable in listening to the “free will” preaching.

In 1887 he went to England, more to hear sound doctrine preached than for anything else. He listened to Mr. Hazlerigg, of Leicester, with great acceptance. Also while in England was given new evidence, which came suddenly, almost like a voice, that he was indeed a child of God. This assurance never *wholly* left him.

His illness continued a year and a half, but was not attended with pain so much as a nervous restlessness, which at times was terrible. He was patient, feeling thankful to God and to his friends for the care he received and the many comforts provided for him. During three months or more in the earlier part of his illness he could not lie down, being distressed for breath and in danger of heart failure. Later on he was able to lie in bed.

He sometimes prayed that it might please the Lord to take him soon, but was willing to wait his time. He believed the dear Lord would set him free and give him joy before he took him, so that he would shout “Hallelujah.” But his plan was not God's plan, for three weeks before the last his brain was so affected that he was not in his right mind. Through all his

wandering talk he would pray, at times, and repeat portions of hymns. Through his illness he craved a kindred spirit to talk with, and found most comfort with a dear coloured brother, who used to come and pray with him.

He talked of the doctrines of grace to the many friends who called to see him. He was very much interested in the obituary notices in the "Standard," and would say of some, "How like my own experience." The "Standard" was always eagerly cut and read; and when not able to read it himself, it was read to him. The May No. came in the morning of the day he died; for the first time no pleasure was manifest in his face at its arrival.

The writer believes there is no mistake in the statement, that he was a continuous subscriber to the "Gospel Standard" from the time he came to America in 1844, till he died.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

HENRY TOMBS.—On May 16, 1892, aged 86, Henry Tombs, of Blunsdon, Wilts.

I had a hope that he had left some written account of the Lord's dealings with him, but it is not so, and I much regret it. His bereaved widow informs me that she has heard him say he could not name the exact time when the Lord first put a stop to his mad follies, but stopped he was. Though not called to pass through so deep a law-work as some, yet he was constrained to cast off his choice vices, such as bell-ringing, football, etc. While ringing for the last time, he really thought the bells, tower, and all, would fall upon him.

The Lord, in his own time, graciously enabled him to hope in his mercy, through the dying of the dear Redeemer. He was baptized and joined the church at Blunsdon Hill in October, 1844, and was shortly afterwards chosen a deacon, which office he was enabled to fill faithfully and satisfactorily. His savoury conversation was much valued by the Lord's dear children, while many others admired his consistent walk and conduct.

Early in the year these words were blessed to him: "Thou hast loosed my bonds." Indeed such was the sweetness felt, he could not forget it as long as his faculties were clear. On his dying bed he was unable to converse, bronchitis seizing his breath so sharply.

It was in March, 1853, at a prayer meeting in Blunsdon Hill Chapel, that I first became acquainted with him. A Christian love at once began which never abated, but rather increased, to the day of his death. In the year 1862, on a certain Sunday, our deacons informed me of their disappointment—no supply having come—and desired me to take his place. I at first refused; but as they urged, I consented. After the service, walking up the road together, our dear friend said, "Now I have this day an answer to my prayers. The first time you entered our chapel, five of us were persuaded in our minds that the Lord had a work

for you to do, and for nine years it has been my daily prayer for the Lord to open the way; and to-day I have a testimony that it is of the Lord." Many times since then, when returning from the chapel, he has said, "The Lord has been with you to-day. I felt that he would, for I did beg last night that he would come with you. You felt his presence, I believe. Ah! I do try and beg of the Lord to keep you humble!" This, I think, will show what kind of spirit he was blessed with. Though a man of gentle and savoury conversation, yet his words were firm and weighty, and such as were felt when he had cause to give reproof. Very often he expressed his love of the truth, saying, "I do love to hear the word as if it came from the heart of the speaker. O what a difference there is!" He was a man of prayer; and our loss is his eternal gain.

His remains were laid in the New Cemetery at Blunsdon. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace." L.

WILLIAM WRIGHT.—On Sept., 9th, 1892, aged 91, William Wright, of Haynes, Beds.

Our friend had feared God over seventy years, but never had a real deliverance from the law till about the year 1845. About the beginning I cannot say much, only that sin had become a heavy burden, and that no one could make known to him, to his soul's satisfaction, his real state, until the late Mr. Warburton came to Southill. He went and heard him, and it was a time never to be forgotten by him. He used to say that nothing but those experimental things would do for him, and to those things he cleaved as long as he lived. He was seldom absent from the prayer meeting when in health, although he never joined the church, for reasons known to himself.

The friends liked to hear him in prayer, being a humble, godly man. He would at times give out, with solemnity, hymn 352 (Gadsby's selection), and through reigning grace he endured to the end, and could say—

"But they that in the Lord confide,
And shelter in his wounded side,
Shall see the danger overpast,
Stand every storm, and live at last."

He was a regular attendant at the house of God; but for the last two or three years he was unable to get out much. He was at times sorely assaulted by Satan; and when those seasons of soul-darkness were over, he lay very patient, praising God, who had done such great things for him, and looking unto the end in desire, yet willing to wait God's time. He very much loved the works of the godly Mr. Huntington. He often repeated Watts' lines—

"There's not a sparrow nor a worm,
But's found in God's decrees;

He raises monarchs to their thrones,
And sinks them if he please."

During the last few weeks it became evident that his time here could not be long, his poor tabernacle becoming weaker, though he suffered but little pain. He spoke to his daughter of the goodness of his covenant God; and when I visited him he was in a sweet frame of mind, and thankful for all the mercies he had received.

We have lost in him a lover of Zion and a well-wisher to the cause of God. Thus he did not live to wear out his religion, but felt it sweet to the end to wait upon God, who had seen him safely through so many years.

He lived to a good old age, and proved the words of the Psalmist true: "With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation;" and "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

Thus his soul entered where "the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick; and the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity."

ELI FOX.

ESTHER TABOR—On Nov. 18, 1892, aged 48, Esther Tabor, the beloved wife of our highly esteemed minister, Mr. J. H. Tabor, of Torquay.

It was my great privilege to know the dear departed one for eight years, that being the time of her married life with her now bereaved husband, and she told me it was the most happy time of her life, of which she felt unworthy. She said, "I do not deserve such happiness." But it was the Lord's heavenly will to take her to a far more happy home, to be for ever with him; of that there is no doubt whatever. And if the Lord will enable me, I will relate, as far as I can remember, what I have been eye-witness to.

It can be truly said of her that she was not a great talker, but a humble walker. She loved the people of God, and it was her great pleasure to entertain them at her house. The more humble they were in position, the more welcome with her; and John says, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." I never entertained any doubt that she was one of the Lord's little ones, but she was one of the trembling, fearing ones, afraid to come forward to tell what the Lord had done for her soul for fear of presumption. She told me, soon after we became acquainted, that when she lived at Teignmouth, before she was married, she was in great distress of soul, feeling herself to be a lost sinner. She cried to the Lord in her trouble, that he would make it manifest that she was a vessel of mercy. In this state she went on for some time. One day she went into a friend's house, and while there, several passages of Scripture came before her which were the means of removing all her trouble, and she was enabled to cast her burden upon the Lord and to hope in his mercy. I cannot remember

more than one of the texts, which was this: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." But she was not able to rest there very long. She was much tried as to the reality of it, and feared the Lord had not begun the work. Satan suggested that it was all a delusion.

We were talking one day about baptism. I asked her why she stood without, and what hindered her from casting in her lot with the people of God? She believed it was the right way, but she said, "Not for me; I do not feel a fit subject; it would be presumption, for I am so unworthy." She wanted the Lord to assure her of her part in the Redeemer's blood. She wanted another token for good. The Lord was graciously pleased to grant her her request, though not in the way we looked for it; but the Lord's ways are not our ways.

He was graciously pleased to so order it that I should nurse her through her illness, which was very short. I felt highly favoured to be with her—a favour I would not have missed on any account whatever. The first day I was with her (Nov. 14) she said, "I don't think I shall get over this, but I hope the Lord will reveal to me that I am his child. O! I do hope I shall not die without that assurance." Later in the day she said, "I believe this affliction is for my sin." She felt that she had been selfish, and cared more for her own pleasure than for his glory. She then said, "If the Lord will reveal himself, and assure me that I am his, that my sins are pardoned, then I shall bless him for this affliction." We wept together as she spoke. I felt it was the breathing of a living soul, and was assured that the Lord was about to reveal himself to her; for he saith, "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him: He will also hear their cry, and will save them."

On Tuesday morning, when Mr. T. came into her room, she said, "I have had these words: 'I have loved thee; I have redeemed thee.'" Later in the day she said, "Satan has been trying to make me believe that those words were not from the Lord, but they still remain with me to cheer and comfort me." Although she was so very weak, it was sweet to be with her, to hear her talk; her conversation was in heaven. Once she said, "His strength is made perfect in my weakness."

She repeated many sweet verses of hymns, but I cannot remember all; one was—

"Nothing in my hands I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace.

Mr. T. repeated—

"Vile, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

She said, "That's it." It melted our hearts, and made our eyes overflow to hear her plead with the Lord. He was very gracious to her, and gave her many great and precious promises.

Her thoughts were entirely taken from all things here, and centred on things above. She was enabled to lie passive in his hands, and know no will but his.

On Wednesday she said (and her face was lit up with rapture and delight), "O! the peace and quiet I feel! I cannot express it! Nothing can be compared to it! Some seek honour and wealth, and the applause of this world, but I want none of it." At another time she said, with much feeling, "I cannot and will not say what I do not feel. Dear Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest I desire to love thee, and I do love thee." She experienced the truth of these precious words: "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms" She told Mr. T. that she was in the Lord's hands, and that the desire of her soul was, "Let him do what seemeth him good." The adversary was not permitted to harass her much, although at times he attacked her with his fiery darts; but the Lord was graciously pleased to lift up a standard against him. Once she said, "You do not know how Satan has been tempting me." I said, "He will be sure to try what he can do, for he 'goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.' But rest assured of this, my dear, if you belonged to him he would let you lie quietly enough, for he never tries his own in this way; but, bless the Lord, he is a conquered foe." She was much cheered and comforted, and with a heavenly smile, said, "Dear Mrs. Lee" (an expression she often made use of while I was with her). Once she repeated, "Unworthy, unworthy, unworthy!" I said, "But made worthy through the blood of the Lamb." She said, "Yes, that's it, that's it." I wiped many tears from her dear face, and said, "Why these tears?" "O!" she said, "I feel I have much to shed tears for, and I desire a broken heart—'A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.'" That precious promise was sweetly verified in her experience—"At evening time it shall be light." She laboured hard for breath, and sometimes we could not understand what she said. She appeared to be much in prayer. Many times I heard her say, "Dear Lord, do help me, and grant me patience." She now felt that her time was come to die, and she had no desire to live, but rather longed to go home.

At two o'clock on Friday afternoon, as I entered the room, she looked around at me with a smile, and said, "I am dying, I hope;" and those were the last words she spoke. At half-past three she passed away to be for ever with the Lord. She was dearly beloved and is deeply lamented by all who knew her; but our loss is her eternal gain. May my last end be like hers.

JESSIE LEE.

LET this thought support us under all our afflictions, that, heavy and tremendous as the storm is, it will soon be over, and we shall safely arrive at home. "For if we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him: if we deny him, he will also deny us."—*Horne.*

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

APRIL, 1893.

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

THE SURE FOUNDATION.

A SERMON PREACHED SUNDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 18TH,
1872, AT CROYDON, BY MR. COVELL.

“Therefore thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste.”—ISAIAH XXVIII. 16.

(Continued from page 107.)

IN the morning we noticed that God called to us in the text to “Behold what he hath done.” “Behold, I lay in Zion a foundation;” and we noticed it was laid in the Church of the living God. We also noticed what a foundation stone it was, and that men and angels together could not bear the weight laid upon it, but it stood firm and fast, and every one that gets to heaven is built on that foundation. We noticed it was from that foundation stone alone our hopes sprang, and our comforts arose. It was on that foundation that the blessed Spirit brought all poor sinners to build, by leading them to see their real condition, and to fall flat thereon with, “God be merciful to me a sinner.” We found the sinner was united to that stone by faith, and cemented to it by love; the blessed Spirit so wrought in his heart, and shed abroad the love of God in his soul, that he could say, “Other lords have had dominion over me, but by thee only will I make mention of thy name.” Then, as we noticed, this love never fails, for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God. And now we will pass on with the text.

“A tried stone.” God the Father tried his love and strength; hearken to what the Son of God said when he cried out, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” O, sinner, God did indeed try him! Hear him—“The cup which my Father giveth me, shall I not drink?” Yea, how he tried his love! how he tried his strength! but he stood fast—so fast that, notwithstanding all the bitter ingredients in that cup, he drank it quite up, and

cried with a loud voice, "It is finished," and gave up the ghost. Then honours crown his brow! Let the wrath of God be poured out in any small measure, it is said, "Who can stand before this Holy Lord God?" Therefore, let but a little of his wrath break forth, and man vanisheth like smoke, and becometh as chaff driven before the wind; but the Son of God endureth that wrath, although it is said—

"He bore all incarnate God *could* bear,

With strength enough, and none to spare."

God tried him by both law and justice; justice followed close at his every step, watching every thought of his heart, every movement of his eyes, and every word of his lips; and the law squeezed him hard when it said, "Pay me that thou owest!" because, having become man's surety, as such the law demanded "blood for blood." He let his precious blood flow to make the payment good. Hearken to his piteous cry (Ps. xxii. 14), "I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint: my heart is like wax; it is melted in the midst of my bowels." Again (Lamentations i. 12), "Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger." The law must have all its jots and tittles fulfilled. O, the thousands of sins that you and I commit, in thought, word, and deed; sins of commission, and sins of omission! "The *thought of foolishness*," it is said, "is sin," and "he that offendeth in one point is guilty of all." This tried stone bore *all* that the law demanded; "went to the *end* of the law for righteousness," satisfied every jot and tittle of it, that you and I might be freely justified before God. This *was trying* this stone, it was indeed; let there be but one omission in the fulfilling of the law, only *one* omission even in thought, and you and I were eternally lost. O, how law and justice followed him hard, and pinched him close! and although they never left him until he gave up the ghost, yet "He magnified the law, and made it honourable," and "went to heaven with a shout, and the Lord with the sound of a trumpet;" and we poor sinners may well join with the psalmist, saying (Ps. xlvii. 6), "Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing praises unto our King, sing praises!"

Now this is the foundation stone that God has laid in Zion. Not only did God try him; not only did law and justice try him; but his people try him too, and that most sharply. O, how his people try his patience! unless he

were a God of patience they would very soon run it all out. Just look, for a moment, at the children of Israel; there they are in Egypt crying out by reason of the oppression of Pharaoh. God appears for them, brings them out, and no sooner are they delivered from his iron hand than they begin to murmur: "Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in Egypt;" and at another time, when in trouble for want of water, we hear them trying his patience (Num. xx. 3), "Would God we had died when our brethren died before the Lord!" (v. 4). "And why have ye brought up the congregation of the Lord into this wilderness, that we and our cattle should die there?" (v. 5) "It is no place of figs, or of vines, or of pomegranates; *neither is there any water to drink.*" Now here you will see a picture of yourself: if you look into your own experience you will see how *you* have tried him. When at any time God has appeared for you, you have said, "Now he shall be my God, now he shall be my trust and confidence;" but after a little time things begin to go wrong again, now every thing appears to go hard with you, and you think you "do well to be angry." O the fretfulness of your heart—only take the past month for instance. O the vile, wretched, devilish workings of your evil heart against this kind and loving God! If I were to come in the midst of your finding fault, and say, Why, what is the matter; wherefore this murmuring and complaining; what has been wanting? Is it because God in his wisdom has thwarted your desires, in withholding that which would have fed your pride? or he has, perhaps, gone contrary to your wishes in some way or other that has filled you with discontent and rebellion. O how *you* have tried him, but you have found him full of long-suffering, you have found him ever faithful to his word. How patient he has been with you; and when you have been brought to him in any contrition of heart, you have found his word true indeed, "that he giveth liberally and *upbraideth not.*" Ah! "He hath not dealt with you after your sins, nor rewarded you according to your iniquities." If you look into your experience as far as regards the things of God, you will see how you have tried his patience by all your impatience, and your failings have indeed been enough to provoke him; but you have ever found this to be true under it all, that it has not altered him, and how sure his word is, "I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." Again, how you have tried his faithfulness! God has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake

thee," but you in your spirit have forsaken him over and over again ; you have gone after the world and the things of it again and again, until, so to speak, you have made him to serve with your sins, and wearied him with your iniquities, but not one thing has failed of all that he has promised you ; and this you will find has been fulfilled to this day, that "your bread shall be given you and your water shall be sure ;" yea, though you *have* started aside and gone astray, giving him the back and not the face again and again, he has never forsaken you ; for, mind this, if he had forsaken you but for a moment, the devil would have had you in his clutches as sure as you are a living man or woman. You may see this in the case of those who make a profession of Christ, and who thereby seem to say, that they have turned their back upon the devil and the world, and cleave to Jesus Christ as their Lord and Saviour ; but after a time they let go their profession, turn back again to their former ways and practices, and some judgment overtakes them, or they run into dissipation, make a sad end, and thus prove what they really are ; while some of you have given him the back in running after other things, and yet you have found him faithful to his word, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee ;" if he had done so Satan would have taken you ; and let the Son of God withdraw his sustaining grace, O what sad havoc Satan will make of it ! O how he will twist us about ! but our mercy is that the Son of God will hold us securely in his hand. Look at Judas : the moment that he was left to himself he went out straightway and sold the Lord to the Jews ; the devil now has full power over him, and he very soon throws him headlong into hell. On the other hand, see in the case of Peter. "Satan," said the Son of God, "has desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat, but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not ;" and we find that before the cock crows twice, Peter denies his Lord and Master thrice. You know how he cursed and swore that he never knew him, and yet the Son of God held poor Peter fast, and afterwards we hear him preaching to the church of God that "they are kept by *the power* of God." Thus, my friends, we try his faithfulness, and every child of God lives to prove that "not one thing has failed him of all that he has promised ; all has come to pass." I have no doubt that many of you here have tried him again and again, and you have found that "he is of one mind, and none can turn him." "Righteousness (it is said, Isaiah

xi. 5) shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins;” and I am persuaded of this, that unless he were such a *tried stone* we should certainly move him; unless he were “the Son of the Father in truth and love,” the “I am that I am,” the “eternal God,” we should weary his patience, he would soon give us up, and leave us to perish in our sin and folly.

Again, we not only try his faithfulness, but his *love* :

“Our soul through many changes goes;

His love no variation knows.”

Sometimes we do love him with all our heart, and at other times our affections are so cold, our heart is so hard, yea, as hard as a rock, and it seems as though anything, however trifling, would draw us away from him; and have you not found, in the various places you have come into, that he has been a *tried stone* to you? Many waters cannot quench the love of God, that moved him to give us this foundation stone to build upon. What a *tried stone* God purposed he should be! what he had to endure, and what he was fitted to go through! and if you look through the Word of God, you will see how the best of men *tried* him. I am persuaded of this, that whatever we might feel one toward another, although our love might be as strong as the love of Jonathan and David; whatever you might feel toward me or I toward you, if we had to put up with one another for a month, yea, I expect, even for one day, we should very soon lose patience; but O, what the blessed Son of God has to put up with from us week after week, month after month, and year after year! Why, we should very soon let each other go; but *he* “having loved his own which are in the world, loves them to the end.” Ah, my friends, we try his patience, but it stands fast, and we may indeed say, Blessed be God for Jesus Christ. I am persuaded of this, that if your souls have had much to do with him, you have found him a *tried stone*; you have driven him close in love and faithfulness, but you have ever found him to stand fast. If I could have my own way I would never try him again as I have done; O, he should have the cream of my affections, the topmost of my thoughts, and I would be so obedient, loving, and faithful, I would never try him in any one thing! But, to my shame I speak it, I feel that I shall try him, more or less, as long as I live; but this will bring me to sing, “Not unto me, Lord, not unto me, but to thy Name be the honour and glory.” Just look into the Word of God, you will see what sort of

a stock we sprang from, what characters we are. When God placed our first parents in the garden of Eden, he gave them everything their eyes could desire or their hearts could wish for. "And the Lord God said, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt *not* eat of it" (Gen. ii. 16 and 17); everything but *that*; but no, they are not satisfied, and so they must eat of the forbidden fruit; and you know the sad consequences, and how they tried his love and his patience. Look again at Abraham, at Samson, at David, at Solomon, at Saul of Tarsus, and many others, how these all tried him; but they found my text to be true, that he is a "*tried stone*." He bore all they put upon him, he held them up under it all, and carried them safe to heaven. Well might the great apostle say, "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid," no, not with any safety. What do most persons build upon? Their good intentions, their prayers, their consistency. But I tell you that if you build upon any of these you will surely give way—nothing will stand in the storm—nothing belonging to this wicked, sin-cursed world will bring you through—nothing will stand fast but Jesus Christ, and if faith has brought you to fix upon *him*, if your hope has fastened upon *him*, whatever you may prove, whatever you may live to see and feel you are—and it may be that you may see yourself to be a base wretch, a vile rebel, as bad as sin and the devil can make you—you will nevertheless find his patience will bear with you, his compassion will run out toward you, and his love will endure to the end. Well may the Lord God say, "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a *tried stone*," and not only so, but

"A precious corner stone." Now you know a *corner stone* is that which unites other parts of the building and binds them together, as we read in Eph. ii. 20, 21, "built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ *himself* being the chief *corner stone*. In whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord." Now the blessed Son of God, being this corner stone, just brings God and poor sinners together. His name is "Immanuel, God with us." As God he takes the hand of God, as man he takes the hand of man, puts us hand to hand, and thus brings God and sinners together. It is said, Rom. v. 10, "We are reconciled to God by the death of his Son," and at Acts xiii. 38, "that through this man is preached unto us the forgiveness of sins;" and

again, 2 Cor. v. 18, "All things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by *Jesus Christ*, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation." Therefore we see that Christ Jesus is the corner-stone; we look up and say, "My Father," and God looks down and says, "My son," because we are accepted in the beloved; thus he proves himself to be the "precious corner stone" in bringing God and us together. If it had not been for him, as men lived and died in their sins, so they would have dropped into hell. "I am the way, the truth, and the life," says Jesus Christ. His servants were for ever preaching *him*, and there is no consolation to be had but through and by him; and what a mercy it is for you if you know what it is for him to bind God and you together, so as to enable you to say, "This God is my God;" enabling you to draw near to God through the rent veil of his flesh; and to "come boldly to the throne of grace," whereby you can look up while God looks down, and your eye and his meet in his dear Son. "A precious corner stone." God, speaking of him, calls him his darling, his delight; then how precious he must be to be the delight of the great Jehovah! O, the world is as nothing before *him*! thousands minister unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stand and sing before him. He is the joy of angels; and when some rebelled against him they were hurled from heaven to hell in a moment. Then what must *he* be who is so precious to the Father as to "lay in his bosom," and be called daily "his delight?" and as he is all this to the Father, so the Holy Ghost endears him to every saved sinner. It is said, "He shall be more precious than gold, yea, than the gold of Ophir." Now, has Jesus been thus revealed to *you*? Is he beloved by you, or is he not? This comes very close: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased: hear ye him." How does he stand in thy estimation, sinner? is he a precious corner stone to thee? What did poor Lambert, the martyr, say, when burning at the stake? "None but Christ, none but Christ." O, he was a precious corner stone to *him*. What a mercy to be able to say, "His mouth is most sweet; yea, he is the altogether lovely, the chiefest of ten thousand" to thy poor soul. You may depend upon it he will be *all* or nothing at all. "Well then," say you, "very few have such a religion as that." Well, although they may be few, it is nevertheless true; there are, indeed, very few that think about him, but his saints do. As soon as Zaccheus saw him, what effect did it have? Why, it drew him so after

him, that Jesus Christ was now everything to the poor man; "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor," &c. O, Christ had got into his heart so that out ran all other things. Moses had but as it were a glimpse of him, and it so ravished his heart that it is said, "He esteemed the *reproach* of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt;" and that is what you and I always try to make any excuse to get away from. Paul had a little sight of him, and he says, "I count all things but dung and dross that I may *win* Christ, and be found in him." The Holy Ghost by Peter says, "To them that believe he is precious." He was so precious to one of our martyrs that he grieved because "he could only die *once* for him;" and another good man said, "If I had as many souls and bodies as hairs upon my head, I could give them all for Jesus Christ." As I said, God will have him to be all in all. He is so to the Father, and he will have him so to his poor people also. Can you say in sincerity:—

"Do not I love *thee*, gracious Lord?

O search my heart and see;

And turn out every idol, Lord,

That dares to rival *thee*."

If you notice how the Son of God puts the matter—and this has tried his people over and over; they have not been able to answer to it in their soul's experience at times; so to speak, it shaves them close—"He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." (Matt. x. 37.) I must and will be topmost in thy heart's affections. O, I have no doubt—how I wish I could think otherwise, but—I have no doubt this cuts up well nigh three parts of the people here before me; and yet, if you do not come into it, unless he is a precious corner stone to *you*, all in all to *you*, everything to *you*, he will send you away at last with the devil and his angels, *he will indeed*. If you notice when Jesus called Matthew from the receipt of custom, he left all at once and followed him. Some present may be ready to say, "I wish I had not come here to-night." Well, I hope it may either send you away crying, "Good God, have mercy upon me!" or else so endear Jesus to your heart as to make him all in all to *you*. He is indeed a precious corner stone, uniting the God of heaven and poor sinners together, and he unites Jews and Gentiles together also, for it is "one faith and one baptism," and brings them to sing in one harmonious song, "salvation to God and the Lamb;" and there is that seen in him, when the

Holy Ghost reveals him, that brings the heart after him. O, to know more about him, to cleave closer to him, to serve him better! and you can say, at times, "Whom having not seen you love." You can bear with everything if you may but be found in him, saved by him, washed in his precious blood, clothed in his righteousness. To them that believe *he* is precious; they can see everything in him so suited to them that they say, "Whom have I in heaven *but thee?*" and there is none upon earth that I desire *beside thee.*" O, that is the man or woman that will get to heaven!

"Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a *sure foundation.*" Here is a sure foundation *in his merit*, if you are enabled to rest upon it; if you are brought sensibly to see and feel that you have no merit, and "none but Jesus" in your soul's feelings will do; if you are brought to fall here and make mention of his merit, his obedience, his righteousness, this is a sure foundation to you, and you can feelingly say—

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

Now, if you know what this is, you find him a sure foundation indeed; now,

"Stripp'd of all your fancied meetness
To approach the dread *I Am*,
You are led to see all fitness
Centring in the worthy lamb;
And adoring,
Sing his Godhead, blood, and name."

Yes, *now* you find it a *sure* foundation, and never will you feel more sure. When Noah came out of the ark it is said (Gen. viii. 20, 21) that "he builded an altar unto the Lord, and offered burnt offerings on the altar. And the Lord smelled a sweet savour," &c. Well, but Jehovah found no savour in the burning of beasts merely, there was no perfume or incense in that; then what was it that made the Lord say in his heart, "I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake?" Why it was the faith that Noah had in Christ in sacrifice; the Lord smelled a savour. It was Noah's faith resting upon *him* that was to come, "that was to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself." O it pleased the Lord well, and, poor thing, you go to

God in this way, "Lord, I am a poor sinner, a ruined and undone wretch! For Jesus' sake have mercy upon me; there is all my hope. My faith fastens and rests upon his merit. Look upon the face of thine Anointed; let his blood speak for me, his righteousness appear for me." And if you go in this way you will find God will accept you for his dear Son's sake; for this is indeed the *sure foundation*. You can never miss here. It is said that "by faith Abel offered a more acceptable sacrifice than Cain." Cain brought of the fruit of the ground, and thought God would be satisfied and pleased with just anything. There was no faith in Christ; he was only alive to what he should do in the world. He thought just the same as thousands do now; they come to a place of worship, go the round of the service, and think now they have done their duty God will be pleased with them; but, poor things, with all your *doings* you will find that, however much you may do of this sort, it will never please him. Just as you read (Ps. l. 16) "Unto the wicked God saith, What hast *thou* to do to declare my statutes?" &c. (Read the whole of this Psalm). And again (Isaiah i. 11), "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord: I am full of the burnt offerings of rams," &c. And verse 13, "Bring no more *vain* oblations . . . I cannot away with; it is iniquity, *even the solemn meeting*." God scatters it all, casts it all off; *they had no faith*. Now see what faith will do; the children of Israel are afraid of the Philistines, and they beg Samuel to cry to God for them. "And Samuel took a sucking lamb, and offered it for a burnt offering wholly before the Lord; and Samuel cried unto the Lord for Israel; and the Lord heard him." (1 Sam. vii. 9.) Now does your faith fasten upon the *Lamb* slain from the foundation of the world? upon his merit? Is your cry, "Look upon the face of thine Anointed;" "O that I may find in *him*?" Have you nothing to plead before God? but in your soul's feelings would you get behind the Son of God, and fall here—"Nothing in my hand I bring," nothing to hope in, nothing to offer but Jesus Christ, his blood and merit? Luther says that one drop of that blood is worth a million worlds; and if you are enabled to rest upon this foundation, you will find that God will accept you for his dear Son's sake; *he will indeed*, for his merit and obedience are a sweet savour in the nostrils of the Great Jehovah. He is well pleased with us for his Son's sake; therefore, said the Son of God, "No man cometh to

the Father but by *me*." If you notice, this is where the dying thief rested his hope, poor man, on the brink of hell; the Holy Ghost lifts up the veil, gives him to see that the dying *man* by his side was the Christ of God. His faith fastens upon him, and he cries, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom!" "To-day," was the loving assurance, "shalt thou be with *me* in Paradise." O sinner, here is a foundation and what it will do; it will never fail, and we shall realize what a *sure* foundation it is in the burning day of the Lord, "when the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up" (2 Peter iii. 10); when "the sea shall give up its dead, and the wicked shall call upon the rocks and the mountains to fall on them and hide them from the face of *him* that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb." Then, O then to be able to look up and say, "Lo, this is *my* God; I have waited for him, and now he is become my salvation." "I know in whom I have believed." You will find no falling away *then*; and I tell you another thing, he will welcome *you*, saying, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world;" and as he has been *precious* to you here, so he will bring you to enjoy his presence hereafter, and you will praise him to your heart's desire.—Amen.

THE BURNING BUSH.

March 5th, 1825.

DEARLY beloved though long-neglected Friend,—I am angry, very angry with myself for not having acknowledged your last kind favour long before this. You have, I fear, entertained some hard thoughts of me, and peradventure have said in your heart, "How remiss and lukewarm my old friend appears; he seems somewhat like the shadow in the sun dial of Ahaz (Isa. xxxviii. 8), for his regard towards me is certainly gone 'ten degrees backward.'" I must needs say that I have been rather tardy, and am verily guilty of procrastination concerning this thing; but of a truth it hath not been a wilful neglect, for I have had many lets and hindrances, arising from various causes, and among others from want of health, which has at times produced such a lassitude of spirit as to render me incapable of writing.

I am come at last to beg pardon of my beloved friend, and as she is conscious that "*much hath been forgiven her*," I hope this consideration will incline the scale in my favour.

In the midst of manifold internal and external troubles the good Lord hath in condescending mercy brought me into a new year of my life, which, with other new mercies, has produced

new sensations in my mind, attended with new actings of faith, of hope, and of praise upon and unto the God of my life. As I gradually draw nearer to the end of my pilgrimage, many things tend to becloud my path: my health declines, and my strength gets weaker; my outward concerns appear more discouraging, and the enemy of my soul sometimes thrusts sore at me to cast me down. But there are seasons when the Holy Spirit lifts up a standard against him; and when the Banner of Truth is unfurled, the eye of faith now and then catches a glimpse of what is inscribed upon it. The following inscription has been made very sweet to me: "*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 will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you.*" (Isa. xlv. 3, 4.) Upon closing up my past year the following inscription presented itself (Psalm cxlvi. 5, 6), "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God: which made heaven, and earth, the sea, and all that therein is: *which keepeth truth for ever.*" While pondering over this sweet portion, the blessed Remembrancer brought to my mind the first word of life that was spoken to my heart, which was this: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." But this was not all, for he condescended to shine upon the path along which I had come above forty years past, and showed me how faithfully the promise had been fulfilled; for when I had foolishly "wandered from mountain to hill, and forgotten my resting-place," even then he never left me, but in mercy restored my soul by fresh manifestations of pardoning grace. On the other hand, when in sore temptations and heavy trials, when there has seemed to be but a step betwixt me and destruction; yet then, even in the sharpest tribulation, he hath never once forsaken me, a poor, feeble, helpless worm, and I trust in his faithfulness and power that he never will! And is not this, my dear friend, something of an experience of the Lord's "*keeping truth for ever?*" Surely you cannot but acknowledge this, seeing your own experience and faith show the reality of it! Moreover we are assured that "All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies." (Psalm xxv. 10.) God and his word are inviolably the same. He is the faithful God, and "his word shall stand for ever." (Isa. xl. 8.) Yea, "He hath remembered his covenant for ever, the word which he commanded to a thousand generations." (Psalm cv. 8)

This being the case, our safety and our happiness are sweetly secured by the truth, faithfulness, and power of the everlasting God! We do at certain seasons, and under severe exercise of soul, find that all within and without appears to be a dark, dreary blank; we are "afflicted, tossed with tempest, and *not comforted.*" This is a trying state indeed, when we conclude, as our dear departed friend observes in his "*Light shining in darkness,*" 2nd

part: "We find no comforters among men, no comfort from the promises, no comfort from the Spirit, no comfort of hope, no comfort of love, no comfort in the world, no comfort in life, no comfort in ourselves, no comfort from God."

Now, when we are brought into such a strait as this, what would become of us, or what could afford us any relief, had we not a faithful, covenant God for our refuge, and for a very present help in trouble? But though we feel at such seasons destitute of comfort, we are not utterly cast down, because "*underneath are the everlasting arms.*" In such plunges as these we conclude, with our afflicted mother, that "The Lord hath forsaken me, and *my Lord hath forgotten me*" (Isa. xlix. 14); or like poor Baruch, "*Woe is me now!* for the Lord hath added grief to my sorrow; I fainted in my sighing, and I find no rest." (Jer. xlv. 3.) Now, in these dark and conflicting seasons we feel comfortless, yet at the same time there is solid ground for consolation, could we but see it; for when the storm subsides, and faith gets into exercise, it is manifest enough to us that the eyes of the Lord are continually upon his people; he knows all their sorrows, puts their tears into his bottle, hears all their sighs and their groanings, waits to be gracious unto them, and keeps a book of remembrance in which is noted down all their communications one with another, and hath faithfully promised that they shall be his peculiar treasure in that day when he will make up his jewels!

If my beloved friend wishes to have a full confirmation of what I have advanced, she may find it sweetly delineated in the 24th chapter of Luke.

As you are not altogether a stranger to the path of tribulation it may not be amiss to give you a brief account of what passed in my mind a little time back. I was pondering over some outward difficulties with which I was exercised, when these words dropt into my mind: "And he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, *and the bush was not consumed.*" This was an open vision which Moses had when the Lord first appeared to him, and it was a striking representation of Israel's afflictions in Egypt; and Stephen tells us (Acts vii. 31) that "When Moses saw it, he wondered at the sight," as he well might. Israel, we know, was a typical people throughout their generations, and the Lord's dispensations towards them is a striking display of his dealings with spiritual Israel unto the present day. And for my part, I cannot meet with one true Israelite without seeing the burning bush in some shape or other; but it is a most comfortable consideration that the Lord God of Israel is ever to be found in the midst of this burning bush, even as he was with his three children in the burning fiery furnace; neither is there one fiery trial nor affliction into which a poor saint may fall, but there, sooner or later, they find their God with them as a refuge and a hiding-place. Moreover, when the Lord's people are threatened with calamities from outward

enemies, as we are now by the mystical Babylonians, the Lord Jesus hath promised to stand up for their help, and that he will be a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of Zion. These heathen begin to foam out their rage, and we may well call them the billows of ungodly men, for I conclude that if once they could "scatter the power of the holy people," they would soon re-act the same cruelty as that resorted to in Queen Mary's days. But Zion's King is still upon his holy hill, and those potsherds of the earth are completely under his control. If you read the 35th chapter of Ezekiel, you will perceive that there is something similar in the conduct of the Edomites towards Israel. In the last clause of the 10th verse the reason is assigned why they could not prevail—"THE LORD WAS THERE;" and the same almighty power is still displayed for the preservation and protection of the church, so that no dog can so much as move his tongue without the Lord's permission.

I hope this will find my dear friend in the enjoyment of health, and her soul in much prosperity. I am glad to find that you feel power attend the ministry of our mutual friend, Mr. Lock, for of a truth the principal part of the preaching in the present day seems to be nothing more than the letter of Scripture; and where no power attends the preaching we know that the Holy Spirit is not there, for he always, in a greater or less degree, "gives testimony to the word of his grace."

I have for this month past been tried with a heavy cold and cough, so that it is with difficulty I can get to chapel at all, and when I do, am afraid to stay at night.

My wife unites with me in sincere regards to my friend; she also is but poorly; but we cannot expect much increase of bodily strength, seeing that our journey is drawing to a close. Please to remember me kindly to your family, both at home and absent. May the good Lord be very gracious unto them. If I cannot reach our gate on Sunday, shall endeavour to convey this by the hand of my fellow-traveller, Mr. Whistle; and if not, must put you to the expense of postage, though it may not amount to the value of it. A meditation in verse, on Ezek. xxxv. 10, must close my letter:—

In holy Scripture we are told
How Seir's sons, in days of old,
With Israel's land would fain make bold,
Whereas "the Lord was there."

From age to age we plainly see,
Ungodly men will all agree
To rob the sons who are made free;
But no—"the Lord is there."

The Hagarenes, untam'd and wild,
Are wont to mock the free-born child

But we rejoice, though much revil'd,
To us "the Lord is near."

The enmity between the seed,
The Lord himself hath firm decreed ;
And though the saints must oft-times bleed,
Yet still—"the Lord is near."

Both tares and wheat grow in the field,
Though diff'rent fruits they always yield ;
Yet saints are compass'd with a shield,
Because "the Lord is there."

Satan doth scheme, by ev'ry wile,
Christ's poor disciples to beguile ;
With filth he aims them to defile ;
Whereas "the Lord is there."

Indwelling sin creates a strife
Which sadly mars their peace of life,
And oft-times puts the heart to grief ;
But still—"the Lord is there."

No weapon form'd against the saint
Shall ever prosper ; he may faint,
And often utter his complaint,
But still—"the Lord is there."

If darkness oft becloud his way,
And he lament the absent day,
He now and then shall see a ray,
Because "the Lord is there."

In death's cold waves he may be toss'd,
And with sharp conflicts may be cross'd,
Yet never can a saint be lost ;
And why ? "The Lord is there."

On Canaan's shore he safe shall land,
Exulting on the heav'nly strand ;
The scene how glorious and how grand !
"The Lord indeed is there."

Then in immortal strains he'll sing
The praises of his glorious King ;
And heav'n itself with joy shall ring,
For Christ "the Lord is there."

Excuse this tedious long sheet, and believe me to be in
sincerity and truth,

Most affectionately yours,

J. KEYS,

“NONE BUT JESUS.”

Yarmouth, June 1st, 1863.

Dear Friend,—When I left Nottm., I promised to write to you, but from one cause or other have been hindered. I have been much troubled since I have been here because I could not find any one to whom I could speak upon spiritual things, or any minister that I could hear with profit. I have been to all the places of worship in the town where I was likely to hear the truth, but have got nothing or next to nothing but darkness and bondage.

O! my friend, I do feel daily and hourly so dependent upon God the Holy Ghost for every sacred influence, for every drawing of his lovingkindness, that to hear his office and work put aside to make room for fleshly human performances grieves me to the heart. I have one privilege here for which I feel thankful. My daughter has kindly given me a room to myself, though her house is not large, and in this room and on the seashore I spend the greater part of my time. I am still subject to many changes, particularly in these solitary walks. Sometimes I feel much darkness and desertion, and then all my past experience is canvassed over, and I get into such confusion that I scarcely know what I am or where I am, and am brought feelingly to say, with Hart—

“If thou, celestial Dove,
Thy influence withdraw,
What easy victims soon we fall
To conscience, wrath, and law!”

In this frame of mind I was one day out walking, and thought if I had done this thing or the other thing, gone this way or taken that step, I might have had something to look back upon with some degree of satisfaction, when this blessed portion of Scripture dropped into my mind: “Christ is the end of the law for righteousness.” This was attended with a little meekness and contrition of spirit, and I was led by faith to behold the Lamb of God as “a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.” And while meditating on his unchanging love, his spotless obedience, and his finished work, I was again brought to feel the rock upon which my poor tempest-tossed soul is built—his free, unmerited grace and favour, freely bestowed and graciously given by a covenant God and Father in Christ Jesus, before the world began. In this frame of mind I did not only bow in my body before the Almighty, but felt in my inmost soul to bow before him, acknowledge his sovereignty, and bless him for providing such a Saviour, so suitable in every way to my lost and perishing condition; and I said from my heart,

“None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.”

J. MARRIOTT.

GLADNESS FOR WHAT JESUS HAS DONE FOR HIS PEOPLE.

BY J. KERSHAW.

THERE is one portion of God's word which has been much impressed on my own mind, and I pray that my blessed Master may keep it more and more on my mind and his people's also, so that we may never lose sight of it. We have to do with a faithful God. The portion is this: "Them that honour me I will honour, but they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." Have we not seen the fulfilment of that passage of God's word, in reference to both declarations? Where God has been honoured and glorified, honour has been put upon instrumentality; and where there has been a forsaking of the simplicity of the Gospel, there has been a dishonouring of God; and have such as dishonoured the Lord, either in principle or practice, been highly esteemed? I trow not. He cannot esteem other instrumentality than that which is employed in seeking the honour, and peace, and prosperity of Zion.

May the Lord keep us humble, watchful, prayerful, striving together for the faith of the Gospel, in the unity of the Spirit and in the bond of peace; and grant that we may be increased in our own souls with the increase of God; that we may be increased with men and women as a flock, and that the Lord will ride forth among us in the chariot of the gospel; that his arrows may be swift to pierce the hearts of the King's enemies, and that the Lord may appear in his power from time to time, sealing up the souls of his chosen ones.

"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

The appellation of the honoured name, *Lord*, is given to the Triune Jehovah: the Three that bare record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost. Jehovah, the Father, is called *Lord* in that memorable, important, and blessed portion of his Word, "All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord (the Lord Jehovah) hath laid on him (the precious Christ) the iniquity of us all." (Isa. liii. 6.) And when the Psalmist took his prophetic view of the resurrection and ascension of Christ, and his entrance into the realms of bliss, he spoke in this wise: "The LORD said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool." (Ps. cx. 1.) Jehovah, the Father, Lord of all, welcomed his beloved Son, our elder Brother, the Captain of our salvation, our great High Priest, our Advocate—he welcomes him to the realms of bliss, and to take his seat at the right hand of the Majesty on high, with that solemn declaration, "Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool."

And is not the Lord Jesus Christ, in various portions of the Scriptures, called Lord? Speaking of himself, he says, "Ye

call me Master and Lord, and ye say well, for so I am; if I, your Lord and Master, am with you as one that serveth, ought ye not to serve one another?" "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." Our Jesus is the Captain of our salvation. See the lordly character of our Redeemer—the King of kings, and Lord of lords; the Lord and Master in the church. There is that glory, that beauty, that blessed reality, that the Apostle says, "No man, save those who speak by the Spirit, can call him Lord." A man may call him Lord in his judgment, and acknowledge him as Lord with his tongue, but no man can enter sweetly and feelingly into the lordship, into the mystery, into the power and glory of the dear Redeemer, as the Lord of lords, but by the Holy Ghost; to recognize him as possessing all power in heaven and upon earth in his hands, and all events under his control. O that our minds may be sweetly stayed upon the Lord our Master, who is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.

But the appellation of Lord is likewise given to the ever-blessed Spirit; for the eternal Spirit is one with the immortal Word and our covenant God and Father, in every attribute and perfection of Deity. Paul, in writing to the church at Corinth, says, "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"—the same Lord, the same Spirit, the same God that dwells in the hearts of his people, and teaches and guides them into the truth as it is in the Lord Jesus Christ. So that the Spirit is by Paul emphatically called, *Lord*. And the Apostle makes use of this beautiful mode of expression in reference to the Holy Ghost: "The Lord the Spirit direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ." Thus we see that the appellation of "the Lord" is given to our covenant God and Father, that it is given to the Lord Jesus Christ, and that it is also applied to the blessed and eternal Spirit.

Whenever there is a deviation from this cardinal doctrine of the gospel—the Trinity in unity, and the unity in Trinity, as engaged in covenant for the salvation of the Church—there is a swerving from the purity and simplicity of the gospel; and as my esteemed brother Gadsby used to say, "I never like men who begin nibbling at the doctrine of the Trinity, or at the personality of the Holy Ghost; this trying to comprehend by human reason the incomprehensible Jehovah. This ought never to be done." No; the doctrine of the Trinity is not a doctrine of reason, but of revelation. It is the glorious mystery of godliness that is revealed and made known by the blessed Spirit to the Church, and it rejoices our heart. "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

What has our covenant God and Father done for us? Referring to this covenant we trace all our blessings of grace and

salvation up to what the Apostle calls his eternal purposes of love and mercy that he purposed in Christ Jesus before the world began. And what was the purpose and determination of the Father's mind, as purposed in Christ Jesus? Jehovah purposed and determined in his own mind to glorify the riches of his grace and mercy in the salvation of countless millions of Adam's fallen race, in, through, and by the blood-shedding of the incarnate God. This is called "the purpose of God according to election, which must stand, not of works, but according to the riches of his grace and mercy." He said to Moses, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion." God's predestination and election are the first links in the golden chain of our salvation—"Whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified." Everlasting, electing love is the spring and source from whence every blessing of grace and salvation flows, through the precious blood of Christ, to poor guilty sinners. But we cannot now stop to dwell on this as a doctrine. I hope that it is an article in the faith of most who may be engaged in perusing these lines.

But did we always receive it? Did it always gladden our hearts? O, no! The first view I had of it, which was soon after grace had taken possession of my heart, was such a gloomy view, that instead of joy and gladness, O, the bitterness! O, the opposition and the carnal workings that I felt in my own soul against God's sovereignty! No Arminian ever reasoned in substance more powerfully against it. I never wonder at men, merely professing Christianity, fighting against the sovereignty of Jehovah, the Father, in the choice of his people in Christ Jesus to salvation from the beginning. But when the Lord has brought the poor sinner to lie passively under his hand, like clay in the hands of the potter, and has taught him his lost, guilty, filthy, polluted state and condition as a sinner, and led him to see God's holiness, justice, and righteousness in his law, and the way whereby God can be just and yet the justifier of the poor guilty sinner, O, how different are his views! At one time the poor wretch feels the deepest anguish at the thought of God's marking his iniquity and sending him to hell—banishing him from his presence and the glory of his power; but when the poor soul has sunk down under the thought of this great condemnation, and the Lord, by his Word and his Holy Spirit, says, "I have loved thee, poor soul, with an everlasting love; I had thoughts of love, mercy, and peace towards thee before all worlds; I have recorded thy name in the Lamb's book of life; I have ordained thee to eternal life and salvation; I have secured thine immortal interests in thy covenant Head by my beloved Son, and appointed thee, not to wrath, but to obtain salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ"; as the blessed Spirit leads the soul into the covenant love and mercy of

Jehovah the Father, I know it will make him glad. O how it will cheer and animate his spirit!

There is no principle revealed in the Bible, and made manifest by the Holy Ghost, that has such a melting tendency as the enjoyment of God's covenant love in the soul of the poor sinner. It kills pride, and draws the soul to God in a state of deep humility. It never did and never will fail to unite the heart to God.

"We love him because he first loved us." Ah, I can look back to the morning when I stood in a solitary place before the Lord, and when his sweet covenant love was manifested to my soul, and it was revealed to me so blessedly, that tears of joy and contrition, in an abundant measure, trickled down my cheeks: tears of contrition for sin, and tears of joy to think that the God and Father of all flesh should have cared for such a guilty and worthless worm as I felt myself to be.

When the poor soul gets this view of the covenant love of the Father, how it enlarges his heart, and makes him run, as David did, in the way of his commandments. "I will run (he said) in the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart."

I have often heard my old friend Gadsby humorously tell the story of a circumstance which occurred at his ordination. Some of the ministers were afraid, that when called upon to make his confession of faith, he might go on too far, or get rather too humorsome on so solemn an occasion; so they put a very staid old minister into the pulpit to ask him the questions. When Mr. Gadsby came to speak upon the doctrine of God's election, and the great things that a covenant God had done for his people, in their choice, before all worlds, he remarked, "Some folks say this doctrine of election and predestination makes the belly ache, but God knows that it does my heart and soul good." The old man in the pulpit, who was to have stopped him if he rambled too much, caught the fire, and he exclaimed, "Ah, my lad, and so it does mine."

And I know that if God blesses his people with a sweet taste of his covenant love, it will gladden their hearts also. It cheers the faint and enlarges the heart; the more we enjoy it, the more we want to enjoy, and to live under its blessed influence, to the honour of our covenant God and Father.

Neither are the weaklings left behind; although some of them may say, "I believe the doctrine, that God has eternally loved and chosen his people, as a Sovereign, irrespective of worth or worthiness in the creature; but then the question with me is, Am I one of them? Has he loved and chosen me? Am I elected or not?" These are very solemn and important inquiries. God loves the inquirer, and I delight to speak a word of encouragement to the hearts of the people of God. How many of them can solemnly say that they believe and are satisfied that their names are written in heaven? Perhaps not many. But I know that

many of them can respond to a mode of expression like that of the poet—

“In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.”

“Ah!” says the poor child of God, “that is my desire, that is my feeling.” Go, then, with that desire, I say, to the Holy Ghost, the blessed Spirit of God, which searcheth out the deep things of God, and seek to get that experience for which you long and are anxious. The desire was not put into your heart that it might be disappointed. O no: thy record is on high.

Again, many of us would scruple to say, fearing we should be saying too much, that we firmly believe, and are satisfied that we are the objects of Jehovah’s electing love. But can we use these words—and I put them together as God has put them together in his Word, because I would buoy up your minds with the girdle of eternal truth—and say that we love God? Do we feel any concern for his honour and glory? Do we love the prosperity of Zion? Do we love the brethren? Is the desire of our souls, in our solitary moments, toward the name of the Lord, and that we may be found in him? The poor child of God says it is. God, who knows my heart, knows that I can say, with Peter, “Thou knowest that I love thee;” and I want to love him better, to live nearer to him, and more to his honour and glory. Well then, what does God say? “I love them that love me.” We love God, and God loves us. Our loving the Lord is an evidence that he loves us, seeing that our love is the result of his own. “We love him because he first loved us.” May we not say, therefore, with this manifested love of Jehovah in our souls, “The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad?”

Our Lord Jesus Christ has done great things for us, whereof we are glad. And what has he done? His covenant engagements claim our attention; and my mind feels solemnly awed as I reflect upon the subject, before entering upon it. The covenant engagements of the immortal Word! Never was such an engagement entered upon before. What was it? Christ engaged in covenant council with the Father—for the covenant was between them both—to raise the objects of the Father’s love from their state of sin, guilt, and condemnation; to deliver them from the curse of the law and the wrath of God; to bring them from all their degradation, shame, and wretchedness, and to present them without blemish before the Father’s glorious presence—

“With joys divinely great.”

The covenant engagement of our dear Redeemer! O, it is a blessed, cheering, gladdening doctrine in the midst of affliction and trial. It will be remembered how it sustained the heart of David: “Although my house be not so with God (as I could wish); yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure.” He saw the covenant Head, and it gladdened

his heart many a time. And has it not gladdened my heart; has it not rejoiced my soul, and the souls of his people too; to see that the cause of the Church is in such glorious, noble, and powerful hands as those of the dear Redeemer? Surely it has. It cannot be in better hands. May we say feelingly with an Apostle, "I know whom I have believed"—in Christ, our covenant Head, and in his covenant engagement—"and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." All power, both in heaven and earth, is in his blessed and precious hands.

Behold the greatness of his condescension and humiliation in his incarnation! He had a glory with the Father before the world was, but at the appointed time he threw his radiant glory by, and descended from the shining courts of bliss and blessedness! The Apostle contrasts the humiliation and exaltation of Christ in these memorable words: "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." That text applies most gloriously to Christ: "Before honour is humility." "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."

There was an absolute necessity for the incarnation of Jesus. "Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same." Whence did that necessity arise? God's just and holy law had been violated and trampled upon in human nature, and it was necessary that sin should be punished and condemned, and law and justice satisfied in the very nature in which it had been violated. Forasmuch as his brethren "were 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." So the incarnation of Christ is a doctrine which gladdened the hearts of thousands now in glory. It also gladdens mine. Hark! "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Again: "He came to seek and to save that which was lost." The church of old sang of it in strains like these: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulders." Angels proclaimed the glad tidings, "Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth, and goodwill towards men." And we are told distinctly that every spirit which confesseth not that Christ has come in the flesh, as the Redeemer of his people, is not of God. We believe the doctrine, and not only believe it,

but it is the joy and rejoicing of our heart, as it has been now for very many years.

If the Holy Ghost dwells within us, we know and feel that we are poor sinners; we are sick of ourselves, our sinfulness, and vileness. We have tried to save ourselves, but we cannot. Has it never cheered and gladdened our hearts to behold by faith, according to God's word, the condescension of the immortal Word, in consenting to become flesh, that he might suffer, bleed, and die for our sins, and bring us rebels to God? And what a source of gladness must this always be to the Lord's coming family!

But again: "The Lord Jesus hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." For the sake of brevity, we will couple two vital principles, two glorious doctrines, together; indeed, they cannot well be separated. And what are they? The active and passive obedience of the incarnate Son of God, our Saviour and our Redeemer.

What do we mean by the active obedience of the incarnate Son of God? We mean that he was made under the law; that he begun at the beginning, and fulfilled every precept of the divine law, down to its jots and tittles, in the thoughts of his heart, in the expressions of his lips, and in all his acts. The eye of the law and of justice was upon him from the manger to the cross, and was divinely satisfied; for these are the words of God himself: "Who is glorious in holiness;" "The Lord is well pleased for his righteousness' sake; he will magnify the law, and make it honourable." Now what is that? Is it not well calculated to gladden our hearts? Nothing but real experience in the soul can teach us the real sweetness and joy which arise out of the glorious doctrine of the imputation of the righteousness of an incarnate God to a poor, guilty sinner.

Now, let conscience testify what are our feelings. Can we say with the prophet Isaiah, "We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags?" Until we feel this, we shall know nothing of the righteousness of Christ. We must be brought where Paul was brought, when he exclaimed, "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ." What little value does an apostle put upon everything, when compared with the dear Redeemer! Have we been brought there? Have we ever joyfully responded, from the bottom of our hearts to the sentiment of this song:

"Yes, I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' name."

Every earthly thing must fall, and Christ alone be exalted. The poor child of God is brought to renounce everything in himself, and is dead to all hope of justification and salvation by works of righteousness done by himself. He hears the Lord Jesus Christ saying to him, "Look unto me; I am the end of the law for righteousness to thy poor soul." A covenant God

speaks—and O, the blessed language to every one that is in Christ Jesus!—"Christ is of God made unto us"—poor, guilty, filthy, polluted worms as we are—"wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."

Do these things do us good? Can we rejoice in them? Have we been enabled to realise the language? "Surely, shall one say, in the Lord have I righteousness and strength!" in whom all the seed of Israel are justified.

This glorious Christ is a perfect robe of righteousness; it gladdened the hearts of the church of old. Hark! "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation." If our joy, comfort, and consolation arise from ourselves, our good name, our good heart, our good deeds, our excellent character, we are not far off where Simon Magus was, "in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity." But I know that there are many precious souls who can say, "Instead of joy and comfort arising when I look into my own soul, I see that it is vile and sinful, and I have no joy at all; but when I see Jesus putting away sin, and bringing in a glorious righteousness, then I feel, as David did, 'the blessedness of the man to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity.'"

Let us look for a moment at the passive obedience of Jesus, bearing all the weight of our sin and iniquity in his own body, in the garden of Gethsemane and on the cross of Calvary! "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." All our iniquity was laid on the Lord Jesus, and hence there is not a stain, not a speck of sin left on any vessel of mercy. It has been removed from him by a covenant God, and laid upon Christ. That is a solemn declaration: "He hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." And what a wonderful statement that is by the prophet! "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities." "I have trodden the winepress alone; and of the people there was none with me." "It pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief," though he had never sinned.

It is one of the greatest mysteries in the incarnation of Christ, to my soul, that it should please the covenant God to bruise his beloved Son who never sinned, and make him the victim and sacrifice for our transgressions—for us who had insulted him, trampled upon his laws, and despised him in our hearts—that we might be delivered from our sin, from the curse of the divine law, and be admitted into the divine presence, and for ever surround his throne in the better world. O what a glorious view did the beloved Daniel take of the subject, when he foresaw that Christ was to make an end of all sin on the cross, and make reconciliation for all our iniquities by the shedding of his blood, and bring in an everlasting righteousness.

This is a salvation which has in many ages gladdened the hearts of God's living family. Has it ever gladdened ours? I remember the time when I could not see how I could be saved. I felt that I could not save myself, and I could not understand the way which God had revealed in the Bible, until the Holy Spirit instructed me. But O, how glad I felt when I was led to see that Christ had done the whole work of salvation, and had not left me one jot or tittle to do! Ah, it is a blessed way for a poor guilty sinner to fall into the hands of Jesus, who says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The burden of sin is then removed, and nothing can gladden and comfort the poor sinner more than a realization of salvation in the soul.

But in noticing further that the Holy Ghost is Lord, we see that "he also hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." What, then, has the blessed Spirit done? We cannot say of his work, as we did of Christ's, that it is finished. The Holy Ghost's work is not finished, and it never will be wholly accomplished until the top-stone of the spiritual temple shall be brought, with shoutings of "Grace, grace unto it." God's elect, with the rest of mankind, where are they? Dead in trespasses and sins. But saith the Apostle, in speaking of the Holy Ghost, "You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." "We were by nature children of wrath, even as others," and saying in our hearts, We will not have this man to reign over us. What a state of enmity! What a state of carnality and stubbornness we were in! It humbles my mind to remember the condition I was in before Christ took my soul in hand. What power was it that brought down my lofty looks? What made my heart willing to forsake sin? The power of the eternal Spirit. The Lord, according to covenant engagement, by his Holy Spirit, creates a godly fear in the soul of the poor sinner. "I will, and they shall," is the language of Jehovah. "I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people." The Holy Ghost brings down lofty looks, and abases the proud, that the Lord alone may be exalted in the salvation of his chosen people. There is no heart so hard, and no will so stubborn, but the Holy Ghost can subdue and soften. Some few years ago, the Lord by his great and mighty power laid hold of an influential man in our town and neighbourhood, and brought him to me. Many and many a time he spoke of the dealings of the Lord with his soul, and, with his fist clenched, would say, "Friend Kershaw, I don't care who they are, however proud and high-minded, however bent and determined on pursuing their own way; if the same mighty power lay hold of their soul that laid hold of mine, it will bring them down, humble their hearts, and sicken them of all self-trust." Have we been arrested in our sins, and brought to the feet of Jesus, saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner?" If such be the case, I know that that soul is glad, and quite ready to acknowledge that it is the work of the Holy Spirit to

reveal a precious Christ to the soul. Such a one is pronounced justified before God.

The Holy Ghost hath also done great things for us in the revelation which he makes to us of Christ. He takes of the things which are Christ's and shows them to us, as Christ himself hath said, thus shedding abroad his love in the soul of the poor believing sinner; for the Holy Ghost has determined that Christ shall be our "All in all."

We are glad, too, that the Holy Ghost is not only the beginner, but the carrier on of the work of grace in the soul. He will complete the work; not set it going, and then leave the sinner to carry it on—"to cultivate grace," as some people say. My soul loathes the term! Cultivate grace! It is wrong. God's grace takes possession of the soul, and himself carries on the work which he has begun. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," is the promise; and "My grace is sufficient for thee." That grace shall land every elect vessel of mercy in immortal glory.

"The feeblest saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way."

So we are glad; and we rejoice in the work of the Father, the Son, and the ever-blessed Spirit, and would sing with rapture, "Crown Jehovah Lord of all, for ever and for ever!"

THE UNCTION OF THE SPIRIT.

Brighton, March 18th, 1856.

My dear Friend,—How many times have I purposed writing to you, but a variety of causes have prevented me doing so. I dare say you received the Sermon I sent you on Saturday; there is nothing new in it, but such things that you and I have been taught years ago. But how very many now are above learning; they don't like the *A. B. C.* class; they have got beyond that.

"'Tis all in Christ, the Head"

is where I would wish to be for salvation, but I want that salvation revealed to and in me; it is "Christ in you, the hope of glory." Christ was revealed in Paul's heart. The secret of religion is unction, and all without it is a blank. I read something the other day of the glorious person of Christ, and the church's completeness in him, and the folly of the church looking into self, and not resting upon the finished work of Christ. Very blessed and glorious truths, but something was wanting to warm my heart; and I must leave you to guess what that was. Mr. Hart says—

"O, send us thy unction,
To teach us all good;
And touch with compunction,
And sprinkle with blood."

That is the substance of religion, and when I feel that, how precious is Jesus and all that belongs to him!

“Everything that's dear to him,
To me is also dear.”

We are no Antinomians, or free-willers either.

I have been very poorly with a cold, also my wife and two children very sadly. Through mercy they are now better. I am still far from well, but hope to have my health restored before I go on my journey early in April. I hope to see you at N—— for an hour or two, if spared to spend a Sabbath with you in July. Your old friend, Mr. C., has finished his course, and entered into the joy of his Lord. The best people I have found in the north are those that were attached to him. People may despise and set at nought Mr. Huntington and his writings, but I find none like them; they come home; any babe in Christ can understand him. But when he comes upon heart-work, he cuts up the mere professor and dry doctrine folks root and branch. What a mercy to have that new “name better than of sons and of daughters,” even “an everlasting name, that shall not be cut off.” “Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.” We are fast hastening home to our Father's house. What a mercy to have a home to go to, and a Father to receive us with joy! One or two of my early seals to my ministry are gone before me, and made a good end. I should be glad to have a few lines from you. Give my love to all friends, and believe me to remain

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

JOHN GRACE.

THE LORD AS A REFINER.

Canterbury, Feb. 8, 1891.

Dear Brother and Sister,—I hope you are both in health of body, and that in your declining years you are living to prove that God is mindful of you; that he is as the dew unto your souls; that he comes down upon you like showers that water the earth; that as your spiritual sun he still rises upon your souls, so that you are favoured to walk in the light of his countenance, bringing forth fruit to the praise and glory of his grace, wherein he hath made you accepted in his beloved Son, in whom he hath blessed you with a life which is eternal, having approved of you in him as “heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ,” who lives for you, and with whom you must live and be crowned; yes, the King himself will welcome you home and crown you too.

I do not suppose that you are always walking in the light; here our sun goes down, and the Lord hides his face! Who then can behold him? Here, at times, we both walk in darkness and sit in darkness; and these seasons are dark and trying ones, though they do not destroy us. All whom the Lord loves he tries; yes, he puts all his gold and silver into his furnace, but the Refiner watches over the treasure, and is himself with them:

“When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned,”

for "I will be with thee." The fire will try the work, whether it be spiritual or natural; of man, or of God. If found to be of man, the fire will burn it up as briers and thorns; but if of God, it is indestructible, and the flame shall not kindle upon it so as to destroy it. But he shall purify his sons and daughters, "and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness. Then shall the offering of Judah and Jerusalem be pleasant unto the Lord, as in the days of old, and as in former years." Do we not, then, need the furnace? How often the world and the things thereof cause us to rob God! "Ye have robbed me, even this whole nation," saith the Lord by the prophet. What a charge! And can you—can I—plead "Not guilty?" Can we open our mouths and say, "Wherein," O Lord, "have we robbed thee?"

But O, the mercy of God! though we are thieves and robbers, he has not shut us up in the prison of hell, there to be paying off the heavy debt we have contracted. What a good Brother we have, who has paid all our debts in his own precious, precious blood, so that we may well sing with one of old—

"O my soul, admire and wonder;
 Jesus lived and died for thee;
 He has broke the bands asunder,
 And from bondage set thee free.
 Sweet deliverance
 Jesus Christ has wrought for me.
 All the debts I had contracted,
 He, in mercy, call'd his own;
 And, lest I should be neglected,
 Drew me near his gracious throne;
 Paid all charges,
 Then, and for the time to come."

We are indebted to mercy, so that we sing, at times—

"A debtor to mercy alone," &c.

Sin makes us miserable, wretched, cast down, and sorrowful. Mercy steps in, and turns our sorrow into joy, our misery into happiness, our heavy burdens into lightness, and our darkness into light. "It is Christ that died," and by his death has paid our debt, put away our sin, reconciled us to God, "finished transgression, made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness."

"By the obedience of one shall many be made righteous." Then who shall lay anything to our charge? We are sinners, but for sinners he died, and mercy has made us fly to him, with—

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;" &c.

Well, to be in Christ, in union with him, what mercy! what favour! what love! free from condemnation! "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." And who are they openly? They who walk after the Spirit, who are led by the Spirit. Many profess to be thus led, but are the

enemies of truth and of Christ. What a mercy it is to be taught the truth, to be led into the truth, to love the truth, and to feel and find the power and grace of truth have an influence over our thoughts, words, and actions day by day as we pass along towards our eternal home.

Our present earthly home is a polluted one, an uncertain one, and is not our rest. There remaineth therefore a rest for the pilgrim who has his staff in his hand, and who declares by his daily actions that he seeks a city which is to come. The many mansions above are being taken possession of by those who are made meet for them by the Holy Ghost; who are washed in the fountain of the blood of God's Lamb; who have the best robe brought forth and put upon them; who have on the wedding garment, and have thus been made *ready*; they shall enter in, where "the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall ever feed them." They shall weep no more, sorrow no more, hunger no more, thirst no more.

I see that friend P— has got the start of us, and though younger by some years, has reached the goal, obtained the prize, and is settled down in "the house not made with hands," eternal in the heavens. Well,

"Safe landed above,
He'll sing of his love,
Through one eternal day,"

and we shall soon join him. Thinking about him on the third of this month, the word "ready" came to my mind, and I said, Yes, he was one of the ready ones, made wise unto salvation, but, like you and myself, he was often in great fear, cast out and ready to perish, with the sorrows of death compassing him, and the pains of hell getting hold upon him; he found trouble and sorrow. But he also found the words fulfilled: "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts." Thus, having been indulged with a draught of the "good old wine of the kingdom," he was revived from time to time, and held on his way until his end came, when he was to cease from warfare, and enter into rest.

The children of God differ very much from the children of the devil. God works in his children to will and to do those things which are acceptable in his sight, through Jesus Christ. The devil also works in his children to do those things which please him, according to the words of Jesus: "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do."

"Ready to perish." This is a feeling with which the children of God are often exercised, whilst those who are dead in sin have no bands, and are not troubled like other men—like those who are alive in Christ, and have passed from death unto life. "And thou shalt speak and say before the Lord thy God, A Syrian ready to perish was my father, and he went down into Egypt and sojourned there with a few, and became there a great nation, mighty and populous." But the "ready to perish" have a God

who is ready to save them. Why, if we had no life, how could we feel "ready to perish?" Now, it is the "ready to perish" who have a God ready to save them, and who says, "Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom." "But thou art a God ready to pardon, gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and forsookest them not." (Neh. ix. 17.) How often have we been "ready to halt," to give up all for lost! yea, and even up to the present time we are no better; and yet we cannot give up—we cannot halt. Why not? Because we are not our own, but are bought with a price. We are led and influenced by the Spirit of God, and are kept by his power. The Psalmist said, "For I am ready to halt, and my sorrow is continually before me. Forsake me not, O Lord; O my God, be not far from me. Make haste to help me, O Lord my salvation." See, my friends, though he had sorrow and was ready to halt, yet he halted not. He still goes on calling upon his God, seeking help from him, and confessing him still to be the God of his salvation. He knew that God was ready to help and forgive: "For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive; and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee." "I am afflicted and ready to die from my youth up; while I suffer thy terrors I am distracted." Afflicted! ready to die! feeling the terrors of God! distracted! Is this the path, the way, of those whom God loves? Yes. Bastards often escape afflictions in this life, whilst the sons and the daughters have the chastening hand of a loving Father laid upon them, for their profit, for their good. Yes, these things work together for our good; they humble us, they empty us, and they bring us to the throne of God's grace.

Paul said, "I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus" (Acts xxi. 13); and again, "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." (2 Tim. iv. 6.) To be ready for death is God's work; to make us new creatures in Christ Jesus is God's work; and the man that is born of God is ready for death. But how different are our feelings upon this matter! "They that were ready went in." But they had fallen asleep by the way. Ah, and so do you and I. But it was not the sleep of death, for the cry aroused them. O! how much we need to be awakened up. When the Lord is pleased, at times, to favour us to see that Christ has made a passage-way for us through death to glory, we then fear no evil, knowing that "God is the strength of our heart, and our portion for ever."

May the dear Lord give us daily grace to live in him, that when he comes and says, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away," we may enter into his presence, where there is fullness of joy, and sit at his right hand, where there are pleasures for evermore.

The Lord bless you with all the good you need in time and to eternity.

I remain, Yours in Christian love, J. ROWDEN.

CHOOSING TO SUFFER AFFLICTION.

October 7th, 1822.

I RECEIVED my very dear friend's epistle, and am truly glad to hear that through the kind providence of God you have safely arrived at home; and it rejoiceth my heart to find that the Lord's gracious presence was with you; so true is his promise, "My presence shall go with you, and I will give you rest." Ah! how sweet it is to trust ourselves under the shadow of his wings! "He that trusteth in the Lord shall dwell safely." I indeed felt anxiety for you, considering the length of the journey, and some earnestness in my mind that the Lord would support you through it; but when I considered that a "good man's (also a good woman's) steps are ordered of the Lord, and he directeth his way," I felt persuaded that all would be well, and work for the best. No, Mary, we are not beating the air when we are brought to trust in the Lord, commit our all to him, cast all our cares on him, and look to him to uphold, lead, and keep us. "We endure as seeing him that is invisible." We are persuaded of his love and tender care, and so, being sure of his aid, we shall have no cause to be ashamed of our profession, or of our hope in him. "He that trusteth in the Lord shall not be ashamed."

I know not how to express the emotion of my heart for your great and (touching myself) unmerited kindness, and liberal favour towards the chapel; it is what I never expected, and stand astonished at the providence of God and the motion of your heart touching such a thing. I feel ashamed and confounded on the one hand for my unbelief and ingratitude, and on the other hand for God's condescension in the acknowledgment of me as his servant, seemingly the basest and least deserving of all his chosen. I am the more overcome when I consider all the leadings of his providence in connection with the undertaking of the chapel. My greatest concern is, through the deep sense I have of my inability to the work, that the expectation of the people may not be realized; but I know that the Lord is all-sufficient, out of weakness can make strong, and by the most unfit instruments can display the sovereignty and riches of his grace, and secure the glory to himself. O that I may come with the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace! I desire and pray the Lord to return into your heart an hundredfold in the enjoyment of spiritual things. Surely your love to Zion is evident, and "they shall prosper that love her." It is plain that you are one whose heart the grace of God hath opened, and for whom the intercession of Christ is vouchsafed. "Let them be glad that favour my righteous cause." At the building of the house of the Lord "the people offered with a willing heart," because the work was of God, and therefore he moved their hearts; they were willing by his power, and liberal by his grace. I do with a cheerful and grateful affection accept

this kindness, both as a mark of your heart's being truly in the cause, and a further proof of what I have not doubted, that as salvation came to the house and heart of Zacchens, so it hath surely visited you ; his heart was open, so is yours ; and as a further token of the Lord's hand being with me, and that I have not presumptuously undertaken the work.

Touching a Bible for the pulpit, I wish for a common quarto size, quite plain, with a dark cover, and tolerably large print, because of my being near-sighted. It is principally for my use in the vestry, as in the pulpit I only need one to read the text from which I speak. I really feel glad at your choice in providing me with the precious Word. You have had the quintessence thereof ; you know the subject matter of the contents of that book. "They are they which testify of me," saith Jesus ; and according to the known value thereof, so is your choice. I really cannot help thinking that the good hand of the Lord may make this circumstance sometimes an Ebenezer to me, as he hath graciously done in other instances ; for when coming forward to preach, the enemy of souls has been permitted powerfully to assault and darken my mind in order to throw me into confusion. He strives to fasten on my mind that my ministry is of no use, and, as much as possible, attempts to hide from conception any appearance of usefulness. God hath before now made the circumstance of a wheatsheaf carved on a chair in the vestry, the means of opening my heart and rebuking the enemy for it was made the means of bringing to remembrance what he had before told me for my encouragement ; even so I have a hope that it may now and then be when I am cast down and have the bill in my hand—that I may think of the donor, and how the Lord has seen fit to bless my poor labours to her, by which I have been, again and again, refreshed and encouraged. I have also often noticed that the casting the eye on certain things hath brought certain persons to my mind who have a place in my heart, when immediately I have found an ascending of my soul to God in prayer for them ; that when I could not pray for myself, my heart has been open for them, and I have found an answer in faith for them, and an answer of comfort in my own heart. This hath proved the word that is written, "The Lord turned the captivity of Job while he was praying for his friends" I do with a joyful heart accept your kind favour. O that God might bring my heart more fully into obedience to his servant Paul's admonition,—to give myself diligently to study the holy Scriptures, which are "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that I may be thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

Respecting your trials through your dear and affectionate parent, I rejoice to find the presence of three things with you : 1. That God giveth you to choose to suffer affliction with the people of God rather than yield for present outward ease, and

giveth you fortitude to look aright and bear the burden ; 2. That your affection doth not abate towards your parent through her hastiness ; 3. That you are moved to pray for her, and desire to overcome evil with good ; and I may add, 4. That you still cherish a hope that the Lord will vouchsafe his saving grace to her, and that she will be reconciled. I say not that I have a persuasion, but I cannot help thinking it will take place by and by, nor will the strongest opposition on her part alter my thoughts. When she left my house I felt earnestness at the throne of grace for her, and cannot help harbouring the thought that I was indulged. O that the Lord may open her eyes to see aright ! and then will she see matter of great joy in that which now the enemy causeth in her matter of great grief. If she is an enemy to me, never, never did I find a more free and affectionate obedience to that word, " Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them "—which I do for her. O ! let us cleave unto the Lord on her behalf ; we cannot err in this. She thinks that we are turned aside from the true service of God, but we long that she may be converted truly to serve him. Cheerfully accept all that cometh against you for cleaving to that which you know to be truth. " If ye be persecuted for righteousness' sake, happy are ye, for the Spirit of God and of glory resteth upon you." " If when ye suffer for well-doing (and nothing can be better than cleaving to Christ) ye take it patiently, this is thank-worthy." Put thy shoulders cheerfully under all the strokes against the cause of Christ, and be content to bear them. " If we suffer with him, we shall be glorified together ; and the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." The apostles and disciples of Christ " rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer for his name's sake." " God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." If things appear gloomy, yet harbour not unwarrantable anxiety. Be quiet in the Lord ; it is among the all things that are working for good, and good will surely come from it. Love to B.

Affectionately yours,

D. FENNER.

CHRIST will open all his heart to the objects of his affections, though it cost him his life. " Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—A.C.N.

If the militant members of the chosen church could really see their shining attendants, and understand all the ways of the Lord perfectly, they would enjoy the heavenly glories before the appointed time : but the fulness of joy, and the manifest glories of the redeemed, are reserved for eternity, therefore not to be expected in time. On this account many of the Lord's works are done in the dark, and his ways are involved in thick clouds : so that poor purblind mortals cannot discern them before they enjoy the light of eternity.—*Macgowan.*

Obituary.

SOPHIA HEALEY.—On July 6, 1892, in her 84th year, Sophia Healey, for upwards of forty-six years a member of the little church at Bolton.

When she spoke of the things of God, her words came with the convincing power of deep personal experience.

She was born on the 5th of May, 1809, of poor parents whom she never knew, as they both died whilst she was in infancy. The little stranger was taken by the grandmother, whose income being very small, she was at a very early age thrust out to make acquaintance with a cold world, being employed first as a little piecer in a cotton mill. The hours of labour were then from about 5 o'clock in the morning until 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening.

Her surroundings were neither easy, happy, nor holy. There was no fear of God in her home, but there was the religion of nature, a strong belief that keeping outside a court of law, paying just debts, and getting all the pleasure attainable, was all that God requires of man. Her grandmother, though poor, was very kind and indulgent, and ignorantly supposed that the troubles she had passed through were sufficient atonement for what sins she might have committed.

Her two sons, who lived with her, were wild and reckless characters, drinking and sporting. Like Abijah in the vile court of Jeroboam, so was she encompassed with evil, and yet, like a drop of oil in a boiling sea, she was kept moral and respectable until the day of the Son of man. She had no particular convictions in early youth, but grew up amidst all, cheerful and merry.

When about 17 or 18 years of age she began to attend a Sunday school, and from there to the Independent Chapel, Mr. Jones being the pastor. One day he was speaking in a most solemn and impressive manner of eternity, and illustrated the subject by a clock, whose mighty pendulum was swinging to and fro without cessation. One prop which had given her much satisfaction was having rendered some kind attention to a poor neighbour, who could never repay it; this, she felt sure, would more than cover any little sin she might have committed; but now that wall of deceit was all thrown down, and the sins of childhood and youth, that had been long forgotten, confronted her in black array, and she felt she had no standing, in answer to the dreadful indictment which followed her from morn to night. The merry song was stopped, and laughter gave place to tears, nor could she drown or flee from the piercing thought of that dread eternity. Something must be done; and in real earnest she began to wash the Ethiopian white. The neglected Bible was brought out of its dusty corner, and many vows were made; every time the doors of God's house were opened, there was she found; at the 7 o'clock prayer meeting, at school, and at every

service, no opportunity she missed, until her grandmother and uncle began to rebuke her severely, insisting that she was going beyond all bounds, and was trying to be better than anybody need be, and that she would be going out of her mind. They pressed her to go into jovial company, and to the theatre now and then, and try to be like other people, for there never came any good by making such ado. But this balm brought no cure; her wounds were too deep for such a specific. In this way she travelled for a considerable time, trying to appease the rigorous demands of the law with an imperfect obedience, yet stumbling at every step, her burden increasing and her strength failing, till, weary and heavy laden, she fell down in the place where there is none to help, dead to all hope of reaching heaven that way. Yet she had many a sweet gleam of hope from the Word and from the preaching, till the time appointed for the sinner's discharge. She entered the chapel that morning as a criminal taking his place in the dock, pleading guilty to every count, and dreading the expected sentence, when lo! the minister took his text, and from it began to unravel the mysterious grace of God to vile sinners, and to interpret her dark experience, until she felt as though there were none but God and herself in the place. All her accusers were gone, and she saw and felt that Jesus, the sinner's Advocate, had taken up her cause, and was maintaining the right of the poor, and her soul was set free. This was the beginning of days, a Sabbath to the Lord, a rest from all her labours, a day she never forgot, and which was never repeated in such a way. The minister closed the Book, and sat down, but he had struck a chord that morning which will sound through the ages of eternity. What an encouragement for the poor downcast sower to labour on, though dark and downcast oft.

She was an earnest soul, never half and half. She carried her religion home, and to her companions at work, and preached to them the preciousness of her Saviour, expecting to see them bow to such a living demonstration of his mighty grace. Her poor grandmother and uncle were pleased to see such a pleasant change come over her, but they knew not that this was the sword of separation, come to take one of a family; and their gladness gave place to hatred when she began to set the house in order by laying before them the consequences of their ways. Her uncle would occasionally get drunk; then she cried, and went into her room and prayed for him, and when he was sober soundly rebuked him, but all was without effect, save that peace was gone, and war was ever in the camp, until she, like Abraham, was drawn out from among them. She went to live with a family named Walker (three daughters, the eldest of whom died a few years ago, a member at Preston, whose obituary appeared in the "G.S." at the time). Here she was at home, was received into the church when about 19, and being of an active turn of mind, took a class of young women in the school, who became very much attached to her. The savour of her company in those early days lasted

as long as life, for she outlived all her scholars, and I have known some of them to visit her when they were nearly 70 years of age, who have spoken with much warmth and feeling of those golden days.

But religion has two sides, the light and the dark. She walked a considerable length of time on the sunny side during the seven years of plenty, the word of God being ever sweet and full. His house was a delightful place, the way was pleasant, and all her paths were peace, and she thought the chains of Egyptian servitude were for ever cut asunder; but the trees of righteousness must not only grow and spread above the ground, but the heavenly Husbandman will have the roots to pierce firm and far and deep beneath the soil, seeking the place of stones, beyond the gaze of mortal man in the dark places of the earth. Poor, dear mother, she never dreamt that the fair tree must come down, but so it was, by the decree of the Watcher, even to hew it down to the ground.

After a time, about 1837, she became engaged to and married Peter Healey (whose obituary appeared in 1869). They were both members at Mr. Jones's chapel, and now she thought the day of prosperity had returned, for she had made it a matter of prayer, and vowed her vows unto the Lord, that if he would only give her one of his own dear children for a partner, she felt that her prayers were answered. She had by this time saved a considerable sum of money, and was in every sense very respectably connected, being very methodical, careful, and industrious. Father was a stonemason, and, with the savings of mother, went into partnership with his brother, took a stone quarry, and began contracting. For a time everything made a show of prosperity, but soon adversity upon adversity came with sudden steps, and shame followed hard upon the heels of disaster, for credit was gone, and bankruptcy ensued, and the rising wave of public scorn that generally covers the world's unsuccessful ones, rolled over them. They were sold up, as we say, "dish and spoon," and father, as was customary at that time, was taken to Lancaster Castle, houseless and homeless. Poor mother now felt the sweet kinship of him who had not where to lay his head, and trod with heavy heart some of his footsteps in the thorny wilderness.

Friends kindly assisted her for some time, until, having got a little work at Lancaster—for like Joseph, the keeper of the prison showed him kindness—mother, with a baby in her arms, trudged mostly on foot, with an occasional lift in a cart (there were no railways then), the forty miles between Bolton and Lancaster, to join him there; these were days of "unleavened bread and bitter herbs"—but here was the Lamb also.

It would be easy to make a golden bridge over all this, by saying that it was the hand of the Lord that went out against them, and it would be true enough as regards mother, for she had neither hand nor voice in the business; but on the other hand it would be nothing less than a libel on God's good providence, for

father reaped just as he had sown. Mother was a strong character, father was weak, and naturally deficient in foresight; he acted impulsively, without judgment, so that the Scriptural injunction of "sitting down first, and counting the cost." never entered his mind, until he fell down overwhelmed amidst the ruins of his own creation. He bitterly bemoaned the circumstances he had brought her into, and she forgave him, and was never known to upbraid him with it, but she felt keenly the discredit that was cast upon her profession, and in the land of Moab, where she was driven to sojourn for a time, Naomi's lament was oft upon her lips: "Call me not Naomi, but call me Marah: for the Lord hath dealt bitterly with me."

After a while, about 1840, they returned to Bolton, and about this time, heard of Mr. Gadsby preaching at King Street Chapel, and oft she stole away to hear him, much to the grief of her dear pastor, who mildly rebuked her thus: "Sophia, your name means 'wisdom,' but when you go to King Street to hear that Mr. Gadsby, it means 'foolishness.'" She began to see that baptism was an ordinance of God, and was ground between two millstones. The associations that had grown around her amongst the Independents held her as an iron band, and when she went to King Street they seemed such a despicable, disorderly, unmannerly, exclusive lot, that she involuntarily called them the "awkward squad;" but somehow their prayers cut through all her prejudice, and went straight to her heart, and their discordant voices were lost in the sweet and solemn depths of the hymns they sang; and the preaching said continually, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred," &c. This halting between two opinions was finally settled by the death of Mr. Jones, who was taken to his rest, and with him the lamp of truth went out. A beautiful chapel has replaced the old one, and modern thought now criticises the truth instead of preaching it. The severance was very painful, but, like Abraham of old, "she went out." Eventually she, with father, joined the church at King Street, and were both baptized together by Mr. Foster, in the River Tong, which skirts the eastern boundary of the town. A goodly concourse watched the proceedings, and Mr. Foster, with great solemnity and in a loud voice, set forth the dignity and the glory of the sacred rite, in a way that was long remembered, especially by mother. They were received into the church the same day, and continued in fellowship till called home. As time went on the union grew stronger, and the loss of respectability was more than balanced by the power and savour that rested on their gathering, so that what formerly appeared to be a company, fit only to be called the "awkward squad," she found to be the excellent of the earth, even as the discontented and the distressed found in David's cave spirits more in harmony with their rugged experience than could be found in the high-walled, peaceful city where Saul reigned.

Father had some lofty aspirations which prevented him from settling as a journeyman; this was his mistake; for although

in spiritual things he had a strong judgment and keen discernment, he lacked business qualifications. Christ said, "Be wise as serpents, but harmless as doves;" and truly the serpent's wisdom is needed in life's battle. He was indeed a noble soul, in that he had no mercenary ideas, no sordid motives, and generous to a degree. He laboured from morn until night, and yet never maintained his family. Poor mother oft wondered how it was that honest industry could not succeed. She could not see within the wheels the bag with holes, for he ever resented any inquiry into his business transactions as a want of confidence. Sometimes, being quite unable to meet his responsibilities, he would set off on the Saturday morning, and never come home until night, leaving mother to battle with the circumstances as best she could. On one such occasion, away he wandered in the fields, and the Lord met him, and gave him such a sight of his eternal security in the covenant of grace, that he left off all care of earthly complications, lost in sweet meditation; in this frame he reached home, without asking a single question about anything. Poor mother, like Martha of old, wearied and chafed with her much serving, was ready to boil over, and began to upbraid him for running away. He gently said, "Eh, lass, do let me alone, I've got something better, and the world may travel on as it will." She could only reply, "It is well for you to talk like that, leaving me to all the work, whilst you run away with the blessing!"

For years she worked as a winder from six in the morning to six at night, and put the children out to nurse; and when this was no longer practicable, she, along with nursing, took the chapel cleaning to help out the scanty income. Some find the hand of God, like Jacob's sons, with double money in the sack's mouth; but she, like those who laboured at the bricks, and driven to find material too, dejected, with downcast eyes, they sought and found God's providence in drifting straw. She had some remarkable answers to prayer. One son, of whom she had good hope, became very fascinated with music and dancing, and his ideal of human felicity seemed to find fulfilment in the giddy whirl of the gay company in the ball-room. His taste gave her many a sorrowful hour, and many an errand to a throne of grace; and in a short time, in a remarkable way, he abruptly left off all this connection, and his taste for it was, in a great measure, taken away.

The year 1858 brought an overwhelming grief. Their eldest son, being a young man nearly 19 years of age, and not having a second suit, refused to go amongst the better clad scholars with his shabby clothes, and the means were all exhausted. For more than two months he would spend the Sabbath day in a wild and reckless manner with rough company in the fields, and return at night sullen, feeling his degradation. To bring things to a climax, he muttered "It's no use, I won't stand it; if I cannot have clothes like other young men, I will get a suit of

another sort," meaning a soldier's uniform. This was a sore trial, and so, someway or other, she got him a new suit. He never put that suit on a second time, for he began with small pox, and in twelve days the young man, strong, vigorous, and healthy, was indeed encased in a suit of another sort, not a soldier's suit, but the suit that enwraps the dead, like the storm that carries all before it, washing away everything to the very foundations; and if her anchor had not been cast within the veil, she would have sank to rise no more.

I shall ever remember the morning he died; we all sat round the table to a dinner none of us could touch, and father put up his hands, and in broken accents used the words of Job in his great calamity: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord;" and he felt what he said, for the Lord was with him. Poor mother, with watching night and day, and the distress besides, was scarcely responsible for her words or actions. She said to father, "I cannot say that;" and for some weeks rebelled against the Most High, and it was long before she could realize that he was gone, not to return. But one day that hymn,

"If sick, or lame, or poor," &c.,

came rolling into her heart with such power and sweetness, that the high mountains of rebellion fell down and were swept away, the valleys were exalted, and a stream of the River of Life made the barren field rejoice. All the perplexing things of Providence were made plain, and she saw the hand of God above, beneath, around, embracing every circumstance; it was a great lift, and there she set up a pillar, and oft looked back upon it. In this calamity the good old deacon, Joshua Mather, like a true friend, often came to condole with and encourage them. He was valued, for though a man of few words, he was very savoury. Circumstances continued to be very straitened.

It was about this time, she had a special pleading with the Lord, and she told him how for thirty years she had been calling upon him to lift up her head out of poverty, that she might pay her way honourably, and how he had heard and answered many petitions, but still denied her this desire; and she said, "O Lord, do let me have a change, for I think I could bear any cross better than this grinding poverty." That prayer was registered in heaven, and was answered, but O! in such a way that made her mourn in dust and ashes her folly in questioning his all-wise dispensation.

I went with her one Sunday to Manchester Chapel; Mr. Taylor preached from these words: "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me." (Isa. xlv. 21.) It was greatly blessed to her. Soon after this, father died; he made a good end, his death being in the "G. S." for 1869. She was a widow near twenty-five years, of a very strong constitution, and had very few ailments.

I do not think she missed chapel once during all her declining days, wet or misty, heat or cold; when younger people, afraid to

step on the slippery path, stopped in-doors, her place was filled and always in time. The young people kept their distance from her when they were late, for they knew she would not spare them. In circumstances she was much easier during the last twenty-five years of her life, but oft complained of her barrenness; and instead of the stream following her as in the dreadful wilderness, she said it was only like the dew, just a little moisture in the early morn, and then all dried up again. A praying soul, she earnestly sought Zion's welfare and the trumpeters upon her walls, and sometimes gave them an object lesson to reflect upon.

Without any disease, she was gradually taken down; she only complained of being tired. "I think I must be getting idle," she would say. For three months she grew weaker, and the wearied body was fatigued with small efforts, but her active spirit would not allow her to take any rest, so that she oft desired the Lord to come and take her. Twice a day she came to chapel to the last, a walk of four miles altogether. She sat down to the ordinance for the last time on the first Sunday in June, and felt a sweet nearness of the Lord to her, and an uncommon spirit of thankfulness going out upon reflections of all his goodness to her, which continued with her up to the end. Saturday, the 2nd July, she was better than she had been for months. She visited her son and daughter, and made preparation for the ordinance (she always found the bread and the minister's tea, for mostly members and minister had tea together on ordinance days). She ate a hearty supper, and as usual took a little walk. She just reached the front door, was seized with apoplexy, and fell down in the lobby. She knew the end was come, and she clasped our hands, for speech had gone; the paralysis, however, was only partial, articulation being mostly affected, and was unconscious only a few hours. Her keen sensitiveness to being troublesome was manifest to the last, for on the slightest whisper or attempt to move her, she seemed to anticipate every action by leaning in the required position, or drawing herself up in bed. The day before she died she motioned for the night dress that she had long put aside for her last covering, and seemed glad when it was put on. She kissed us each several times, and put up her hand in token that all was well, while tears streamed from her eyes. A solemn peace filled her mind from the time she was struck, and as her feet touched the water, she triumphed over all her life-long enemies, and not a dog moved his tongue. Her lips oft moved in prayer; she then fell into laboured breathing, and afterwards as if in peaceful slumber, and thus passed away on the afternoon of Wednesday, July 6th. She was interred by Mr. Moxon, of Bury, on the following Monday.

CHARLES WALSHAW.—On July 8th, 1892, at Thornhill, near Dewsbury, aged 76, Charles Walshaw.

My father was born of poor parents, and consequently brought up in a very rough way. Like the rest of Adam's posterity, he

ran in the ways of wickedness and sin. My father was poor, and having a family of little children, was very much tried in temporal things. I have heard him speak about being out of employment for six months during the Cotton Panic, when a remarkable instance of God's providence occurred. My mother had gone to see her mother, and had left the door unlocked. While she was away, some one brought flour, meat, butter, and sugar, just in time to keep us from want, thus proving the truth of what the poet says:—

“When the Lord's people have need,
His goodness will find out a way.”

Bless his dear Name, he is good when he gives and when he withholds. I shall omit various troubles and trials through which he had to pass, and come to the later years of his life.

Through the mercy of God, I was brought to see myself a poor lost sinner. Before this time I had very hard thoughts of my father, because he compelled me to attend a Wesleyan place of worship. However, I began to see things in a very different light, and to attend that despised place, the Strict Baptist Chapel, at Thornhill Edge. I told my father that I should like to be baptized, and he said, “If it has been laid upon your mind to be baptized, by all means do so.” I often called at my father's house after attending the Prayer Meeting, and sometimes we conversed about different religious subjects.

On one occasion, as soon as I entered the door, he said, “Have you been to the Prayer Meeting?” I answered, “Yes.” “Why, I have been speaking with one of your members to-day,” he said, “and he told me that the Apostle Paul did not always realize himself what he enjoined upon others.” I said, “What do you mean, father?” He said, “Read 1 Thess. v. 16, 17, 18.” I took up the Bible and read, “Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.” Then I said, “Neither is this my daily experience. Do you think, father, that he was rejoicing when he wrote Rom. vii. 24?” “Ah!” he replied, “the Apostle was in an unconverted state when he penned that chapter.” “No, father,” I said, “it was grace in the heart of the Apostle that made him cry out in that manner.” My father thought it possible to be a child of God to-day, and afterwards be utterly lost; and in order to confirm this statement, he said the Apostle implied it when he used the following expressions:—“I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection: lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away.” I replied, “Let us look at this expression, and see what it really does mean. It seems to me that the Apostle's work was to form different churches, and trace out the work of the Spirit of God in the souls of his redeemed sons and daughters. He did not build on other men's foundations, but wherever he went he proclaimed the pure Gospel. We will consider the Church of the Galatians. After he had planted that Church he was called away to

proclaim the Gospel in other places, but during his absence he prayed that his body might be kept in subjection, so that he might be acceptable to them when he returned." "Now," I said, "have there not been times when you have felt your own weakness, and been driven to the Lord in secret to pray that he would keep and preserve you that you disgrace not your profession?" "Yes," he replied, with tears streaming down his face, "that has been my burden for five or six years." "Well, father, that is just what I understand the Apostle to mean by keeping his body in subjection."

Twelve months ago he related to me some of the Lord's dealings with him in providence and grace—what darkness of mind he passed through, and how he thought he never should be saved, he felt himself to be such a vile and hell-deserving sinner. I asked him if he thought now that the Apostle Paul wrote Rom. vii. in an unconverted state? He answered, "No, I find it was grace in the heart of the Apostle that made him honest to confess what he felt." In the month of May I found him in a very dark state of mind. When I entered the room, he exclaimed, "I am lost! I am lost!" I said I felt glad to hear him say that. "What! glad to hear me say that I am lost?" "Yes," I said, "one of our poets says,

'We can never be perfectly saved,
Till we find ourselves utterly lost.'

I read to him hymn 339 (Gadsby's selection):—

"O! my distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appears!" &c.

When I had read the hymn through, he said, "That is grand; can we sing it?" We sang it through, and he said, "There is more Gospel in that hymn than in thousands of sermons. Let us sing the third verse again." The Spirit applied those sweet words to his heart, and we sang the 3rd and 4th verses four times over. He then began blessing and exalting God for looking upon one who was so vile a sinner; and before I left he was rejoicing in that love which is sovereign and free. I now felt something like Philip, who went on his way rejoicing. I could rejoice because my dear father was rejoicing. The last time I was favoured to see him, my dear sisters were attending to him and making his bed. He said, "I have as many servants as a king; and he broke out with—

"O! bless the Lord, my soul," etc.,

and continued blessing and praising the Lord for his great mercy to such a poor sinner. Those were the last words I heard fall from his lips. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

R. WALSHAW.

MARGARET TAYLOR.—On Sept. 10th, 1892, aged 58, very suddenly, Margaret, the beloved wife of George Taylor, High Salter, near Lancaster.

She was born at Croasdale House, a large sheep farm on the west border of Yorkshire, about ten miles north of Clitheroe. Her parents were of the Church of England persuasion, and in that profession she was brought up. She was married in early life, and settled on a neighbouring farm, where, with a young family to care for and household duties to attend to, she found work enough for her hands and anxiety enough for her mind.

When and by what means the Lord shook the wall, built up and daubed with untempered mortar (Ezek. xiii.), is not known, as she was reserved in her conversation on spiritual matters. About twenty years ago, hearing that she desired to see me, I called at her house. It was then quite evident that the Lord had thrown down the wall of her false profession, as by his Word he is bound to do: "Therefore thus saith the Lord God; I will even rend it with a stormy wind in my fury; and there shall be an overflowing shower in mine anger, and great hailstones in my fury to consume it. So will I break down the wall that ye have daubed with untempered mortar, and bring it down to the ground, so that the foundation thereof shall be discovered; and it shall fall, and ye shall be consumed in the midst thereof: and ye shall know that I am the Lord." Her baptismal regeneration and formal rounds of dead service she had flung to the moles and to the bats. Divine life and light had entered her soul, and she found herself a guilty sinner before a holy God, a transgressor of his righteous law, justly condemned, and her mouth stopped from mentioning human works, either done or to be done. She had some questions to ask, to some of which she might get a satisfactory answer; but to others she required an interpreter of the handwriting on the wall of her heart, which was not known of in this part. What she related of the Lord's dealings with her, and what her desires were, would find an echo in the hearts of a few scattered ones, yet none were sufficiently wise so to interpret as to console the exercised one.

A way of escape from the wrath of God, denounced upon and revealed from heaven against her, was desired and earnestly sought after, the most of which was made known to a female friend with whom she began to correspond in her trial, and was kept up to the time of her death, about twenty years. These letters are pure in language, short and homely, well adorned with humility and meekness, and show how deeply she was exercised, the sore trials she had to endure, the loneliness of her journey, and the darkness in which she was often shrouded, with enemies to war against, outwardly and inwardly—nothing but a sink of sin in herself, in league with Satan, and the world opposing the work of the Lord in her own soul; "the flesh lusting against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these being contrary the one to the other, so that she could not do the things that she would." This, this she knew the truth of, and stood by it, however enemies opposed it.

All the above-named things, with the barrenness of the land

in the absence of a preached gospel, made her, like Hannah, "a woman of a sorrowful spirit," and to "pour out her soul before the Lord." (1. Sam. i. 15.) Her days of darkness, all the way through, appear to have been many, and she had to go mourning without the sun. But the Lord has an open ear to the cry of the humble, and on several occasions he so favoured her with his gracious presence, made a portion of his Word and some verses of hymns so precious to her soul, that night was exchanged for day; prosperity had taken the place of adversity, the Sun of Righteousness having risen upon her with healing in his beams. Psalm xxvii. 13 was greatly blessed to her soul: "I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living;" being drawn to the bleeding wounds of a crucified Christ, that fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, and felt that he shed his blood for her, the chief of sinners. The darkness had passed (for the time), and the true light shone forth. He had brought good tidings unto her in the pardon of her sins, bound up the broken heart, proclaimed liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to one who had been fast bound in unbelief, and proclaimed the acceptable year of the Lord and the day of vengeance of our God. Hymn 135 (Gadsby's selection) was a favourite:

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," &c.

The district is a thinly inhabited one. The places of worship are four in number—Church of England, Independent, Wesleyan, and Roman Catholic. In the first of these, to which she formerly belonged, she found no food for her soul, and the teaching of the others did not accord with that which the Lord had written in her heart.

There are in the neighbourhood a few scattered ones who cannot profit by the teaching at the public places, and who meet together at each other's houses for their own mode of worship, believing that God is a Spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. With these she met, as often as circumstances would allow; but a large family and a weakly frame oft prevented her, which was amongst her trials and crosses.

About eleven years since, her path through the wilderness became still more lonely. In the providence of God, by whom the bounds of our habitation are fixed, they removed to a large sheep farm in a mountainous district, over ten miles from Lancaster. There she was as a sparrow alone, not finding one with whom she could speak on eternal things. But a faithful, covenant-keeping God was with her, and kept her soul alive in famine. His watchful eye was upon her, and his ear open to her cry, making good his promises all her journey through: "The beast of the field shall honour me, the dragons and the owls: because I give waters in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert, to give drink to my people, my chosen." Her Bible was well read, as her letters testify. The "Gospel Standard" was the means of administering comfort to her soul. Its coming

forth, with its monthly message of peace and good will to men, and glory to God in the highest, was anxiously looked for by her, and was accompanied with the bedewings and anointings of the good Spirit of our God, often sowing light for her, and bringing a little gladness to her heart. Her prayers for the editor often went up to the Lord to be with him in his work, and give him wisdom rightly to divide the word of truth, that it might come forth under the power of the Holy Ghost, and bring a crumb for her soul, and prosperity to Zion, wherever scattered in this wilderness. Those who are full fed with a preached gospel, once, twice, or thrice a week, I believe have little knowledge as to how the "G. S." is valued by those who have rarely the privilege of hearing God's free and sovereign grace proclaimed. Her hymn book (Gadsby's) was to her a highly valued book, having often found refreshing from the Lord's presence in reading it. Hymns 303 and 386 were among her favourites—

"Jesus, lover of my soul," &c.

"Weary of earth, myself, and sin," &c.

Her path was one of tribulation, and the aboundings of God's grace over sin shine forth in all her pilgrimage. None could be found more ready to say, "By the grace of God I am what I am." Solitary as her life was, she found the promises to be all "Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus." The leaf of her profession did not wither, nor did she cease from yielding fruit unto God. She was a poor, needy, dependent sinner to the end. She had no arm to lean upon for support, and nowhere to look for supplies, but to the Lord Jesus, in whom is treasured up all grace, and from whence the poor and needy, the hungry and thirsty are satisfied. The goodness of God, in making known to such a sinful worm as she felt herself to be, "the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy which he had afore prepared unto glory," at times drew forth praise and thanksgiving to his name.

For a considerable time she had been subject to fainting fits, which led her to expect her dissolution to come suddenly, as intimated in a letter to her before-named friend, adding that it would matter but little, if she was "found in Christ, not having her own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith." To know Christ, to win Christ, and to be found in Christ, with the indwelling of Christ in her heart by faith whilst here below, was all her theme;

"In Christ's obedience clothe

And wash me in his blood,

So shall I lift my head with joy

Among the sons of God."

This verse settled on her mind as being suitable and precious to her soul; and I have good reason to believe that every particle thereof has had its accomplishment: "The desire of the righteous shall be granted."

Her end came very suddenly, being quite as well in health as for some time past. She had gone about her work as cheerfully as usual, had dinner, and again went on with her duties for nearly an hour, when she said to her daughter (who, with herself, were alone in the house) that she would sit down and rest for a time. She had no sooner sat down, than her daughter observed that something was wrong, and concluded that it was one of the fits to which she was subject. A stimulant was prepared, but when offered to her, a slight shake of the head as a refusal was the only reply, which caused her to fear that it was a more serious attack than usual. She hastened to call for assistance, but very quickly returned to find that her dear and affectionate parent was no more. Her ransomed spirit was loosed from its clay tabernacle, and gone to be for ever with the Lord. THOMAS RUDD.

LONGING FOR STABILITY.

Why, my wretched heart, wilt thou
 Still persist in roving so?
 Why my vagrant thoughts allow
 Thus to wander to and fro?
 All these dreams, which seem so fair,
 Could they realized be,
 Would, without God's blessing there,
 Bring you nought but misery.
 Have thy sufferings of the past
 Not yet taught thee what is best—
 Misery from first to last.
 Or the joys of gospel rest?
 Can these empty, fading schemes,
 'Stablish peace within thy soul?
 Or these proud, ambitious dreams,
 Make thy guilty conscience whole?
 O for grace to *fix* my heart
 On the things which I love best,
 So that I might never start
 From the path of peace and rest!
 Jesus, let me see thy face;
 Be thou near me day by day;
 Keep me humble by thy grace;
 Never let me fall away.
 Blessed Spirit! lead my soul—
 Longing, panting Christ to know;
 Bear me on towards that goal,
 Scorning all things here below.
 Feed me with celestial bread;
 Quench my thirst on Calvary;
 Daily at the fountain head,
 Let my helpless spirit be.

G. E. M.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

MAY, 1893.

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

BAPTISM ACCORDING TO THE SCRIPTURES.

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON PREACHED AT ROCHDALE ROAD CHAPEL, MANCHESTER, MARCH 6TH, 1892, BY MR. SCHOFIELD.

“And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch, and he baptized him.”—Acts viii. 38.

It is a fact that some people object to baptism by immersion as set forth in various parts of the word of God, because they think it impossible for one man, or even the twelve apostles, to baptize three thousand in one day. But surely such persons overlook the fact that there were one hundred and twenty disciples, who would undoubtedly take a part in baptizing on the day of Pentecost; for we read, “Jesus himself baptized not, but his disciples;” and to my mind it matters little who the instrument is that administers the ordinance, it is the spirit in which the candidate attends to it. If the person being baptized, by faith eyes the Lord Jesus Christ in his overwhelming sufferings; sees a buried, risen, and exalted Saviour, hoping and believing that he was mystically buried with him and rose again, and that he is dead to the law by the body of Christ, and declares hereby that he has no hope of ever entering heaven but through a risen and exalted Saviour; and meanwhile he desires to serve God, not upon law grounds, but upon Gospel, not in the oldness of the letter, but in newness of spirit—when this is the case, it matters little, in my opinion, as before God, so far as the candidate is concerned, who baptizes the person. If you divide three thousand by one hundred and twenty, excluding the apostles, it would only be twenty-five persons each. Where is the difficulty, then? It flies like a pebble before the rolling tide; for I have before now baptized seventeen persons successively with the greatest ease, and should be glad to do the same again if I felt satisfied that each one was both dead and alive—dead to the law, but alive to the Gospel.

It is a matter of history that ten thousand of both sexes were baptized on one day in the River Swale, Yorkshire, by one Augustine, in the sixth century, which would undoubtedly be principally done by assistants. But some objector might say that there was not water enough at or near to Jerusalem to baptize the three thousand. What folly to reason in this way! for the Pool of Bethesda alone was sufficient to baptize the whole in, for it was, as stated by Gadsby, three hundred and fifty feet by one hundred and thirty feet; besides this, there are on one side of the city two pools, one three hundred feet by two hundred, and the other six hundred by two hundred and fifty. The latter, in other words, would be almost as long as from the front of this chapel to Sued Hill Market, and in width four or five times the width of this chapel, so that such people have not an argument to found their theory upon. In many instances, in my opinion, their objections arise from the want of a careful investigation of the subject; in others prejudice, and in others pride; for to me the ordinance of believers' baptism, and that by immersion, is as clearly revealed in the Bible as the fact that salvation is of sovereign grace, and grace only. In our text we are told, "They went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch," and Philip baptized him. You see the word of God is very emphatic in saying they both went down into the water; not Philip without the eunuch, nor the eunuch without Philip; and why both go down into it? Nay, why one go into it if it was not to immerse the candidate? Now, after these introductory remarks, we will come for a few minutes to the subject-matter of the text, and we will consider—

I. *The person to be baptized.*

II. *What is intended by water baptism; and*

III. *The mode practised by New Testament saints; or, in other words, the manner of its application.*

I. Then the candidate for baptism. Certainly no man or woman, as they are born into the world, are fit subjects for baptism, for they have no life, spiritually considered, in their souls; no faith, no love; and we are told, "without faith it is impossible to please God," and we are also told, with equal authority, that if we had the gift of prophecy and understood all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though we have all faith, so that we could remove mountains, and have not charity, *i.e.* love, "we are nothing;" and in the former verse the apostle says that without this "I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling

cymbal." What a sweep to carnal professors and to infants, who know nothing about spiritual love! We are also told that "God saw that the wickedness of man was very great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil, and that continually;" that "the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." Mind you, it does not say, it has enmity in it, but it is enmity; its very nature and essence is hatred and enmity against his Maker. How then can a man or woman in this condition do an act which is acceptable and pleasing to the Lord, who is too pure to behold sin with the least degree of allowance? Well, then, seeing that all mankind are by nature in this condition, who are they that are fit subjects for baptism? for certainly such as we have been speaking of are not.

I will try, with the Lord's help, to answer this question. They are they who are regenerated, who have passed from death unto life; for we read, "And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins; 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." It is those who have a new heart; for the Lord says by Ezekiel, "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh." This man begins to have some feeling, for a heart of flesh is a feeling heart; and the first thing he feels is that he is a sinner, a hell-deserving sinner, and that God is holy, and can by no means acquit the guilty. God makes known his holy character through his law; and in many instances the sinner begins to work, in order to fulfil that law, but he finds himself helpless, for the law requires holiness in thought, in word, and deed. I have known some in such earnest about it, after they have failed again and again, that they have said to the Lord before they have left their house in the morning, that if they broke one of these commands, or in any way sinned against him that day, that he should damn their soul; but no sooner had the words escaped their lips, than they have discovered some lurking evil in their heart, some evil thought or some covetous desire, which has brought them down upon their knees to beg for mercy, and that God would not take them at their word; and the prayer of the publican has suited them well; and God, who indited their prayer, has heard them;

for God the Holy Ghost, who has convinced them of their sin—sins of lip, of heart, in secret, and openly committed against God, which cause the poor soul such groans and sighs and which give him many an errand to the throne of grace—that same Spirit that has taught him the aboundings of evil, now directs him to Jesus Christ, turns his face from Sinai to Calvary; and what a wonderful difference there is in the two! the one curses and condemns him for his sin, makes no allowance for his surroundings in life, how he has been brought up, whether educated or not, what circle he has moved in; no matter what his case may be, all the law can do is to curse and condemn, without any possibility of mercy at its hands. But hear what Calvary says: “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” “Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee.” “All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men,” &c. “Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.” What a blessed sound! and, as the poet says—

“The soul that knows it lives.”
 “It rises high, and drowns the hills,
 Has neither shore nor bound;
 Now if we search to find our sins,
 Our sins can ne’er be found.”

What a heavenly peace flows into the soul! or if the manifestation is less clear, what a hope! not the hope of a hypocrite, but a good hope; a lasting, abiding hope rises up in the soul that it will be well with him, that his sins are put away; sins as black as perdition. Sins like pointed mountains against the majesty of heaven are swallowed up in love and blood, borne away by the great Sin-bearer, the Lord Jesus Christ; for “all we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all.” When this is felt in the soul, joy and gladness spring up in the heart, and the voice of melody; and it becomes now a question, “What can I render unto the Lord, for all his benefits?” his providential benefits, his saving benefits; for I was looking for wrath, but thou hast shown mercy; I was entirely lost, but thou hast made known thy salvation; I expected perdition, but thou hast given me an earnest or foretaste of heaven. “What can I render unto thee? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.” This man feels the love of God shed

abroad in his heart, and in response he loves the Father for his unmerited and everlasting love; he loves the Son for his wonderful grace in dying the just for the unjust, that he might bring rebels to God; he loves the Holy Ghost for his quickening power, and for a revelation of Jesus Christ to his heart, which causes him to say—

“O that my soul could love and praise him more,
His beauties trace, his majesty adore;
Live near his heart, upon his bosom lean,
Obey his voice, and all his will esteem!”

So that henceforth you see his concern is to serve God, honour him, obey his word, walk in his commandments, and live to his glory, although that may mean a very weighty cross to the flesh. Yet whatever it costs, it is Jesus first, Jesus Christ last, and Jesus Christ all the way through, for he now views him as dearer than life, and therefore, in honour of his Lord, says, “Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare unto you what he hath done for my soul.”

“He raised me from the depths of sin,
The gates of gaping hell;
And fixed my standing more secure
Than ’twas before I fell.”

Now this person, to my mind (and I hesitate not to say it upon the authority of God’s word), is a fit subject for believers’ baptism, for it is Christ in the word, Jesus Christ in his people, and Jesus Christ in his ordinances. He is ever on the look out for Christ, and if he is absent there is no food for his immortal spirit. Now I hope our young friends that I am about to baptize this morning are of this class—hoping, trusting, confiding, and believing in the dear Son of God, who has loved us and given himself for us. If so, I can heartily go down into the water with you, to bury both the dead and the living.

II. *What is intended by water baptism.*

Let me in the first place say what water baptism is not. It is not the baptism of the Holy Ghost, for this is a prerequisite for water baptism, and no persons have a Scriptural right to water baptism but such as have been baptized with the Holy Ghost; for the apostle challenged the whole company in the house of Cornelius in the following words: “Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?” and we do not read that any on the day of Pentecost were baptized but those who were pricked in their hearts, and who received the word with gladness; so

that all that our friends say about the baptism of the Holy Spirit as being necessary to salvation (that is, that we may become experimentally acquainted with the salvation which God has provided in his Son Jesus Christ), we fully believe, but we go a step farther, and say that water baptism is necessary to obedience, as the fruit and effect of grace in the heart, so that water baptism is not the baptism of the Holy Ghost. It is not baptismal regeneration, as the Church of England teaches, for that can only be accomplished by the special agency of the Holy Ghost, not through any sponsor, who may stand as Godfather or Godmother, but by the immediate and special operation of God the Spirit upon the heart when the change is wrought; for we read, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot see the kingdom of God;" and again, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord;" so that all other influences and agencies can accomplish nothing. The parent may yearn over his dear child, a husband over his wife, or a wife over her husband, yet, unless the Lord begins the work, the person is and will remain dead in sin, for God tells us plainly, "Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God;" so that water baptism is not regeneration.

It is not the putting away of original or actual sin, for sin cannot be washed away, except in the fountain of Immanuel's blood, for Zechariah tells us of a fountain that was to be opened in the Gospel day "to the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness." Again, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin;" and again, the apostle tells us very plainly in his epistle to the Hebrews, that almost all things pertaining to the tabernacle and service of God were sprinkled with blood; and he goes on to reason this out by saying, if this was necessary, how much more so that the heavenly things themselves should be sanctified by better sacrifices than these. One part of his meaning here is the saints who are gone to heaven, and the saints who are on their way to heaven; for although they are "Mourners here below, and wet their couch with tears," yet their Head is in heaven; they are partakers of a heavenly calling; their conversation is in heaven, and their affections are there, fixed upon that blessed Lamb who died to redeem them from all iniquity; so that water baptism is not a putting away the filth of the flesh, as the Romanist teaches; for a person may be baptized, as in the

case of Simon, the sorcerer, and yet be in "the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity." "Well," say you, "if it is not this (and much more one might say if time permitted), what is intended by water baptism?" We have here one of the most solemn scenes that men or angels ever looked upon; we have the Lord Jesus Christ, God's dear co-equal and co-eternal Son, passing under the wave of the wrath of God, which must otherwise have sunk the whole election of grace into eternal perdition; for such was its weight upon his holy soul and body, that in Gethsemane's garden he said, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me;" and again, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." The prophet viewing him in this solemn position, says, "Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow;" and the Father says, "Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow: smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered." Here I understand the sword of God's justice is represented as having been slumbering for thousands of years, but now it is commanded to awake against the Lord Jesus Christ, who is God's fellow, and make the full demand upon him instead of his sinful children; that is to say, claim full satisfaction at his hands for all the offences they have committed, from Adam to the last vessel of mercy which shall be taken to heaven; demand a full restitution of honours to my law; see to it that thou hast at his hands such a magnifying of the same, that God can be honoured and glorified in taking rebels home to himself, and justify those who believe in his name; that he might turn the hand of his mercy upon the younger members of his body, who are bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh, spiritually considered. Friends, what floodgates of wrath were opened in the sinless soul and holy body of your Lord Jesus Christ, as he stood the Surety for his dear people! and how dear they were and are to him, no mortal tongue can tell, for he calls them his jewels, his sister, his spouse. Nowhere have we a very feeble, faint emblem of this sorrowful scene; he was not *sprinkled* with suffering, but *bathed* in it.

"He bore it for a chosen race,

And thus became their hiding-place."

And our friends, this morning, by walking in this ordinance, declare that they have only hope of arriving safely in heaven by the sufferings and death of our Lord Jesus Christ. They declare that they have or desire to have fellowship with the Lord in his sufferings; as the

apostle Paul said, "That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death." I know of no place where sin is so much hated and God so much loved as when this is experienced in the heart. Again, they see him in his grave-clothes lie buried in the grave after his crucifixion, and how precious is the Lord Jesus Christ in this capacity and position to a believer, when directed by the Spirit of God to see him representatively conquering and overcoming the grave, and will at the appointed time, the third day, snap the bands of death which held him, burst open the tomb, and rise a glorious victor over death and the grave, and the gates of hell itself; for they all conspired against him. O my friends, what army ever had a Leader and Commander like this, who returns from victory over his enemies with the garments of his humanity stained in the blood of his foes (Isa. lxiii. 1)? and who has finished transgression and sin, and sealed the same with his own blood, who triumphed gloriously, ascending up on high, dragging the devil through his own territory (for he is said to be "the prince of the power of the air"), "leading captivity captive, and receiving gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them." Was there ever such a one, such a Saviour, such a warrior, who has fought the battles of his people, and never lost a case yet? Although he died, yet in triumph he is now seated at the Father's right hand, "a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins." "He is the altogether lovely;" "his mouth is most sweet," and his person most glorious; for the poet says—

"Join all the glorious names,
Of wonder, love, and power,
That mortals ever knew,
Or angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth."

And our friends declare by their act this morning that they have at least a heavenly hope that they are one with him; and what a heavenly oneness it is! Who that fears God would not like to know and feel more of it?

"Hail, sacred union, firm and strong!
How great the grace! how sweet the song!
That worms of earth should ever be
One with incarnate Deity!

One in the tomb; one when he rose;
 One when he triumph'd o'er his foes;
 One when in heaven he took his seat,
 While seraphs sung all hell's defeat.

This sacred tie forbids their fears, -
 For all he is or has is theirs;
 With him, their Head, they stand or fall—
 Their Life, their Surety, and their All.”

And sometimes the Lord favours his children with such a sight and felt sense of this union in this ordinance, that they long to be gone and enjoy it at the fountain head, “where there is fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore.” Is not this a solemn scene, then? shadowing forth the whole gospel; and shall we let it slip out of our practice to please men? Certainly not; for Jesus Christ, in enjoining this ordinance upon us, first by his example and practice, and second by his command, has said, “Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.” This ordinance says all this, and much more that we cannot touch this morning, and we shall never be able to fathom the depth or soar to the height of the truths herein set forth, all of which centre in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

But what does it say regarding the believer? for it speaks an unmistakable language in this respect. When a person in a right spirit attends to the ordinance of believers' baptism, he says most plainly before God, and all the people who are looking on in this chapel, and all with whom he is in any way associated, that he has no hope of eternal glory and heaven's pleasures, but through the life, death, and resurrection of his most glorious Saviour. That in this act he has the answer of a good conscience towards God, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ; that through grace, and union with Jesus Christ, he is dead to the law, world, sin, flesh, and the devil; and that he is buried in baptism to set forth, in a sign, that neither the one nor the other, nor all jointly or separately, are henceforth to have rule over him, and that neither the one nor the other can bring him in debtor, for the latter are conquered, and the former is fulfilled, by the person of Jesus Christ; therefore he is now under a gospel master, who never tries, nor afflicts, but he gives strength to bear up under them; who is not a hard master, but says most meekly, “Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls;” so that his poor followers

can say with the apostle, "Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid; yea, we establish the law." Therefore believers are discharged or released from the law by the Holy Ghost revealing the Lord Jesus Christ as the law-fulfiller, and they are married to Christ as their heavenly Husband, and such desire to bring forth corresponding fruit. They also declare that as certain as they are buried under water and raised again, so certain have they a humble hope that at the resurrection of the dead they shall also rise in the glorified image of our Lord Jesus Christ, not any longer to have a sinful body, and therefore be plagued with a body of sin and death, but, according to the word of God, an immortal and a spiritual body, which will live for ever, joined with the soul in eternal glory. What a scene, then! What an ordinance! What a language! How very much it says, both as regards the Lord Jesus Christ, and the believer who walks in it; and yet some say it is not essential. Well, I grant you that it is not essential in the way of shutting a person out of heaven who is not so baptized, for the thief upon the cross was favoured that day to enter into Paradise; but it is essential as the fruit and effect of grace in the heart. It is essential as one act of obedience to God's commands. It is essential as established by our great Master, and that his dear children may honour him by following his example; for he said, "Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." Shame, therefore, on those of us who can set it aside as a trifling matter, or allow our pride to prevent our obeying:

"Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed
That's worthy of my God?"

Let me say, by way of closing this part of our discourse, that there is far more meant in the ordinance of believers' baptism than any man can utter in a whole sermon; for that which pertains to Jesus Christ is inexhaustible, and will remain so to all eternity.

III. *The mode of its application.*

Whatever differences exist amongst men upon this part of our subject, there is, I am persuaded, no difference in any part of the word of God, for in our text they both went down into the water, which was absolutely unnecessary if Philip only wanted to sprinkle him. Some objector may say: to go to and to go into is one and the same thing. Suppose we try this by the line of reason. We have to come

to the conclusion that we may come to the fire and be very happy, especially on a cold winter's day or night; but step a little further, and go into it, and you won't be very happy. Again, a man may go very near to trouble, and have but little consciousness of what is before him, or the pain of mind and soul which one has to experience that has to go right into it; but let him come right into the midst of it, and go through it, as some of the Lord's children have to do, according to the word of God, where it is said, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flames kindle upon thee;" and he will find a wonderful difference between going to it and going into it. Besides, where is the cross in going to it? Whilst to go into it, and be immersed in the water, is mortifying to the flesh, which we are commanded to do in the word of God—commanded to take up our cross, and follow the Lord Jesus Christ. Again, they baptized at certain places, because there was much water. But why should the infallible word of God say this, when a basinful would have been sufficient to sprinkle a thousand of them? Why? because the mode Jesus Christ adopted and practised, with his apostles and disciples, was immersion; and inasmuch as we have his example and word, with that of his inspired apostles, which is truly through them the word of God, we poor fallible creatures, who are so disposed to please the flesh, have no right to alter. Again, as hinted in the former part of our discourse, Was Jesus Christ only sprinkled with suffering?—just a few drops of wrath, which stood against sinners, poured out upon him, and the rest God had made up his mind to pass by without any sort of satisfaction, and therefore determined to save sinners in a way which would be reproachful to his justice? No, my friends, he is a just God and a Saviour. Jesus Christ was overwhelmed in suffering, drank the cup to the very dregs, suffered all in his holy soul and body which his elect must have suffered to all eternity! for such was its weight and degree, that it forced the blood of his body through the pores of his skin! actually broke his heart, so that it burst with trouble! Hence the Psalmist, typifying the Lord Jesus Christ, says, "I am feeble and sore broken: I have roared by reason of the disquietness of my heart." "Reproach hath broken my heart; I am full of heaviness: and I looked for some to take pity, but there was none; and for comforters, but I

found none." "He gave his back to the smiters, and his cheeks to them that plucked off the hair." "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows," &c. Was this, and very much more, only being sprinkled in suffering, or bathed in it? As dear Doctor Watts says—

"Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bathed in its own blood;
While all exposed to wrath divine
The glorious sufferer stood."

And shall we poor sinful worms, creatures of a moment, dare to set up a mode which in any way seems to imply that Jesus Christ was only sprinkled in sufferings? Shame, my friends! Who art thou that repliest against thy maker? Again; we have another figure in the word of God which is equally emphatic, viz., a *burial*. Hence God's word says, "Know ye not, that as many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." Here it is clearly implied that no baptism can be considered scriptural which does not bury the candidate, and evidently refers to a literal burial by way of comparison; the only mode practised by believers in the Apostolic days, the contrary of which cannot be proved from the word of God or the practice of ancient fathers; for Tertullian tells us, more than sixteen hundred years ago, that after the candidate has made his or her protestation before the minister and the church, that he or she renounces the devil and the world, with all its pomps and vanities, afterwards they are plunged in the water—"not sprinkled with it." And Ambrose, a hundred years later, says that the candidates were asked if they believed in God the Father, Almighty; and if they answered Yes, then they were immersed in water, which undoubtedly signified being buried. Calvin says that the very word baptize signifies to immerse; and it is certain that immersion was the practice of the ancient churches. Luther says, "I could wish that such as are to be baptized should be completely immersed according to the meaning of the word and the signification of the ordinance;" and Stackhouse, in his history of the Bible, says, "We nowhere read in Scripture of anyone being baptized, but by immersion;" and several authors have proved, from the acts of Councils and ancient Rituals, that this manner of immersion continued to be practised for thirteen hundred years after Christ.—*Gadsby*.

Now, my friends, what can we say to the mode, after such evidence from such indisputable sources? To me, the word of God alone is sufficient, as well as the feeling I have had in attending to it and administering it to others; but to have in addition to this such men of exemplary character and learning as the men I have named, we must admit that the mode of baptizing, in the New Testament days, and for many centuries after, was by immersing the body in water. Some objector may say, "Why make all this fuss about the manner a person is baptized, seeing it matters little or nothing as to how the thing is done, providing a person is sincere in doing it?" Ah! does sincerity give merit, and cause God to look acceptably upon the sacrifice? Then we may say, because a Unitarian is sincere in denying the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, that he will go to heaven. God's word makes no such allowance, for it says, "Except ye believe that I am *he*, ye shall die in your sins." And if we die with the least sin upon us, unwashed away by the blood of Christ, we shall never enter heaven, however sincere we are; for we read that "nothing that defileth or maketh a lie" can enter there. Again, we may say that the Romanist is sincere in worshipping idols, bowing down to the so-called holy coat, &c., the images of saints, so-called, but what says the word? We are told most plainly by Paul, that idolators shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven; and in the book of the Revelation it is most decidedly asserted that "idolators shall have their portion in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death;" so that God's word makes no allowance for sincerity, when it is contrary to the oracles of truth. I repeat the objector's idea again: "Why insist upon the mode?" Because God has enjoined it. Suppose the Israelites, in olden times, had come with a goat, when a lamb was required; and with a bullock, when a goat was demanded; what would have been the effect? Why, their sacrifice would certainly not have been accepted, as there were stated times and occasions, and the nature of the sacrifice was clearly laid down by God to Moses; and God would be worshipped in his own prescribed way. Hence the Lord, by Malachi, says, when they were bringing imperfect animals to sacrifice: "Offer it to thy governor; will he be pleased with thee, or accept thy person? saith the Lord of Hosts;" and Isaiah says, "He that killeth an ox is as if he slew a man; he that sacrificeth a lamb, as if he cut off a dog's neck; he that offereth an oblation, as if he offered swine's

blood; and he that burneth incense, as if he blessed an idol;" so that we see most clearly that God will have worship rendered in his own prescribed way, as well as with a pure motive and a sincere desire for the glory of God and the good of souls. But another objector may say, "We have households baptized in the word of God; were there no infants amongst them?" Well, can you prove that there were? because we must have positive proof that there were, otherwise, in the face of evidence to the contrary, we cannot admit it, as negatives do not form positives. Now we believe that we can prove that there were no infants in the respective households that are mentioned in the word of God; or if there were, such persons were not baptized at the particular time mentioned; for instance, we are told that the Philippian jailor and all his house were baptized; but we are also told, in the very next verse, that he believed in God, with all his house. There could certainly be no infants here. Well, then, we have the case of Lydia; and I have never come across any advocate of infant sprinkling who could prove that Lydia was ever married, and therefore her house would most probably consist of her servants and attendants upon her business. Then we have the house of Stephanas; and do you mean to say that there were infants here? for I never thought the apostle Paul was so weak-minded as to beseech a whole church to submit themselves to infants, or that infants exercised themselves either in ministering to the saints, as he said this house did, or in preaching the gospel from place to place. The fact is, friends, those who advocate infants being baptized, or sprinkling as the mode, have not a tatter of evidence in favour of their theory, so that we take God's word as our guide rather than the comparatively modern views of men, believing that God has honoured service rendered in his own way, does honour it, and will do so, so long as the world continues; and only this service, presented through Jesus Christ, washed in his blood, and perfumed in his merit, is or can be acceptable to God. Amen.

THE polluted rags of our righteousnesses must not be introduced as an auxiliary in our salvation. In the Lord Jehovah we have righteousness and strength! Salvation belongeth unto the Lord; his blessing is upon his people, his Israel, who shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation. The regenerated child of God abhors the idea, reprobates the very thought of adding any thing to the finished work of Christ, or of doing anything whatever to aid and assist in his salvation.—*Horne.*

THE SAINTS' HIDING-PLACE!

Before the wheels of time began
 To move, my soul was bless'd with grace,
 According to the covenant plan
 Of God in Christ, my Hiding-place!

And while the wheels of time shall roll,
 There's nought shall rob me of his grace,
 Or separate my worthless soul
 From Christ, my glorious Hiding-place!

Should earth and hell their force unite
 Against Jehovah's chosen race,
 Not one shall sink to endless night
 While Jesus lives, their Hiding-place!

His powerful care will well secure
 His own elect, his chosen race;
 And their eternal life is sure,—
 'Tis treasured in their Hiding-place!

"O, wherefore, Lord, these streams of love,
 These rich, abundant showers of grace,
 Which cheer my heart as here I rove,
 And lead to Christ, my Hiding-place?"

When, in the light of Truth, I see
 How sunk is my degenerate race,
 I cry, "O why this love to me,
 My glorious Christ, my Hiding-place?"

"If thou hadst sent my soul to hell,
 For ever banished from thy face,
 'Twould be what I deserve full well,
 For slighting thee, my Hiding-place.

"But, blessed be thy glorious Name,
 Thou great Distributor of grace,
 Thy love is evermore the same,
 And thou art still my Hiding-place!

"'Tis not for any good in me
 That I am favour'd thus with grace;
 It issues from the boundless sea
 Of love, in Christ, my Hiding-place!

"Let devils rage, let worldlings frown,
 If thou but show thy smiling face,
 I'll tread the world and Satan down,
 Through Christ, my glorious Hiding-place!

"If gloomy doubts and fears make head,
 Thy former mercies I'll retrace,
 Thy promises before thee spread,
 And plead with thee, my Hiding-place!

A FEW THOUGHTS ON PATIENCE.

BY J. KAY.

PATIENCE is worked by tribulation. "Tribulation worketh patience," says Paul. This stands on the unerring word of God, therefore no one can gainsay it. What, then, becomes of those who are not in a path of tribulation? We are told in Scripture that they are "bastards, and not sons," in God's account. However harsh the language may seem, it is God's language, and therefore cannot be confuted. But here we must divide between natural trouble and spiritual trouble. All men by nature are born to trouble, more or less; those who get to heaven are the only people who ever had spiritual trouble. Therefore the word patience, in Scripture, referring to those who will be in heaven, has no reference whatever to those who are destined to the dismal prison of hell. "Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat," to destruction; which is a terrific truth, sufficient, one might suppose, to awaken anyone that had iron nerves, to reflection, were it not that Satan "leads captive all men, by nature, at his will." O terrific truth! And yet men by nature, professing to have a hatred to Satan, are not aware that he and they (until God the Spirit *rends* the connection) are altogether one. Might we not suppose that the clergy would grow sick of sprinkling infants, and calling them children of God, when all by nature (until the Spirit of God interferes *actually*, by the New Birth, of which all that ever enter heaven are *real* partakers) are dead in sin, children of wrath, and as far as man can see, on the broad road to hell? This is the simple Scripture doctrine on these topics, as any one not blinded by their covetousness may see.

As to the wretched doctrine that a person may be a child of God and perish at last, I shall only add that it is contrary to both beginning and ending of religion. For the Ending is an "inheritance incorruptible;" so the Beginning, "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of *incorruptible*, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever" (1 Peter i. 23), a passage of Scripture which by the word "incorruptible" was blessed to me in showing me the error into which some have fallen who declare that a man may be a child of God and perish eternally; charging God as being vanquished and imperfect! Let those receive these statements who are taught no better.

I must now go on to describe the history and mystery, the sweetness, glory, blessedness, and unspeakable delights of patience. Patience is a word much used, and generally supposed to be of a sourish aspect. And indeed for my part it seems shocking to see many, yea, multitudes, suffering in this life naturally, and yet having no prospect whatever of anything but suffering in the life which is to come! All these things are duly pondered and well weighed by the elect (who are the only righteous people, through Christ's righteousness imputed,

producing through the Spirit a change of heart in them); I say all these things are duly pondered by the saints; as we read, "The *righteous* man wisely considereth the house of the wicked." (Prov. xxi. 12.) And truly there is much wisdom in so doing. For what so apt to inflame the mind with rapturous admiration as to discover in our own selves the grace of God producing a difference between us and those who go to hell? It is so indeed. Never is the soul more overcome than when one sees one's self, no better in the least by nature and in one's self than those who are lost for ever, made to differ and become an heir (through Jesus—despised name! yet higher *infinitely* than the highest) of an incorruptible, unblemished, unfading, and unwithering inheritance. This is it which makes patience to be otherwise than an unpleasing subject. And in fact patience, to one interested as "a partaker" in this inheritance, is a part of the heavenly weapons, whereby Christ's soldiers are by him, in his "finished" work, made more than conquerors. O the blessedness of one made alive through "the Spirit of Glory" to these things! His soul panteth within him, grasping in the distance the unwithering joy that awaiteth him as sure as there is a God; as sure as the Scriptures are true; and as sure as Jesus Christ, God incarnate, is glorified in self-existent and inconceivable bliss.

Patience is a subject that began with the elect of God, from the very moment when God quickened their souls; yes, from that very moment. "That we may know the exceeding greatness of his power; that when we (as all are naturally) were dead in sin," the exceeding (it is an exceeding!) greatness of Christ's power quickened us then and there, though we were dead in sin. (Eph. i. and ii.) Must it not be a terrible and divine stroke of power to raise the dead? With all our chemical knowledge, &c., how short it all comes of giving life and action (infinitely superior, too, to what it ever had before) to a putrefied and senseless corpse! And yet such, spiritually, we are before God, by our nature and the fall in Adam. Rather, I should have said, than being senseless, we are inflamed by Satan's breath, warm and hot, inclined to evil; corpse-like to every breath of good; nay, infuriated against good. In this state (it did to me, and does to the whole of the elect of God) the breath of Christ comes, who is a quickening Spirit, the Lord from heaven, and the last Adam. Through the power of his Spirit, then, the change is effected. "Let there be light," cries God, at the creation of the world, and instantly there was light. O the creating glories of God! So at the new creation of the chosen race in Christ, the last Adam, the Head, as the Scriptures testify, the divine energy is manifested in every soul so new created! Hence patience, from that very instant! When the soul is thus new-created, though it is as the wind blowing where it listeth, yet there is divine energy and life-breathing power. O the havoc that thence is to be made on the natural feelings! And as

tribulation works patience (as I quoted at the commencement), think you not that at the quickening and new-creating infusion of his divine energy into the heart, when Christ then and there raises the soul, by virtue of his crucifixion, and righteousness, from the overthrow—the dreadful overthrow—in Adam the first; think you not that there must be a strange uproar in such a soul so experiencing it? Surely there must, sooner or later! Hence, patience quickens at that very instant, and from that very instant begins to sustain, bear up under, and carry the load of an inward cross—yea, from that very moment until death, in a fellowship, in one sense, of the sufferings of Christ. O the immortal light which more or less shines in the soul, from the very moment of its “quickening” in Christ! O the evils of sin felt! O the work for patience instantly! Like anyone carrying a light into a dark room, it has a startling effect upon any there. So Christ, God incarnate, when he (light itself) shines in the heart of any son or daughter of Adam, instantly there is work for patience. Tribulation seizes upon the sinner. Then we gradually see ourselves to be hell-deserving offenders—a terrible view to the alarmed sinner, who has not sight all at once to see that that is God’s way of beginning to show mercy, and to show us the dreadful plight we are in by nature. O the mysteries and beauties of patience! How like a horse unaccustomed to the battle and to war are we! When tribulation seizes us (the way to heaven is through tribulation, see Acts xiv. 22), we become restive, afraid, with sore amazement. But, my brethren, it is not to be so. Gracious life and mercy from Christ will divinely cause patience to work experience, as well as tribulation to work patience. Therefore, here is a series of divine jewels. How like the swine we are by nature, as Christ says, to tread these jewels as ordinary pebbles under our feet! Happy is the man who has an eye to see! For truly kings of the highest grade might well think it an honour indeed of the highest class, if they were ever permitted to gain a glance of these inestimable jewels, the first and last of which have an inseparable, immediate fastening to the throne of God! For here is the fact: if God ever spiritually lays tribulation on a soul, patience to bear the cross will be wrought; experience will look out (*clearly* in the distance, by-and-by, and *certainly*) and see heaven as one’s own; for experience works hope, which is an enlightened glory to cover the head in the day of battle. Hope is a helmet for the head, and hope maketh not ashamed, for the everlasting love of God, sweetly distilling in the heart in the balmy influences of grace in Christ, in undeserved mercy, sweetly causes the soul to experience heaven begun below; and all the joys of heaven begin actually to touch such an attentive soul (for God makes it attentive), for attention begins in tears, and the reaping time is joy.

Patience! I can assure thee, O soul, that patience which alone through grace tribulation works, is no slight thing. It is not indeed. Hear what the apostle says: “And not only so, but we

glory in tribulations also." What! "Glory in tribulations also!" Ah! it is a remarkable thing. There is a secret in religion which the men of this world are but little aware of. When patience is called forth through the Spirit, we then become God's workmanship. Is not that precious? Will the great God actually in love become so intimate with us as to new-create us, and to make that new creation within us to grow? Is there love in it? What is the end of being new-created? What is the end of the second or New Birth? Is it mercy or wrath? Surely nothing but mercy and love. This I can well witness. O the charming prospect, therefore! So patience begins to gather up its wings, and stretch them heavenwards. We begin then to find the mystery of love that afflicts us to awaken us, by shaking us gradually out of our sleep that led to hell. We then begin to see love dawning. God's love is sweet. God is love to every redeemed soul. O, it is an overwhelming subject! We then begin to see that God has *chosen* us! O the ravishing prospect! What! God chosen a hell-deserving wretch! Yes, a wretch! We are all brought to feel ourselves wretches when God shines upon us! O sweet shining! Though we are brought thus to see ourselves horrible sinners, yet we are preserved from black and final despair. And when we see the mangled body and bleeding agonies of the Lord our Righteousness, the spotless Surety that paid our ransom and worked out a spotless Righteousness to perfect us by gift, and not a shadow of it by our beggarly righteousness, we begin to take up our cross, and follow our suffering "All in all," Christ the Lord of glory. We then see that the way to heaven lies between narrow and cragged rocks, too narrow for any but the elect ever to get between, and walk there to endless, unspeakable, ravishing, immortal, and inconceivably perfect, and fully satisfying, never cloying, and ever fresh delight; "rivers of pleasure," without the slightest drawback of imperfection, and without the slightest tincture of sin, shame, defilement, weariness, woe, or old age. Fired with the immortal prospect, the elect begin to gather up their wings towards the heavenly prize. They see gradually the beggarly character of everything under the sun. It is up-hill way to bliss. Hence, patience, upon which we are trying to offer a few thoughts, must be called into action. God calls it forth in us. Did not Christ suffer? Did not he endure (enduring is patience) such contradiction of sinners against himself? Was not he made perfect through suffering?

"He showed our doubtful steps the road."

He made it known to us; the arduous, steep, joyous, all-glorious ascent to the kingdom of heaven. "Who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame." Our lagging footsteps are quickened to follow his glorious steps. Fired with immortal joy, the elect of God are brought to tread the thorny ascent, and pluck the never-withering prize of Salvation by Grace. They are brought to see vanity and beggary stamped upon every created thing. Never

does Christ, never does tribulation for his worthy and satisfying sake, never does patience under tribulation shine with more alluring, sweet, and all-powerful charms, than when we see everything under the sun stained with sin, tainted with imperfection, corroded because it satisfies not, and worthless because it is perishable, sinful, fleeting, and temporary. Then patience in nerving us (in Christ's power) to win the heavenly satisfactions begins in grace's all-conquering sway and influences.

John Bunyan says the reason why afflictions that work patience are so terrible to us, is because we have never heartily renounced the pleasures of this life. Were we heartily to renounce the pleasures of this life, affliction, which is the road to heaven, would not appear so dreadful. The truth is, people want to serve two masters. They want to have Christ in one hand, and the world and "the flesh" in the other. But this cannot be. Hence, again, the need of blessed patience, to bear up in the tribulative path, to wean us from the deceitful pleasures of the flesh and the world. What do we want to live for? To "make a God," as Paul says, "of our belly"? or of carnal idolatries? or of fleshly pleasures? Is it to make some god other than Christ? Is it to love inordinately wife or children, or the tainted pleasures of this life, tainted with sin? I have seen everything under the sun to be tainted. There is nothing in the world but what is tainted. There is not, indeed. Our bodies are spiritually tainted. "I abhor myself," says Job. If you abhor yourself, you may bid farewell to pleasures arising from self; I say, if it is a truth that you abhor yourself; if it is a truth, I say; if you are anything better than a trifier in saying so. God is not mocked. I ask you if you are sincere in abhorring yourself? If you are, I ask you why you should wish to live, to endeavour to extract sweetness from yourself, who art a body of death? I ask you, Did you ever hate yourself, as Paul says? If Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin. My body is my greatest torment, because of indwelling sin. Our body is a body of death. The children we have, even, are "children of wrath," born in sin and shapen in iniquity, and conceived certainly for much sorrow. And if God does not, in mercy, new-create them—and he new-creates none but the elect—they are lost for ever, which is a melancholy thought for parents. "Arise ye, and depart, for this is not your rest; it is polluted" (ah, it is indeed); "it shall destroy you with a sore destruction." There is no true happiness under the sun. The greatest happiness is in being dead to everything under the sun; then your heart and treasure are with and in Christ. And this is real bliss. I have proved it to be so.

"What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd,
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill."

O the sweet quietude of being dead in Christ, spiritually, to

everything under the sun! The pleasures of the flesh are turbulent, tempestuous, and put all in an uproar, more or less, in the feelings. Moreover, the lawful pleasures of this our life will not bear reflecting upon. Sin is mixed with all we do. This is the secret canker which spoils every earthly pleasure to a spiritual mind. What! shall I idolize what sin is in and so near to? God forbid. I can assure thee, my reader, that patience is needed, would we be honest, spiritually, in these things before God. It is indeed. Now "those who received the good seed in an honest and good heart, brought forth fruit with patience." (Luke viii. 15.)

I shall here give a quotation from John Bunyan. "Then, Sir, said Christiana, pray let us see some more. So he had them into a slaughter-house, where was a butcher killing a sheep; and behold, the sheep was quiet, and took her death patiently. Then said the Interpreter, You must learn of this sheep to suffer, and to put up with wrongs without murmurings and complaints. Behold how quietly she takes her death; and without objecting, she suffereth her skin to be pulled over her ears. Your king doth call you his sheep."

Ah, it is to be feared that this sort of religion is non-extant; that there is little of it now-a-days. The whole church of Christ at the present day seems to be in a backsliding state. Before anyone can suffer well, cheerfully, and without grudging (for God loves a cheerful giver), a man must, through love to Christ, have in choice passed a sentence of death upon everything that wins his heart from Christ. "Strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness." (Col. i. 11.) There is nothing worth living for here. This makes patience acceptable in the tribulative path to endless, certain, and solid joy. O the joy that has been experienced in my soul concerning eternal things! putting to the blush, overcoming, overwhelming, and completely eclipsing (by *far* greater bliss) the polluted, cloying, and unsatisfying pleasures of this life. "Go, ye baffled tempters, and offer your toys to madmen and fools," says the godly Mrs. Rowe; and adds, "there is nothing under the ample round of the skies that can add an amusement, much less an enjoyment, to this heaven-enamoured soul." The reason why people think patience and tribulation such sour things, is because they have never tasted of those pure, unsullied springs of pleasure that are at God's right hand, and which are given to the elect. When those pleasures are given feelingly to this favoured people, away goes their love for earth and its polluted toys. Ah, polluted. There is the secret sting that puts the chosen of God out of love with these sin-disordered pleasures, the pleasures anxiously enjoyed with cares (enjoyed with the secret sting and alloy of dissatisfaction or guilt); it is this which severs the band that ties the earthly nature of the elect, finally from the suspicious and risking pleasures of this time-state. What is there in the world but the

lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life? And are these, which are stained and tainted with sin, more or less—are these to dispute my affections, and divide the sovereignty with Christ over my affections and love? cries the soul secretly affected with the everlasting love of God!

Now I should not wish (God forbid!) to undervalue the mercies of this life, for pilgrims and strangers to the Heavenly City. But pilgrims, strangers, travellers, sojourners, and foreigners, as the manifested elect are in this world, are not like the people of this world, who have their portion in this life. No, there is a serious difference. Now look at a foreigner, and a stranger, and a traveller; yea, a pilgrim, which signifies a person in need; and a sojourner, which implies that our life is but a span long, and that Christ has lovingly warned us against setting our affections on things on the earth; that we love not the things that are in the world, and that we glory not in our shame by minding earthly things; and that conscience, Scripture, and the Spirit of God must decide where our heart and our treasure are found. I can assure thee, O soul, to be faithful to Christ in these matters is no easy thing; and that it requires the full stretch of patience to be faithful in these things in the Holy Spirit's leadings. It does indeed. And for thy great encouragement for the divine exercise of patience under Christ, in thus having worked out in thee thy salvation (glorious salvation!) with fear and trembling, let me assure thee that those who are enabled thus to sow to Christ's Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap, with inexpressible joy, life everlasting. Thy salvation is in the glorious perfectness, righteousness, and blood of the Son of God, imputed to thee by free grace, completely and absolutely, without thy works inwrought in thee at all. Ever remember that; for it is the beginning and ending of all divine truth, the First and the Last, the Alpha and Omega. And where this is felt, there is divine power. For Christ Jesus only is the wisdom and power altogether of Almighty God for salvation in his "finished" work, without inwrought work at all. And where this is felt, as our personal interest there, another nature is given unto us, so that we are new creatures. And although our old Adam's nature will struggle against Christ in us, yet Christ will control and constrain. He will indeed. Sin is not to have the dominion over you. Christ will have the throne. And indwelling sin, though mighty, vigorous, and awfully terrible and wicked, shall not have the mastery, dominion, and throne. And here is the fight; and here is the battle for the elect of God; and a dreadful battle it is. But let not all this terrify you. The glory of the prize is, that it has to be fought for, and plucked from hell itself; the glory of the prize is its immense value; the glory of the prize is its incomprehensible love, beauty, and brilliancy. The love of Christ led him to fight with devils, men, and divine justice, against sin, by enduring patiently their every shaft, until all was ended, vanquished, and

swallowed up in his boundless love. It was in this way that Christ won the victory of love to the chosen race; and they are equipped by the selfsame love for the battle through this world, which is a wilderness, unto the heavenly land, "the rivers, floods, the brooks of honey and butter," beyond the dry and thirsty and barren wilderness of this world (barren as respects any solid, lasting, unalloyed, and completely satisfying bliss). But as I said, O believer, as thou art brought, by Christ's sweet, effectual, and victoriously constraining power felt, to sow to his Spirit in his leading influences in thy soul, thou shalt reap feelingly, manifestly, sweetly, and triumphantly (O sweet thought), life everlasting in thy soul. Thou shalt indeed. There is nothing like that. ~~It will~~ put to the blush everything under the sun. May Christ then sweetly give thee gracious industry, diligence, and determination to go in and possess the land; not to be slothful; not to be backward; not to be unwilling; not to be like the spies, bringing an unfavourable account of the land, saying, "We saw the sons of Anak, giants of difficulties, etc.;" but may thou and all the elect be (as you surely will in the almighty power of God in Christ) like Caleb and Joshua, having another spirit, even the spirit of all glory, grace, and divine life. And I can assure thee thou wilt find the glory, beauty, and grace of patience, making thee to be a lion-hearted man concerning these things; that thou mayst be enabled to call upon thy divine Captain to make thy face like a flint, and thy forehead like an adamant, harder than iron, rather than thou wilt lose the prize! the glorious prize! Look how many persons come short of it! The reason is, they were never elected to it. If any one (as there are such) be an elect person, neither lions, difficulties, sorrows, persecutions, nor heart-rending woes; no murderous enemy; no grief, though like a mountain in size; no laughs nor jeers; no assailings; no cruel treatment; no sufferings from self (the worst of all sufferings); no tempests of woe; no fleecing, nor biting, cutting tempests of distress, shall ever be able to rob the genuine elect of their heavenly prize to which they were everlastingly predestinated. And let me assure thee, O elect soul—more precious as elected and unalterably loved of God and Christ than all the acres of land in the world—let me assure thee that thou wilt have to be clothed upon with patience given thee from Christ, to fight, to war, to wrestle, to climb up seemingly insurmountable hills, to gird thee for the heavenly warfare, to make thee terrible to behold for divine strength, to make thee a match for Satan, to make thee "stamp with thy foot and smite with thy hand," as Ezekiel says, and make thee challenge all hell, earth, devils, and men, to hinder thee if they can from the possession of thy heavenly inheritance! O precious soul, thou art a jewel in God's sight! He has girded thee for the fight; his smile is heaven, and can bountifully make up to thee for the loss of the poor polluted sweets of this dying world. The poor, languid, sin-disordered, and dying sweets of this dying world, celestial patience will enable thee, like a heavenly warrior

to throw away from thee, as a grown-up man would throw away marbles that children play with, or as a cleanly person would throw away with a pair of tongs what is defiled with soot or dirt. All that is earth is polluted. "Mix no more with mud," says the divine Hart. To be anything better than a hypocrite in these things, I insist upon it that a dying deceitful worm, as oneself and every man is, needs much patience.

(To be continued.)

APPRECIATION OF THE TRUTH.

Uckfield, Jan. 18, 1893.

DEAR EDITOR,—As one who has obtained mercy, I feel that I cannot refrain from thanking you, and also from trying to encourage you in your "work of faith and labour of love," having just been reading the piece under the heading, "Resignation," which is so exactly suited to my feelings and views. I do think you deserve my thanks, as also for the "New Year's Address." May thousands read them with pleasure and profit, as the humble writer has done. I have often perused the sequel of dear David's travel—the road to his fall, his penitent grief, his sore bones, and his vehement cries to his God and Father. I can see his poor heart ready to burst with poignant grief, his poor soul in the most humble position under God's chastening hand, although the faithful messenger had told him that his sin was put away; his poor heart could take but little rest until he had it direct from heaven, and then I warrant you he not only never forgot it, but never could forgive himself for being so base and so foolish after so much mercy and love manifested.

And now, dear sir, as to that which you so truly and ably advance respecting the ministry of the word: I do thank you for it; it just suits my taste. It is truly a grief to see, as I often do, the poor flimsy trash—for I can give it no better name—that passes for gospel truth even among our own class of professing Christians. The poor little stuff that goes down for sterling truth almost makes me sick; you well depict it in your Address. I cannot help feeling thankful that we (at Jarvis Brook) are better supplied, through the great goodness of our God bestowed upon us, or I do not know how I could endure. After being brought through so many trials, temptations, and snares, which have befallen me in my travels of more than forty-eight years—indeed a whole life of trial and exercise—I inwardly bless God that nothing but genuine truth will do for me, having in the first place sat under the ministry of the late Mr. James Weller, at Robertsbridge; then Mr. Crouch, at Pell Green; afterwards Mr. David Fenner, at Hastings.

I cannot endure the flimsy surface-work of too many would-be preachers even in our own connection. I sometimes fear they are in the majority, and that the true ministers of the gospel are fewer than is generally supposed. True labourers in the Lord's

vineyard are very dear in my esteem, and I hope they ever will be, both in time and when (if the Lord be graciously pleased to bring us there) we arrive in eternal glory, where I humbly hope to be when my journey comes to an end; and this little hope has been with me, seated in my heart, for more than forty-eight years, although apparently almost shaken out of me, at times, owing to the roughness of the way; yet he in whom the little hope was fixed hath never changed, but hath shown himself to be a merciful God again and again, and hath constrained me to love him in return; and I do most heartily wish and pray that I may be favoured to live and walk in love during the few remaining days of my pilgrimage here. I wish to live and walk in unity with good men; to abide by the truth, and nothing but the truth. And I do believe that he to whom I am now scribbling is of the same mind, from the union which I feel to him for his work's sake, and for the sweet truths brought out by him from time to time. May the good Lord enable him still to go on, and never alter in point of truth as long as he lives, is the desire of his poor correspondent,

J. RELF.

THINGS WHICH GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER.

IN the distribution of the blessings promised to the elect, a certain order and economy are observed. Grace is first given, then glory. Thus we believe and say with the Apostle, that without holiness, no man shall see the Lord; or that a man must be sanctified before he can be finally glorified. God does not eventually save an elect person until he has previously regenerated that person. Hence final salvation is frequently, in Scripture, held forth to the view of his people, not only under the character of elect, but likewise under every other character they sustain; such as penitents, believers, saints, and workers of righteousness; because, in consequence of their predestination to life, they are endued with the graces of repentance, faith, and sanctification, in order to their meetness for and enjoyment of that eternal life to which they were predestinated. Regeneration must and always does come between the decree of election and the ultimate accomplishment of that decree, the means and the end being inseparably linked together, both in God's own purpose and his execution of it, yet means are one thing, conditions are another. And I challenge any one to point out one spiritual qualification, represented in the Bible, as previously requisite to everlasting life, which qualification is not in the same Bible declared to be the gift of God, and the work of his own grace in every one that shall be saved.

A. TOPLADY.

THE love of Christ, wherewith he follows his saints, consists in these four things: 1, delight; 2, valuation; 3, pity or compassion; 4, bounty.—*Owen.*

“SPRING UP, O WELL.”

37, Hatton Garden, June 3, 1810.

My dear fellow Soldier,—Peace be multiplied. I have received safely thy welcome epistle, and cannot help returning a speedy answer. How good is God! better to us than all our fears. “Though we believe not, yet he abideth faithful: he cannot deny himself;” so that our unbelief shall never make the faith of God of none effect. No, bless him; “As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his ways higher than our ways, and his thoughts than our thoughts.” What precious sweet-smelling myrrh he has dropped on the handles of the lock, which has wonderfully enlarged Japheth, so that hardness of heart and unbelief have much given way. This is his flourishing through the lattice, and the prelude of his coming, “leaping upon the mountains, and skipping upon the hills.”

You are now abounding in hope by the power of the Holy Ghost. “Hope deferred maketh the heart sick,” I know; but the desire accomplished is sweet to the soul. Christ is the desire of all nations, that shall come and take possession of his holy temple, and fill the house with his glory; and thou, with others, shalt hold him fast as thy King in the galleries, or in faith and affections, as thine own Saviour, Head, and Husband. You believe this in your conscience; you know you love him; that in your affections he is the chiefest among ten thousand. Does not this prove that you are the object of his love? For how can we be first in this, poor creatures like us, whose carnal minds are enmity itself against God? “We love him, because he first loved us,” when in faith and affection we are drawn to Christ. This proves that we are the objects of God’s everlasting love, otherwise we should never come into this experience at all here. Neither the devil nor unbelief can contradict it. “The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee.” Where to, Lord? “No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him;” but “him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.” Such are received graciously, and loved freely.

So you long to see Hatton Garden. I hope you will be able. Aye, Morgan, it is precious what is said to the friends of the Bridegroom: “Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more.” This wine is the blood of Christ, that purges the conscience from sin and filth, attended with a love to God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost given unto us. This is that wine that goes down sweetly, causing the lips of them that are asleep to speak. What is it they speak? Why, “The tongue of the stammerer shall be ready (under this heavenly and blessed influence) to speak plainly;” or, as it is in the margin, “elegantly.”

Like the Church in the song: "My beloved is mine and I am his;" or with Thomas, "My Lord and my God!" This is promised. "How shall I put thee among the children, and give thee a pleasant land, a goodly heritage of the hosts of nations?" The answer is this: "Thou shalt call me, My father; and shalt not turn away from me." Naphtali appears to be just come to the time of his loosing. The bond of the covenant, as it enters the heart of Ephraim, shall snap all his fetters, and make his bonds fly, so that the Holy Ghost shall bear his witness with your spirit that you are a child of God. For he bringeth out those that are sensibly bound with chains, that are brought to accept of the punishment of their sins, to put their mouths in the dust, if so be there may be hope. But the hardened sinner, that is in open rebellion against God, shall dwell in a dry land; shall never be moistened nor softened by the sin-subduing and all-conquering grace of God; never be favoured to enjoy the Lord's favour, which is as a cloud of the latter rain; shall never feel the Holy Ghost as a well of water springing up in them; shall never experience peace extended to them like a river, nor Christ's righteousness as the waves of the sea, stripping and delivering the soul from all condemnation. The finally rebellious must dwell in a dry land, where sin, death, and Satan reign.

"But as an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings," so the Lord is leading thee, making thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, that the provisions of his house may be sweetly fed upon by faith, so as to satisfy thy longing soul. Thou art beginning to suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock, to be fed comfortably with knowledge and understanding, which are to be the stability of Zion's times; also to feel a little of the oil of joy for mourning. And when the wine and oil, by the good Samaritan, are poured into our wounded consciences, which means pardon of sin, attended with the love of God in the heart, from which springs the oil of joy, in exchange for mourning, then it is he sets us upon his own beast, and his salvation sets us upon high. In this, and upon the white horse, we ride above the reigning and destroying power both of sin and Satan. As I once in my house preached to you for near an hour upon this glorious parable, so I told you, that mounted upon this horse, we should ride in at the very portals or gates of heaven, when the soul departs at death; for all that are washed in the Saviour's blood, and clothed in his spotless righteousness, have this order proclaimed on their behalf: "Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation that keepeth the truth may enter in." "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the glory of their heavenly Father's kingdom for ever." "For whom God justifies, them he also glorifies." Vessels of gold and silver are for the Master's use, but vessels of wood and earth are rejected, and are appointed to dishonour. O how does the realization of God's lovingkindness and tender sparing

mercy melt and humble us; under this we are brought to loathe ourselves in our own sight for our iniquities. Down goes self, and all the devils in hell do not appear so base and vile as me. Then how precious does a crucified Saviour appear! "They shall look on him whom they have pierced, and mourn: and be in bitterness for him as one that is in bitterness for his firstborn." Here we have fellowship with him in his death and sufferings. As we are made conformable to him in the likeness of his death, so we are also in the likeness of his resurrection; for through the faith of the operation of God we are raised up together, and made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ, so as to have our affections to rise so high as even to be admitted unto the right hand of God, where Christ sitteth. Thus in faith, by an enlightened understanding, and in affection, we are said to dwell on high, to see the King in his beauty, and to behold the land that is very far off. The Forerunner has sat down as our head and representative with his Father on his throne, so every overcomer, by faith in the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; these shall sit down with him on his throne. "For where I am (says Christ), there shall also my people be." As the hymn—

"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."

O, wonderful! for it swallows up all our shallow comprehensions. "There we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

He shall change these vile bodies, and fashion them like unto the glorious body of Christ, which shall all be done by the self-same Spirit that now dwelleth in us; when we shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, but shall be filled with all the fulness of God. There shall be no more pain, either in heart or elsewhere; no, no more sorrow, for the former things, which are the present things, shall be done away. What raptures, what strains of heavenly melody, when we are perfectly fitted for singing, "Salvation to God and the Lamb, for ever and ever!" at which we shall never tire, grow faint, or become weary, because, being filled with infinite happiness and fulness, the spring can never wither nor dry up. We shall enjoy an everlasting kingdom, and an everlasting priesthood, shewing the praises of him that hath called us out of darkness into marvellous light. This in some measure we are enabled, at times, to sing here, in the light and kingdom of grace, but very imperfectly. We shall sing his praise in perfection in the light and kingdom of glory.

You say that you have but little life. Well, that is better than none; where it is in the smallest degree, there is the promise of much more. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son," and sent him, not only that we might have life, but that we might have it more abundantly. Where there is a keen appetite for spiritual provision, a strong hunger

and thirst after righteousness; where the soul pants after the presence of God, "as the hart pants after the water brooks," as David says he did—"Yea," says he, "my soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?" (Psalm xlii.)—where this experience is, there is not a little, but the abundance of spiritual and divine life! And under this, what diligence is there in reading the word! in calling upon God in private prayer! in meditating upon the word! in self-examination according to the word! For you know, as well as I do, that we cannot make straight paths for our feet, so that the lame be not turned out of the way without healing, unless we take heed thereto, according unto the Lord's word; for thus a young man is to cleanse his way, and in no other way can he do it. "But," you say, "I want to get out, that I may have my own will." That would be the ruin of you. It was the greatest curse that could fall upon Ephraim, when the Lord says, "Ephraim is joined to idols: let him alone"—which he did, till the backslider in heart was filled with his own ways. Then the Lord turned him, gave him repentance, and killed him with lovingkindness and tender mercy. O what words, to such rebellious and obstinate transgressors as we all are (for Ephraim represents all the elect of God)! "Is Ephraim my dear son? is he a pleasant child? for since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still; therefore my bowels are troubled for him; I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord God." (Jer. xxxi. 20.) Is not this receiving mercies in Christ graciously, in opposition to all human worth and worthiness, and loving them freely? If it is not, I do not know what is.

That other wonderful instance is deserving particular regard. The Prodigal Son, who spent all his substance with riotous living, in which there cannot be any other merit than the damnation of hell; yet eternal life was given him. In that far country he began to be in want; then farewell husks, and the citizens of this country. The bread of life was what he wanted, and nothing else would do. You see that the end of all God's scourging and chastising his children is to bring about a sensible union with Christ. See how all the convictions of sin, that the Spirit is the author of, tend to lead us to God, and to the confession of our sins before him. The selfsame Spirit operates in the person who is born again as the Spirit of grace and supplication, enabling him to call upon God for pardon. As soon as heartfelt confessions went forth from the Prodigal, then his father's eye was upon him for good, and bowels of mercies were exercised towards him. While one talked about nothing but his unworthiness, beggary, and misery, the other was as busy in giving orders to his servant to bring forth the royal apparel, that he might be arrayed like the son of a king. One preached imputed righteousness, the best of robes, which justifies the ungodly from all things, and gives a right and title to the kingdom. As this was preached, so the Spirit wrought faith to apply and put it on; "for it is unto all

and upon all them that believe." And another preached the everlasting love of God to sinners in Christ, which was bringing forth the ring. His faith embraced and acted itself upon this. A third comes with shoes, preaching peace by Jesus Christ, who is our peace, having made it by the blood of his cross; and as this was enforced it entered the conscience and the mind, so as for the one to enjoy the blessed effect of guilt being purged, and the other was kept in perfect peace, stayed upon God, as his own Father and Friend. A fourth dwelt upon Christ crucified, the fatted calf; that as he was set forth in all the glory of his person, in the covenant characters he sustains, and in all his finished salvation for sinners, so faith was wrought strong enough to apply the whole. This was attended with fulness of satisfaction for the time. Having been enabled thus to eat, or feed to satisfaction upon Christ, and to drink of his precious blood and dying love, so the heavenly mirth began. God rejoiced over his Son with joy and singing, and the Son rejoiced in his own covenant God and Father. All that saw and heard of the change, who are in the parable called friends, rejoiced; and the angels, called neighbours, rejoiced also; and all were filled with raptures on the joyful occasion. For "verily there is joy among the angels of God in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." "This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry." The joy over the lost sheep and the Prodigal is the same; both mean the conversion of sinners, only under two characters. But you say, "I find at times a grateful sense of God's mercy with me, but I cannot find words to express it as I could wish." Never mind, whether you can express it as you could wish or not; the experience of it in the soul is the thing that saves us. If you could perfectly describe it, then I would give you a text to preach from: "That I might preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." The sure mercies of David are in Christ, and these are called unsearchable riches. If so, then none can perfectly explain them; for we know but in part, and only shall do so while we are in this world. Perfection in knowledge is necessary to be able to speak of God's mercy as we would wish, and as we feel it; but that is reserved for heaven, where only we shall be perfect in knowledge. You know, as well as I do, that the mercy of God is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him; and the complete and perfect salvation of the Church is in it.

As it is in its application to save us, by the washing of regeneration and by the renewing of the Holy Ghost, so in this work our perfect meetness for heaven consists. It is mercy that cannot be described as it is felt, for we have feelings that run far beyond the power of expression, which is much better, my friend, remember, than having the power of expression that can go beyond our feelings. This latter experience is that of hypocrites, but the former that of a saint. At times you are abounding in hope, and the mind is taken up with divine and heavenly things. Then

again, all seems to be shut up and gone, nothing left but worldly things.

This is the experience of every saint. In this we see the difference between that which is born of the flesh and that which is born of the Spirit. If the Spirit operates, then his grace is in exercise, and heavenly things employ the mind. But if he cease to give his aid, then we are swarming with lusts and corruption. The devil works in sin; the Spirit works in grace. These changes all that fear God must have, for they that have none of these changes fear him not. This is the warfare between the law in the members and the law in the mind, and proves that the devil and sin are dethroned; because, though they are permitted to harass, yet they cannot reign. Where grace is, "Sin shall not have dominion over you, because ye are not under the law, but under grace."

One time David was all alive, and swarming with vanity in all his thoughts. "I hate vain thoughts." Then the Holy Spirit suffered him to feel his own weakness, that he was not sufficient of himself to think a good thought. This served to hide pride from his eyes. But afterwards, again he was favoured with such heavenly-mindedness, that he said, "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul." This was the fruit and effect of the Spirit's operation. When we feel that we can do nothing without him, then how does this lead us to bless his precious Majesty, to watch his motions, observe his leadings, and obey his dictates! As many as thus walk in the Spirit, live in the Spirit, and are led by him, they are the children of the living God and the seed of Christ, for he is promised to none else.

O, Morgan, watch for him within as they did, for his life. "Spring up, O well;" and as he does, so we are refreshed.

This morning the Doctor (Mr. Huntington) preached from "But the greatest of these is charity;" and I found a little anointing with fresh oil, so this letter has run over to you. In the evening "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." My spring has flowed so sweetly, that I hope God will bless it for the Church's sake. Amen. Our united love to the friends.

CHRISTOPHER GOULDING.

BROTHERLY KINDNESS.

Clitheroe, Feb. 3, 1893.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—When I had read your explanation of the article by Mr. Hart in the December Number of the "G. S.," a desire sprang up in my mind to write a few lines to you; and in doing so, my desire is to strengthen your hands in your work, and not to be a hindrance thereto. I have seen enough in this out-of-the-way district to make (as says Solomon) a wise man mad. . . . Ah! my friend and brother—as I will venture to call you—Have we not on many occasions been carried above

sin, and been too sweetly employed in our soul's feelings for corruption or any of its attendants to find a place? The presence of Christ and "the savour of his good ointments," by the anointings of the Holy Ghost, have so captivated every thought of our heart, that we were enjoying the heavenly vision, and the world, sin, and Satan, completely shut out for the time. This, we are persuaded, was the case with the apostle Paul, when his soul was so filled with the goodness of God in the revelation of Christ Jesus to him, and the shedding abroad of God's love in his heart by the power of the Holy Ghost, that he did not know whether he was in the body or out of it.

And I think those who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, and know some little of the pardoning love and blood of the Lord Jesus, though they may not have had the same clear and soul-ravishing vision as the apostle, yet they have had times of felt nearness to the Lord, with such calmness and serenity on their minds, that there was no place for sin to rear its head. And so far will these humble souls be from trying to make a man "an offender for a word," that their prayers will be, to be favoured to drink deeper and fuller draughts of the water of life, and that they may, by a Spirit-wrought faith, embrace Christ in his fulness, suitableness, and sufficiency to supply their every need, and that they may walk with Christ, hold sweet communion with Christ, and have more of the Spirit of Christ.

I think we may call this "a putting off concerning the former conversation the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts; and being renewed in the spirit of our mind; and a putting on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." And I believe we may venture to say that those honest, humble souls have as tender consciences and as great an abhorrence of sin as it is possible to find. As you rightly say, "How anyone having a knowledge of divine things can read the article by Mr. Hart, without perceiving the drift of his argument, is hard to understand."

I now therefore conclude, hoping that we may often be favoured with such tokens of God's everlasting love to our souls, and be so sweetly ravished with the gracious, soul-cheering presence of the dear Redeemer, that no enemy can intrude upon us; and that we may be able to sing with the poet—

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

May our good and gracious Lord be with you in your work, and enable you to wield the two-edged sword in a valiant manner, that your labours may be profitable to the church of God, as we have good reason to believe they have been, and that a sovereign Jehovah may be glorified, is the desire and prayer of one whose only hope is in the gospel of the grace of God.

Yours sincerely, THOMAS RUDD.

Obituary.

SELINA CHURCH.—On Aug. 13, 1892, Selina Church, of Ebenezer House, Beckenham, Kent, within a fortnight of her 85th birthday.

My dear mother was the subject of spiritual convictions in very early life, which served to prevent her from running into such outward sins, and joining in the gaieties and frivolities of youth, that many are left to do. But yet, under the gracious teaching of that God who said, "Let there be light, and there was light," she was made to see and feel her utterly lost, helpless, and destitute state and condition, and bitterly to prove, again and again, that in herself dwelt no good thing, which knowledge made her feelingly endorse the truth of Jeremiah's statement, that "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," and caused her to be slow to speak upon religious subjects; but when she was favoured to get into the company of those who could talk about the little that a righteous man hath, and she could feel an echo in her soul that she possessed a little of that same good thing, she could indeed rejoice with them.

In her earlier married life she had occasionally the pleasure of entertaining Mr. W. Gadsby, Mr. J. Payton, Mr. Crouch, Mr. Sharp, Senior, of Brighton, and several other of the Lord's servants at her house; and Mr. Tiptaft used to stay for a night with us for many years on his annual visit to London; and often have I witnessed how like Martha she has been "cumbered about many things," in her anxiety to make them comfortable, and how truly happy she has been to be privileged to minister in any way to the comforts of the Lord's real children.

But for the most part she was one of those who through fear of death are all their lifetime subject to bondage; yet there was a love to God, his people, and his ways, permeating her whole career. She has often exclaimed to me, after reading the Word of God, "What a love I do feel to poor dear Jeremiah, Job, David, and others!" In her latter days she was much comforted in reading Mr. Romaine's works.

Hymn 293 (Gadsby's selection) was a great favourite of hers.

Her last illness came on rather suddenly, and issued in a rapid breakdown of all her powers. About twenty-four hours before her departure, she passed through a very sharp conflict both of mind and body, in which her pains were most excruciating. She continued for about twelve hours praying and crying out for the Lord to have mercy upon her and save her, in exclamations such as, "O Lord, have mercy upon me! O Lord, do come and save me! O dear Lord, thou knowest I cannot do without thee; O, pray do come and help me! What shall I do if thou dost not come and save me?" Thus she continued until her voice and strength failed; after which she laid quiet and speechless for about twelve hours, and then gently breathed her last, without a struggle or a

groan. May we not truly hope that her ransomed soul has ascended to join the spirits of just men made perfect in heaven where Christ has for her entered? for although the Lord in his inscrutable wisdom did not condescend to satisfy my aching mind, or manifest himself to my dear mother in that clear and open manner that I was so anxiously looking for, yet I dare not believe (though my unbelieving heart is prone to fear) that the dear Lord, who caused her first to seek his face, would desert her at the last; as the hymn says—

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

Would he have caused her, at different stages of her experience, to feel and exclaim with the poet,

“Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through?”

Could she feel a love to the Lord, and be kept close to the footsteps of the flock for so many years, and die crying for mercy, if it was not the Lord's doing? and yet in her lifetime she never knew what it was to be fully set at liberty; that is, to rejoice in the full liberty of the gospel. But some of our ministers contend, I think, that that must be known and felt here below, or the soul never goes to heaven. But the Lord says, “I have not spoken in secret in a dark place of the earth. I said not unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain.”

E.C.

ELIZABETH COX.—On October 5th, 1892, aged 83 years, E. Cox, of Kelmscott, for many years a member of the church at Alvecott, Oxon.

My mother was not favoured to have godly parents, as has been my privileged lot; but she has told me she was the subject of very solemn impressions when quite young, which were a means of preventing her from running into open sin, as she might otherwise have done. She was married to my late dear father in the year 1834, and some time after my father was made sensible of his sinnership and was brought into much soul trouble, which my mother, at that time, was quite a stranger to. The Lord, in his own time, delivered his soul, revealing to him the ransom he had “found” for such (Job. xxxiii. 24), and he was soon after baptized, which caused mother much exercise of soul, believing her husband would be saved, whilst she would be lost! With these exercises came the words in Heb. iv. 12, which caused her to tremble at God's word, as they were attended with much power. One day, as she was working in the fields, she felt as though the Lord was looking over the clouds upon her in such anger that she was almost afraid to stay in the field, so great was the distress of her mind. She wished herself a bird or anything without a soul. However, the Lord had mercy upon her, and set her soul at happy liberty by the application of a portion of his own words, “Now ye are clean, through the word which I have spoken unto you,” which

produced great joy in her soul, so that she called upon all things to praise the Lord for his pardoning mercy to her.

After this, she was much exercised about the ordinance of believers' baptism, "If ye love me, keep my commandments," having been powerfully applied to her. She was much tried about going before the church, when the Lord spoke the following to her soul: "I will plead thy cause; Who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die," &c., which greatly helped her; and after being received by the church she was baptized in the mill-brook at Alvescott, by the late Mr. Moss. It was suggested to her to take something before going into the water, it being very cold, and she had walked five miles, carrying a young child; but these words settled this matter, "And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah; and God smote him there for his error," &c. Whilst in the water, she had the words given her, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," &c.; she told me she felt that the love of God in her heart kept her warm. She was afterwards received into church-fellowship. Mr. Knapp gave out the hymn (608, Gadsby's),

"Ye souls, redeem'd with blood," &c.,

which softened her heart in love and gratitude, in the enjoyment of which she walked for a time.

My parents soon became as speckled birds, and some trying family matters brought on much trouble and marred their peace. Having a very trying path in providence, my mother used to rise very early in the morning to wash, and sometimes had to bake our bread before going into the fields to work at 8 o'clock, seldom having anything but bread to eat, and often not enough of that, wages being very low at that time, and provisions very dear. My parents were very anxious to pay their way, and not to get into debt if it could possibly be avoided; they were, however, often favoured with bread to eat which the world knew not of. She, with father, had many trials to contend with, but their bitters were sweetened with consolations, and she has spoken of special times of hearing, under the late Mr. Pocock, Mr. Doe, Mr. Knill, and others.

Having a large family, we being seven in number, and all averse to anything good, mother was once so provoked as to speak unadvisedly; this brought her soul into great bondage and fear, so much so, that she thought she had committed the unpardonable sin, which led her to search the word of God to try and get some hope or comfort therefrom, when these words were made a consolation to her soul: "Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are," &c. (James v. 17.) Another trial was now close at hand, through an unhappy circumstance which befel one of my sisters, which caused deep grief and sorrow of heart, the enemy of her soul being permitted to suggest to her that all her children would prove vagabonds, which cut her to the heart. Whilst grieving over these things, as she was walking home from Alvescott Chapel, the Lord broke in upon her soul with the words,

“Is Ephraim my dear son? Is he a pleasant child,” &c., which he also used as a means of her going to see my sister, when both wept together, mother for having spoken unadvisedly, and my sister for having caused her so much trouble. My sister being then married, and afterwards grievously afflicted, mother gave her all the attention she possibly could, and was favoured to see a real change wrought in her, and, after fifteen months' sore affliction, she departed this life for that which is eternal in the heavens. This happy issue entirely disproved the suggestion of her children being vagabonds.

Another trial now awaited her, and one from which she was never to be free until her happy spirit left its frail tabernacle behind. As she was going to visit one of my sisters, some friend gave her a lift in a cart; as she was getting down, her foot slipped, and she fell to the ground, putting her hip out of joint. She was brought home, but never walked again during the remainder of her life. She moved herself about the house in an armchair, and did her work as far as she was able. During this sore trial, she was often tempted to believe the Lord's hand had gone out against her; but after much exercise of soul, the Lord graciously applied the promise, “I will make all thy bed in thy sickness,” and “My goodness I will make to pass before thee in the way;” which promise he fulfilled in raising many friends, far and near, to supply her temporal needs. She soon had again to prove the truth of the words, “In the world ye shall have tribulation.”

My youngest brother being afflicted with scrofula in the knee, he was taken to the infirmary, when it was found necessary to resort to amputation of the limb; the first operation not being successful, a second was performed, which ended in his death. This was a heavy trial indeed to my poor afflicted mother, causing her many an errand to a throne of grace; thus she found, with the poet,

“Trials give new life to prayer.”

The Lord graciously supported her under that trial also, which paved the way for another; my youngest sister had left a situation, through a disappointment, and the news came that she had destroyed herself by drowning, which caused ours to be a house of mourning indeed! This trial, she said, would bring her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, feeling that her daughter was lost, soul and body. Many friends came to sympathize with her in her sorrow; however, in about a fortnight the news came that she was still alive, and we heard where she was, which was a great relief to mother, and made the Book of Job precious to her soul. When I heard the foregoing news, I was constrained to return home, my parents being both well stricken in years; from this time I remained at home, after having been a wanderer in the wilderness literally for about forty years.

Soon after I had returned, another peculiar trial fell upon my parents. Having been very careful, hard-working, and industrious, they had saved a few pounds, when, in some way never yet discovered, someone unlocked their box and stole their little

treasure. This caused poor mother new trouble, but it passed over, the Lord having about this time, in great mercy, been pleased to bring down my heart with labour, by giving me a felt knowledge of my sinnership. I concealed my state as long as I could, until, my trial pressing me sore, I could keep silence no longer, and I opened my mind to her. The relation to her of my soul's exercises caused her unspeakable joy, though she said but little. She watched me daily, and pondered the things in her heart which I would relate to her of what, as I have been enabled to see, since the Lord delivered my soul, were the Spirit's operations in my heart. When that happy deliverance came, we could weep and rejoice together to the praise of the mercy I had found, and which had found me. She had the words spoken to her concerning me, "This day is salvation come to this house," and "He shall go forth and shine as the stars in the firmament," which caused her spirit to leap for joy; and she said to me, "This is the best thing that has ever happened to you, for there is joy in heaven over one repenting sinner, and also in a mother's heart. Many have been the prayers I have offered up before the Lord for my family, and now the dear Lord has answered it in your case;" to which I replied, "Yes, mother! Though you have been robbed of your small treasure, the Lord has given you a son in your old age! Which would you rather have had, mother?" She quickly answered, "O, a son!" This comforted her heart beyond all the distress of her trials. Should this meet the eye of any wayward and disobedient son, as I had been, may the Lord have mercy upon such, and bring him to repentance for his sin and folly.

About this time, my father was taken ill, which terminated in his death. He was, however, much supported in his affliction, and would often sing his favourite hymn (173); also, as his end drew nearer, as well as his strength would permit,

"Yes, I shall soon be landed," &c. (483).

So he passed away, trusting in the mercy of the Lord.

My dear mother, being well assured he was gone to his eternal rest, was much helped to bear her loss. Her infirmities continuing to increase, she became quite unable to get about in her chair to do her house-work, as she had done for many years. We needed help, and someone to attend her; and she often entreated the Lord, who had promised to supply all her needs, and to make her bed in her sickness, to send her some suitable person; which request was granted, as my niece left her situation, and came and attended to her grandmother, remaining with us in our humble cottage for ten years, during which time the Lord made it very manifest that she was a nursing daughter and a vessel of mercy, and she is now a member of the church below with which her grandmother was united over forty years; thus has divine goodness and mercy gone before, been on each hand, and brought up the reward of a tempest-tossed wilderness life, yet wherein the pillar of fire and cloud never failed.

My mother was often much exercised concerning her soul's safety, and searched the Scriptures daily, and was often favoured to draw comfort therefrom. The following much supported her, being attended with power: "Though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me!" Her chief books were the Bible, "Gospel Standard," and Gadsby's Hymn book, and she often spoke of having been comforted in reading Mr. Dennett's writings, also the "New Year's Address," 1892. She also frequently spoke of how good the Lord had been to her in raising up so many kind friends to support and nourish her in her times of need, and in getting her placed on the "Aged Pilgrims' Society," which was a very great help to her and for which she expressed her heartfelt thanks. She would exclaim, with one of old, of like spirit: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." Still, she was the subject of many changes in her soul's feelings, sometimes being much cast down. One day, when very low, the Lord gave her, with great power, the following strengthening testimony: "Hast thou not known? Hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?" (Isa. xl. 28.) On another occasion, he comforted and greatly supported her with—"The eternal God is thy refuge," &c., so that she was helped to say, with the church of old, "Thy love is better than wine." As her end drew near, she was often privileged to commune with the Lord during the night watches, when he sometimes gave her "a song in the night," as we heard her singing,

"Precious Jesus! Lamb of God!" &c.

Soon after this she was much tried by the great enemy of souls, when her gracious Lord came to her relief with the words, "Behold! I will send a watcher, and a holy one!" She exclaimed, "Enough, Lord! if thou be watching over me!" She told us there would soon be a great change, which proved correct, as she became very helpless, but was very patient, and spoke of the solemnity of death in a very feeling manner. I said, "Mother, you can say, 'I know whom I have believed!'" She responded, "Yes! and 'that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day!' I feel 'my heart and flesh fail,' but 'the Lord is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever!'" She soon became much weaker, and was again the subject of temptation, greatly fearing she should die a dreadful death. My niece, being present, said to her, "The Lord will not put more upon you than he will enable you to bear; his grace is *all-sufficient*;" which was the means of comforting her, as we soon after heard her intreating the Lord to take her to her eternal home. Soon after, she spoke to me about some family matters, when I said to her, "Mother, you will soon leave us to enter your eternal rest, and you have now no fear of death." She answered, "No, the Lord has told me, 'I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also.'" I asked her where she would wish to be buried? She replied, "Where you like. I shall rise again with him who is

the Resurrection and the Life!" Her countenance bespoke the happy state of her soul, as she repeated,

"I soon shall reach the harbour,
To which I speed my way," &c.

Many of the hymns had been a comfort to her; as

"Jesus, o'er the billows steer me," &c.;

also, "Why those fears? Behold! 'tis Jesus," &c.

Many of her esteemed friends came to see her for the last time, with whom she conversed as freely as her strength permitted, but, as she became weaker, she could only shake hands. On the last Lord's day she spent on earth, she asked her grand-daughter to raise her up.

Whilst she was attempting to do so, she said, "I want to be raised above the skies, where saints immortal reign," which were her last words.

She had frequently expressed much gratitude for all the kind attention she had received from my niece during her long affliction, also to the great Giver and Provider of all her needs in favouring her with a nurse who loved the things she herself so loved. She desired that I might be present with her in her last moments upon earth, which request was granted, and we saw her breathe her last without a struggle. We may well close with the words, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." (Rev. xiv. 13.)

ALFRED COX.

JOSEPH THEWRING.—On Oct. 8, 1892, aged 57, Joseph Thewring, at Fishponds, Bristol.

He was of humble birth; his father was a strict churchman, and his mother a God-fearing person.

I never heard him say much of his younger days, but after many changes he went to live at Kilcot, near Wotton-under-Edge, where he married when about 27 years of age, and attended the General Baptist Chapel at Hillesley, where he was baptized and became a member; but soon after he began to attend the little room at S——, where he heard Mr. Farvis many times, and the Lord made use of the word to strip him of everything he had gathered under free-will teaching, his righteousness appearing as filthy rags, and he was brought eventually to see and confess that salvation was by grace alone.

His occupation being that of a miller, he kept his Bible in the mill with him, where the Lord frequently visited him and made his soul as a watered garden. Here he basked in the sunshine of God's presence, under a sense of his pardoning love and mercy, being frequently alone with his God. He has told me these were happy days indeed.

He soon removed to Cirencester, where he attended Park Street Chapel, Mr. Barnard being the minister, and was about to become a member when he was called away to a situation in

Gloucester, where he remained several years; but there being no place of truth there, he occasionally went to Cheltenham. He again removed to Nailsworth and attended again at S——. His last move was to Fishponds. Here his path became exceedingly trying, as he could find no suitable employment, having tried one or two places, but had to leave for conscience sake.

His wife and son being very delicate, and he having no regular employment, weighed heavily upon his mind.

I have gleaned a few fragments from a small diary he kept, which show the exercises of his mind at different times. "Had a token from the Lord that he would open a door. No date. July 28, 1886—Great nearness to the Lord in prayer. Aug. 22—Met at S——; a good day. August 24—Great distress of soul on account of having no situation. Very ill and weak. Later on—A good day at Bath, hearing Mr. Ashdown. The way still dark; poor body and mind still weak; the 37th Psalm blessed to my soul. Nov. 29th—Obtained employment at Horsley, for a time;" but later on he found employment at stone-dressing; and here he appeared to be in a similar place to that of Lot in Sodom, and ultimately became very indifferent about spiritual matters, clearly proving that to be carnally minded is death. He continued in this backsliding state for some time, which was a grief to some of his friends; and when spoken to about it, he tried to justify himself. But Solomon says, "Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labour: for if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but woe to him that is alone when he falleth, for he hath not another to help him up." Now it was his mercy to have another to help him up, which he did, and restored him to fellowship and communion with the God from whom he had wandered. His confession and brokenness of spirit showed it was the work of the Holy Spirit. He said to me, "If you ever see a child of God backsliding from the Lord, do not fear to speak faithfully to such, nor fear giving offence." This he said with much emphasis. He was not a strong man, and suffered much from dyspepsia, which no doubt was the cause of death. I was very sorry I did not see him during his last illness, which was about five weeks. His wish was to go before his wife, which the Lord granted.

His son informed me that all his darkness had passed away, also the fear of death, to which he was much subject, at times. He said, "I should like to go home, if the Lord permit. I shall sing aloud." On seeing his wife in tears, he said, "Don't fret; every inch of it is known."

One instance I must mention, which he told me when on a visit to my house. He said, "I was drawn out in prayer for you and your family at such a time;" and this was the exact time when we were holding a little prayer-meeting in our house. What a sweet proof of the unity of the Spirit of God in his people! It may be said of him in a great measure, that he lived in obscurity and died in obscurity, but he is not in obscurity now, for

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

JUNE, 1893.

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

INVITATIONS.

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE BRITISH SCHOOLROOM, AL-
TRINCHAM, BY MR. A. B. TAYLOR, ON FRIDAY EVENING,
FEB. 23RD, 1877.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come: and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. xxii. 17.

THE controversy between Arminianism and Calvinism has been continued ever since the will of man began to dispute the revelation of God, and on every occasion it has been a drawn battle. So the matter rests at the present moment.

It is somewhat singular that Calvinism, apart from the name, turned the hearts of David, Solomon, Paul, Peter, when as yet Calvin was not; and when Arminianism, in the shape of Popery, drove the whole world before it, on the rising, first of Luther, then of Calvin, Arminianism retired into the shade, and for something like two hundred years after the Reformation Calvinism was adopted by a great part of the Western world, as the true state of the case between God and man, as Paul concludes, Rom. ix. 21,—“Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?”

It was Calvinism, so called, that wrenched from Popery its fangs with which it ground the nations; and it now waits to see the Mother of Harlots sink in the decrees of the Eternal God, as a great millstone cast into the sea, to be found no more at all. (Rev. xviii. 21.) It is true modern enlightenment speaks otherwise, and has given a stimulus to Arminianism, in various shapes, and it seeks to ride dryshod over the truths of the Eternal God, or drive past and ignore them; nevertheless Calvinism remains a beloved truth, and has a firm hold of many hearts in this land, perhaps more so than in any other land on the earth; God has not left himself without witness.

In calling your attention to the above text, which to some appears beyond the reach of Calvinism—"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come: and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely"—let none suppose, though we look at the matter this evening, we have hope of settling the grand dispute. Nothing can do that but God, who alone makes old sinners into new creatures,—“If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.” (2 Cor. v. 17.)

I hope and pray too that there may be individual advantage gained. God made Paul a defence for the Gospel; and if the Gospel required defending in those days, it requires it now. And it is a matter worth defending. We are instructed to “contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints,” to “hold fast the truth,” not to let a particle of it go, because it is God’s word.

You, who know the truth in the higher sense of the word, have been made free; free from the errors which are around you; free experimentally from the curses of God’s broken law; free and willing to take and receive every revelation of God, so far as your mind can comprehend. And thus we stand; we are not ever learning, and not able to come to the knowledge of the truth; for God teaches, and he whom he teaches attains the knowledge of salvation. “And they shall be all taught of God,” that is, the saints shall. “Every man, therefore, that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto me.” (John vi. 45.)

Our subject is somewhat complicated in its form, in the very form as given to us, and with the help of God I would call your attention to it in the following manner:—

FIRST GENERAL HEAD.

First.—I would say something of the Spirit, “The Spirit and the bride say, Come.”

Secondly.—I would speak of the bride, who also says, Come.

Thirdly.—Offer some remarks on the hearing one, who is invited to say, Come.

Fourthly.—The thirsty one, who also is invited to “Come.”

Fifthly.—The willing one, “Whosoever will.”

SECOND GENERAL HEAD.

First.—Offer a few remarks on the term “Water of life.”

Secondly.—Speak of the coming character taking the water of life freely.

In the first place, then, who is the Spirit that says, Come? If we consider it the Spirit of God in the Christian man, or that portion of the gracious Spirit that is bestowed upon a Christian man, we shall not be far from the truth. Follow me as closely as you can, and God help you.

Or, is it the Holy Ghost—God the Spirit? This is what I am inclined to understand. And, if this be so, it is one person of the Eternal Godhead, inviting according to the purpose of the Eternal Three, the coming of the Son of God to the Last Judgment,—“Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me.” “And the Spirit and the bride say, Come; and come quickly, Lord Jesus” (Rev. xxii. 20.)

My dear friends, if the Lord Jesus when here longed to have his disciples with him in the place where he has gone, and if he assured them that they should be with him shortly, that they might behold his glory, is it any wonder that this third person in the glorious Godhead hails the approach of the Great Day? I think not.

God the Father, and God the Son, and God the Spirit, up to the end of time, will be carrying on this mysterious work—have been till now; and it is no wonder if the blessed Spirit says “Come,” when the bright and morning Star says, “I come quickly!” “It was through this eternal Spirit that Christ offered himself without spot to God.” (Heb. ix. 14.) Take this view of the matter, and see the Son and the Spirit jointly concerned in the glorious appearance of the Majesty of the Son of God in his own kingdom.

The second thing to be noticed is the “Bride.” The Spirit says, Come; the Bride says, Come. Who is the Bride? I think there will be no division on our minds about who the Bride is. The Bride is the Lamb’s wife, that has been espoused to the Son of God.

Paul speaks of it wonderfully, when he tells one of the churches he had espoused them as a chaste virgin to Christ. (2 Cor. xi. 2.) And when all the redeemed are brought in, when the whole Church is gathered to his feet, there will be such a number that no man can number, who have been on this earth married to Jesus, and who have brought forth fruit unto God. See Romans vii. 4. And as effects follow causes, so this espousing and marriage is the effect of the love of God—Father, Son, and Spirit. Moses says, “Yea, he loved the people.” (Deut. xxxiii. 3.) Jeremiah says, “I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee.” (Jer. xxxi. 3.)

John, admitting the Christian's love, says, "He first loved us." (1 John iv. 19.) And Paul shall clench the matter beyond a doubt, respecting God loving his filthy, sinful people, "God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins." (Eph. ii. 4-5.) Love sees through filthy rags, love can pay debts, and God's love can command the affections, heart, and will, so that the Lamb's wife shall be "presented to himself a glorious church." (Eph. v. 27.)

Let us next notice how the Church Bride, or individual member, is espoused to Christ.

The elect of God, with the rest, are dead in sins, until called by Divine grace, strangers therefore to God, strangers to the covenant of promise; far from God, and far from righteousness. They know nothing of the life of Christ. Now, when God's time comes to gather up a vessel of mercy—"one afore prepared unto glory," "one redeemed from among men,"—"who can stay his hand?" "All power in heaven and in earth is given unto him." (Matt. xxviii. 18.) I hold strictly to the fact that all God's redeemed ones shall be brought, and when he means to gather this, that, and the other to himself, he takes means to do it, as he will.

The word is given to us, and the figure is given to us in a beautiful form. Many of us understand something of wooing, something about courting, something about captivating, something about winning the object of our love and affection; so Christ, when the time comes that he is to gather up one of his redeemed, uses means to do it. And though in a common reading of the Scripture there is no love applied; I say, though in a common reading of the Scripture there is no love applied, there is love in secret; and when the time comes to reveal secret love, however haughty the bride may be, however independent she may be, however lofty she may look, however she may despise the suitor, God uses means to captivate the heart.

I speak as a man. God uses means to win her affections. And what are these means? He shows her what she is, what her condition is by nature; he shows her what a debtor she is, what a sinner she is; he shows her what a corrupt creature she is. Ezekiel gives it to you in a beautiful form, "Thou wast cast out in the open field, to the loathing of thy person, in the day that thou wast born." And he said, "When I passed by thee, and looked upon thee, behold, thy time was the time of love."

(Ezekiel xvi. 5-8.) It was the time to manifest secret love. Look at it, beloved, and you will see Christ come to court his bride. Secret love was at the bottom; hence Jeremiah says, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." And he says by Ezekiel, "I have spread my skirt over thee." What a hiding of pollution! What a manifestation of favour! "I washed away thy filth." He opened her heart, he moved her affections, and she submitted. Ah! yes, he sends the curses of a broken law into the hearts of his true children, and they discover what guilty creatures they are; and when this is done, the bride becomes a thirsty character; then she longs for his salvation, for his robe of righteousness; she longs to know whether the Lord will have mercy upon her; she longs for his favour; she seeks to know him; and sometimes he will leave her for a little, that she may wait and learn. The Lord waits that he may be gracious, that he may be merciful, that he may be exalted (Is. xxx. 18), that the child of grace may stand still, waiting for his power to favour the soul. And thus, when the dear Lord has humbled the proud creature, when the dear Lord has broken her heart, when the dear Lord has shown her that nothing can save her but the Love of God, he speaks to her, and says, "Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee." "Thou becamest mine, and I clothed thee with the garment of salvation, adorned thee with the robe of righteousness, and set a beautiful crown on thy head." (Ezekiel xvi. 8-12.) And, O! what a thing it is when the dear Lord comes and does this! That person knows then that he or she becomes the Bride of the Lord Jesus Christ. Christ thus leads captivity captive, Christ thus makes up his jewels. "In that day they shall be mine, saith the Lord." (Mal. iii. 17.) Thus every vessel of mercy that has ever been brought into the kingdom of God, all have been taught to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now, this is the Bride. It is a long time since the dear Lord began to court, and it will be a long time before he finishes; for after the fulness of the Gentiles has been gathered in, the Jews have to be gathered in. The Lord shall set his hand again a second time to recover the remnant of his people." (Isaiah xi. 11.)

Now, this is the Bride, or the Church of Christ. That is how I understand matters. And this Bride, the body collectively, says, "Come, Lord Jesus, and come quickly."

"The Spirit and the bride say, Come."

Is it any wonder that a bride in the wilderness, far from her husband, far from her lover, far from him who redeemed her from among men; is it any wonder she says, "Come quickly?" No wonder at all. And mind, the language of these two is powerful language, "The Spirit and the bride say, Come."

This is what I think is the mind of the Holy Ghost in the matter.

"The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let us that hear it say, Come, too."

Thirdly.—What shall we do about the mere hearer? I would rather retract the word "mere." It refers to one whose ears God hath opened, who hears the glorious mysteries of redemption, who hears of the work of God on the hearts of others, who hears of the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ, who hears that the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs, who hears that the Church is redeemed from among men, who hears that God beautifies the meek with salvation, who listens to the saints at prayer and hears their prayers, who listens to and hears the invitations of God's blessed word. And this hearing person is a longing soul, and God satisfies the longing soul, and filleth the hungry with good things, and the rich he sendeth empty away.

This is what I understand of the character of the hearer. Him that heareth, let him open his mouth and say, Come. Who to? Why those like himself, who a little while ago were in the dark desert of sin. It may be in the family at home, where he has met much opposition, but something has caused him to drop a word now and again of the glorious things about Christ, and he is invited to say, Come,—“Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly,” to comfort my heart, or come and learn the things I have been forced to hear of. One woman found a man who told her all things that ever she did, and she said, Come and see him. So the hearing soul wants others to hear the good news and glad tidings of salvation, and may say, as Jacob reminded God of his promise in his day of trouble, "I will surely do thee good." (Gen. xxxii. 12.) The hearing ones have a great desire to see Zion's cords lengthened and stakes strengthened. The opened ear desires to hear more, and prays God to finish the work he has begun, and manifest salvation to the heart. "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come."

Fourthly.—Let him that is athirst come. Please notice

the change of matters here. In the former three cases they are represented as inviting to come, but in this case the thirsty character is invited to come, "Let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." The former three characters are expectants of Christ's glorious appearing and kingdom, unless it be that all the parties named are invited and inviting both to the waters of life, those waters mentioned in the first verse of the chapter whence our text is taken, to which I have no objection, because such has been the case in all ages, and will continue so to the end. Well now, him that is athirst. Now to this character for a few minutes.

The thirsty soul is one who has a certain desire upon him that he is not able to satisfy. He would not be athirst long if a well of water was by; but he thirsts, and the thirst is of such a nature that the water from the well of Samaria would not quench; he wants other water; he thirsts.

Several kinds of thirst might be noticed. Natural thirst is produced by various causes. A traveller in the deserts of Arabia soon feels a desire for drink; he thirsts. Far from river, pond, or lake, he soon becomes afflicted. Again, in case of fever, when the poor sufferer feels as if blood boiled in the veins, the thirst becomes most excessive, the suffering intense. When death follows at the very height of the fever, what an awful death it must be! Again, there is thirst of another kind, mental thirst. The mind disposed for education thirsts for learning, the miser's mind for gold, the scientific mind for knowledge. Many other thirsts might be named. All these thirst, long, and seek to obtain their object.

But again, there is another thirst; neither scientific nor bodily; a thirst no earthly blessing can assuage, for it is something above nature. Hence one of old cried out, "I have longed for thy salvation, O Lord!" (Ps. cxix. 174.) "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God." (Ps. xlii. 2.) Jesus also names this thirst when he says, "Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness." (Matt. v. 6.)

This thirst then is supernatural. No matter who deny it, we can only say to such, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." (1 Cor. ii. 14.) You who are living in hope of eternal life, so long promised (Titus i. 2.);

you that thirst for spiritual things, living water, the healing Balm of Gilead, for the divine physician to give spiritual health and cure; you seek mercy through blood, the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. (1 Cor. i. 30.) All such are the true children of God, and go on hungering and thirsting after righteousness. You see a glory in Christ and all he has done, and desire to know more of him in whom ye trust. Do you see pardon in Christ's blood, satisfaction in his work, atonement in all he has done? Do you thirst to partake of these benefits? There's your character: "Let him that is athirst come; let him come." More of this by and by, as to what he comes to.

And now, let us come to the fifth branch in the text,— "And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Now, this is the great point in dispute between Calvinism and Arminianism, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

Allow me, for a few moments, to call your attention to the nature of our will, as creatures of God. Have you ever studied the nature of your own will? Have you ever considered what part of your living soul it holds, what office it performs? or have you just gone on indifferently, never caring about either will or understanding. It is this loose manner of handling the will that makes Arminianism come out of ignorant hearts. If you could correct that natural will of yours, which is free only to evil! Mark my words, is free only to evil; it is not, spiritually considered, free to God, for "It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." (Rom. ix. 16.) Your will and mine run down the hill by nature, and if God does not prevent, we shall run down to hell. Observe, as I understand matters, the will is the servant of the understanding. You ought to see in your own selves whether it is so or not. It is the servant of the understanding. Notice it. You understand this or that or the other matter, or you do not. What course do you take? Any common-sense man will say, "I don't understand the matter, and therefore I don't know which way to act. I am not master of this business, and until I understand it I will not give an opinion,—I will not." This is a common-sense reply, is it not? A wise man will never answer a question before he hears it. Solomon thinks a fool may, but not a wise man. (Prov. xviii. 13.)

Now, if your will is instructed by your understanding —I am speaking now of common things—you can act sensibly and rightly and justly; but if you are not informed,

your action is worse than standing still, because you don't know whether you are going right or wrong. But let the judgment be informed, let the understanding be satisfied, then you can act freely. The will is always free, and always the servant of the understanding; and it is always regulated by that motive that is highest in the mind at the time of action, *though just only so*. For instance, one we read of, when asked if he understood what he read, replied, "How can I, except some man should guide me?" When guided, the understanding is informed, the will obeys, and the act is performed. (Acts viii. 31.) When the Lord Jesus Christ, in a very, very trying case, the most trying that was ever known on the earth, had two wills before him, he said, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me,"—if it be possible—"nevertheless, not my will, but thy will be done." (Luke xxii. 42.) Which of the motives was uppermost or foremost? The finishing transgression, and the making an end of sin, and the bringing in of everlasting righteousness. Therefore he said, "not my will, but thine be done." He knew his solemn covenant engagement. O! my dear friends, notice the operations of your own mind, and you will see how the will is the servant, and always gives way to the highest motive on the mind at the moment.

Again, when Pilate, before the Jews, sought to release Christ—and he would have done it too, but for certain pressure put upon him, so far as he was concerned. The pressure was, "If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend." They were afraid he would let him go; they were terrified lest he should let him go; and they, no doubt, insinuated that the Roman Emperor should be made acquainted with his conduct. The attempt to befriend or permit another king might have been a serious matter for Pilate, so Pilate delivered him to their will. Therefore there was a motive on Pilate's mind, and the motive was that it was safer for him to give the Jews their will than to risk the displeasure of Rome; and thus the will of the man gave way to that which was the highest motive at the time.

Again, let me bring it to a simple fact. You are travelling across a country; there is a field yonder; it will be a near way across, if you venture it. When you get half-way across, you see a wild animal you fear to face. What does your will do? What is the highest motive? Why, to turn and go back. The will is regulated by the circumstances of the case, all the world over, and all

human nature over. These are things you all know; therefore, when the mind is free to act, the will is always guided by the understanding, the knowledge, and the judgment.

Now, let us come to another point, where the will of God interferes with the will of man. Let me now turn to the operations of Divine grace upon the will of the Lord's people. There is a text I will quote for you, "Thy people shall be willing,"—when? why "in the day of thy power." (Psalm cx. 3.) When this power operates upon their understanding, when this power operates upon their heart, they shall be willing then, but not till then. They are running the downward Arminian scale till then, but when God operates by Divine grace upon the heart, when the child of God is made willing in the day of God's power, what power is this? I reply, God's power. "They shall be all taught of God," (Is. liv. 13), "And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord." And when God begins to teach a man, he reveals to him the danger of his present position, and the true state of the case; he shows him he is a sinner against God's holy law. The man never heard of God's holy law in this sense before. The man never thought of God's law being a damning law. Paul said he was alive without the law once, but when the commandment came, sin revived and he died. (Rom. vii. 9.) Paul held the clothes of one who stoned Stephen. Paul was doing God service in his own notion. He thought he did God service; his will was running in its natural course; but when God called to him, "Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Saul said, "Who art thou, Lord?" And he said, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." Paul was informed here, his heart was made tender, his understanding enlightened, his judgment influenced, his will subdued, though not yet directed; it was subdued and renewed; he was in a strait; trembling and astonished he said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" (Acts ix. 6.) What is thy will? I have lost mine in this confusion. *Let thy will henceforth regulate my will.* And thus, under the teaching of the Lord, Paul was made willing in the day of God's power. "The wolf now dwells with the lamb, and the little child leads them." (Is. xi. 6.) This is the effect of God's Spirit on Paul's heart. Paul's will now is changed, he is stopped going to Damascus on his hellish errand by something more than a wild animal on the way, his will is changed, and he is willing to stop. Now he is willing to be led by the hand; now willing to be taught what God would have him taught; willing to understand the mind

of God now. This is the time, my dear friends, when God comes to change the heart, renew the will, and turn the feet to Zion's hill. Thus, thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power.

(*To be continued.*)

ZION'S WITNESSES.

What reminiscences of old
 Come floating down the Tide of Time,
 Of glorious heroes, martyrs bold,
 Whose fame in golden letters shine,
 Driven to nature's utmost length,
 Yet vanquished all in God, their strength.
 Through tribulation's fierce ordeal,
 They fought with energies divine;
 Hell's powers could not subdue their zeal,
 But made it all the brighter shine;
 Victoriously their lives were given,
 Then more than conquerors entered heaven.
 Incarnate fiends' malignant minds
 Their depths explored with zealous hate,
 For unknown cruelties to find,
 To rend their souls from heaven's estate;
 But God's eternal love and power
 Blazed forth in every trying hour.
 Those glaring witnesses of truth,
 To time's remotest end shall reign,
 Revealing, both to age and youth,
 The horrors of the Papal train,
 Which in successive ages date,
 The serpent's concentrated hate.
 Can deeds of such abhorrence die,
 And untold sufferings they bore?
 No, but inspire a heaven-born cry,
 To drive such monsters from our shore;
 And yet on ev'ry hand they lurk,
 To spread afar their deadly work.
 Just as the serpent did of old,
 Appear in goodwill, love, and grace,
 So doth these ravenous wolves unfold
 The objects of their treach'rous race;
 Disguised, they strive all hearts to win,
 Whilst all hell's furies rage within.
 But, glorious truth, Jehovah reigns
 O'er sin and Satan, death and hell;
 Hostilities no foe maintains,
 But as the Allwise seeth well;
 Yet let your prayers to heaven aspire;
 God grants the righteous man's desire.

"I HAVE LABOURED IN VAIN."

WHEN Christ came into the world in the days of his flesh, and preached, did they receive him as the Mediator? He had no greater errand in the world, yet all were against him. In his cradle they sought his life. He had as many sore temptations in the world as he had even of the devil himself. Nay, the world so tempted him in his calling, that he and they could never agree at any time. What ailed them at him? for he came on a good errand to the world, that he might bring them home to his Father. He wronged no man, yet they say, He is a deceiver. The best work that could be was to forgive sins; yet they called that blasphemy. They mistook the casting out of devils. No, say they, he has the master devil, Beelzebub, the captain of all the rest, who commands all the little ones, and by him he casts out devils. And they slew the heir, and cast him out of the inheritance. So if Christ found the world a hard bed, I think all his friends have cause to think so of it too; for badly were his friends treated. Jeremiah cries out (xv. 10), "Woe is me, my mother, that thou hast borne me a man of strife and a man of contention to the whole earth!" All the people cursed Jeremiah. And see how the Apostles were treated, and what they met with: "Even unto this present hour we both hunger, and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no certain dwelling place; and labour working with our own hands: being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it: being defamed, we intreat: we are made as the filth of the world, and are the offscouring of all things." (1 Cor. iv. 11—13.) We are become "all things to all men." (1 Cor. ix. 22.)

Was not that a sad welcoming that he and his followers got in the world? Christ owned all his members; but they were flouted at and frowned upon while here, and ever will be. You know that the mother will not let her own child want; but cares not so much how long her step-children are both naked and nigh to starving with hunger, because she is a step-mother. So the world is a step-mother to Christ and all his children; it grieves not to see them naked, poor, and hungry, persecuted and heart-broken.

I like it not when the world handles you as her own children, and casts a piece to you when you weep. Better be God's sons, and the world's step-children, than the world's darlings. I love it not ill that all God's children get a hard bed and ill cheer in this world. Christ had not a house amongst them; they would not give him a drink of water in his thirst; they would not welcome him and his doctrine; they gave him but cold cheer when he came to the house of his friends. David was once where he could neither get bread nor water in the wilderness, and said, "I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were." Abraham dwelt in a tent; and Jacob was a herdman to Laban, a broken stranger, and was glad to lodge in the fields, with a stone under his head for a pillow. Israel lodged during forty years in

the wilderness, like the beggars, not two nights in one place. Moses had neither father nor mother to bring him up. Christ and his disciples could not get a lodging in Samaria. Woe worth Esau, but the world plays him a slip, and makes him sell his birthright for his breakfast. I think all God's children may call the world a strange and foreign place; but they must e'en take it as they find it, as their Master did before them.

Let us carry ourselves like the good-natured stranger, who resolves never to quarrel nor fight with his host, howbeit his meat be ill and his reckoning dear, and he have to sleep on a straw bed. He says, "What matter for this very brief time? I will never make a noise about it, for I am but to stay for a night." Surely Christ and his spouse get but a cot-house and a straw bed here. See ye not how all the wicked have their horns out against him and his silly lambs? They are chasing them from one kingdom to another, and hunting them out at the town's end; just as though you saw a poor man going through a town, sad, weary, and hungry, and this blackguard and that blackguard hounds their dogs at him; the poor man is glad to get away with a whole skin. Christ and his dear children are going through this world, sad, weary, and heart-broken; and the in-dwellers of this city send out all their dogs after them. O, if ye were at home! O, fie! sleep not on this enchanted ground. I dare say that Cain, Saul, and Judas, have little reason to speak well of it, but to say, as men say of a dear bargain, "Woe be to it; we spent much upon it, but got little good from it." Esau may say, "I lost my soul for a breakfast in it." Judas may say, "Woe worth it; for I lost my soul in it for thirty pieces of silver." All men may say, "We got a crack in our conscience for our pleasures, and all was but vanity; a broken tooth, a snow-ball, a feather." Alas! that we should love it so well, make it our darling, and sit down upon it! Elijah was a heart-broken man, and would fain have been out of the world. Job was in it like an old ship, that gets a dash on this rock and that rock, and would fain have been hidden in the grave. Daniel was a poor, persecuted man, and a captive under the enemy's feet. And what should I say of the rest? They all met with ill cheer in the world (see Heb. xi 38), "Of whom the world was not worthy; they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth," and there had no light. John the Baptist lived in the wilderness, a friendless man; and at last they took off his head.

It is good if the old ship comes in at the port ere she be driven all to pieces. If a man were riding through his enemies, and everyone shooting at him, he would spur his horse fast till he came upon his own ground. I think the believer's poor soul is like a ship among rocks; it gets dash after dash. O that we were in Christ's good sea-room! then we should defy them all.

S. RUTHERFORD.

DEATH is a friend of grace, and the enemy of nature — *Dodd.*

A FEW THOUGHTS ON PATIENCE.

BY J. KAY.

(Continued from page 212.)

I CAN assure thee, O soul, that patience is a thing not for thee to play with ; like some toy that thou mayest play with, and then put away, and then take down again for thy entertainment and amusement. I have heard of some speaking of patience as if it was some fine toy made for grown-up children to play with. No such thing. It has to do with the hatred and wrath as well as the love of Almighty God in Christ. "What ! is there hatred and wrath in Christ ? We thought it was all love in Christ !" So it is all love in Christ to crucified men, crucified to the flesh and to the world, and the world unto them. "Thou hatest the deeds of the Nicolaitanes, which I also hate." (Rev. ii. 6.) So that Christ hates. And we read of "the wrath of the Lamb." So that Christ here has both wrath and hatred. Hast thou, O believer, a communion, oneness, and fellowship with Christ, both in wrath and hatred ? Then if thou hast, thou has need of patience ; for thou wilt hate thyself more than all things and men in the whole world. "If any man hateth not his own life, he cannot be my disciple," says Christ. The world is a Sodom and Gomorrah in God's account ; to be burnt up, and all the works that are therein. Did Lot vex his righteous soul in Sodom by seeing their unlawful deeds ? So does every godly man, as Lot, see so many evils in himself and in the world around him, that he is vexed in the new man of his heart sincerely thereby, day by day ! O, it is a hard thing to be genuinely vexed before the living and true God, searching the heart and reins, day by day ! It is indeed. It is like the sheep being slaughtered, and yet taking it patiently ! which I have quoted from the Pilgrim's Progress. O it is a difficult thing to hate thyself for all thy slips and falls in heart and mind, secretly before God ! A wandering eye ; a wandering feeling ; there is no end to indwelling sin ! The heart (the vitals) of a man is deceit and desperate wickedness ! O the dreadful malady of indwelling sin ! Earthly-mindedness ; indifference towards God ; admiration of vanity ; attachment to things that will not profit and cannot deliver ; innumerable evils ; folly ; baseness ; a tendency to backslide ; a restiveness towards that which is good ; readiness to start aside ; flinching from good ; aptness to side with the devil and with sin ; a wonderful deadness Godward and towards divine things ; an unwillingness to die and be absent from the body ; preferring to live here rather than go to heaven ;—these, and a thousand other evils make it a needs-be for Christ in love to lay tribulation upon us, to wean us from this deceitful world, which promises so much and performs so little of true, lasting, and solid joy. It is so indeed. We are deceitful creatures, desperately deceitful. The earth is deceitful ; concerning which, after the fall of Adam and the consequent entrance of sin, God did most solemnly declare that it should bring

forth thorns and briars and thistles. "Cursed is the ground for thy sake." (Gen. iii. 17.)

"The joy that fades is not for me.
No more I ask or hope to find
Delight or happiness below!
Sorrow may well possess the mind
That feeds where thorns and thistles grow."

We are slow to learn these things; and obstinate, unconverted, non-elected men, never are to learn them. They are without chastisement, and gladly and in preference sell any wish of the heavenly inheritance for the pottage of "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life." The truth is, this world is a wilderness, and we are slow to believe it, and slow to act upon it as if we did believe it. God cursed the ground after man fell; and we endeavour to make a paradise out of the world, which, in the very ground we walk upon (for God never wholly took it off yet) is under the curse. (Rom. viii. 22, 23.) That curse bids the contemplative, spiritual mind seek for joys elsewhere than in this wilderness. O slow of heart that we are to believe these things! At least I know I am, and I can see everyone else is. A leaden weight of magic and enchantment is upon us, fastening us in our affections to this world for bliss. How slow we are to let it go! How slow we are to turn our attention to the life to come, for lasting, solid, and satisfying joys! How slow we are to turn our attention to Christ *now* as the hope of glory, the fairest among ten thousand, the true riches, and the only hope, when all the "ends of the earth" (the end of earthly bliss, the shadowy nature of everything under the sun—the emptiness, unsatisfying nature, and in some degree *polluted* nature of every lawful pleasure) are seen! But patience comes in here to the elect of God to their help. They are "saddled," as Berridge says, with tribulation. "Every (spiritual) man shall bear his own burden." Christ burdens us, in order to stop that frenzied pursuit of earthly bliss which never can be won. We chase and hunt after worldly pleasures, and what are they all? A crucified God forbids us (the elect) running after the vain, deceitful, and lying vanities of the flesh and the world.

"For love of me the Son of God
Drain'd every drop of vital blood.
Long time I after idols ran,
But now my God's a martyr'd man."

The bleeding wounds of God the Saviour forbid that we should strive to manufacture bliss from what cost him his life. He died to "deliver us from this present evil world; and are we to fondle the serpent that stung him to death? Are we to vainly hope for bliss from the broken and polluted cisterns of this life? Is "all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, not of the Father?" and are we to clasp them to our bosom, and extract our bliss therefrom? These

things are solemn, though they may have a flinty aspect. But they have a more enticing aspect (namely, in crucifixion and self-denial) than the muddy and disturbing pleasures of flesh and blood, which are not without sin. However, I believe spiritual people are, with Paul, brought to "die daily." They are brought to see how often "flesh and blood" rob them of their better joys—how these too often mar the sweetness and heavenly bliss of spiritual things. They are brought to see how frequently they are spoiled and vexed by carnality robbing them of the unsullied delights of paradise *begun* in their souls. "Ye cannot serve two masters." This serving two masters is one cause of the insipid, lukewarm, backsliding, and sickly state of the religion of the present day. "Strengthen the things which remain that are ready to die." How sleepy, backsliding, heavy, and dull of hearing, are God's people now-a-days! Newspapers, sight-seeing, vain conversation on the Lord's day, conformity to the world, inordinate affection, effeminacy, or loving of their own selves, unwillingness to endure afflictions or to go through hardships, indulging themselves in delicacy, ornaments and trifles, aping the world, holding the world and Christ, one in each hand, craving after money in trade, &c., not to do good with, but to pamper self in one way or other, in nursing their children in pride, making provision for the flesh in one way or another, restlessly to fulfil the lusts thereof—alas! will not all these things, or any of them, rob a spiritual soul? But, however, the backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways. Leanness, barrenness, and death, are the rewards to a spiritual person, in being allowed to "sow to the flesh." And sure I am that tribulation and patience (though a flinty road to the flesh) is more thickly strewed with bliss than the *mixture*, jumbled together, of serving two masters. Watchfulness, prayer, self-denial, taking up (and not merely carrying when laid upon us) of one's cross every day, is a more fruitful path than serving two masters. Fighting (and not lying down bewildered with the opium of Satan, backsliding, and self-indulgence) more becomes a soldier of Christ. "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world," is pared away and frittered away now-a-days; it is, say people, to be understood with limitations. I wonder what John Bunyan would say, if he were now alive, to the present state of religion, who, rather than attend the Church of England or use its Prayer Book, so cried up by the mixed multitude of professors now-a-days, would choose to lie twelve years in a loathsome prison; and the prisons in his time were horrible places! O divine patience! how thou art much set at nought, being worked by tribulation! "Correct me," is a prayer not much used in these times. "Despising chastisement," that is, thinking it of no value; thinking it a good thing when we are able to give it the slip; thinking chastisement, that *patience* has to do with, an old, an antiquated thing, that bastards (and these are without chastisement) can, and desire to, do without. As the poet has very truthfully said—

“Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.”

No. Tribulation gives in patience a healthy tinge to religion, and we shall have no more trouble than what we are to have, and what is good for us. It sweeps down all the spiders' webs of earthly idolatries; and I can tell you that God is not pleased with idolatries. Idolatry or any inordinate affection will produce a sickly state of soul in a spiritual person.

Tribulation and patience, under grace, “trim our lamps,” and make them burn bright. How much brighter fire is in frost and snow, and amid ice, than in the sultry and cloying warmth of the stillness of summer, when scarce a breath blows. The truth is that it is neither all summer nor all winter spiritually with a Christian. Yet this I will be bold to say, that he is always, or wishes to be, either fighting or watching. He has suffered enough from the devil and indwelling sin and its wiles, in the world and in himself, to wish to be off his guard. O how the Christian has suffered, and does suffer, from fresh-contracted guilt on his poor conscience! Therefore he is brought to desire to be constantly upon his watch-tower or to be equipped against all the wiles and temptations of the adversary. He knows that Christ is the precious Captain of his salvation, and he also knows that he is not a hard master. The saint knows Christ is not an austere man, gathering where he did not strew. No; the saint loves Christ.

“His willing footsteps move
In his delightful ways;”

“Pleas'd with a journey to the skies.”

O the delights and glories of Paradise, that the elect have tasted of, make them sweetly inquire the way to Zion or to heaven. Say they, “O that our footsteps were so directed as to keep thy gospel's track! O that we could leave the field of this world for the devil's people, who have their portion in this life, to roam in!” Now I can assure you that patience is needed to be honest in these things. It is indeed. To have “a single eye” about these things is no easy matter. “Choose ye whom ye will serve. If the Lord be God, serve him; but if Baal, serve him.” O it is a difficult thing to be on the Lord's side; but the difficulty is the glory. You do not gather up gold in the streets. So these things, in a spiritual realization, inwardly, of Christ, are immensely valuable for eternity. Gird up thy loins then (that is, may grace enable thee, or else nothing is done to any purpose); may grace enable thee to lift up thy eyes and see the heavenly prize. May grace show thee that loiterers never won it yet. May grace enable thee to pass the time of thy sojourning here, in this world, in gracious fear, and not in carnal security; and mayest thou have a goodly portion! For Moses had an eye to the recompense of the reward, Christ; and counted the reproach of patience, tribulation, and sorrow, for the sake of

Christ, the self-existent God and crucified Man of Sorrows in one glorious person, Jesus of Nazareth, who was laughed at by the profane, but worshipped forever by angels and all the *only* good and gracious men—counting these as greater treasures (as sure as the Bible is true, and as sure as there is a heaven and hell), greater than, beyond, and far exceeding in nature, duration, effects, and degree, all the treasures of the Egypt of this present world in which we live.

In conclusion, I shall make another extract from the Pilgrim's Progress. "Then they had them to some new places. The first was mount Marvel, where they looked, and beheld a man at a distance that tumbled the hills about with words. Then they asked the shepherds what that should mean. So they told them that that man was the son of one Mr. Great-grace, and he is set down there to teach pilgrims how to believe, or to tumble out of their ways what difficulties they should meet with, by faith."

This is accomplished by being enabled in prayer, etc., to look vitally into Christ's finished work (without our works), and being enabled thence—not for any part of salvation at all before the living God, which is in Christ alone—to bring forth suitable evangelical fruits and effects, not of merit, but of gratitude and love, that perfectly abhor merit; and amid which will be shown us that, though our own spirit, self-will, a bad spirit, and rebellion, will be felt terribly by us, yet that these will only bring us into a dry land, and that the conquering of these evils in us is part of the "victory," in fighting, inwardly and outwardly, which the vital "faith of God's elect" has to accomplish in us. This may show us the needs-be there is for a union with the cross as well as the crown, if we would ever walk in peace and gospel equity with Christ. For prayer against the will of God will never be heard. As, therefore, in the same degree as we are not enabled to have an agreement with Christ, we are so far against him. Rebellion against Christ is like the sin of witchcraft, it will put all in the soul so far into disorder. Entreating, supplications, watching, waiting and persevering importunity, and submissive, persevering, humble inquiries, etc. (the branches in prayer), will, like to the man on mount Marvel, enable us, in Christ's strength, to go through the wilderness of this world, by getting some evils removed, and by being enabled for our good in chastisement, etc., to endure others. And as all things are to work together for every saint's good, may grace and light from Christ in thy soul strengthen thee to follow Christ in the Regeneration. May he enable thee to listen to the dictates of Christ's Spirit, evangelically, which are always in accordance with Holy Scripture. May the insufficiency and abhorrence of thy own righteousness shine! And may the righteousness and sanctification of Christ in his finished work thus be imputed to thee! Thence as the Heavenly Fountain from which alone all good is to any of the human race; thence may thou derive fervency and gracious striving "that thou mayest stand complete and perfect in all the will of God!"

All, I say; not some merely. May Christ enable thee to have "a circumcised ear" to understand these things, and have them graciously fulfilled in thee, that thou mayest not merely pass all thy life (as some foolish ones do overmuch) in murmurings, quarrellings, and disputings against God; but that Christ may reign in thy heart. Submission, resignation, contentment, and agreement, through grace, will be a means of softening the way of thy walking with Christ. Remember, patience thus will sweeten the cross, and rebellion will make it heavier. Patience will draw thee and the holy Jesus into closer strings of divine union, manifestation, friendship, and sympathy. Thou and a crucified God will be more in manifestation so understood by thee; and Christ is the Creator of the world, therefore all our proper ideas of beauty are even of and from himself, the Creator. "For strength and beauty are in his sanctuary." (Ps. xcvi. 6.) This will make thee have a luscious sense of the glory, as Moses had, of being enabled to suffer with so glorious a Being; and will make thee feel that rebels are in a dry land; and that suffering according to the will of God, though for the present grievous, will charm, and cause thee to admire the mercy of God that led thee in a tribulative path to cut off the sprigs of ignorance, pride, and of over esteem of self; and to esteem the reproach, sufferings, and cross of Christ, in an inward cross and crown felt in thy soul, to beautify the flinty and thorny track, leading thee thus from the sickly over-indulged delights of flesh and blood, to the glorious delights laid up for thee, and sensibly now, in part, given to thee by Christ's righteousness. And though like Job thou wilt, melancholy to relate, have plenty of rebellion for the precious blood of Christ to wash away, yet, as I have said, thou wilt find rebellion to have a sting, and to bring thee into a dry land. This, in an undergoing of Christ's sovereign will towards thee, is the path to bliss. While on the one hand, Christ the Sovereign Good will be glorified—so, on the other, thy soul will, through rich, unmerited grace, thus be assuming, as Christ's workmanship of "himself in thee," a healthy and thriving state; for "as tribulations abound, consolations shall abound." And who is made glad except he that is made sorry? May God enable thee, O soul, not to be slothful, but diligent to the greatest extent possible, "that thou mayest go in and possess the land" where tribulation in every shadow of it will be ended; "for the former things are then passed away;" where God shall wipe away all tears and where he shall lead thee by the springs of joy. Such is the end of patience, and of tribulation that works it, to all the elect of God; for all else are to come short. All the "almost" Christians will find themselves shut out, and that "the elect have obtained this prize, and that the rest were blinded."

FRIENDSHIP proved at the cost of another's life, wants nothing more to prove the depth and genuineness of the friendship.—A.C.N.

LETTER OF THE LATE JOHN WARBURTON.

Southill, June 4th, 1881.

My dear Friend,—If thy hand and heart are open and free to receive as mine are to communicate, of the things of which I have seen, which I have tasted, and have handled of the word of life, the following scrap will be received in much spiritual affection. I find but few with whom my soul can have real spiritual fellowship. Worms can have fellowship with worms, babes with babes, if only in desires and cries. One cripple can sympathize with another. The poor can associate with the poor; even the dumb may confer together by some signs known to themselves; and the peevish, the fretful, the discontented, may bewail together. The above is a faint sketch of my likeness. Do they in any way resemble the features of your own soul as to its exercises? The old proverb is, that “birds of a feather flock together.” I have a desire to set before my fellow worm some of the creepings of my mind. And if there be a little dew of heaven upon my crawlings, my sister worm will come out of her hole. There is nothing like dew to fetch worms out of their lurking places. The words which did this morning set my soul creeping, were these: “Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy King cometh unto thee: he is just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass.” (Zech. ix. 9.) Only let it be known that the Queen on a certain day intends to enter the city of London; immediately the inhabitants are all alive, and vie with each other in showing their loyalty in giving her Majesty a hearty welcome. Triumphal arches are raised, banners unfurled, streamers being lifted high float in the air, and the air is rent with the acclamations of the people. An address is presented to her Majesty, humbly acknowledging, in grateful language, the high esteem which the inhabitants have of her Royal Majesty in her condescension to visit them. A grand banquet is prepared, and some have the honour to banquet with her Majesty. But all such rejoicing is only to welcome at most a fellow creature like ourselves, subject to death, and that must shortly fall a prey to its jaws. What expressions of joy, shoutings of triumph, manifestations of gladness, joy, and peace, singing and clapping of hands (Ps. xlvii.), when the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, our Saviour (1 Tim. i. 17, Jude 25) enters into Zion. A multitude of the heavenly host praise God, saying, “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men.” On his first step towards his people, when but an infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger, they did hymn forth his praises. Wonderful child! under the veil of his holy infant flesh was concealed “The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father.” A child of a day old, and at the same time the great Creator of all things! His goings forth are from everlasting. (Micah v. 2.) The prophet there speaketh of his

birth at Bethlehem, and his eternal generation, and distinguishes the one from the other. "But thou, Beth-lehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting"—from the days of eternity. Pause a moment. Consider the strangeness of this event. Now let us in spirit go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing that has come to pass, which the Lord hath made known to us, and hath given us faith to acknowledge. There in a stable I behold the God-honoured virgin, the wonderful mother. She has just brought forth her wonderful Son, and has carefully laid him in a manger; now she takes her dear loved one, and gives him nature's nourishment; at the same time, underneath meanness, weakness, and poverty, she beholds her Son nourishing and upholding herself and all the universe. Rejoice, then, my sister, for thy King cometh to thee in the garment of humanity. When his august Majesty entered Jerusalem in the days of his flesh, a very great multitude spread their garments in the way, and the multitudes that went before and that followed, cried, "Hosanna; blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest." When he was come into Jerusalem, all the city was moved, saying, Who is this? We answer, It is our Lord; we will not restrain our adoration; the eye of our enlightened faith beholds in this holy, royal infant, God! God to be adored! God reigneth everlastingly! Blessed sight! We see that God becomes one flesh with his church! What blessed tidings! Our Brother, Prophet, Priest, and King, reigns on a throne that will never pass away. We need both sovereign grace and eternal love to secure our happiness. Could Jesus cease to reign, we should cease to be blessed; and if he was not God, and therefore eternal, this must be. Again, he comes by his Spirit into the heart, having salvation. The blessed fact of his having salvation makes his presence so desirable. That is deliverance of every kind; not only the salvation which finally lands us in glory, but all the minor rescues of the way. We must not omit one thing; it will be needful. If in his coming he is thus welcome, we must be plunged into trials, troubles, and distress, which only himself can deliver from. His own arm must bring salvation; our danger, the peril into which we are sometimes cast, calls alone for help. The cry of distress from a child enters the heart of a loving father. A father cannot be silent when his child is in danger. God will not let his darling perish in the jaws of lion-like troubles; he will arise and deliver his poor oppressed ones. Trials bring us down into a low place. In affliction we are apt to look upon ourselves as utterly friendless, having no protector or deliverer. This hopeless state brings forth a deep, sorrowful, heart-distressing sigh. Now, don't despise a sigh, for our sighs and groanings are the intercession of the Spirit in us. Be it remarked, God in the first place sends affliction, on purpose to root up all our supposed wisdom, strength,

and satisfaction in passing things. Now comes real need. We now rank among the needy, in want of every thing grace provides. We feel pinched on every hand; fears set hard upon us, and tell us we shall perish in our extreme poverty—so poor, as not to be able to pray, so distressed that we cannot even read the word, so bewildered in hearing that we cannot listen to the oration of a God-sent man; we feel like a wild waste, open to the insults of all. A gloomy valley this; sure it must be Achor! Now comes the Spirit in his mighty work. He stirs up in us ardent groans, longings, wishes, causing the sluices of the eyes to be opened; they overflow with tears of distress. This dark closet contains the God of salvation. "Rejoice, O afflicted daughter of Zion: shout, O troubled daughter of Jerusalem! Behold, thy God cometh unto thee, having salvation!" Now, in this salvation there is a display of God's wisdom, power, love, and faithfulness. "God did tempt Abraham." Abraham's God, that in all the trials of his life had been the God of his comfort, now, in his commands, is the cause of inexpressible grief to the good man; commands at once startling to human nature; righteousness and mercy revolt from the thing; God commands it: "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, and offer him up for a burnt offering." Must my faith, my Jesus, my peace, my God, my hope, my all, be burnt to ashes (for all was in Isaac)? O, mysterious trial! However, God commands. He that commands gives faith and strength to perform; and then crowns Abraham for doing what grace helped him to perform. See the rescue. "Lay not thine hand upon the lad, for now I know that thou fearest God; seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me." Now God provides a sacrifice of another description. And from his thus coming to the dear man, having salvation, there springs a new name that is worthy of his God—"Jehovah Jireh." An oath rises out of this dark providence. Saith the Lord: "By myself have I sworn, that in blessing, I will bless thee; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed," because thou hast obeyed my voice.

I am sure the Lord's people are no losers by the trials they endure. Our trials make us try God's word, and God's word tries us. What for? That we may come forth as gold. God has his times of deliverance, and his children must wait until his time comes; for then he will finish his work, not before. But the time appointed seems long. There is a trying word, and a delivering word. They will surely follow one the other. Come, Lord Jesus; come with thy salvation. When the soul is brought down to the lowest point, timely need is then earnestly sought. The soul in pressing needs is urgent with God: "Make haste to help me, O Lord, my salvation."

Sorrow quickens the importunity. Here is one of the sweet results of affliction. It gives new life to our pleading, and drives us with eagerness to our God. Truth as a whole is a beautiful

chain, connected link by link. Grief shall lead us on to prayer; answers to prayer shall lead to gratitude; gratitude will lead to humbleness; humbleness will lead to peace; peace will lead to joy; joy will lead to the God of Salvation; and God will lead to joy unspeakable and full of glory.

With this golden chain may the neck of our faith be adorned, that the King may be ravished with it, and that he may greatly desire our beauty.

The Lord bless thee with the lot of the righteous, is the desire of yours in much spiritual love,

JOHN WARBURTON.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

BY DR. GILL.

THIS is a song in which the bride and bridegroom, with their friends and companions, and daughters of Jerusalem, bear their several parts; and it being a divine song, is, no doubt, intended for the glorifying of Christ, the cheering and refreshing of his church, and also the edification of others; for it is the duty of saints to be "teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; singing with grace in their hearts to the Lord." I shall not enter into the consideration of the controversy, whether singing the praises of God vocally is an ordinance to be used under the New Testament, though I firmly believe it to be so; nay, that it is one of the most noble and most glorious branches of religious worship, it being that which comes nearest to the employment of saints in a glorified state, and requires a great deal of light, knowledge, experience, faith, and love to perform in a right way and manner; nor shall I need to observe those several cases of conscience concerning singing, which have a very good solution from this song; such as these, namely, whether the distressed cases of God's children may be sung, or they sing when in distressed circumstances; whether complaints of their sins, failings, and infirmities may be put into their songs; whether cases different from theirs, yea, such as they have not attained unto, may be sung; as also whether it is lawful to sing the praises of God in mixed assemblies; all which may be answered in the affirmative, and for which this song affords a sufficient foundation, the church here bringing her sorrows and distresses into this song as well as her comforts and privileges, chap. i. 6, and iii. 1, and v. 7, nay, her sins and failings, chap. i. 5, 6, and v. 2-4. Very different cases are also here sung; yea, such, which, if taken in a strict sense, she had not fully attained to, as in chap. viii. 12. Moreover, she sings in the presence of, and joins with the virgins and daughters of Jerusalem, who seemed in a great measure to be ignorant of Christ, chap. v. 8, 9, and vi. 8-10. I proceed more particularly to consider the nature and subject of this song; which,

1st. Is not a celebration of the amours between Solomon and Pharaoh's daughter, which has been the opinion of some; for there are some things in it which are spoken of this bridegroom, which cannot be applied to Solomon, as that he was both a *king* and a *shepherd*, as in chap. i. 4, compared with v. 7, that he was his wife's brother, and she his sister, chap. v. 2, and viii. 1. Nor is it likely that Solomon would ever give such commendations of himself as are mentioned in chap. v. 10, &c. There are also many things spoken of the bride which by no means agree with Pharaoh's daughter, as that she was a *keeper of the vineyards*, chap. i. 6, and yet a *prince's daughter*, chap. vii. 1; that she should be represented as running about the streets in the night, unattended, chap. iii. 2; and be exposed to the blows and contempt of the watchmen, chap. v. 7; besides, several of the descriptions here given of her, if taken in a literal sense, would rather make her appear to be a monster than a beauty, as chap. iv. 1-5, and chap. vii. 1-5; all which agree very well when understood of Christ and his church. Nor,

2ndly. Is it typical; that is to say, this book does not express the amours and marriage of Solomon and Pharaoh's daughter as typical of that inexpressible love and marriage-union between Christ and his church; it is true, there is some resemblance between natural and spiritual marriage, as is manifest from Eph. v. 23-32; nor is it altogether to be denied that Solomon was a type of Christ, in some respects, in his marriage of that person; but that this book is a nuptial song composed by him on that occasion, and that in such a manner, as at the same time also to be expressive of the love of Christ to his church, must be denied; for Solomon's marriage with Pharaoh's daughter was at least twenty years before this book was written, as appears from chap. vii. 4, where mention is made of the *tower of Lebanon*, by which seems to be meant, *the house of the forests of Lebanon*, or some tower near unto it; now he was seven years in building the temple, 1 Kings vi. 38, and thirteen more in building the temple, 1 Kings vii. 1, after which he built this, verse 2. From hence it may be reasonably concluded that this book was not penned on any such occasion; for Solomon would never write a nuptial song twenty years after his marriage, which should have been sung on the day of his marriage. Nor,

3rdly. Is this book prophetic, expressing the state of the church and kingdom of Christ in the several ages of the world, with regard to particular historical facts and events, which had befallen or should befall it, either under the Old or New Testament dispensation; this way indeed go most of the Jewish interpreters, who have been followed by many Christian writers, though with more judgment and greater regard to the analogy of faith, as well as to the times of the New Testament, and who consider this book as describing the state of the church of God, whether the church under the legal dispensation, from the times of David and Solomon, and before, and in, and after the captivity to the

birth and death of Christ; or the church under the gospel dispensation, in its beginning, progress, various changes, and consummation. Others interpret this book as pointing to the several ages and periods of the Christian church, in agreement with the seven churches of Asia. But hereby the book is made liable to arbitrary, groundless, and uncertain conjectures, as well as its usefulness for the instruction and consolation of believers, in a great measure, is laid aside; for then such and such parts of it, which regard the church and believers in such an age or period of time, can only be applied to them that lived at that time, and not to others; whereas all, and every part of this song, the first as well as the last, is applicable to believers in all ages of the world, which is a manifest proof that it cannot be historical or prophetic. But

4thly. The whole is figurative and allegorical, abounding with a variety of lively metaphors and allusions to natural things, and so may be illustrated by the various things of nature, from whence the metaphors are taken, and to which the illusions be, and by the language and behaviour of natural lovers to each other, and which are to be observed in love-poems, though here expressed more decently and beautifully. This divine poem sets forth in a most striking manner the mutual love, union, and communion, which are between Christ and his church; also expresses the several different frames, cases, and circumstances which attend believers in this life; so that they can come into no state or condition, but here is something in this song suited to their experience; which serves much to recommend it to believers, and discovers the excellency of it. Which

5thly. Comes next to be considered, it being called the *Song of songs* for this reason, because it is the most excellent of songs; so the *holy of holies* is used for the most holy, and the *King of kings* and *Lord of lords* for the greatest King and chiefest Lord. This song is more excellent than all human songs; there is no comparison between them, either in the subject, style, or manner of composition. It has the ascendant of all those thousand and five songs which Solomon himself made, of which we read 1 Kings iv. 32, nay, is preferable to all scriptural songs, the subject of it being wholly and purposely the love of Christ to his church. Its style is lovely and majestic; the manner of its composition neat and beautiful; and the matter of it full and comprehensive, being suited to all believers and their several cases. This song indeed contains all others in it, and has nothing wanting and deficient therein. The Jews, in their ancient book of Zohar, say that "this song comprehends the whole law; the whole work of the creation; the secret of the fathers; the captivity of Egypt, and the coming out of Israel from thence; the song that was sung at the sea; the covenant of Mount Sinai; the journey of the Israelites through the wilderness; their entrance into the land of Canaan; the building of the temple; the crown of the holy name; the captivity of Israel among the nations, and their

redemption; the resurrection of the dead; and the sabbath of the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come."

6thly. The author or penman of this song is said to be Solomon; *the Song of songs, which is Solomon's*; that is, which is of or concerning Solomon, as the words may be rendered; and so respect the subject of this song, which is Christ, the true Solomon, of whom Solomon was an eminent type. Now, it is he that this song treats of; the transcendent glories and excellencies of his person, his inexpressible love unto, care of, and concern for his church and people, together with the nearness of access unto and sweet communion and fellowship with himself, which he indulges them with, are here particularly expressed and set forth, so that it may well be called *the Song of songs*, which is concerning Solomon; though perhaps the words may regard Solomon as the author and penman of it, who was used by the Holy Ghost as his amanuensis therein, which was no small honour to him. His wisdom, riches, and grandeur did not set him above an employment of this nature; nay, his being concerned herein was a greater honour to him than all the rest. It may not be amiss here to observe that his royal title, as *King of Israel*, is here omitted, which yet is put at the beginning of both his other books, *Proverbs* and *Ecclesiastes*. The reason may be, either because such a title, expressive of majesty, would not as well have suited a *song of loves*; or else it is purposely omitted lest he should be thought to be the *king*, so frequently spoken of in this song; or rather because that the subject of this song is *the King of kings*; and therefore, whilst he is speaking of *the things* which he had made *touching the king*, he lays aside his own royal title, veils his majesty, and casts his crown at the feet of him by whom *kings reign* and *princes decree justice*. The time of his writing this book does not appear very manifest; some think that he wrote it in his youthful days, the subject being love, and the manner of its writing being poetry, both which the youthful age mostly inclines to and delights in; but it appears from what has been already said, that it was not written until twenty years after his marriage, when he could not be a very young man; and so might be written in the middle part of his life, when in the most flourishing circumstances as to body, mind, and estate. Dr. Lightfoot is of opinion it might be written in the thirtieth year of his reign, about ten years before his death, after he had built his summer-house in Lebanon, to which he supposes he alludes in chap. iv. 3, and vii. 4, and upon his bringing Pharaoh's daughter to the house prepared for her, 1 Kings ix. 24. The Jewish chronologer says that the books of Proverbs, the Song of songs, and Ecclesiastes, were all written in his old age, and indeed the last seems to be; and perhaps he wrote this also a little before his death, after his fall and repentance, when he had had a larger discovery of the love of God unto his own soul, notwithstanding all his sins, failings, and infirmities; and so a proper person for the Holy Ghost to use in setting forth the greatness of Christ's

love to his people, and the several different states, conditions, cases, and circumstances, which they are, at one time or another, brought into in this life, of which he had had a very great experience.

“STRENGTH ENOUGH, AND NONE TO SPARE.”

January 15, 1824.

My very dear friend's epistle came safe to hand this morning, for which I thank him. The contents were in due season. God hath promised he will confirm the word of his servants, and perform the counsel of his messengers. I can say of a truth that this, in measure, is found verified in me. Walking out this afternoon as usual in my private paths, I was, in a very unexpected manner, ere I was aware, attracted as by a small still voice, which drew my attention, and the more I attended to it, the clearer it seemed to be. Many passages of Scripture were brought to my remembrance, which engaged my thoughts and meditations. The first that occurred was that which was related of those women, when David returned from the slaughter of the Philistines, singing and dancing, in meeting king Saul with tabrets, &c. : “Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands.” This sorely displeased Saul; nor can I think any other, but the same effect will be seen whenever the publication of our correspondence comes forth, though the characters of those who may feel it are very opposite from Saul. I was going to observe, that what struck my mind was this: The Lord knows I have groaned and grieved times without number while walking; I have felt such worldly-mindedness, such carnality, being “earthly, sensual, devilish”—no affection set on things above, and no more ascending in heart and thoughts to God than lead itself could ascend from the earth to the skies. These had been my wretched feelings, beyond what I can describe; but the change at this season was so palpable and certain, that all the people in the world could not persuade me to the contrary. My mind had been led also to think of the work Nehemiah had been called to; what opposition he found from Sanballat, Tobiah, and others, and how the work was despised by their speaking contemptuously of it; nor do I think that anything less is now going on against your publishing, though it be from God's own dear people; this is very different from coming from the ungodly; and this may be clearly seen in what Samson says to the men of Judah: “Swear unto me, that you will not fall upon me yourselves.” Nevertheless, may God keep us regardless of all this, though it be from our brethren, the saints of God; and although the appearance at present, from the work, be “no bigger than a man's hand,” yet surely there will be seen that which will abundantly satisfy. “Now faith is the substance of things hoped for,” and blessed was she who believed, for there was the performance of that which was told

her from the Lord; and blessed are all those now who have not seen, yet do believe. I am constrained to believe and make known that there will be greater things seen and come to pass some day, as surely as Nathanael found it, from what the Lord had said to him. I have found, at times, that I am kept very quiet under what one and the other are pleased to say of you and myself, that it amounts not to the weight of a feather; and here I can but view it as a particular favour to be so kept, being not only irritable in body, but also in spirit; this is natural to me.

I have found some sweetness in having my mind brought to meditate upon what Jehoshaphat received after the Spirit of the Lord came upon a certain Levite, and what he said to the king and others, and how that word was credited, and what came to pass. I certainly received instruction and satisfaction from the account, which showed me that I had nothing to do but let the Lord work; it appeared clearly, at present, that my place was to stand still, and, like Manoah and his wife, look on. And this I can say, I would not wish to put my hand, nay, nor move even my little finger to hasten the work, in any other way than the Almighty himself may do, for that would obscure, darken, and deaden the whole. The more the Lord's hand is seen the better, but where there is most of man's, the worse. If it pleased the Lord, I should be glad to be kept as passive as clay, well knowing that he will work, and none shall let or hinder him. "His counsel shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure," however poor, weak, and proud man oppose. With reverence I speak it, and were it not Scripture should not so speak: "the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men." This morning, before I was up, my poor daughter Rebecca came to me with her mind greatly burdened, and had been for some time. I seemed as if I could give her no advice touching how she should proceed, yet did believe from the spirit she was under, that she would soon find relief, for I was not alarmed, though it was evident enough that the trial she was under caused great anxiety. I felt my spirit much going out for her that the Lord would appear, and really could not help concluding that an answer would be granted, which came to pass, as she afterwards told me. This was a satisfaction to me, as you may suppose, for really her trouble was the means which the Lord made use of to stir up my mind to cry for her, so that it proved a mutual blessing and profit, and though I may not find that in all things I am instructed, yet surely I can safely say that in some things it is so, and must needs admit that I have found great pleasure in what hath taken place, for, as the saying is, *one good turn deserves another*; not that we have it in our power to render it, yet when it pleases the Lord so to act, it ought to be acknowledged. When my daughter came from London, she was the means of gladdening my heart, by speaking so seasonably as she did, when I was greatly oppressed; and divers ways and means the Lord will have for it so to be, else it would

not be left upon record, "Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not;" and O! how encouraging to those who are full of fears, doubts, and distrust, to find so often in Scripture, where continually is spoken—"Fear not, fear not." This is quite suitable to the subjects of fear. The Lord is pleased to give Rebecca great courage and fortitude to meet what she does. I am persuaded he will stand by her, and give her that mouth and wisdom, that none of her opposers shall be able to gainsay or resist.

You may wonder that nothing has come from me lately, touching my bodily affliction; but the truth is, I have had other things to consider and to occupy my mind, so that the one hath been, in great measure, out of sight, though not gone in feeling; the lesser ought to give way for the greater. Poor Joseph's dreams were made light of by his brethren, but not by his father; though a great lapse of time previous, yet there came the fulfilment, after the Lord had tried Joseph. O! my dear friend, however you may be looked upon by many of the Lord's family, he may make the last first, and this will be no surprise to me whenever it shall take place. The Lord is pleased to cross hands, as in the case of Joseph's sons. When the Patriarch laid his right hand on the younger son, and his left on the elder, this appeared not quite right to Joseph; so it comes to pass now; there are those who think it wrong, no doubt.

My friend will naturally wonder, and if I were with him, it is not unlikely he would interrogate me, touching writing so soon. Truly I had no more thought, on receiving yours, of doing what is done, than of my being King of England; but it has come to pass, showing that the Lord is a sovereign, and therefore works in a sovereign way; for as it was touching the answer Jacob gave to his father Isaac, when he brought the venison, so may I adopt the same words. When he said, "How is it that thou hast found it so quickly, my son?" His answer was, "Because the Lord thy God brought it to me;" for in this manner it was with me. After having been out for a walk, the subject still abode with me, and dwelt sweetly on my spirit. I thought in the evening I would just scratch some of the things down which had been revolving in my mind, and as I began to pen them, it was all brought to me, and much more than is contained in this letter. All this seems very wonderful to me, that under the sore temptations with which I have been harassed, there hath been a way made for my escape—"Strength enough, and none to spare." As the burning bush was not consumed, though burning with fire, even the like wonder is to be seen in me to this present moment. How unsearchable are the ways of the Lord! Yours affectionately,

J. MORRIS.

THE thoughts of communion with his saints were the joy of his heart from eternity.—*Owen*.

JESUS IN LIFE, AND JESUS IN DEATH.

Elmley, January 6, 1848.

DEAR Brothers and Sisters in the Lord Jesus,—I find a sweet pleasure in communicating with you, in hearing of you, in visiting you, and in receiving any of you, dear saints, at my place of abode, whilst it is a sweet comfort that I enjoy in thinking of you. Now, I humbly believe this to be of the Lord, amongst those unspeakable mercies and blessings for which I have such continued cause for thankfulness. Did I never find, anywhere, individuals with whom I could have sweet and precious communion; if it were my lot never to meet with souls possessed of feelings congenial with my own; if I had, in hourly solitariness, to pass away my days, without ever being permitted to open my heart and soul to any *who could respond to those openings*; “the dark places of the earth,” “the habitations of cruelty,” would fill the whole earth to me. “The dark places of the earth” and “the habitations of cruelty” are all those places where God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath *not shined into any hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ*. These are to me the dark places of the earth; these are to me “the habitations of cruelty.” Notwithstanding all that we hear in this our day of our lot being cast in “*enlightened times*,” I do not find it so. The enlightening of which we hear so much is not that wherein I can discern that true light by which alone it is I see light. How true and how full of meaning is that Scripture which says, “in thy light we see light.” That is the true light which enlighteneth our minds and understandings in the saving knowledge of Jesus, and through him in the knowledge of the only true and living God. Here it is we attain to the possession of life, even eternal life.

I never knew aught about life eternal as a reality in which I was deeply and feelingly interested till I was thus enlightened; and O what a work! so wonderful, so mysterious, yet so sure and so certain in its progress has it been, by which I have been brought to life eternal; yes, my dear friends, *life eternal!* in the midst of all the darkness—darkness that I have felt and do feel, and all of death that there is in me.

Do not you, dear saints in Christ Jesus, know something of what I mean? Do you not know of hopes, of desires, of feelings, which spring from that bringing of life and immortality to light in the knowledge of Jesus through the gospel, of which you have the witness in your own souls, as, blessed be God, I am not without a hope that I possess in mine? I did not know this in the way I now know it till *my* God, my gracious, loving God, would make me come into close contact with death in my thoughts and feelings; would make me to contemplate death, not as a distant thing, about which I need not be much concerned at present, but as in the midst of life being in death; would make me to grapple with that King of terrors; would make me come

to the real settling of that important point, "Are the truths you preach and profess—Is the Jesus you believe in—really able to help, save, and deliver you in death?" This point my God would have me to come to, but not before he had caused me to be very earnest for some time in prayer that he would make me to become conversant with death in my thoughts, that he would instruct me concerning death, that he would teach me how to die, that he would so prepare me for death, that when the dying hour should come I might be calm, composed, humbly submissive, yea, that I might find it a blessed season—the entrance into "joy unspeakable and full of glory." O, how has he in wonderful mercy led out my whole soul, at times, in prayer that I might be found, during the remainder of my days on earth, *living for death!* and in mercy as wonderful, how has he answered my cry! If I could tell you all, it would make your very hearts, dear Christian friends, leap for joy, and your tongues to resound the praises of him who is as faithful and true to himself and his word as he is kind, loving, gracious, full of tender pity and compassion, and abounding in grace to his dear chosen family. O, my dear friends, he so made his grace to pass before the eyes of my mind this morning—even as he showed his glory to Moses—that I scarcely knew how I was to continue in the body; it seemed as though it was too much for the earthly tabernacle. I poured forth my tears, while I tried to express with my lips what I inwardly felt, saw, and enjoyed of divine comfort, consolation, and joy. I have lately known nights of weeping—not nights as distinguished from days in nature's division of time, but long and dreary seasons of soul-casting-down, of doubts, fears, and misgivings, respecting what the issue of death, when it came, would be to me. I have had such fears, alarms, and consternation on this subject, that I have come to the conclusion I should, when the awful testing time came, be found to have been a hypocrite; that he who in the estimation of some had been considered among the first, would then be known and found to be of the last.

How wonderfully does God work, and how efficiently! His work is wonderful in its perfection—how perfect is it! "All his works shall praise him." I cannot take any the least part or portion of this work to myself; I cannot—no, and blessed be his name, I would not—no, I would exclaim now, in the review of it, "How wonderfully has *God* wrought!" And is not this, my dear friends, the way in which God does work? Look at Joshua, standing before the angel of the Lord, and *Satan standing at his right hand to resist him.* Mark this: Suppose Satan had not gone there at that time to resist him, there would then have been nothing more in Joshua as high priest standing before the Lord at that time than at any other; it would only have been an ordinary fulfilling of a duty belonging to his calling. But Satan stands to resist him. This resistance of Satan was not an outward resistance; it was in the inward accusations with which he is permitted, at times, so tryingly and grievously to assault us.

When it is thus with any of God's dear people, then there is no resting in the mere ordinary performance of accustomed religious services; nothing will suffice but a real manifestation of our dear "friend born for adversity"—the "friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Now see how the Lord appears for Joshua: "The Lord said unto Satan, The Lord rebuke thee." This was not by an outward voice, but by an inward movement of grace on the soul of Joshua—a manifestation of truth to Joshua's poor soul with power. "*Even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee.*" Here the blessed doctrine of sovereign, distinguishing, electing grace came to Joshua's help, but it came in the manifestations and discoveries of Jesus by the Holy Ghost to Joshua's soul. It is only as Jesus works out these deep, mysterious doctrines in his dealings with his people that we can get any real good by means of them. What a sweet way of using that fearful and mysterious truth of election was here! "*Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?*" What a discovery is this, whenever made to (and of) any of God's poor, cast down, doubting, fearing, weak, and trembling little ones! "*Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?*" Who ever did or ever could hear such a question put and answered at the same time concerning himself, except in the way of beholding Jesus, through faith, in the application of Jesus to the soul, in the power of the truth felt and realized. It is Jesus, seen by means of the faith of his own operation on the soul, and known through his own discoveries of himself; it is the truth as it is in Jesus, *made to be truth* to the cast down, anxious, inquiring, and seeking soul, by divine power; it is this only that can ever bring home to your souls individually, or mine, or to the souls of any of God's dear family, with self-felt application, this important, deeply interesting question: "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"

But the dear Lord does not stop here. There is something more to be done. The blood of Jesus must be actually applied to this poor tried soul, as a manifested brand plucked out of the fire. There must be the real application to him of the blood and righteousness of Jesus. The word must be preached with power to this soul. The blood of Jesus *cleansing from all sin* must be set forth with unction and power from the Holy One. A realizing sense of the Father's forgiveness of his sins and iniquities, through the blood of the eternal, co-equal, and only-begotten Son, must be given. "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned: for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins." "And he answered and spake unto those that stood before him, saying, *Take away the filthy garments from him.*" Here is the washing of water by the word. Here may be seen God's dear people as described by Paul, when he speaks of them as "having boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus," &c, and adds, "let us draw near with a true heart in full assur-

ance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience and our bodies washed with pure water."

But this is not all: "And unto him he said, Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee!" Here is the confirming the forgiven sinner in the blessed truth of the forgiveness of his sins, as it was in the case of David, when Nathan said unto him, "The Lord also hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die."

But even this is not enough. The gracious Lord yet further says, "and I will clothe thee with change of raiment." Here is the prodigal clothed with the best robe. Here is the humble, sensible sinner, the self-condemned as well as Satan-accused sinner, the self-loathing, abased, cast down one, clothed with the garment of Jesus' righteousness—God's righteousness, and covered so completely that his nakedness does not appear. Here is that which is so sweetly expressed in Hymn 20th, 1st Book (Watts), which is founded on what the prophet so fully sets forth, Isaiah lxi. 10. Here we have this part of the work of God as carried out in a believer's soul by the Lord Jesus.

My dear friends,—It is an inquiry of no little moment what the Holy Ghost intends when, by Paul, he speaks of a poor groaning sinner earnestly desiring "to be clothed with his house which is from heaven: if so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked;" and when he adds, "not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life." It appears to me that it must be what we have and are in Christ, and into the full and real possession of which the soul enters on leaving the body. John was commanded to write, saying, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." May we not look for the soul, when it leaves the body, being clothed out of the fulness of Christ, with a glorious clothing, hiding all its nakedness, exactly fitted and suited to the heavenly state and condition to which he is then admitted—something without which a soul cannot enter heaven—something which is immediately put on the soul—a heavenly garment or covering of all that is excellent and perfect? The new Jerusalem cometh down from heaven, is not from earth, is of no earthly extraction; so is the house from heaven, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; it is attained to and put on only in the heavenly state; it belongs to it; it will adorn and beautify all that go there; it will conform them to Christ, fit the soul for dwelling in his presence, and associating with the spirits of the just which have before been received into glory. Is it not sweet to be able to trust God, that nothing shall be wanting to us when the soul quits the earthly house of this tabernacle—safety and security, the needful protection, and means of conveyance to the mansions of glory? "In my Father's house," says our dear Lord, "are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

“Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory.” How calculated to comfort poor timorous mortals in the prospect of death are these things as coming from the Lord Jesus! We want a substance; we want a reality on which to rest in the prospect of death; and where can we find it but in Jesus and in a spiritual apprehension and understanding of the things left on record by the Holy Ghost in the word, and which set forth the mind, will, and purpose of Jehovah respecting those of whom it is said, “Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints?” We are commanded to endeavour to comfort one another amidst our trials, tribulations, afflictions, and fears. We may rest satisfied that the heavenly state is a glorious one for which every saint will be fitted in and by the Lord Jesus when he leaves this world. My present rest and peace in the solemn and serious prospect of death are in Jesus, and Jesus only. If I turn away from him—if I look anywhere or to anything else—how instantly are all my comfort and peace and rest gone! O, and when I cannot find him whom my soul loveth, and my mind is seriously impressed with a sense of my having sooner or later to die—O, then to what castings down and misgivings and fears am I a prey! Brethren, how precious does this very thing make Jesus to be to us when we do find him! and O, how does it tend to reconcile us to the prospect of death! because then we shall wing away our flight *to be for ever with the Lord*. All, then, I look for, all I want to find in death, is Jesus. If in death I find Jesus, how happy, how blessed must I be! Nothing can prevent this. There can be nothing, when Jesus is the only source of anything and everything, but happiness and blessing—but unspeakable joy and peace. We are happy, we are blessed here on earth, in our time state, even in the midst of tribulations, if we are found of Jesus, and so find him as our peace, our rest. It is so even now, when we see only through a glass darkly; and with this blessed experience we cannot but feel assured that it must be so to all who are found of and find him at the hour of death.

My dear friends, all our present communion one with another is in Jesus; we know it to be so; all our pleasure and delight one with another here on earth is in Jesus; and so is and so will be the communion of the saints in heaven—*all in Jesus*—Jesus in us and we in Jesus, and then sweet communion one with another in heavenly glory. I was led to say something about this on the last Sabbath—“To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.” Truthful words in the case of every saint who is realising his interest in Jesus. David’s hope in death was all in Jesus: “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.” Death is so common a thing in the world that it seems to excite but little concern in those not awakened by God to a sense of its awfulness.

But I have already written at too great a length; you will be

wearied ere you have waded through all I have written. Then farewell, Christian friends, brothers and sisters, farewell. If this is read in your little assembly, may Jesus be in your midst, *sensibly so*. May he speak peace to your souls. May he be heard by you, saying, "Peace be unto you." May he show you his hands and his feet, the print of the nails, and his wounded side. May he show to you these things for your peace and comfort in him.

What deeply interesting subjects have we been treating! May we know more and more of them in all their divine reality.

Yours in much love and affection,

ROBERT PYM.

ETERNAL SONSHIP.

May 23, 1861.

My dear friend and faithful brother in the everlasting Son of the Father, who is full of grace and truth,—Praise thou the Lord, "for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." "The Lord is our strength and song, and he is become our salvation." And what a deliverance he hath wrought for us! Truly we can feelingly say, "What hath God wrought?"

Your letter reached me at our lodging on Tuesday morning, and we both wept for joy. My cup was full, and ran over. O, the love, joy, and peace I felt in my heart to the dear Lord for all his great goodness and mercy towards you, as a church and people, at Zoar! My heart and soul leaps for joy at your great deliverance. I felt persuaded the Lord would appear for you, because I knew that it was he only who taught and led me into the line of things of which I not only felt constrained to preach, last December, at Zoar, but my soul felt a pleasure therein, and my heart, by faith, fed upon the same, and my very spirit drew the power and sweetness out of the glorious Gospel of the Son of God. I could say, at that time, and also at this present time, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation unto everyone that believeth." Your faith has been tried to the very quick, but you have lived to prove that it was the true faith of the Gospel of Christ, yea, the very essence and spirit of faith, namely, "the faith of God's elect;" faith that waits long, fights hard, stands firm and fast, and at the end is sure to overcome. But that soul who does truly possess it often feels and fears that it will prove to be only a head knowledge, which must vanish away. But you have lived to prove, as dear Hart says,—

"True faith's the life of God;
Deep in the heart it lies;
It lives and labours under load;
Though damped, it never dies."

O how I longed to hear the result of the meeting. But, doubt-

less, you have heard that friend Kershaw came to see us on his way to London. He came on the Monday, and left on the Wednesday morning, and we entered into the glorious doctrine of the Eternal Sonship of the Son of God. I was enabled to lay my views open before him, and our dear and much-esteemed friend saw eye to eye with me, and told me how his soul was led into it, and how it was opened up to him many years ago, from the eighth chapter of Proverbs; and he told me he should stand firm in the whole truth. I can assure you it has raised him more than fifty cubits in my heart and affection, and I am sure it will do so in the hearts of hundreds more of God's dear children who have had the Son of God revealed to their souls as a sin-pardoning God and Saviour. My soul has been built upon that glorious rock for many years; and the longer I live the more beauty and blessedness I see in him. I was thankful, indeed, to hear that our much-esteemed friend, Mrs. P., came forth in the truth, because I have for many years felt my heart and soul knit unto her in the bonds of spiritual affection; and I was sure that the other party had drawn her aside; but "the Lord liveth; and blessed be my rock; and let the God of my salvation be exalted."

My wife unites with me in love to you and yours, to Mr. L., and to all the friends by name.—Yours affectionately,

T. GODWIN.

MALADY AND REMEDY.

Great Gransden, Hunts., Nov., 1739.

DEAR MADAM,—Your most kind, obliging, and acceptable letter I received, and return most humble thanks. It was savoury to my taste in what you wrote as to the lady, your friend: "If the soul prospers, and all is well in that respect—if she has Christ to be her friend—it little avails, comparatively speaking, who are unkind, or how the body fares; though the kindness of friends, health, and prosperity, are choice mercies to the children of God, because they have them without the curse." By the latter sentence, my heart was raised to bless the Lord for his great and wondrous favours, cast in infinite kindness on vile, unworthy me; and my soul was humbled for my great unthankfulness for all his great and abundant goodness. And from the former, methinks you could not speak so sensibly and (to me) feelingly of the superlative worth of soul-prosperity, if you had not had a true sense of the worth of your own soul, of your inexpressible misery if it were lost, and of your own ineffable bliss if your soul were saved, and preparing by grace for eternal glory. Nor could you speak thus highly of having Christ for your friend—that if he is kind it matters not much who are unkind—if you had not a deep sense of that inestimable privilege.

As it is so, permit me to ask, my dear sister, who told you that you were miserable, wretched, blind, and naked, sin-ruined

and law-condemned, and must perish for ever without an interest in a precious Jesus? Who showed you the worth of your immortal soul, that if your soul was safe for eternity, it mattered not much how things were as to your body, during the momentary state of your little inch of time? (As one has well said,

“What can be great, to him that counts the world as nothing? Or long, to him that counts his life a span?”)

Who gave you such a high esteem of Christ, the friend of sinners? Had you always such a quick sensation of these things? If you had not, how came you by this? Who gave it you? Who makes you to differ from thousands on your right hand and on your left; who, insensible of their own misery as sinners, and of the excellency of Christ as the Saviour, seek in earnest no higher happiness than the empty enjoyments of this perishing life? O, dear Madam, have not you cause to adore the rich, free, distinguishing grace of God to you, that opened your eyes, while numbers round about you are by sin and Satan blinded? And from these your discernings, which proceed from faith of the operation of God in the understanding, have not you felt an answerable attraction on your will and affections? Have not you experienced the fruit of precious faith, which works by love, on your will and affections, in that, while you have seen your unspeakable misery without Christ, and his immense and eternal excellency to make all those interested in him incomparably happy unto endless glory, you have felt your heart close in with him, choosing the altogether lovely Jesus above all things for your full and soul-satisfying portion, cleaving to him and following hard after him, as your present and eternal All? Yea, have not there been times wherein Christ and you hath conversed with each other, wherein he hath opened his heart, and given himself to you in a promise, and you, drawn by his all-conquering love, and changed in some measure into his image, have given up yourself to him, to be, by his grace assisting, entirely and for ever the Lord's? And have not such times been the seasons of your heart's delight, of your soul's rest, and surpassingly sweet, sweet above all things you ever enjoyed? If so, the Christ of God, the Saviour of sinners, the altogether lovely Jesus, is your beloved, and he is your friend, and in him you have, and shall have, a well of life, an ocean of bliss, inexhaustible and eternal. I wish you a bosom communion with God in Christ, by the Holy Ghost, unto a rich increase of grace and preparation for glory.

Yours in the Lord,

ANNE DUTTON.

LORD, evermore increase my mental dependence on thy Holy Spirit. I am less than nothing, if less can be: and O! I am worse than nothing, for I am a vile sinner. But thou art infinitely gracious, and all power is thine.—*Toplady*.

Obituary.

ELIZA PARKWOOD.—On February 16, 1892, in her 72nd year, Eliza, wife of John Parkwood, Rushden, Northamptonshire, was called to enter into “*tho Rest that remaineth to the people of God.*” She was, we believe, early in life made to know and feel her *need* of a Saviour. Those sweet lines of Joseph Hart are very expressive, and truly set forth her regeneration by the Holy Spirit’s quickening power:—

“The soul that with sincere desires
Seeks after Jesus’ love,
That soul the Holy Ghost inspires
With breathings from above.”

She was a thoughtful, prayerful person, one who searched the Scriptures, and earnestly and sincerely desired the word of God to be a “*lamp unto her feet and a light unto her path.*” She had taken in and was a constant reader of the “*G.S.*” for very many years, and was often *encouraged, strengthened, and refreshed* by its contents. She was in principle and practice a Strict and Particular Baptist. For a length of time she was perplexed and bewildered by the inconsistencies of some around her, who, she could plainly see, “*held the truth in unrighteousness*” (Rom. i. 18), but the Lord gave her clear perception to see that vital religion was a matter between *God* and her own soul. She was led to see her way through the Ordinance of Baptism and to join the church of God, and to come to the Lord’s table. Her sister was with her in her last hours, when in her hearing she repeated with emphasis Psalm xxiii. Her last utterances were these—

“Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I’d break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith,
Should bear me *conqueror* through.”

The last sermon she was ever privileged to hear was one by the late Mr. Warburton, in Knox Road Baptist Chapel, Wellingborough. This was a weighty sermon, attended with light and power to the departed one and to many others. Her mortal remains were committed to rest in Rushden Cemetery, to await the Resurrection Morning, when she, with all the redeemed host, will hear the welcome, “*Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.*”

ANN TESTER.—On Oct. 31st, 1892, aged 74, Ann Tester.

She was convinced of her state as a sinner before God under a sermon preached by Mr. Down, at Shovers Green. She was then very young. After a time she was led to sit under the late Mr. Crouch, at Pell Green. Under his ministry the work was deepened in her soul, and she was very much tried, both by sin and Satan, for some time; at length the appointed time came when the Lord was pleased to deliver her soul from all her sins

and fears, under a sermon preached by Mr. Crouch; this was in 1838. She was now favoured to enjoy peace in believing in the Lord Jesus Christ as her salvation. She was married when very young to Thomas Sharp Tester, who still survives her. She was blest with a strong constitution, to fit her for the trials she had to meet with both from within and without. They sat under the ministry of Mr. Crouch for several years, and I have heard them both say how they were blessed under the preaching of that highly-favoured servant of the Lord. They were baptized by Mr. Winslow. In the year 1852 they removed to St. Leonard's. As her husband was a carpenter by trade, they had to remove about a great deal, in order that she and the family might be near his place of work. She had four sons and eight daughters, some of them being a source of great trial to her.

She and her husband were staying with one of their sons near London, when something that her son said, caused such a dreadful shock to her then weak frame, that she desired to go to bed, and died when she reached the first landing. What her son's feelings were then, or what he has felt since, I am not able to say. I hope God will grant him true repentance for his sins. It is a sad thing when children requite their parents evil for the care they have taken of them through their childhood and youth. The Poet might well write—

“Oh thou hideous monster, Sin,
What a curse hast thou brought in!
All creation groans through thee,
Pregnant cause of misery.”

How plainly I am led to see that it matters not how strictly godly parents may bring up their children, nor what good example they may set before them; it will not change their heart nor renew their will.

I first became acquainted with the departed and her husband when they lived at Jarvis Brook, near Rotherfield, in 1876, but only saw them occasionally. At length they came to live at Tunbridge Wells, when I became more familiar with them, as they both attended my ministry and at length joined the church. They have been honourable members up to the time of her death, and her husband still remains a member. I have had many sweet seasons in conversation with them, and remember the departed saying to me on one occasion, “I have had such a nice time with the Lord this morning, and this verse of Hart's has been so sweet to my soul!—

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

While she repeated it her eyes seemed to beam with love through her tears. I saw her after this gracious visit had been granted unto her, and she looked very serious at me and said, “I don't know that I ought to have said what I did to you about what I

had enjoyed from that hymn of Mr. Hart's; I have been very much tried about it." I said, "Satan will be sure to try and dispute you out of what the Lord is pleased to give you in a way of comfort and which raises up faith in your heart to believe that all is well between your soul and him; that is Satan's work; he hates the Lord Jesus Christ and all his dear children, and will worry them, though he knows he cannot devour them." This seemed to quiet her. She was very much exercised at times respecting how she should feel when she came to die. She would say, "Am I right for eternity?" I used to answer, Yes. Then she would say, "I hope it may be so."

After all the children were married, excepting the youngest daughter, a friend at Hastings asked her if she would go there and attend to the wife of one of the members who was mentally afflicted. She consented, but had not been there long before the person who required her attention laid violent hands upon herself and was dead. In a letter to her child she says:—"The state of mind I have passed through I never experienced before, and the enemy is trying to make me believe that I shall come to the same end, and this makes me feel as though I have not a shadow of hope; but these lines have settled it in my mind: 'Sovereign Ruler of the skies,' &c. (Hymn 64.) The Lord gave me faith to believe that although I am a wreck in myself, I shall sail safely into the haven of rest. If Mr. Floyd will like you to stay with him, I hope you will make it a matter of prayer to the Lord. I shall not oppose it, as you need rest."

This led to her staying at Fairlight as Mr. Floyd's housekeeper for several months, during which time Mr. F. was very kind to her parents. The departed writes as follows: "I thank Mr. F. for the fish, grapes, &c. How good the Lord is to look over all my rebellion, self-pity, and the wretched feelings I am the subject of. When I think how you have stood by me in all the trials and afflictions I have had to wade through, and how the Lord has manifested his love towards you, it brings tears into my eyes. I hope you may have a good day on Sunday. Several of the friends send their love to you, and also to Mr. F. Accept the same from your father and myself."

Mr. Floyd eventually married our young friend, and as her parents became feeble, and had no one to attend to them, it was arranged that they should go to Fairlight, as they had plenty of room for them. They went, and found a very comfortable home there. In October it was arranged for them to go and see a daughter who lives near London before the winter came on. They called at Tunbridge Wells, and the departed had tea with us. After telling me of some of her troubles about the family, I said, "Don't trouble yourself so much about these things; you will not be here long;" not thinking that I should never see her again in this world; but so it was. They went to see their daughter, and then returned to London to see their sons, with a few friends living in the suburbs. She complained of being

tired while sitting reading, and shortly afterwards passed away, as before stated. She was interred at Tunbridge Wells in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection from the dead, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Her husband still lives at Fairlight, with Mr. and Mrs. Floyd, to mourn their great loss, and we as a church have lost a praying soul and one that feared God, and lived out what she professed, so that I can truthfully say, her husband has lost a good wife, the children a good mother, the church of God an honourable member, and Christ has received another trophy of his grace safe into his heavenly kingdom—

“Where she will see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the river of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.”

WM. SMITH.

PHILLIS JARVIS.—On December 10th, 1892, aged 45 years, Phillis Jarvis, a member at; Bethel Baptist Chapel, Southborough.

Our departed friend was one who loved the truth; but her religion consisted more in desiring, hungering and thirsting after salvation, than in the enjoyment of it for many years, until the Lord laid his afflicting hand upon her; then she found what she had long desired. Her illness not being of so painful a nature as some, she was enabled to converse with her friends upon the goodness of the Lord unto her. She was in a calm state of mind, and asked for the hymn, part of which she read—

“O put me in with thine own hands,
And that will make me well.”

At another time she said, “Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.” Sometimes, when asked if she felt happy, she said, “At times dark.” Once in a comfortable frame she said, “Death is swallowed up; it has no terror.” The last verse of Hymn 769 was also made sweet to her—

“With what raptures he'll embrace us,” &c.,
also Hymn 329—

“How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,” &c.

She was confined to her bed for several weeks, and suffered much from exhaustion, although for the most part free from pain. About two hours before she died, she said, with a loud voice—

“Praise him! Praise him!”

She quietly fell asleep while the friends were moving her, to be “for ever with the Lord.”

JOHN KING.

JOHN CAPSTACK.—On Dec. 11th, 1892, aged 45, John Capstack, very suddenly, a member of Cave Adullam Particular Baptist Chapel, Haslingden (son of the late Robert Capstack, minister of the gospel).

He leaves a widow and six children to mourn their loss. He was a kind and indulgent father, an affectionate husband, and a beloved disciple, one who stood firm to his convictions, but was a lover of peace and quietness. He was one of a humble mind, and a lover of God's house and people. He was taken ill on Wednesday, December 7th. He had not been well for some time, the influenza having left him very weak. He was at chapel on December 4th, and heard Mr. Guest, of Bolton, preach; and many could say, as well as our departed friend, that it was a good day. Friend A. H. and myself went to see him. He seemed to be taking no notice, but was communing with his God. He said, "I cannot bear to talk, but I can think; and blessed be God for his word, where he says that "A book of remembrance is written before him for those who feared the Lord, and who thought upon his name." We had a few words in prayer, and I heard him say, "*They are all numbered.*" We can truly say, the Lord has taken a very useful jewel to himself, and our loss is his eternal gain. He was baptized on the 24th July, 1881.

T. H. BRIGGS.

EDWARD MORRIS.—On Dec. 17, 1892, aged 59, Edward Morris, for 23 years a deacon of the Particular Baptist Church, Chippenham, Wilts.

He was born at Farleigh, Hungerford, Somerset, but removed to Chippenham in the year 1855, and was brought under the ministry of the late Mr. Mortimer, whose earnest and faithful preaching was carried home with power to his soul. The first incident remembered of him concerning this was a remark that "he should like coming to chapel much better if Mr. M. did not preach *at him* so much, but it seemed as if in every sermon he must be talking about him." This circumstance, however, was not permitted to drive him away from the truth; he was destined to prove that the same ministry that wounded had also power, by the Holy Spirit, to heal, and ere long he was led to join himself to the people of God, being baptized and received into the church on July 15, 1862. During his last illness he expressed to a friend that he had proved the truth of Hart's lines:—

"Their pardon some receive at first;

And then, compelled to fight,

They find their latter stages worst,

And travel much by night."

But it can truly be said of him, that throughout the whole of his journey in the Christian path, he exemplified most fully the character of one who "had been with Jesus, and learned of him;" a consistent, humble, and sincere Christian, whose life and conduct adorned the Gospel he professed. The church having been for the last nine years without a settled pastor, the duty of visiting the sick and dying more frequently devolved upon him; and his words of comfort and earnest prayer have cheered and strengthened

the spirits of many of the Lord's children when approaching the banks of Jordan. During his last illness, which continued about six weeks, he was at times harassed by the enemy, but on the whole was enabled to rest on the love and faithfulness of a covenant God, and to derive sweet comfort from the Sacred Word, which, with Gadsby's hymn-book, were his constant companions. As memory grew weaker he more frequently desired to have portions read to him, and would often inquire where certain portions were to be found. On one occasion, when it was mentioned that he had passed a very restless night, he said, "The enemy set in very strongly upon me; it seemed as if all hope was clean gone, and I began to search, and said, Where are the witnesses? and I could soon find that some of the Lord's people had been in the same place that I was. Job said that 'his hope was removed like a tree;' and David, Hezekiah, and others had been in the same straits; so I got comfort." On a later occasion he told the same friend that he had been troubled with fears as to how it would be with him at the last; and these thoughts came to his mind, "What have you to do with that? Pray to the Lord to bless you with a fuller manifestation of his love to your soul, and leave everything else in his hands." The friend replied, "You bring to my mind the last two lines of this verse of Miss Steele's:—

'This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?'"

and his countenance lighted up with pleasure.

A week or two before his departure, on his being visited by Mr. Young, our supply at that time, he manifested the great attachment he had towards his dear Redeemer, by earnest cravings for his gracious presence as the "one thing needful." O! the intense desire of his soul as then manifested! how it proved the truth of the Lord's own words: "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Though he had known the Lord so many years, and had been much favoured under the preached word and in prayer (in the exercise of which he was very solemn), yet nothing would satisfy him but another manifestation of God's pardoning love and mercy to his soul; and after expressing himself to this effect, he asked him to read a portion of the Word, and entreat for him at the throne of grace, which led him to read part of John xiv, and to pray with him for those rich blessings he so sincerely desired. That solemn exercise ended, he said, "That will do, that will do; I want nothing better! that will do to live and die upon." He also said, "This is the second time I have had that part of the Word read to me to-day." He thought it remarkable, that two persons should have been led to read such a favourite portion to him in one day. The above season was very precious to them both; such knitting of soul was felt; and the vitality of that religion that lives through affliction and

death was so blessedly realized by Mr. Y. that he feels certain it will leave a lasting impression on his mind. Having supplied our pulpit frequently for many years, he can bear personal testimony to the Christian character of our dear departed friend; indeed, his genial manner, suitable natural abilities, crowned with rich and sovereign grace, won him general respect, and rendered him a valuable officer in the church. His departure is in consequence the greater loss to us, but we know that it is his eternal gain. We would desire to say, "The Lord liveth," and can at any time, if it is his will, fill up the vacancy made; for what has the child of God, that is worth keeping, that came not from *him*? We may well exclaim, then, "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!"

To our friend Mr. Smith, who often called to read and pray with him, he expressed how sweet and precious the Word of God was, and said, "I want the Lord to come again, and give me one more token for good, to assure me that it is all well between him and my soul, and then I feel that I could leave all and fly away, for ever to be at rest and peace. But I desire to lie passive in his hands, and know no will *but his*; yet I cannot bring myself to it; the Lord must do it." During one of these visits he said, "I often get many wakeful hours by night, and sometimes I cannot think of anything good; but there are times when I am led out to wrestle with the Lord in prayer for myself, family, and the people of God, and sometimes the Lord is pleased to come and bless my soul, and raise me up above my fears; then I can leave all in his hands, whether for life or death."

The last time he saw him, two days before he died, on his asking him if he was comfortable in his mind, he said, "Yes, He is precious to my soul; and more than that, I can say,

'Lest the shadow of a spot

Should on my soul be found,

He took the robe the Saviour wrought,

And cast it all around' *me*.

I am full of spots and blemishes in and of myself, but that glorious robe has covered them all." He often said,

"My hope is built on nothing less

Than Jesus' blood and righteousness." &c.,

but now he felt that he was washed and robed in it, and confessed that Hymn 160 had been made a great blessing to him, especially the 1st verse—

"There is a fountain filled with blood," &c.

At another time the writer and the oldest male member of our church were with him; one read the 23rd Psalm, the other engaging in prayer. The assertion of David, "I will fear no evil," and the reason given, "For thou art with me," particularly arrested his attention; and when I spoke of sin, sickness, trial and death, and the blessedness of so experiencing the Lord's presence as not to fear any of these things, it caused him to say,

“That’s it; this is the reason—‘Thou art with me.’ I have had him with me, and hope he will be with me even unto the end.”

The last Sunday he lived, Mr. Wilcox (one of our ministers) called between the services, and enquiring how he felt in his mind, he exclaimed, “I know whom I have believed.” This he said with such emphasis that it quite overpowered Mr. W., who afterwards took it for his text, telling the people how he obtained the portion, and the sweet persuasion he had of the blessed position our friend was then in.

As the end drew near, and he grew weaker, he was at times unconscious; but if part of a verse of Scripture, or of a hymn was uttered, he would take it up and complete it, while unconscious to all else. Early in the morning of Saturday, the 17th of December, he peacefully fell asleep.

He has left a numerous family to mourn their loss, and his memory will long be dear to his fellow members in the church, and to all who knew him.

H. S. P.

MARY ANN PARRIS.—On Jan. 26, 1893, aged 86 years, Mary Ann Parris, at Snodland.

From what I can gather from her own lips, she was born into this world of parents who feared not God, and in early life came into Kent as a servant, and lived as though she had no soul to save or God to fear, and in the providence of God was married to the late Mr. James Parris, and resided at the Flint House, Upper Halling, when one night a fearful thunderstorm arose, and the thunder was so loud and the lightning so vivid that she verily thought that the end of the world was come, and that they would all be burnt up. This circumstance the Lord overruled for her good, by convincing her of her state and condition as a lost, ruined sinner. She now saw and felt nothing but condemnation awaiting her, and such was her ignorance as to the way of salvation, that she knew no more than a heathen how she could be saved; so she set about making herself good, and tried to convert her husband and everybody she came near; and such was her zeal to be saved and to save others, that she went to church, was sprinkled, confirmed, and received the sacrament, but could get no peace of mind or comfort to her soul.

She then left the church, and met with a body of Dissenters who rested in works for salvation. In this she worked with all her heart and soul, would even take part in their services, but all to no purpose, she could not get what she wanted. She was asked to go to Meopham to hear a good man of the name of Rogers (this would be nearly sixty years ago), a Baptist minister, whose testimony the Lord blessed to the deliverance of her soul, and to the raising of her to a hope in the mercy of God; and, like Ruth, she was brought to say, “This people shall be my people, and their God my God.”

Soon after she was led to openly walk in the ordinance of Baptism, and from that time up to her death remained an honour-

able and consistent follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. I have often felt that this text could truthfully be said of her: "My soul followeth hard after thee;" for over fifty years her house was opened for the worship of God, and many souls have been blessed in meeting beneath her roof (as soon after the storm referred to she came to reside at Upper Halling). While her family was young she used to teach them and others to read, and on Sundays, when unable to walk the long distance to chapel, she would read and pray with her children, endeavouring to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Her husband was also called by grace, and ultimately made a good end; also a son and daughter, who are now deceased. During the lifetime of her husband and son, on Sunday and Tuesday evenings her house was opened for praise and prayer, and sometimes preaching. The following hymn was very sweet to her:

"Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee:
His lovingkindness, oh how free!"

Also that hymn, closing—

"Nor can I love that doctrine, book, or theme,
'That leaves out his dear name."

I have been favoured to worship with her many times, and have for years conducted the service in her house, until she was too feeble to keep it open any longer. During the last few years she suffered with a great weakness of the brain, and at times was not accountable for anything she said or did; but a week or two before her death the Lord granted her a sweet composure of mind, and when one of her daughters said to her, "Mother, you will soon see father," she replied, "Soon see Jesus!" On one occasion she said, "Talk with us, Lord; thyself reveal," &c. On Thursday morning, Jan. 26th, while apparently asleep, she gave a sigh, and was gone, for ever to be at home with the Lord.

"One gentle sigh their fetters break;
We scarce can say 'They're gone,'
Before their ransom'd spirits take
Their seat before the throne."

I have known the departed upwards of 25 years, and always found her diligent in the things of God. She would often say, "What a holy religion ours is!" and also—

"The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises."

C. T. WORSELL.

I CANNOT but sadly reflect on the inconstancy of rotten professors; an applauded Christ shall have many Hosannas, but a condemned Christ shall have many crucifiers; but a true believer can as well go with Christ to the tree where he is to be crucified, as he can go the throne where he is to be glorified.—*Dyer*.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

JULY, 1893.

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

INVITATIONS.

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE BRITISH SCHOOLROOM, AL-
TRINCHAM, BY MR. A. B. TAYLOR, ON FRIDAY EVENING,
FEB. 23RD, 1877.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come: and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. xxiii. 17.

(Concluded from page 241.)

Have you felt the day of God's power pass over you? Has it rested on you? has it shown you your condition by nature? Has the day of God's power brought you to the Redeemer's feet, to fall before him with a "God be merciful to me a sinner?" Has it made you but dust and ashes before God? Has it not only revealed your sins, but your fallen state as a sinner before him? Has it also put a prayer in your heart, and enabled you to cry for mercy at the throne of grace?

"Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." It is an article in the covenant of grace. See how it is placed. It is in the 110th Psalm, "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." This is a promise the Father makes to the Son. This power that brings the poor sinner to the feet of the Lord Jesus, to be saved by blood, and to be taught by the blessed Spirit, is the power of God unto salvation. Everything till then passes off in a common-place religion. You may be a Calvinist without it. You may be an Arminian without it. You may be what you like without it; but when the day of God's power comes, it makes the poor sinner into a baby, a guilty and helpless dying worm, with a prayer in his heart for salvation. Have you felt this day of God's power? God grant it may be so in your experience, and may to-night be a time to be remembered by some of you relative to God's power.

Have you got a religion that is very honourable in the eyes of the world? I believe there are honest men in their minds opposed to the doctrines of God's grace that can be honestly right, as far as they know they act. Therefore we should not disparage one who differs from us in divine things, for we know when the day of God's power comes, God will change the heart, and lead the soul from darkness to light; the veil shall be taken away. These things are just how I understand those blessed words, "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

Well, now, we have next to notice what this water of life is. These last two are to come to this water of life. Well, the Spirit and the bride say, Come; the hearing one is requested to say, Come; but the thirsty one, and the one made willing, are to come and take the water of life freely. I dare say there is scarcely one of you prepared to suppose that divine life is in the power of any mortal to possess it at pleasure. "Perhaps!" I say. I don't know what presumption there may be in men's minds, only there is this to be said about it, if you believe you have power to take divine life, to make yourself an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven, you know whom you have to blame if you don't get there, don't you? Mind, my doctrine is not like that. What a strange sentiment, that a man, dead in sin, may spring into life at will, and enjoy divine, heavenly blessings any night before he leaves the chapel! Such religion may be lost as quickly as it is found.

Let us now come to the water in our text, called the water of life. Water in scripture represents many things. Bitter contention; waters of Meribah (Num. xx. 13); the nation where Popery has reigned; "The waters which thou sawest are peoples, tongues, nations" (Rev. xvii. 15); a powerful enemy; "the waters of the river, viz., the King of Assyria" (Is. viii. 7); also afflictions; hence David says, "the waters are come in unto my soul." (Ps. lxi. 1.) Also the water of life in our text may be understood in various ways. This Book I hold in my hand is called the Book of Life, or we at least call it so, because it reveals to us the things that concern eternal life; and it is called the Word of Life, for the same reason. The Saviour gave it its proper name, saying, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life." (John v. 39.) Another book may be named, other than

the Bible, you find in Revelation, "And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him (the beast), whose names are not written in the Book of Life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." (Rev. xiii. 8.) All worship the beast except God's elect. No mincing the matter. You cannot alter it. You may go round it, and seek to shape it to accommodate friends or conscience, but it will be there when you and I are dead and forgotten. Don't wonder.

Now, come to these waters. The first waters I refer you to, you find recorded in the second chapter of Genesis. These, like the others, are figurative of something. When God made man he placed him in the Garden of Eden, and there was a river, and that river watered the garden of Eden, and it branched off into four streams from the one head. These, I presume, represent the four quarters of the earth—like gathering the Gog and Magog army (Rev. xx. 8)—where the stream of Gospel grace one day should run, when God's redeemed should be gathered out of the nations and brought to the Eden of God, the Garden of the Lord, and heaven above. That is how I view these waters, in a figurative sense.

The next waters I will refer you to, you find in Ezekiel 47th chapter, and Ezekiel has, I think, a glorious view of the same matter, but more clear—"Afterwards he brought me again unto the door of the house; and, behold, waters issued out from under the threshold of the house eastward: for the forefront of the house stood toward the east, and the waters came down from under from the right side of the house." And these waters represent something you know. You Bible readers must have had thoughts, that these waters are the representation of the Gospel of God running inward, and producing the effects God means they shall do. When the Prophet was led into these waters, they were but to the ankles, they but came to his ankles. What are the ankles? Perhaps faint knowledge of the doctrines of God's grace. By and by he wades on a little longer, deeper still, to the knees; further and deeper still, to the loins; further and deeper still, till it became a river that cannot be crossed—the waters are so deep, that he can swim in them. And you who have attained a knowledge of divine revelation, you remember when these waters were but shallow in your minds, you remember when you felt the growing in grace, you remember when you came up so far in the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ, that you

could not go further; you were lost in the immensity of the mysterious waters that a man might swim in. Here, I understand, this is represented in these things—the revelation of God's truth. Look at them for your own sakes, and never mind if I make a mistake. God give you a better understanding than I have, and enable you to communicate what you know to your fellow creatures. Don't wrap up your little treasure in a napkin, let it give light.

Well, now, go to Zechariah xiv. 8-9, "And it shall be in that day"—here is a brighter revelation still of these waters—"it shall be in that day, that living waters shall go out from Jerusalem; half of them toward the former sea, and half of them toward the hinder sea: in summer and in winter shall it be. And the Lord shall be king over all the earth: in that day shall there be one Lord, and his name one." That I understand to be the day when the Lord Jesus Christ came himself, who gives living waters to poor thirsty souls. When here, virtue went out of him to the afflicted, he preached the Gospel himself. The Spirit of the Lord God was upon him preaching the Gospel, as said the prophet Isaiah lxi. 1; and confirmed by Christ, Luke iv. 18. Thus living waters began to run, or go out, from Jerusalem. Very few Jews comparatively drank of these waters; they lightly esteemed the "rock of salvation." Christ sent out his disciples with these waters, living waters, called so because God by their means commanded the blessing. Christ told the Jews why they did not believe on him, saying, "Ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep." (John x. 26.) Jesus, after he had done the work his Father sent him to do, returned where he was before. His Apostles carried these living waters, beginning at Jerusalem, with a command to preach to every creature. Thus living waters went, and Ezekiel says where these waters went, wherever they touched, they gave life; they produced life wherever they touched. It has always been so, for, wherever God's living waters go, they give life. If they touch a poor mortal they give him life—the touch being divine.

If these waters run into the Dead Sea, as some have contended, then what is our world but a dead sea? They produce life under the Spirit's teaching. When Christ came, the waters were more manifest and clearer than ever to them that looked for salvation in Israel. "When the Lord gave the word, great was the company of them that published it." (Psalm lxxviii. 11.) Beginning at Jerusalem they ran, are still running, till the earth shall be full

of the knowledge of the Lord. Gentiles shall come to these waters, and to the brightness of the Sun of Righteousness. (Is. lx. 3.) At present the natural branches are broken off because of unbelief, and Gentiles grafted into the precious stock; and we are charged by Paul not to be high minded, but fear, and the reason given. (Rom. xi. 17 to 20.) And thus our God does as he will, and does wonders in the hearts of the people. See for a moment the Apostle Paul, and a few of his colleagues, how they faced the awful terrors of Rome with these living waters. Nero, that wretch of wretches, could not take Paul's life till the time came. Two whole years in his own house, these living waters ran from the Apostle's lips, till the time came when Paul must die.

In attempting an explanation of these waters, notice, *first*, waters of revelation by all the prophets, how clearly they ran, even from the time of Moses, respecting Christ and the destruction of Jerusalem. (Deut. xviii. 15 and xxviii. 57.) How streams of revelation, living truth, ran from the pen of Isaiah, touching our sin-bearing Redeemer, who was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities (liii. 5), and many others yet to be fulfilled. See how sweetly the prophet Micah sings of Christ's native place, Bethlehem, small among Judah's thousands, yet there sprang the Man of Sorrows to be the mighty ruler in Israel. (Micah v. 5-7.) These, beloved, are glorious streams of living truth. The poor Jews cannot swim in them now. But to you who believe, they are precious living truths. See Daniel, with his stone cut out without hands, how it smites the image and becomes a great mountain, filling the whole earth. (Dan. ii. 34, 35.) What a glorious stream of revelation! And we to-night are in the very act of seeing the prophecy fulfilled. Some of the streams ran before Jerusalem had a being. Observe a few of those that did run from Jerusalem in the doctrines of the Gospel: Repentance unto life, "except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish;" (2) The initiatory ordinance of the people; (3) Pardon of sins; (4) Adoption; (5) Justification by the blood and righteousness of Christ; (6) Perseverance of the saints; (7) The resurrection of the body. Surely these streams did flow from Jerusalem, and God's eternal love did run from the same place; and so the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. (Is. xxxv. 10.)

The doctrine of pardon, is it not sweet to the guilty? How sweet to the criminal! how sweet to the polluted mortal! Pardon delights the heart when enjoyed; and did it not run from Jerusalem? Yes. "In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and uncleanness." (Zech. xiii. 1.) Pardon is on the tongue of the gospel minister, and has been ever since Christ died. Here we exhibit to-night the same streams to you. Look at the stream of grace that flows from the throne of God. Where is the poor, true child of God, who does not know something of the flowings of this grace? Mercy, grace, pardon, and love! Here the poor sinner wonders God has had patience with him so long. These streams flow from Jerusalem, where the Redeemer died so ignominious a death, and in so wonderful a manner; and after his death, but before he returned to glory, sent one more sweet stream from his gracious lips, combined with his parting command, Matt. xxviii. 19, 20, "and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Sweet stream! flowing on to the end of time. Those streams he gives to the saints, and says, "Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be." (Rev. xxii. 12.) And remember, beloved, this language is to the churches—"the seven churches, Rev. i. 4; that complete number, seven, so well marked in God's Word. So our God renders rewards, and chastisements, in all the churches of Zion, all through time, according to the laws of the gospel. And as God's people are ruled by Zion's laws, so all kindreds of the earth are judged by the laws they live under. "For as many as have sinned without law shall also perish without law: and as many as have sinned in the law shall be judged by the law." (Romans ii. 12.)

Another view of these streams we see in the chapter whence our text is taken. John saw "a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." (Rev. xxii. 1.) Here I would only notice the place whence all streams of revelation, by prophets and disciples, have taken their rise, viz., in the Eternal God; hence are they represented as flowing from God's throne.

Now let me attempt to draw your attention to what we understand by coming to those waters, and taking them freely.

First. Wherever God's Word is published, the natural man looks at it just as he pleases. He knows it is called the Bible, and in certain portions of the British dominions

many throw the book into the "Ganges." Are the streams of gospel lost because that man has thrown away the Bible? Certainly not; they proceed from the throne of God—or rather, from God that sits on the throne. Looking at our nature and God's will, we desire none of his ways. "The carnal mind is enmity against God" (Romans viii. 7); but the Christian has "the mind of Christ." (1 Cor. ii. 16.) Taking a natural view of matters, every man, as we say, has a right to read, and conclude as he will on the revelation of God. We all claim this right, and in this nation it is our privilege; hence sects, denominations, and such fearful party spirit.

Each sect, or denomination, takes the Book of God, and comes freely to the waters of revelation, and does just what he will with these waters. The Jew has a will, and a stubborn free will, and freely he spurns those streams that prove Christ has come, finished his work, and returned to his Father. So much for the freedom of the will, and coming to the streams. Again, turning those streams into another channel, the Socinian, of his own free will, comes to the streams of the gospel and freely denies the divinity of Christ, picking out portions suitable for his purpose, and dashes to the ground the glorious sweet waters of atoning blood: awful indeed, and he does it freely. The day is coming, my dear friends, when all who die in that delusion shall call to the rocks and mountains to fall on them, and hide them from the wrath of the Lamb.

Another sect, Quakers or "Friends." That people come also to the waters that run in streams through the New Testament, and what do they make of them? (I speak not against any good thing found in that or any other people, but against the mistakes of my fellow-men.) They take those waters of gospel doctrines, Believers' Baptism and the Lord's Supper, two beautiful streams of New Testament waters, and piously set them aside; this they do of their own free will. Thus the "Friends" act, supporting themselves, perhaps, with "Touch not; taste not; handle not; which all are to perish with the using." (Coloss. ii. 21, 22.) This kind of coming to the waters of God's Word will have an end, when it will be said to many, "Who hath required this at your hand, to tread my courts?" (Isaiah i. 12.)

The Romanist comes and takes these waters, and fouling them with his feet, asks the poor blind mortal to drink, holding his bucket of errors before the deluded one, and would trample upon all the glories of Protestantism, and would crush your life and mine to the earth; yes, they

would do it now but for the laws of our land—thanks to God for those laws. The Man of Sin gives out sinful waters, sending deluded ones to the Virgin Mary and other saints for help, and thus they come to these waters and act with them at will.

The Arminian does the same, and he comes freely to the waters of God's Word, and what does he do with the doctrine of special redemption? Redemption! That doctrine to my mind is most plain, most clear, most positive. But Arminians rend it to pieces. Is it not awful that men with a Bible in their hands, and men educated too, will come to the waters of revelation, and with a freedom which they claim of course—and we have no right to interfere—to their own Master they stand or they fall. But we desire to tell them what they are doing, and we cannot but speak; we think they are doing despite to the work of the Lord Jesus Christ. Did not Christ know for whom he was suffering on the cross? (Isaiah liii. 11) and for those did he not finish transgression? (Daniel ix. 24.) Was it not for the transgression of God's people he was stricken? (Isaiah liii. 8.) Is he not the rock? and is not his work perfect? (Deut. xxxii. 4) and are not his people redeemed from among men? (Rev. xiv. 4.) Does not Paul say he loved the church, and gave himself for it? (Ephes. v. 25) to be presented to himself a glorious church? (Ephes. v. 27.) Redemption they say is for everybody, and the same gentleman walking down the midst of the path of judgment may say, "O, sir, I believe in special redemption as well as you do, and maintain it as well as you do. But I hold that there is such a power and value in the sufferings of Christ that all others not in that special redemption may be saved if they will." I must say, that is strange and dangerous ground to stand upon, and has required no small amount of ingenuity to make it out. It just comes to this, that all the elect of God shall be saved, and the rest may if they will. I should like to ask such a gentleman as that whether he is one of God's elect, or one of the rest, to be saved by the redundance of the virtue of Christ's blood? Such notions may be founded on such a passage as "Who gave himself a ransom for all," leaving that portion of the passage that defines the "all," viz., "to be testified in due time" (1 Tim. ii. 6), the testification qualifying the all so redeemed.

Thus men come too freely to the waters of God's Word, handling them as they will, to their own hurt. Look these matters over, you who care to know the mind of the Spirit, and do not splash about these waters of revelation to ac-

commodate reason or gratify carnal minds. My dear friends, Don't do it. The day is coming when God will make inquisition for truth, as well as for blood. (Psalm ix. 12); (Rev. xxii. 19.) Those who do it know not what they do. Christ said, "Ye worship ye know not what" (John iv. 22); and this may be truly said of many in our day, who through ignorance oppose themselves (2 Tim. ii. 25); all such know not what manner of spirit they are of. (Luke ix. 55.)

All God's revealed truth is a living principle; you may trample upon it and cover it, yea, you may curse it, covering it with mire, dirt, and filth; but know, it is only down while the wicked can hold it down. The moment they take off their wicked hands it floats again, and will float while time lasts. The Lord's living people know the truth; it has made them free. (John viii. 32.) Also they know not only God's will, but the mystery of his will (Eph. i. 9), and being taught of God, becoming acquainted with all doctrines of grace, the plan of salvation, and come to all revealed truth in every stream, they take freely of those waters.

Now to the children of the kingdom in their first movements towards the waters of life, in a divine sense, God soon instructs them in the streams of revelation, Gospel doctrines, and also in the way Christians should walk: their understanding is enlightened. (Eph. i. 18.) I speak not here of perverse spirits, who, in spite of their knowledge, from some motive in their own bosom, set aside their Master's will, and do it not (Luke xii. 47); but the simple-hearted souls who are anxiously concerned, not about streams of revelation or doctrine, but how they stand before God for eternity, how they may obtain salvation. They seek this, not from the Scriptures, but from God. Many think they have eternal life in the Scripture. Christ said in them ye "think" ye have eternal life. (John v. 39.) The true coming child of grace knows better. He seeks a knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of his sins. (Luke i. 77.) All the doctrinal streams of God's word, the poor approaching one has adopted as divine truth, and knows they flow from the throne of God and the Lamb. (Rev. xxii. 1.) Such hold them true and sacred, and cannot give up one of them; they are dear to them; they have bought the truth, and will not part with it: their motto is, "Buy the truth, and sell it not." (Prov. xxiii. 23.) Then bear in mind revelation is one thing, and runs in its own stream; but divine teaching is another thing, and runs from God alone into the sinner's heart.

The coming living regenerated one is also invited to take

the water of life freely. I am willing freely to admit that there is the appearance of power to take in this passage; but this only appears to those untaught of God. Those taught of God know that power belongeth unto God. (2 Cor. iv. 7.) Yet there is a coming, and a coming freely in the soul made willing in the day of God's power. It comes to the streams of revelation, and it takes freely. It comes to the waters of doctrines, and takes freely. It comes to the stream of the experience of saints in all past ages, freely reads over, and freely enjoys, in some measure, what God has done for his people, and is oftentimes refreshed thereby. But life, and all divine blessings, are not there. It is like Solomon's wisdom, it is not there; it cannot be found there. Life and mercy, pardon and love, come direct from God to the heart of the thirsty soul; hence our poet says— "We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord."

Let us now come to a few things that may throw more light on this mysterious matter. In John x. 28, Jesus speaking of his sheep, says, "I give unto them eternal life." It is a gift, a free gift, no power of theirs has drawn it from its eternal fountain; for, "you hath he quickened who were dead." (Eph. ii. 1.) So life is in his power alone. At the well of Samaria, the Redeemer named the same, under the figure of water, saying, "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me drink; thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water," a gift, a gift. (John iv. 10.) Again, in verse 14, "the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." To the living, hungry, thirsty soul, the Lord speaks cheering words, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." (Matt. v. 6.) "In the great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink (to the Son of God), and out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." (John vii. 37, 38.) Here also the thirsty soul is to have the gift bestowed from the fountain head. Christ, when speaking of coming souls, is very plain (John vi. 37), "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out;" and, explaining this coming according to prophets and apostles, he says, "No man can come to me except the Father which hath sent me draw him." (John vi. 44.) This ought to shut up for ever *Carnalism* of every sort—Love, Sovereignty, Election, Divine Calling, the Perseverance of Saints, are all

wrapped up in the above. The Redeemer came to earth to redeem Zion, and gives times of refreshing under the figure of streams, dews, and showers.

Observe here, the salvation of Christ is not to be thrown about at man's free will. They may indeed talk, but, like the men that were with Saul on his way to Damascus, they see not the light. God hides it from the prudent and wise, and reveals it unto babes, and Jesus Christ thanks his Father that it is so. (Matt. xi. 25.)

Allow me to be still more plain, respecting the "coming soul," "the born again one," "the living creature," "the sincere penitent," "poor and needy," "hungry and thirsty," "who prays, and reads, and hears, and still is not satisfied."

In many cases all the above is experienced by the Lord's family, and such are seeking for water not found even in God's word, till God speaks it to the heart by the word.

First. See "when the poor and needy seek water, and there is none,"—"there is none," observe,—how comes it "there is none," when it may be obtained so freely? There are plenty of prophetic streams, and doctrinal streams, but this soul thirsts for what Christ has promised: I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. (Rev. xxi. 6.) Give it to him! He cannot reach it. So Christ will give it. Blessed promise! "In that day shall the fair virgins and young men faint for thirst, even for hearing the words of the Lord." (Amos viii. 11 and 13.) "And there is none," says Isaiah, "I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Jacob will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the valleys." (Isa. xli. 18.) Experience and theory are two things. David dwelt in a dry and thirsty land, where there was no water. (Psalm lxiii. 1.) You thirsty souls, and you who have thirsted, know the truth of these things. Some of God's own have thought in early life that they must take some price in their hand, when going to God for salvation; but no, it is free: "it is without money, and without price." You take it freely in this high and divine sense, it is obtained freely. (Isa. lv. 1.) Thus every coming child of God is freely pardoned, and takes freely of the water of life by faith in Christ Jesus. This also is a free gift, and is called the faith of "God's elect." (Titus i. 1.) Salvation is the thing desired. Jonah's case was bad, but it was only temporal; yours is eternal; and if he could do nothing in his case, you can do as little in yours, and are made willing to say, Salvation is of the Lord. It mattered but little what Jonah thought or believed in this matter. So with

all God's family in their dead state, their unbelief, their enmity, shall be set aside. They shall be made willing to say, Salvation is of God. Every coming sinner is wrapt up in that portion of our text, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely;" and, however freely set forth, must wait till God gives it. When the Moabitish widow sat among the reapers, Boaz reached her parched corn, and she did eat. (Ruth ii. 14.) So it is with God's dear people, what he giveth them they gather (Ps. civ. 28), and God pours water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground. All must come from God to the poor sinner. A beautiful figure of this we have in the case of Abraham's servant, and the maiden at the well, "She hasted, and let down her pitcher upon her hand, and gave him drink." (Gen. xxiv. 18.) She gave it. Our God has furnished his table, and sent out his maidens (Prov. ix. 3), to cry upon the high places of the earth the mysteries of the cross. So the coming sinner runs from place to place to hear God's servants, be they "maidens" or men of war. God teaches their "hands to war, and their fingers to fight." When the coming one finds the stream muddy with the doctrines of men, you say, That won't do for me. Hungry and thirsty you want instruction, every day you want food and water, and sometimes you say, "Who will show us any good?"

O how often the weary soul retires from the world, and seeks to hide in secret with God in prayer. When the time comes that God will pour water upon your thirsty soul—for there is a "set time to favour Zion," and the vision will not tarry beyond that time—abundance of water will gush out upon your never-dying soul, then you shall know the Lord, and worship in the beauty of holiness.

Dear child of God, if you were blind enough to go to the Pope, he would settle matters with you directly; but God be thanked, you are thirsting for living waters, divine realities, the manifestations of the Spirit; waiting for the fulfilment of promises long made to our covenant head, Jesus. These exceeding great and precious promises hang around you like clusters of grapes, and you have not faith enough to lay hold on one; your faith being of the operation of God (Col. ii. 12), you have to wait his time. Often does that thought of the poet's run through your mind, "Am I his, or am I not?" It is God's word dropping into the heart that comforts; while we hear the Master's voice we know he is near. When you have sat at the table of the Lord, how freely you have enjoyed the very marrow of the gospel, on hearing these words, "Eat, O friends; drink

abundantly, O beloved." But it is not the bread and the wine that enrich the soul. No; you who think so had better go to Rome at once, and have the real Presence. "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." (John vi. 63.) Those God loves he communes with; he manifests his love to them, having died for them and rose again.

Many make great things from that text, "God so loved the world," and that "whosoever believeth on the Son should have everlasting life," &c. Yes, so he did; but I have not been able to see it in the way many talk of. What do I read of God's love? "God is love." Love is one of the divine attributes, therefore unchangeable.

"Whom once he loves, he *never leaves*,
But loves them to the end."

We read "God so loved the world;" much rests on "so loved." Did he save all alike? No. He has favoured you and me above many; this little island above many portions of the globe. Go to Africa, and ask what his love is doing for them. Go to India, and try to look at his love there. Go to Japan, go to China, go to Turkey, and look there. An object beloved is in all common matters made acquainted with that love, and you dare not say God has not power to communicate his love to the heathen; it is his will *only* you can refer to. It comes to this, either he has power and not will, or he has will and not power. There is no alternative. It will be difficult to move from this point, and it is dangerous ground to stand upon. But God so loved the world that all his redeemed shall be gathered out of it; to him shall the gathering of the people be, from the east, west, north, and south. *His people* then are they who shall believe and be saved. And all power is given to him, power over all flesh, and whatsoever he willeth that he doeth. Notice the limitation of this mediatorial work, "that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him." (John xvii. 2.) No matter what notions men have of God's word, "God so loved the world." Even a mortal man would not be frustrated in his love, if he could help it; and to imagine only that some of God's beloved ones are lifting up their eyes in hell is to me something too far below the love of God for me to dwell upon, and that God changes I cannot admit. "He rests in his love" (Zeph. iii. 17), and "the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs." (Isaiah xxxv. 10.) Stick fast, brethren, by the truth; let no man drive you

from Christ's finished work, and the Spirit's work, as fruits and effects of the love of God.

And as ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him. The day is at hand when he will manifest himself the Rock of Ages, when you shall sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

In conclusion. Did not God freely regenerate your soul? you who are born again. Was Saul of Tarsus seeking God when he was called? Have you done anything, or had Saul done anything, to merit God's favour? No, nothing; all has been free from the mind of the Eternal God. If God has brought you to confess your sins before him, you have done it freely. If you sought mercy, it was free mercy; and you came willingly to confess the one, and pray for the other, and daily you are made willing to ask, and by grace you freely partake of the streams of the water of life from the hand of God the Spirit, who supplies all your needs out of his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

God grant that his living family may be instructed, his dead elect quickened, his name glorified. While the coming soul knows he obtains the water of life freely, the song of free grace will be beyond all parallel. Angels may join their hallelujahs to the Lord God Omnipotent who reigneth, saints only can sing the song of redemption, viz., "to him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood." (Rev. i. 5.) The Redeemer has already gone up with a shout, he hath passed through, he is the Breaker who has gone up before them, even Jesus, who is entered into the Presence for them.

May God, Father, Son and Spirit, be magnified, for Christ's sake. Amen.

"ACCEPTABLE WORDS."

West Hartlepool, May 3, 1893.

Dear Sir,—My mother wishes me to write and say, that when the April number of the "Gospel Standard" arrived, she was very ill in bed, suffering from a dislocation of her hip, which occurred in a moment whilst walking across the floor of her house. Her age is about 63 years. She says that the contents of the particular number referred to exactly suited her case, and seemed to be sent on purpose for her.

Excuse my writing to you, but my mother says that she cannot rest until she tells you about it. I hope this will help you, and encourage you to go on.

Wishing you every blessing, I remain, yours truly,
To the Editor.

C. HALL.

WHAT IS ANTINOMIANISM ?

"I delight in the law of God after the inward man."—ROM. vii. 22.

STRICTLY speaking, an Antinomian is one who is "an enemy to the revealed law of God," which is two-fold: moral and ceremonial. Our obligation to observe the ceremonial law was superseded by the incarnation, sufferings, and death of Christ. The Sun of Righteousness himself being risen, the ritual stars which pre-typified his approach were thrown into shades, never to appear again, except descriptively and historically in the records of the Old Testament. Hence it was prophesied, concerning Christ, that he should "cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease." (Dan. ix. 27.) And St. Paul declares that "the handwriting of the Levitical ordinances is blotted out" (Col. ii. 14), yea, that it is "abolished (2 Cor. iii. 13) and disannulled, because of the weakness and unprofitableness thereof." (Heb. vii. 18.) Even while the Jewish dispensation obtained, the ceremonial law was always intrinsically weak, as not being able (nor indeed was it ever designed) to make the comers thereunto perfect, or to be a real expiation of sin. (Heb. x. 1-4.) All its value and virtue consisted in its prefiguring the person by whom, and shadowing forth the way in which, sin is expiated and sinners saved. Thus these emblematic services were at best weak, though extremely significant in their import, and for the time being enjoined by the authority of God. But, ever since the Messiah's actual sacrifice of himself, they are likewise become useless in point of practical observance. The end of their institution is completely answered, and we are become dead to the Aaronic law in particular by the body of Christ. (Rom. vii. 4.) The question, therefore, now depending, has no kind of reference to the ceremonial appointments under the old administration, since it is universally agreed that a man may assert the total disuse of these, and yet be no Antinomian, according to the proper sense of that term.

Men are, or are not, to be styled Antinomians with relation to the moral law; consequently the general definition given above may be reduced to a yet narrower compass, and the term Antinomian will be found strictly to import one who is an enemy to the moral law of God revealed in the Holy Scriptures; and this Antinomianism, or enmity to the moral law, may be distinguished into speculative and practical.

1. Speculative Antinomianism is predicable of any man and of every man whose scheme of religious principles is such as either directly or by unavoidable consequence tends to set aside the necessity of personal and social morality.

2. Practical Antinomianism is the habitual, allowed, and persevering violation of those precepts which God hath prescribed for the adjustment of our outward conduct, whether those rules regard our demeanour toward him, toward our neighbour, or toward ourselves. Let a person's idea be ever so orthodox, yet,

if his life be immoral, he is, to all intents and purposes, a practical Antinomian, and unless the effectual grace of the Holy Spirit intervene, to retrieve him from the dominion of his sins, he must after death be one of those to whom Christ will say, "Depart from me; I never knew you, ye workers of iniquity."

It evidently appears, from this plain state of the case, that no true believer can possibly be an Antinomian.—He cannot be speculatively such, for "he delights in the law of God after the inner man" (Rom. vii. 22), and holds, with St. Paul, that he (1 Cor. ix. 21) is not without law to God, but actually under the dominion and subject to the preceptive authority of the moral law unto Christ, from principles of faith and love, and from a desire to glorify God and benefit his neighbour.—Much less can the true believer be a practical Antinomian. What we love we follow. He that loves the law of God will aim at conformity to that law; for "how shall we, who are dead to sin, live any longer therein?" (Rom. vi. 2.) Yet it does not follow from this text that God's converted people are sinners. They are indeed said to be dead to sin; but there is a total death and a partial death. We experience the latter from the first moment of our regeneration. We shall not experience the former till mortality is swallowed up of life. "The spirits of just men are not made perfect in holiness till they ascend from the body to join the innumerable company of angels" that surround the throne. (Heb. xii. 22.)

We shall now set down some of the reasons why no true believer can be a practical Antinomian; which are, first, one who truly believes must antecedently to that faith have been spiritually "born of God; and he that is born of God will do the works of God." "They that are after the flesh," who are in a state of nature and unregeneracy, do mind and follow "the things of the flesh; but they that are after the Spirit," who have been renewed by his effectual influence, cannot fail to mind and follow "the things of the Spirit." (Rom. viii. 5.) Where the Holy Ghost dwells, his gracious fruits will infallibly and necessarily appear; and the fruit of the Spirit, the practical effect of his saving operation on the heart, is manifested in and by "all goodness, and righteousness, and truth." (Eph. v. 9.) The regenerate elect are the peculiar workmanship of God, "created anew in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that they should walk in." (Eph. ii. 10.) As therefore God's fore-ordination cannot be rendered void, and as the new-creating agency of his Spirit, by which faith is wrought, cannot but lead to holiness of life, it follows that no true believer can be a practical Antinomian.

Secondly. One who truly believes must have been convinced of sin; he has so far tasted of the evil and bitterness of iniquity as to know and feel that sanctification constitutes the intrinsic dignity, and conduces to the supreme felicity of man; consequently, was it only from a principle of self-interest (to go no higher), he cannot but breathe the Psalmist's prayer, "Make me

to go in the path of thy commandments, for therein is my desire." (Psalm cxix.) And the leading desire of the heart will ever, under such circumstances, influence the conduct of the life.

Thirdly. A true believer has "the love of God shed abroad in his heart" (Rom. viii.), which more forcibly than even the considerations of dignity and happiness, effectually, but sweetly, constrains him to perform the good which his heavenly Father enjoins, and to shun the evil which his heavenly Father forbids. Hence by the Apostle, "love unfeigned" is connected with "pureness, longsuffering," and "the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left." (2 Cor. vi. 6, 7.) In like manner, faith is expressly declared to "work by love" (Gal. v. 6); not by servile dread, but by filial affection. As faith is the seed whence evangelical morality springs, so love to God is the genial beam that awakens the powers of faith, calls them forth into act, and adorns the conversation with the leaves and flowers and fruits of pure and undefiled religion. It is the work, not of fear, but of faith; it is the labour, not of legality, but of love, which indicate our "election of God." (1 Thes. i. 3, 4.) Forgive the repetition, for it is a repetition of the Apostle's own; it is "the work and labour of love," which God will "not forget" (Heb. vi. 10); if he did, he would be unrighteous, *i.e.*, unjust to his own solemn, but absolutely gratuitous, promise, whereby real grace, meliorating the heart and shining in the life, stands indissolubly, yet most freely connected with the never-ending happiness of heaven.

It is evident from the above remarks, deduced from clear and expressed testimonies of inspiration, that love to God (which can only result from a sense of his prior love to us)—1 John iii. 1, and iv. 10, 19—is the operative, producing principle of acceptable obedience. It is also the producing principle of acceptable sufferings for his sake. "God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind;" on which remark the Apostle rests the following exhortation: "Be not thou therefore ashamed of the testimony of our Lord . . . but be thou partaker of the afflictions of the gospel according to the power of God." (2 Tim. i. 7, 8.) Now, the graces of faith and love being inseparable, it follows that every true believer is also a lover of Christ. Where this love exists, it is crowned and evidenced by the assemblage both of active and of passive virtues.

Even Dr. Young could sing of the subject, and an infinitely superior authority has expressly decided that "love to God and man is the fulfilling of the law" (Rom. xiii. 10), *i.e.*, love when real will put us on the vigorous and persevering discharge of every moral duty; consequently, as before, no true believer can be a practical Antinomian.

A multitude of additional arguments might be alleged to the same effect, but I shall at present confine myself to the following. *viz.*, That a true believer cannot be a practical Antinomian, because he prizes and wishes to cultivate communion with God as

the sublimest privilege and enjoyment which it is possible to inherit below. But all wilful and allowed deviations from virtue have an innate tendency to interrupt that enjoyment, and to intercept the light of God's countenance; nay, to spread a screen of separation between us and our views of Christ, to darken our evidences, to deaden our joys, and to render the soul a counterpart to Ezekiel's roll, which was "written within and without, with lamentation and mourning and woe."

Finally. That person must know little indeed of experimental religion who can suppose that any pleasures or profits of sin, or all of them together, can compensate for one moment's loss of intercourse with God, as reconciled to us in his dear Son.

A. TOPLADY.

DIFFERENCE OF MYSELF FROM MYSELF.

LORD, how variable a creature am I! Unstable as water, changeable as wind, different as to weather, when I am left, in any instance or degree, to myself. One of our English kings, from his slackness, was called *the untready*; and the same name, with respect to my best concerns, will too often serve for me.

Sometimes I have a fair day of comfort and hope; but the clouds come on again, and gather blackness over my soul. Short and sweet was the hour of my spiritual delight; but the time of my dulness and drooping had been frequent and long.

Blessed be thy name, O Lord, that my real state with thee doth not depend upon my vigour, liveliness, and constancy, but upon those only sure grounds, thy faithfulness, mercy, omnipotence, and truth. Whatever I am or may be in myself, thou art and wilt be always the same and always the same to me.

The time, or, rather, the eternity, is at hand, when my state will be unchangeable, and my frames will be unchangeable too. The crowns of glory cannot fade, nor those, that wear them, alter or decay. I shall both know, as I am known, and in all things shall be like to my immutable and glorious Saviour, when I get into his kingdom.

Why then should my present variations distress me? I live not by them, nor for them, but upon a higher principle, and for a more exalted end. This is the time of faith, in which I must wrestle, and labour, and strive, against all the disadvantages of an evil nature and an evil world; and I am to look for strength from Christ, who will be honoured in my weakness and deficiency, which compel me to give up myself incessantly to him. He is engaged to preserve me by his own oath and unchangeable covenant; and therefore, come fair, come foul; let me have either comfort or sorrow; all must be well at the last, for he hath promised, and most assuredly will give me, a safe and abundant entrance into heaven.

SEARLE.

GRACE TRIUMPHANT :

AS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY, &c., OF THE LATE
MR. H. BUDD.

A.D. 1804.

O, ETERNAL God, all that we have, every blessing of providence or of grace, is derived from thy free gift; our money, our time, our influence, our bodies, our souls, are not our own; but O, blessed Lord, they are thine, truly and wholly thine. Thou hast committed them to us that we may improve them; but O, Sovereign of mercy, what unprofitable servants have we been! I have now attained my thirtieth year; one half of a long life is past, and I know not the day of my death; be it sufficient for me, O my God, to know that "in the midst of life we are in death!" Prepare me, by my life, not to be apprehensive of death. But, O my God, how could I answer to thee for the waste and misimprovement of former years and the neglect and misapplication of talents, were I now called into judgment? What waste of time, waste of money, waste of influence, waste of temper, waste of body, waste of soul! the burthen of this account is indeed intolerable to me. O forgive, thou inexhaustible Fountain of mercy; forgive the sins, the negligences, the ignorances of my past life. I fly from the avenging fury of thy law to the mild and conciliating mercy of thy gospel. O father, forgive me for thy dear Son's sake—for the sake of Jesus, my sacrifice, my merits, my life, my resurrection, my ascension, my faith, my hope, my all—forgive me! I plead the name thou never wilt reject; I plead that name in which it pleases thee to express the ways of thy mercy. Receive me as the hundredth sheep returning to thy fold, heavenly Shepherd! keep what thou hast found; for, O, my God, what has been my life hitherto? Lord, thou knowest. O, blot it from the book of thy remembrance; wash it in my Saviour's blood. How powerful indeed must be that blood which can atone for such a life as mine! Suffer me to exalt thy mercy, O my God. Have I been the chief of sinners? let my sins be mentioned to the glory of thy grace. Thou knowest that from my childhood I have been a perverse, obstinate, disobedient creature, following my own headstrong passions, obeying my own lawless will, and deceived by an understanding gross and dark. I was then, as I have been since told, an interesting and engaging child; but, O, my God, how unfounded is that judgment, how misplaced those caresses which are lavished upon our fondled childhood, while those embryo sins which lie nestling in the heart are neither observed nor corrected. How vain all my childish attractions, however engaging they might be, when the least denial hurried me into a most intemperate anger. Forgive me, O thou my only hope, the offences of my childhood, which all but too plainly spoke a heart alienated from thee. "Disobedient to parents" is one of the characters thy great Apostle gives to those who know not thee. Such indeed

was I; and thus, O thou witness of my shame, I grew up, contracting such evil habits, and indulging in such vices, as were productive of lasting misery in my future life.

Who can tell how oft he offendeth? Who can tell, not only the number of his sins, of ignorance and negligence, which require a general repentance; but who can tell the number of his glaring, presumptuous, and enormous sins, which require a particular repentance; and the burthen of every one of which is grievous and intolerable? O thou omniscient God, before whom all things are present; before whose eyes every minute action, thought, and word of my life is open, as though it were inscribed on a tablet; what a continued catalogue of enormity is disclosed to thee, though some only of the most prominent remain to afflict me, for which ages of penitence never could atone! But when I remember how frail my judgment is, and that these sins which I have committed are, probably, not the most heinous in thy sight; when I remember that those sins appear to me to be the greatest which have drawn after them the most destructive consequences, and that I have committed millions of sins which are greater in thy sight than those which weigh the heaviest on my conscience; my mind is overwhelmed at the magnitude of that mercy which has yet permitted me to live! How powerful must be the voice of that pardoning blood which can plead successfully for such a wretch as I am! Blessed, for ever blessed be the Lord! Who hath known the mind of the Lord; or who hath been his counsellor? It is thine everlasting purpose that I should remain as I do at this day, a monument of thy free mercy. Thine is the work; thine be the glory of it! Let me think it my chief privilege, that it shall please thee to make so weak an instrument in any way to conduce to thy glory.

July 28, 1823.

I began to write my life when I was thirty years of age, and now I have nearly attained my fiftieth year. I rejoice, O thou Fountain of my mercies, that I knew thee then; and O, while my knowledge of thee has gradually increased, how have I tried the riches of thy goodness, and proved thy forbearance and long-suffering! Bear with me, I beseech thee, still, O my God, while, with the aid of thy blessed Spirit, I proceed to recount the events of a life which, as it has long been devoted to thy glory, so I trust it will tend to the praise of thy grace. And I am the rather induced to continue the narrative of these events, because it appears to me that the grace, which it pleases thee to manifest in thy saints, too often suffers loss in the record of their lives which survives them. Injudicious friends, even though Christians, too often take the crown from the head of grace, and, from a blind attachment to the object beloved, place it on the head of nature. We are led to admire their characters, but their gifts are more proposed to our admiration than their graces; or the mass of character is presented to us in such a manner as to cause us rather to admire the man than to glorify God in him.

Biographers are afraid of detailing sins, imperfections, and defects, in the conquest of which the glory of thy grace is manifested. The chief portion of the life presented to us is a collection of words or actions which attract our esteem of the man; and at the conclusion, some general admission is made of his faults, without which the whole would, to a spiritual mind, appear to be a fable. How unlike this to thy holy word! its unsparing exhibitions of character; its faithful narratives of defects; its simple detail of lusts, lies, passions, corruptions, and horrid abominations in thy people! "Where sin hath abounded, there grace hath much more abounded." Surely the greatest glory of thy grace consists in the conquests of the most desperate depravity of the sinner's soul. And where the grace of God is "exceeding abundant, with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus," in the heart of him who was once a blasphemer, a persecutor, and injurious; then, assuredly, as grace has achieved the victory, so grace should wear the crown.

O how repugnant is the human heart to grace! Who can feel it as he should? Who can illustrate it as he would? Strange mistake that we make in ascribing so much to nature and so little to grace! Strange inconsistency, to touch the sins of nature with so sparing a hand, and yet to assert in words that it is by thy grace, O Lord, that we are what we are! But our hearts tell us, the universal history of man tells us, our observations of every man, woman, and child with whom we converse tell us, and the unerring declaration of thy word, above all, tells us, that nature is a poor, wretched, helpless, and incapable thing in everyone of us; and yet, professing to elevate grace, we are still so true to our nature as to favour it to the utmost, to endeavour to cover its weaknesses, and to conceal its imperfections.

O Divine Grace! sovereign, firm, full, and all forgiving to the happy subjects of thy blessed choice! how can I express thee without detracting from thy glory? O show what thou art, while thou permittest the vilest of the vile to testify of thee, and, by thy present forbearance, illustrate thy glory.

But who can be lowest? rather, who can be simple? O exquisite simplicity! sweet sister of truth; how is my soul swallowed up with thy love! O Father, thou art absolutely simple! one word describes all thy perfections—*Truth*. Truth is absolute simplicity. Could I, by one of thine infinite perfections, describe all, it would be by that one word—*Truth*; for what is truth but harmony, consistency, order, exquisite proportion, unredundant, indefective perfection—that finished excellence which results from the all-consistent concurrence of all thine infinite attributes? Often, when contemplating thy perfections, O my God, have I thought that any one of thine infinite attributes as truly describes thy perfection as another: that, in condescension to our infirmity, thou hast pleased to describe thyself sometimes as holy, sometimes as wise, or the like; yet that to thy saints in glory these distinctions will be no longer necessary;

that we shall then see thee as thou art, one blaze of infinite perfection or of perfect infinity. And what is this but perfect and exquisite simplicity? O Jesus! in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily; how sweetly simple wert thou! every thought was simplicity; every word was simplicity; every act was simplicity; the unerring harmony of holiness: and all this because thou soughtest not thine own glory, but the glory of him that sent thee. No creature can seek his own glory and be simple. To seek our glory is to exalt self, and to be *proud*; or to display self, and be *vain*; and hence all false assumption, and all the various modes of affectation and error. And, O Spirit of life, how simple are thy graces as infused into the human soul! but self—accursed self—taints all with its own wretched impurity and corruption. O for simple, pure, and unmixed grace! grace free from the contaminating dregs and filth of indwelling sin. Grant me but this, O my God, for then alone shall I be simple, and manifest thy glory in my weakness and thy power.

The former part of my narrative brought down the succession of my days to my twenty-third year. My worse than useless life at college terminated in June, 1797. Indolent habits had taken far too strong a hold on me to permit me to engage in any pursuit that required any great degree of energy to be called into action. I was ambitious, but I had no desire to make any great sacrifice of my ease to indulge my ambitious propensities. I shrank, therefore, from the law as a profession, and directed my attention to the church, the facilities of which were my chief attraction. The same principle of selfishness, I am well aware, would have produced the same conduct had I lived in Turkey or India: in the one, I should have read the Koran, and preached, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet;" and in the other, I should have read the Shaster, and descanted on the fabled Incarnations of Veeshnoo. Assuredly at that time I had no other idea, than that the reading of the Liturgy, and the preaching of morality, constituted the duty of a minister of our church. From this, but little distinction appeared to me to arise; and on retracing my sentiments of that period, I well remember that I pleased myself with the idea of obtaining celebrity by something like monastic seclusion, by leading the life of a recluse, by appearing but seldom, and principally among the poor.

O my God, how far were my thoughts from thee, while I fondly imagined I was fixing them on thee, and drawing my motives from thee! But how can a creature of mere sense, and sight, and reason, form any other idea of the church than what is presented to his senses and to his reason? Outward forms and moral principles seemed to me to constitute the whole of the church; and how could my unspiritual mind advance one step beyond this point? I wonder not that carnal men are greedy of ecclesiastical dignities, sumptuous palaces, splendid retinues, civil distinctions, and exalted rank. The wonder would be if a worldly bishop could see anything more in a bishopric

that such worldly privileges afford; for the natural man cannot discern spiritual things. This was just my state at that season. I saw nothing more in the church than its externals and a decent morality. A natural man is bounded by his senses and his reason. Of that Kingdom which is not of this world, and which is "within" the people of God, nature can form no just idea.

Of this wretched ignorance I was myself at this time a pitiable instance; mere knowledge was what appeared to me to be the only qualification for the ministry. I was quite sufficiently moral in my own esteem; and indeed I had pictured to myself a character as my model, free from all gross vice, only occasionally attending public places, and abstaining from all that was obtrusive and notorious; but beyond this I should then have deemed everything excessive. I set myself, therefore, to acquire the knowledge requisite for my admission, and read the history, more especially of the Jews, the evidences of Christianity, and other common-place books, which are usually recommended as the fit preparatives for ordination.

But how strange a mistake did my erring mind lead me into, O my God! that I should not have previously consulted that holy volume of thy revealed will which it was my office to dispense, or those articles of our church which compendiously and experimentally exhibit those doctrines which that church expected its ministers to preach.

I knew nothing more of thy revealed will than what I had learned in my childhood and collected from my ordinary attendance on the worship of our church. Happy is it for us, who have parents who feel any regard for the religion of Jesus. This was my blessed case, especially as to my mother. She knew little of theology as a system, though her knowledge of the New Testament was considerable. Of the Old Testament and the great scheme of redemption, as exhibited under both dispensations of the Law and the Gospel, her view was very contracted. "Nelson's Feasts and Fasts" was her moral; and her system was a mingled linsey-woolsey confusion of works and faith, bringing her no comfort that could consist with assurance, as her views of her fallen state by nature, and her restoration by the blood of Jesus, were vascillating and unfixed. Still I bless her, for she taught me what she knew; she insisted on my attendance on public worship; she was rigorously exact in hearing us pray, morning and evening; taught us generally to fear God, and respect his day, his book, and his house. She still lives while I am writing this, her views improved, and her heart desirous of glory; and so long as my roof can afford her comfort, my attention conduce to her happiness, or my poor prayers draw down one blessing on her head, O my God! grant that I may be a comfort to her; that these hands may close her eyes, if it shall please thee; these eyes see her safely deposited in the silent tomb; and at that blessed hour, when thou shalt come, O Saviour, to be admired in thy saints, may we be again joined in that

union, where all human relations merge in the pure and absorbing love of thee and God!

As to our articles, I certainly could not have understood them at that time. I neither knew the meaning of the ninth nor the seventeenth. What original sin meant was by no means clear to me, for I acknowledged nothing of it in myself, nor did I know anything of it either as the corruption or the fault of my nature. And as to the corresponding doctrine of salvation by grace, from our first calling in time to our attainment of everlasting felicity, I am now persuaded that I did not know what grace meant; that it was something distinct from nature I had no idea, or that it exceeded what is called morality; that it was a superinduced perfection from heaven, holiness in man wrought out by a divine power after the divine image, and that every real Christian is God's workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God had before ordained that such real Christians should walk in, I had not the most distant notion. Of that kingdom which was not of this world, and which is obvious to the eye of faith alone, I had not entered the confines, and yet I presumptuously undertook to expound its laws.

Yet, O mysterious Blessedness! Thou whose ways are eminently and originally thine own! had I not even at that time entered the confines of thy kingdom of grace? How imperceptible at first is the operation of grace, and yet how real, how true! Was not the grain of mustard-seed even then in the ground? Was not the leaven in the lump? As I have intimated above, how complete was my change of sentiment on my leaving college!

With the design of entering the ministry a new class of ideas seemed to take possession of my mind, to the exclusion of what I before held. Was it that I had never yet been peremptorily called upon to examine my principles; and that, falling into the current of evil presented to me by opportunity, I had quietly floated down, because its waters were congenial to my natural depravity; and my principles, such as they were, were hidden under the influence of incumbent temptation? Probably it was so, for I had frequent admonitions of conscience that all was not well with me; and the sight of young men, of more exemplary conduct than my own, shamed me, though I was unwilling to confess it. But with the temptation the sentiments were also discarded; and those principles implanted in childhood, but which had been rendered torpid by the vices and follies and indulged lusts of my boyhood and youth, with new occasion received new vigour, and, as they were called for, answered the call. Thus, probably, the spark of grace, hid under the deadening embers of my vanities, had been preserved by the fostering influence of thy blessed Spirit from the days of my childhood; and when the hour of thy effectual calling arrived, I was made, "through grace to obey the calling." Let grace, then, wear the crown. "Not unto us, O Lord: not unto us"

I offer no excuse, O my God, for this vile presumption in thrusting myself into the ministry of thy word. That others did the same can be no excuse for me, or that I was ignorant or negligent. It was clear that I neither understood the Law nor the Gospel, nor the articles of the church in which I was about to minister. Custom quieted conscience, and seemed to justify my compliance. I well remember that I studied the articles, not so much for the purpose of comprehending them as of turning them out of English into Latin; and thus I wickedly and impiously rushed into the sanctuary, where angels might well fear to tread.

The scene of my first ministerial labours was a curacy in Berkshire, and, according to my recollection, it was my honest intention to do my duty to the best of my power. But I was full of self-sufficiency; thought highly of my excellent style of reading, the fervour of my eloquence, and the unblemished decency of my deportment; and it was my aim to ensure universal respect.

O, my God, how little did I value thy glory, or the never-dying interests of perishing souls! All was derived from self, and directed to self. I was my own idol. And well do I remember, that, after preaching my first sermon, my self-complacency was excessive, though every word, I believe, was copied; and on perusing it, after thou hadst opened my eyes to behold the truth, I was happy to bury it, and my shame together with it, in the destruction to which I devoted it, together with a whole pile of heterogeneous divinity, the labours of the days of my ignorance, in the flames.

I had been introduced to this curacy by the kindness of a clergyman, a friend of our family, who resided a short two miles from the village, the scene of my pastoral charge. He possessed an ample competency; he lived much in the world, and was wholly devoted to pleasing himself and all around him. Kind, affable, and amiable, his house was open to all; and his hospitality was of that unbounded description, that he was seldom without some one at his own table or in his house, except when visiting at the houses of others. Never did nature more exquisitely counterfeit grace than in him; and surely there was in him a most lovely disposition, which attracted universal esteem. But his whole life was devoted to gratify himself—most commonly in fishing, in which he would spend whole mornings—or in gratifying others. He was a single man; and such was his kindness towards me, that there were few weeks when I did not dine with him twice at least, but most commonly three times, and on the Sabbath almost always. Dear and amiable ———, thou art still living, but my altered views have long since caused a separation between us; for now, removed as we are also from each other, we seldom meet. And though it is but too evident that we differ in sentiment, still thou art constitutionally kind; and my prayer, by the blessing of God, shall yet be offered for thee, that what is so lovely in nature may be infinitely more lovely in grace. For every act of kindness I have ever received from thee, may

the Lord of mercy reward thee, in his grace, a hundredfold into thy bosom!

On entering on the work of my curacy, I spent the first fortnight at the house of this dear friend. I then removed into lodgings; and he being absent for some weeks, I began seriously to undertake the duties of my station. The parish was large and scattered; most of the population lay upon a distant common; and it was my intention, at the outset, to visit every cottage in my parish in the course of each month. In executing this intention, I began a general visitation—endeavoured to ascertain the character of all, to relieve the poor, to comfort and pray by the sick, to reprove the negligent and careless, and generally, to the best of my power, to perform the duties of a parish minister. O thou who knowest my heart, thou knowest that my intention was then honest, to do all the good in my power.

Such was the commencement of my ministry out of doors in my parish. The preparation of my weekly sermon was of the same character. I had too good an idea of my own powers to think of preaching the sermons of others; and though my first sermon was copied, my second was, in a great measure, my own composition. But I was so utterly destitute of that knowledge which was necessary in the composition of a sermon, that much of my matter and expression was necessarily taken from others. In this way I went on, writing sometimes half the sermon, sometimes more, sometimes the whole sermon, as I had leisure or disposition. The matter of my sermons was poverty itself. A few sentences, repeating the same remark over and over again, with a few well-turned periods, which I then thought to be eloquence, may be a general description of my sermons. Alas! I could give no instruction, for I had none to give. A prayerless, unscriptural, inexperienced priest, I was acceptable to an ignorant, decent, worldly-minded, Christless, and self-satisfied people—the blind leader of the blind; and we were both falling into the ditch.

During this season I had marked out for myself no plan of study. I was always passionately fond of voyages and travels, especially those of my own day. I enjoyed a great facility in procuring these productions from a wealthy neighbour, whose library was enriched by them as they were offered to the public: and these, with the reading of old authors, such as Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," together with my weekly sermon, occupied that portion of my time which was left from my parochial visits and my trifling. But I never sat down to study the Scriptures, nor even to take an Epistle, or Gospel, or Prophet, to read as a whole, that I might comprehend it. The Bible was simply my text-book; and so wedded was my ear to sound, that I would seldom select a text that was not of a flowing character.

From this sad ignorance of thy Scriptures, O my God, I once most foolishly and arrogantly presumed to settle the whole question of faith and works at one blow, by preaching on James ii. 24: "Ye see then how that by works a man is justified, and not

by faith only;" in which sermon, without any reference to St. Paul, or any idea of reconciling the Apostles (I am not quite sure that I was aware of Paul's statement at the time), I laid it down as an incontrovertible truth, that every man was justified by his works even before God. O most sinful ignorance! surely the most awful characteristic of our total separation from thee is this very stupidity itself. The dead body is unconscious of its death; it sees not, knows not, feels not; but it is unconscious of its insensibility. This was just my unhappy case. I was lost in error and ignorance, but was insensible of my bewilderment.

I had not undertaken the ministry, I think, more than three months, when a day of public fasting was appointed. I had been reading the Abbé Barruel's account of the infidel conspiracy against God and man. My mind was full of the subject; and without once considering the rustic character of my audience, I set to work, and, after a hard labour of three weeks, produced a long and elaborate discourse, full of Voltaire and D'Alembert, &c., containing both names and things utterly beyond the comprehension of my audience. The congregation expressed themselves well pleased, and assuredly I was so myself. Never, surely, was anything more truly unphilosophical and absurd. The French Encyclopedia and rustic ignorance—what a combination! Surely here was much to unlearn. I had better have gone to the shepherd's fold, the carpenter's shop, or the blacksmith's anvil for a little common sense. O the blackness of my darkness! Ignorance, folly, vanity, and presumption, was the very atmosphere I breathed, and I knew it not.

(To be continued.)

"HE KNOWETH THE WAY THAT I TAKE."

He knows the way I take—
The way so strange and rough,
Where thorns oft wound my
feet;
He knows—it is enough.

He knows the way I take—
The way so dark and drear,
Where deadly dangers lurk,
He knows—I need not fear.

He knows the way I take—
The way through deserts dry
He knows—I shall not want;
My needs he will supply.

The flinty rocks shall yield
Pellucid streams and sweet,
And manna pure and white
Shall glisten at my feet.

He knows the way I take—
The way that lies apart;
He sends his angels oft
To cheer my lonely heart.

He knows the way I take—
Here, me he oft doth meet;
Here, with my gracious God
I hold communion sweet.

He knows the way I take—
He chose it; 'tis the right;
The pain will end in peace,
The gloom in joy and light.

He knows the way I take;
When me my God hath tried,
"I shall come forth as gold"—
As gold well purified.

ISA.

SUSTAINING GRACE.

London, Nov. 13, 1843.

My Dear Friend,—I know of nothing more comforting in the time of affliction than to be acquainted with our own condition as fearing God. If our faith can realise our interest in Christ, this will uphold us in our affliction, even when sensible enjoyment is at a low ebb.

We are called kings and priests unto God, and have in our measure the charge of the sanctuary, to see that the vessels are kept full and the lights burning. The heart of a regenerate man is called the temple of the Holy Ghost, and the person himself a priest consecrated to God to keep it diligently, to have the light and power of spiritual knowledge within him, and to nourish this spiritual light and power by drawing continually fresh supplies from Jesus Christ.

For a man to be a real partaker of this divine power, and for the heart to be the habitation of light, the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost must take place. This must be bestowed upon us before we can set forth the true love of God to sinners with any real efficacy. "Ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord: walk as children of light" (Eph. v. 8); that is, enlightened by the Spirit of God into the mysteries of the new birth, and the liberty that is in Christ Jesus. This is the chief point of divine and spiritual wisdom, not in the head, but graven on the heart in a rich experience.

It is to this that God has called us; and anything short of this, in the present dreadful day of departing from the truth, will dwindle into a form, with some show of outward goodness; but the new birth will be passed over as a needless matter, where there is so much show of divinity, as well as of goodness and of wealth. Such professors will find agreement with those who do not enforce, nor are able distinctly to set forth, the leading doctrines of the Gospel; and in that agreement the fair show in the flesh will be concluded to be all that the Scriptures set forth as necessary to be attained to. This sort of profession, which comes within a hair's breadth of the truth, does not quickly show its deviation, but in the course of a few years it may be seen that the *power* is wanting.

The true Gospel gives the light of life, and this will shine in setting forth the new birth, or in showing the broken-hearted sinner, from a heartfelt experience, the saving comfort of Christ's love, and that he saves to the uttermost, because he has saved *me*. The effectual work of salvation is called daylight, in contradistinction to the night of darkness in which the world of professors lie. But what is this daylight to one shut up in darkness? How can one born blind judge of light, and set it forth before others as glorious? When a poor soul has witnessed the Sun of Righteousness arising with healing in his beams, then such a one can distinctly show the manner of it, and the surprise

he found in emerging from the dark night in which he lay. He can tell much of the glory, beauty, and efficacy of the light, and the warmth and comforting power of it. It is amazing to perceive the power of this change; how it brings a disrelish upon the spirit for all created vanities, and so humbles the soul that all vain confidence, dignity, and glorying are laid aside, and nothing left but to speak of the glory of this spiritual and heavenly kingdom of Christ, and to talk of his power.

Many things entangle the soul and keep it from this divine liberty, but if we belong to the Lord he will enable us to leave these *nets* and to follow him. All that is agreeable to the flesh, whether in repute or any other fancied way, must be dropped; and he that knows anything of the rebellion of his own heart will acknowledge that this is no small thing. To forsake ALL is very extensive, but it is the only way by which we can let our light shine so as to glorify not ourselves, but God, the Author of it. But there is something that will sustain us when the flattering breath of a few vain friends ceases, who withdraw their interest because of the truth that we set forth and walk in. If all be foregone because Christ is magnified, we shall find a better and more durable portion. It will not shut out the presence of the Lord from us, though it may bring us into disesteem among men. The riches of divine mercy will maintain our lot when all things else are very dark, and the bowels of compassion of our faithful High Priest make so sweetly manifest his love to us, and with his love give such a heavenly light as to discover to us that we are taught of God, sanctified by the Spirit, and called a holy people, and are made to hold the riches of this grace in the highest esteem.

Such will be the true effect of obtaining mercy. If a smother way is preferred, Archbishop Leighton says it is "because we wallow in some puddle with an outward carriage of somewhat smoothness, which ardently seeks after applause while the heart is frozen to God." This bosom idol, however well it may be hidden, eats up all increase; and whatever the beloved sin may be, it is evident that it is held to the shutting out of the manifestation of the love of God. This is called spiritual darkness, and a terrible place it is to be found in, let our outward prosperity and comforts be ever so high. Nothing can be more fearful than to be shut out of the love of God in Christ Jesus.

It is our mercy to be able not to think it "strange concerning the fiery trial," which sometimes deprives us of health, property, friends, conceit of wisdom, and reputation, for all this must take place (as it respects our fleshly enjoyment of them) and we be brought to nothing. There can be no salvation till man is brought off from all confidence in these things; and this is a hard matter; for, as Luther says, "As long as a man has a name or anything else that he can call his own, he will never honour the name of God." That is the reason why so much is said in the behalf of the fatherless and destitute, who can derive no comfort

nor hope out of Christ. Those who think that the way is hard, forget that the Lord judges not those who judge themselves, but justifies and acquits them with all their insufficiency; while others make it manifest that they are not led of the Spirit to confess and forsake their sins, and therefore have no sense of the pardoning love of God.

It is a marvellous thing to be brought to receive dishonour and distress, and to acknowledge that God is righteous in suffering it. Praise and honour most fearfully endanger a man; this I know by sad experience. When Daniel was enabled by the grace of God to debase himself, presently an angel was sent to tell him how greatly he was beloved. As this self-abasement and humiliation clearly manifests itself to be of God and brings us near to him, so does pride remove us far from God and from all secret intercourse or communion with the Lord Jesus Christ. This nearness gives us an entrance into the kingdom of righteousness, of which kingdom we must make full proof that we are citizens by the application of Christ's righteousness. Seek first his kingdom and righteousness, for in them is full freedom from all condemnation; and this makes all our strength and faculties subject to God and to his service, and with Paul we are enabled to say, "I live; yet not I, but Christ lives in me."

Alas, what sorrow and fear are felt at the discovery of all short-comings in these points! But beware of natural affection, lest our passions being moved we be led to mend that in the flesh which the Lord alone can remedy. Hence come false Christs and fleshly confidences, which entangle all but such as the Lord has in his eternal purpose ordained to eternal life.

The fearfulness and trembling that have taken hold upon me for the most part of the last three or four years, have made me to feel the deep necessity of a clear work, because I know that every man's work shall be tried, of what sort it is; and as I have witnessed many in a fair profession to end in nothing better than hay or stubble, I am led exceedingly to fear; and I am sure that if the Lord had not been on my side I should have utterly failed. It has been altogether the Lord's sweet and comfortable presence, in a clear sense of his pardoning love, that has been my support and the life of my soul. This is the cause why I am so strenuous in setting forth the certainty of a path of tribulation. All must pass through this storm, but all will not stand it; and I am anxious to know that I may abide it and also those that are dear to me. I fear that many in your little community stop short of what would be for their comfort in a dying hour. I am sure they had need to know that except they be born again they cannot see nor enter Christ's spiritual kingdom, nor even know what it means.

I sincerely desire my love to all who are looking for redemption in our Lord Jesus Christ, for such shall never be disappointed world without end.—Your affectionate friend,

J. BOURNE.

THE RIGHT WAY.

My Dear Friend,—I was glad to receive your kind and truly spiritual letter. It seemed a long time since I had heard from you. I esteem it a favour to have a place in the hearts and affections of any of the Lord's people. I look upon you as one of the oldest of my Christian friends, and glad should I be if opportunities and circumstances allowed of more frequent intercourse between us. There are things now, however, that we have no control over, to prevent that: the distance we are from each other is great, one being in Wiltshire and the other in Huntingdonshire; and as I am become so poor a scribe, I am often ashamed to attempt to write to you, but this I do know, my Christian love towards you neither distance nor time has in anywise abated; and I verily think that unless the Lord should forsake me, and leave me to my wretched, sinful self and the devil, so as to become a horrid spectacle to men in general and a grief to his people (but, blessed be his name, I hope he will not thus deal with me, for I cannot live without him), I shall always retain for you a very warm affection while I am in this body of flesh. Indeed I have reason to do so; many times the Lord has made you the instrument in his hands, both in the pulpit and when in conversation, of much good to my poor soul. Hitherto my pathway to heaven, if I am in the way (how many *ifs* and *buts* there are!) has not been so smooth, and straight, and plain as many, judging from outward appearances, may imagine. I have had to wade through the waters of affliction, to endure sore temptations, to sustain heavy burdens, to carry weighty crosses, to suffer many cruel reproaches, to be sorely tried with a body of sin and death, harassed by an unwearied adversary, and plagued with a deceitful and desperately wicked heart, which has oftentimes betrayed me into folly, sin, and shame; added to which, a painful bereavement, by the death of the one who was most dear to me, came upon me. But I dare not murmur or repine, for the way the Lord has led me has been a right one. He knows how to humble me and keep me at his feet, with my mouth in the dust, to subdue my haughty spirit, to hide pride from me, to make me little in my own eyes, to teach me to esteem others better than myself, and to endear himself to me.

I am often lost in astonishment at the great patience and forbearance which a kind and gracious God extends to me. Sometimes, when I have feared his mercy was clean gone, and that he would be favourable no more; when my soul has sunk fathoms under the dread that I should never enjoy his presence again, but that he would altogether hide himself and withhold his tender mercies, and leave me to grope along in the dark; when sins—all sins, any kind of sin, sin that many may think but little of, sins of an aggravated nature—stare me in the face (though, blessings on his dear name, I trust I do not live in the practice of any sin, but sin dwells within me), and I fear I am

about to be given up to hardness of heart, a seared conscience, and a reprobate mind, the Lord has mercifully turned again towards me, has manifested his compassion, subdued my iniquities, shown me a token for good, granted me an intimation that he is "a God nigh at hand and not afar off," and that all is right between him and my soul. But when the Lord withdraws himself and leaves me alone, how soon I find I return to a most wretched and miserable place, there to mope and mourn, sigh and groan, and fear that after all I shall surely fall by the hand of some powerful, inherent, if not outward enemy. The Lord says, "I will put my fear in their hearts, that they (his people) shall not depart from me." I think I know something of this fear, nay, I believe that it has been in exercise in my heart, that it has kept me in the hour of temptation, and by this I know that it is the Lord who keepeth the feet of his saints—that they are kept by the power of God. And what a keeping it is! and what a mercy it is to be made to feel one's need of the Lord's keeping and preserving us! that he puts a cry into the heart, that he hears and answers it, and makes the same known to the soul by delivering it out of its distresses and fears. I would speak of it to the honour and praise of his blessed name, that he has many times shown himself strong on my behalf, and "mighty to save." He has delivered me when I had sunk very low under the pressure of a heavy burden, which, from various causes, had come upon me.

If I could trust the Lord Jesus at all times, and under all circumstances commit my way unto him, leaving all events concerning me in his hands, how very many fears and anxieties I should escape! But alas! I am a slow and dull scholar in the school of grace, and hence it is that I so frequently require the rod. There is "a rod for the fool's back." It is good for me that it is the Lord who lays the rod upon me, for a heavenly Father's rod no terror has when we can see the hand that inflicts the strokes. Bastards escape the rod, but not so the child of God, yet poor, short-sighted I, frequently can neither see nor trace the lovingkindness of the Lord when I am enduring his stripes. If I am not chastened for my sins, that is wrong, and when I am so chastened, then I fear I shall never again enjoy the presence of the Lord and taste his love. What an inconsistent, and, as good old Berridge says, "motley" wretch am I! Of one thing I am certain, that the Lord never chose me for any goodness he foresaw in me, but of his own free mercy, grace, and love. To him therefore I must readily ascribe all the honour, praise, and glory. And should I be taken to glory, I do not think that among all the blood-bought throng there will be one who will have so great cause for lifting up their voice in blessing and praising a Triune God as myself, that I was sought out in time, redeemed from all iniquity, washed in the blood of the Lamb, clothed with his righteousness, and landed safe in the upper and better world.

I cannot convey to you how great and grievous has been the disappointment which I, in conjunction with some of the other friends, have sustained owing to your not coming to us this spring; and what adds to our grief is, that from the tone of your letter to our friend P——, it appears that there is no probability of our seeing you here during the year. If we are spared to see another year, we shall solicit you to fix your own time (D.V.) when you will come, and let that be final, instead of consulting the convenience of a second person.

We have had but little preaching up to this time of the present year, as you have seen by the wrapper of the "G.S." We hope to get the pulpit more frequently supplied after Midsummer, but Messrs. Philpot, Tiptaft, and Hazlerigg will be close upon each other. I am sorry to hear that our esteemed friend, Mr. Philpot, is so poorly; the weather is very trying for invalids, and especially so to those who are troubled with chest complaints.

I have had a sad cold and cough nearly all the winter. Poor Mrs. Wild is dangerously ill. At present she seems to be rather dark in her mind. I hope the dear Lord may manifest himself to her. She is now in that state when it seems most desirable, for her own peace and comfort, and for the satisfaction of her friends, that it should be so. But the Lord is a sovereign, and he will do as seemeth good unto him. But whether our dear friend goes out of the world in the dark or in the light, we believe that when she departs hence she will go to glory.

I see I have nearly filled this sheet, and what will you do with it when you have read it? Why, throw it into the fire, and heave a sigh that one of your friends has become so poor a creature.

Our kind friends at the Retreat join me in love to yourself and Mrs. Godwin.—I remain, dear friend, affectionately yours,
Allington, April 30, 1863. J. C. TUCKWELL.

A LABOUR OF LOVE.

My dear Brother,—Through the mercy and goodness of God, I am again quietly settled at Sutton after my two months' tour in the West of England. I arrived on Friday, July 15th, and left B—— with his wife and child in Devon, for I could not conscientiously leave my own flock any longer; for during my absence they were left almost without food, as I could not get a minister of Christ for love or money. Soon after I wrote to you we left Somerset for Belle Vue, near Plymouth, and began to preach in that neighbourhood. We stopped about ten days in the vicinity of Plymouth. B—— preached in the large church there, which was also offered to me, and I should have accepted it had I remained another Sunday. When B—— preached there it was crowded to excess. We preached also in the open air, and in what churches we could obtain, to the great annoy-

ance of the church clergy. They consulted together whether they could not put us into the stocks. Of course they called upon my Lord Bishop to restrain us. We were the more offensive because multitudes would flock together to hear us. After we left Plymouth, we travelled along the southern coast of Devon, and preached in several of the principal towns. We both preached; consequently we kept our hearers standing nearly two hours and sometimes longer. We preached fifteen nights out of eighteen in the open air, and the numbers that gathered together surprised us; but the novelty of it, and the size of the towns, were much the cause. I will mention a few of them: Brixham, Dartmouth, Exmouth, Kingsbridge, Modbury, Teignmouth, Torquay, Totnes, &c. We had generally a table to stand upon. I preached upon the quays, as many of the places were by the sea, or had a large river running by them. We were not much molested, considering the offensive truths we preached, and the numbers of the vilest characters amongst our hearers. But we were called every name that was applied to Christ and the first preachers of the gospel, and we were pelted with a few stones and dirt, &c. But, upon the whole, we had but little to bear for our great and gracious Master. We preached twice at Teignmouth and twice at Exeter in the open air. A constable and a magistrate came the second night at Exeter, but we regarded them not, and they dared not touch us, nor could they prevent us, for we had a message for thousands.

Our flesh rebelled much against the work; but I am sure nothing would excite a neighbourhood more than faithful preachers standing up in that way. But they must preach the finished work of Christ, or little effect in any way will be manifested. We were followed from place to place by several, and they who were taught of God knew the sound. We were much refreshed by conversations with God's dear people, who were chiefly amongst the poor; and they, alas! poor creatures, were almost without shepherds. Great darkness prevails, and very few preach the fulness of the gospel. That part of Devon in which we were is as dark as Rutland, and almost as void of true ministers. Many of God's dear people showed us great kindness, and those who received us we called Jasons, for they certainly had to bear a cross. Mr. Syngé, of Buckeridge House, near Teignmouth, was very kind to us. He stood by us twice in the open air at Teignmouth. We took up our abode with him, and he sent us in his carriage to Totnes, and met us again at Exeter, and stood by us there. May the Lord reward him. I could not, in one or two letters, say all that you might desire to know about our journey. But the great question is, Who were converted, and who were comforted? We heard of convictions which were very striking. If no blossom there will be no fruit; but of course we knew but little of the effect of our preaching, as we started away directly, and went immediately to another place. But many could testify of our preaching that it was good for

them to be there. We had a very great number of ministers of all sorts to hear us. Some said we were mad, some said that we were good men, some said that we deceived the people, some mocked, and others said that they should like to hear us again. Very many, both rich and poor, wondered how we dared preach, everywhere and anywhere, and they wanted to know what our diocesans will say. I have heard nothing from mine, although I am sure he knows of it. B—— is to return for Sunday next. I do not think that he has heard from his bishop. We are both indifferent as to how our diocesans may act. If they turn us out of the Church of England, we shall see our way clear; for we both think that if a mother ever had a daughter, our Established Church is one of Rome's. B—— can easily be removed, but they will find difficulty in removing me, as I am an incumbent. I think they will be afraid of interfering with B——, as his name is so well known, and the poor Establishment is tottering to its very basis. As I mentioned before, the canons cannot prove us guilty, and the Scriptures are on our side. My desire is to do the Lord's work, and I trust that I shall not cease to bear testimony for Jesus Christ, concerning those precious truths I know for my own comfort, whenever I have an opportunity.

We have found the spirit of the world reigning very much wherever we have been. All seem to be seeking their own. There are few that have grace enough to come out from a world lying in wickedness, and very few love their neighbour as well as themselves. "Sell that thou hast, and give to the poor" (Matt. xix. 21), is but little known. The dissenters generally are very worldly. But nature is nature, call a man by what name you will. Trials, afflictions, and adversity are frequently sent to open a heart for better things. You increase in knowledge; do you increase in grace? The eyes of hundreds are upon you, watching for your halting, and would rejoice if they could see you showing a fondness for filthy lucre. "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." There are but few that will be saved. I found but very few among the gentry who gave proof of their being real Christians; and whatever they might profess, they knew but very little of the work of the Holy Ghost in their poor dark souls. They had seen but little of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Both you and D—— must be purified a great deal from dress before you will shine and suffer much in the Lord's cause. The more you are conformed to the image of Christ, the more you will be treated as he was. Have you and your family given over strengthening Satan's hands by hearing one of his ministers? O, my dear brother, may God open your eyes. I trust the Lord has begun the work in you and your wife, but it is a day of small things. To have the least spark of grace in our souls is a cause of unutterable thankfulness. It is a mercy beyond expression. Your views are changed; you like to talk with God's people; you stand and plead the cause of such; you believe in the truth. All this is promising; but re-

member it is through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of heaven. There is a daily cross, and you must bear it, or there will be no crown.

Be pleased to let me know whether I can have £20 or £30 soon, as my conscience is not comfortable to have so many hundreds, and poor brethren in Christ wanting bread. I do not like to give money away to support pride and idleness, nor do I like to keep it in store when Christ's dear friends and people want it. We are told not to lay up treasures upon earth. I can say (the Lord be praised) I care less about money, and could live in a plain way. A little plain food and plain raiment are quite good enough for our vile bodies. We visited an admiral who has not even a silver teaspoon, and he gives nearly all away to the poor for Christ's sake. We dined with him, and he showed us the power of Christianity whilst we preached it. What is this vain world?

Write me a very long letter, and give me a full account of the Lord's work in your neighbourhood.

With every good wish, believe me to be

Yours affectionately in the best of bonds,
Sutton, July 27, 1831.

W. TIPTAFT.

MOURNING AND SINGING.

Marden, March 9, 1859.

My dear Jane,—I should have written a line to you on Saturday last, but as I did not hear from you, I thought that very likely I might see you at home with your father on Sunday evening, and you know how glad I am always to see you at home.

I felt very miserable while staying from the house of God on the Sunday morning before your father went away; it will be a day long to be remembered by me, not a joyful day, but a day of mourning. "A day of mourning!" you will say—"How was that?" I do believe the Holy Spirit condescended to lead my mind back the forty years I have spent in the wilderness, showing me how the Lord had led me, instructed me, borne with my manners therein, brought me from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God, and from the curse of Moses' law into the liberty of the gospel. "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed," for he is our law-fulfiller, and all those who are thus made free can never more come into condemnation. Bless his holy name, how often in looking back can I see the delivering and chastening hand of my covenant God and Father in his beloved Son. Chastening is found to be grievous work for the flesh that likes ease, but when sanctified, it always yields the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

I was then in a little measure led to see the hole of the pit from whence the Lord had dug me, viz., the quarry of nature, and then my thoughts went to Abraham, called "the father of the faithful," and then to the fountain of all good and of every

blessing, the Lord Jehovah—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. I then went back to the pit of my nature—the heart—out of which proceeds nothing but that which is earthly, sensual, and devilish; sad state indeed, when by the Spirit it is opened up to the sinner, and would sink its possessor into despair of ever being saved, did not the Lord in rich mercy come and lift up the standard, Christ Jesus, to the eyes of the poor sinner's faith and understanding.

These meditations brought me where I love to be, even to the feet of Jesus, in confession, mourning, grieving, and supplicating, earnestly desiring that he would again lift upon me the light of his countenance, and restore unto me the joys of his salvation, which in mercy he did, and I said, at his feet, "My Lord, and my God;" yea, I blessed and praised his holy name. I thought, moreover, had I possessed a thousand boxes of ointment, I would have poured them all out upon his precious person, even from his head to his feet. But I am looking for some trial upon this manifestation of the Lord's mercy to my soul.

You will find that a sinner, under the influence of God's grace and mercy, can both mourn and sing while experiencing the Lord's goodness; mourns while feeling baseness and ingratitude to the best of friends. So you see my Sabbath was not all mourning, although I am sure that mourning before the Lord is a good place to be in.

I must now close, praying that the Lord may keep you seeking diligently after the pearl of so great worth and value until you find it to the joy and rejoicing of your heart.

With love to all,

I remain, your affectionate Mother,

G. HAMMOND.

[This dear friend speaks out of my own heart so exactly in every syllable, so completely in every sentence, that not a word, no, not so much as a letter altered could better, if so well, describe my own feelings, on every point touched. What a sacred place to be brought into! What a lovely, sweet, and safe place to live in! When one's soul is drawn into such sanctified spots, we do indeed find the rest of faith. Our heart has not unfrequently been broken and humbled in being led to look back at the ten thousand provocations, sins, and ill manners, for which we have hated and loathed ourselves beyond the power of expression; and then rising up in parallel lines, healings, forgivenesses, mercies innumerable, and in such majesty of form, that an infinitely good and blessed God has revealed himself in every fold of grace, in every fold of providence! O, what an unfolding of covenant love, and in what pleasant places the lines have fallen to us—us, the basest of beings—us, the unworthiest of creatures! Who could have deserved the lowest place in hell more? Who so much? O, precious Christ! what has thy love and blood done for sinners? And now, "whom have we in heaven but thee? and whom on earth, beside thee?"—ED.]

Obituary.

ELIZABETH JONES.—On December 5, 1892, aged 76.

She was born at Langford, Biggleswade. Her mother died when she was two weeks old, but her place was well supplied by a step-mother, of whom she always spoke with great affection. Her godly father being bowed down for 15 years with the cares of a farm, our friend had to do work only fit for boys, and at an early age ran away from home, but the protecting hand of God followed her. Being ambitious of a nice home, she married a coach-builder.* Soon after her marriage, thoughts of eternity would intrude, when she endeavoured to hold her husband in one hand and religion in the other; she went to chapel on Lord's day mornings, and to public gardens or parks in the afternoon. One Lord's day, as she sat in Hyde Park under some trees, a verse of a hymn in Dr. Watts' Children's Hymn-book came into her mind with great power :

"Just as a tree cut down, that fell
To north or southward, there it lies;
So man departs to heaven or hell,
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies!"

She thought the trees would fall upon her, so dare not go any more to the Parks on the Lord's day.

In her latter days, she once heard Mr. Morriss well from the words, "When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee." (Prov. vi. 22.) She referred several times to the sermon and its effects; saying how she would watch her words, lamenting the lack of tenderness she experienced afterwards.

In her early soul travail she for some years received much encouragement, which was greatly needed, for her husband followed her with unremitting, and in some respects peculiar, persecution for about 30 years.

The writer cannot tell how long a period elapsed after the Lord "felled the tree" before he raised her up to the joy of his salvation; but it was under a sermon preached by the late Mr. A. B. Taylor, from, as I think, the words, "Let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains." (Isa. xlii. 11.) She said that at that time, when going to the house of God, her feet seemed hardly to touch the ground; so that the Scripture was fulfilled in her, "He maketh my feet like hinds' feet, and setteth me upon my high places." Hitherto she had only attended chapel on Lord's days, now she resolved to go on week evenings, for which she met with much opposition from her husband. He removed to a considerable distance from the chapel to prevent her going; she prayed to the Lord to give her strength. She could not avail herself of the public conveyances,

* The remark on February Cover was a misapprehension, she being, at the time of her marriage, equally with her husband, a stranger to the fear of God.]

as her husband would accuse the men of looking at his wife; accusations he freely made even in the house of God. The Lord gave her strength, so that she has said she never was stronger in her life. She said she has seen the perspiration so running down his face—for he would always go with, or follow after, her to chapel—that she sometimes pitied him in her heart. In one house where they lodged, two women helped Mr. Jones to persecute his wife. She was sore distressed and cried unto the Lord. Whatever the persecutors did or said, our friend kept a distant silence, and they ceased to annoy her: “He restraineth the wrath of man.” When her husband was persecuting her, her ready tongue would have retorted, but this Scripture kept her silent: “Good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete, withal it shall be measured to you again” (Lu. vi. 38); so that word was fulfilled in her, “Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it.” Her husband only attempted to strike her once, when, missing his aim, he fell and broke his leg. What Mrs. J. and her step-daughter endured would fill a volume.

In her trying path, the ministry of the late Mr. Philpot was made a great blessing to her. Mr. P. would enter so minutely into the troubles and exercises she had experienced during the week that she would say that Miss Sheppard (a fellow-member with whom she often walked to and fro) had told Mr. P. all about her. She was much blessed once in hearing Mr. Hazlerigg from the words, “Behold! this is the law of the house,” and she would say, “That was when I should have been baptized.” At the re-opening of Gower Street Chapel she had a blessed time. She said she had all the week begged her way to the chapel; she seemed full of the “New wine of the Kingdom.”

After the death of her husband, many friends expected she would join the church at once, but she said, “They don’t know what I feel!” There was scarcely any flesh on her bones, and her nerves were at the lowest. The writer having some spare time once took her into Kensington Gardens. She had with her Huntington’s “Justification of a Sinner,” and tried to converse about Cushi and Ahimaaz; but thinking them some imaginary characters, I refused to listen. She then drew the book from her pocket and began to read; I soon thought I never had read such a book, except the Bible and Gadsby’s hymn book. I could see my own experience in Ahimaaz, and in Cushi a godly minister whom I could talk with sometimes. Mrs. J. smiled, and when reading, “Ahimaaz said, I could sit here all night,” the old lady burst out laughing. When Sarah held the child of promise in her arms, she said, “God hath made me to laugh, so that all that hear will laugh with me.”

“What peaceful hours I then enjoyed.”

A little less than two months after her husband’s death, Mrs. J. being in her 70th year, she went before the deacons, prelimi-

nary to going before the church. In relating her experience she told them that she "went through thick and thin." Mr. Gray said, "through fire and water." She said to the writer, "I think it was through thick and thin when, one foggy night, I fell into a heap of mortar. I asked a man the way to Gower Street; he took me by the hand and led me into the road, and then said, 'Now keep straight before you.'" When she was baptized, I said to her, "Was not the water very cold?" She replied, "I don't know. I was all aglow!" In passing through the vestry she said, "O bless the Lord! O praise the Lord!"

In a letter, dated Oct., 1888, she wrote, "I took my ticket and was waiting for the train; my mind rested on Ps. xxxi. 19, 20: 'O how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee; which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men! Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man; thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues!' What beauty I did see and feel from reading them before I started; I mused on the Lord's great goodness to them, and I hoped that I was among the '*them*;' I could scarce keep back my tears; my heart felt soft with the Lord's goodness to me." I think it was after this that Mr. Link, deacon, gave out,

"Come, every gracious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name, &c."

Such power attended the words, that, afterwards, whenever that hymn was given out, she would turn and look at the writer, her eyes bespeaking her feelings at the remembrance.

In the summer of 1891, she was very ill. When recovering, she asked me to read the "G.S." for Feb., 1891; she so enjoyed "Aged Pilgrims," by J. Keyt, that I had to read it over two or three times. She was quite taken with Shittim meaning a "Valley of thorns;" that the house of the Lord meant the Lord Jesus Christ; and, a fountain, the Holy Spirit taking of the fulness that is in Jesus and watering the poor "lily" in the "valley of thorns." She was also much taken with Shittim being the last encampment of the children of Israel before they came to Jordan. It was after this, I think, that she was very much melted down all day, so that she "rejoiced in hope of the glory of God," singing with her heart and voice,

"The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation of my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood," &c.

On a particular Sunday, Mr. H., who was preaching, quoted the verse with much feeling, which confirmed her. After this she heard the resurrection of the dead enlarged upon, and seemed all alive on the subject. Some days before her departure, she said her thoughts had been dwelling on Job xiv. 19. "Thou washest away the things which grow out of the dust of the earth." Referring to past days, she said she had determined

that everything in her home should be *just so*; when her step-daughter once said, "O mother! don't make a god of your home!" She had to learn that everything in that way was marred, and when speaking of it she was melted with the goodness of the Lord for thus "washing away the things that grew out of the dust of the earth."

On Lord's day morning, Dec. 4th, 1892, she was at the chapel by 9.30. She said to the writer, "I do feel so condemned because I have not been to see Mrs. Crispin (who had just before become a widow); I went to the 'house of feasting,' but I have not been to 'the house of mourning!'" I answered, "Never mind; go after the funeral," which were the last words that passed between us. After the morning service she tried to find out at what hour Mrs. Crispin would be buried, as she intended going. She had arranged to dine with some friends, and they had nearly reached the residence, when Mrs. J. dropped on a doorstep. In the afternoon she was in much pain. Once she exclaimed, "He leadeth the blind!" Soon after, becoming unconscious, she gently breathed her last, at 4.15 a.m. on Dec. 5th, 1892.

The following letter was written by her to a friend :

My dear unknown Friend,—Just a line, with my kind love, to thank you for all your kindness to me, one so unworthy of the least notice. I have no doubt, dear friend, you would like to know a little about me. Well, my path through life has been a very rough one, and a great deal of my experience has been portrayed in that hymn which commences with—

"Whene'er I make some sudden stop,
(For many such I make),
And cannot see the cloud clear up,
Nor know which way to take," &c.

Under a very heavy trial, the words came into my mind,

"The way you take cannot be wrong,
If Jesus be but there;"

But, dear friend, I wanted to see whether he *was* there! Bless his dear Name, I hope he showed me that he was guiding me right. How wondrous are the ways of God; they are past finding out! It is only as he unfolds the book, and makes his glory shine, each opening leaf and every stroke fulfils some deep design. Then I could say,

"Dear Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee when troubles rise," &c.;

and I hope I can say, "His ear has been open to my cry, and he has answered my prayers, rebellious as I have been at times, and I have been driven to my wits' end. I have had to come to this: "Dear Lord, prepare me for what is prepared for me!" for

"Every day new straits attend,
And I have wondered where the scene would end;"

but, bless his dear Name, he has kept me to this day, and would not let me go. O that I could live to love and praise him more, and live more to his honour and glory! Now, my dear friend, as I have never seen you with my bodily eyes, I hope we are both one in spirit, and as we have both lived longer than the allotted age of man, may we both have an abundant entrance into his kingdom.

Yours, in Christian love,

ELIZABETH JONES.

EMMA TARRANT.—On December 9th, 1892, aged 49, Emma Tarrant, of Upavon, Wiltshire.

Our dear departed friend was called by grace about 20 years ago. Her husband being a godly man, she went with him to

the Strict Baptist Chapel at Enford; where he had been a member for some few years; but she did not like the people nor the truths they held. In due time, however, the Lord gradually wrought a change in her heart, so that, like Lydia, whose heart the Lord opened to attend unto the things that were spoken by Paul (Acts xvi. 14), she was constrained to yield. It does not appear that she was brought into deep convictions for sin, as some are, of which Satan took advantage. But the Lord having begun a good work, gave her a desire to follow the dear Lord in the ordinances of his house, feeling a love to the Lord, his people, and his ways. She was baptized in the River Avon, by Mr. Westlake, in the year 1875; and now she had to wade through family trials—affliction and death in her family—which she bore with patience, the Lord still carrying on his own work, showing her what she was as a sinner before him. I have heard her mourning the littleness of her love and shortcomings in searching the word of God, yet I have found that there was a secret moving of love in the things of God, a delight in godly conversation, and a thirst to know more of the things of God; thus, like the grain of mustard seed, it still grows, and she is kept moving along, like Gideon's army, "faint, yet pursuing." She is found attending the means of grace, from time to time, becoming more and more dissatisfied with temporal things. In the providence of God she with her husband moved from Enford to Upavon for the last few years of her life, where providential things seemed for a time to prosper, although some heavy trials awaited her, the day of adversity being set over against the day of prosperity. Her eldest daughter was brought nearly to the gate of death. She now became deeply tried in her own mind, feeling the plague of her own heart, which I gather from her own lips. The family of God were her companions in spirit, and often has she felt union to them when they have spoken out the exercises of their minds. This should encourage the brethren to speak out the exercises of their minds, so that others may be encouraged. "As face answereth to face in the glass, so the heart of man to man."

But I must come to her last days on earth. In April, 1892, she felt some symptoms of her affliction, which was cancer in the throat, and which terminated in death; still it was not noticed much at the first, but in a very little time it became serious, and O, what painful things awaited her! Well might the poet say—

"My God, I would not long to see

My fate with curious eyes;

What gloomy lines are writ for me,

Or what bright scenes may rise."

She was called upon to go to London to see her eldest daughter, but on her arrival found her dead. O what a trial for a mother! Still mercy was mixed with the Lord's dealings, he having given her a good hope of her daughter's safety. She seemed persuaded in her own mind that her end was drawing near, but was not in

great terror; and if asked the state of her mind, would speak of a hope, referring to the time when the Lord first wrought a change in her soul, but mourned over her shortcomings in the things of God in searching the word. She was often found at the week-night prayer meetings when at Enford, considering the cares of a family.

It was now evident that her end was near, yet she could not get farther than a hope; ah! a good hope, not the hope of the hypocrite, which shall perish (Job viii. 13), but a good hope through grace. She gradually became weaker in body, still clinging to a hope, which is the anchor of the soul, and becoming more anxious to know her interest in the Lord Jesus Christ, yet could not get that which her soul desired, neither rest satisfied without it. On one occasion she told me that Hymn 769 rested on her mind:

“Jesus, o’er the billows steer me;
Be my Pilot in each storm;”

and yet she was afraid that it came by way of mere thought, being so familiar with poetry. O how many ways does Satan take to rob poor Zion of her comfort! Well might one say, “This is a people robbed and spoiled.” (Isa. xlii. 22.) She still held fast her little hope, and would sometimes say, “The Lord does not allow Satan to distress me so much, yet I am afraid, when a word comes to my mind, that it is not real, yet I do beg that the Lord would make it plain, and show me my interest in his Son Jesus Christ. The following week I found her fast sinking, and at times mourning on account of her negligence in the things of God, and how the cares of a family had taken up her time. She desired, as a poor helpless sinner, to lean on a precious Christ, without murmuring under his afflicting hand. Painful as it was, yet she bore it with much patience and resignation.

Sometimes, like Hannah of old, though not with an audible voice, she wrestled with the Lord when her strength was almost gone; and after seeking the Lord again and again, these words dropt into her mind: “Your life is hid with Christ in God,” which revived her hope. While listening very attentively to her for the last time in this world, I heard her say, when in prayer, “Thou hast said, again and again, ‘I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.’” At another time she said, “Sorrow for joy I shall exchange.” Just before she departed she was heard to say, in broken sentences, “Rest, peace, joy, in believing.” Her mortal remains were interred in the chapel yard at Upavon, Dec. 14th, 1892, by Mr. Sellwood, of Trowbridge. G. M.

FRANCES OSBORN.—On Jan. 7, 1893, aged 60, Frances Osborn, for several years a member of the Strict Baptist Cause, Dashford Road, Banbury.

She was one who maintained and ever desired to hold fast the truth as it is in Jesus; this was her soul’s aim. She well under-

stood what a poor, sinful, failing, and helpless creature she was, which often caused her to mourn; but as far as the Lord led and blessed her with grace and love, her prayer and desire were to have sound truth, a full Christ in his most glorious gospel proclaimed to poor sinners. Her soul longed for the joyful news of a free, full, and finished salvation. It has been my happy privilege many times to converse with her upon these solemn and eternal things, and I have never regretted an hour spent thus. I feel that our loss is her eternal gain.

I remember her telling me of the profitable time she had while hearing the late Mr. Newman, of Luton, and that after the service she told her husband it was the kind of preaching that fed her soul, and such as she desired to sit under. This was nearly the first time that she had heard an experimental, truthful, and savoury gospel; she had before this time sat under a more easy and fashionable line of preaching. The Lord was now causing her to hunger, and in due time he sent his word, which satisfieth the hungry soul. Often would she say, when the Lord blessed her soul by his word, "Why me? why art thou so good to me?" She had feasting times in hearing the late Messrs. Warburton, Oldfield, Schofield, and others of God's servants, saying "It is the Lord's doing, which is marvellous to me; it is not of man, but of God."

"My hopes are built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness."

She had lived a widow for several years, and was mostly a great sufferer, being afflicted with gall stones; but I believe the Lord was very precious to her in those afflictions, giving her resignation to his will. Although favoured with many temporal blessings, for which she desired to be made thankful, yet her soul craved heavenly food. She took delight in opening her house for the accommodation of God's servants, and would bestow the best of her stores upon them.

When troubled and cast down, as she was many times, she would say, "What poor things we are! but he abideth faithful; yes, he changeth not." She felt that when he shutteth none can open; but she admired his hand when opening, knowing of a truth that none could shut.

I have heard her speak of her early days, and of the wonderful ways the Lord took to blast all her earthly joys; but as I only intended to write a few of the many things which I heard while conversing with her, I must only just say that I did not think she was so near her departure.

Being specially sent for to Banbury to bury her brother, Dec. 31st, 1892, I saw that she was very ill; and while conversing with her, she expressed a desire that the Lord would shine again, being much depressed. She added, "May the Lord enable you to pray for me, for I need his presence." Before tea, at her request, I read a chapter (Phil. i.), and felt some drawing unto God in prayer.

The last conversation I had with her was before taking my leave of her to return home. She again said how cast down she felt, but continued, "He has before now given me a lift by the way and dispersed the clouds, and he can again." I said, "I believe he will." She said, "Do pray for it to be so, if his will." I replied, "I hope that we may be enabled to remember each other when at the throne of grace." These were the last words we had together. During the last few days of her life, though feeling dark and cloudy within, she would say, "He abideth faithful." She was conscious to the end, and a short time before her soul departed, said, "He is coming! He is coming!" and so passed away for ever to be with him.

E. M.

WILLIAM GIBBS.—On Jan. 11, 1893, aged 69, William Gibbs, deacon of Rehoboth Baptist Chapel, Swindon.

The Lord began a work of grace upon his soul when young, and he was made to feel deeply his state before God. He was tempted to believe that if he bowed his knee in prayer, the Lord would strike him in the act; but the Lord enabled him to do so, and sent peace home to his soul. He was at that time with the General Baptists, and felt much enmity against the doctrine of election, declaring that he would never believe it; but the Lord opened his eyes to see, removed the enmity, and gave him to feel that it was all his hope for time and eternity. He afterwards joined the Baptist Church at Blunsdon, till the church was formed at Stratton, when he cast in his lot with them, and was chosen as deacon. On one occasion, when about to undergo an operation, his mind was much exercised respecting his standing before God. He was led to cry unto the Lord, and those words were brought home sweetly, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever," which enabled him to feel that it would be well with him, either for life or death. When the church was formed at Swindon, he was led to meet with us, and became a member, as through failing strength he found the walk to Stratton very trying. For several years he was afflicted with paralysis, which caused him great suffering, but the Lord was very good, at times applying portions of his word with power to his soul, especially the 12th verse of Psalm ciii.: "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us;" also the hymn—

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness."

These sweet visits enabled him to praise his God, and I have felt it good to hear him speak of the Lord's goodness to him. He was led to rest his whole salvation upon the faithfulness of his God. As his end drew near his speech was taken from him, but those around him believe that he was enjoying peace in his soul, and passed away to be with him whom he loved to exalt while here below.

S. C.

JOHN WEBB.—On March 15, 1893, aged 82, John Webb, for more than fifty years a member of the Strict Baptist Cause at Welton.

He was also a deacon, and read the hymns for about forty years. Though very poor as regards the perishing things of this world, yet he was "rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom." The last time he met with us at our little chapel was on the first Sunday in December, 1892. He had expressed a desire to be present once more at the table of the Lord, thinking it would be the last time, and so it proved.

In his affliction I had several opportunities of conversing with him. Sometimes clouds for the present obscured his vision, with occasional rays of light, yet he could say, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." On Friday evening, the 10th March, he seemed to be very happy, and said many blessed things, which caused us to feel it good to be there. He quoted several portions of Scripture and hymns which had been made good to him, especially the 328th (Gadsby's Selection)—

"Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near," &c.

He rehearsed the whole hymn in a most solemn manner; then, as we were about to part, he asked me to read a portion of God's word, and if the Lord enabled, to spend a few minutes in prayer, in which he seemed to join.

I called again on Sunday, the 12th, when I found that he was drawing near the close, but he was firmly built upon the Rock. For a time he became very restless and wandering in his mind, which was followed by a more calm and quiet state, and at about half-past eight o'clock on Wednesday night he peacefully passed away, to be, I believe, with his God. E. MINOR.

HE that will clearly see with the eye of faith, must close the eye of reason.—*Dyer*.

IT is the will of God that saints should rejoice more in what Christ hath done for them, than in what they have done for Christ.—*Dyer*.

FAITH embraces the suffering Jesus, and feasts on his flesh, which is meat indeed, and on his blood, which is drink indeed.—*Horne*.

How sweet is that blessed and glorious doctrine, predestination, to the soul, when it is received through the channel of inward experience!—*Toplady*.

THERE are many that are temporally miserable who will be eternally happy, and there are many who are temporally happy who will be eternally miserable.—*Dyer*.

THE Lord communes with the sinner in some such language as this: "Believest thou that I am able to do this?" and the soul secretly says, "Yea, Lord."—*Taylor*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

AUGUST, 1893.

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

DIVINE LEADING.

A SERMON PREACHED AT ZOAR CHAPEL, GT. ALIE STREET,
BY MR. W. TIPTAFT, ON SUNDAY MORNING, JAN. 17, 1841.

“Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in.”—Isaiah xxvi. 2.

Who amongst you have been praying for me, that the Lord might make me an instrument of usefulness to his people; that the word might be attended with power to his children, and to your own souls also; and that you might be encouraged, under all your difficulties, trials, and temptations? God’s children are an exercised people; and they will be exercised, when going to hear, whether the minister will be a source of profit to them; and if it be so, the heart will go up, and say, “Lord, bless him to my soul; he is nothing but a poor helpless instrument in thy hands, nothing but an ‘earthen vessel,’ only a pipe through which the ‘oil’ flows, and no good can be done except thou art with him.” Both the speaking and the hearing must be in vain if God is not in our midst; it must fall to the ground like water spilt. If a minister has the tongue of an angel, what of that? If he understand all mysteries, and show great ability in opening the word, what of that? That is the best sermon which God blesses most; though it may not please the generality of hearers the most, it has most of the unction and power of God. What a wonderful difference there is between that which is of God and that which is of man! If it be of God, then it is with life and power; if it be of man, then it is a tinkling sound.

Those who know what it is to have the word to come with power and unction to their souls in time of trouble know the difference. They watch for the difference. I believe, the true living hearers are watching whether there be unction and dew attending the word. And those who are not living hearers, are watching more particularly whether the minister is clever in their view in opening the

gospel; so that some are contending for power and others for knowledge. Some are like Talkative in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, saying that a work of grace upon the soul is "a great knowledge of gospel mysteries." I am not so concerned about what you know as about what you feel. Where a poor broken-down sinner is feeling his vileness, groaning about his sins, infirmities, and weakness, his helplessness and his shortcomings, seeing his base ingratitude against God, watching and waiting for a mark of the Lord's love and mercy, and thinking it cannot possibly be shown, there is more power there than when a man can talk of mysteries with a very fluent tongue; because there is life. Many are despising themselves, and envying others whom they hear in prayer or in preaching, because they do not know so much themselves; but what are they envying them for? Nothing that is very valuable. They might have that knowledge, and what good would it do them? It is to get the power that is wanted. If we can say, with Job, "I am vile," and with saints of old, "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags," there is greater power in that than when a man can split hairs in divinity, and give you a wonderful account of various portions of Scripture and dark sayings.

"The last shall be first, and the first last." Many who are despised as being poor ignorant members in the church, who cannot read and write, and are set at nought, generally are the best taught; whilst others, who seem to know everything, do not know themselves; that is, they do not know how unworthy, vile, and sinful they are, and how merciful and kind God is. "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

The promises of God flow for such poor, helpless, guilty, wretched sinners as we have been speaking of; and these shall stand when thousands fall. Many who have a great knowledge of the mysteries of the gospel are carried into the various errors that abound, just as the winds blow; but a poor child of God, who feels his vileness, guilt, and pollution, cannot be thus tossed about. Why? Because he judges from experience; therefore he will say, "What is this or that to me, if it is not brought with power to my soul?" He has this one great point in his experience—a sense of his vileness—that keeps him saying, "I want to know whether I am going to hell or heaven—whether Christ died for me!" If I know that, O what blessed knowledge! O, this is the teaching! if God the Holy Spirit would bear witness with my spirit that I am saved

by sovereign grace! So that they are like anybody in distress for some particular thing; nothing else will satisfy them: whilst those who are not in distress are looking for some strides in head-knowledge, and are only puffed up with pride if they get it. What is all that to the children of God? They are like Peter, when he cried, "Lord save, or I perish." They have mountains of difficulties, and these must be removed; they are weary, and they want a little "wine of the kingdom" to refresh their souls, and therefore will be waiting upon the Lord to renew their strength. Their prayers are heard and answered, because they come from their hearts. They are not parrot-like talk, but the real breathings of the soul. Their earnest desire is to know Christ; to know that he "suffered the just for the unjust, to bring *them* to God," that they might enter into eternal glory.

"Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in."

The "gate" of glory in heaven is only opened by the Lord Jesus Christ. The only way, therefore, of entering into glory is through him. But his ministers, by preaching the blessed gospel under the unction, dew, and power of the Holy Spirit, are made instruments for the application of the word through them to the hearts of God's people, so that they enjoy this entrance in soul experience; that is, they have the foretaste of entering in at those gates, where there shall be no sorrow nor sighing, but there shall be pleasures for evermore, and they shall "go in and out and find pasture." So that the ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ, in preaching him as everything to poor sinners—that he hath wrought out an everlasting righteousness, that he hath made an end of sin, that through him and him alone they enter into glory—these truths, applied with unction, dew, and power, bring God's dear children to bless God for what he hath done for them; and when the ministry is blessed to the souls of God's people, and the pardoning love of God is sent home into the heart, then "the gates" are "opened," and by precious faith they enter within the veil, and by believing are one with Christ, and Christ is one with them. "I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it: that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them." When thus by precious faith they can lay hold of Christ Jesus as their risen Head and Saviour, who "was delivered for their offences, and raised again for their justification," then they have the testimony in their souls

that they are "vessels of mercy" appointed to eternal glory entirely of God's sovereign purpose and through his mercy, and through that alone: "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion."

It is declared that these gates are to be opened, "that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in;" so that they are not opened for all who may come to hear; and the ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ are not to declare that they are opened that all may enter in, and enjoy the testimony in their souls that they are in the glorious covenant of grace; for no one will enter in at these gates and enjoy this testimony, except they are born again of God's Spirit. It is the righteous nation which keepeth the truth; and there is no "keeping the truth" if the truth is not brought home to you. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God." All religion before the new birth is nothing but that of the flesh. It is done for the service of Satan, and is not pleasing and acceptable to God.

But who are "the righteous nation?" "The righteous nation" is the Lord's family; it is called a nation, or a people; it might be "the righteous people." "They shall call them, The holy people, The redeemed of the Lord: and thou shalt be called, Sought out, A City not forsaken." "The righteous nation" are those who are redeemed by the blood of Christ; they are those whom God loved from everlasting; they are those who are righteous in the righteousness of Christ Jesus, without spot and blemish. They are God's own people, concerning whom he made an everlasting covenant, "ordered in all things and sure." And wherever they may be scattered in this wilderness world, they are certain of entering into eternal glory, and all the powers of earth and hell cannot prevent them. They are the sheep of Christ, that form one fold. When Peter speaks of some being ordained to condemnation, he says, "But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people." So that they are called "a holy nation," "a righteous nation," as being holy and righteous and complete in the Lord Jesus Christ, as viewed in Christ, and accepted, without its being possible for the least sin to be brought against them. Now it is only so with God's people; all the rest have the whole of their sins and iniquities laid to their charge. Christ never died for one more than this righteous nation; and not one more will ever enter in at those gates, really

and truly and experimentally, either now or hereafter. Christ died for the elect; Christ died for his church. God loved his church; God loved his children, and he did not love Satan's children. He loved the sheep, and not the goats. And with God there is no variableness or change in the least. Their names are all "engraved upon the palms of his hands," and he is "a wall of fire round about them." "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people." Therefore "the righteous nation" are a people who are righteous in the Lord Jesus Christ, whether they know it or not.

But here the words apply in a particular way to those who are called by grace, because they "keep the truth." Those who are under the power and dominion of sin belong to this "righteous nation" if they are among the elect of God, and in due time God calls them out; for there is a due time appointed for every "vessel of mercy" to be called out of darkness, and no man can be called before a certain time; no man's soul can be quickened before a certain time. The times are all "in God's hands"—appointed by him—the instrument, and all connected with it. Paul says, "He separated me from my mother's womb." The children of Israel on a certain day came out of Egypt, and every one of the true Israel was quickened on a special day. Men will talk and argue, as if many souls went to hell for want of ministers, and say, "O! what a large dark town that is! O! what a pity it is that gospel ministers were not sent to that town before! what good might have been done!" They could not have turned goats into sheep; they could not have turned children of Satan into children of God. If God had a people there, God would have sent his ministers. He told Paul to abide still at Corinth, and said to him, "Hold not thy peace, but speak, for I have much people in this city." He knows where he "has much people," and declares that he will seek them out. You cannot find "vessels of mercy" in any town where they are not, any more than you can find coal mines where they are not. If they are not in the covenant of grace, no minister can put them into the covenant, nor pray them into the covenant. No minister can change their hearts. Who could have made Esau a child of God? Who could have made Cain a child of God? "Tophet is ordained of old" for the wicked, as much as heaven is ordained for "the righteous nation," or for the elect family of God. "It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy."

Now the heart of man rises up against this truth, and so it ever will. As Paul says, "Who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus?" But yet some still say, "Our hearts *will* rebel against this truth." And I will tell you why they do. Because they are not humbled down in any due measure, and do not feel their vileness. *My* heart rebelled against this truth very much indeed, and I am not surprised that yours do. And my heart frequently rebels against it now, and also against reading the ninth chapter of Paul to the Romans; and I feel, as it were, enmity rising up against God's sovereignty. And not only so, but when my feelings are low, and I do not know whether I am a child of God or not, then I think, "If I am not an elect vessel of mercy, I cannot change my own heart, nothing can alter it, but to hell I must go." I know that about seven or eight years ago, in the middle of the night, I had such a view of the state those were in who were not in the covenant of grace as was most awful. And if those who are mere dead professors of religion had any faith in that which they profess to believe about heaven and hell, they would go raving mad to think what torments await them in a few years, or a few days. But they have no faith; and only let a child of God have faith to receive these things, and he will wonder how he could talk about them in such a child-like manner, not knowing what he meant. I know that my heart has rebelled against this doctrine; but by being brought sensibly to feel my vileness and helplessness, I began to see the blessedness of it; that is, I had a discovery that if it were not for the mercy of God we must all go to hell. And the Lord showed me this doctrine in a very remarkable manner: I was praying, much like John Bunyan, that if these were the truths of the gospel, I might receive them; and if they were not the truths of the gospel, I might not receive them. And they were opened to me, by God showing me how he opened Lydia's heart, and how there is no receiving them in any other way and manner, but only in this. And so it was when God stopped Saul, as he was going to Damascus, full of persecution and enmity and bitterness: there were many persons journeying with him, but they were passed by, while Saul was picked out and stopped in that remarkable manner. Why? Because he was in the covenant of mercy. So that instead of my condemning election now, I see and feel in my own soul, that if it were not for election, we should all be in hell, for that is what

we all deserve, and but for God's sovereign and electing mercy we must go there. And if a man feels that he must go to eternal misery but for God's grace, and feels that he has no power to quicken his own soul, or stir it up to anything good, why then that man is brought to receive this truth. So that whilst the Pharisees do not want to hear of anything that was done before time began, God's children love to hear of that which was settled from everlasting; while the Pharisees cling to that kind of preaching which only speaks of things after time, to feed their pride and flatter their vanity, God's children are glad, from a sense of their own guilt and pollution and helplessness, to hear that it is all of everlasting mercy from first to last. When they are brought to have "the fountains of the great deep broken up," then they are willing to listen to this doctrine; but when it is not so, the heart is enmity and bitterness against it. It was so in Christ's day, when he spoke of Eliseus the prophet, and Naaman the Syrian; and so it will be. It is a doctrine that will not be received except the child of God is made willing to receive it by God, because it stops the mouth, and brings the moral man upon the same ground as the most profligate sinner. It makes the man who has been respectable in his conduct from his cradle to stand upon the same ground with Manasseh, Mary Magdalene, or the worst drunkards. It makes him know—"I am no better than these; I must enter in the same way if I enter at all, through God's grace and lovingkindness, for we all deserve hell equally, and it must be by mercy alone that we enter in, because Christ will have no partner in this work." No; God's children do not want to rob him of his glory; they will give it him; and they will contend for this truth against the abounding errors of the day, and declare how it is *by* Christ, how it is *of* Christ, how it is *through* Christ, so that Christ may be crowned Lord of all, and may have every blessing ascribed to him for the riches of that grace shown to poor sinners.

But religion is a personal thing. Are *we* "keeping the truth?" Are we of that "righteous nation which keepeth the truth," to whom the gates are open that they may enter in? Is there any hope of our souls receiving the testimony that we belong to the royal seed, or that we have by faith an entrance with Jesus Christ within the veil? That is, Has "the truth" ever been received by you? You cannot be "keeping" a thing that you never had. "That the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in." Has "the truth" ever been received into y

Many of you say, "Yes, we have had it." But how did you receive it? As the way-side hearers? as the stony-ground hearers? or as those who receive it into good ground? There are different ways of receiving the truth. There are some where it has no abiding effect; they do not receive it "in a good and honest heart," a heart prepared by God himself, and therefore, though they make a profession of religion for a time, they soon fall away. Wherever the truth is preached, you will always find, that if souls are converted, many others will be reformed; but when persecution arises or trial comes, they are offended. Send a minister into any part of the kingdom, and let him gather five hundred or a thousand people together; if that minister is made a blessing to souls, in calling them out of nature's darkness, there will be many who will be as way-side hearers or stony-ground or thorny-ground hearers, and after a time they will be made manifest—they endure for awhile; but if they have not received the truth in a heart prepared by God, when persecution arises because of the truth, they will turn aside, or, never having been really separated from the world, they will return to it after awhile, as "the dog to his vomit, or the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." "The preparation of the heart is from the Lord." The heart must be prepared by God as the ground is prepared by the farmer for the seed to be sown. We must have this "preparation of the heart," and then the word will come, and there will be the "keeping" it, and the valuing it, and the bringing forth fruit, "some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundred fold."

Now, when eternity concerns us, when eternity depends upon this receiving of the truth, it makes the hearts of God's children sometimes sink within them. If you are deceived, and have not received the truth, you may go on for awhile, and then sink into hell with the most profligate characters upon earth. What a difference it makes, whether you have received it aright or not!

Some will say, "O, it is a very easy matter to make out whether you have received it aright." Indeed, I think when a man thus speaks, there is great doubt whether *that* man has received it aright. There will be the stony-ground hearers, the way-side hearers, and those who receive the word as among thorns, with those who receive it as into good ground; they all make a profession, and some will be much more shining characters than others. So that when any person professes religion at first, we can only say this:

“We must leave you for a time; it is not easy to discern whether the work is one that will deepen and grow, and that will bear the trials and afflictions and sorrows which all must bear who go to glory; we do not know what the sun will do when it arises; we do not know what tribulations and persecutions will do when they come.” Some will say, “If they opened the prisons now, and the tread-mills, we should go there for the sake of Christ; we value heaven and God above our own peace or trouble.” Now do not talk too fast. Your talking so confidently shows to me that you have never been tried; it shows to me that you have never been left to have the devil come in with power; it shows to me that you have never known what is in your hearts. You are like Peter, when he said, “Lord, I am ready to go with thee both into prison and to death.” Peter would have said afterwards, “Lord, whether I shall follow thee or not, depends upon thy keeping me; whether I shall, I know not; let trials become great, and let my little weak faith attempt to meet them, and I know I shall sink; therefore there shall be no boasting; if the Lord keep me, if the Lord strengthen me, I shall be firm, but of myself I know I cannot stand these trials.” Now, you who are so ready, who are certain you shall stand, it appears to me that you have had no trials of your faith. Why are you certain, and another not certain? “Why,” you say, “because of my faith.” But you are talking of a faith that is not in exercise. Where is the proof of it? How is God glorified? How is God honoured? Does it make you very spiritually-minded? Does it separate you from the world? Do you hold the world with a loose hand? or are you carried away with the maxims and principles of the world? Do you part with your money freely and liberally, as if you did not set much value upon it, and looked to heaven for your treasure? Some people talk a great deal about their faith; and when you come to examine it, you find that it cannot do anything. They cannot make the sacrifices that many dead souls do. It is a faith that does nothing at all. It is not the faith that made Moses leave the Court of Pharaoh, and “choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.” If anybody talks of faith, we want to talk of fruits. If anybody talks of faith, we want to talk of the battles that it gains. What is faith without works? “Shew me thy faith,” says James, “without thy works, and I will shew thee my faith by my works.”

The "keeping of the truth," then, is a matter of wonderful importance to a poor child of God. The question is, "Have I the truth, and how do I know I shall keep it? They are afraid of the trials that are to come upon them; at times they are ready to give it up as it is, and say, "If my trials increase I know I *shall* give up, for I feel so weak and helpless; I feel as if I had no love to Christ, no faith, and none of the experience that I hear of in others." God's children, those who hold the truth, when left to contend with their own abominable hearts and with the devil, think they could not "go to prison or to death," for they can hardly walk two or three miles to a chapel; they can hardly give a trifle to a poor child of God in distress; and how can they go through difficulties and to death? I believe, if professors were put to the tread-mill, some of them would tread out their religion in a week or a month, and a few would endure a little longer, and might turn aside and fail when put into chains; but to endure against all opposition, trials, and difficulties, it wants a divine faith kept up by divine power. God's children know very well, that if left to themselves, they cannot stand in this battle one day, no, nor one minute; for when "the enemy comes in like a flood," they are swept away, unless "the Spirit of the Lord lift up a standard against him." So that as trials come, grace must come; and trials make them pray for grace; it is in this way that the Lord makes his people to continue.

Now, you who are partakers of grace, who have received the truth "in the love of it," who have found Christ precious to you, and have "tasted that the Lord is gracious," and enjoyed his favour and his smiles—you are a people who bear marks and evidences of being an outcast, despised, and persecuted people. You are a people more or less emptied of self; you know your emptiness, helplessness, nothingness, insufficiency, and worthlessness; you are brought out from the dead professors of the day, and are a peculiar people in what you do and say. You have the kingdom of God set up in your hearts, and there is the fear of God in departing from iniquity; but yet "the good that you would, you do not, and the evil that you would not, that you do." You are a tried and exercised people, and know what you are by the mighty teachings of God's Spirit. The law has entered your conscience, and you have been brought in guilty before God; you have had a view of your sins and iniquities as exceeding great, and have cried for mercy, satisfied that if mercy

is not shown, to hell you must go. Moreover, you have tried to be better, and have sunk in all this, and have been taught by it that salvation is of grace, even as Jonah and David were taught. And you begin to find out how few there are going to heaven, and that through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom; that you need ballast, that you need trials and sorrows (if you have them not, you are not God's children) to purge you of your dross, that you may shine as vessels of mercy. "As the fining pot is for silver, and the furnace for gold, so the Lord trieth the heart;" and the apostle says, "We speak, not as pleasing men, but God which trieth our hearts." And therefore you know (and are contending for it) that heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people. This discovers to you how much false faith you have had; and though you have thought well of your religion, you now think lowly of it, and say, "Can grace be in me? Can such a sinner be a child of God?" Now, such as you are more or less encouraged in talking to God's children, or reading or hearing God's word; and in this manner it has been made to appear to you plainly that you have an entrance into the Kingdom of heaven. But then you have sunk again, and thought it all delusion to believe that you are a child of God, as you profess to be. Now, in this way you are exercised to "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good;" and in these trials, afflictions, and sorrows, your hearts become established by grace. You now contend more for power, and less for the letter; more for true faith, and less for false faith. You have now a circumcised ear, and cannot be comfortable with dead preachers and dead professors. You have a discernment in the judgment, and understand whether the minister preaches to *you*, and whether it is to profit, whether you are revived and encouraged. You have stones lying in your path, and if they are not removed you begin to murmur. You want the highway cast up for you. You begin now to be pointed at with the finger of scorn, for you belong to the sect "that is everywhere spoken against." You find that if a minister does not "take forth the precious from the vile" he does not suit you, and that that minister who preaches to everybody preaches to nobody. You want him to show you what grace is, that you may know whether *you* have it or not. Well, the Lord may favour you and bless you, and establish your feet, and "bring you into a large room." But remember this: you are not going to be on half-pay or on furlough all your days. John Bunyan says of his

pilgrims, that they came to a plain called Ease, but they soon got across it. You think, perhaps, that you are going to have no world to trouble you or persecute you, but that you are to take your ease and wait your time till you shall enter into heaven. That is not the way. You must have all your idols taken from you. If your heart is fixed upon your money, it must be taken from you; or if your heart is fixed upon a child, that must be taken from you—"from all your idols will I cleanse you;" or God will send sickness, so that you cannot enjoy them. You want to have the flesh gratified, or else you come to be quite in a rage before God; but God will show you that you are not to have the gratification of the lusts of the flesh, and enjoy spiritual blessings too. No, these are set over one against another: "If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die: but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." But you say, "May I not have a little ease and quietness, and have piety too? what is the harm of this or that?" I will tell you: They lead the heart to vanity. If afflictions and sorrows and trials come upon a man, he is not building castles in the air; but if they do not, he goes after such things; he forgets the way the Lord has led him; he is separated more and more from the poor, tried, and afflicted children of God, and has no sympathy with them. Hart says—

"Lord, what a riddle is my soul!

Alive when wounded, dead when whole!"

Who are they that hear the best? Why, the most tried, tempted, and wounded. And when do you pray the most fervently? Why, when the Lord lays his chastening hand upon you. In this manner he leads his people, to prove them, try them, and show them what is in their hearts, and to teach them that "the friendship of the world is enmity with God." I believe we live in a day when worldly prosperity is very much followed; it is very dear to our flesh. The Lord says, "I will leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord." Some will say, "Well, what are riches? it is those who *trust* in riches." Yes, but if a man has riches, where is he who does not trust in them? "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him;" so they say it is not the money—it is the love of it. Well, but when has a man the money without the love of it? If he has not the love of it, why does he keep it so from those who are in distress? We keep what we love, and give away what we despise. If a man does not

love a thing, he will be willing to part with it; but he can hardly (for the sake of the children of God, though *he says he loves them*) make the least self-denial in food or raiment, nor even of heaping up gold. Why, people are glad to remove what they do not like, especially if they think it to be that which God calls "filthy lucre." The truth is, "No man can serve two masters," and there is no running the heavenly race but through much tribulation and many trials. "By these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit." We read in Paul's first epistle to Timothy, "She that is a widow indeed, and desolate, trusteth in God." So it is with God's children, in being built up in their most holy faith, and established and comforted in the faith; so it is that they are brought to "keep the truth."

Some of you will say, "Well, I should like to know whether I have the truth in my heart, and whether I keep it." You may say so; but the means the Lord would take to try you would make you like "a wild bull in a net." You would say, "He has taken away our idols, and what have we left?" We do not know our love to things till we lose them: wealth, reputation, honour, treasure, friends, or whatever we love. Those who do not stand these trials, afflictions, troubles, and sorrows, are shown to be stony-ground and way-side hearers; but those who receive the word in an honest and good heart, abide, for God gives them grace to do it. "He will give grace and glory, and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." His chastisements are to prepare them for eternal glory, to bring them into communion with his children, to establish their hearts, and to make them know what Christ is to them, and what they are to him.

Now, who amongst you are "keeping the truth?" O! who can tell what is the blessedness of such? If you have the truth in your hearts, you are rich; and what is the wealth of all the nobility in the land to your wealth? "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." You are joint heirs with Christ; you have mansions of glory, and a crown, whose lustre will never grow dim. All things are ordered with the greatest wisdom for you: "All things work together for your good." The keeping of the truth will be made manifest in all these afflictions, sorrows, and troubles; and it is for ministers to encourage you, by declaring that "He that shall come

will come, and will not tarry." "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom." Why should they "fear?" Why, because there are so many troubles and difficulties before them. They murmur and grumble because they have not happiness here. It is God's will that they are not to have their portion here, but in heaven. But we are so like the psalmist when he saw the prosperity of the wicked; and so many of God's children, when brought into trying paths, are thinking, "O, how well this professor and that professor get on! they can do this and that, and say this and that; we cannot." Well, then, they must be brought into God's sanctuary, and see their end, and how they have got no grace in them, but must go down quick into hell; and see that those who "serve in newness of spirit" are brought out of this ungodly world to bear reproach and tribulation and trial for righteousness' sake. Then there is no envying them. Then they say, "O, let them go on, and have what they like; 'I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.'" So that though flesh dislikes the way, faith approves it well. When divine faith is in exercise, they say, "It is well; 'It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good.'" They say, "We will glory in infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon us; for when we are weak, then are we strong." And they find that this is the best way to keep their souls alive; the best way to keep up a spirit of prayer; the best way of opening a communication with heaven; the best way to bring them out from dead professors; the best way to make them "contend for the faith once delivered to the saints;" the best way to keep them from the spirit of the world, and unite them with the "poor, tried, and afflicted people;" the best way to teach them that "God hath chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the Kingdom." They see that these things are needful; without them they get worldly, careless, and carnal. They thank God for them as blessings and favours, and say, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake."

CHRIST'S exalted state in glory does not make him neglectful of poor sinners, nor scornful to them; no, he has the same heart in heaven that he had on earth. He went through all thy temptations, dejections, sorrows, and desertions. He drank the bitterest of the cup, and left the sweet. The condemnation is out. He drank up all the Father's wrath at one draught, and nothing but salvation is left for thee.—*Wilcox.*

KNOWLEDGE AND UNDERSTANDING.

I WAS glad to hear from my dear son in the faith. I have watched over you with many prayers, and find that what the Lord promises is fulfilled: "And they shall comfort you, when ye see their ways and their doings." (Ezek. xiv. 23.) This teaching is good and safe. The plan of instruction is all laid down, and it never can allow of variation; also the end is sure. "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children." (Isa. liv. 13.) There is such a thing as being in the simplicity of the gospel; and this is a state wherein the soul is exposed to every wind of doctrine, and to every snare of the fowler; and no small danger is there in this. So Paul speaks of the Corinthians; for, says he, "I fear, lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ." (2 Cor. xi. 3.) The Galatians were of this sort, therefore Paul calls them "little children;" and the churches being in an infant state, most of the epistles are addressed to those who are weaklings. There are many of long standing in the church, who, as Paul says, "for the time ought to be teachers of others, yet need themselves to be taught." And why is this? I have watched over you, and the last time I saw you I knew where you were; but that simplicity of the gospel which you have now for the space of two years or more been in, must give way for the knowledge of Christ crucified. You must suffer with him, and be a partaker of the fellowship of his sufferings, which you now begin to feel and to speak something of; and here it is that stability of soul is found. "Wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times, and strength of salvation" (Isa. xxxiii. 6); for they that are saved need the strength of that salvation; and wisdom and knowledge shall be that strength, so that the heart must thereby be established with grace; and it is promised that this strength shall be as the days we pass through.

But then, how is this wisdom to be gained? In Isaiah xxviii. 9, this question is asked by one of old: "Whom shall he teach knowledge? and whom shall he make to understand doctrine?" The answer is given thus: "Them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts;" not such as the Corinthians, nor yet as the Hebrews, who had need of this diet. There is a time for the breasts of consolation to be drawn out and sucked, and there is a time for weaning. Our Lord had days of evil. He was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;" and as he suffered for us, he hath left us an example that we should follow his steps. And Peter says, further, "For even hereunto were ye called." We are called to suffer for doing well, as our Lord before us; and that which is acceptable with God in this is that we take it patiently. The repeated hidings of God's face, so that he stands afar off, according to our feelings, and hides himself for a long season, exercises patience. You find the

Psalmist impatient about it, when he asks, "How long, Lord, wilt thou do this?" But such treatment leads to a perfect knowledge of him, that he changes not, and therefore his covenant stands fast with his dear Son. The enemies of our souls are suffered to triumph, in their view and ours, for a long season; and therefore David again asks, "How long shall the enemy triumph over me?" But in this he was learning to fight—to use the weapons which are provided in the spiritual armoury; and therefore he blesses God, "who taught his hands to war and his fingers to fight;" thus he gained knowledge and understanding. Corruptions must come forth, and our sins take hold upon us, so that we cannot look up, and our heart must fail; and to wade through these is no easy work; but it is thereby intended to make the Redeemer better known by us and to us, that we may be emptied of legal pride and self-sufficiency. Paul tells us he found it "a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," of whom he declared himself to be the chief. He felt the law in his members, and this led him to the attainment of knowledge—"I know that in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing"—which knowledge is not gained in a day; and withal, our weakness must be discovered to us, and under such trying circumstances we learn how frail we are—cannot command nor continue a good thought; and here we learn to have every thought brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. This we cannot do, any more than others who thought it strange concerning the fiery trial, so that they liked not to be partakers of his sufferings.

Moreover, my son, of this be admonished, that the rod is the promised portion of God's family; and he that knows his own heart will not be surprised at being told that he must have in this world more of rebuke than approbation, and more of chastisement than of consolation: that the seasons of the first shall often be long; and those of the last, though sweet, must be short; that by these things we come to a knowledge of Christ in his sufferings, having fellowship with them; for anything that is endured from the chastisements of God, the corruption of the heart, the temptations of the devil, the reproaches of the world, fills up these sufferings in his members. And in these things we need the display of his glory and the power of his resurrection, that as he is risen from the dead, we may feel that we are risen with him, and be kept seeking those things which are above, and when our course is finished, our body and soul may be raised, and we be for ever with the Lord. But we must first suffer with him before we can be glorified together. We feel the power of his resurrection in that life which preserves us from destruction—"Because I live, ye shall live also"—but we must wait for the finishing stroke, when he shall come again and take us to himself.

Exercised with these things, you will soon forget M—— and V—— too. They have furnished you with some wholesome lessons; but the next time I see you, should we ever meet again,

you will have something else to speak about beside them—not being a child in understanding, but in understanding being a man.

I should have written before, but have been engaged much in preaching, much in dreadful inward exercises, such as I tell no man, and much in outward opposition; but out of them all the Lord hath delivered me so far, and he will yet deliver me. I have learned more of his faithfulness during the last six weeks than I have ever before learned, and I am looking for some further instructions of that good Spirit who is to guide us into all truth. I have not written before, also, being desirous that, as hitherto, so you may combine to feel and find out for yourself the footsteps of the flock; for how clearly soever they may be described, you cannot discern them till your feet—faith and love—are or have been in the very print themselves. And this knowledge is what we want more and more of, and which is promised to us: "They shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for they shall all know me, from the least of them to the greatest of them, saith the Lord: for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more."

God bless my dearest son. Ever thine,

W. J. BROOK.

"AS SORROWFUL, YET ALWAYS REJOICING."

Ockbrook, May 18, 1849.

My dear A.,—It has already been in my mind to write to you; and now that you have sent me a note, I will try to answer it, feeling most sensibly that the Lord must be my Teacher, or indeed I shall "darken counsel by words without knowledge."

You say, "My mouth is shut." It seems to have been the case with one of old, when he said, "Thou hast put away mine acquaintance far from me; thou hast made me an abomination unto them: I am shut up, and I cannot come forth" (Ps. lxxxviii. 8); and again, "O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise" (Ps. li. 15); and again, "Bring my soul out of prison that I may praise thy name." (Ps. cxlii. 7.) And Jesus Christ says to his church that she was "a spring shut up, a fountain sealed," so you see this shutting up is old-fashioned work, even in the living family of God. You must not, therefore, conclude that it is a black mark against you, though it be a painful one, but rather cry more earnestly to him "that shutteth, and no man openeth;" but, blessed be his name, he also "openeth, and no man shutteth." My desire for you is that you may never be left to restrain prayer before God, or I am fully convinced that your soul will suffer loss, and Satan will gain an advantage. Perhaps you will say, "My mouth is shut up in prayer too; I cannot pray." Then that is just the reason why you should go to the Lord, and be much in secret before

him who alone can help you. If a spirit of prayer is such a blessing, it is therefore worth seeking for; and remember, you will not seek in vain. You know, the Lord does not expect us to bring *to* him, but to receive *from* him. We come empty-handed for a supply; so just bring your prayerless heart (if it should be such) to him, that he may put prayer into it. Try to tell him, with all simplicity, that "you would, but cannot pray," and beg him to do for you according to his promise: "I will strengthen them in the Lord; and they shall walk up and down in his name." (Zech. x. 12.) If you cannot utter words, rather stay and groan at his footstool than be driven away. I can say from experience that it is good to do so; even if no present answer seem to come, I am sure it is not in vain. You say that the Bible is a sealed book. May you not be tempted on this account to cease to search it! for where else can you go to find so purely the words of eternal life? We are counselled to watch daily at Wisdom's gates, and to wait at the posts of her doors. They are pronounced blessed who are thus engaged. The words "watch" and "wait" seem to imply that wisdom's lessons are not always to be obtained. There is a needs-be for our exercises in patience as well as in knowledge. Well do I know what it is to be without dew and unction, when I seem to have lost old lessons, and to have learnt no new ones. Yet do I always find it best to keep close to that garden of the Word, where I so often have had the showers from heaven; and, however long may have been the season of dryness, they have always come again, and so it will be with you.

Read straight forward, for you know not at which chapter or verse the seal will be broken. Jesus will do for you as he did to his disciples, as recorded in Luke xxiv. 27, 45, and then you will not want my poor encouragement to "search the Scriptures." Prov. xiii. 4—"The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing: but the soul of the diligent shall be made fat;" and 1 Tim. iv. 15—"Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear to all;" these are God's own words. You say, "The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me," just like the church of old. (Isaiah xlix. 14.) But God contradicts her in the following verse: "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." Seeming absence and distance are the times for proving our faith, and it is a mercy if we are helped to trust our God in the dark. "If we believe not, yet he abideth faithful." (2 Tim. ii. 13.) Jesus says, "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you." (John xvi. 22.) "For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer." (Isaiah liv. 7, 8.) I trust, ere long, your drooping

soul will be able to say, "It is the voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills" (Song ii. 8), causing you to enquire why he should thus regard you; which question can only be resolved into his own holy sovereignty. No sinful child of Adam can see why God should love him; each Spirit-convinced soul feels himself the most unlikely one to have been noticed of him, and can only say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." The Scriptures also show us that God's choice and love was of his own will, without any desert or deserving of the creature, for his own glory. And, moreover, we see plainly that he has not taken the most excellent things, but rather those which seem most weak and base to the outward eye; as saith the apostle: "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence," (1 Cor. i. 27-29.) Here, therefore, you will find no ground of exclusion; yet look not into your little self for a cause to induce divine love, but look up at the mighty Jehovah, and admire his majestic movements in not stooping to the creature for a motive to remove his love by coming forth in his own sovereignty to love and save freely. How does this thought exalt him and abase us! O, how wonderfully adapted to lay and keep us low!

Now, having looked over all your statement, I can find nothing contrary to the common exercises of the Lord's people, and quite believe that you must be prepared to "endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ;" for it is his will that they who reign with him shall also suffer with him, and also that they shall have many and varied exercises in the discipline of the wilderness. We must learn our weakness, as well as his strength; our emptiness as well as his fulness; our ignorance as well as his wisdom. We must experience that our hearts are like the fallow ground, as well as that he is like the dew unto Israel; and we must have times of shutting up, that we may afresh give him the glory of opening again, and that we may be kept feelingly saying, "All my springs are in thee." When some new exercise seems painful, it is a mercy if the Lord gives us a desire to go through rather than to turn away from it. If we are more anxious to obtain instruction than to be relieved from the unpleasantness of our present discipline, this evinces a healthy state of soul; and so walking, we shall understand that the Lord doeth nothing in vain; but that all the humbling and emptying frames that we are brought into are for our establishment in him and for his glory; in short, that all is for "the lifting of Jesus on high" in our souls. This is the constant work of the Holy Spirit, to bring us to be experimentally *nothing*, and to make Jesus our "all in all," thereby

teaching us to live by faith upon him. Then does our experience correspond with the language of the prophet, when he says, "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit" (Jer. xvii. 7, 8); and with the psalmist: "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." (Ps. xcvii. 11.) But do not be discouraged because you are yet learning your nothingness; this is really needful to make way for the rest. Do not seek to exercise yourself on things too high for you, or be comparing yourself with others, for this will only be an occasion of stumbling to you; but ask to be kept in simplicity, begging of the Holy Spirit to show you how the Lord may be glorified, and how you may be edified by your present state. In this way you will often find that "out of the eater comes forth meat, and out of the strong comes forth sweetness" (Judges xiv. 14); ah! and that the Lord can teach by a dry fleece as well as by one soaked with heavenly dew. May he bless you, and give you understanding in all things.

You know that I have been very ill, and at the same time very well. The following Scripture is very appropriate: "Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." (2 Cor. iv. 16-18.) Truly I could tell you much of the love, power and preciousness of my blessed Jesus; but I thought it might be more for your profit to take you upon your own ground, and to talk over your feelings, rather than describe mine. But this I must say: I have proved that there is a reality in vital godliness which will stand amid the decay of all that is fleshly, and I have learned that Jesus loveth at all times, and that in the depths he is a solid Rock to those who put their trust in him.

May the weakness of my words throw no confusion over your mind, but may the wind of the Spirit—"And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds: but the wind passeth and cleanseth them" (Job xxxvii. 21)—agreeable with this Scripture, pass by and cleanse them. May you, by his power, have the application of the precious blood, and the imputation of the perfect righteousness, and a close walk with God.—So affectionately desires your very sincere friend,

R. BRYAN.

THE more abilities the mind is furnished with, the more it closes with the curse, and strengthens itself to act its enmity against God. All that it receives doth but help it to set up high thoughts and imaginations against the Lord Christ.—*Owen.*

GRACE TRIUMPHANT :

AS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY, &C., OF THE LATE
MR. H. BUDD.

(Continued from page 303.) A.D. 1804.

LITTLE was I aware, at the preaching of this sermon, what was to depend on it; but I was informed some time after, that a deputation attended from a congregation of seceders from our church in the neighbourhood, many of whom were of my own parish, for the purpose of ascertaining whether I preached the Gospel or not. They were faithful to their charge, and reported in the negative, and, as I heard, "that there was no Gospel in my sermon." Certainly there was much indignation expressed against sin; but of the mercy of the gospel there could have been but little indeed, as at that time I knew not the character of the Gospel as a dispensation of grace. There was often so reverend and forcible a mention of Christ in my sermons (for I used often the same kind of language as Young does on this subject, in his fourth "Night thought"—that of admiration and astonishment at the stupendous nature of his sacrifice), that it was reported that I preached the truth as it was in Jesus; but the expectation excited by one sermon was effectually balked in the next, no mention of Christ whatever occurring. Still there was so frequent an introduction of the atonement as to beget a generally received opinion of the sound character of my preaching. Alas! my conscience approves the judgment of the deputation; most assuredly I preached not the Gospel.

But in this instance also, O neglected and misrepresented Saviour! I betrayed the most wretched ignorance and folly. This circumstance, which should have appalled and abased me, was often the subject of ludicrous description. Shut up in self-satisfaction and self-conceit, the scales of Leviathan refused to be penetrated by a decision so truly humiliating. It rather tended to harden than to melt me into consciousness and examination.

And yet all this time I was obtaining a favourable opinion from the world: nay, as I have since been informed, was held up as the model of a parish priest. I had just religion enough to attract applause and to avoid offence; decency enough for the decent, and worldly-mindedness enough for the worldly. But even then some of my ministerial brethren probably esteemed me too precise. What error must we be lost in, so long as we seek the opinion of the world! A little outward decency was quite enough for the world; a nearer approach to godliness, by receding further from the world, must have given offence.

But the ardour with which I began my ministry did not last long. My too kind friend, of whom I have spoken before, soon returned home. My Squire, a kind, well-educated, amiable, and polished gentleman, soon came into residence; and I was gradually introduced into a rich and elegant neighbourhood, at whose

tables and houses I found myself too welcome. Here was much polish and much wealth: and with all my apparent attention to my parish, my heart went with this kind, affable, and engaging world. I could spend whole mornings in fishing and shooting, and whole evenings in elegant trifling; and by a strange inconsistency, could visit a dying person in the morning, and mix with the giddy throng at night. O seductive world! how much of the similitude wilt thou bear, provided it be not that real truth, the necessary operation of which is to cause us to prefer heaven to thee, to break the chain that binds us to thee, wholly to disengage us from thy arms, and to raise the freed soul to grace and glory.

I have often had reason to remark, as I had but too good cause to do in my own instance, how fatal to good and holy designs is that which is so frequently sought for—an introduction to a neighbourhood. Our character is assumed to be congenial with that of the society into which we desire to be introduced. We are kept in bondage by the fetters of civilized forms, social ceremonies, and the ordinary follies of life; and thus all independence of design and honest purpose of execution are utterly paralyzed, before we are aware of our thralldom. The world has sucked us into its vortex before we know the course of the current; and to break with this world, after we have solicited and been captivated by its charms, is a task to which few men are naturally equal. If a man would be unfettered, he must not incur the responsibilities of an introduction. As his character develops, the character of others will also develop, and like will attract like, and rejoice in it. At our village a club was held, which drew together all the principal gentry in the neighbourhood; to this I was introduced, and this slipt the collar of bondage on my neck, and snap't the lock. But in the midst of my bondage I was ashamed of my chain. I never bore it gracefully. The dance gave me but little pleasure, fishing was tiresome, and shooting afforded no gratification. On one occasion my gun went off unexpectedly in my hand. Blessed for ever be the Lord, no injury was done either to myself or others; but it was a warning to me to desist, though I do not think that I availed myself of it as such. Thus I was selling my soul for nothing, for sports for which I had but little relish, and follies which galled on my satiated appetite. My heart, distrusting, asked if this were the joy even of a rational creature, much more of a spiritual nature, of a minister of Christ? I more than suspected that all this must be inconsistent with his functions and obligations.

Thus was I a trifler, and my ministry a secondary consideration, when in competition with my pleasures. The amiable world, to which I was so much attached, was so truly amiable, so decent, so respectable, so inoffensive, that I sucked in the sugared joy with uninterrupted complacency. Rudeness, ignorance, or whatever was coarse or gross, never offended my taste, or alarmed my suspicions; and assuredly in this case, vice or

sin, if I may here use the words as synonymous, by losing all its grossness, became more certainly evil, as it became more powerfully seductive. Thus my time slipped through my hands unimproved; my parish remained in the same state—there was no fruit of my ministry; and my mind made no perceptible progress in the acquirement of divine knowledge, nor my heart in that of divine grace.

In the course of a few months, what might be expected actually took place. The ardour with which I began my ministry had declined into something like indifference. The Saturday often arrived, and I was not at home to prepare a sermon; and the Sunday morning came, and found me equally unprepared. Recourse must then be had to my stores already preached; and as my stock was confined, I was reduced to the shift of changing my text and exordium, and thus vamping up an old production for present use. But I am fearful that my highly-wrought periods often betrayed me, for some of them were of that remarkable character that they could not well bear repetition without being remembered. Accordingly, I have more than once, I think, observed a smile pass over the countenance of an intelligent young woman, who was in the habit of attending the church—an evident token that she discovered my subterfuge of an altered text. Not that the body of the sermon led to the detection, for my text was too generally a motto, and might, except for the exordium, have been appended after the sermon had been written. I am persuaded that this endeavour at deception was discovered; and this, with the well-informed part of my congregation, must have degraded me in their esteem.

When unengaged, I still gave some portion of my attention to my parish. At the cottages I was generally acceptable. But among the pious part of my parishioners I was kept, perhaps, too much at arms-length; as they frequented a meeting, not of dissenters, but of seceders from the church, and were as distant from me in private as they were in public. Since it has pleased thee, O my God, to open my eyes, and to teach me a better way, I have often thought that a more conciliatory conduct on their part might have been the means of bringing me to shame, or at least to a conviction of my errors and misconduct. But they never conversed with me, or took any pains to convince me that I was wrong, either in doctrine or practice: and yet, was it not almost too much to have expected from them? They saw me fickle and uncertain in doctrine, and decidedly worldly in practice. Still a visit from them, mildly showing me my errors and inconsistencies, would probably, in my impressible state of conscience, have made no small impression. Thou didst not employ them as thy instruments, O my God, in awakening my mind to thy truth; though it was no small alarm to my conscience, that confessedly the best people in the parish could not approve of my ministry, and that they conscientiously withdrew from my ministrations.

There was, however, one old dissenter among the farmers, living in a remote spot on my desolate common, whom I sometimes met tending his sheep, or engaged in the fields, whose exceeding simplicity gave him ready access to my heart, and whose kind and respectful manner obtained for him an audience, which my prejudices and my pride would, under ordinary circumstances, probably have rejected. I often met him in my walks; and my willingness to do something prompted him to instruct me that I might do more. But my respect for his piety was nearly neutralized by (what I then thought) the absurdity of the doctrine which he inculcated. He told me that the Gospel was a Gospel of grace; that it had nothing to do with human merit; that God often chose those who were the worst characters; and that he had no doubt we were, if believers, chosen long before we were born. This statement was so contradictory to the conclusions of my reason at that time, that I was greatly staggered and confounded; for, alas! I knew not what grace meant; nor did I see that grace and merit were opposed, or that the correlative to mercy was misery. Not understanding my state of misery from the fall, I presumed on merit; and seeing no distinct necessity of mercy, though I preached the necessity of it, and admitted it in my creed, I could form no distinct idea of grace. Though I could not admit his statements, I could not controvert them. He brought the plain letter of Scripture to support his positions; and my confined and partial knowledge of Scripture left me quite aground as to any capability of confuting him: neither, though my reason was offended, could I prove him to be wrong. These occasional conversations, with thy blessing, O my God, were not without their effect. I mused on what this good man said; he might be extreme in his views, but he was holy in conduct, and this laid fast hold on my conscience. He was more holy than I, and more practised in the Christian life, and I knew that holy knowledge beget holy practice. I therefore concluded that I must be ignorant, and trusted the time would come when I should be able to discern these things; but how this was to be, I knew not. Of the Gospel, as the ministration of thy Spirit, to be individually revealed to me as true and holy, and suitable to me, a lost and guilty sinner, I knew nothing. I could not spare a Saviour from my system; but that he should be formed in my heart as the hope of glory—an effectual Saviour, producing the things which accompany salvation, and are evidences of it—of this I knew nothing.

Thus passed three years of my life. I was dissatisfied with myself; I knew that, as a minister and a man, I was infinitely short of what I ought to be. I was more at home, I think, in the cottages of the poor, than in the drawing-rooms of the rich; and when alone, was always restless, unless my attention was occupied with some interesting book. But how little was I alone! The devil perpetually contrived some interesting amusement to engage my attention, and to divert my mind from more serious

things. Still, by imperceptible means, thou wert kindly impressing my soul. I became, about this time, intimately acquainted with Cowper's Poems. Their simplicity and truth charmed me; but their description of grace I could not well understand. My general reading was of a religious cast, though the books were dry and unedifying, and communicated little more than bare knowledge. Sometimes events in my parish, such as the death of a hearer, would rouse me to exertion, and force me to notice them in my sermons. But I was a wretch amidst all the notice that was taken of me, all the credit that was given to me, by a misjudging world for exemplary conduct as a minister, and the respect of most of the people among whom I was living. My soul was empty of the chief good, and thou keepedst it so, O thou Source of all true blessedness! that I might be taught the nothingness of this world's vanities, and the utter poverty of all pursuits, and all human regard, and all earthly good, when sought not in reference to thee. I was feeding on ashes; a deceived heart had turned me aside; my right hand was full of lies; and O, the climax of misery! I knew it not.

I had been in the yearly habit of visiting a friend in a distant county, with whom I had been intimate at college. He had an elegant cottage on the banks of a beautiful and majestic river, to which he frequently resorted for a day's pleasure, as it was then called, from his residence at the neighbouring county town. This cottage was his idol; as indeed it was, from its situation, deservedly the subject of general admiration. He was then living with his aged mother, and proposed shortly to take upon him the ministry. We then formed the romantic notion of living together at this cottage; and we thought that, by undertaking a curacy each in the neighbourhood, we might raise a sufficient sum for a comfortable maintenance. Our own ease, and not thy glory, O my God, led us to so absurd a design. But into what absurdities do I not run when left to myself! Thou hast only to "let me alone," and my natural depravity will carry me straight forward into folly, and vanity, and delusion, till I fall headlong into the burning gulf at last.

With this design, regardless of my people at Aldermaston, I left the house of my friend at the close of 1799, accompanied by him to my home in Berkshire. But thou, who hadst other designs respecting me, and wouldest not have me to be a "vessel of wrath, fitted to destruction," didst kindly interpose thy guiding hand; and in thy mysterious providence wert, even at this time, disposing events in a manner which I little understood, but for which I trust I shall have cause to bless thy holy name for ever.

Everything seemed at first sight to conspire to keep me at Aldermaston. There had been a long minority in the life of the possessor of the mansion, who might justly be esteemed the squire of the village. My first friends, who had lately inhabited the mansion, and from whom I had received the kindest attentions, were about to leave it, being only tenants for a season, to

make way for the owner. He was often at A., and I had the opportunity of seeing so much of him, and probably the reports he had heard of me were of that favourable character, that he was induced to offer me the benefice, of which I was only the curate, and which would have afforded a small increase of my income, though its chief value consisted in the possession of an independent clerical situation. So weak, however, was my sense of duty, and so slender the bonds of affection that bound me to my people, that I declined accepting his offer. There was no communion of saints; there was nothing, therefore, to bind me to my people but the bonds of mere worldly convenience. I was not spiritual; they were not spiritual; and my own love of ease was too powerful a motive with me for me to make an easy surrender to the mere temporal good of others. The increase of emolument, which would have attended the acceptance of the benefice, could not counterbalance the surrender of my favourite scheme; and my attachments were not so strong as to induce any pause in my endeavour to carry a design once adopted into effect.

At this season, then, with the full expectation of spending a joyous Christmas among our friends, to whom I had introduced my friend from Herefordshire, we entered my old residence at A. Our plans were formed; I had given notice to quit my curacy in the course of six months, and nothing now remained but to carry them into effect.

Ever disappoint me, O my God, when I form schemes independent of thee. There is a holy indifference, far from the careless supineness of the world, which I desire to attain, by which I am rendered "careful for nothing," and am privileged to "cast all my care upon thee." O when shall I really learn, that "I can neither add a cubit to my stature," nor "make one hair white or black?" I look upon my child, with his dear smiling countenance, as I rouse him from sleep in the morning, and say, Would I had that cheerful, uncareful smile, denoting a sweet serenity, an unapprehensive expectation of the events of the coming day! Why have not I the same? Why is my brow clouded and careworn? O for a life animated by the conviction, that thou lovest me and carest for me! Whom thou lovest, thou lovest unto the end; and if so, all my intermediate course is ordered by thy love. But when shall I live on this conviction? I have not yet attained it. Shall I ever attain it? Assuredly I knew nothing of it at the above season, but was shaping my own course and steering my own way, unconscious of the pools, and rocks, and currents, to which my frail bark seemed about to become a prey. In the midst of our Christmas festivity, I was summoned to town by information that Mr. Thomas Bowen, the chaplain of Bridewell Hospital, was at the point of death. On my arrival I found that the event had actually taken place. It was proposed that I should canvass the Governors for the situation; of whom there were, I think, from four to five hundred,

and among whom a busy canvass was begun. There were, I think, originally fifteen candidates; and nearly six weeks of active solicitation and busy anxiety elapsed, before the contest was decided.

The whole of this affair took place with such rapidity, that I had but little time to reflect on its eligibility, and no opportunity of expressing my like or dislike. I was unprovided with any independent situation in the church; and it was said, "Here is one, for which at least an effort should be made." To these reasons of family policy, I knew it would be vain to oppose my likings, my habits, my attachment to a country life, and my aversion to living in town. My father had made many sacrifices for my sake, and I knew all such reasoning would be deemed too absurd to hope for a quiet reception. There was therefore no alternative; a candidate I must be, and a candidate I became, in spite of my own feelings. Cards were printed, letters written, promises of votes solicited, and the whole press of election bustle and business engaged in; so that I found myself immersed in the torrent, and borne down without any power to resist its impetuous sweep. I was a wretched canvasser, for I was an unwilling one, and, at the early part of the contest, rather courted a denial than derived satisfaction from the assurance of a vote. I went from house to house, secretly hoping I might fail, and showing, perhaps, that I was indifferent as to the result. But the alternations of success and failure in our canvass were such as to excite a feeling as to the result, in spite of myself; and before we arrived at the day of decision, I felt myself as much interested in the event, probably, as though the attainment of the situation had been my own original proposal.

If ever an opportunity is presented of studying mankind, it is surely at an election; when so vast a variety of character is presented, and probed, and proved. Some, of whom we hoped well, were found our decided opponents; others, from whom we had no expectations, proved our fastest friends. Jealousies, hatreds, and envyings appeared, where they were not supposed to exist; and all the bitterness, and ignorance, and prejudice, and arrogance of mere power and authority and influence had ample field for exercise and observation. The world's selfishness was disclosed in all its coarsest and grossest modifications; and more than once, probably, it most nicely adjusted our various claims to its support, even by so distant a consideration as that of a vote for a county. O my God, if thy Bible be true, what must become of the great mass of professedly Christian men? Where shall we find an honest man? Most men proclaim their unworthiness, as on this occasion, openly avowing their self-interested motives. "Mr. A. has asked me, and I cannot refuse him.—I am of the same Company with the father of your opponent, Mr. B., and therefore must vote for him.—I always vote with C. on these occasions; have you his vote?" These, and twenty similar answers, might be detailed, of mere selfishness,

without any regard for the fitness of the candidate for the situation, or any due exercise of the influence entrusted to their charge. But surely the discharge of public duties will be as much investigated at the day of judgment as that of private duties will be. O! if thy blessed book be true, surely the mass of professing Christians are condemned already.

At length the day of election arrived. Of the fifteen candidates who originally proposed themselves, but four stood the election. I had, within two, as many votes as the whole number given to my three opponents, and was therefore declared duly elected. Thus I found myself suddenly established in a ministry; almost unknown to my electors; and though my family had long resided in the neighbourhood, equally unknown to those who were to form my congregation. All had been done, and all came upon me, almost with the velocity of a thunder-clap: and the whirl, in which I had been kept by the bustle of the election, had prevented reflection, and given me little opportunity of serious thought. All my plans were broken; the fine-spun threads of my own vanity were at once snapped asunder; thy powerful arm, in spite of myself, swept away at one blow all my airy schemes; and thy powerful voice sounded in my ears, "Remember, thou art mine; and it is my prerogative to do as I will with my own."

Certainly, the peculiar character of this providence was not lost upon me. My own nothingness in it struck me forcibly. I was a mere name. Had my father, with the powerful interest he then possessed among the governors, proposed anyone else, I believe, humanly speaking, the result would have been the same. I am not conscious of having gained above two or three votes. Indeed, my father's energies were indefatigable; what was fatigue to another man was only necessary exercise to him; and the kindness of his mind gave an effectual direction to the powers of his body. His connections were large, and possessed of influence; and he always esteemed the success of this election as one of the rewards of his professional labours. But admirable as his energies were, what had they been, O my God, without thy direction? Thou gavest them effect. I was but the passive subject—the straw thrown upon the current, which was to deposit me on this stone, or that reed, as thou in thy providence hadst appointed me.

With my new situation, a new class of ideas took possession of my mind. I felt that much would be expected of me, and that much must be produced. I was deficient in natural stores; they must be acquired somehow. I was deficient in the acquirements of knowledge; they must be sought after. I was grievously deficient in divinity; this must be obtained. New energies of body and mind must be called into action; these must be provided. With this conviction I returned to my curacy at Aldermaston, where, till my six months' notice had expired, I was still engaged. A few weeks before, I had intended to give this notice with the view of retiring into a stupid and supine inaction; and now it proved to be given that I might be placed in the midst of

a crowded population, and on a pinnacle of metropolitan notoriety. Ever, O thou Fountain of my blessedness, thus blast my gourds, and empty the barns of my own provision! Truly blessed am I, that my soul was not then required of me; but that, having a purpose of mercy towards me, thou didst kindly blot out my arrogance and presumption in the blood of Jesus, and didst sweetly undertake to provide for me thyself.

During these six months my mind was gradually disengaging itself from its prejudices, and opening to the favourable reception of truth. *Here the Autobiography abruptly closes.*

A near connection writes: "He became a candidate for Bride-well greatly against his own inclination, yielding only to his father's wishes; yet he was elected by an overwhelming majority. This made a deep impression on his mind. He had set his heart on getting occupation in a rural spot, being fond of country life. And now, when he found himself doomed to become a London clergyman, with nothing before him but the onerous duties of the office, he actually sat down and wept. But it seemed to him the voice of God, calling him from the scenes and occupations to which he had been attaching himself; and it forced upon him seriousness and self-examination. He was then led to attend the ministry of Mr. Scott and Mr. Cecil, and the fruit was soon seen in the altered character of his own preaching."

MY PRAYER.

ANOTHER month! Lord let it be
Used aright by sinful me;
May I, with a filial fear,
Seek to do thy will whilst here.
Give me grace to love thee more
Than I've ever lov'd before.

Why I'm spared, I cannot see;
May it for thy glory be;
Show me my unworthiness;
Be my strength, my righteousness;
Give me grace to seek thee more
Than I've ever sought before.

Far from self and earth I'd flee,
Casting every care on thee;
All things work for good, I
know;
Perfect Wisdom taught me so;
Give me grace to trust thee more
Than I've trusted thee before.

Humbly at thy feet I'd fall,
Watching, waiting, leaving all;

Use me, Master, even me;
To thy name all honour be;
Give me grace to serve thee
more
Than I've ever serv'd before.

Thou hast bless'd; O, bless me
more
Than thou'st ever bless'd before!
And in all thy blessings show,
To thyself how much I owe;
Give me grace to thank thee
more
Than I've ever done before.

In return I'd bless thy name;
All thy love aloud proclaim;
Everything thou'st done for me;
From sin, from bondage, set me
free—
Give me grace to praise thee
more
Than I've ever done before.

A WORD IN SEASON.

My Dear Brother—I was pleased to receive a line from you; it warmed my heart, so thought I must reply. The delay, however, shows what dependent creatures we are; for though we may be in possession of that “well of living water,” it is not in our power to make it spring up; and when we are favoured, as you were on Sunday morning, it is not in our power to retain it longer than God sees good, but it is our mercy to know that such a taste is an earnest of eternal glory. I am persuaded that the same Spirit that has been our teacher influenced you to persevere in coming to his house on the special occasion referred to; and when you witnessed the ordinance of baptism, you must have felt that the Lord had heard your cry for the prosperity of Zion. I hope the Lord will make him an ornament to his profession and a help to his cause.

When Mr. P. was here a fortnight ago, his text was, “Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins;” and the closing hymn was the one commencing—

“Jesus, and shall it ever be?” &c.

He told his mother on the following morning that he could not hold back any longer. It seems the Lord has been secretly working for twelve years.

I did not feel able to attend both the services, so thought I would prefer being at the Supper and seeing him received into the church, for I do not need confirming in the ordinance of baptism, especially when I think my dear Redeemer condescended to observe it, and then said, “If ye love me, keep my commandments.” I cannot understand the love that is not strong enough to enable his flock to follow him, I think if they had ever felt him to be the “altogether lovely,” they could. What is everything without him? But—

“With Christ in the vessel

We smile at the storm.”

O that I was favoured with more of his heavenly presence!

My dear Brother, — I find that you have omitted your name. I cannot think that it is shame, therefore it must be fear. You know that God by his Spirit has taught you, and that you possess a *well-grounded hope*. God says in his Word, “Ye are my witnesses.” Now, if you and I, who have proved his faithfulness for so many years, cannot be his witnesses, who then can? I hope the Lord will increase your faith, and give you stronger confidence, that you may be enabled, in the face of all your fears, to honour him.

Accept our united love to your daughter. I hope that in God’s time she will be brought out and constrained to follow in the footsteps of the flock.—Believe me sincerely yours in the bonds of the Gospel.

M. C.

If a man is satisfied to eat crumbs with the dogs, God will not be satisfied till he makes him eat bread with the children.

PERSEVERING GRACE.

Bedworth, Jan. 7, 1847.

My dear Friend,—The blessing of the Lord be thy portion and the lot of thine inheritance. In hope that the Spirit of God dwelleth in thy heart, grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto thee.

We thank you for your kind letter received, and feel glad, after an absence of several years, to hear that you are still in tolerable health and comfortably settled in life, and, above all, that you seem still to be in search after the truth and a feeling acquaintance with the blessed power thereof in your heart and conscience. This is far better than all; for thousands there are who live contented with the knowledge of the letter of truth only, and die ignorant of its power; and there are tens of thousands who live and die ignorant of the letter and power thereof too.

O, my friend, what a mercy it is to be taught of God! for those only are taught aright; and all true, real, and vital knowledge of God and of the Christ of God, the true Messiah—his love, his blood, his righteousness, his sufferings, his death, his resurrection, his intercession, his truth, his word, his will, his sovereign, saving, reigning, conquering grace—is only attained by the revealings and life-giving and soul-comforting operations and quickening influences of God the Holy Ghost felt within the breast. And he who dies ignorant of God and his righteousness thus revealed and made known to his soul, whatever be his attainments or his knowledge in divine things—though he can speak, and pray, and preach, and write, with the tongues and gifts of men and angels—will die in his sins and be lost for ever at last. Under a conscious, feeling persuasion of this within, my soul trembles and rejoices too. Though a man may be taught of God to fear, love, serve, and obey him, yet, if his praying, or preaching, or writing, be not of the Spirit's inditing, his labours will be all unavailing in the sight of God, and they will not comfort the church; they may please the ear and tickle the fancy, and this may be often taken for real soul-comfort. God is a Spirit, and can only be known in the person and work of Immanuel! Thus to know him by feeling experience, O how blessed!

A true knowledge of God and Christ, of his will, his word, his ways, his great salvation's power, and a faith's view of his glories also, are maintained, and still increased within, by the same divine energy, and sovereign, efficacious, and almighty operations and influence, while and in proportion as the soul is divinely held in sweet, solemn, secret, and near communion and intercourse with him, Zion's best Beloved and Friend, her King immortal, eternal, invisible.

And as to the blessed effects produced by this saving knowledge of God, of Christ, and his great salvation, seen without and felt within, language fails me fully to describe them. Let

those whose consciences know the power of atoning blood unite their joyful Amen, and join the holy triumphs of my soul in the sweet reflection thereof. Love, joy, and peace in the Holy Ghost contain the substance of the whole. O ye martyrs of our God, ye ransomed choir triumphant above! O ye his sealed ones below! O ye gates of Zion! O my soul! bear your united witness to the truth of this report, these flowings of my heart. Let the beams and walls of my dwelling, let the trees of the field, let the gloomy shades of night, let the morning, noon-day, and evening light, witness to my love to Jesus, my desire to love him more, my groans and sighs for a still further and further feeling knowledge of God, of Christ, of his blood, his righteousness, his sovereign saving grace, his Spirit's teachings, his power, and to see and feel the glorious wonders he can do, according to the desires of my heart. Such are my sorrows and joys, my desires to come forth full of grace and truth, as my Lord came forth from the wilderness, to his immortal honour below, and to crown his lovely head above.

Thus, and for this end and purpose, the dear Lord did, by his Spirit, raise up such a vehement crying in my soul to him for mercy when first convinced of sin, as I shall never forget; and law terrors increased, until my cries prevailed to bring his pardoning mercy into my breast at the foot of the cross; after which the tone of my crying was changed, and hope and joy did now and then, after the transport and vision had a little withdrawn, mingle with my groans and sighs. This did wonderfully bear me up amidst all my suspicions, doubts, fears, hardness of heart, wanderings of mind and affection, rebellious and hard thoughts of God, etc., which did many years after cause me to walk for the most part in thick darkness and gloomy despondency such as I cannot describe; till, overtaken with a long treacherous calm, my benumbed soul could rest in the form of godliness without the power, and I prided myself inwardly in that my outward life and walk were consistent, so that I thought no one could justly accuse me, and as I would keep up my attendance on the outward means, no one could know the state of my mind, and I should be saved at last.

In this state I went on for some time, still growing more and more hardened and callous in my feelings, and more and more careless about eternal things, till I felt it hard work indeed to keep up my attendance; and so I should have remained to this day, had my dear gracious Lord permitted me so to have gone on. But no; he had designed better things for me. My heart and soul melt now while I record it. Bless his dear name; I long to glorify him below, and hope to praise him above to all eternity.

The set time to favour me again now drawing nigh, my troubles increased, my sins abounded, guilt flashed in my face, and racked and tore my conscience asunder. A fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation, which will devour the enemy, sur-

prised me. The terrors of hell got hold upon me. God's tokens abroad shook every nerve I had. My sins within made me tremble. The form without the power would not do for me now. Rest any longer I could not find. "Lost! lost!" still sounded through my soul, go where I would, or do what I would. For mercy I tried to pray, but my prayers bounded back again and drenched my heart with redoubled sorrow.

"O the dreadful folly of listening to Satan's devices! O the fearfulness of a becalmed, backsliding state of soul! O the terrific consequences thereof! O that I could not have ceased to watch and pray! O, who can tell my agonies of soul, or sympathise with me in the sorrows I endure? Lord, do have mercy this once. Thou canst, if thou wilt. Do, Lord, save me. Reveal thyself again to me. Turn thou my captivity. Restore me, heal my backsliding, and let me not wander from nor sin against thee any more; rather let me die at thy dear feet. Do turn thou to me, and bless me once more, and commune with me, and let me feel the power of thy pardoning cleansing blood, and thy saving grace within. Lord, I am unworthy of thy favour. I have sinned against thee, but thou art merciful. Do let me feel it within. Do pardon me freely, for I have nothing to pay, and give me grace to give thee all the glory."

Thus cried my soul all day and night while awake, till I was weary and quite spent out, that I might henceforth know how bitter and heinous a thing it is to sin against the Lord of hosts; till at length I suddenly felt myself constrained to cry once more, and was girt about with a power which I can never express, and a going out of my soul with the words, so that while my lips moved, my heart echoed back, "Though thou slay me, yet will I trust in thee." Then did my soul cling to Christ and embrace him around, even as a drowning man would cling to a rope thrown to him for his safety and deliverance. Then did hope, and joy, and peace so sweetly begin once again to spring up in my mind, that my heart danced before the Lord with real gladness, and I begged of him, if it were his dear will, to take me to himself, that I might not sin against him any more.

Thus was my captivity turned once more, and the way opened again for my soul's access and approach to God, and a worthless worm encouraged still to wait upon him and trust in his name. Thus, and by repeated acts of lovingkindness since, his name, his blood, his righteousness, his person, his free-grace salvation, his honour, his favour, continued intercourse with him, to be continually receiving from him and giving him continually my heart, my all, in return, are become so precious, and the employment so desirable, that I cannot live when my sins do thrust me the least distance from my best beloved; and often they do, so that I cannot enjoy the divine favour as heretofore, nor see his face, nor feel his grace, nor cast my sins, my cares, and the burden of my fears and woes upon him, and find rest at his dear feet, refuge in his wounded side, pardon and peace, and health

and cure in his blood, and shelter in his righteousness here below, nor feel a lively persuasion within that I shall reign with him above, where time and sin are known no more.

For this cause the far greater part of my worthless life is spent in groans and sighs to the God of my salvation, to obtain all the desires of my heart; and yet my Lord delays giving them me. His reasons for the delay are good. My soul knows them well, and would be obedient and submissive to his dear, sovereign, gracious will in all things, and be still and patient beneath every stroke of his fatherly, chastening rod, knowing well I deserve every stroke he gives, and more. But my fretful heart still pines away while the vision tarrieth, nor can I help it.

You say you are "glad to hear that the Lord continues to feed me in green pastures; for by these things men live, and in these things are the life of our spirits," &c. My dear friend, "to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet." The Great Shepherd often puts his sheep on short bitings till they are almost starving with hunger, to chastise them when they stray from him, and to sharpen their appetites for divine things. Then, because they shall not die for want, nor be swallowed up with over much grief, he is pleased just to lead them forth into the green pastures of his promises, his love and grace, to feed beside the living streams of bleeding love and mercy and divine consolation, to strengthen, comfort, encourage, and revive them a little, and to prepare them for fresh troubles, fatigue, and scenes of woe and sorrow, during their march through the wilderness below. Then he commands them forth, and bids them go forward and prove his own promise true: "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me peace." So that those who would enjoy the peace of God must wade for it through tribulation, and much tribulation too, or live and die without it. This I have learned by experience. It is only attainable by a living faith in exercise in the dear Redeemer. And when it is attained, it only abides within while divine communion and fellowship are enjoyed and kept up with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ, by the power of the Holy Ghost. This also I have learned by experience, and do know what the peace of God and its sweet effects are when I feel them; and I do feel them sometimes, and can say before God, who knows my heart, that it mingles such a solemn sweetness oftentimes with the bitters that fill my cup of woe as makes my soul bend to the divine sovereignty and rejoice in my portion.

But if any of the followers of Christ should take it hard because they are not thus favoured, let them cease from the lightness and foolish maxims of worldlings, hold earthly things with a loose hand, and watch unto prayer; for "this kind goeth not forth but by prayer and fasting;" not fasting from food, but abstaining from fleshly lusts, that war against the soul.

If any should envy me, let them feel the cross I have to bear, know the sorrows of my heart, and press forward through trials too keen for flesh and blood to endure, to obtain the favour.

Dear Lord, provokethine own to emulation, nor let thy dear weakling be discouraged, for the vision shall come; and grant the favour to whom thou wilt.

Should any call in question the reality of what I say, my God, be thou a witness between them and me. To thee I appeal, and would learn to cease from man, "whose breath is in his nostrils."

Or should any of the Lord's family be encouraged and comforted through what I have written, my soul shall rejoice and give the God of my salvation all the praise.

The constant cry of my soul now is, "Jesus, reveal thyself to me. Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe. Let thy grace be sufficient for me, and thy strength be made perfect in my weakness. Turn thou my captivity; bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thee. Cleanse my conscience, and keep it cleansed, with atoning blood. Expand my heart, enlarge my mind, give me a door of utterance, strengthen my faith, and deliver me from spiritual wickedness in high places. Come once more, and commune with me; give my soul freedom and liberty with thee; yea, access to and power to prevail with thee. Grant me wisdom from above. Let the power of the Highest rest upon me. Let thy love be shed abroad in my heart, and be the spring of all my thoughts, words, and actions, and sweeten every morsel I partake of. Move, and melt, and break my rocky, hard heart with thy free mercy, and draw my affections and bind them to thee, thou dear Christ of God. Pardon my sins, my wanderings, my doubts and fears, and help me to believe and trust in thee. Heal my backslidings; put my tears into thy bottle; remember me for good; fill my soul with light, and life, and wisdom, and joy, and comfort divine. Divide unto me a gracious portion of the Holy Spirit. Give me peace within, grace to glorify thy name, and power to spread abroad thy fame as my soul desires. Let nothing intrude to break my communion with thee. Grant me grace to persevere; save me till safe with thee above. Give me thyself, for less will not satisfy the cravings I feel within. Thou hast given thyself to me, and I have given myself to thee, and I shall not be satisfied until I awake in thy likeness to sin no more. Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift. How vain are earthly things! Thy presence my soul desires and esteems better than life."

These are the true and sure effects of a true and saving knowledge of Jesus, the true Messiah, very God and very Man in one Person, Immanuel, the Christ of God, the covenant God of Israel. The soul that, by precious faith, has beheld his glory, like Esaias, cannot help but speak well of him, desire still to see his glory, and to press on to obtain a further knowledge of him, and esteem all things but dung and dross for Christ. And the more his people know of him, the more they will love him.

O blessed knowledge! O blessed effects of knowing the dear Lord Jesus, whom to know is life eternal! Blessed are the men who feed on covenant love, and bring forth fruit unto God, to

whom it is the life of their spirits to hold communion with him. However few they may be, if we should be found among that little number, it will be well. You say there is a needs-be for all our trials. It is true. And when they lead the soul to God, they are blessings in disguise. God Almighty sanctify every loss, and cross, and trial, to our good and to his immortal glory, and bind us for ever to his bleeding side.

The grace of God which bringeth salvation be with you; then shall ye know, if ye follow on to know the Lord. Adieu!

Yours affectionately in hope of eternal life,

G. T. CONGREVE.

“LESS THAN NOTHING.”

Wilford, Nov. 30, 1876.

My very dear Daughter,—Writing is quite a task to me, and I feel that to write a letter, and particularly now, in my present position, I am unfit and very reluctant. I sometimes feel as though I had lost all the comforts this life can give me, but I must not forget the lovingkindness of the Lord, and his mercies in the riches of his grace in the Lord Jesus Christ, which are very precious to me in my lonely habitation, at times, when he reveals himself to my heart as the “chiefest among ten thousand,” and the “altogether lovely;” and I feel now and believe that my heart is right with God, and that “when Christ, who is my life, shall appear, then shall I also appear with him in glory” everlasting; not for any thing I ever have done or ever can do, but of his own rich, abounding, and sovereign grace.

But I must not forget that it is your birthday, and I very sincerely wish you many very happy returns of the same, and that many glad and rejoicing days await you, not only with a loving earthly husband, but with the Lord Jesus Christ himself, your heavenly Husband, who hath already betrothed you unto himself for ever in faithfulness, in lovingkindness, and in mercies. Let us ever try to keep this in remembrance, that we are the Lord’s.

I hope that the year upon which you are about to enter will be to you a year of pleasure and enjoyment as far as God in his wisdom may have appointed for you; but more particularly I pray that you may be enabled to “rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh.” I am now feeling myself to be nothing, yea, “less than nothing, and vanity.” I feel myself to be so depraved that I can hardly speak a good word or think a good thought, except it be given me from above. I believe and am persuaded that all the good I have or ever shall have, is treasured up in the Lord Jesus Christ.

May the Lord bless thee, and make thee the best piece of furniture thy dear husband will have in his house when the time shall arrive.

Your affectionate Father,

T. CROFT.

Obituary.

RUTH ADAMS.—On Feb. 23, 1891, aged 72, Ruth Adams, at Hornsey Rise Aged Pilgrims' Asylum.

In the year 1846, on Easter Sunday night, my dear mother went to a room where sermons were read and the service carried on by reading and prayer. The text was, "O sleeper, arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us that we perish not." (Jonah i. 6.) The Lord carried it home, and it sank into her heart, and she felt herself a poor, guilty, hell-deserving sinner. When the service was over she went into a secret place to pour out her grief to God, and these words pierced her through and through: "I am sought of them that asked not for me: I am found of them that sought me not." She was very much tried about her state, and hungered and thirsted for the righteousness of Christ to be imputed to her.

After some months of soul-trouble and many doubts and fears, she was greatly comforted by the application of these words: "Thou shalt be with me in paradise." She was then anxious to follow the Lord in his ordinances, and was baptized at a General Baptist place in 1847, but found that she could not profit by the ministry, and was constrained to seek food among the Particular Baptists at Westoning, where the word was made precious to her soul. She was then much tried about the doctrines of grace, and earnestly besought the Lord to teach her and show her which was right. She was set at liberty by the application of these words: "I pray for them: I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me; for they are thine. And all mine are thine, and thine are mine; and I am glorified in them." She was also tossed about and constantly exercised concerning her personal interest in the precious blood of Christ, but was encouraged and strengthened by the ministry from time to time being blessed to her soul. She was exercised, too, about casting in her lot with the people of God. She was in deep distress for some days, and a darkness that was felt came upon her, with many doubts and fears, and Satan's temptations greatly distressed her. In her distress she cried unto the Lord, and he heard her, and delivered her out of all her trouble. She went to hear the late Mr. Godwin, earnestly entreating the Lord to bless the word. The 702nd hymn (Gadsby's Selection) was sung at the opening of the service:

"Self-condemned and abhorred,
How shall I approach the Lord?
Hard my heart, and cold, and faint,
Full of every sad complaint."

The whole of the hymn was blessed to her, and fully expressed her feelings.

Mr. Godwin read his text, and said in a loud voice, "Arise, and come to judgment; come and be weighed in the balance of the sanctuary." She saw her deficiency in the scale of the

sanctuary, and in a moment beheld, by faith, her dear suffering Saviour on the cross, and felt assured that he bled and died for her; that he stood in her law-room, place, and stead. He then said, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee;" and this the Lord was pleased to seal upon her heart, and she was lost in wonder, love, and gratitude to her dear Redeemer. The Lord gave her a blessed assurance that she was his child, and told her to "eat the bread and drink the wine." She was so taken up with her suffering Saviour that she did not know when the service was ended, until a person asked her if she was not going home? when she found that the chapel was nearly empty.

She cast in her lot with the people of God at Westoning about forty years ago. The Word of God was precious in those days, but the days of darkness were many. The 2nd, 3rd, and 5th verses of Hymn 298 were made a blessing to her soul, particularly these lines:

"To-day, with a taste of his love,
 Jehovah their souls will expand:
 To-morrow he'll give them to prove
 The Canaanite's still in the land.

Her path was indeed through much tribulation, being delicate in health, and she had heavy family afflictions, which sorely tried her for many years. At the commencement of her sorest trial she had much conflict, when the Lord sweetly applied these words: "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." She was made sweetly resigned to the will of her Heavenly Father, and for some time went on her way rejoicing; but the Lord saw fit sorely to try her faith, and she then walked in great darkness. For many years it was a great trial to her that she could not feel or see that all her afflictions, temptations, losses, and crosses, were working for good, and she felt rebellion and self-pity working within. I have heard her say that she envied the brute creation. She was much tempted and afflicted in spirit, and the enemy of souls sorely assaulted her, and told her that the Lord would never lift upon her the light of his countenance, and that she would die in the dark. She was much tried for many years, and would say, "I fear being left in the dark and the devil's temptations." On one occasion the Lord applied these words with sweetness: "I will appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." She would often say, "I am like Lazarus, bound hand and foot. O that the Lord would come and say, 'Loose her, and let her go.'" She was at one time much helped and comforted by the application of these words:

"The time of love will come,
 When we shall clearly see,
 Not only that he shed his blood,
 But each shall say, 'For me,'" &c.

In 1873 she lost her husband; and when in great trouble, the Lord blessedly applied these words: "I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel; Fear not, I will help thee." She afterwards removed to Luton, and became a member of Bethel Chapel. Her health was very weak for many years, and she was dependent upon her needlework for her support, and many times has the Lord answered her prayers in a marked way and manner.

In 1882 she was brought nigh the gates of death, and suffered much from inflammation of the lungs, from which the Lord, contrary to the doctor's expectations, partially restored her. In the autumn of the same year she had another attack, when the doctor said, "She must go this time." The Lord greatly blessed her soul, and lifted upon her the light of his countenance in such a special way as she had not been favoured with for 21 years. The Father of mercies met with her in the wilderness, and communed with her, and spake comfortably to her, and gave her this sweet promise: "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be." (Deut. xxxiii. 25.) She thought the Lord's time was come to take her to her eternal home; but it was not so, and she lingered on for eight years in the furnace of affliction. It was a great trial to her as she improved in health still to remain in the body. I have heard her say that she wept for two hours, longing to be "free from sin, with God eternally shut in." The Lord taught her much of the vileness of her heart, and she had to wrestle hard with sins and temptations. Hymn 329 was much blessed to her soul, especially the verse—

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

The Lord granted her earnest petitions in sweetly verifying it in her experience, for down to the end she was greatly tried with Satan's temptations and the evils of her own heart, and was kept in a low place, often mourning an absent God, and longing for the Sun of Righteousness to arise, with healing in his wings. She proved the truth of the promise the Lord had given her many years before: "I will give unto them that mourn in Zion beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." She was much exercised about her end, and would often say, "O, how will it be with me at last?" It was her heart's desire and constant prayer to God to keep the devil at a distance, that he might not be permitted to worry her at last, and this request the Lord granted.

The Lord saw fit to lead her about for 45 years in the wilderness, to humble her and to show her what was in her heart. By sanctified afflictions, losses, crosses, and temptations he "softened her heart by due degrees, and made her spirit meek," and she took the lowest room, esteeming others better than herself. The Lord truly made her feel as a little child, and carried her as a lamb in

his bosom. She was a constant reader of the "Gospel Standard" for forty years, and many sweet crumbs has she picked up while perusing its pages. The last special blessing she was able to relate was in reading a sermon in the "G.S.," and a piece by Top-lady, on "Life a Journey."

She was not able to converse much towards the last, and complained of darkness, but seemed comforted by the Word of God being read to her. About two or three days before she died, I said, "If the angels were come to fetch you home, would you be frightened?" She answered, with her face beaming with joy, "No, I should be glad." The day she died she was very calm. I never saw such peace upon her face before, and calm, unearthly joy. About three hours before her death a person said to her, "You are going to Jesus." She replied, "Yes," and that was the last word she spoke. The Lord had blessed her with much patience in her long affliction, and without moving hand or foot, without even sigh or groan, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. My loss is her eternal gain. T. A.

JANE SOWERBUTTS.—On September 26th, 1892, aged 68, at Preston, Jane, relict of the late Joseph Sowerbutts, of Manchester.

The subject of this short memoir was, I am satisfied, one of the Lord's people, but she could not say very much, being for the most part kept in a low place; however, as is the case sometimes with those of the Lord's family who are not favoured with great manifestations of his love to them whilst in health, on her death-bed she was much blessed. She and her husband formerly lived at Preston, but about the year 1880 they came to Manchester, and for years lived at the chapel house, Rochdale Road, and her husband died there on Dec. 3rd, 1889, a notice of which appeared on the wrapper of the G.S. for Jan., 1890. Whilst speaking of her husband, I might mention that not long before he died his wife asked him if she should give him a drink, and he said "No, I have just had a drink from the well above." He lived a very consistent life, and made a good end. After they came to Manchester they joined the church at Rochdale Road, and remained members to the time of their decease.

I know very little of her early experience, so will at once come to her last illness. She was taken poorly, and for a time seemed quite anxious to get better for a little longer; but while feeling this, she was led to beg of the Lord to give her a submissive spirit, whether for life or death, after which she felt a calm, restful spirit; indeed, she felt she could leave all her concerns in his hands who is "too wise to err, and too good to be unkind." Whilst in this state, a friend where she lived asked her if she would like to see a minister? when she replied, "He can do me no good; I am on the Rock." On the Saturday following, one of our ministers called to see her, and they both felt to have had a good time together.

The day after this another friend came to see her, when she said—

“Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Dear Jesus, set me free.”

The friend replied, you have need now of that portic n you once had applied to you, namely, “Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be.” “Ah!” she said, “they have had to be iron and brass, but strength has been equal to my day.” The friend with whom she was living went in the room and said, “I have come to have another look at you;” when she replied, “I am a poor unworthy worm.” “What!” the friend responded, “a King’s daughter, all glorious within, not worthy!” when such a peaceful smile passed over her face, and she said, “I hope so;” meaning, she hoped she was “a King’s daughter.”

On another occasion, when asked how she felt, she replied, “Quite happy.” On the Saturday before she died, a friend who called to see her saw a great change, death being visible in her features; and she raised her poor arms, and exclaimed,

“Yes, I shall soon be landed
On yonder shores of bliss;
There, with my powers expanded,
Shall dwell where Jesus is.”

The same afternoon a friend asked her if Jesus was precious? and she smiled while she replied—

“Jesus is precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust.”

After this she raised her hand, and said with much feeling, “He hath done all things well; it will soon be over;” when a friend replied, “The toils of the road will seem nothing when you get to the end of the way.” In response to which she sweetly smiled and said, “No, nothing.”

On Sept. 25th (the day before she died), she was asked if she was still happy? but she could only speak in a whisper; however, she gave those about her to understand that she could sing if she had breath.

About half-an-hour before she died she said, “He’s come!” which were her last words, and thus she passed away “to be with Christ, which is far better.”

She was buried at Preston Cemetery, on Sept. 28th, by Mr. Hinchliffe, “in sure and certain hope of a resurrection unto eternal life.”

T. LEWIS.

WILLIAM EDMUND CRISPIN.—On Nov. 30, 1892, } William Edmund Crispin, member of Gower Street Chapel about 27 years.

My dear father was called by grace when very young. When about 18 years of age he was removed from his birthplace, Yealmpton, Devonshire, to Liverpool, to reside with his parents. When on his way to business one morning, these words were brought to his mind; “No man can serve two masters.” This

caused him deep anxiety and great distress of soul, which brought him very low; but after some time the Lord was pleased to apply this promise: "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him," which was as balm to his wounds, but it was of short duration. Some little time after this he heard a sermon read of the late Mr. Philpot's, and it cut him up, making him feel that he had no religion left, yet was not without hope. He stayed in Liverpool about 6 or 7 years, and was led to join the church a short time after going there; but being a reserved man, we regret that we are unable to give particulars.

He was again removed to Devonshire, and soon afterwards married, continuing there until the year 1851. Trials in providence caused him to seek employment in London, and after obtaining it he sent for mother, and she came, bringing with her three children, but he found it hard work to earn the bread that perisheth. On one occasion, being much pressed in circumstances he called on a man who owed him some money, and received a denial, but the Lord broke into his soul with such great sweetness, that he told him, "He was better when he withheld than when he gave." About this time he was led to join Mr. Shorter's church in Wilderness Row, and had many good times under his ministry. Once in particular, Mr. S. remarked, "he liked to see a man with his back well broken." When father left the chapel, he said, "If that man's religion is right, mine is right."

About 34 years ago he had a severe attack of bronchitis. While feeling very low in mind, wondering how it would be with him, these words were applied: that "he should not die until he had seen the Lord's Christ." From that time he began to recover, the Lord fulfilling his word, as the following account will show.

January 11th, 1883. The following is a copy which was written in the form of a letter, *at father's own dictation*:—Dear Sir,—Father not being well, wished me to write a few lines to you. Last Sunday he renewed his cold, and on Wednesday night, in bed, became very ill. A little prayer was kindled in his heart. He became relieved by the Spirit helping his infirmities, and introducing him into the presence of his dear Redeemer. The Holy Spirit so overpowered him that it broke him down into the sweetest joy and praise. Then it was he felt what a thing it was for a poor filthy sinner to be drawn by and filled with the love of God, causing him to cry out, "My Father! my sweetest Father! my Redeemer! dear Saviour!" He was kept an hour or two in this blessed state, and did not wish to sleep. The sweet words of Rutherford's were a great companion to him: "Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land," followed with that verse, "O what shall I do my Saviour to praise?" The next morning being mother's birthday, he saluted her with the earnest wish that the Lord would be pleased to favour her with a little of the same blessing he had received during Thursday, which he should never forget, there being no condemnation to

them who by faith are in Christ Jesus. On Friday he entreated the Lord to give him another high day, which was granted, being filled so full with the Spirit of adoption that he challenged Satan to show him one sin unpardoned. Then were brought to his mind the words of Martin Luther, when persuaded not to enter a certain city: "I will go," said he, "if there are as many devils as tiles upon the housetops!" When Sunday morning came, he entreated the Lord to give him another high day, which was fulfilled, the love of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost filling his cup to overflowing. While in chapel alone with the Lord, he thought of Moses, how he spake to the Lord face to face! and while engaged in his work, he forgot one thing and then another, which brought the notable experience of William Huntington to his mind, when he cried for one thing and wanted another. The time had now come for the prayer meeting, when the Lord again filled his cup with praise, making it run over. One circumstance more: A young man who came from Dublin, who knew my brother, came to seek employment in London. It so happened he was prepared to return, not having found anything to do; and calling on us previous to his departure, father invited him to stay with us until he found a situation. This was Saturday afternoon. On Sunday at noon we were in conversation about people who were only professors, and by their actions disgraced their religion. Previous to this, father understood he was a Roman Catholic. Father then appealed to him, as to whether he did not believe that a person professing religion would at least have moral conduct. He said, "Yes." Then father said, although he was a poor, illiterate man, he would meet the Pope of Rome, with his Bible in his hand, and would open it and show him that he was cursed by the Almighty. The hearer became dumb. Father then addressed himself to the young man, trusting he would not be offended, as he hoped to be a father and friend to him if he kept the path of rectitude. He asked him to join in family worship in the evening, when he was led to thank the Lord for the occasion, and said that although we thereby represented ourselves as worshippers, yet the Lord knew our hearts, and that unless quickened from death to life we should be lost for ever. On Monday morning there arose from his soul a fresh case for the Lord Jesus, and he was pleased again to come down in a most powerful manner, so that he said, "O, clap your hands, ye people! Sing unto the Lord a new song." His soul was employed with praises as fast as they could be uttered. This brought to his mind that beautiful passage about the "river to swim in," meaning God's love. Then followed the Apostle's words, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" To commemorate this event he asked a few of the friends in church fellowship, whom he highly esteemed, in the evening, and we found the King was there with his guests. We found the Lord, according to his word, as the dew upon our souls. Being thus blessed of him, our praises went up as incense

through the Redeemer's blood, and the effect of the Spirit upon our hearts was peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.
—Yours in Christian love,

WILLIAM E. CRISPIN.

This morning, Thursday, began by having a sweet revival of the Lord's goodness, which encouraged him to commit his spirit into the hands of him who gave it. Having taken a little sleep in the afternoon, he awoke with the goodness of the Lord descending like a cloud of dew upon him, which penetrated through his heart, leaving a fragrance upon his spirit. He was enabled by divine faith to approach the mercy seat, and found there the Lord Jesus was so precious to him, in his love and mercy, that his soul was filled with the praises of God, his face shining like that of Moses when he came down from the Mount. He desired, with the Apostle, "to know Jesus, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings."

I shall now come to his last days, but feel scarcely able to do so, as it has been such a sharp blow, although we have been graciously supported under it. He was only laid aside ten days, but until the last five got up a little. On Saturday, 26th November, he was taken much worse, but seemed to be in a very nice frame. He had been much tormented by Satan, fearing his religion was all wrong. On Sunday, the 27th, when asked if he thought he should get better, he said, "I don't know; I can't seem to gain the Lord's mind in the matter." Later on in the day he said he could live or die, whichever was the Lord's will. During the night he spoke freely; he said, "I feel, my dear, I've a Father in heaven; there's the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the Comforter." Psalm xxiii. was very precious to him. He said he had been thinking of the Lord as the Good Shepherd, the Kind Shepherd, the Loving Shepherd, and the Faithful Shepherd. He was so patient in his affliction, that it was a real pleasure to wait on him. Once I remarked it, saying, "You need patience to bear your weakness, father." He answered, "What I have I feel he gives me." He said one night, "I want the Lord to come and give me another kiss, and take me home." In family prayer (which we very much miss) he would entreat the Lord, as the Friend of sinners, that we might hold things here with a very loose hand, and that those of the family, both in England and Australia, who knew not God, might be brought to know themselves as sinners, and the Lord as their Saviour. In the most perplexing trials he would say, "Mr. Dennett once remarked, 'It's well to be still in the storm;'" and so he found he needed much grace to keep him quiet, saying, "he wanted to endure hardness as a good soldier." On Monday, the 28th, he appeared to be rapidly sinking. He said, "I'm certainly much weaker." At about four o'clock in the afternoon he told us all about his temporal affairs, and it was wonderful to see the calmness and composure of his mind. He was anxious only for anything spiritual, and when asked once if he had anything to say, he said, "No." A friend remarked, when relating this,

"He had nothing to do but to die" About two days before his departure he said, "I have begged of the Lord that he would be with me down to the end of my days." At another time, being drowsy, he said, "I feel almost as if I should go off in my sleep." Looking round, he said, "I've everything as nice as if I were a lord; and if it were God's will to give me an appetite, there's nothing too hard for him, but if not, of course I must sink." He seemed, as the poet says, to

"Glide softly into promised rest,
And prove the Sabbath true,"

so peacefully and quietly he passed away. His last words were, "Help, Lord Jesus." And when his voice became inaudible, he seemed to keep saying, "Father, Father, Father." "The memory of the just is blessed."

ADA M. CRISPIN.

ELIZABETH BRIGGS.—On 6th May, 1893, in her 87th year, Elizabeth Briggs, at Scalford Road, Melton Mowbray.

She was a member of the church at Providence Chapel, Oakham, and was baptized there by the late Mr. Philpot, and received a member April 8th, 1849. She continued in union of spirit and affection with them to the close of her days, but from failing health and weak nerves she was unable to get to Oakham and assemble with them; and there being no place of truth at Melton, she opened a room there, when Mr. Hazlerigg for many years spoke once a fortnight, on a week evening, and Mr. Tiptaft, Mr. Godwin, Mr. Knill, Mr. Brown, and some other ministers occasionally, and a sermon was read, with prayer, &c., on a Lord's day afternoon; but as time passed on, through different causes the numbers fell off so considerably that she closed the room, but it was ever after with her a source of deep regret that it had to be closed. As she has left no record of the Lord's dealings with her soul, and lived for many years distant from her own people, few particulars can be given, but some of our friends, and one who most often saw her, have heard her speak feelingly of the first work upon her soul in early years. She was then living with an aunt.

Conviction of her lost state as a sinner was laid with weight upon her conscience under the just condemnation of God's holy law, and the state of her soul pressed so heavily, that she felt she must sink if the Lord did not show mercy. One day when in the cellar, the Lord spoke these words with such power and sweetness to her soul, that she felt her sins were all pardoned, and she loved the Lord with his own love which he had manifested to her, and she fell on her knees there, and blessed and praised his holy name. The words were these: "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." (Jer. xxxi. 3.) In speaking of it in after years she would say, "My need was so great, and the help so timely, that though I have had many sweet helps from the Lord since that time, none was like *that*."

She passed through much soul-darkness and desertion in her

latter years, and her desires were intense, at times, for clearer manifestations of mercy to her soul. Mr. Hart's words describe her case:

“Their pardon some receive at first;
And then, compelled to fight,
They find their latter stages worst,
And travel much by night.”

It may truly be said of her—

“Her hope was built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness,”

which lines she often repeated, and whilst able, hymn 471: “Prepare me, gracious God,” &c. The friend before alluded to says, “she looked upon her as a mother in Israel.”

June 13th. 1893.

A FELLOW MEMBER.

GEORGE COVELL.—On May 31, 1893, age 76. George Covell, of 5, Bramley Hill, Croydon, brother of the late F. Covell, minister.

Being apprenticed in London, he attended for several years the ministry of the late Mr. Hobbs, at Haberdashers' Hall Chapel, where at times he was much blessed. When my father began to preach, my uncle George was one of his earliest hearers, and was much profited by his ministry, and he remained, as many know, a constant hearer and supporter of the cause at West Street. By God's grace he was made a very humble and sincere man, and was a lover of good men, a peacemaker, and “one who feared God above many.”

He was seized with a fit at about 2 a. m. on May 31st, and died at about 4.30 the same morning. He leaves a widow to mourn his loss, and to whom he had said lately, that he “longed to be at rest.” Those who knew him well have no doubt that his soul has entered into that rest that remaineth for the people of God. On June 6 Mr. Ashdown conducted a funeral service at Providence Chapel, West St., Croydon, and the body was afterwards conveyed to Addington Church, and laid in a vault adjoining my dear father's.

W. G. COVELL.

In time, it must be Christ and his cross; in eternity it must be Christ and his throne. “If we suffer with him, we shall be also glorified together.”—Owen.

A GREATER honour cannot be conferred externally on a ransomed sinner upon the earth, nor any external evidence of his regeneration more lucidly shine in his character, than his suffering for Christ's sake: though the coward flesh recoils at reproaches; and human pride, with the most aggravating mortification, knows not how to bear the misrepresentations of calumny, and the falsehoods of malevolent slanders: the discerning eyes of powerful faith views all as a combination of blessings, conferred upon his highly favoured people by their covenant God; and teaches the new and hidden man to “glory in tribulation, knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope.”

—Horne.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

SEPTEMBER, 1893.

MATT. V. 6; 2 TIM. I. 9; ROM. XI. 7; ACTS VIII. 97, 98; MATT. XXVIII. 19.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

A SERMON BY MR. GUEST, ON FEBRUARY 19TH, 1893.

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.”—Rev. xiv. 13.

In trying to speak in some order, we shall, in the first place, *notice the character that the apostle here declares as blessed.* Notice, secondly, *what it is that they rest from—their labours.* Thirdly, notice here, that he says that *their works do follow them.*

Now just let us notice the character. You know that it is not every character, when they die and men carry them on their shoulders to the place of all living, to whom you can address the words, and say they are blessed. Now when a man tells me that he has a hope of heaven, I want to know what is the ground of his hope. Perhaps some of you may have found, at times, that providential things have gone hard against you, and you may have been brought into very trying circumstances. You have hoped for some relief from these trials, and according to those circumstances that seemed to be opened to your view has been your hope. What is your hope in spiritual things? I will tell you what the hope generally is. It is hope something like this:—That God will sacrifice his justice and show his mercy at the expense of his justice. Now, God can never do that. He can never sacrifice his justice. He can never shew mercy at the expense of his justice. His honour and glory would be sold thereby. Just look at the hope that our friend had, whose memory it is our province to speak upon this afternoon.

It is more than twenty years since the circumstance occurred, which brought us intimately connected with one another. At that time the Lord had begun a work of grace, I hope, in my soul, and begun to separate me from those things which I once loved; and I believe that at that time our friend was in darkness. Now, if there is

one thing more than another that I would guard against, and that I would desire others to guard against, it is a family religion; thousands have it, thousands grow up in it, and our departed friend grew up in a religious atmosphere—a religious atmosphere, if you will allow me the expression. Blessed with a God-fearing father and mother, he grew up, surrounded with religious influences. Now there are some who tell us that if the influences received must be turned to account, they must have an effect upon the lives of those with whom they come in contact; but perhaps some of you have had to prove this, that you could not command any spiritual blessings down upon the souls of your children. You could not put them there; you could not influence them there; you could not inject them.

And so our friend grew up as all Adam's children grow up; and as he grew, his enmity towards God grew—enmity to his truth. Now, just mark here, he had a natural disposition which it is well to imitate. He was one of those individuals who was willing to sacrifice his own leisure, denying himself of many things that he might benefit others. True, this is not religion! It is a grand trait in a character wherever we may see it, and it is well for each one of us, as far as we are enabled, to imitate it. But that is not religion; it is only a natural course; and natural courses are well to cultivate, and we may cultivate them, but we cannot cultivate the natural course of God—that is, the acts of God. And here it is that we may make a division in our friend's life. But as time passed on apace, a period came in his life, and the Lord stopped him in his downward career. He has told me since, that no one knew his depth of iniquity, and that no man knew the life he was living when he was stopped and brought to the feet of Jesus.

Now it is here that we see his character, and how God first begins to make his people know themselves. Why, you know he grew up religious! I would ask you one question: What is it that constitutes a man of God? Why, Timothy was a pious youth, pious friends wisely instructed him, from his early days, in spiritual knowledge. That does not constitute a man of God. I will tell you what constitutes a man of God: Being born again. Without that new birth being implanted in the heart; without a regenerated inward spirit; whatever the outward life may be, they can never see God and his salvation. There is no acting together. It is only as God is pleased to exercise his divine personality, by implanting the know-

ledge of the heavenly life and righteousness, that the living soul is brought to know him and feel him; and so our friend was brought out of nature's ruin, by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, to depend upon him for his hope of righteousness. He depended upon him for his atoning blood and sacrifice; and it is this which constitutes the character called blessed.

Now just look again where it is that they are brought. They must be brought to realize it experimentally. I don't believe in notional ideas concerning spiritual things. It must not be a speculative matter. It is not so with a living soul; it must be an experimental knowledge of the mercy of the Lord to the heart and conscience. Now, have you got this knowledge? Our friend had it. You will have to testify again and again and again. I don't believe that ever our friend went to heaven as a stranger; he had seen the face of the Lord here, and he did not go there as a stranger.

Have you ever seen his face here? If you have, you will have seen since what he has done for you. If you ever saw him in his love and his mercy revealed to your heart and conscience, he will have turned out every idol that you had in your heart. He will have set himself up as an object of your affections. He will have made himself "The chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." In many cases it has come as it were a blessed experience in their life. Have you ever felt it? Some say, "Yes, I have always had that feeling." Have you? Our friend had not, and I don't think a living soul does. I believe the Lord withdraws himself. Speaking by the mouth of his prophet, he says, "I will bring him into the wilderness." Have you ever been brought into this wilderness? The Lord has then seemed to quite hide his face, and sit at a distance; and when he spoke to your heart and conscience, you have begun to look for it; have you not tried to find it? What did the children of Israel find in the wilderness? What did they find beneath their feet? Burning sand, and above their heads a burning sun. And so it is with the son in this wilderness, when he looks there for some testimony. He looks for the work of the Holy Ghost within. What does he find? He finds that there is a principle there that loves sin. He finds a heart that rebels against the sovereignty of God. When he came and touched me in my circumstances, and something of that which I had gathered; when he scattered it to the winds, there was a falling down before him, and I said, "Lord,

thou art too wise to err; deal with me as thou wilt." And when he took away from my sight the affections of my heart, the light of my eyes, I felt that I could have cursed God; and it is a mercy to find that these expressions are kept in at times. And then the devil comes and says, "Now, is that the work of the Holy Ghost? Would you have enmity against the sovereignty of a loving God?" And it is here that you look for the Holy Ghost in the heart and conscience, and you can find nothing. Perhaps you look outside of yourselves. What do you expect to find in yourselves, except that which is evil? You look outside; you come to the Word of God; nothing there but a blank. You go to the throne of grace, and there the prayer has returned into your own bosom. If you go to the house of God, you find the Word is gone quite over your head. Has the Lord appeared to you at such times? Some seem as though they can bring him when they like. I cannot do that. The heart seems as if it yielded under the injections of Satan.

Our friend had a work here. At times it seemed as if his religion was dying, as if his spirit was depressed, and he had missed the way described as the blessed dead. God has no still-born children. There is always a going forwards or going backwards. And it is here that the living soul grows up into Christ, and puts his entire dependence upon the love and mercy of the faithful Jehovah.

You know that living, vital godliness is a reality. If there is one thing more than another that I have to say to you, it is this: that God has given me the testimony that I am his child; still, there are times when everything within me seems to testify to the contrary. When I find a spirit that rebels against his sovereign will, is that the fruit of the Spirit? No. When I find a worldly spirit, an indifferent spirit, is that the work of the Spirit working on the heart and conscience? No.

Just look at the character of our friend. Death came upon him quickly; the hand of the Lord made short the work. Now, I tell you one thing that is not to be altogether despised, yet these death-bed repentances are not much to be depended upon. Show me how a man has lived, and I will show you how he will die. But we are not altogether to despise death-bed repentance. We have one left on record in the Word of God. There were the two malefactors who were crucified with the Lord Jesus Christ, the one on the right hand and the other on the left, and they both railed upon him. But the Lord

opened the eyes of one, so that none might despair; but the one on his left had to sink into perdition, that none could presume. Are you left to presume upon the mercy of God? I know it is a common saying, that there is plenty of time in which to prepare for death; but such people, in case of sickness stepping in, turn their thoughts towards God, feeling that their afflictions are the consequences of sin. This is not a true repentance. A repentance is where the heart is open to the knowledge of sin, and where a person is bowing down before God, and saying, "O Lord! I bow down to thee, for I have sinned against thee." But when our friend came upon his death-bed, he had not to seek repentance there. The work of God was begun in his heart and conscience, and he had been helped to carry it out. What did his religion do for him? I will tell you. It enabled him to look death in the face. That which was the sting of death had been taken away, for the sting of death is sin; and what a hard pillow it makes for many a dying sinner!

Some time since I stood by the death-bed of a man, and he said, "I have a hard pillow." He wished to escape from sin, but he never could see that he was sinning against God. And repenting and thus justifying God for his sin, he could not do. This desire to escape from sin is all a person desires. I have seen many a felon in the dock who has wished to escape from the consequences of sin. Some men have loved their sins, whilst others have left them, and have pleaded for mercy that they may receive repentance for their sins. The living soul that is made alive by the Holy Spirit does not want to escape from the justice of God. Our friend knew what it was to have a substitute. That substitute was the Lord Jesus Christ; and the wrath of God was poured upon his head in his place. Do you know anything of that? Has the Lord ever taught you what it is to have another stand in your place? Has his mercy been revealed by the Holy Spirit to the heart and conscience?

Just look at the next point, where it says that "*they rest from their labours.*" What is their labour that they rest from? There remaineth a rest for the people of God. This is but a wilderness at the best, in which is found labour, and sorrow, and trouble. There is no one in this place, but their path is strewn with sorrow, with disappointment, with painful trials, with painful experiences. You have it in your wife, your husband, your children, your business. These are continual perplexi-

ties, but there, in heaven, there is rest from them. There is no sin there; no unbelief enters in; no perplexities. All that was corrupt was left in the grave; and the day will come when the body that was laid in the grave, corruptible, will be raised incorruptible. It is here that we are brought to see the rest that remains for the people of God—rest from their labours. Look, too, at the rest from the various allurements of Satan. Here below he comes and allures the living soul from those things which keep him in the presence of Christ, and draws him from the meditation of God's glorious kingdom. There will be no perplexity of that sort in heaven; it is here that we see the rest that remains for the people of God. Do you never feel after that rest? I can tell you where the living soul goes at times. I don't remember being there but once, experimentally, and that was after a period of very trying circumstances, when the Lord seemed to have edged me in on every side, and I felt as though I had just come to my wits' end. Then the Lord in his mercy visited my soul, and it seemed as though he lifted me upon the atmosphere of love and mercy, and he gave me a little of that joy which is prepared for them that fear him. I felt that I could have liked to have been there. For the suffering sinner to get a view of that rest remaining for the people of God, is to have a joyful foretaste of that life, and that rest which God has prepared for him. It is here that we see these coming into this rest, and it is here that people see the fruits of their labours, and see that their works will follow them. What are the works which follow us? If there is one thing more than another, it is what our friend would have discovered—what his works would have done for him! What a vast difference there is between working from love and working for love! If we just look at Saul before the Lord met him, when on his way to Damascus, we see one working with unabated zeal that he might inherit eternal life—persecuting and putting men and women in prison who called upon the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and was ready to fight and labour in the cause of his God. Here we have him working with unabated zeal; but the Lord in his own time comes and meets him, meets him as he was going to Damascus, and with a flash of light he sends Saul staggering to the ground, whilst with words which enter his very heart and conscience, he says, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" And when the Lord in his own time allowed him to rise, and spoke peace to that troubled

soul, he went forth, and proclaimed salvation through the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, with an intense, longing desire that he might undo the great measure of wrong which he had done—that he might undeceive those whom he had deceived.

We see the testimony which our friend left; it was a testimony like this:—that where the grace of God is, it does not lead a man to live licentiously, but to walk in the fear of the Lord in righteousness, in truth, and in integrity. That is what the fear of the Lord will do in the heart of his people when it is kept in exercise. The Lord may, if he sees fit, withdraw the gracious influence, that we may know what we are, and where we are, and so know our own weakness and our proneness to evil. The Lord graciously preserved our friend. I don't think anyone could point the finger of scorn at his weaknesses. In his mercy the Lord preserved him. What a mercy that is! Have you ever to come and beg for it? What are the works that do follow him? Here is a work of praise and adoration to the Lord Jesus Christ when he sees him as he is. That work has been begun below; it is continued to the day of Jesus Christ. It is a continual labour of love and praise to the Lord and Saviour. Here it is that the works follow him. There are many who are working for the praise of men, living in hopes that their works will follow them. The statesman who makes laws, and adds them to the statute book, is looking for his work to follow him. The philanthropist, whose work is manifested in his day and generation, builds his orphanage and asylum, a testimony to his greatness, liberality, and worth. He may be useful in his day and generation. If the Lord has bestowed upon him these worldly gifts, it is his desire that in his right mind he may use them to the honour and glory of God, and the benefit of his fellow creatures, and to seek in him the glory of God. That is what our friend tried to do; not always, perhaps, but when he was clothed and in his right mind and with a right motive.

He said what he thought was to the glory of God, and was brought unto that spot where he was willing to be what he would have him to be; and, falling into his hands, said, "Thy will, Lord, and not mine, be done." Yes, unto that place of preparation, these are the works which follow them. Do you know anything of the teaching of the Holy Ghost upon the heart? Do you know anything of being brought before him as a dying sinner? I would not deceive

any one of you. I beg that he will rightly teach you his truth, and open the eyes of those who are blind. I believe that God has his twos and threes throughout the land. Where he has them, he will teach them his truth. I know that wherever they are, whatever their calling in life, he will bring them to this place, where they feel that they have nothing, and that they are nothing.

May the Lord add his blessing. Amen.

“WE GLORY IN TRIBULATIONS ALSO.”

Windsor, June 4th, 1893.

My dear Friend,—Not hearing from you, I feared my letter had frightened you; but what a mercy, that though you feel you cannot speak of the same depths and heights as myself, yet to the Lord, his dear people are equally dear; as dear Hart says, “To him the weakest is dear as the strong.” I have been brought nigh unto death in my feelings several times since the first Sunday in April, but the Lord has been very gracious to me. He prepared me for the extra furnace by applying this precious word to my heart: “For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.” O the reality I felt, and the sweet assurance that I should land safely out of all the storms of earth, and a blessed willingness was wrought to go through floods and flames if need be; this was on the twenty-first of March. On the thirty-first, which was my birthday, the Lord was very near and dear unto me, which caused me to wonder if it might be my last birthday upon earth. On the first Sunday in April the Lord laid a heavier hand upon me in the way of affliction, and the next day, which was Easter Monday, I was very ill, but had a holy calm in my soul, feeling that it was indeed well, whether for life or death. Death had no terror, the grave no dread. My hope beyond this life shone like a blessed beacon, pointing to the skies. I did indeed lie passive in the Lord’s hands, and knew no will but his. Also in the weeks of prostration which followed, he gave me access to himself, so that I dreaded the removal of the affliction, because of the sweet consolations that attended it. But the Lord has farther need of me, I perceive, for he has removed the dangerous symptoms, and given me a little renewed strength; but alas! it is as I feared, the Lord’s presence is not so manifestly enjoyed, his word is too often unread, and the throne of grace too often neglected. I am come into the wilderness, where faith has to be severely tested, and I have almost wished I had never been born, because of the gloom which has hung over death. If I had no better anchorage than my variable feelings, I must often conclude that vital religion has no dwelling-place in my heart. I do hope the Lord may

revive me again, and cause me to flourish, for I have not much comfort to himself or profit to others. O that I have grace to abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul, and bring darkness, deadness, and distance.

I have enjoyed reading John Kay's piece upon Spiritual Patience, and can say Amen to it from my own experience. I do hope my desire is to glorify God in my body and spirit which are his; but of late, if I have glorified him it has been in suffering, and in being brought into places where I could not do without him. I have felt my own helplessness and ignorance to such a degree that I have been compelled to go to him for all. I feel it to be my great mercy that the Lord follows me up with his chastening hand. I can truly say, I have feared sin more than suffering; would that it were always so; but it is as it were the company of two armies, one is in league with sin, death, and hell, and one is holy, and averse to sin in every form. What a mercy I feel it is that it is written that "sin shall not have dominion over you." How many times it has threatened my overthrow, but I trust it has been the Lord who is on my side, so that I am not consumed, but hope to praise him when time shall be no more. I trust I have, as my dear pastor once said, been brought to kiss the rod, and him who appointed it. Anything which speaks to our hearts, and says, "Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest," is the voice of God through the means. We have earth-loving natures, and need continual weanings, and sometimes these are painful. It is well when the weanedness is kept up, but O how crucifying to flesh! How very lonely it causes one to feel; but sure I am, it is sin that separates. I have said, "O my cruel sins, my torturing sins, my separating sins! We cannot realize what it will be to be free from sin. It is indeed the cause of all our woe, and it will prove too strong for all but the election of grace.

As it regards the dear spot and people to whom our hearts are bound in love and union, it is with the Lord. Sometimes I have a desire to return, and faith to believe we shall; at others, all seems dark and mysterious. Left to myself, I should touch the wheels of God's providence, and throw all into confusion. Never shall I forget once, as we were journeying to your house under trying circumstances, and my foolish heart was for marking a way, the Lord spoke these words with power: "There are many devices in a man's heart: but the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand." O what sweet rest I experienced! as though a pillow was laid for my heart to rest its all upon. Truly since that time I have had to prove that the Lord's ways are not our ways, even in Providence. His ways have been a great deep, but I hope it is all to end in our real good and his glory, as my dear departed sister said when about to enter her rest:

"No other way would have been so well."

And what way had it been? A way of sore afflictions, disappointments, losses, and crosses:

the way the holy prophets went;
The way which leads from banishment."

She was led to see that it had all been overruled for her good. "So he led them forth by a right way, that they might go to a city of habitation." And as the same dear sister said, as glory dawned upon her spirit,

"The half had not been told her."

O that we may be enabled to speak to his praise, even in the Jordan of death; as one said,

"A mortal paleness on my cheek,

But glory in my soul."

I have not finished, but will close. With heart-felt desires for your welfare, spiritually and temporally. M. C. DANN.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

Camberwell, June 7, 1893.

Dear Friend,—Do be pleased not to be offended with me for troubling you again. I have long been enabled, by grace alone, to hate my wretched self, but never so much as I have of late; truly it is a pest to me, at times, and to keep it under I find quite impossible. I shall indeed be glad to get rid of it for good and for ever, but that will not be while I live to breathe. Had I no sin, it would not be so; it is my own sin which is the cause of all the mischief. Surely in a soul made alive it is a war indeed. Here I am, with everything provided for my comfort that the heart can wish for, and yet oftentimes have not the power to enjoy the blessings bestowed; no, the enemy and my base heart are a hindrance thereto. I am miserable under it, yet helplessness itself as to altering it. Weep I do bitterly for ease; and although I could not tell my case to any creature, I can unbosom my poor mind to the Lord in sighs, and groans, and tears—not always, O no; sometimes I have no heart for anything but to fret, and then to beg forgiveness; yes, for being so fretful. And yet I cannot help it. The Lord knows I am not dissatisfied with anything but myself, and sometimes I call myself a fool for my pains. Ah! it is no easy thing to be a Christian such as I should like to be! I am scarcely ever cheerful! any one would think that I was the most miserable wretch in the world, and so I am; others can be happy and cheerful, and enjoy themselves; well, I cannot; I have no power. They have more strength than I have, or they are not such big sinners as I am; but I know that the end must come, and may be soon, for I get so wearied with grief that I feel almost exhausted with the combat within; all is within, not outwardly; no creature knows anything about it. But it does give me a little ease to know and feel that the dear Lord knows all about it, and he does not seem angry with me; no, bless his holy name, he does not; but I feel as though I should like to be near him, and see him as he is; then I shall be like him,

not before, and that is what I long for; not that I am in the discontented, but feel so weak and tired. I want to see the fearing I may be left to fall a prey to the great enemy of living souls. Ah, he is called the strong one, and truly he is so at times, but he has not, as is usual, troubled me so much in the night lately; indeed, my nights for the past week or more have been sweetened with portions of God's word and several hymns, and all so suited to my needs. O what a good and kind God we have! Where should I be, or what should I not be, but for his kind and watchful care over me? Truly he is good, and "his mercy endureth for ever."

It is a rare thing for me to have any thing like a comfortable dream; but not long since I dreamed that Mr. Huntington came to see me; he stood near the table upon which I am now writing; he talked to me so kindly, and with such a smile on his face, that I cannot forget. I don't remember speaking in return, but expected every moment that he would take up some of my books and converse upon soul matters. In this, however, I was mistaken. We were just like dear old friends who meet occasionally, and I was somewhat cheered.

I did thank the Lord on your behalf for enabling you to answer so faithfully, affectionately, and truthfully, the objections to the Article by Mr. Hart in the "G.S." In the enjoyment of such ravishing views of our blessed Jesus, as dear Hart and others have experienced, it is impossible for the soul, at such times, to think of or know or feel anything but a precious Jesus. The time may sometimes be very short, but the soul knows when it is favoured to feast upon him—the Incarnate Word dwelling with us and in us for the time. Blessed be the Lord, I have known, and do still know, at times, what it is to feast upon Jesus' word, love, and blood, which is rich food indeed for living souls. I then long for no times of interruption, but look forward in blissful anticipation to the time when we shall "drink endless pleasures in," and realize that joy which is "unspeakable and full of glory," for ever and for ever.

I have had such feasts lately while reading the "Gospel Standard" of last year—so fresh, so sweet, so heart-melting in their character—that I cannot help wishing to be at home. But the Lord has for some time past helped me to desire to have no will of my own in the matter. His will alone be done in every minute thing, for I know it is best.

E. KNIGHT.

THE curse is only removed in him who was made a curse for us.—*Owen*.

As when a child travels in his father's company all is paid for, but the father himself carries the purse; so the expenses of a Christian's warfare and journey to heaven are paid and discharged for him by the Lord, in every stage and condition. Hence the believer cannot say, This I did, or that I suffered; but God wrought all in me and for me.—*Gurnall*.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A TRULY HUMBLE MAN.

BY JOHN BUNYAN.

GREAT-HEART, in describing the character suggested above, says that "he was always afraid that he should come short of whither he had a desire to go. Everything frightened him that he heard anybody speak of, if it had but the least appearance of opposition in it. I have heard that he lay roaring at the Slough of Despond for more than a month together; nor durst he, for all he saw several go over before him, venture, though they, many of them, offered to lend him their hands. He would not go back again neither. The Celestial City, he said he should die if he came not to it; and yet he was dejected at every difficulty, and stumbled at every straw that anybody cast in his way. Well, after he had lain at the Slough of Despond a great while, as I have already told you, one sunshiny morning—I don't know how—he ventured, and so got over. But when he was over, he would scarce believe it. He had, I think, a Slough of Despond in his mind, a slough that he carried everywhere with him, or else he could never have been as he was. So he came up to the gate (you know what I mean) that stands at the head of this way; and there also he stood a good while before he could venture to knock. When the gate was opened, he would give back, and give place to others, and say that he was not worthy; for, for all he got before some to the gate, yet many of them went in before him. There the poor man would stand, shaking and shrinking; I dare say it would have pitied one's heart to have seen him; nor would he go back again. At last he took the hammer that hanged on the gate in his hand, and gave a small rap or two; then one opened to him, but he shrank back as before. Then he that opened the door stepped out after him, and said, Thou trembling one, what wantest thou? With that he fell down to the ground. He, therefore, that spake to him, wondered to see him so faint; so he said to him, Peace be to thee; up, for I have set open the door to thee; come in, for thou art blessed. With that he got up, and went in trembling; and when he was in, he was ashamed to show his face. Well, after he had been entertained there awhile (as you know how the manner is), he was bid to go on his way, and also told the way he should take. So he went on till he came to our house; but as he behaved himself at the gate, so he did at my Master the Interpreter's door. He lay thereabout in the cold a good while before he would adventure to call; yet he would not go back; and the nights were long and cold then. Nay, he had a note of necessity in his bosom to my Master, to receive him, and grant him the comfort of his house, and also to allow him a stout and valiant conductor, because he was himself so chicken-hearted a man; and yet, for all that, he was afraid to call at the door. So he lay up and down thereabout; till, poor man! he was almost starved; yea, so great was his dejection, that, although he saw several others

for knocking get in, yet he was afraid to venture. At last, I think, I looked out of the window, and perceiving a man to be up and down about the door, I went out to him, and asked what he was. But, poor man! the water stood in his eyes; so I perceived what he wanted. I went therefore in, and told it in the house, and we showed the thing to our Lord; so he sent me out again to entreat him to come in; but, I dare say I had hard work to do it. At last he came in; and I will say that for my Lord, he carried it wonderfully loving to him. There were but a few good bits at the table, but some of it was laid upon his trencher. Then he presented the note, and my Lord looked thereon, and said his desire should be granted. So when he had been there a good while, he seemed to get some heart, and to be a little more comfortable; for my Master, you must know, is one of very tender bowels, especially to them that are afraid; wherefore he carried it so towards him as might tend most to his encouragement. Well, when he had had a sight of the things of the place, and was ready to take his journey to go to the City, my Lord, as he had done to others before, gave him a bottle of spirits and some comfortable things to eat. Thus we set forward, and I went before him; but the man was but of few words, only he would sigh aloud.

“When we were come to the place where the three fellows, Simple, Sloth, and Presumption, were hanged, he said that he was afraid that their end would also be his. Only he seemed glad when he saw the cross and the sepulchre. There I confess he desired to stay a little time to look, and he seemed for a while after to be a little cheery. When he came to the hill Difficulty, he made no stick at that, nor did he much fear the lions, for you must know that his trouble was not about such things as these; his fear was about his acceptance at last.

“I got him into the house Beautiful, I think, before he was willing; also, when he was in, I brought him acquainted with the damsels of the place, but he was ashamed to make himself much in company; he desired much to be alone, yet he always loved good talk, and often would get behind the screen to hear it; he also loved much to see ancient things, and to be pondering them in his mind. He told me afterwards that he loved to be in those two houses from which he came last; to wit, at the gate, and that of the Interpreter, but that he durst not be so bold as to ask.

“When we went also from the house Beautiful down the hill, into the Valley of Humiliation, he went down as well as ever I saw a man in my life; for he cared not how mean he was, so he might be happy at last; yea, I think there was a kind of sympathy betwixt that valley and him, for I never saw him better in all his pilgrimage than he was in that valley. Here he would lie down, embrace the ground, and kiss the very flowers that grew in this valley. He would now be up every morning by break of day, tracing and walking to and fro in the valley.

“But when we came to the entrance of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I thought I should have lost my man; not for that he had any inclination to go back (that he always abhorred), but he was ready to die for fear. O, the hobgoblins will have me! the hobgoblins will have me! cried he; and I could not beat him out of it. He made such a noise, and such an outcry here, that, had they but heard him, it was enough to encourage them to come and fall upon us. But this I took very great notice of, that this valley was as quiet when he went through it as ever I knew it before or since. I suppose those enemies here had now a special check from our Lord, and a command not to meddle until Mr. Fearing had passed over it.

“It would be too tedious to tell you of all; we will therefore only mention a passage or two more. When he was come to Vanity Fair, I thought he would have fought with all the men in the fair. I feared that there we should have been both knocked on the head, so hot was he against their fooleries. Upon the Enchanted Ground he also was very wakeful. But when he was come to the river where was no bridge, there again he was in a heavy case: Now, now, he said, he should be drowned for ever, and so never see that face with comfort that he had come so many miles to behold. And here also I took notice of what was very remarkable; the water of that river was lower at this time than ever I saw it in all my life; so he went over at last, not much above wet-shod. When he was going up to the gate, I began to take my leave of him, and to wish him a good reception above; so he said, I shall! I shall! Then parted we asunder, and I saw him no more.”

“WHAT DO I KNOW OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST FOR MYSELF?”

Truro, Dec. 25, 1787.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Hart,—I remember when I lately saw you at Maidstone, you engaged me, and I promised, to write to you; and I am now about to fulfil it. The Lord grant that I may discharge this obligation in such a manner as may bring glory to his Divine Majesty, and real comfort to your souls. Give me leave to ask you, what you know of Christ? What you think of Christ? And what communion you have with the Lord Jesus Christ? These questions are of eternal importance. At last, very many will be found wretched deceivers of their own souls, and Christless persons, though they once made a profession of Christ, and of salvation by him. To know Christ in his Godhead and manhood—to know Christ as God manifested in the flesh, as born to save his people from their sins, and as living without sin, in a perfect conformity to the divine law, and bearing the sins of many in his own body on the tree, where he bore the curse, and sustained the sorrows due to his people, that by his stripes they might be healed: this is life eternal. But we

cannot truly, spiritually, and savingly know this, but by the inspiration of God the Holy Ghost. No man can call Jesus Lord—no man can have in his own heart the experience of the Godhead and grace of Christ, and call him, as Thomas did, “My Lord, and my God”—but by the Holy Ghost. We are all born into this world destitute of the saving knowledge of God, and every one of us remains in this state, until such time as the Holy Ghost, who proceeds from the Father and the Son, is most graciously pleased to quicken our souls, and enlighten our minds into the knowledge of Christ; and faith in Christ is wrought in our hearts by the mighty operation of the Spirit of God. He it is who raises dead sinners from the grave of sin and death, and makes them partakers of spiritual life. And by the word he reveals and sets before them Jesus and his salvation, and enables them with their hearts to believe in him for righteousness, and with the mouth to make confession of him to salvation. And it is a blessed thing to be taught of God; to have the heart warmed with the love of God; to know and believe that Christ is almighty to save us from all our sins and from all our miseries.

“God is love,” and hath loved his people with an everlasting love; and herein God hath manifested his love; “not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and gave his only begotten Son to be the propitiation for our sins.” What infinite, boundless, amazing, and incomprehensible love must God bear towards his people, that he loved them to such a degree as to give his only begotten Son to become incarnate, to be a covenant for the people, and not to spare him, but to deliver him up freely for us all! How boundless is the mercy of the Lord, which flows forth towards and upon poor, miserable, hell-deserving creatures, through the bitter sufferings, sorrows, and agonies of the God-man, the Lord Jesus Christ, who was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities; by whose stripes we are healed! It is most wonderful to consider how greatly God hath manifested his love towards us in our Lord Jesus Christ, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood. From eternity, God the Father set apart his co-equal and co-eternal Son to be the Lamb who was to be slain for sin, and by whose most precious blood-shedding sin was to be pardoned, justice was to be perfectly satisfied, and heaven to be opened to all believers. And in the fulness of time the Son of God was manifested; and in our nature, which he assumed into personal union with himself, he obeyed the law perfectly, and put away sin, all the sins of all his people, out of the sight of divine justice, by the sacrifice of himself; he gave himself for us, “An offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet smelling savour;” and he hath abolished all the sins of his people, and put them perfectly away, and “his blood cleanseth from all sin.” There is no sort nor kind of sin, but Christ’s blood is sufficient to cleanse their souls from, and to remove the guilt of it from the conscience. For the blood of Christ hath an eternal dignity,

worth, and efficacy in it. It is the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God; its worth and efficacy lies here. He that shed his blood for the remission of sin, is in his divine nature God, and in his divine person the Son of God; and as Mediator, he is God-man united in the person of one Christ. So that as Christ in his person is infinite, in excellency transcendent, and in worth inestimable; so his righteousness and blood hath the worth and efficacy of the Godhead in it; and whosoever is cleansed in the blood of Christ will remain fair, pure, and clean to all eternity. So that I would here again repeat the question, What do you know of Christ? Do you know him to be truly God, and true and very man, God and man? Do you know the excellency of his personal obedience to the law in our nature, room, and stead, to be sufficient to justify your persons before the throne of God? Do you know, feel, and experience, the precious and invaluable virtue of the blood of Christ? Hath it been really applied to your hearts? Is it actually sprinkled upon your consciences? Examine, for it is of eternal importance. I ask, What think you of Christ? God the Father thinks highly of him. The angels round the throne love him above all. The saints in heaven esteem him their joy and crown; and all the saints esteem him as their all in all. Is Christ precious to your souls? Does he dwell in your hearts? Do you esteem him as the pearl of great price? Is he your all in all? Can you prize his love, and esteem him, and count all things but dross in comparison of him? What communion have you with Jesus? Do you hear his voice in his word? Do you experience his presence with you in the means of grace? Does he breathe by his blessed Spirit upon your souls? Let me intreat you not to live in the neglect of his blood and righteousness. In all your dealings with Christ, do try and remember this. Go to Christ with all your sins and infirmities. Carry your cold hearts to Christ, that he may warm them; and your sins to Christ, that he may pardon them; and your hard hearts to Christ, that he may soften them; and your strong corruptions to Christ, that he may subdue them. Let nothing separate between Christ and you; for if you properly attend to what you are as sinners, and what you feel in yourselves, it will all preach to you your need of Christ. Blessings in him, he is a Saviour and Mediator full of grace and mercy; he is more full of grace than you are of sin; and more full of mercy than you are of misery; and if you apply to him, you are sure to succeed.

May he draw your hearts to him by the cords of his love, and set up his throne in your hearts by the power of his Spirit, and bless you with his spiritual presence, which is better than life itself.

I subscribe myself, Dear Friends,

Yours, in the Lord, E. P.

IN prayer it is better to have a heart without words than words without a heart.—*Bonnyan.*

"WATCH AND PRAY."

THAT I may not weary you by a preamble, I oblige myself to take the turn of my letter from some passage of Scripture; and I fix upon that which just now occurred to my thoughts, a clause in that pattern of prayer which he who best knows our state has been pleased to leave for the instruction of his people, in their great concern of waiting at his throne of grace: "And lead us not into temptation." (Matt. vi. 13.) This petition is seasonable at all times, and to all persons who have any right knowledge of themselves or their spiritual calling.

The word *temptation*, taken at large, includes every kind of trial. To tempt, is to try or prove. In this sense, it is said, "the Lord tempted Abraham;" that is, he tried him, for God cannot tempt to evil. He proposed such an act of obedience to him as was a test of his faith, love, dependence, and integrity. Thus, all our afflictions, under his gracious management, are appointed to prove, manifest, exercise, and purify the graces of his children. And not afflictions only; prosperity likewise is a state of temptation; and many who have endured sharp sufferings, and came off honourably, have been afterwards greatly hurt and ensnared by prosperity. To this purpose the histories of David and Hezekiah are in point. But by temptation we more frequently understand the wiles and force which Satan employs in assaulting our peace, or spreading snares for our feet. He is always practising against us, either directly and from himself, by the access he has to our hearts, or mediately, by the influence he has over the men and the things of this world. The words which follow confirm this sense: "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," or from the *evil one*, as it might be properly rendered here, and also in 1 John v. 18. The subtlety and power of this adversary are very great; he is an over-match for us; and we have no hope of safety but in the Lord's protection. Satan's action upon the heart may be illustrated by the action of the wind upon the sea. The sea sometimes appears smooth, but it is always disposed to swell and rage, and to obey the impulse of every storm. Thus, the heart may be sometimes quiet, but the wind of temptation will awaken and rouse it in a moment; for it is essential to our depraved nature to be unstable and yielding as the water; and when it is under the impression of the enemy, its violence can only be controlled by him who says to the raging sea, "Be still, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." The branches of temptation are almost innumerable, but the principal may be reduced to the several faculties of the soul (as we commonly speak) to which they are more directly suited.

He has temptations for the understanding. He can blind the mind with prejudices and false reasonings, and ply it with arguments for infidelity, till the most obvious truths become questionable. Even where the gospel has been received, he can insinuate

error, which for the suddenness and malignity of its effects may be properly compared to poison. A healthy man may be poisoned in a moment; and if he be, the baneful drug is usually mixed with his food. Many who for a while seemed to be sound in the faith have had their judgments strongly and strangely perverted, and prevailed upon to renounce and oppose the truths they once prized and defended. Such instances are striking proofs of human weakness, and loud calls to watchfulness and dependence, and to beware of leaning to our understandings. For these purposes he employs both preachers and authors, who, by fine words and fair speeches, beguile the hearts of the unwary; and, by his immediate influence upon the mind, he is able (if the Lord permits him) to entangle those who are provisionally placed out of the reach of corrupt and designing men.

He tempts the conscience. By working upon the unbelief of our hearts, and darkening the glory of the gospel, he can hold down the soul to the number, weight, and aggravation of its sins, so that it shall not be able to look up to Jesus, nor draw any comfort from his blood, promises, and grace. How many go burdened in this manner, seeking relief from duties, and perhaps spending their strength in things not commanded, though they hear, and perhaps acknowledge the gospel? Nor are the wisest and most established able to withstand his assaults, if the Lord withdraw and give him leave to employ his power and subtlety unrestrained. The gospel affords sufficient ground for an abiding assurance of hope; nor should we rest satisfied without it. However, the possession and preservation of this privilege depends upon the Lord's presence with the soul, and his shielding us from Satan's attacks; for I am persuaded he is able to sift and shake the strongest believer upon earth.

He has likewise temptations suited to the will. Jesus makes his people willing in the day of his power; yet there is a contrary principle remaining within them, of which Satan knows how to avail himself. There are occasions in which he almost prevails to set self again upon the throne, as Dagon was raised after he had fallen before the ark. How else should any who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, give way to a repining spirit, account his dispensations hard, or his principles too strict, so as to shrink from their observance through the fear of men, or a regard to their worldly interest?

Farther, he has snares for the affections. In managing these, he gains a great advantage from our situation in the world that knows not God. The Scripture gives Satan the title of god of this world; and believers learn, by painful experience, how great his power is in and over the persons and things of it. So that to be steadfast in wisdom's ways requires unremitting efforts, like pressing through a crowd, or swimming against a stream. How hard is it to live in the midst of pitch and not be defiled! The air of the world is infectious. Our business and unavoidable connections are so interwoven with occasions of sin, and there is

so much in our hearts suited to them, that unless we are incessantly upheld by almighty strength, we cannot stand a day or an hour. Past victories afford us no greater security than they did Samson, who was shamefully surprised by enemies whom he had formerly conquered. Nor are we only tempted by compliances that are evil in themselves. With respect to these, perhaps, conscience may be awake, and we stand upon our guard; but we are still upon Satan's ground; and while he may seem to allow himself to be defeated, he can dexterously change his method, and come upon us where we do not suspect him. Perhaps our greatest danger arises from things in themselves lawful. He can tempt us by our nearest and dearest friend, and pervert every blessing of a kind Providence into an occasion of drawing our hearts from the Giver; yea, spiritual blessings, gifts, comforts, and even graces, are sometimes the engines by which he practises against us, to fill us with vain confidence and self-sufficiency, or to lull us into formality and indolence.

That wonderful power which we call the imagination, is, I suppose, rather the medium of the soul's perceptions during its present state of union with the body, than a spiritual faculty, strictly speaking; but it partakes largely of that depravity which sin has brought upon our whole frame, and affords Satan an avenue for assaulting us with the most terrifying if not the most dangerous of his temptations. At the best, we have but an indifferent command over it. We cannot, by an act of our own will, exclude a thousand painful, wild, inconsistent, and hurtful ideas, which are ever ready to obtrude themselves upon our minds; and a slight alteration in the animal system, in the motion of the blood or nervous spirits, is sufficient to withdraw it wholly from our dominion, and to leave us like a city without walls or gates, exposed to the incursions of our enemy. We are fearfully and wonderfully made; and, with all our boasted knowledge of other things, can form no conception of what is so vastly interesting to us, the mysterious connection between soul and body, and the manner in which they are mutually affected by each other. The effects we too sensibly feel. The wisest of men would be accounted fools or mad, were they to express in words a small part of what passes within them; and it would appear that much of the soberest life is little better than a waking dream; but how dreadful are the consequences when the Lord permits some hidden pin in the human machine to be altered! Immediately a door flies open, which no hand but his can shut, and the enemy pours in, like a flood, falsehood and horror, and the blackness of darkness; the judgment is borne down and disabled, and the most distressing allusions seize us with all the apparent force of evidence and demonstration. When this is the case in a certain degree, we call it distraction; but there are various degrees of it, which leaves a person in the possession of his senses as to the things of common life, and yet are sufficient, with respect to his spiritual concerns, to shake the very founda-

tions of his hope, and deprive him of all peace and comfort, and make him a terror to himself. All the Lord's people are not called to navigate in these deep waters of soul-distress, but all are liable. Ah! if we knew what some suffer, the horrible and terrible exercises which excruciate the minds of those over whom Satan is permitted to tyrannize in this way, surely we should be more earnest and frequent in praying, "Lead us not into temptation." From some little sense I have of the malice and subtlety of our spiritual enemies, and the weakness of those barriers which we have to prevent their assaults, I am fully persuaded that nothing less than the continual exertion of that almighty power which preserves the stars in their orbits, can maintain our peace of mind for an hour or a minute. In this view, all comparative difference in external situations seems to be annihilated; for as the Lord's presence can make his people happy in a dungeon, so there are temptations which, if we felt them, would instantly render us incapable of receiving a moment's satisfaction from an assemblage of all earthly blessings, and make the company of our dearest friends tasteless, if not insupportable.

Ah! how little do the gay and the busy think of these things! How little indeed do they think of them who profess to believe them! How faint is the sense of our indebtedness to him, who freely submitted to the fiercest onsets of the powers of darkness, to free us from the punishment due to our sins; otherwise we must have been for ever shut up with those miserable and merciless spirits who delight in our torment, and who, even in the present state, if they get access to our minds, can make our existence a burden!

But our Lord, who knows and considers our weakness, of which we are so little aware, allows and directs us to pray, "Lead us not into temptation." We are not to expect an absolute freedom from temptation; we are called to be soldiers, and must sometimes meet with enemies, and perhaps with wounds; yet considering this prayer as provided by him who knows what we are and where we are, it may afford us both instruction and consolation.

It calls to a constant reflection upon our own weakness. Believers, especially young believers, are prone to rest too much in grace received. They feel their hearts warm, and, like Peter, are ready to please themselves with thinking how they would act in such or such a state of trial. It is as if the Lord had said, Poor worms, be not highminded, but fear and pray, that, if it may be, you may be kept from learning, by bitter experience, how weak your supposed strength is. It sweetly intimates that all our ways, and all our enemies, are in the hands of our great Shepherd. He knows our path. We are short-sighted, and cannot tell what an hour may bring forth: but we are under his protection; and if we depend upon him, we need not be anxiously afraid. He will be faithful to the trust we repose in him, and

will suffer no temptation to overtake us but such as he will support us under and bring us through. But it becomes us to beware of security and presumption, to keep our eyes upon him, and not to think ourselves safe a moment longer than our spirits feel and breathe the meaning of this petition.

It implies, likewise, the duty of watchfulness on our part, as our Lord joins them elsewhere—"Watch and pray." If we desire not to be led into temptation, surely we are not to *run* into it. If we wish to be preserved from error, we are to guard against a curious and reasoning spirit. If we would preserve peace of conscience, we must beware of trifling with the light and motions of the Holy Spirit, for without his assistance we cannot maintain faith in exercise. If we would not be ensnared by the men of the world, we are to keep at a proper distance from them. The less we have to do with them the better, excepting so far as the providence of God makes it necessary in the discharge of our callings and relations, and taking opportunities of doing them good. And though we cannot wholly shut Satan out of our imaginations, we should be cautious that we do not wilfully provide fuel for his flame, but entreat the Lord to set a watch upon our eyes and our ears, and to teach us to reject the first motions and the smallest appearance of evil.

I have been so intent upon my subject, that I have once and again forgotten that I was writing to my friend, otherwise I should not have let my remarks run to so great a length, which I certainly did not intend when I began. I shall not add to this fault by making an apology, as I have touched upon a topic of great importance to myself. I am one among many who have suffered greatly for want of paying more attention to my need of this prayer. O that I could be wiser hereafter, and always act and speak as knowing that I am always upon a field of battle, and beset by legions!

July, 1776.

I am, with great respect, &c.,

J. NEWTON.

WISE COUNSEL.

I RECEIVED your kind remembrance of me by post safe yesterday, for which I beg the Lord to bless you as done to him. It came seasonably, he knowing my wants. I have oftentimes had fears of you, as Paul speaks, "lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty, so your mind should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ;" for an experience of the dying love of Christ is by no means a safeguard against his power. The heart being softened and melted and enlarged under a sense of the mercy and love of God in Christ and its own exceeding vileness and desperate wickedness, is opened, and lies exposed to every snare of the fowler; for under such an experience a man is blind as a bat to everything but God's love and his own unworthiness, and so neither knows himself nor anybody else as he ought to know, and as he will and

must know. Therefore Paul says, not by *some* means, but by *any*; for any, however unlikely, were equal to the work. And I much suspect that instead of attending solely to the Lord's work in your own soul, and watching with diligence and sobriety thereupon in its different operations and stages, and then silently and secretly and distantly observing the various works upon those within your sight and acquaintance, that you often neglected your own concerns for others, when the Lord has not called you, and so have entangled yourself with more business, in a religious way, than the Lord has engaged to furnish you with wisdom and strength to perform; and you appear to me to have more sufficiency than I can find God's good pleasure allows me, and this attended with that confusion and perplexity which are bad qualifications in a leader of others.

In a letter, a long time since, I warned you that God had not appointed you the doctor, nurse, lawyer, and parson of the district; that you had no call to attend souls in travail, to see that they were properly taken care of, to minister medicine, to decide cases of equity in spiritual matters, or to instruct the flock; and having taken so large and weighty a concern upon your hands has evidently produced much felt weakness. And remember this, that the Lord will have no intermeddlers in his work; he will do it himself. He will neither be hastened nor delayed. He bids us be still, and know that he is God. I have burned my fingers, and therefore dread this fire, and believe and hope that the Lord will clear off from you much of that which is knowing Christ after the flesh. Your natural feelings taking a spiritual subject and objects, will oftentimes make you, as you suppose, earnest for the cause of Christ; and then the next thing is, you will know men after the flesh, or after these carnal affections and movings—as Paul, first the Jews, and then the churches of the Gentiles; so great were his natural feelings. But at length they both made him sick by their perverseness; and abundant afflictions attending him more and more, and not seeing the same in them, he henceforth knew no man after the flesh. But the love of Christ constrained him (which love was pure, and confined to the sheep, and moreover it left all things to God), he thus judging “that if one died for all, then were all dead,” and therefore Christ and God must be sure to have their own, and every sensible sinner, being died for, be certain at length to find out them.

Your natural constitution is sanguine, eager, lively, warm, and impetuous; on this Satan works, and one half of your feelings, and sometimes the whole of them, are no more than his playing upon this instrument, which never can give a solemn, rich, and melodious sound. God direct, teach, and prosper you and your housekeeper.

My wife is very ill, and I am not well. We labour under heavy affliction within and without; but the Lord is our portion.

Ever yours.

W. J. BROOK.

WORKS AND ACTIONS OF THE HOLY GHOST.

HAVING now a little time on my hands, I will resume my former subject. When I began the last my mind was dark and my heart cold. Much work and many engagements at the time of Christmas had banished my former sweet meditations far from me, so that when I came to sit down to put them to paper, I had them far to fetch, and all to collect afresh; but before I had been long at the work they came about me again, and I found myself rather happy in the return of my pleasing visitors. I left off after I had offered a few thoughts on the personal characters which the Scriptures of Truth ascribe to the Holy Ghost; and I shall now mention some few works and actions which the Scriptures ascribe to the Spirit, and which are personal works and actions such as none but real persons can do.

None but persons can bear record to the truth of any contract, covenant, or agreement, nor be admitted as a witness in such cases, or to any deed, or upon any trial whatever. But "there are three that bear RECORD in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and there are three that bear WITNESS on earth, the Spirit, and the water, and the blood." "And we are his witnesses of these things," says the apostle; "and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey him." (Acts v. 32.) The Spirit bears witness to the truth of the Word; he gives testimony to the word of his grace, and to the truth of their commission whom he sends to preach it. He brings the righteousness of Christ to the soul. "We are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." And he bears witness to our justification and to our adoption. "He that believeth hath the witness in himself." And even in the court of a believer's conscience his witness is so powerful and effectual, that neither law, devil, nor sin, which is represented as crying to heaven; no, nor even conscience itself, is suffered to speak. And this witness is true, and is no lie; and we are to abide in him. I know that Jacob set up a pillar at Bethel, and that Laban and Jacob gathered a heap of stones together at Mount Gilead, and called them witnesses; but these were only to help the treacherous memory of persons, who are apt to forget, as Jacob did, when God bid him arise, and go up to Bethel, where he anointed the pillar.

Power and authority; qualifying, equipping, and investing men with offices, must be personal works. "You shall receive POWER after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." "To one is given the WORD of wisdom, to another faith, to another divers kinds of tongues, to another the interpretation of tongues: and all these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit." "Take heed to yourselves, and to all the flock, over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers." (Acts xx. 28.) And "as they ministered to the Lord, and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them.

So they, being sent forth by the Holy Ghost, departed." (Acts xiii. 2, 4.) "And they were forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the word in Asia. And they assayed to go into Bithynia, but the Spirit suffered them not." Now, upon the whole, if speaking, teaching, leading; qualifying of men with grace, gifts, and abilities for the ministerial work; furnishing them with wisdom and knowledge, and giving them divers kinds of tongues; appointing them to the office of overseers, and telling them what to say; giving readiness of mind, aptitude and utterance in speaking; telling them where to go, and forbidding them to go here and there, where he had no work for them to do, at least not at that season—if these are not personal works and actions, what are? There are some, I believe, in the world, who deny the very being of a God: "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." These must be left to be convinced by the torments of the lost. But I believe there are very few, who profess to believe the Bible, but will allow that there is one divine person in the Godhead, which is in general allowed to be God the Father; though many will not allow the Saviour to be a person, although he is his only-begotten Son, the Son of the Father in truth and love; and still less will they allow divine personality to the Holy Ghost, though the Scriptures ascribe the same personal characters, properties, works, and actions to the Son and to the Spirit as they do to God the Father. Therefore if the Father be a person, the Son and Spirit must. The work of creation is ascribed to the Holy Ghost as well as to the Son and to the Father: "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." He operated upon the confused chaos, and brought it into beautiful order. "By his Spirit he hath garnished the heavens; his hand hath formed the crooked serpent." (Job xxvi. 13.) "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth." (Psalm xxxiii. 6.) Here the creation of the heavens is ascribed to the essential Word and to the Holy Spirit. "Thou sendest forth thy Spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the earth." (Psalm civ. 30.) Here is the work of creation ascribed to the Spirit, and it is he that renews the face of the earth every spring. The creation of man is also ascribed to the Holy Spirit: "The Spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life." (Job xxxiii. 4.)

Nor was the Holy Spirit a spectator when Christ appeared for our salvation. It was the Holy Ghost that came upon the Virgin Mary at her conception, and that formed the human nature which Christ assumed, and preserved it from every stain or spot of original sin, and then rested upon him with all his fulness of gifts and grace. He applied the word which the Saviour spoke, and displayed his power in the miracles that he wrought; and those who blasphemed either his words or his power, blasphemed against the Holy Ghost. It was through the eternal Spirit that he offered himself in sacrifice to God, and it

was the same Spirit that quickened our Lord's body in the tomb: "He was put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit." And under his great power the apostles gave witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus; and hence it is said that he is "declared to be the Son of God with power, according to (the testimony of) the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead." (Rom. i. 4.)

Making the saints meet for heaven lies much upon the Holy Ghost. It is he that applies the word and makes it effectual: the word comes in power and in the Holy Ghost; he conviuces of sin; and it is the Spirit that quickens the dead sinner; and, as a Spirit of illumination and understanding, he enlightens him, testifies of Christ to him, works faith in him to believe, regenerates and renews him; takes the Lord's righteousness and peace, and shows them to the sinner; works the life and power of reigning grace in him, and sets up the kingdom of God in the heart, which stands in power, in righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. The law of faith by the Saviour, which the isles were to wait for, is applied and made effectual by the Holy Ghost, who is our last law-giver. "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." (Rom. viii. 2.) He bears witness to our adoption, and empowers us to claim it; produces the firstfruits of glory in our hearts, which are called the firstfruits of the Spirit, and is the pledge and earnest of the future inheritance. He seals us up to the day of redemption; renews us, or restores the lost image of God to us, sanctifies us, carries on his sanctifying, renewing, and transforming work in us, and makes us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light; "that the offering up of the Gentiles may be accepted, being sanctified by the Holy Ghost."

Sins against the Holy Spirit, in his work and operations, are taken notice of in a very particular manner, and are highly resented, even in the saints, and punished with peculiar severity in the daring and presumptuous. The Israelites in the wilderness vexed his Holy Spirit till he turned to be their enemy, and fought against them. Some of the young Gentile converts grieved him, and many were sickly and weak among them, and many slept, for their unbecoming behaviour at the Lord's table. The Holy Spirit (says Christ) shall glorify me. And the Spirit is grieved when the Lord is dishonoured. Ananias and Sapphira, agreeing together in sin, tempted the Spirit of the Lord, and Satan filled their hearts to lie to the Holy Ghost. "Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God," says Peter. (Acts v. 4.) Therefore the Holy Ghost is God. And they were both struck dead upon the spot for it. Great and innumerable sins against God in his law, as in Manasseh and others, have been forgiven; and many awful things done and spoken against the Son of man have been pardoned, as may be seen in Paul. But those who do despite to the Spirit of grace; who willingly and wilfully counteract his operations and designs in the souls of God's

people; and who see his power, and yet oppose, hate, and fight against it; and who ridicule and blaspheme both the author and his operations; never have been, nor ever will be forgiven: "for the sin against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men." (Matt. xii. 31.) And can any man in his senses believe, or attempt to affirm, that the all-wise God, the Judge of all the earth, who is rich in mercy, and abundant in goodness and in truth, would exclude men from all possibility of pardon, and doom them to eternal damnation, for sinning against a *name*, an *accident*, or only a *quality*, *attribute*, *perfection*, or a *power* in God, which may be transiently put forth, and displayed as an operation on man? Surely sinning against God the Father himself, which is sinning against all the revealed perfections and attributes of his nature, must be a more heinous crime than sinning against a single quality in him. And yet all manner of sin and blasphemy, committed against him in the law, have been forgiven unto men (Matt. xii. 31); but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost never was, nor ever will be. And why this sin unto death should be emphatically called "the great transgression," I cannot conceive, if the Holy Ghost, against whom it is committed, be not the great and terrible God.

The dispensation of the gospel, in the administration of it, is peculiarly his; hence it is called "the ministration of the Spirit," that exceeds the former ministration in glory. (2 Cor. iii. 8.) He is the operator and worker of all good from God, through Christ, in men; and of all the glory and praise that redounds to God by men; and will be greatly concerned in the first resurrection—the resurrection of the just. "The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God;" and the Spirit will attend it, and quicken them all, as it is written: "But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you." (Rom. viii. 11.)

I must beg my dear brother's pardon for the length of this epistle. My pen ran on, and, being deeply engaged in the subject, I had quite forgotten myself. Ponder these matters over attentively, and send me your thoughts upon the subject. I have written them as I see and believe them; and so to see and believe, in my judgment, is to walk in the ways of God safely.

Ever yours,

W. HUNTINGTON.

"COME UNTO ME."

St. Ives, Hunts., May 23, 1893.

My dear Brother,—On reading your letter I thought of these two lines, and they seemed sweet:

"Love's redeeming work is done;

Come and welcome, sinner, come;"

and I felt and do feel how welcome to Jesus Christ are all feelingly *poor* needy sinners welcome to his salvation, when they

come poor, really hungry, but come in his own order, pleading and leaning at last; for we stay away so long as ever we can possibly hope he will work some great thing in us and enable us so to draw near; but *no*, this is not his order; he will be *trusted*. He requires and commands us to "Come weary and heavy-laden." He does not welcome sinners who feel they can draw near, but have no particular worry, and do not need himself and his rest enough to "Watch unto prayer."

It was said to Naaman, the Syrian leper, "My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, Wash, and be clean?" Go and plead his blood. "Go, wash in Jordan, and be clean." The Lord Jesus Christ says, "This is my blood of the new testament which is shed for you: drink ye all of it." Had I the power, I would like to take your hand and lead you to the God-Man, to the fountain he said he would open in these days for sin and uncleanness, to plead not for your sake at all, not for your prayer, but his own blood; just as the Angel took Lot's hand, and hurried them out of Sodom to Zoar (city of refuge). And surely our heart is a Sodom! O that it may be his dear will that you may not turn lingeringly, looking at Sodom, expecting something good to live there any longer, but fly to the only thing that avails in heaven. He says, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you;" and you will have a pass-over feast then; you will eat the Lamb; you will do what he said you should—"Eat his flesh and drink his blood." Look at the infinite value of the dear dying Lamb of God's blood, who "himself bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness."

Try and trust your sinful soul and hard heart with him to soften and take care of; David had to do so. He said, "Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed;" and God, looking upon us through Christ, sees us white.

The dear Lord himself while here, working out our righteousness, said, "Come unto me." The Word that was made flesh and dwelt amongst us said, "Learn of me, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." The dear Immanuel does not mock venturing souls. I am a living witness for him to this fact. In the last chapter of his book, God says, "The Spirit and the bride say, *Come*. And let him that heareth say, *Come*. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely;" which means, any soul out of hell, feeling need of mercy, may freely come and plead the blood in this way: "Sinner though I am, I come to thyself, the man of sorrows, who died for sinners, and declared that it was not for the righteous, but for sinners. I come now to leave myself with *thee*—my sins, my sinful soul, just as I am, for I can do nothing good, and shall never be any more fit to come; I come to venture, to trust myself with thee; if I walk in the dark all my life I deserve it, and to be sent to hell; but I come, for thou saidst, *COME*."

You say you are "dark, gloomy, and in bondage;" try and throw out the little anchor, if it be ever such a little despairing hope, and then wish, like the shipwrecked, for the day; and the day will certainly arise. He will be as good as his word, when he said, "They that honour me (by *trusting*) I will honour"—they that *do the will* of my Father which is in Heaven.

With kind love believe me, your loving sister,
A POUNDS.

*THE MOST HIGH DWELLETH NOT IN TEMPLES
MADE WITH HANDS, &c.*

In temples made with hands, the Lord
Disdains to be confined,
Although man's wisdom, them to build,
With artifice is joined;
But Jesus Christ will ne'er depart
From him that hath a contrite heart.
He visits every humble soul,
And does not one despise,
While unto men they vile appear,
And hateful in their eyes;
But Jesus Christ will ne'er depart
From him that hath a contrite heart.
I from his temple am detained,
Where others seek his face,
And yet he will not me forsake,
But grant his special grace;
For Jesus Christ will ne'er depart
From him that hath a contrite heart.
His goodness to me in the past
Does still my spirit cheer;
He will not leave me at the last;
What need have I to fear?
I know he never will depart
From those that have a broken heart.
O Lord! support me all the way,
Though trials great may be;
And let the grief be what it may,
I still will trust in thee;
Since thou hast said, I'll ne'er depart
From him that hath a contrite heart.
When I am called this earth to leave,
He'll send his angels down
My dust to keep, my soul to take
To conquest and a crown;
For e'en in death, he will not part
From those that have a contrite heart.

A FEW PARTICULARS, INCLUDING THE LAST DAYS
OF MR. JOHN KNOX.

SCOTLAND had the honour of producing this great and eminent luminary, who became the principal instrument, in God's hand, of effecting the reformation in that kingdom, at a time when Papal darkness, ignorance, and superstition, had involved the whole nation in shades of deeper than Egyptian night. He was born at Gaffard, near Haddington, in the county of East Lothian, in 1505, and received his academical education in the university of St. Andrew's, and soon gave proof of the astonishing genius with which Providence had endued him, by his swift and profound advances in all the walks of scholastic science. Having mastered these, he studied, with great diligence, the writings of Austin and of Jerom, which, running in a more simple and easy channel, moved him to forego the needless intricacies of the philosophic theology he had formerly imbibed, and to embrace that simplicity with which both Christ and his apostles were content, and which they commended to their disciples. He soon perceived that these scholastic niceties, when pushed to excess, are directly opposite to the genius of the gospel, and open the way, not to Christian knowledge, but to the endless mazes of sophistry and strife of words.

Coming acquainted with the famous Mr. George Wishart (afterwards martyred for the Protestant faith), it pleased God so to bless the conversation of that holy man to Mr. Knox that it issued in the effectual conversion of the latter, who, being very honest and very courageous, published a confession of his faith, at Edinburgh, in which he boldly and clearly avowed the blessed principles of the Reformation. The Romish bishops and clergy, alarmed at the open defection of so eminent a man, and who had taken priest's orders in their church but a few years before, endeavoured, first to suppress his book, and then to seize the author himself. He was accordingly apprehended, and condemned to suffer death; but, by the good providence of God, being set at liberty, he left his native country, and retired to Berwick, whence he proceeded to Newcastle, and then to Warwick; in all which places he preached the gospel in its purity, with great zeal and unremitting labour, and with success equal to both; so that his name now became more public and diffused than ever.

Edward VI. was then King of England. The fame of Mr. Knox soon reached the ears of that excellent prince, who showed him no small favour and encouragement. His Majesty first made him his own chaplain, and then licensed him as one of the six itinerant ministers who were empowered to preach the gospel in all places throughout the kingdom. In process of time Edward offered him a bishopric, which, however, he declined to accept.

After the death of the king, in 1553, his sister Mary succeeded to the crown, whereby the Reformation, here, bade fair

for being extinguished almost as soon as lighted, many great and learned men, as well as others, being put to death, and those who could, securing their lives by voluntary banishment. Among the latter, Knox was one; who fled, first to Frankfort and thence to Geneva, the common asylum of distressed Christians. There he enjoyed the intimacy of Calvin, and spent his time chiefly in preaching and comforting the afflicted exiles.

In 1559 he returned into his own country, where he again preached the truth with incredible power and success. Although the French faction was at that time very powerful in Scotland, and the devil's emissaries strove hard to ruin the Protestant interest in that kingdom, yet Knox continued resolute, laborious, and undaunted as ever; solidly and unanswerably, both by his writings and from the pulpit, asserting that Christ alone is the foundation of our acceptance with God, and his obedience the only meritorious cause of our justification. But as our Lord himself and his apostles underwent hatred, banishment, and persecution, so was Knox obliged to leave Edinburgh and repair to St. Andrew's, whither, when he came, he met with many adversaries.

In the month of August, 1572, such a scene opened in France as scarce any history can parallel; I mean the massacre at Paris, where, beginning with Admiral Coligni, it so raged against all who held the truth, without regard to age, sex, or quality, that it was truly said there was more blood than wine spilt at that Thyestæan marriage.

This dreadful slaughter gave the deepest concern to Mr. Knox, as it did everywhere to all lovers of the gospel, and added fresh weight to his former sorrows. But shortly after, matters taking a more favourable turn in Edinburgh, many who had been banished thence returned; and, among the rest, Knox was invited back, by letters from the Parliament. Thither, therefore, he came, accompanied by a great number of godly and learned men; and had not been there long before he entered on his ministerial office, and preached publicly to the people. But, as his voice was rather low and weak, he could not be well heard by the prodigious multitude that attended. On which he besought the Parliament to furnish him with a place more commodious, which being granted, he preached some sermons to the people on the sufferings of Christ, from Matt. xxvi.; often beseeching God to take him home while he was in that exercise.

Still continuing unable to supply the cure of so large a church, especially as his body was much weakened and emaciated by study and fatigue, and the hardships he had formerly undergone; leave was given to the people of Edinburgh to choose him such an assistant as he and they should deem most capable and worthy, and to present him, when chosen, to the ecclesiastical synod for their approbation and license. By common consent, Mr. James Luson, of the university of Aberdeen, was chosen, and he was accordingly invited by letters from the city and from Mr. Knox,

who, perceiving in himself that the time of his departure was at hand, among many arguments he made use of to quicken Luson's pace, said, in the postscript of one of his letters, "Make haste, my brother, else you will come too late to see me alive."

The good man being arrived at Edinburgh, and having preached several times in public, was, on the 5th of November, 1572, declared by Knox to be pastor of that church. In that assembly, Knox took occasion of preaching his last sermon, and of telling the people how many and great things God had done for him, and what deliverances he had wrought on his behalf; and likewise reminded them with how much diligence and faithfulness he had preached the gospel to them; and congratulated the church of Edinburgh on the favour of God showed them by deputing so able a minister to succeed him; adding, at the same time, most fervent prayers for the temporal and spiritual prosperity both of him and them; wishing them an abundant increase of grace, and a continual supply of the Holy Ghost. In conclusion, he blessed the people with greater liveliness than he had ever done before, *i.e.* with a more cheerful mind, though with a very feeble body. He then walked home, leaning on his stick, and accompanied by the greater part of the congregation. Thus he returned to his house, out of which he never after came alive.

The next day he was seized with a violent cough, breathing continually with more and more difficulty, until he breathed his last. When his friends advised him to send for a physician, he smilingly consented, saying, "I would not either despise or neglect ordinary means; but of this I am certain, that God will shortly put an end to my warfare below."

The day after, he ordered his servants to be paid their wages, whom, at the same time, he earnestly exhorted "to walk in the fear of the Lord, and to live so as became Christians educated in that family." His disorder growing worse and worse, he was forced to pretermit his ordinary method of reading, which used to be every day some chapters of the New Testament, and in the Old, particularly the Psalms, and some useful portions of ecclesiastical history. In the meanwhile, he requested his wife (a devout woman, and a most affectionate partner of his faith and cares), and Richard Ballantine, his servant, who was always very dear to him for his remarkably gracious character, that they would take care to read to him, every day while he lived, the 17th chapter of St. John's Gospel, one or other of the chapters of the Epistle to the Ephesians, and the 53rd chapter of Isaiah; which injunction they never once omitted.

He was always peculiarly fond of the book of Psalms, God having greatly blessed them to his soul. With some select portions of those admirable compositions he was much comforted in life and strengthened in death.

The day following he rose from his bed by seven o'clock; and being asked, "Why, when he was so weak and sick, he would not rather choose to rest himself?" he answered, "I have been

this whole night taken up with the meditation of the resurrection of Jesus Christ, my Lord, and would with joy get into the pulpit, that I might communicate to others the comfort I have inwardly enjoyed, from reflecting on that blessed subject." So intent was he on the work of the Lord, even to his last breath, and when, from want of strength, he could scarcely be lifted out of bed by the assistance of two servants.

A few days after, he sent for all the ministers of the several churches in Edinburgh, to whom, being assembled round his bed, he thus addressed himself: "That day is now at hand which I have so often and intensely longed for, in which, having finished my labours, and gone through my various sorrows, I shall be dissolved, and be with Christ. And I appeal to God, whom I have served in the Spirit in the gospel of his Son, that I have taught nothing but the true and solid doctrines of his word; having made this my main view, through the whole course of my ministry—to instruct the ignorant, to edify and comfort believers, lift up and confirm with the promises of grace those who were weak, fearful, and doubting, through the fear of wrath and consciousness of sin, and to beat down haughty, rebellious sinners with the threatenings and terrors of the Lord. And although many have frequently complained of my harshness in preaching, yet God knows that I did not thus deal out thunders and severity from hatred to the persons of any; though this I will acknowledge, that the sins in which they indulge themselves were the objects of my keenest hatred and resentment; and in my whole ministry this was my single aim, if I might by any means gain over their souls to the Lord. My motive for speaking freely and plainly whatever the Lord gave me to say, without respect of persons, was nothing but reverence to that God who called me by his grace, and made me the dispenser of his divine mysteries, before whose tribunal I knew I must one day stand, to give account for my discharge of that embassy and commission wherewith he had invested me. Wherefore I profess, before God and his holy angels, that I have never knowingly adulterated his sacred word, held back any of his counsel from my people, studied to please men, or given way to my own or others' corrupt affections or secular interest, but have faithfully expended the talents committed to me for the good of the church over whom I was in the Lord. To the truth of this my conscience beareth testimony, which is a comfort to me, notwithstanding the various slanders which some have made it their business to cast upon me. And do ye, my dearest brethren in the faith and labour of Jesus, persist in the everlasting truths of his gospel; look diligently to the flocks with whose oversight God hath intrusted you, and which he hath redeemed to himself by the blood of his Son. And do you, my brother Luson, fight the good fight, and finish the work of God, to which you are called, with alacrity and faithfulness. May God shower down his blessing from on high upon you and your several charges in this city, which, so long as

they continue to hold fast those doctrines of truth which they have heard of me, the gates of hell shall never be able to prevail against. And beware of those who have not only opposed the royal government, but even forsaken the truth which they once professed; against whom I denounce that, unless they sincerely repent and return to the good way which they have left, they shall one day miserably perish in soul and body. I would say more, but cannot, as I am scarce able to draw my breath." With these words he dismissed them, and afterwards spoke in private to those who attended him, to admonish one, Grange, on whom that judgment afterwards fell which Knox had predicted. He was then visited by the chief nobility of the town, among whom was Lord Morton, afterwards Viceroy of the kingdom, as also by some godly ladies of distinction; none of whom he suffered to depart without a word of comfort or exhortation, as their separate cases required.

Perceiving death to approach nearer and nearer, he burst forth to this effect: "Lord Jesus, sweetest Saviour, into thy hands I commend my spirit. Look, I beseech thee, with favour, upon this church which thou hast redeemed, and restore peace to this afflicted commonwealth. Raise up pastors after thine own heart, who may take care of thy church; and grant that we may learn, as well from the blessings as from the chastisements of thy providence, to abhor sin, and love thee with full purpose of heart." Then, turning to those about him, he said, "O wait on the Lord with fear, and death will not be terrible; yea, blessed and holy will their death be who are interested in the death of the Son of God." Being asked by an intimate friend "whether he felt much pain?" he replied, "I cannot look upon that as pain which brings on the end of mortality and trouble, and is the beginning of life." Having then ordered those passages of Scripture, above-mentioned, to be distinctly read to him, he repeated the Lord's Prayer and the Apostle's Creed, enlarging as he went on, most sweetly and spiritually, upon each of the separate petitions and articles, to the great comfort and edification of them that were by. Afterwards, lifting up his hands towards heaven, he cried out, "To thee, Lord, do I commit myself. Thou knowest how intense my pains are, but I do not complain; yea, Lord, if such be thy will concerning me, I could be content to bear these pains for many years together; only do thou continue to enlighten my mind through Christ Jesus." He passed that night with more ease and complacency than usual. 1 Cor. xv. being frequently read to him at his own desire, he would exclaim at its close, "O what sweet and heavenly consolations does my Lord afford me from this blessed chapter!" But when one of his eyes grew blind, and his speech began to fail, he cried faintly, "Turn to John xvii., and read it carefully, for there I have cast my anchor." When that was read he rested a little, but soon began to utter very heavy groans and deep sighs, so that the by-standers plainly

perceived he was grappling with some very great temptation. There were at this time present in the room, one John Johnson, a holy man, and Robert Campbell, a great friend to the gospel, Mrs. Knox, and others, who, observing his agonies, thought him to be in the pains of death. At length, however, contrary to their expectation, he recovered like one awaked from sleep; and, being asked how he did, answered, "Many have been my conflicts with Satan in the course of my frail life, and many the assaults which I have sustained, but that roaring lion never beset me so furiously and forcibly as now. Often has he set my sins in array before me; often has he tempted me to despair; and often strove to ensnare me with the enticements of the world; but I being enabled to hew his snares in pieces with the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, he was not able to prevail against me. But now he has found out a new way. That crafty serpent has endeavoured to persuade me that, because I have faithfully and successfully discharged my ministerial office, I am on that account deserving of eternal life and a happy immortality. But God was pleased to make me triumphant over this temptation also, by powerfully suggesting to my memory those texts: 'What hast thou that thou didst not receive?' 'By the grace of God, I am what I am;' and 'Not I, but the grace of God which was with me;" and others, with which I foiled the enemy and quenched his fiery darts. I thank my God, therefore, through Christ, who has vouchsafed me the victory; and I have a certain persuasion in my own breast that Satan will not be permitted to return, or molest me any more, in my passage to glory, but that I shall, without any pain of body or agony of soul, sweetly and peacefully exchange this wretched life for that blessed and immortal one which is through Christ Jesus." Then evening prayers were said; and being asked whether he could hear them distinctly? he answered, "Would to God you all heard with such ears, and perceived with the same mind, as I am enabled to do! And now, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Whereupon certain symptoms of immediate death appearing, he was desired to give some sign whereby they might know that he died in the steadfast belief and enjoyment of those gospel truths which he had taught when living, and likewise of his comfortable assurance of a blissful immortality through Christ. On which, as if he had received fresh strength, he triumphantly lifted up his hand toward heaven, and continued waving it for a considerable time, and then quietly departed to the rest which remaineth for the people of God, on Nov. 24, 1572, at about eleven o'clock at night.

WE can never expect to see Deism decline, whilst those principles which support it are maintained by professing Christians themselves. But would Protestants return to their ancient Protestant doctrines, and live and practise accordingly, then would religion flourish, and Atheism, Deism, Arianism, and every other ism, sink apace.—*Dr. Gill.*

Obituary.

SARAH ANN GRIMSHAW.—On Nov. 20th, 1892, aged 69, Sarah Ann Grimshaw, of Cheetham, Manchester, nearly forty years a member of the church, Rochdale Road, Manchester.

I have known the late Mrs. Grimshaw about forty-five years. She was one of the first that took me by the hand. I always found her to be a kind and affectionate friend; and though I have known her so long I don't remember ever hearing her tell how the Lord commenced a work of grace, or by what means; but I am led to believe that it was begun when quite young. She was born of God-fearing parents, and always had the privilege of hearing the pure Gospel, first, under the late Mr. Gadsby, and all the time of the late Mr. Taylor's ministry at Manchester; and when the doors of the chapel were opened seldom was she absent. She was one of those the prophet speaks of: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name." And many are the times I have received a warm shake of the hand and an encouraging word from our departed sister when I was a stranger in the place, hungering after the bread of life. The Lord in mercy blessed her with a little of this world's good, and she certainly did not let it lie dormant, for many of the Lord's poor still living can testify to her kindness of heart. The sick and dying bed she was oft seen beside, and among the poor she never went empty-handed, and I doubt not she will be among that number to whom it will be said, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me." Truly it may be said of her, that she was a Dorcas indeed; but as she has left a few fragments of her experience, commencing Nov. 10th, 1852, to Sep., 1866, I think it will be better to let her speak for herself:—

Nov. 10, 1852. A night of trouble, but felt a resting upon the word of God. Had some sweet passages brought to my mind, such as, "kept by the power of God," and

"He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

Nov. 13. A night, I think, never to be forgotten, full of worldly trouble. Could not get one promise out of the Word of God that brought any comfort. The next day being Sunday, Mr. Taylor prayed for those who had come to the house of God in difficulties. I knew what was preached was very good, but wanted a message to be spoken to poor vile me. I did not feel that I could pray to the Lord to shine upon me as I could like, but did ask him to take away the stony heart, and give me a heart of flesh.

Nov. 19. Felt very dark and gloomy for the last few days. Went to chapel on Tuesday night, and had a hope that I should have a little encouragement, and a real desire that the minister might have a word for me, but I was disappointed, and could not enjoy one word. The sermon seemed to be all against me, so that I thought I might as well stay at home or go elsewhere. When I went to bed, instead of its being a comfort, I felt more miserable than ever, and these words came again and again, as though some one was speaking them to me, "Curse God, and die." I trembled, and did not know what would become of me. Curse God! I thought: What have I to curse God for? He has always been good and kind to me. O! if he would shew mercy to me, I should be the happiest creature in the world. Often if I attempt to pray, I think the prayers of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord. I then wonder if ever the Lord will turn my mourning into dancing.

Nov. 23. I am astonished that the Lord will notice one so unworthy as to give me the least shadow of hope. I am sure I don't deserve it.

Jan. 12, 1853. The Lord in his goodness has spared me to see another year, and led me to see more of my wicked heart. O that I could hate sin more! I heard that Mr. Godwin was going to preach at Pendlebury. I hoped the Lord would come again with him, and bless me through his ministry; but I feared the Lord would not condescend to shew himself to me, and that I should get nothing if I went. I did not know what to do. I went, however, praying that I might feel and enjoy as I did before. When I entered the room I felt such a spirit of prayer as I never felt before. His text was, "For I know the Lord will maintain the cause of the afflicted and the right of the poor." O what a clear description he gave of the poor and afflicted. I felt that I could go with him, and had a hope that if the Lord would maintain their cause, perhaps he would maintain mine.

Sept. 5. I feel it to be a great mercy that I am still in the land of the living, and not in that place where hope never comes.

Jan., 1854. Fanny Batley died. O that my end may be like hers. I have envied her many times, knowing from the testimony she left that she is gone to that place where there will be no more sorrow, no more doubts and fears, but where she will be for ever with the Lord.

Feb. What great mercies I enjoy above many of my fellow-creatures! Why should the Lord bestow such blessings upon one so unworthy, and who often feels ingratitude and hardness of heart? But there are times when I would bless and thank the Lord with a thousand tongues if I had them. I can often say with the poet—

"Thanks to thy name for meaner things;

But they are not my God."

In the year 1855 she began to be exercised about baptism. The first intimation she gives us of the fact is in these words: "Why

should I keep back what thou has done for me? Lord, enable me, in the words of David, to say, 'Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul.' O that thou wouldest seal upon my heart some passage from thy Word that my troubled soul could rest upon! I can say with the poet—

'And shall my pride disdain the deed
That's worthy of a God?'"

Mar. 3, 1856. The Lord has enabled me to go through the ordinance of baptism. O that he would keep me from bringing any disgrace upon the cause by any unguarded step of mine! Christ has indeed been precious to my soul. I can say, "He is the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." O that I had a thousand tongues, they should all praise him. I cannot praise him as I would; this poor sinful heart seems so contracted.

Mar. 6. O what a happy week this has been to me! The Lord has indeed taken up his abode in my poor heart. It has seemed almost too much sometimes for me to live upon earth. O Lord, how can I praise thee, for these unspeakable mercies?

But it would take up too much space to quote further from her experience, which extends over the year 1869. Sometimes she was in the valley and sometimes on the mount, and often complaining of a hard heart, but was ever ready to minister to the necessities of the Lord's poor and needy people. She married rather late in life. Afterwards her health broke down, and she suffered much in her last days, which she bore very patiently. Many of the hymns were very sweet to her, and she was firmly fixed on the Rock of Ages, and thus passed quietly away to her eternal rest.

E. B.

JAMES CARTER.—On Jan. 14, 1893, in his 89th year, James Carter.

He was born at Baguley, in Cheshire, his parents being God-fearing people. They were in very humble circumstances, and consequently James received very little education. He went for a time to learn the tailoring, but being of a wayward disposition, and not receiving enough pocket money from his parents, he left home, and went to farm service. His "hap" was to be engaged by a godly farmer, who looked to the best interests of his servants, and wished them to attend a place of truth—Baguley Chapel,—regularly advertised in the "G.S." James preferred attending Bowdon Church, and said he would not be dictated to about Sunday. He had to work hard six days a week, and he would do as he liked on the seventh. His master tried persuasion, saying that at Bowdon Church it was "the blind leading the blind," and they would both fall into the ditch. He then told him he must either attend Baguley Chapel or leave his service; so he left. How mysterious are the Lord's dealings! How

little he thought that in after years this very little favoured spot would be the place where the Lord would reveal himself to his soul as a reconciled God in Christ Jesus—that he would go into that chapel bowed down with a load of guilt, and feeling to be under the condemning power of God's righteous law, and that he would come out rejoicing in Christ Jesus, his sins all gone, and joy unspeakable and full of glory his happy possession. Yet so it was.

After leaving farm service he took to hand-loom weaving, then again to farm work, and eventually took a small piece of ground, and worked it as a market gardener. All this time he was a great ballad singer, very fond of attending "wakes" and fairs, and drank deeply of youthful follies. But the time drew on when God's purpose according to the election of grace was to be manifested, and this was brought about without the ordinary "means." He was not under the sound of the Gospel, nor reading the Word, nor on his knees begging for the Lord to open his eyes and show him where he was, nor reading a tract exhorting him to "turn to the Lord and seek salvation." The Lord does not need any of these things, though he is pleased in general to work by means, and has commanded his sent servants to cry aloud and spare not. "Show Israel their transgressions and my people their sins." One Sunday morning he went to look at his crops, and returning had to come past a little Wesleyan chapel. As he was in his working clothes he felt a little ashamed, as the people were just coming out, so he got behind a hedge until they had all cleared away. Then he sauntered towards home, and turning down a lane the words, "Eternity! O, eternity!" sounded in his ears, and seemed almost to say, "Where will you spend eternity?" His sins began to stare him in the face, and he went home feeling a hell-deserving sinner, fearing he should soon be there. He then began to amend his life, and promised, if God would but spare him, how good he would be in future. Thus he began striving hard to keep the law, gave up his old pursuits, went to chapel, read his Bible, and tried hard to please God and gain his favour.

But all would not do; his state got worse and worse; wrath and condemnation followed him day and night. He went from one chapel to another, both in the country and Manchester, but found no relief. At one time he went into a little Wesleyan chapel, and sat on a form at the back of the rest. When the minister began to preach, he said, "Perhaps there is some one here who has sinned away the day of grace; if there be such an one, let me tell him, there is no hope for him." Poor James thought, "I am the man, the very man; there is no hope for me;" and he cried like a child. Before the man had finished his discourse, however, he began offering salvation all round, and if they did not take it, the fault was their own. Then James thought the man told lies. It was salvation he wanted and longed for. He had a load of guilt on his conscience which he could not get

rid of, do what he would. The preacher's offered salvation was an airy phantom to him; it might do for one who felt no guilt on his conscience—who did not need a real deliverance. But James was not that character. The arrows of the Almighty stuck fast in him, and nothing short of an almighty hand could extract them, and bind up his wounds. At last it came into his mind to go and hear Mr. Gadsby; he had heard his father talk about him; so the next sabbath he made his way to Manchester, with his burden on his back. Some old man put him in a seat near the pulpit. He drank in the discourse, which (although the time of his deliverance had not yet come) really surprised him, as will be gathered from what follows. As he came out, the same man that put him in the seat asked him how he liked the old man? James replied, "Well, I think he is a fortune teller." Many a smile has been raised when James has told this story. Mr. Gadsby had so well brought out what was passing in his mind, and his exercises, that he looked upon him as something superhuman, which indeed he was. However, as already stated, the time of his deliverance had not yet come; guilt was on his conscience, and he could not see how God could be just and save him. Still he was continually begging for mercy. At last the time of love came. He went one sabbath morning to the little chapel already referred to (Baguley). On the way he went begging for mercy aloud. He has said that if anyone had seen him going along the lane, they would have concluded that he was mad; and he said, "I was, nearly." Mr. George Greenall was the preacher, and he gave out his text (1 Cor. iii. 21-23), "For 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." These words were carried home with power and sweetness, and immediately his burden was gone. He went home singing and shouting for joy. O the contrast between those two journeys! He went under felt condemnation, and came back not only free, but an heir of eternal glory, rejoicing in the salvation of the Lord. Now, he thought, "I shall go singing all the way to heaven; I have my heart's desire; Jesus is mine, and with him I have all things; what a happy character I am!" Now he could see that God was love, and he blessed and praised the Lord for thinking of such an unworthy wretch as he.

This joy unspeakable, however, did not last long, for the same night it passed away to a great extent; but the fact was there, a grand waymark, a sealing of the Spirit of God, which could never be undone. After the sweetness had somewhat passed away, as he was leaning against the fire-place, these words came into his mind with some power: "Be not dismayed." He did not know they were in the Bible, being at that time very ignorant of the Word of God. Soon after this he thought he would like to be baptized, but doubts and fears came upon him lest he should bring dishonour upon the name of the Lord and upon

his cause; and he was not baptized for thirty years. During this time his life was a very chequered one, both in providence and grace. A few things are worth recording. He regularly walked to Manchester on the Lord's day, taking something to eat with him, and returning at night. He would listen to Mr. Gadsby, morning and night, and in the afternoon attend some other preaching place of truth (there were more than one in those days). Hearing one Lord's day that there was a prayer-meeting in the vestry in the afternoon, he determined to go, as he thought he could pray as well as any of them. He had not been in the vestry long before he *was* called upon, and then his courage and self-sufficiency fled, and he began to tremble. He gave out a hymn, however, and after singing managed to stammer out a few words; but shame and confusion covered him to such a degree that he immediately took his hat and went out, saying to himself, "he would take care he never went there again." The devil now set upon him, saying that he was found out; he was nothing but a hypocrite, and now God's people all knew it. This distressed him sorely. It was many years before he again ventured into the vestry, but he clung to a preached gospel, and was seldom absent from his place. He was engaged in farming, and part market gardener, and was doing moderately well on a small piece; but he wanted to do better, and get on a bit in the world, as he had a rising family. Accordingly he took a larger farm, but still kept on the smaller one in case the other should not pay. The result was that instead of "getting on" he got in debt. Some of his land lay near the River Mersey, and was flooded to such an extent that it caused him great loss. His sterling integrity and faithfulness towards his landlord, who led a gay life, and desired to screen his doings under the roof of his tenant, caused the latter to turn against him, and to injure him all he could, so that his religion cost him something. On one occasion some of the enemies he had, got a lot of rubbish that had been winnowed out of the corn, and sowed it among his good seed, which brought forth an immense crop of weeds, and almost smothered the wheat. But he had an enemy within worse than any without,—his own heart. He had got in debt to the extent of 100*l.*, but having a very fine field of strawberries beautifully in bloom, he fully anticipated realising as much as would pay his whole debt. But in this he was to be disappointed, and learn a lesson never to be forgotten. One Sunday morning, the 30th of May, he looked out of his bedroom window and saw his fine field of strawberries white over with frost. He told his wife they would be all spoiled, and so it turned out. On the Monday following he had been looking over his farm, and saw that several of his potatoes were also frozen, so that his prospect of getting out of debt was blasted, and the probability seemed that he would only become further involved. Then rebellion began to work; he thought the Lord was an angry God, and was against him altogether. The more he tried to get on and earn an honest

living, the more the Lord caused all things to make against him. He looked round at others—men of the world—they could get on; he would turn to the world too, and be like them. He went into the house with what might well be termed devilish feelings, went up to bed, undressed in a passion, and told the Lord he would not pray to him again as long as he lived. In a few minutes the words came to him with divine power, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head;" and "He was rich, but for your sakes became poor, that you through his poverty might be made rich." These words made him cry like a child, and he has cried many times when telling it to the Lord's people. He added, "I soon had to get out of bed again." This, he has said, was the greatest trouble he ever had, and produced much self-aborrence. It was about thirty years after being called, when that honoured servant of the Lord, Mr. Gadsby, had gone to his rest, that he came before the church. It was brought about thus: He was loading some thorns on a cart in his field, when those words came to him, "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation; of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed." These words made him weep, and he told the Lord, if he would give him one more manifestation of his love and mercy, he would go before the church, and declare what the Lord had done for his soul. He was taken ill the next day, and was for three months laid up with rheumatic fever. During this time the Lord favoured him with three manifestations of his love and mercy. One of them came with the words, "Thou art mine, for I have redeemed thee." This made him shout and sing. His wife was down-stairs, and hearing him, called from the foot of the stairs, "Jimmy, ar' ter worse?" He replied, "No, I'm better."

On being restored to health again, he was still afraid of coming before the Lord's people, lest he should bring disgrace on the church, such a sense had he of his own weakness and proneness to folly. But the words, "Paw Loo Gwa," kept following him, and at last he came, but, as he said, with much fear. However he gave a good account, and the friends rejoiced with him.

Mr. Taylor baptized him, with another friend, and was heard to remark that he never baptized two such characters before—so well taught of the Lord, and so richly favoured with so many manifestations of the love of God to their souls. James had all through life to prove that the way to heaven lay through *much* tribulation, and that a man's foes are those of his own household. He was constantly being assailed by his own kindred and neighbours, owing to his belief in God's election. One of them once remarked to him that if what he said was true, he would rather go to hell than to heaven with a God who would choose some to eternal life and leave others to perish. On leaving one of his brothers after a conversation on these things, his brother remarked, "I'll tell thee what thou art, Jim; thou'rt a devil, and

thy mother as well." So he proved the words true: "If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, they will also call those of his household."

He had three daughters, two of whom he saw laid in the grave, and one survives him. In his 81st year he retired from his little farm, and lived with a grand-daughter, and afterwards with his daughter, under whose roof he passed away to his eternal rest. He was a most ardent lover of the house of God, and his prayers in the vestry on the Sunday afternoon will ever be remembered by those who were favoured to hear them. When he became too feeble to attend the means of grace, a few of the friends from Manchester used to meet under his roof at intervals, and some of these times were seasons of refreshing indeed. His countenance would be radiant with holy joy at the sight of his "brothers and sisters," as he used to call his Manchester friends; and he would say in his prayer, "Lord, thou has sent a few of thy children to see me, a poor guilty sinner, once more before I die." About six weeks before his death he was visited with a "stroke," which partially paralysed his throat, and very soon prevented his taking any solid food. Water then was the only liquid he really craved for, and the gratitude he showed to a gracious God for this provision was very marked. On one occasion when the writer had given him a little water in a spoon, he said, "To have a drink of the 'water of life' is worth more than all this world; and the Lord's next best gift is natural water." He was very anxious for the Lord to take him, as he felt it much, being, as he said, so much trouble to his daughter. But his gracious Lord was not to be hurried. He had some seasons of darkness and felt desertion to pass through, and got so low at times as to feel that the Lord would have nothing more to do with him. But these seasons were generally short. He had many days and nights when he wanted to sing, and begged of those about him to help him to praise the Lord. The "everlasting Covenant, ordered in all things and sure," was a delightful theme of his. Having lived a very abstemious life, his digestive organs were good to the last. He really was brought to his end through inability to take food. His tabernacle was taken down very gently, and he quietly passed away to be for ever with the Lord, on the morning of Jan. 14, 1893, in his 89th year. He was interred by Mr. Moxon, in Bowdon Churchyard, on Jan. 18th, many friends from Manchester being present. On his grave-stone are two lines from one of his favourite hymns:

"He plucked me as a brand from hell;
My Jesus hath done all things well."

JOHN HIGGS.—On Jan. 22, 1893, in his 66th year, John Higgs, Minister of the Gospel of the grace of God. He was born at Goring, England, March 26th, 1827; died at Nyack, N.Y., U.S. America.

In early years, through divine mercy, he was separated from

others by the distinguishing grace of a covenant-keeping God. It was his privilege to enjoy opportunities of securing an excellent education. His parents were members of the Church of England, and when apprenticed to an architect and builder, a clause was inserted in the indenture of apprenticeship which made it his imperative duty to attend the church service once every Lord's day. His master, however, was soon removed by death, and his services were transferred to another builder, who was of the Baptist persuasion; thus in the mercy of God he was brought under the influence of sound doctrinal truth as held and practised by the Strict and Particular Baptists of England. Mr. Weller, his second master, possessed an ample library of religious works, and as John was of a serious and studious disposition, his employer kindly extended to him the privilege of perusing the volumes during his leisure hours. One Lord's day he took up Luther on the Galatians. As he read on from page to page he became captivated, and entirely lost thought of other things in the light and power of that spiritual treasury of truth, till at last the day had passed away. He had failed, for the first time, to carry out the stipulations of the indenture of apprenticeship. Upon being brought to a strict account, his only plea, which proved to be a successful one, was, "Sir, I have spent the day reading Luther on the Galatians." Instead of a stern rebuke, as he expected, he received the simple commendation, "Very well." This was the first time he failed attending the church services.

In early years, under the teaching and guidance of the blessed Spirit, in the distinguishing mercy and sovereign grace of God, he was spiritually enlightened, and brought under a deep and painful experience of his lost and ruined condition as a guilty and hell-deserving sinner, under the curse of the Law. The guilt that lay on his conscience filled his soul with terror, when, without hope, he realized that his spirit lay exposed to the righteous wrath of a just and holy God. Under the illuminating power of the Spirit of God he discovered the corruptions of the flesh, the deceitfulness of sin, the vanity of the world, the malignity of the powers of darkness, and the awful ruin of his soul. In this season of trial the exercises of his mind and heart were deep and bitter beyond the power of words to express. Many, and long, and dark, were the passages of trial and anguish his poor, needy, and guilty soul passed through. Nor did he escape the subtle malignity of the great adversary in this bitter wilderness experience. Night and day, without intermission, for a long season, were the fiery darts of the adversary hurled upon his weak and suffering spirit, till he was brought down to the gates of despair. Unbelief, like a dark cloud, obscured the Sun of Righteousness, so he was for a long time held in bitter bondage. In this sad condition he was continually exposed to a terrible temptation to self-destruction. But, glory be to God! who graciously provided some way of escape, and delivered the soul

of our dear brother out of the hand of the dragon, removing him from under the curse of the Law, and the guilt and burden of his sins. O, the wonders of love, mercy, and grace, to guilty sinners! O, the mysteries of Redemption! In the Lord's appointed time, and way, and place, deliverance comes to all the chosen seed, when the blessed Spirit opens blind eyes to see what God in mercy and grace has provided for his poor suffering people in their glorious Covenant Head, the Lord Jesus Christ. He it was who delivered his soul, so that he was brought up out of the horrible pit and from the miry clay, and divine mercy and grace set his feet upon the Rock, even Christ Jesus, and established his goings in the way of peace; and ever afterwards, grace, free grace, abounding grace, reigning grace, was the crowning joy of a new and triumphant spiritual life in Christ Jesus, unto whom be honour and praise, and power, and glory ascribed, for ever and ever.

Afterwards our dear brother, during a six months' residence in London, enjoyed the blessed privilege of attending Jireh Chapel, and at times listened to the truth as it fell from the lips and hearts of those gracious men, John Warburton, sen., Tiptaft, Irons, Smart, and others of blessed memory.

About forty-five years ago our beloved departed brother came to the United States, and was in this country ordained to preach the everlasting Gospel of the grace of God to poor sinners, and held forth the word of life in Newark, N.J., Brooklyn, N.Y., and in Newtown, for many years. He was singularly well grounded in the doctrines of the Truth of God, an uncompromising advocate of Electing Love, Distinguishing Mercy, and the Sovereign Grace of God. An unction of solemnity and reverence marked his delivery of truth.

A deep spiritual experience, blended with a clear view of redemption through the Atonement, a firm grasp by faith on the vital union between Christ and his elect people, with broad and ample views of Justification through the imputed righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, highly fitted our dear brother in his ministrations to comfort those who mourn in Zion, to support the weary soul, and anoint, under the power of the blessed Spirit, with gospel balm, the wounds of poor pilgrims who suffer from the plague of sin in the heart.

"Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding," was one of his favourite hymns.

The first Particular Baptist Church of Brooklyn, N.Y., was favoured with his last affectionate service in the gospel ministry. Several months before his death he suffered a shock of apoplexy, which entirely unfitted him for any further ministerial service. Towards the end he suffered from disease of the kidneys, which was the immediate cause of death. On the morning preceding his decease his beloved daughter, Mrs. S. C. Daniel, said to him, "Father, I don't think you will suffer much more;" to which he replied, "A few more storms, and I shall be landed safe in Canaan's happy land." A few moments later he became uncon-

scious, and remained so until his death, which came thirty-six hours later. One son and four daughters remain to mourn the loss of both parents in eight months.

The little company of Zion's pilgrims in this city, who were by grace united to him in gospel fellowship and affection, mourn in resignation and praise.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."
G. F. K.

JAMES CLARKE.—On February 26, 1893, aged 61, James Clarke, at Ealing.

He was born at Campton, Bedfordshire. From an early age he went to different places, desirous of hearing the pure gospel of the grace of God. Many times he received great comfort through the late John Warburton, of Southhill, and was also much encouraged by Mr. Fox, Mr. Hull, and many of the Lord's servants supplying at Gower Street from time to time.

We cannot say anything particular concerning the Lord's dealings with him till about eighteen months ago, when he had a stroke of paralysis, which brought him into a very weak state of health, so that he was obliged to leave his home, and take a house at Ealing, which was a great trial to him. After his removal he was greatly exercised concerning his soul's eternal welfare. He felt himself to be a guilty, hell-deserving sinner, and could get no comfort anywhere. His continual cry was, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." He remained in that state of mind just twelve months, with sometimes a ray of hope. Hymn 992 (Gadsby's Selection) seemed to express much of his feelings. One night, when in great distress of mind, the following words came with power and sweetness:

"Once in him, in him for ever,
Thus the eternal covenant stands."

On Dec. 20, 1892, he was seized with another stroke of paralysis, followed by strong temptations of the enemy, and so remained till the 24th, when the Lord broke into his soul, causing all doubts and fears to be chased away, so that he wanted to go home at once. When his supper was carried to him, he said, "You did not need to bring that, for I am about to sit down to supper with my Lord. I have been to such a happy place. I thought I had passed through quite safely, and that all was done for me, and that I was as helpless as a little child, but O! so happy!"

His speech being much affected, he could not tell us half that he passed through. On one occasion he said, "What a blessed sight it will be to meet the redeemed few! Who would have thought that I should have such a foretaste as this?" He continued in that sweet frame of mind for several days, when it seemed to gradually pass away. During his illness he frequently wanted the Gospel by John to be read to him. Chapter iv. was a favourite portion. Psalm li. was his daily prayer.

The following are a few lines that he put on paper in our absence:—"No one knows what I pass through, night and day. I feel to be one of the vilest of the vile, and am sure there cannot be such a sinner as me. I am not able to say half what I feel; yesterday I seemed so ignorant, that I could not think a good thought in the sight of a holy and just God. Satan is always telling me that there is no hope for me, and never will be. I am almost distracted. All that I can do is to cry—

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

Again, this morning, as dark as ever, but in reading Gal. iii., in connection with Psalm xlii., I do feel I have a little hope."

On Feb. 19, 1893, he was taken much worse, the doctor giving no hope of his recovery. He was sinking all the week. When asked if he was comfortable in his mind, he smiled, and nodded his head, being unable to speak. When asked if he wished to get better, he whispered, "No." Previous to that, he had wished to get better for one reason, and that was, to tell what the Lord had done for his soul. During the last week he lay in a calm state of mind, being conscious to the last few hours, and so quietly passed away. It may be truly said of him, as Mr. Hart has it in Hymn 747—

“ Some long repent, and late believe;
But when their sin’s forgiven,
A clearer passport they receive,
And walk with joy to heaven.”

E. C.

SUPPLICATION.

LORD, save, or I perish; without thee I fall;
Bewildered by darkness, to thee I would call;
Descend to my rescue, thou Saviour of men,
And brighten my hope in thy mercy again.

’Tis true I am sinful; yet pass me not by;
Regard my petition, though feebly my cry:
For thee I have waited, for thee I repine,
Thou blessed Physician, Redeemer divine.

Confessing my weakness, I plead at thy feet;
From evil delusions I long to retreat;
My fondest emotions would centre in thee,
Whose favours are lasting, abundant, and free.

Illumine my path by the beams of thy grace;
Uphold and defend, lest I faint in the race;
Establish my faith in pursuit of thy ways—
With zeal animate me to publish thy praise.

F. W.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

OCTOBER, 1893.

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

THE BENEDICTION.

A SERMON PREACHED ON TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 1ST, 1841, BY MR. WILLIAM GADSBY (OF MANCHESTER), AT GOWER STREET CHAPEL, LONDON.

“The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.”—2 Cor. xiii. 14.

IF God is graciously pleased to grant you and me the sweet unction of the blessings contained in the passage read as a text, we possess the rarest blessings it is in the power of God to bestow upon creatures. Angels do not enter into the glorious mystery of some part of it; and therefore we have a song to sing more divinely glorious than that of the angels in heaven.

Some people tell us that it should not be read as a prayer of the apostle that this *might be* the case, but as a declaration that *it is* the case. But I am wonderfully mistaken if the hearts of God's people, at one time or another, would not give that statement the lie. For though these are secured in the person of Christ, can you—can I—dare we—*always* say that we possess in our souls the sweet, melting, cheering grace of Christ and the communion of the Holy Ghost? Communion springs from union, and there must be both a giving and a receiving; and do you and I always feel a solemn coming in and a blessed going out of communion with the Holy Ghost? Alas! if we search our hearts we shall often find that there is a different sort of communion that staggers and confounds us, and often makes us wonder what sort of outrageous animals we are, for we really cannot make it out; at least *I* really cannot make out what sort of a creature I am, because of the worthlessness and wretchedness that I feel. And yet—to the honour of the Lord I would speak it—there are moments when there is a solemn coming in by the power of the Spirit, and a solemn going out to the Lord by the same, and then I want no mortal

living to tell me that "the communion of the Holy Ghost is with me." Now, the apostle does not merely say, "This is secured in Christ," but—"be with you." It is a personal, and a sweet and a blessed matter. And the real child of God, quickened and made alive by divine grace, wants the immortal blessings couched in our text to have a residence, a dwelling, a sweet springing up and a divine flow in his own heart, and then he knows something of what it is for "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost" to be "with him."

I shall just make a remark or two upon the passage as it lies before me. And I shall speak, as far as God shall enable me, as standing on the verge of eternity; for perhaps you and I shall never see one another again in the flesh. But if we meet *here*—if we meet in "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ," if we meet in "the love of God," if we meet in the solemn "communion of the Holy Ghost"—and if, through the divine teachings and operations of the Spirit, "the grace of Christ" is in us, "the love of God" is in us, "the communion of the Holy Ghost" is in us—if we could be a million miles distant, we should stand before God on the same ground. Yes, brethren, if God takes some of us to heaven, and leaves others to grovel a little longer here below, we still stand before God, whether in heaven or on earth, upon the same solemn ground. And the event shall prove, that we shall at last meet together, in the mystery of everlasting, immutable love, to "dwell for ever with the Lord."

Perhaps some of you will say, "The text does not lie exactly in proper order; it should begin with 'the love of God,' and then 'the grace of Christ' appears richly and blessedly to spring from that." But I believe it lies in that order in which God teaches his people. Whatever view we might have of the love of God in the spring-head of grace or mercy, what is it that God reveals to the conscience, that first springs up in our own hearts and leads us to know something of the mystery of it? Did you ever know anything spiritually of the love of God till you felt a little of the grace of Christ? Is it not by being brought, by the sweet teachings of the Spirit, to have a little of the meltings and divine operations of the grace of Christ, that we are led solemnly into the love of God? And so, through the channel of the grace of Christ, we "enter into rest," and God is glorified in opening the mysteries of his everlasting love to our souls.

You may say, "Who are they that are intended in the text?" Why, God's heaven-born family. And mind one thing: as far as it stands in Christ, the whole of the elect are interested in it, whether they are born of God or not; but as far as it stands in the manifestation of it in our conscience, none are interested in it till God quickens their dead souls and brings them to a spiritual acquaintance with it. And it is the latter the apostle has in view—that we may have a sweet, a blessed acquaintance with the mysteries of the gospel in our own hearts.

I. We will first, then, drop a hint or two upon "*the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.*"

And really what a cluster of divine blessings there is in this single expression! We may talk of the grace of a king, a fellow-creature; but here is the character set before us that is the wonder of heaven—the Lord Jesus Christ, Lord of heaven and earth, God over all, in the glorious character of the Saviour, that saves his people—with the immortal openings of God's love, in confirming him manifestly in his saving office by the divine unction without measure—the Christ, the Saviour, the anointed Saviour, that has grace to bestow upon rebels. And it is grace, the solemn grace of this glorious person, that the apostle prays might be with the church.

And what is couched in this grace? If I attempt to tell you, I can only say a little about it, for we must die to know much about it; and every little that God is graciously pleased to teach us, only teaches us that we know very little; and the more we have, the more we know that we know but very little, and that we must enter into a state of immortal glory, really and truly to know much of "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ."

There is one portion of Scripture upon this subject: "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, for your sakes he became poor." Now, that text has set me fast many a time. How set me fast? I never yet have been able to get into the glory of the riches of Christ, fully and blessedly so; and I never yet have been able to get into the glory of the poverty of Christ Jesus—the riches and the poverty meeting together. A little measure of it in the conscience brings the soul to such divine humility, that we are lost in holy amazement. So "rich," that he is "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person;" so "rich," that he has treasured up in himself all the immortal mystery that ever God did and that ever God will reveal to the millions

of his elect. It is all locked in his heart, treasured up in him; the fulness is there—"full of grace and truth." And so "poor," that he "had not where to lay his head;" so "poor," that he could call no where his home; so "poor," that he met with worse treatment than foxes—"Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests;" so "poor," that he had to wade through all the trials, distresses, temptations, and miseries that devils and men and sin could lay upon him—and this, too, accompanied with the wrath of insulted justice, the terrors of God; and so "poor," that when overwhelmed in this misery, he had not a soul of the human race to sympathise with him. His disciples, that were nearest him, went to sleep; Judas betrayed him; a band of vagabonds met him to take him and torture him; he was cruelly mocked and scourged, and everything that was awful was poured upon him. And yet this very person, that so emptied himself as to submit to this scorn and contempt, was the God of all worlds, the maker and supporter of all worlds. The pillars of hell tremble at his bidding; devils acknowledge his might; and yet he so emptied himself, in the solemn displays of his grace to his people, as to be the sport—the mark for the arrows and darts of devils, men, and sin. And this poor, tortured, tempted soul, to come down to thee; to come into thy case and circumstances; to be a sympathising friend with thee! Talk of an exalted Christ! it is very blessed to get in feeling to an exalted Christ through the poverty of Christ; to get to him through the channel of a bleeding, tortured, slaughtered, tempted, abused, scorned, despised, humbled Christ—under the teaching of God the Spirit to get to an exalted Christ, through this immortal channel of divine grace, brings the soul into a state of solemn exaltation and deep humiliation at the same time.

Now, here is a little measure of "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ." "For your sakes he became poor." You and I have no cause to look with any degree of indignity upon the power of Satan and men that abused him; neither devils nor men could have touched him, had he not put himself under the solemn, gracious constraint of lying under their power in this sense, to come down to your case and circumstances, and so to sympathise with you.

Now, some poor soul is ready to say, "Would Christ stoop so low, and bear such indignity, for a vile wretch like me?" He did it for none but vile wretches. If there

is not a vile wretch in this congregation, he did not do it for a soul of you. He never thus "became poor" for any but vile wretches. Therefore those who imagine they are not vile, nor base, nor wretched, let them take their own heaven; God knows, I never wish to be with them in it; they are welcome to it, with all the exaltation they can boast of in it. My glory is, under the blessed teaching of the Spirit of the Lord, to have a heaven that comes to me through the channel of a once slaughtered, agonising, poverty-stricken Christ, who is now exalted at the right hand of the Father, to bring those for whom he was smitten to the enjoyment of himself. And may this grace be with you—"the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ." For *your* sakes he became poor," ye self-loathing, pulled-to-pieces sinners. There is not a set of men or women in the world, that I love to have intercourse with, but such as these. A whole-hearted, pretty, nice-stepping, neat-spoken sinner in matters of eternity! I would as soon have to do with a bubble upon the water as with him. In matters of civil society, I desire to be as courteous as I can to all my fellow-sinners; but the characters I feel love to are poor, wretched, pulled-to-pieces sinners, groaning under a sense of their misery. And these are the very characters that the Son of God was made poor for. And why? That they "through his poverty might be rich." Through his humbling himself, they are exalted; through his becoming "a worm, and no man," they are brought richly and blessedly to the enjoyment of the adoption of sons; through his weakness (for he was "crucified through weakness"), they are made "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might;" through his poverty, they are made "rich in faith," and manifestively "heirs of the kingdom." And thus, through the *homelessness* of the Lord Jesus Christ, they are made to possess the blessedness of having "an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." We have to travel, brethren, to our home and our exalted state through the solemn steps of a suffering God in our nature—a tried Jesus in our nature—bearing our offences, and dying "the just for the unjust, to bring us to God." "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you."

But we observe, further, "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ" couches in it what the Holy Spirit says of him—"full of grace and truth." Do you want the grace of prayer? It is in Christ. If that is "with you," you find the same Spirit that breathed out to God at Gethsemane, breathe

out in your souls. "But," say you, "I am in darkness, and sometimes I am afraid that I shall die in darkness." Aye, so am I too; the Lord knows I am. I do not know that death ever appears to me more terrific than when I feel a fear that I shall die in darkness; I do not want such a death as that. But I can tell you what the Lord has brought me to know a little of, and to feel a little satisfaction in; and that is, that if God should see good that I should die in darkness, I am but level with the Lord Jesus Christ. He was in darkness, and cried out in darkness, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Why, bless you, poor souls, we have solemn company when we have such company as this, have we not? Even in our dark moments, when we are able in some measure to feel that we are in such company, we trace a little of "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ," that he put himself so low as to be a pillow in death to his poor people, if they were dark there, that they might find rest in him eventually, and be led to glorify him. "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you."

If you want faith, there is a fulness in him. If you want patience, there it is. And I do not know, sometimes, whether that is not what I stand in need of more than anything else. I feel it every day. I have had affliction, torturing affliction, close affliction, for more than twenty years, and one upon the heels of another, tearing my poor flesh and blood, till sometimes I think there is not a mortal under the heavens that stands more in need of patience; and I am ready to think that God gives me none at all—I feel so dissatisfied with the Lord's dealings. "And," say you, "do you let folks see it?" Too much, at times, I assure you; and I am very much ashamed that ever I show it or feel it. But so it is; and I feel in my very soul the necessity of the patience of the Lord Jesus Christ. O! how patient he was in his afflictions! If they reviled, he "reviled not again;" if they scorned, he scorned not again; he bore the insults of men with patience and submission. O! brethren, may the patience of Christ be in your hearts and mine. O Lord, the Spirit, pour into our hearts the patience of Christ, and detain it there, that we may be "patient in tribulation," and that patience may "have its perfect work." And if, under the sweet teaching of the blessed Spirit, we are brought there, we know something about "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ."

We want sometimes a little strength to support us under

troubles and afflictions. And I dare say that some poor child of God here has thought before now that he had a tolerable share of strength. I remember the time when I felt grieved for one I believed to be a child of God, because he seemed so very impatient in trouble; and I prayed that some of his troubles might be taken from him and given to me—I thought I could bear them better than he. But it is a long time since I prayed for other people's troubles, I can assure you. God taught me how weak I was, and how much I needed the strength of Christ. But then, in "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ" there is the strength of God—"Christ, the power of God." If we have "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ" with us and in us manifestively, we have the spirit of prayer and the spirit of praise, the spirit of love, the spirit of patience, the spirit of meekness, the spirit of humility, the spirit of strength, the spirit of brotherly kindness, the spirit of godly simplicity, the spirit of holy adoration, the spirit of deadness to the world, the spirit of union to one another in and through the blessed Redeemer. We have, in reality, the sweet unfoldings of the mystery of a Three-one God in the heart and love and blood of Christ to be with us and in us.

Now, do you know anything of this? Could I wish you better than to pray with the apostle, if I should never see you again, "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you?" Brethren, God help you to pray for me, that it may be with me; and me for you, that it may be with you; that we may this night have our consciences loaded with the grace, the matchless grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that it may have an abiding place in our hearts, that we may trace our interest in him, and live to the praise of his name, who has done such mighty wonders for us. "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you."

II. "*And the love of God.*"

Now, if I know anything of "the love of God" (and I believe I do), I know that I was brought to a sweet enjoyment of that love through "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ." And though the child of God may and frequently does doubt his interest in Christ, yet there are doubts, fears, suspicions, bondage, and distress, that do not amount to the point of questioning his interest in the love of God. "O!" say you, "if I believed I was interested in the love of God, I should have no doubts nor fears nor suspicions." You do not know what you are talking

about, and you had better hold your tongue till you do. If ever God brings you feelingly and spiritually to know your interest in "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God," and you have to come through sharp conflicts, you will have fears and doubts and miseries, and yet at the same time, if it were put close to your conscience, you could not, at times, call in question your interest in Christ. I do not mean, that you may not *say* you do, because you do not always speak the truth, you know; we sometimes keep back a little of the truth, in order to get a little pity from our brethren. "But," say you, "I wish you would describe a few of the doubts and fears and suspicions we can have, and yet know our interest in the love of God; what can they be?" I will tell you what it has been with me, and what (if I live long) I am afraid it will be again. I have feared, for one thing, that one day I shall be left to tumble some horrible thing out that makes me groan within—that it will not keep its place within, but that it will come out—and that after all I shall bring my own character, the church over which God has made me overseer, and the cause of God with which I am connected, into contempt and disgrace. "O! you have no cause to fear that," say you; "why, God has kept you these fifty years, and he is sure to keep you to the end." But what feeds my fear, at times, is, he *has* suffered some of the most eminent of his family to dishonour themselves and the cause of truth; and why not me? He suffered David to do it; he suffered Solomon to do it; he suffered Peter to do it; and why not me? O! how my soul trembles, at times, lest it should be sounded through half the empire—"That Gadsby has become a public disgrace and nuisance in his character, and has dishonoured the cause of God!" And yet, while feeling this, I dare not call in question my interest in the Lord, but believe, if suffered to do it, his blessed Majesty would restore me. But then, I would rather die than do it. O! it is torturing to the mind; and yet the enemy of my soul, my fleshly feelings, and unbelief, sometimes get such hold of me, that if you would give me the world, I cannot help believing that I shall live to be a spectacle of contempt, and that it will be said of me, "Is *this* the man that made the earth to tremble?" O! my soul has trembled before God under such feelings; and therefore I need "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God," not only to be secured in Christ, but to be "with me," to support me, to keep me, to prop up my soul, to awe my mind, and to preserve me

from the snares that my corrupt nature and a tempting devil would lead me into, if God's grace did not keep me. And that has been a blessed text to me sometimes—"My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

Now, I might name other things, but perhaps this will be a key sufficient to unlock a variety of things to your soul, where you may have great fears, great faintings, great distress, and yet not doubt your interest in the Lord Jesus Christ. So that if you have the blessedness of having an interest in Christ, that will not quit you of all fear and all distress; and I should say it was presumption if it did, because we are such poor wretches that we stand upon very, very fickle ground as far as self goes, and are just safe as God keeps us, and no further. And so the church are brought to know the truth of that declaration, that there is "an inheritance, incorruptible and undefiled, reserved in heaven for them that are *kept*." Do you know anything of this "keeping?" Keep *yourself*! Well, I am glad you have not to keep *me*, for if I had no better keeping than yours and my own, I should be a very devil outwardly, and that soon. But being led by the Spirit to trace the keeping of the Lord, and in that channel to trace the love of God in some measure "shed abroad in my heart by the power of the Holy Ghost," I find it a blessed fountain of mercy, a spring-head more prizable than a thousand worlds.

God tells us, in one place, that "the love of God is shed abroad in the heart." Now, the love of God—Father, Son, and Spirit—is one immutable, eternal, unalterable love, fixed upon and kept upon his people. It never was taken from them, and never will be: "having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them to the end." But then, here is another branch of the blessed manifestation of this—to have that love "with us," "shed abroad in the heart;" to have it there to sweep away guilty fear, and to bring us to the sweet enjoyment of that "perfect love which casteth out fear." Now, says the apostle, "the love of God be with you;" that blessed love which leads us to love God, to love his word, to love the person of the Father, the person of the Son, and the person of the Holy Ghost—to love the church of God as our brethren, as our nearest companions; that love which makes sin look ugly and hateful and awful, and makes us abhor it; clasps Christ in the conscience, wraps him up in the heart, brings us to bathe in him, and to find him "a fountain opened" to our soul, that so we may know the blessed-

ness of this truth—"He loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*." "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, be with you."

If I never see you again, brethren, my prayer is that this grace and this love may be with you. O, what riches it will be! what honour! what glory! There is nothing like it under heaven, and there is nothing above it in heaven, only a greater measure of it; and thus, when we leave this vale of tears, we shall only be complete in him, and swallowed up in this grace and in this love. "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, be with you."

III. But we pass on, further, to notice "*the communion of the Holy Ghost.*"

We have already hinted that communion springs from union; if there be no real union, there can be no sweet communion. Now, the church of the living God, and every member of the mystical body of Christ, are all united to Christ, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh; and when his blessed Majesty is speaking of it, he says, "The head cannot say to the foot, I have no need of thee." Is there a "foot" here now? Perhaps there is some poor member of the mystical body of Christ that finds himself but a "foot," and is seldom half a minute out of the dirt in his own feelings, for if he gets out of it one moment he gets into it the next; and so he goes hobbling on, and can never get higher than a "foot," and is ready to conclude that the Lord will never have anything to do with him because he is on such low ground. Come, poor soul, thy Christ cannot do without thee. I was going to say, and I *will* say, he would not be a complete Christ mystical in heaven without thee. No, he cannot part with a "foot;" he cannot part with a joint. And every part of this mystical body is to be supplied, and the supplying is couched in the communion. Now, here is the union that makes the mystical body united together as one body. So that though you be only a joint, you are still part of the body; and if you be any part, you belong to the body. If you be but a hair, you belong to the body. I do not mean a wig, that free-will and Arminianism can dress and trim up very prettily; I mean the hair of the head, that grows in the body; and not one hair shall perish; no, in this sense "the very hairs of the head are all numbered," and our blessed Jesus will not part with a joint, will not part with a foot, will not part with a hair, will not part with a single member of his mystical body. They are one church, one

body; and blessed be his holy name, he loves them as he loves himself. Now, having this union, the Spirit of the living God meets the church of the living God upon this ground; for he is to “glorify Christ” and “take of the things of Christ and show them unto us;” and therefore the apostle says, “The communion of the Holy Ghost be with you.”

What is this “communion?” He communicates life, and you feel; then he draws forth that life into exercise, and you communicate (if I may so speak) or pour it back again from whence it came—pour it out in confession, in supplication, and sometimes in thanksgiving. He communicates the spirit of prayer; “the Spirit helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.” Why, then there is “communion” carried on. We receive this from him, and under his divine teaching we pour it out back again in sighs, groans, moans, and breathings after mercy, in “thirsting for God, the living God,” and in pouring out our souls unto him for the mercies that we need.

He communicates faith, for he is “the author and finisher” of it. This faith is “the substance of things hoped for” in the conscience; and the same blessed Spirit enables faith to go out of the believer, as it were, in solemn acts, upon the truth of God, the person of God, the love of God, the cross of the Lamb, the mysteries of redemption, the fulness that is in Christ; and as the Spirit shows to faith and hangs out to faith these blessings, faith brings them into the conscience and settles them in the heart. I have sometimes thought that faith is like a busy bee amongst the flowers in such weather as this; it goes and sucks virtue from every flower, and brings it back—comes loaded into the conscience and drops honey into the heart, and by vital faith we pour it out unto the Lord. (Song iv. 11.) And this is “the communion of the Holy Ghost.” He leads faith into the promises, into the doctrines, and into the glorious mysteries of the love of God; and faith brings virtue and honey out of it, and the soul receives it, and gives it back to the Lord, to be in his keeping. For really, if the Spirit of the living God were to give us ever such a stock of faith, prayer, love, or other grace, and to say, “Now I leave you to manage it; you have got a stock, and I will give up my operations and my teachings, and you must manage it;” I believe we should lose every particle of it in four-and-twenty hours. If God never

brought you to feel that you are a fool in religion, you know nothing of the power of vital godliness. But if he *has* brought you to feel that, do not you see how much you need the constant communion of the blessed Spirit? You need him to be constantly dropping blessings, drawing forth the grace he communicates, constantly enlivening, teaching, showing you Jesus, cherishing you with the mysteries of the love of God and the great realities of his blessed revelation, and thus to have "the communion of the Holy Ghost." And as he is graciously pleased thus to lead you, how sweet it is (is it not?) to go back again with this, and to cast it into the hands and keeping of a faithful God! We then know something of what David meant when he said, "I pour out my soul unto the Lord;" as if he had unsouled himself—given the Lord his soul to keep. So the church is led to say, under the teachings of the Lord the Spirit, "Or ever I was aware, my soul made me like the chariots of Ammi-nadib;" and by these communications the Lord Jesus Christ says to the church, "Thou hast ravished my heart;" or, as some read it, "thou hast unhearted me." The Spirit communicates Christ so blessedly to the conscience, that he leaves Christ (if I may so speak) no heart of his own, drops the heart of Christ into the church, and leaves the church no heart of its own, but gives it to Christ. And thus the church and Christ give their hearts one to another, and are knit together by the blessed Spirit of God, to carry on this immortal communion—"the communion of the Holy Ghost."

Now, do you not sometimes find in your souls a little of this work carried on in secret betwixt God and your conscience? Have you never been secluded from society, when no eye saw you but God's—and have you never felt in reality for a few moments that the Spirit was letting God down into your hearts, and that he was drawing your hearts up to God, and effecting such union and communion that your soul was led to say, "This is my Beloved and my Friend?" Well, here is "the communion of the Holy Ghost." And as we are brought, in the life and power of Jesus, to know something of this blessed communion, we shall feel a oneness with each other and with the Lord, that none but God can maintain.

Thus I have dropped a hint or two upon the passage. And now, brethren, all that I can say is, Farewell. Perhaps—but I will leave it with God—I might say, *finally*, farewell. He knows better than I. But I feel myself unfit to travel

such a poor, old, broken, moping creature, that I seem as if I had lost all spring of action, as it respects my body, and am ready to think that my travelling days are ended. Be it as it may, I cannot—if I were sure that I should meet you again a hundred times—leave you with any better blessing, than praying in my very soul that “the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, may be with you.” May the Lord God of Israel bless your souls with this, and may it be our happiness to enjoy the life and power of vital godliness in our hearts.

“THE BREAKER IS COME UP BEFORE THEM.”

MICAH. ii. 13.

The Breaker is gone forth,
 Who in the days of old
 Broke through from heaven, and came to earth,
 And God's free love revealed.

He brake the secret seal,
 In covenant made with him;
 Joy did his piteous bosom fill,
 His people to redeem.

He brake the serpent's head,
 He brake sin's galling chain;
 He brake the rising powers of hell,
 And Conqueror doth remain.

He brake the prison bars
 Of death and triumphed thence;
 Then ope'd heaven's everlasting doors
 By his omnipotence.

He breaks the heart of stone
 With his two-edged sword;
 If he but only speaks, 'tis done;
 Almighty is his word.

His broken body still
 Is his dear people's food;
 'Tis said, the hungry he doth fill
 With everlasting good.

He breaks through every cloud
 Which his dear saints distress,
 And shews himself the Mighty God—
 The Sun of Righteousness.

He breaks each barrier down
 That would their march impede;
 The saints shall with him quickly reign,
 And triumph with their Head.

A. S.

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

Glinton, July 13, 1854.

My dear H.,—I have this morning received a line from you to inform me that your dear mother has fallen asleep in Jesus. What an infinite mercy is it that we have not to sorrow as those without hope as it respects the dear departed. *We know* that she has done with sin, sorrow, and suffering, no more to mourn an absent God, or sigh and groan beneath the burden of sin and the want of conformity to his blessed image, but free from a body of sin and death, with every power of the soul expanded to dwell in the presence of *Jesus*, to be made like *him*, and see *him* as he is. What a glorious change from her state of suffering! But you, my dears, who are left to feel what you have lost in losing such a mother, with you I do indeed sympathize. *I know* what you feel, and I feel with you and for you, and pray God to pour into your hearts his rich consolations. My heart's desire for *each* of you is that the good Lord may be pleased to speak to your afflicted and bereaved hearts words of comfort in this time of need; and now that he has been pleased to take a beloved mother to himself, may he in tender mercy manifest himself as your Father and your God, breathing into your disconsolate hearts the Spirit of adoption, to enable you to say, with holy boldness, "My Lord and my God."

It is now seventeen years since I was called to pass through the same trial, and the Lord has ever manifested himself as a very present help in time of need; and though I felt, when I lost my beloved parent, as though left alone in the world, and thought nothing could afford happiness in this life, yet, blessed be God, his smile has often filled my heart with peace and joy, even when all things around have been gloomy; and I must say, to the honour of God, that each year I have proved him more and more worthy to be trusted, loved, and adored, while each year has taught me more and more how utterly vile, ungrateful and unworthy I am; it has also taught me so much more of *what* the Lord is in *himself* and to me, that on looking back I often feel constrained to say, as a good woman said, "The Lord is indeed better and better to me;" and so shall you find him to be to you. Do not plead that you do not belong to him. Satan will tell you so, to prevent the blessings which are given in answer to prayer becoming yours; but may the Lord enable you to call upon *him*, and he will be faithful to his own word of promise. The Lord knoweth how much I love and long after your best interests. He also knows all our trials, and suffers us to be tried that he may do us good, by drawing us off from earthly things to find our all in himself. Yours in much affection,

M. MARSH.

THE essence of faith is an unfeigned, humble dependence upon and submission to the righteousness of God, as accounted or given to us, and that not of debt, but of grace.—*Venn*.

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

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

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

"Lord, what is man, that thou art thus mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Who hath known thy mind, or who hath been thy counsellor? "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!" What shall we say unto these things?—that God spared not his only Son, but delivered him up unto death, and all the evils included therein, for such poor lost sinners as we are; that for our sakes the eternal Son of God should submit himself to all the evils that our natures are obnoxious to, and that our sins had deserved, that we might be delivered.

How glorious is the Lord Jesus Christ on this account in the eyes of believers! When Adam had sinned, and thereby eternally, according to the sanction of the law, ruined himself and all his posterity, he stood ashamed, afraid, trembling as one ready

to perish for ever under the displeasure of God. Death was the penalty which he had deserved, and immediate death was the sentence which he looked for. In this state, the Lord Jesus Christ in the promise comes unto him, and says, "Poor creature! How woeful is thy condition! How deformed is thy appearance! What is become of the beauty, what is become of the glory, of that image of God wherein thou wast created? How hast thou taken on thee the monstrous shape and image of Satan? And yet thy present misery, thy entrance into dust and darkness, is no way to be compared with what is to ensue; eternal distresses lie at the door. But yet look up once more, and behold me, that thou mayest have some glimpse of what is in the designs of infinite wisdom, love, and grace. Come forth from thy vain shelter, thy hiding-place; I will put myself into thy condition; I will undergo and bear that burden of guilt and punishment, which would sink thee eternally into the bottomless pit of hell. I will pay that which I never took away, and be made temporally a curse for thee, that thou mayest attain unto eternal blessedness." To the same purpose he speaks unto convinced sinners, in the invitation he gives them to come unto him.

Thus is the Lord Jesus Christ set forth in the gospel, "evidently crucified before your eyes" (Gal. iii. 1), namely, in the representation that is made of his glory, in the suffering he underwent for the discharge of the office he had undertaken. Let us then behold him as poor, despised, persecuted, reproached, reviled, hanged on a tree; in all, labouring under a sense of the wrath of God due to our sins. To this end are they recorded in the gospel, read, preached, and represented to us. But what can we see herein? What glory is in these things? Are not these the things which all the world of Jews and Gentiles stumbled and took offence at?—those wherein he was appointed to be a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence? Was it not esteemed a foolish thing to look for help and deliverance by the miseries of another? to look for life by his death? The apostle declares at large that such it was esteemed. (1 Cor. i.) So was it in the wisdom of the world. But even on account of these things is he honourable, glorious, and precious in the sight of them that do believe. (1 Peter ii. 6, 7.)

For even herein he was the "wisdom of God, and the power of God." (1 Cor. i. 24.) And the apostle declares at large the grounds and reasons of the different thoughts and apprehensions of men, concerning the cross and the sufferings of Christ (2 Cor. iv. 3, 4): "But 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, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them."

JESUS CHRIST is a threefold King.—1st. His Enemies' King; 2nd. His Saints' King; 3rd. His Father's King. The first he rules over, the second he rules in, and the third he rules for.—*Dyer.*

CHRIST'S REDEMPTION.

BY E. COLES.

IN making a few remarks upon the work and ends of redemption, I would turn awhile to those of the general type; I mean not such as are men professing godliness—too many of whom are yet leavened with it—but those very sordid and disingenuous spirits, who pretend to the general ransom, covering themselves with the shadow of it, and yet study nothing less than to answer its ends; who dream of redemption from hell, but for redemption from sin, it comes not into their mind; they contend that Christ died for all, and yet carry it as if he died for none, at least, not for them, for they have no mark or tincture of such a redemption upon them, but remain evidently bond-slaves of corruption. Can you think that the Son of God died for you, while you despise a living to him, hate them that love him, oppose whatever is dear to him, and persecute to the death, if your line would reach it, those who have any special mark of redemption upon them? Did he make his soul an offering for sin to procure men a liberty of sinning? or was Christ crucified that the body of sin might remain unmortified? yea, get ground, and be the more rampant upon it? Is this your kindness to your friend, to be so in love with his enemies (the spear and the nails that pierced him) that you will spend and be spent for the service of your lusts? He died, that those he died for might live; live to whom? Not to themselves, but to him that died for them. And did you really believe that he died for you, you could not but so judge: his love would constrain you. Redeemed ones are the Lord's freemen; and you are free to nothing but the devil and sin. Is this the badge of your freedom? the cognizance by which the subjects of Christ are known from rebels? No; it is the rebel's brand, and you will find it at last. This is that which will aggravate your condemnation, and make it a condemnation to purpose, thus to deny the Lord that bought you. You are haters of God, and he will make you to feel it; wrath will come upon you to the uttermost. If God spared not his own Son, who had no sin (but by imputation), how shall he spare you that are nothing else but sin? "He that despised Moses' law died without mercy: of how much sorer punishment shall he be thought worthy who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and counted that blood (which you pretend to believe was shed for your redemption) an unholy thing?" (Heb. x. 28, 29.) The wrath of the Lamb is dreadful; he will tear you in pieces, and none shall deliver you. Bethink yourself, therefore, in time; consider how you shall bear that weight of wrath which the Son of God sunk under! "If ye will enquire, enquire to purpose; return, and come." (Isa. xxi. 12.)

The doctrine of peculiar redemption may not be taken to discourage or weaken the hopes of any in their coming to Christ for salvation, any more than that "many shall seek, and shall not

be able to enter," should keep men from striving; but on the contrary, which also was Christ's intent in telling us so, it should quicken our diligence and speed in going to him, lest the door should be shut, which is certainly open while he calls. Suppose the worst: suppose, I say, that your interest in redemption were only as it is, general, that is, for temporal mercies, even that deserves all you can do, and more. What criminal is it, that, lying at his prince's mercy, would not think himself obliged to spend the time of his reprieve in his prince's service, especially considering that even that service shall have its reward? But why will you shut out yourself? No man is namely exempted; and for any to exclude himself is to sin against his own soul, and to be a second time guilty of destroying himself. Put it upon the trial; you can lose nothing by venturing, but all without. Who can tell but your name may be written on the High Priest's breastplate, as well as Reuben's or Judah's? besides, you have no way to prove it but by going to see, which never any, in good earnest did, but they found it so.

From what hath been said of redemption by some, as peculiar to the elect, with the plausible shows brought against it by them, it becomes an important necessity to "try the spirits, and the doctrines they bring, whether they be of God." A plausible outside, and fair show in the flesh, are no argument of truth in the bottom; takingness with nature should render things suspicious to us, rather than approved. Our best rule of judgment in this case is that of our Saviour, "The tree is known by its fruits." And if by this we measure the general point at issue, it will be found wanting in what it pretends to, and not a little reprovable; for, 1. Instead of magnifying the grace of Christ and merit of his sufferings, it does, in effect, nullify both; it makes redemption general as to persons, but not as to things; it redeems the whole of mankind from part of their bondage, but no part of them from the whole; or upon such a condition as no man in nature is able to perform; which is too defective to be the device of sovereign wisdom and grace. That cannot be called a catholic, or general remedy, that suffers itself to be generally worsted by the disease; nor that a perfect redemption, which leaves us still under bondage. I doubt not at all that the blood of the Son of God in our nature is of infinite merit; but withal, that it is of like infinite virtue and efficacy, and will for ever operate accordingly. But if the success and saving effects thereof should depend upon something to be done by men, which redemption itself doth not invest them with, then will men come in for a share with Christ in the glory of their salvation; yea, in this case, any addition of human ability annihilates the grace of Christ (Gal. v. 2); whereas, to depend upon Christ for sanctification as well as righteousness—to expect from him a power to repent and believe, as well as acceptance upon your believing—gives him his true honour, as entitling him to the whole of your salvation, which is indeed his proper due, and due to him alone.

And this may be a main reason why men professing the name of Christ are so generally strangers to faith and holiness; they do not seek it at the hands of Christ (1 John v. 10) as a part of his purchase, but rely on their own ability. 2. Instead of laying a foundation for faith, and a help to believing, the general doctrine muzzles the soul in its unbelief, upon a presumption of power in himself to believe when he will. We little think how much presumption and carnal security derive from this root; whereas peculiar redemption, in the vigour and latitude of it—namely, as procuring for us a right to faith and holiness, with the Spirit of Christ to work them effectually in us—is far greater encouragement to apply ourselves to Christ for them as a part of his purchase (Phil i. 29), and that without which we cannot partake of the other benefits of his death. And I cannot but think that any man, in his right mind (Luke viii. 35), upon a due inquiry and thorough consideration of the matter, would rather depend upon such a redemption as redeems from all iniquity, though the persons concerned in that redemption be but few, than on that which is supposed to redeem all universally, upon condition of faith and repentance, but does not redeem from impenitency and unbelief. In that redemption let my part be, that saves from sin, that slays the enmity, that reconciles to God effectually, that makes an end of sin, and brings in everlasting righteousness; that does not only bring into a salvable state conditionally, but works also and maintains those conditions and qualifications that have salvation at the end of them.

If Christ gave himself a ransom for the elect, then is redemption also of grace, and free as election itself, which bespeaks both our thankful remembrance and all self denial. There is a great aptness to forget our original; to pay tribute where it is not due, and to withhold it where it is. It was needful counsel of old, and no less at this day: "Hearken to me, ye that follow after righteousness, ye that seek the Lord: look unto the rock whence ye are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged." (Isa. li. 1.) Your Redeemer first brought you out of nothing; and when you had sold yourselves for nought, he himself became your ransom, though he needed you not; see, therefore, that ye ascribe the whole to his love. It was not any betterness of yours that gave you preference in redemption, nor was it your ingenuous compliance that made redemption effectual to you; those are slight pretences. Had not your Redeemer bought you from yourself, released you from your imaginary freedom, and saved you from unbelief, you had never known what this redemption had meant, nor what it is to be free indeed. No, it was purely your Redeemer's love; he valued you as being his Father's gift, and as given to be one with himself. "He therefore loved you, and gave himself for you." When you were in your blood, and no eye pitied you—no, not even your own—then was the time of his love; even then he accepted the motion made by his Father and yours, and signed the contract. He knew both your

weight and your worth; your natural unfitness for him, and averseness to the match; he also knew what it must cost him to make you both meet and willing, and that it was so stupendous a work, that all the hosts of heaven would have broken under. He further knew, that after all he should do and suffer for you, you could not advantage him in the least; only he should have the satisfaction of having made you happy against your unrenewed will; and yet he declined it not, for he came "leaping upon the mountains, and skipping over the hills" of death and difficulties, as longing for and delighting to be in that work. "He was straitened until it was accomplished;" such was the intensity of his love to you! And a great deal of ado he had with your wills before you were brought to be willing. And for all this, he only expects you will carry it worthy of so great a lover and such manner of love; which is, in effect, but to accept of and to continue in his love, and be willing he should save you freely, and own this love of his as the immediate fountain whence your happiness is derived.

Since your propriety in redemption is founded in electing love, "give all diligence to make your election sure." The fruit thereof will be worth all the labour and cost you can lay out upon it. If clear upon this point, the whole body will be full of light. Make out your interest in redemption by endeavouring to walk worthy of redeeming love; which cannot be effected but by being something more than others; some singular thing must warrant your claim to that singular privilege. Seek, therefore, to hold forth in your life the effects of your union with Christ in his death, and that the scope of redemption may be the scope of your conversation. You have no such way, if I may so speak, to gratify your Redeemer, as by letting him see the travail of his soul. A thorough newness of life, with a total devotion of yourself to God, will illustrate redemption not a little, and proclaim convincingly both its merit and efficacy. It will also be a good office done to yourselves, as an evidence of your special concern in redemption, and much more vindicate your Christianity than formal professions or eager contests. And in order to this, 1. Determine, with the apostle, to "know nothing among men, save Jesus Christ and him crucified;" to count all things else not worth your knowing; for, in truth, all knowledge else will come to nothing. Let all, therefore, be accounted as "loss and dung, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord." (Phil. iii. 8.) And study the doctrine of the cross; that ye may not be left to stand by and hear him defamed, and not have a word to say for him. So also observe him that when the world and he part, you may know your own Master, and be known by him. 2. May nothing be so dear to you as not to be enabled to part with it for your Redeemer when called for; and rise early to perform it. Take up your cross, and inure yourself to the bearing of it, before it be laid on. The Lord parted with his delight for you from eternity; there is nothing, therefore,

more reasonable, nothing more natural to a heart rightly pos-
tured, than to love and live to him who died for you; and who-
ever hath known the grace of God, and the love of Christ in truth,
cannot but so judge. 3. Sin should be dealt with according to
its kind; the dreadful nature whereof nothing discovers, nor can,
but hell itself and the sufferings of Christ, and mostly these.
Let it die no other death but that of the cross; and the more it
cries out to be spared, the more urgently may you be helped to
cry out that it may be crucified. 4. Christ may not be divided;
his offices are requisitely conjoined, and cannot be separated
with our security; nay, not without our certain ruin. Seek to
know him, therefore, for your prophet and Lord, as well as your
Redeemer; and for your wisdom and sanctification, as well as
your righteousness—one and all. Take orders from him as your
Captain General, and receive your law from his mouth. What-
ever he bids you do, do it; follow him wherever he goes, and
carry it as becomes his attendants; the armies in heaven follow
him upon white horses, and arrayed in white. Be not your own
director in anything, nor over-hasty. Stir not up your beloved
until he please, but await his counsel and conduct, as preferring
his knowledge of times and seasons, with the manner and method
of his working and prescribing, before your own. 5. Let nothing
divide you from Christ; let nothing but death, yea, let not death
itself separate between yourself and him. Nothing, you see,
could separate him from you; nay, had it not been for you, and
such as you are, he had not died: "We are not our own, we are
bought with a price" (1 Cor. vi. 19, 20), which is the highest
engagement in every state and condition, whether living or dying,
to be the Lord's. (Rom. xiv. 8.)

Christ's giving himself a ransom for you, warrants your
largest expectations of good things from him. What sins are
too great to be pardoned? or iniquities so stubborn as not to be
subdued? (Heb. ix. 14) or graces so precious as not to be
obtained? The Lord delights in nothing more than mercy; the
only bar was sin, which being dissolved by the blood of Christ,
grace and glory run freely. The making us kings and priests
unto God, yea, "one in the Father and himself" (John xvii. 21),
being the thing he died for, no inferior good thing can be with-
holden from us. Faith and holiness are great things indeed,
and highly to be valued; yet, let me say, that even these, and all
other good things laid together, will be but a very little heap
compared with that grace which put us into Christ, the honour
and privilege of union with him, and the price he hath paid for
our ransom: "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that
he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins."
(1 John iv. 10.) The purchase is paid, releases are sealed, and
he in possession; all things are ready; it is now but his giving
forth the revenue that lies by him, which also he delights to do.

Other notes of use this doctrine affords, which I can but touch,
as Jonathan the honey: 1. It shews the high esteem that God

has for his chosen, whom he “went himself to redeem, and purchased with his own blood.” (2 Sam. vii. 23; Acts xx. 28.) 2. That by this standard those favourites of heaven should value themselves, not weighing the world’s contempt, nor clouding those marks of worth which redemption has put upon them. 3. It shows the contagious nature of sin, the deadly venom whereof nothing but the precious blood of the Holy One could possibly antidote, nor withstand the torrent of that fiery lake; as also its dreadfulness, in that the Son of God died in the conflict. 4. It argues the greatness and preciousness of the soul, the redemption whereof had ceased for ever, if Christ, the Son of God, had not made his own soul an offering for it. 5. That the world is not a little beholden to God’s people for all the good things they possess; for they have them on their account, and should therefore afford them better quarter. 6. That God will not lightly pass by the wrongs done to his people; redemption hath made them “kings and priests” (Rev. v. 10), against whom even hard speeches are criminal; how severely, then, will he make “inquisition for blood!” (Ps. ix. 12.) 7. It argues the absoluteness of election, for that an infinite price was irrevocably decreed and paid to confirm its title. 8. It also evinceth the absolute freeness and independency of electing love, since creatures could not possibly deserve or be worthy of so great a ransom. 9. It infers the exceeding weightiness of that glory which required so vast a price, and could not be had for less. *Lastly*, it further yields a chief corner-stone for the saints’ perseverance; for, 1. They are not now at their own disposal, for redemption has transferred their title to another, who loves them better than to leave them exposed to a state or condition from which there is no recovering. 2. Redemption being a valuable consideration, and so accepted, even the righteousness of God is engaged to save them, and must therefore prevent, remove, or over-rule whatever would hinder that salvation. On all which accounts, and others, redemption should be much the subject of our discourse and contemplation. It was the first-born promise after the fall, by the repetitions whereof, and further explanations, the Lord hath perfumed the breath of all his holy prophets who have been since the world began. Our Lord and Saviour himself was frequently speaking of it, which shows that his mind was much upon it, and that the same mind should be in us. It is a theme that glorified saints take pleasure to dilate upon; witness Moses and Elias on the holy mount (Luke ix. 31); and John, wrapped into heaven on the Lord’s day, found them engaged in this service before the throne of God (Rev. i. 10; v. 9, 12, 13), where I cannot but note, by the way, three observables. 1. That the saints in heaven were celebrating the work of creation and that of redemption both in one day; and it was the Lord’s day—a good argument for our Lord’s day sabbath. 2. That they ascribe the same glory and honour unto the Lamb that was slain as to him that sits on the throne—an evident proof of Christ’s divinity. And, 3. That

the ground of their triumph and exultation was not the general point (no speech of that in heaven), but peculiar redemption—a good confirmation of the present truth. And further, our Lord and Saviour still bears about him the marks of his crucifixion; he appears “as a Lamb that had been slain” (Rev. v. 6), and he glories in it. “I am he that liveth, and was dead” (Rev. i. 18, and ii. 8); and with these marks he will appear when he cometh to judge the world. (Zech. xii. 10.) Till which time, the Lord’s day, and its most solemn ordinance, are for an unchangeable remembrance of him. (1 Cor. xi. 26.) Whatever, therefore, befalls us, should remind us of this glorious transaction: if it be evil, that redemption hath saved from the evil of it; if good, that redemption hath purchased it for us; whether good or bad in itself, redemption will sanctify it to us.

But when ye think of heaven and the heaven of heavens as your portion, with all that heavenly viaticum (angel’s food and better) that attends you at every stage, “until ye appear before God in Zion” (Ps. lxxxiv. 7), especially when ye are admiring—for what it is ye cannot think—I say, when ye are admiring that transcendent glory which shall arise from that ineffable oneness, to be then completed between the Father and Christ and his saints, say, with that heaven-born Psalmist, “What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?” and answer yourself with him: “I will take (not this or that single benefit, but) the cup of salvation (glorious redemption, which that cup signifieth), and call on the name of the Lord.” All the divine attributes centre in redemption, as light and heat in the sun, and are thence savingly reflected upon men redeemed; and this is the most compendious way of beholding the glory of God, and of celebrating our dear-bought happiness. Something, perhaps, like this may that “fruit of the vine” be, though unspeakably beyond it, which Christ and his disciples “shall drink new in his Father’s kingdom” (Matt. xxvi. 29), “when he that sowed and we that reap shall rejoice together.” (John iv. 36.) Therefore, “Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood . . . be glory and dominion for ever. Amen.” (Rev. i. 5, 6.)

“I KILL, AND I MAKE ALIVE.”

Ludgershall, June 19, 1883.

My dear Friend,—I hope you are better than when I last heard of you. I have now got over my cold, and seem as well as ever, excepting my sight, which reminds me, that, like poor Jacob, I am becoming old. I have to ask some one to read for me when it is dull or too bright. I have great cause to praise the Lord for his goodness to me for so many years; but I daily find what I am, and I want to know where I am also. Mr. Hemington asked me if after so many years’ sojourn in the wilderness I had not some doubts and fears? Ah, I shall never be quite clear of them until I am clear of sin! It is that which breeds them. When we are

free from this poor, wretched, vile body, we shall know what perfection is, but not before.

It is now fifty-five years ago that I was first led to see myself as a guilty and condemned sinner before God. O! the pains I felt and the conflict I endured! Indwelling sin plagued me by day and throughout the night, with a guilty conscience, temptations by the world, a continual harassing by the devil, including temptations to commit the blackest crimes! No preacher that I ever heard could touch my case, although I listened attentively to very many. One of the most trying I ever experienced was in the year 1831. I have rarely mentioned it until very lately, and then only made a slight allusion to it; for I am persuaded that but few have passed through such exercises. God says, "I kill, and I make alive." There is a time and place for this "killing." It is much more easy to read of than to feel the killing law, cutting down and strangling every morsel of hope, stripping and making bare to the eye the abominable inhabitants of the heart. I cannot look back to those scenes without tears. I know where all the sorrows of the poor child of God come from. "My wounds stink and are corrupt" is language unknown to the dead sinner. God kills his family to all things on earth that he may make them fit to dwell with him for ever in heaven. "What is this world to me?" says the poet, and so say I, yet we dare not repine, and why should we? O how good the dear Lord has been! God has deceived me with his goodness! O how much higher are his thoughts than ours! When the dear Lord formed us in the womb, he knew what he was about; and, my dear friend, "He remembereth that we are dust." Dare we say, "My way is hid from the Lord?" No, impossible! Let my soul repose here, never caring what the world may say. "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." These words seem to look me in the face when I am stormed from the regions of darkness. With regard to our services here, we are much as usual.

I must ask to be excused for sending my scribbling to you; I feel some difficulty in putting all the letters correct. I can see better here in the chapel than in the cottage. I hope Mrs. P. and all your family are well.

Yours very sincerely in the bonds of the everlasting gospel of Jesus Christ,

R. MOWER.

"I AM AMONG YOU AS HE THAT SERVETH."

35, The Oval, Hackney Road, London, March 8, 1844.

My very dear Brother,—Having written to Mr. J. to say that our people have submitted to my being away only for one Sunday, if it meets the minds of the Alvescot friends I will endeavour to be there on Sunday, which will be Easter Sunday, the 7th of April. I drop you this line to say that should I be permitted to come, I shall not need to return, except anything

unforeseen should occur, before the Saturday following; and not desiring to be idle during my short stay with you, and not knowing how to arrange matters myself, I will leave it with you, the friends, and the Lord, to arrange for me, as I desire to be the servant of the Lord's people for the Lord's sake. And O that his dear and gracious Majesty may condescend to bring me among you in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ! that I may be comforted together with you by the mutual faith both of you and me. For alas! what a poor, empty, barren thing am I without him.

“Alas! from such a heart as mine,
 What can I bring him forth?
 My best is stain'd and dy'd with sin,
 My all is nothing worth.”

I am truly glad to find that the Lord has in a measure reconciled you through his mercy to the dispensations of his infinitely wise providence. For at this moment I cannot seem to doubt that eternal love and unerring wisdom has contrived, appointed, and kindly and skilfully mixed up for you and me the very best potion that it was possible for the great God to think upon. This is a great thing to say; and I say it, not because I am so very happy, for I am not (and yet, blessed be the Lord, I am very far off from that sunken state of mind in which I sometimes am constrained to live), but I say it, because I feel the fullest persuasion that you are the Lord's, and my own interest in him has received much additional evidence yesterday and to-day. My own wickedness and backsliding have reproved me. My spirit has been deeply wounded and smitten almost to death by the old serpent. But I believe the Holy Spirit counteracted all his malicious designs against me, by putting such sorrow, shame, and self-loathing, honest confessions, and fervent supplications to the Lord for mercy into my heart, and brought such encouraging portions of the word of God to my thoughts, and gave me such a taste thereof in my heart, that I am so far raised up that I cannot now question that the Lord and I are friends after all. But O, what an unspeakably filthy and unclean wretch am I in myself! But O, my dear Redeemer bids me look to him and be saved. That, “Like as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so he must be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.” All that I seem now to want is a full manifestation of Jesus to my soul. For this I cry and sigh and pant, saying, “When wilt thou come unto me?” My feelings respecting dear Gadsby have been inexpressibly keen, known only to the Lord. He was indeed unspeakably dear to me, for the Lord made great use of him to me. His last end was peace. No more asthma attacks now. No more fiery darts now. No more soul-darkness now. The wicked shall no more trouble him, nor his wife, children, nor people, distress him. No, but immortal lungs and an immortal tongue shall never cease to praise that dear Immanuel he so much de-

lighted to honour while he sojourned in this vale of woe. The church's loss is his eternal gain. Yes, my dear brother, a great man, truly, is fallen in Israel. But, blessed be our God for ever, Jesus still lives, and loves, and reigns, and saves, and works his holy, sovereign, good, and gracious pleasure. "In him was life; and the life was the light of men." "With him is the fountain of life; and in his light shall we see light." "Light is sown for the righteous; and gladness for the upright in heart." My very kind love to all the friends, and accept the same yourself from yours truly in truth,

J. SHORTER.

**"THANKS BE TO GOD, FOR HIS UNSPEAKABLE
GIFT."**

GRACE and peace be with my very dear friend. Amen. I received your letter, forwarded by my wife. I read part of it, and finding you in the same sweet frame as heretofore, and discovering no absolute need of answering it immediately, I declined reading it through till a convenient time to answer it, as I generally like to sit down and write from the impression made in reading. Moreover, not being at home, I feel somewhat out of my element, and not so free in my spirit to write. Besides, receiving an account of my dear boy, fearing he is in dying circumstances—though, blessed be God, I am sweetly enabled in my mind to freely give him up, my natural feelings are much exercised. Add to this the great exercise of mind I have had touching coming forward to preach here, having so great a sense of my inability, and fears striving against faith; the enemy powerfully assaulting me, and hath been permitted much to cast me down; so much so, that in coming forward on Friday I was quite convulsed, and at times within a hair's-breadth of fainting. On Saturday I was singularly exercised, so could find no leisure frame to write in; but now, having read your letter through, and discovered your kind and (well may I say) undeserved favour, I am ashamed and confounded for not having acknowledged it.

My wife opened the letter, and, of course, took out the contents and apprised me of it, which I overlooked, and knew nothing of it till this present time; and although my ungrateful heart may well be ashamed and confounded, yet, when my very dear friend takes all these circumstances together, I earnestly hope her mind will not be hurt, and long that God may plentifully return her kindness in spiritual things.

After the receipt of your letter, till Sunday, at half-past two o'clock, except while preaching, it was like being in a sharp engagement; but, blessed be God, the enemy's suggestions have proved false. My trials were altogether respecting preaching here. This text—"In this place will I give peace, saith the Lord"—was impressed on my mind to preach from, but the enemy was permitted so to overload and press me with fears,

that I was almost overwhelmed. The suggestions were, if I attempted to speak from those words I should be thrown into confusion, then it would be manifest I had taken the text presumptuously. But on Sunday, in the afternoon, the impression to preach from it prevailed, and, blessed be God, I found freedom, and a sure persuasion that he will bless his people with peace in that chapel; and although I know that the enemy will be at me again, and strive hard for the mastery, yet, while I now enjoy the persuasion I do (to God's honour be it spoken), I firmly believe the erection of that place is by the special providence of God, for his cause; that he will "put his name there;" that at times the children of God will surely find Christ meet with, feed, and bless their souls by his gospel there.

I think I shall soon remove my residence to the Albany Road; it will be more convenient for me, and immaterial to my family, whether here or at Hastings.

I am truly glad Betsy found refreshment on Friday evening, which her countenance bespoke. "A glad heart maketh a cheerful countenance." I do also rejoice that you are steadfast, immoveable, abounding in the work of the Lord. This is the work of God, that ye believe. Your faith hath not been without trials, yet the more you have been oppressed the more you have grown. "In all these things men live, and in all this is the life of our spirit."

I thank you for the Bible, which is an excellent one; also feel peculiarly grateful to Betsy for this marked kindness in the present of a Concordance, because it is a further token that her affection and desires are for spiritual things. I feel earnest longings that in what she hath been led unto she may have solid satisfaction in her heart, by the approbation of heaven; nor am I destitute of hope that my longings will be satisfied. I have observed that the times when she hath expressed to have been refreshed by my preaching or writing have been when I spoke of spiritual desires. Now there can be no such breathing desires without spiritual life. They only who are born after the Spirit have the desires of their mind after the things of the Spirit. The taste she hath had at Ebenezer Chapel I trust is a foretaste of more, and that *that* place may be truly an Ebenezer to her.

The letters publishing you will have on Friday. My people at Hastings express themselves as having been truly refreshed in reading them, and I doubt not many more besides. Here, then, is ground for solid satisfaction touching the step taken in publishing them. O! the unutterable blessings of the approbation of God; he smiles on us, he is on our side, he moves us and approves of what we are moved to. I know not one who has read them, that fears God, but acknowledges that his hand is in it.

O, cleave to Christ with purpose of heart! Cast all your cares to his care; sure I am he careth for you. Give all up to him, and rejoice in him.

Affectionately,

D. FENNER.

FRAGMENT OF A SERMON BY THE LATE MR. JOHN
KERSHAW.

“One shall say, I am the Lord’s; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel.”—ISAIAH XLIV. 5.

THE three characters spoken of in my text were children of God in different stages of experience: the first, in the full assurance of faith, with the enjoyment of peace and pardon in the soul; the second seemed to embrace by far the largest number of God’s family—poor, fearful, staggering, doubting sinners, yet spiritual Jacobs; and the third, those who possessed some good degree of confidence, whose desire was unto the Lord, to serve him with purpose of heart.

1. *“One shall say, I am the Lord’s.”* Highly favoured and greatly blessed is the soul that can feelingly, honestly, and, with the Spirit of God testifying to the conscience, humbly say, “I am the Lord’s.” How many are there of my hearers in the chapel this morning who can thus unhesitatingly declare, “I am the Lord’s?” “My beloved is mine, and I am his?” I do not think there are many who, without a doubt, or without fear, could say so. Now, if we were in private conversation together, there would be many, doubtless, who would say, “I hope and trust I am the Lord’s; but I fear to be presumptuous.” But there are some here, I dare venture to say, who can well remember the time when the Lord appeared so graciously, and manifested himself so sweetly to the soul, that they were enabled, in all holy confidence to say, “I am the Lord’s;” “I am my beloved’s, and my beloved is mine.” “Lord, I am thine (said one): save me.” And again: “For there stood by me this night,” said the Apostle, “the angel of God, whose I am.”

Secondly. *“And another shall call himself by the name of Jacob.”* Now, I think I have before me many Jacobs this morning. But what do we understand by Jacob? What does Jacob say of himself? For if the account he gives, and the confession he makes to the Lord do not agree in some measure with our case and feelings, we have no right to call ourselves by the name of Jacob. But what does Jacob say on that memorable occasion, when he was about to meet his brother Esau, armed with four hundred men? I need not go into the history; but let us just see what Jacob says to the Lord: “O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac, I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies and of all the truth which thou hast shewed unto thy servant.” “Ah,” says some poor soul, “then I am a Jacob: I am not worthy of the least of God’s mercies; I am the greatest sinner, the vilest wretch, a worthless worm.” And what does the Lord say to these poor things? Why, “Fear not, thou worm Jacob.” For what was spoken to Jacob of old—these very promises were made to all and every one of the seeking seed of Jacob down to the end of time. In Hosea we find a

remarkable passage: "He took his brother by the heel in the womb, and by his strength he had power with God: yea, he had power over the angel, and prevailed: he wept, and made supplication unto him: he found him in Bethel, and there he spake with us"—*with us*. So that what the Lord said to Jacob, he said to all his spiritual seed in him. And why does the Lord say, "Fear not, worm Jacob?" Because they are often so full of fears: they fear sin, fear Satan, fear themselves, fear various things as they pass along. But the Lord says, "Fear not, thou worm Jacob."

I have often thought and said, there is a verse of one of our poets that describes the substance of all my religion. You will say, "It must be very little, then, for a single verse of a hymn to contain it all." Well, but it does. "And what is that?" Why—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless *worm*,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all."

There, my dear friends, is the sum and substance of my religion. And again:

"Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!"

Thirdly. "*Another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel.*" Jacob was the first name of every true Israelite. The name of Israel was given to Jacob on the occasion before referred to, when he wrestled with a man until the breaking of the day. Who was this man? Why, the Angel of the Covenant—God and Man—Emmanuel: God with us. And he said, "Let me go, for the day breaketh." But Jacob said, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." O, the power of faith! that this poor *worm* should be enabled to wrestle with the Lord, the God of heaven and earth! to hold him so firmly by the arms of faith and prayer, as for God himself to say, "Let me go!" But, no, "I will not," cannot, "let thee go, except thou bless me." And he said unto him, "What is thy name?" And he said, "Jacob." And he said, "Thou shalt no more be called Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed." What a mercy for poor sinners, when enabled to wrestle with the Lord in times of trouble. How many times have I gone to my closet, in real earnest prayer to God, when I should never have gone there but for trouble! So that I bless God for trials and troubles which have brought me to him; wherein I have seen the goodness of God in hearing and answering my prayers, and working deliverances for me. There is no real crying to the Lord until we are brought into trouble and necessity of some kind or in some measure; though the Lord, in his sovereignty, does not deal with all his people just alike. O, no; though all must be brought at length to be nothing, that the Lord may be all in all.

God says, by his prophet Hosea, "I will be unto them as a lion." This is his way of working with some; stops them at once; causes them to feel such deep and cutting convictions—so terrible, it may be, that there appears to be no way of escape; nothing before them but destruction: and this may be for weeks or months, and even years, before they are enabled to lay hold of the Lord Jesus Christ.

There was a wealthy banker in our town some years ago, a man of education and standing in life, whom the Lord met with in this way—"met him as a lion!" cut his soul in pieces, and brought him down into the very dust. He would come down to my house sometimes, and, with a countenance expressive of the real earnestness with which he spake and felt, would clinch one hand and beat it on the palm of the other, saying to me, "I don't care how proud a man may be; let him be as stubborn, hard-hearted, and determined in sin as he may; let the Lord meet with him as he met with *me*; he will be *brought down*." Nothing else may be able to do it; but when the Lord meets the soul like a lion, this will be sure to humble the proud, rebellious heart of any sinner. But this is not the Lord's way with *all*. In some cases he brings them to a knowledge of themselves and of their sins in a more gradual, gentle way, according to his word: "I will be to Ephraim as a moth." Yes, my dear friends, the Lord works with some of his children as a moth. Now, there is a great difference between a moth and a lion. But what does the moth effect, literally? Why, when it gets into a garment, it begins fretting it into small holes; and, as soon as we discover it, if we wish to preserve the garment, we try this remedy and the other, but the work of destruction goes on, till, at length, the garment is cast aside as useless and worthless. So it is with the sinner: let the Lord come in this manner, and enter the heart of a proud, self-righteous Pharisee, and begin fretting his garments into holes, discover to him the evil of his nature, make him sick of himself, even of his good works, and thus go on, fretting and fretting his garments, till he is led to cast them all entirely away as filthy rags: then, and not till then, feeling stripped and emptied, will he at last be brought down to seek help and righteousness alone from the Lord, whose work it is to save sinners, and to stop them at the first. Who stopped me in my mad career, going in the broad way of sin and death? Did I stop myself? O, no! "And another shall subscribe with his hand, and surname himself by the name of Israel." But Paul says, "They are not all Israel who are of Israel." "But we," he says, "are the true circumcision, which worship God in the spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh." Circumcision was a type; and though it is now done away literally, yet every spiritual Israelite must be circumcised in his heart.

Some poor souls—poor dear children of God—are so afraid of their sins, they think they are so great that they never can be

of a strong and true faith, and happy for those who come up to it. I am often assaulted and overcome in this way: All on a sudden there shall be some difficulty of an outward nature occur, which shall be represented before me in such a light as to be magnified to a mountain, and appear so formidable in my imagination, that I am immediately terrified and affrighted. The very thinking of these things, and looking at them, bring such dejection and casting down that I actually faint, instead of saying, "Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain." And when these seasons come, they much affect my disorder. I am thrown into confusion; then the enemy has his will on me, harassing and perplexing me sore. I am gone like dust before the wind. The floods of the enemy carry all before him; and where is now your God? Where is the fulfilment of the promise, "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him?" And here I am often foiled, and too ready (as you ironically say) to get questioning, and judging, and concluding against myself, instead of resisting that old adversary, the devil, who "walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."

I cannot forget, nor conclude my letter without returning you my sincere and hearty thanks for your readiness (if it were possible) to take all my grief, both of body and mind. What can I say to such a friend? Everything from me comes short of setting forth his Christian love for my welfare. Then he that hath such a friend ought to show himself friendly. I have felt a persuasion that the Lord hath heard your prayers for me, because for this day or two past I have found more freedom in opening my case before the Lord. My spirit hath been greatly bound; and when this is the case, that my Lord is gone, as to enjoyment, his return is so wanted that nothing will satisfy the void which I feel. I am ready to say to everything, "Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?" Yesterday I was led in a small measure to consider the characters to whom the promises were made and to whom they belong. While thus thinking, in a moment, though short was the view, yet I could say that the Redeemer of sinners "had ascended on high, had led captivity captive, and received gifts for men: yea, for the rebellious." And this gave me to see and believe that he was altogether suitable for me; and here I came in among the rebellious. "Lord," I said, "thou knowest how rebellious my spirit hath been a great while!" Now the character: not the righteous; no, to rebels he gives good gifts; yea, the Holy Ghost and all that is good, giving liberally without upbraiding. And although after this I was very much disconcerted by worldly things, yet the sweet and solid peace hath since been found. I write this to let you know that the Lord hath answered the ardent longings of your soul for me; and may you be constrained still to remember me. I do most sincerely wish that the Lord would give you a thousand-fold your travail.

Yours affectionately, J. MORRIS.

Obituary.

JOSEPH SPOONER.—On Sept. 1, 1892, aged 73, Joseph Spooner.

He says: "I was born at Tollesbury, March 6, 1819. My father was a farm labourer. My mother died when I was about four years of age, leaving six children for my father to provide for. He was a good father, and a God-fearing man. He sent me to a day school as long as he could, but he always sent me to the Sabbath school. I learnt the 119th psalm, and repeated it from memory before the congregation, likewise the 19th chapter of Luke. This caused the ministers and teachers to think I was a good boy; but, alas! not so, for not long after this the minister heard me singing a song and reprov'd me, saying he did not think he had a boy in the school who sang the devil's songs. I was speechless. As I grew up to manhood I took delight in singing songs and other amusements until about two years before I married (in 1844), when I thought I would lead a different life if I could, for I felt miserable at times, and found the word of God true where it says, 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.' But I must go back to my school-days again. I learnt this text, which has never been erased from my mind: 'Therefore thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste;' and I find it true to this day. About this time the Lord saw fit to lay me on the bed of affliction. I was taken with inflammation of the lungs. But there was goodness and mercy in it all, for the words would keep running through my mind: 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' As I kept getting worse, and my club doctor did not seem to know my complaint, a young doctor from Maldon was called in to see me. He examined me, and asked many questions as to how I had spent my life and concerning my circumstances. He said he would make me a present of a bottle of medicine and a blister; but when my other doctor came again he was very angry, and said he would not attend me any more. This put us in a great strait. The young doctor came again, and said he would do all he could for me, and I gradually recovered. My daughter was now living at Peckham, London. My wife wrote to inform her of my illness, and to our surprise her master sent me 28s. When it came it melted me down in contrition. O! how I cried for joy, to think of the goodness of God in such a time of need. After a time some friends made a collection for me, which enabled me to pay my doctor and buy a pair of shoes.

'God moves in a mysterious way,

His wonders to perform.'

I could say, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.' After this the enquiry used to be, 'Lord, what must I do to be saved?' 'Believe on the Lord

Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' 'Lord, I believe: help thou mine unbelief.' Some time after this I felt very unwell and sad. I thought that if the Lord would pardon my sins, I should like to die there and then, when these words ran through my mind: 'Trust in the Lord, and verily thou shall be fed.' Now I can testify that this promise has been fulfilled to this day. Mr. Hart's words are very encouraging where he says,

'Trust him, he will not deceive us,
Though we hardly of him deem;
He will never, never leave us,
Nor will let us quite leave him.'

When at my work these words ran through my mind: 'But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many.' Now, I never was satisfied, for I could not pray as I have heard others do. I could only say or think, 'O Lord, be merciful to me a sinner;' or, 'Preserve me; for in thee do I put my trust.' 'Fear not, thou worm Jacob.' I felt in myself as weak as a worm. As time went on, I was sometimes singing, sometimes crying. One day feeling cast down, these words were sweet:

'As surely as he overcame,
And triumphed once for you,
So surely you that love his name
Shall through him triumph too.'

Now my sadness was gone, and I went singing. This has raised a little hope, for I have long felt that if I am not in the covenant of God's love I can never be saved; for as Paul says, 'It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy.' 'O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself! but in me is thy fruit found.' This has caused me to hope that the Lord, in his own good time, would show mercy and forgive; but if not, I must sink into perdition, for I feel that I have no power to extricate myself from such a doom. Now, I have always liked to hear men say what the Lord had done for their souls, although I could not say much; for these words of Mr. Hart's would spring up:

'May we never, never dare,
What we're not to say we are.'

But, O! our forgetfulness of such a God! who bears with our ill manners so long. These words have tried me much: 'He that being often reproved and hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.' Now, if it please the Lord that I should have a poor afflicted body for some years, oftentimes sighing and groaning, O! do, dear Lord, show me some token for good. One morning I awoke with these words: 'And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both.' (Luke vii. 42.) I thought them suitable words, for I had no good works to plead, being a great debtor to him for all his mercies. One night, while fearing lest Satan should be permitted to overcome me, I lay trembling very much for a long time, and said, 'O, do, dear Lord, keep him at a happy distance, and never let

him come again.' After this, having had a great deal of pain all day, I thought I should have no rest at night, when these words came: 'I give my beloved sleep.' The response was, 'Lord, thou canst if it be thy will.' There was such a calm, for I had a better night's rest than for some time. In April, 1887, I awoke in the night, when these words were repeated three times: 'With long life will I satisfy thee.' The will of the Lord be done. Not long ago these words dropped into my mind: 'I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.' What can I say to these things? I have no power over my own thoughts. I have shed thousands of tears, and have had many fears, but the Lord hath been better to me than them all. The desire of my soul is —

'Thy pardoning voice, Lord, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.'

This has been a question with me for some years:
'My soul, how stands the case with thee?
For heaven are thy credentials clear?'"

JOSEPH SPOONER.

Our dear friend and brother remained much the same until August 1, 1892. I had often seen him, and felt much encouraged. When he took to his bed he seemed full of joy and rejoicing in the Lord, singing and repeating hymns, with portions of Scripture. On the Wednesday before he died he read a portion of Scripture to his wife, who was sitting with him, and sung the hymn through, commencing,

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

After which he was very quiet and composed, but too weak to say much. He died rejoicing in the Lord. D. B.

RICHARD MUGRIDGE.—On October 7th, 1892, aged 72, Richard Mugridge, of Battle, Sussex. I do not know the exact time when the Lord wrought a concern in my father about his soul, but it was before my birth, for I have heard my mother say that when their first child was named, my grandmother was offended because the child was not taken to the font, all my grandparents being church-people; so I believe at that time the Lord had opened my father's eyes to see the delusive nature of such forms and ceremonies.

I have heard my father say that he was brought to see himself a lost and ruined sinner, and that he could do nothing to obtain God's favour and salvation; also he remembered the spot and place where Christ was manifested to him as the only way of salvation, and the blessed effects it wrought in him. And I believe my father never afterwards felt the love of God to such a degree until the Lord in mercy took him from this world of sin and sorrow to be with himself for ever, to enjoy to the full that love of his Redeemer who has washed his robes and made them white in his own blood. The Scripture declares, "But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all; yet let him re-

member the days of darkness; for they shall be many." (Eccles. xi. 8.) Also, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." (John xvi. 33.) And so my father found it.

I have seen him, with his elbows on his knees, and his head in his hands, as though he was overwhelmed with trouble, under the hidings of God's face, the temptations of the enemy, and corruptions of his own heart, with the disobedience of his children. And I confess, to my shame, I have been one of the worst. What but the power of God could have holden him up? "The righteous also shall hold on his way." (Job xvii. 9.) "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us." (Romans viii. 37.) But in the midst of opposition, my father was kept seeking unto God. For over thirty years he walked some 10 or 12 miles out and back to hear the truth preached, and seldom did unpropitious weather prevent him. On one occasion, when they had a large family of little children, the next Sabbath was the time appointed for a collection for the support of the cause, and they wished to help, but were unable. But my father found a bird, shot by his master's son. On receiving the bird, he gave my father a shilling, who, on returning home, said, "I have found a shilling for Daniel," that being his name to whom the chapel belonged.

About 28 years ago my mother died, which was a great blow to my father, as they had been enabled to converse together on eternal matters.

Since, I hope, the Lord has opened my blind eyes, and I have been enabled to talk with my father respecting the Lord's dealings with him, I have heard him complain of the darkness of his mind and the trouble he felt, through the workings of his corrupt nature. It would greatly vex him to hear people talk of their own goodness, and doing something for God. He would confront them with such words as these: "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him." (John vi. 44.) For upwards of fifty years he was learning that truth by painful experience, although I have no writings, and do not know that he ever wrote a letter during his life.

It was very rare that he spoke of any particular word being made a blessing to him; and when he found a little comfort from the preached word, he would express it in words like these: "I heard Mr. — on Sunday, and I thought I got on with him;" as though he was afraid of saying something he was not a living witness of.

"Never, never may we dare
What we're not, to say we are;
Make us well our vileness know;
Keep us very, very low."

"Their pardon some receive at first,
And then, compell'd to fight,
They feel their latter stages worst,
And travel much by night."

It was so in his case, and yet if he heard any complaining of darkness, doubts, and fears, he would try and speak a word to encourage them. I was trying to tell him a little of the dark state of my own mind, when he said, "David, if the Lord had meant to destroy you, he would not have shewn you these things."

He had a family of eleven children, six or seven being unable to earn anything; and though he had employment, his money was little more than sufficient to buy bread, which was very trying. Debts were incurred, which distressed him greatly. And yet I have heard him say that he enjoyed more of the Lord's presence at that time than when he had more of this world's goods.

"If Providence should frown,
And crosses still increase,
By faith the just shall live, and own
God their salvation is."

In the midst of his heavy trials, his eyes were up unto the Lord, from whence came his help.

About fifteen years ago a tumour formed in his eye, which was very painful for a long time. He went to the infirmary and had the eye removed. He did not experience any pain under the operation, or afterwards, but tenderness of the part. He remarked, "If I am a child of God, there is a needs-be for the affliction."

He was taken ill about four years ago, after which he was not able to follow his employment. Sometimes the state of his mind was very dark. He said, "Some people say they can rest upon a past experience, but I want the Lord now." I repeated to him the lines,

"Those souls who long to see him now,
Shall surely see his face,"

which were made a little comfort to him. He was not many days particularly worse than usual, but was able to walk about until a short time before he died. On the night of his death he was very drowsy, and fell from the chair in which he was sitting. My brother caught him in his arms, in which he died, and was not heard to utter a word. "Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not." (Luke xii. 40.)

His remains were laid in the cemetery at Battle, by Mr. Goldsmith, of Hastings, in the presence of a goodly number of relatives and friends.

DAVID MUGRIDGE.

EMILY ANN WEBB.—On Jan. 12th, 1893, Emily Ann Webb, of Rayleigh, Essex.

From her earliest days, the departed was taken to hear the discriminating truths of God preached. A friend who was well acquainted with her, writes: "She has told me, 'all else but the ministry of the late Mr. Covell, and such ministers, was error.'"

We cannot trace when the work of regeneration was begun, although she knew truth from error at an early age. When she was about eighteen years of age, a few friends opened a room near her home, at Penge, in Kent, where her parents attended, instead of travelling to Croydon. But the departed said, she was not going to meet in a little room with a few strict Baptists, and attended the Tabernacle. At about the age of twenty she was crossing Wimbledon Common, when she felt as though the Lord spoke to her the following words: 'By terrible things in righteousness will I answer thee.' (Psalm lxxv. 5), 'to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what is in thy heart' (Deut. viii. 2), 'that Christ in all things should have the pre-eminence.' (Col. i. 18.)

"For a short time after this she still went to the Tabernacle, though she felt she was wrong and the people were wrong. She used always to hasten out, fearing the minister should ask her, 'if she was saved? if not, why did she not seek the Lord?' which she knew was mockery, as at that time she did not feel a need of saving power, notwithstanding the above portions coming to her mind. One Lord's Day morning the minister asked her to become a teacher in the Sunday-school. She answered most sternly, 'What! teach others, when I know nothing myself?' From that time she never entered the place again, but went to the despised room, as she knew the truth was preached there, though (as she told a friend) she had no experience of it in her heart at the time.

"As time went on, and many changes as well, she became the wife of Mr. Joseph Webb, of Rayleigh, and with him attended the chapel at Thundersley, where the truth is preached, and became a willing helper, for the benefit of the little cause. A friend says that her life was such as became a follower of the Lord Jesus (except in the ordinances of God's house). When spoken to concerning joining the church, she replied, 'I am not a fit subject for baptism, and feel I cannot attend to it, except the Lord shows me that it is his will.'" The friend writes again: "I used to have sweet converse with her upon the things of God." At times her mind was deeply exercised, but she would keep, as much as possible, her internal exercises to herself. About a month before her death, her poor mind was most dreadfully distressed, fearing that she should be lost. Subjoined, we will copy her letter to her dear parents, wherein the state of her soul is depicted.

Rayleigh, Essex, Dec. 17th, 1892.

My dear Parents,—You will no doubt be surprised to receive a second letter from me. I have been hoping for a line from you, but have not got it, yet hope that no news is *good news*. I felt I must write, and tell you what a state of mind I am in, although I know too well that you cannot help me, nor any other, except the Lord himself. For several weeks I have had a low, desponding feeling, that something was about to happen

to me or mine; and ever since Sunday, no one can imagine what my feelings have been. I have for years known that I was a sinner, but now I feel it, and solemnly fear the Lord is about to cut me off and banish me for ever from his presence; and O, the terrible thought! to be shut out from him, when I had hoped I should one day be made fit to dwell with him! You will, perhaps, remember my telling you of some words I had on my mind when at Wimbledon: "By terrible things in righteousness," &c. The words came with solemn awe, and I have always believed that the Lord sent them; still they did not make much *felt* impression at the time, but during the last week they have returned with such power that I cannot get rid of them; and what is worse than all, my wretched heart is so hard, it won't let me yield. O what a hardened sinner I have always been, full of every evil, sinning against light and knowledge! Can there be any mercy for one so vile? If I could only pray, I should feel hopeful; but no, I cannot. I know that nothing is too hard for the Lord, and sometimes feel a little hope that it is his work, but before I can get any comfort, something comes and takes it all away, and down I sink. If I am left in the power of Satan, he will drag me into his den. O, fearful thought! If you can pray for your poor child, do; for if the Lord gives you a heart to pray, he will surely answer the prayer; I am quite at a point about that. I feel so sorry to worry you, but I don't know what will be the end of all this. Sometimes I feel nothing at all, and then fear I am quite given up; so I am like poor Job, "full of confusion." But he never was a hypocrite, as I have been. I fear you will not be able to read this, as I cannot spell the words correctly. Don't be frightened about me, as I am not ill (she was worse than she or her husband and friends thought her to be); and if you were here, you could not help me. I am in the Lord's hands, and there is none can deliver but him.

With love from us all.

EMILY.

The friend who was with her in this trial tried to comfort her, saying, "I believe the Lord has put his hand the second time to the work." Two days before the above letter was written she told her husband that she was a lost woman. He replied, "It was the time of Jacob's trouble; but he will be saved out of it," which words she had hoped had been made a blessing to her once, but now the poor soul could not believe that she was a spiritual Jacob. On another occasion she cried out, "Lost, lost!" When her friend asked her, "Who told her that she was lost?" the devil never did anything to cause the soul to call upon the Lord for salvation;" and continued, "If the Lord had told you so, he would heal; he does not leave his work unfinished;" she said, "You are kind to tell me so."

On the Lord's Day morning, being 18th Dec., the gracious Lord broke her bonds, as in another letter to her dear parents she writes:—

Rayleigh, Essex, Dec. 18th, 1892.

My dear Father and Mother,—I feel I must write a few lines to tell you I have had such a sweet hope raised up in my soul that all the trouble will end well. I sank very low last night, and went to bed fearing I should never live long; but these words came to my mind so comfortably, "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." I now felt that if the Lord had indeed prayed for me, all would be well, but could not grasp it so as to take real comfort (as I desired). Well, I dropped into a sleep, and at about 2 o'clock awoke with such a dreadful feeling, as if Satan were dragging at my soul, when, lo! all at once, the dear Saviour was presented to the eyes of my soul, hanging on the cross, bathed in blood. A wrestling spirit came upon me, and I said, as fast as I could, in my mind, "Ah, Satan, he is more than a match for thee!" O! I felt to creep close to the dear Lord Jesus, when a holy calm came upon me such as I can never describe. It seemed like the very gate of heaven, and for a time all my hard spirit was gone, and I felt humble and passive in the Lord's hands, not having a will of my own, but could leave all in his hand. Well, I thought I was certainly going to die, but had no fear of death. O! I can never describe what I felt—such a hatred to sin, and to everything that was contrary to God's will. I feel there is more conflict at hand, but if Jesus has prayed for me I cannot fail to overcome. The strain on body and mind is very great, nor do I know how low I shall be brought, but the Lord can sustain, and I feel a hope, yea, a certainty, that he will. I have had scarcely any sleep for a week past, my mind being in such a turmoil; still I am in good hands, am I not? What a mercy God is above the devil! I never saw so much of Satan's spite till now, nor felt such a hatred to him and to my own sins.

With fondest love from your children,

JOSEPH AND EMILY.

On the day the above letter was written the dear soul was enjoying much of the Lord's presence. But at about eleven o'clock at night she was seized with a screaming fit. In the morning she was better, and took her friend about the house to show her where things were, in the event of anything worse happening to her.

The enemy of souls was permitted to thrust at her sorely at times. One night in her distress she said, "O! to have to be shut up with this vile rebel, Satan, in his den; and worse still, shut out from the presence of the Lord! O! I cannot bear the thought." She had many changes during her short illness. Once she said, "Should I be restored, I hope the Lord will have the pre-eminence in my affections more than heretofore. I have thought more about husband, children, and home, than about Christ." After the above conflicts, she was the subject of many changes—from darkness into light, misery into comfort, guilt of sin into the pardoning love of the ever-gracious God of salvation.

Her afflictions increased, both in body and mind, and on Jan. 12th, 1893, she left this world of sorrow to be for ever with the Lord.

F. OAKLEY.

SARAH FAIRHURST.—On January 5th, 1893, aged 57, Sarah Fairhurst, of Finsbury Park.

Like the rest of the human race by nature, she was fond, in early life, of the amusements and pleasures of this world, and never thought of going to a place of worship. The company of the world was her delight. The unworthy writer and her first husband have often spent hours together in various public-houses. Those places were our delight on a Lord's Day evening. The thought now fills my heart with shame; and I cannot but weep, and say, "What hath God wrought, and what has grace done for us?" But

"There is a period known to God,
When all his sheep, redeemed by blood,
Shall leave the hateful ways of sin,
Turn to the fold and enter in."

How this was brought about was in a wonderful way. On April 23rd, 1860 (he had been engaged on the Great Northern Line for some years), the ten o'clock express, which was timed to pass Hatfield at 25 minutes past ten, left the rails when opposite Lord Salisbury's mansion, and the wing rail that broke was thrown against his body, and he died at 4 o'clock the same afternoon. He was brought home to Stevenage on the Wednesday evening, just as we were going to the prayer-meeting. Never shall I forget how my dear father and Mr. Franklin pleaded with the Lord that it might be overruled for good. After the death of her husband she attended the old Parish Church, and then became a member, God having "laid judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet," and she was brought in guilty before a holy God, and knew not what to do. About this time the church people were very kind to her, and found her work, but when she left the church, they all turned against her. She was now in great distress of soul, and what to do she did not know. She went to hear the late Mr. Fraser, and the word was much blest to her soul. She had not heard anything like it before. She was delivered, brought out, went before the church, was received, and baptized, and felt that it was her home. She remained at Stevenage till some time after the death of her poor, afflicted mother, and then removed to Hatfield, where she was again married, and afterwards removed to Finsbury Park. She used to attend various places—sometimes Winchmore Hill, and at other times Gower Street, when she could get out, for at times her cough was most distressing and her breathing very bad, having suffered for years from asthma and bronchitis. She had been very poorly for some time, and about a fortnight before she died she had that passage laid much upon her mind: "Say ye to the righteous, It shall be well with him," and it abode with

her for some days. When asked if she thought she should get better, she said, "I don't know; I feel very dark; I want the Lord to shine again, and the blessed Spirit to bear witness with my heart that I am his. 'Is his mercy clean gone for ever? will he be favourable no more?'" The day before she died she said to her niece, "I now feel that the dear Lord will never disappoint me; I feel him precious.

'There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,' &c.
'Did Jesus once upon me shine?
Then Jesus is for ever mine.'

Her husband read many portions of the word of God to her, with some verses of hymns, and said, "You will soon be where Mr. Warburton is." She said, "Yes, he is in glory, and I shall be there too." She had heard Mr. Warburton well at Gower Street. One of the friends thought the conversation might be too much for her, but she said, "I love to talk about those blessed things, and I shall soon be

'Where ransomed sinners sound God's praise
The angelic host among;
Sing the rich wonders of his grace,
And Jesus leads the song.'

Come quickly, Lord Jesus, come quickly." She passed away without a sigh or groan.

ELI FOX.

RUTH WRIGHT.—On February 22, 1893, aged 22, Ruth Wright.

My dear daughter was living without God and without hope in the world until about a month before she died. It pleased the Lord to lay a very heavy affliction upon her (rheumatic fever), and during this illness he showed her what a sinner she was by nature, and put cries into her poor soul for mercy, from a real feeling sense of her need, which was all unknown to me for ten days. Early one morning she wished to see me alone. She exclaimed, "Father, you don't know what I have had to go through. I am such a hell-deserving sinner, I never knew it before. I thought the devil would take me to hell. I could not see how I could be saved; but, blessed be the Lord, he came and said to me 'It is I; be not afraid;' and my trouble was gone in a moment." At about 9 o'clock she again wished to see me. She said, "Father, I shall go to heaven, I know I shall! I want you to help me to sing." I said, "My dear, you are too ill to sing;" when she said, "I must sing," and she struck into the 9th hymn (Gadsby's Selection): "Awake, my soul, in joyful lays," with quite a strong voice. When we had sung three verses I begged her to leave off. She said, "I can't; it is like singing in heaven;" and she continued to sing the whole seven verses through, and then said, "Now I must sing one more—

'There's not a man that's born of God,
But readily will say,
If ever my poor soul be saved,
'Tis Christ must be the way.'

She lay in this happy state of mind for several days, except that on one occasion the enemy was permitted to harass her very severely, but the Lord came again with these words: "Fear not; I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." It was well with her again in a moment. How it made me rejoice at the Lord's goodness to her poor soul.

A friend came in to see her, and she requested him to help her to sing the 9th hymn, which he did, and our poor hearts rejoiced together.

Whenever I read or talked to her, she always said, "Thank you, father, for your kindness; the Bible and hymns seem like new books; I never saw them as I do now."

One morning while reading to her the 77th Psalm, I was very low in my feelings. As I read the seventh verse, "Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will he be favourable no more? Is his mercy clean gone for ever? doth his promise fail for evermore?" the devil came into her soul like a flood, when she cried out, and begged of the Lord to have mercy on her poor soul, until she was quite exhausted. She said, "Father, do pray for me. What a wretch I am! I am deceived altogether, and I have deceived you; do forgive me!" She lay in this distressed state for two days. The next time I saw her alone she said, "O the beautiful light has again shone into my soul brighter than the sun!

'Blessed Jesus thou art come;
Another sinner thou hast won.'

After this she was not much harassed by the enemy. The day before she died we had left the room for a few minutes, and on returning we found her partly out of bed. She said, "I thought I had hold of the Saviour's garment." Having got her into bed again, she lay very peaceful and quiet, and prayed that the Lord would take her to himself. She was impatient to be gone, saying, "Father, do ask him to take me soon; I want to be with him." The next day it pleased the Lord to take her to himself. Five minutes before she died she called for me, and her last audible words were, "Jesus, come!" but she passed away so quietly, we scarcely knew when she was gone. We feel sure that her end was peace.

She was buried at Flimwell church-yard, by Mr. W. Boorman, of Lamberhurst, several of the chapel friends accompanying us.

A. WRIGHT.

UNLESS we trace up all being, and all philosophic motion, whether active motion or passive, to God himself, we can find no first cause wherein to rest: we can have no central point to stop at, but shall be lost amid the immense circumference of boundless wild uncertainty. — *Toplady*.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

NOVEMBER, 1893.

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

THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

A SERMON BY MR. HALLETT, PREACHED AT PROVIDENCE
CHAPEL, PETWORTH, SUSSEX, APRIL 6TH, 1849.

"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."—Luke xxiv. 46, 47.

IN the beginning of this chapter we have an account of Mary Magdalene, Joanna, Mary the mother of James, and others going very early in the morning to the sepulchre for the purpose of embalming the body of the Lord Jesus. To their surprise they found the stone removed from the sepulchre; but entering in, and not finding the body of their Lord and Saviour, they are much astonished and perplexed in their minds, when there appeared unto them two men in shining garments, who said, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? he is not here, but is risen: remember how he spake unto you when he was yet with you in Galilee, saying, The Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again." The women then returned and told the disciples all that they had heard and seen; but it was to them as idle tales, for they believed them not. Peter, however, to prove the truth of what had been related, arose and ran to the sepulchre, when stooping down, and perceiving not the body of the Lord Jesus, but seeing the linen clothes laid by themselves, he went away, wondering in himself at that which had come to pass. In this chapter, also, we have an account of two of the disciples going the same day to Emmaus. As they journeyed, they were talking of the things that had taken place in Jerusalem; and whilst they were thus conversing, Christ himself joins company with them, and enquires about their conversation. He saw they were sad, as well they might be, for their Lord was taken away from them they knew not where. They say to him, "Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not

known the things which are come to pass there in these days?" He said unto them, "What things?" Then they informed him of all the things that had taken place concerning Christ, of his being condemned to death, of his crucifixion, of his being laid in the sepulchre, and of his wonderful resurrection, as related to them by the women of their company. After they had finished their account, 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." By this time they drew near the village whither they went, and he made as though he would have gone farther; but they constrained him to tarry with them, and then he made himself known to them in breaking of bread, and afterwards vanished out of their sight. Until this time their eyes were holden that they should not know him. This is most wonderful, when we consider that he appeared in the very same body in which he had been conversant with them for at least three years; but it proves to us, that if the Lord hides himself, none can perceive him; that if he holds man's eyes, none can know him, however clearly he may be revealed and set forth, either in the written or preached word. But though they knew him not, they could appeal to each other, with, "Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way and opened to us the scriptures?" His conversation was unctuous, sweet, savoury, and powerful; it warmed their hearts, and caused their souls to glow with love to their, then, unknown companion. And it is so even now, at times, with the disciples of the Lord. The word comes with power into their hearts, and the work of God is revived in their souls; the favour of God distils upon their spirits like the dew, and like a cloud of the latter rain, and then they say, "With my soul have I desired thee in the night; yea, with my spirit within me will I seek thee early." (Isa. xxvi. 9.) "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." (Ps. lxxiii. 25.) And sometimes the word drops into the heart with such sweetness that it is "more to be desired than gold, yea than much fine gold, and sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb." And yet they are very far at times from being satisfied from whence these things come, or who it is that thus speaks to them.

But to return. When their Lord was gone, they returned

immediately to Jerusalem, and told the disciples all that they had seen and heard; and whilst they were relating these things, Jesus himself stood in their midst, and saluted them with, "Peace be unto you." But they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit. In order to convince them of their mistake, he said unto them, "Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself; handle me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have. And when he had thus spoken, he showed them his hands and his feet." But even this was not sufficient to convince them; for it is added, "while they yet believed not for joy and wondered, he said unto them, Have ye here any meat?" And when they gave him meat he ate in their presence. Here we may see the true nature and power of unbelief; that the most conspicuous events, and plainest matters of fact, were insufficient to convince them of the reality of their Lord having risen from the dead; for what had now taken place were the very things that he had told them but a few days before his crucifixion should come to pass, when discoursing of his sufferings, death, and resurrection. "These things," said he, "have I told you, that when the time shall come, ye may remember that I told you of them." And yet, in the face of these things, together with the testimony of the women and of the two disciples, and the witness of their own eyes, for they saw his hands and his feet, they still doubted. Could they have believed what they had heard and seen, it would have made their hearts leap for joy. But it was too great and good news for their weak faith fully to credit; and, fearing lest they should be deceived, they called in question all that they had seen and heard. These things teach us, my friends, that nothing short of the mighty power of God displayed in the sinner's heart will enable him to believe. The most striking tokens for good, the most conspicuous events, the plainest matters of fact, all fail to convince the mind, unless the power of God attends them. Witness the case of Gideon, with his fleece of wool; and Job also, when he said, "If I had called, and he had answered me; yet would I not believe that he had hearkened unto my voice." (Job ix. 16.) This arises from a mixture of jealous suspicious fear of being deceived, and unbelieving fears, questioning and doubting every thing that is calculated to comfort the sorrowful heart. Thus the dreadful sin of unbelief runs in the night season, and ceases not, so that the sorrowful soul

refuses to be comforted ; and none but the God of Japhet can persuade him to believe to the joy of his heart.

After the Lord had eaten in their presence, he said unto them, "These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you ; that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms concerning me." Then opened he their understanding that they might understand the scriptures ; and said unto them in the words of our text, "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."

In speaking upon the text, I shall,

First ; take a cursory view of the *things* that are written in the law of Moses, in the Prophets, and in the Psalms concerning Christ.

Secondly ; make a few remarks on the *sufferings* of Christ, and "why it behoved him to suffer." And then,

Thirdly ; treat on *repentance* and *remission of sins*, which is to be preached in his name among all nations.

First, then, let us notice the "*things* that are written in the law of Moses, in the Prophets, and in the Psalms," concerning Christ. It is remarkable what clear views the different Prophets had of the person, birth, work, sufferings, death, resurrection, and ascension of the Lord Jesus ; so that they spake of things and events with the same clearness as though they had been both eye and ear-witnesses of the whole. For instance. The Prophet Habakkuk saw him going forth from everlasting with his heavenly Father for the salvation of his people, and saith, "Thou wentest forth for the salvation of thy people, even for salvation with thine anointed." (Hab. iii. 13.) The Prophet Isaiah saw him conceived in the womb of a virgin, and saith, "Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel." (Isa. vii. 14.) The same Prophet also saw him as the "child born, and son given" (chap. ix. 6) ; and speaks of it in the present tense, as though it had already taken place : thus, speaking of things that were not as though they were. The Prophet Micah points out his birth-place, and saith, "And thou, Beth-lehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel." (Micah v. 2.) The Prophet Jeremiah saw the blood-hound Herod murdering the children in Judæa under two years of age, in order to make

sure of destroying the Holy Child Jesus ; he heard " Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they were not." (Jer. xxxi. 15.) Hosea saw him coming out of Egypt after the death of Herod, and saith, " I have called my son out of Egypt." (Hos. xi. 1.) Moses saw him in his prophetic office, and saith, " The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me ; unto him ye shall hearken." (Deut. xviii. 15.) And then he tells them, that whosoever will not hear him shall be cut off. Isaiah beheld him going forth in the great and important work of man's salvation ; and with astonishment asks this important question, " Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah ? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength ? " and receives this reply, " I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." He also saw the anguish and sorrow of his heart, and tells us, " He was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." (Isa. liii. 3.) He saw him with his visage more marred than any man's, and his form than the sons of men. (Isa. lii. 14.) David also, when he said, " When the wicked, even my enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell," (Ps. xxvii. 2.) saw in prophecy the great multitude which should come against Jesus with swords and staves, with Judas at their head, when they went backward and fell to the ground, while Jesus said unto them, " I am he." Zechariah saw his disciples forsaking him and fleeing away in this trying hour, saying, " Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts : smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered." (Zech. xiii. 7.) Jeremiah saw him agonizing in the garden, overwhelmed with grief and sorrow, when his precious soul was exceedingly sorrowful even unto death, and saith, " Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by ? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger." (Lam. i. 12.) Isaiah saw him led to Pilate's bar, and tells us, " He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth." (Isa. liii. 7.) David saw him at the bar, and heard his enemies bearing false witness against him, and saith, " False witnesses did rise up ; they laid to my charge things that I knew not." (Ps. xxxv. 11.) Isaiah heard Pilate pass the unjust sentence on him ; for, though he found no fault in

him, he sentenced him to death, and delivered him to his enemies to be crucified. This Isaiah saw; and tells us, that "in his humiliation his judgment was taken away." (Acts viii. 33.) And this truly was the case; for to condemn an innocent person to death is contrary to all law, either human or divine; this was taking his judgment from him with a witness. Isaiah follows him to the cross, and says, "He trod the winepress alone; and of the people there were none with him." (Isa. lxiii. 3.) David also saw the heaviness of his precious soul, and heard him exclaiming, "Reproach hath broken my heart, and I am full of heaviness: and I looked for some to take pity, but there was none; and for comforters, but I found none." (Ps. lxi. 20.) He saw his enemies insulting him, with, "He saved others, himself he cannot save;" and saith, "They persecute him whom thou hast smitten; and they talk to the grief of those whom thou hast wounded." (Ps. lxi. 26.) He saw him with the intolerable load of the sins of all his people upon him, enduring the wrath of God to the very utmost under the hidings of his Father's face, and heard his dolorous cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (Ps. xxii. 1.) He also saw his enemies presenting to him vinegar to drink, mingled with gall; he saw them nail him to the cross, and the soldiers pierce his side, and saith, "They pierced my hands and my feet; I may tell all my bones: they look and stare upon me." (Ps. xxii. 17.) He saw them parting his garments among them, and casting lots upon his vesture. David also follows him to the tomb, and predicts his resurrection on the third day; for he says, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption." (Ps. xvi. 10.) Isaiah saw him rise from the dead, and heard him exclaim, "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise." (Isa. xxvi. 19.) David saw him ascend into heaven, and saith, "Thou hast ascended on high; thou hast led captivity captive." (Ps. lxxviii. 18.) Also, "God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet." (Ps. xlvii. 5.) Yea, David heard the heavenly host exclaim, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in." (Ps. xxiv. 7.) Yea, David follows him to the throne of the Majesty on high, saw him seated at the right hand of his heavenly Father, and heard him saying unto him, "Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool." (Ps. cx. 1.)

Thus, my friends, we see that the different Prophets

traced and followed the Lord Jesus Christ from his goings forth from everlasting, and never lost sight of him, until as a mighty conqueror he sat down upon his throne, there to reign till all his enemies became his footstool; and we know, "the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."

But having given a brief account of some of "the things that are written in the law of Moses, in the Prophets, and in the Psalms concerning Christ," I will now endeavour,

Secondly; to treat on *the sufferings of Christ*; and on what grounds "it behoved him to suffer."

1. Christ suffered from *poverty*. He was "the poor and needy man," who drank the deepest of this cup of sorrow. He said, "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." (Matt. viii. 20.) He knoweth the heart of a stranger; and he well knows the trials of his poor and needy followers. He is well acquainted with the many sleepless nights and restless days, the sorrowful hearts, and downcast countenances of his people through the tribulation arising from this quarter. He knows the many fears, the anxious thoughts, and the dreadful forebodings of mind they have, that they shall not be able to bear up under their many and accumulated trials; that the Lord will not appear for their help; that they shall faint in the day of adversity; turn back in the day of battle, and thus open the mouth of enemies, wound the saints of God, and bring an evil report upon the good ways of the Lord. What some suffer on this ground no tongue can tell. But here is a door of hope, he is a "Brother born for adversity;" and a "Friend that loveth at all times;" yea, he "sticketh closer than a brother." Thus, he not only knows their trials, but he is a sympathizing friend, and knows how to deliver his people out of them all.

2. Again. Christ suffered *persecution*, even from the cradle to the cross. The enmity in "the seed of the serpent" against "the seed of the woman" shewed itself as soon as the man-child was brought forth. All the persecution he endured from the Scribes and Pharisees took its rise in the enmity of their hearts both to his Person and truth. It was enmity that kept them at it till they had done all that the Lord determined should be done. In this, also, his followers have to drink of the same cup; to be baptized with the same baptism; for "all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." (2 Tim. iii. 12.) And one reason why there is not more persecution in the present day, is, because there is too much conformity to

the world ; persons professing godliness imitate the people of the world in their manners, pride, and vanity. If persons professing godliness were in all things to walk as Christ walked ; if they had him for their example, they would find what was done in the green tree would also be done in the dry. Christ told his disciples that they would be hated of all men for his sake ; but he bade them not to marvel at it ; for, says he, "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own ; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." (John xv. 18, 19.) And he says again, "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you." (Luke vi. 26.) And the Apostle Peter says, "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye ; for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you : on their part he is evil spoken of, but on your part he is glorified. Therefore let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to him in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator." (1 Pet. iv. 14, 19.)

3. Christ also suffered *reproach*. All manner of evil was said against him falsely ; for though he went about doing good, healing all manner of diseases among the people, and delivering those who were possessed by devils ; yet, they said, "He casteth out devils through Beelzebub, the chief of the devils." (Luke xi. 15.) "He hath a devil, and is mad ; why hear ye him ?" (John x. 20.) "If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household ?" (Matt. x. 25.) Therefore it is not to be wondered at that the followers of Christ are called enthusiasts and madmen by persons who know not their right hand from their left in the things of God. Are you, then, hated of all men for Christ's sake ? "Rejoice, and be exceeding glad : for great is your reward in heaven." Are you suffering reproach for Christ's sake ? Remember, it is better to suffer for well-doing than for evil-doing. Be constantly on the watch ; and study to keep a conscience void of offence both toward God and man. None shall harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good. Let us, therefore, go forth to him without the camp, bearing his reproach ; for "if we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him."

4. But again. Christ also suffered from *temptation*. "He was led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." (Matt. iv. 1.) This combat lasted forty days ; and, I believe, there is not a single tempta-

tion presented by the devil to a saint of God, however strange and singular it may appear to the person tempted, but what that same temptation was presented to Christ during the forty days' combat: all that the power and subtlety of the devil could invent was brought to bear against him; for we are told, "Wherefore in *all things* it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful high priest" (Heb. ii. 17); one that can be "touched with the feeling of our infirmities; who was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin" (iv. 15); one that knoweth how to succour under temptation, and deliver out of it.

He was tempted to question his Sonship, "If thou be the Son of God," saith Satan. And how frequently is the same temptation presented and fastened on the mind of a child of God, even after the most satisfactory evidence has been given that he is the son and heir of God. Our precious Jesus, as the poet says,

"Knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same."

Satan next tempts the Son of God to work a miracle to prove his Sonship, and satisfy his hunger. And how frequently is a child of God tempted by this infernal foe to take forbidden and unlawful steps, when his way is hedged up with thorns, and he knows not what to do, nor which way to turn, saying, with the disciples, "What shall I eat? what shall I drink? and wherewithal shall I be clothed?" Satan knows that a day of adversity to a saint of God is a day of temptation and trial, and therefore he follows him with his powerful temptations to cause him to turn aside from the path of obedience; and if he cannot succeed in drawing him aside into open sin, he will stir up in his heart murmurings, discontent, envy, and self-pity, till, with Asaph, he is envious at the foolish, when he sees the prosperity of the wicked.

Again. Satan taketh the Son of God, and placeth him on a pinnacle of the temple, and there tempts him to presume on the providence and promise of his Father by casting himself from thence; "for it is written," saith Satan, "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." (Matt. iv. 6.) "If thou be the Son of God," therefore, he says, "cast thyself down; no evil shall befall thee, seeing that angels have charge over thee." And how frequently is the child of God tempted by this infernal foe to presume on the promise and

providence of his God. How often Satan will suggest to his mind, "Why according to your own doctrine, if you are elected, you will certainly be saved; and as you cannot sin away the love of God, nor sin yourself out of an interest in his mercy, why so scrupulous? why so cautious in treading upon forbidden ground?" But if he cannot succeed in drawing away a child of God into looseness of living, he will turn round, and tell him "that all his religion is in the flesh; that he has deceived himself, and others are deceived in him; that he is a hypocrite in Zion, and as such will certainly have his portion in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone; he had better destroy himself, and know the worst of it." Thus, he is tempted to rush upon the thick bosses of God's buckler; and some have escaped out of this snare of the devil as it were by the skin of their teeth, for oftentimes there has been but one step between them and death.

Again. Satan taketh Jesus into an exceedingly high mountain, and there tempts him to worship him. This was the most diabolical and outrageous of all his temptations, and one which seldom, or ever, assails a child of God. I never was tempted to worship the devil, though I have been tempted to almost every other evil that can be named; nor did I ever hear or read of any person who was tempted to do so; although a person may be tempted to things almost as horrible. We read of some, "whose god is their belly;" others are carried away with the pleasures of the world, their hearts being where their treasures are: thus the pleasures of sin are the idols they worship. Others, in a profession of religion, are under the power and dominion of covetousness: a covetous person is an idolator; and to be under the power and dominion of covetousness is very little better than worshipping the devil. And though a child of God is not held captive to these things, yet such diabolical temptations are sometimes presented to, and fastened on, his mind, as often make him tremble; they are things that his righteous soul loathes, hates, and abhors, but which oftentimes he has neither the power to withstand, nor the wisdom to escape.

"But here's our point of rest,
Though hard the battle seem;
Our Captain stood the fiery test,
And we shall stand through him."

For the Lord has promised with every temptation to make a way of escape, or to give strength to bear it; and, blessed be his name, "He is faithful who hath promised."

5. But again. Christ suffered from *desertion*. He was not only hated by his enemies, but he was forsaken by his friends. Judas, his professed, though false, friend, betrayed him. Peter, his real friend, denied him. When he was in the deepest distress every disciple forsook him and fled. We are told that "He looked for some to take pity, but there was none; and for comforters, but he found none;" and although it was very trying, there was a needs-be for it; he was to tread the winepress alone, and of the people, there was to be none with him; his own arm, even his only, was to bring salvation. The Lord's family have to drink deeply of the same cup. David says, "I looked on the right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me: refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul." (Ps. cxlii. 4.) And when was this the case? Why, when David was in the greatest distress. Job found the same; for he saith, "He hath put my brethren far from me, and mine acquaintance are verily estranged from me. My kinsfolk have failed, and my familiar friends have forgotten me." (xviii. 13, 14.) The old proverb is, "Prosperity gains friends, and adversity tries them." Job's friends, in the day of adversity, proved to him like a brook that faileth. To be hated by the world and empty professors is a badge of honour; and a child of God at times can esteem it as such. But when the people of God, the excellent of the earth, in whom our souls delight, are shy of us, and stand aloof from our souls, this is trying. David complains of it as a thing painful to be borne; "Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness." (Psalm lxxxviii. 18.) But these things are profitable; they wean us from an arm of flesh, and prevent us from trusting in man, or putting confidence in a guide, and are the means of bringing us to put our whole trust in the Lord of hosts. Thus, we find, that when father and mother forsake us, the Lord takes us up.

6. But the greatest of all Christ's sufferings were those that he passed through in the *garden of Gethsemane*. Here his precious soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. It was here that he sweat as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground: and, being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly that the bitter cup might pass from him. But against the decrees of heaven, even the Son of God himself could not prevail.

But what was this bitter cup which the Son of God drank up? The chief ingredient was, the *sins* of his chosen people, which were charged to his account, and

laid with all their weight and guilt on his precious soul. The Father caused all the sins of his people to meet upon him; he "made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." (2 Cor. v. 21.) As their sins were found on Christ, there justice sought satisfaction for them, there the Father visited them in wrath; for God will visit for sin wherever he finds it; consequently, if you die in your sins, God will visit your sins in vindictive wrath. The intolerable load of sin, the wrath of God due thereto, and the justice of God calling for satisfaction—these were some of the bit- ters in this cup of affliction which occasioned his trouble, grief, sorrow, anguish, and distress of soul, and at the sight of which his humanity shrunk. Hear his sorrowful language in the Book of Psalms: "Thy fierce wrath goeth over me; thy terrors have cut me off." "Thy wrath lieth hard upon me, and thou hast afflicted me with all thy waves." "Fearfulness and trembling have come upon me, and horror hath overwhelmed me." "While I suffer thy terrors I am distracted." "Save me, O God, for the waters are come into my soul. I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing; I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me." All these things were experienced by the Saviour in their fullest extent in the garden of Gethsemane.

7. But follow the sacred Sufferer to *the cross*, and there he is in an agony of body and soul that tongue can never describe. There you behold him with a crown of thorns upon his head; his body nailed to the tree; his side pierced by soldiers; the sword of justice thrust into his very soul; the vials of God's wrath emptied on him without mixture of mercy; the sorrows of death compassing him about, and the pains of hell getting hold of him; forsaken by his friends, and insulted by his enemies even when in the agonies of death; and, as the poet says,

"To make his sorrows quite complete,
By God forsaken too:"

hence his dolorous cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" But after enduring this agony for three hours, he cries, "It is finished!" commits his spirit into the hands of his heavenly Father, and gives up the ghost.

"Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer." And every sensible sinner, more or less, tasteth of the same bitter cup; for, when the Holy Ghost convinces the

sinner of his sin by charging it home upon his conscience, with all its guilt and filth, he knows what it is to feel bitterness; his iniquities go over his head; they are a burden too heavy for him to bear. And as "By the law is the knowledge of sin," so the law enters the conscience as the ministration of death, and is "the letter that killeth." By this law the sinner is consigned over to death and everlasting destruction; the character of the Lawgiver is made known to him, with righteousness girding his loins, and faithfulness his reins, ministering judgment to the people in righteousness, and who will in nowise clear the guilty. The wrath of God in a broken law is now revealed in his guilty conscience; his sins stare him in the face, and stand in battle array against his soul; his iniquities are now made known to him, and he fears in this day of evil, while the iniquity of his heels takes hold upon him. The law of God condemns him; the justice of God pursues him go where he will; and the arrows of God's wrath stick fast in his conscience, the poison whereof drinketh up his spirit; so that he saith, "O that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest. Lo, then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness. I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest." But the wings of a dove are to no purpose: there is no flying from God's presence, from a guilty conscience, from a broken law, and from the wrath of God. There is no breaking these bands asunder, or casting these cords away: he feels himself shut up under the law, in the strongholds of God's wrath, and his soul laid in irons: the sorrows of death compass him about, and the pains of hell get hold upon him, so that he finds trouble and sorrow. All that the poor sinner can do in this state is to cry unto God to bring his soul out of prison; yet, at the same time he cannot believe that the Lord will regard his cry. The sorrows of a soul experiencing these things are compared to that of a travailing woman; and it may be truly said, "Alas, for the day is great; there is none like it; it is the time of Jacob's trouble: but he shall be delivered out of it." This is drinking of the cup that Christ drank of, and being baptized with the baptism that he was baptized with.

Thus I have treated of some of the things which Christ suffered, and endeavoured to prove that all God's people have to walk in a greater or lesser degree in the same path of suffering. In this they have fellowship with Christ in his sufferings; as saith Paul, "It is given unto you on the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on his name, but also

to suffer for his sake." O what a mercy is this! "If we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him."

But I will now pass on to take notice of the word "*behove*," which implies the same things as "Ought not Christ to have suffered," &c.

On what ground, then, "ought" Christ to suffer? Certainly not on his own account, for he was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners;" there was no sin in him, neither was guile found in his mouth. And it is contrary to law that an innocent person should suffer; for God will not condemn the righteous, neither will he clear the guilty. Eliphaz preached this doctrine to Job, and said, "Whoever suffered being innocent, and when were the righteous cut off?" Therefore, on this ground he ought *not* to have suffered.

1. But we must view Christ as the surety of his people. He became *responsible* for their debt: he entered into a covenant contract with the Father and Holy Ghost before the world began; and in this covenant he engaged to become responsible for the crimes of his people. Now this contract cannot be broken, nor the thing altered that is already done. On this ground he "ought" to have suffered. If one man is surety for another, he is not only bound by the law to pay the debt for which he is bound; but he is also as an honest man bound by his own conscience to do so, although he did not himself contract a single mite of the debt. It is well to be cautious in being bound for another: many persons and families have been ruined in consequence: but, when once bound, never attempt to evade your responsibility, for in so doing you will not act like an honest man.

2. Again. It "behoved" Christ to suffer that the *scriptures might be fulfilled*; "Heaven and earth shall pass away," he says, "but my words shall not pass away." (Matt. xxiv. 35.) "The word of the Lord endureth for ever." (1 Pet. i. 25.) "The scripture cannot be broken." (John x. 35.)

3. But again. It also "behoved" him to suffer that the *sons of God might be brought safe home to glory*; for Paul saith, "It became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings." (Heb. ii. 10.) "And being made perfect, he became the Author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him." (v. 9.)

We are certain, that the sufferings of Christ added

nothing to his perfection as God, nor anything to his perfection as a holy man. But his sufferings prove him to be a perfect and complete Saviour; one who is able to save with that salvation that is suitable to the very state and condition of his people. Therefore it "behoved" him to suffer, that the Church might be fully and finally saved. Had he not have suffered, this could not have been. The law of God must be magnified, and made honourable; sin must be atoned for, and put away; the justice of God must be satisfied, and reconciliation made; the world must be overcome, the devil conquered and death destroyed; otherwise the elect of God never could be saved. Now none could accomplish these things, but he who is mighty to save: nor could they be accomplished without suffering. He hath indeed suffered "the Just for the unjust," that perishing sinners might be brought nigh unto God; and "having made peace by the blood of his cross," he has opened up a new and living way of access unto the Father, a way in which "the redeemed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs; everlasting joy shall be upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

May the Lord add his blessing to what has been said. Amen.

"I HAVE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT."

Croydon, Oct. 10th, 1884.

My dear Friends,—I should like a few lines to say how you are moving along. It is quite certain we are going on to an end, which will be found to be the most important event in our lives, and desirable it should constitute our daily meditation. It is now many years since divine grace opened our previously blind eyes to an awful and fearful sight of ourselves as sinners, and at the same time caused the previously deaf ears first to hear the Book of the Law, by which we were arraigned, tried, and condemned as transgressors; afterwards unfolding, little by little, the Book of Life, the Gospel, to our delighted and astonished view. The poet sweetly sings,

"Sweet was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God."

And he adds,

"Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song;

But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone."

Thus it was with me. Instead of singing, I began sighing; every day produced fresh causes of grief, until, step by step, I sunk down into the pit in which was no water. I then became a captive exile, hastening to be loosed, that I should not die in the pit. But I had to remain there until the Lord Jesus by his almighty powerful voice brought me up and out, concluding the remembrance of such a deliverance would be, in any after-trial, sufficient to combat the enemy. In this, however, I had to learn a most painful, but profitable lesson, namely—It matters not however clear and blessed testimony you may have had of your interest in Christ, it will not of *itself* be a shield in after-attacks from sin and Satan. But *renewed assaults* need renewed manifestations, yes, just as much as though you had never had a deliverance. In this way is taught the necessity of a single eye to Christ. That beautiful hymn of Hart's is to the purpose, "Let us ask the important question," &c. And what mistakes about faith, its nature, its conflicts, &c. Years gone by I foolishly thought, in proportion to the strength of that grace, so I should be raised above the fearful working of a corrupt nature, as well as Satan's power. Alas! how contrary to this is the path I have trodden and do tread, yes, and anticipate the same until I close my eyes in death, to open them upon that blessed friend of sinners, Jesus Christ. Therefore, to expect a discharge from the war with sin, Satan, and the world, is but a dream. Dear Hart's advice is suitable, "Gird thy loins up, Christian soldier." The blessed Spirit, whose work it is to glorify Christ in each of his characters, will so teach us our need of him in these characters as shall make him increasingly our "*all in all.*" He does not sustain the character of Captain of the Lord's host in vain. A captain must have soldiers, and Paul exhorts Timothy to be a good soldier, not to *entangle* himself with the affairs of this life, that he may please him who hath called him to be a soldier. Jesus has no volunteers in his regiment; they all have to be made willing in the day of his power. I am very fond of what one of Christ's soldiers said to his fellow soldiers,

"On thy Captain ever calling,
Make thy worst condition known;
He shall hold thee up when falling,
Or shall lift thee up when down."

Therefore, however close the engagement with the powers of darkness, we are not sent to this warfare at our own charges. No, we are called to combat with vanquished enemies under a certain promise of our being not only conquerors, but "more than conquerors, through *him* who hath loved us." I should be glad if enabled to follow one of Christ's noble warriors, in his 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, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give

unto me at *that day*, and not unto me only, but unto *all them also that love his appearing.*" Well, my dear fellow soldiers, are there not some, although short seasons, in which we can and do see what an all-wise and gracious God we have, who has appointed all our losses, crosses, conflicts, and sorrows, and that could we have the choice of our future path unto the end of our journey, would it not be with us as our favourite poet says :

"How harsh soe'er the way,
Dear Saviour, still lead on ;
Nor leave us till we say,
'Father, thy will be done ;'

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

Then may patience have her perfect work, which is to bring us feelingly to the words, "Thy will be done *in earth*, as it is *in heaven.*" Do read that sweet hymn by dear old John Berridge it has just come upon my mind,

"How watchful is the loving Lord,
How sweet his providential word
To children that believe !
Your very hairs are numbered all.
Not one by chance or force can fall,
Till Jesus gives them leave."

I have lately had what some would call a narrow escape from breaking some of my bones.

One Monday morning, while sleeping at Burgess Hill, I, in a dream, jumped out of a high bed, falling on the floor, cutting one hand, spraining my thumb, and hurting my side and ribs ; from the latter I am still affected.

Dr. Crampton, who with his wife were spending a few days with the Misses Summers, said it was a narrow escape from broken ribs.

O how I saw the kind interposition of my merciful God and Father in so guarding me while my constant enemy was plotting my hurt. Marvellous to say, I went on the following Thursday to Woking, and spoke without any difficulty. And although I still feel occasional pain in my side, yet not at all when speaking : "Bless the Lord, O my soul ; and forget not *all* his benefits." One of my objects in writing is to arrange for my coming visit into your locality. I stand engaged for Malmesbury, Nov. 16th (Sabbath), and at Tetbury, on Tuesday, the 18th. We should like to reach you some time on *Tuesday*, the 11th. The Hallowington people are looking for me about that time. I am thinking of going to them on Wednesday, the 12th, and being at Malmesbury, Thursday eve, the 13th. On one evening before I get home, I quite anticipate speaking at Ludgershall, of which I shall give due notice. - Now dear friends, for the present, farewell. The Lord bless you is the desire of

Yours very sincerely,

ROBT. P. KNILL.

“THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.”

JOHN tells us he was in the bosom of his Father. To lie in the bosom is the posture of the dearest love. (John xiii. 23.) “Now there was leaning on Jesus’ bosom one of his disciples whom Jesus loved.” But Christ did not lean upon the Father’s bosom, as that disciple did on his, but lay in it; and therefore, in Isaiah xlii. 1, the Father calls him, “Mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth;” and in 2 Cor. viii. 9, he is said, in this estate, to be “rich,” and Phil. ii. 6, “to be equal with God, and to be in the form of God;” *i.e.*, to have all the glory and ensigns of the majesty of God; and the riches which he speaks of, were no less than all that God the Father hath (John xvi. 15): “All that the Father hath is mine:” and what he now hath in his exalted state, is the same he had before his humiliation. (John xvii. 5.) Now, to sketch out (as we are able) the unspeakable felicity of that state of Christ, whilst he lay in that blessed bosom, we shall consider it three ways: negatively, positively, and comparatively.

1st. Let us consider that state negatively, by removing from it all those degrees of abasement and sorrow which his incarnation brought him under: as,

First. He was not then abased to the condition of a creature, which was a low step indeed, and that which upon the matter undid him in point of reputation; for by this “he made himself of no reputation” (Phil. ii. 7); it emptied him of his glory. For God to be made man, is such an abasement as none can express; but then not only to appear in true flesh, but also in the likeness of sinful flesh (as Rom. viii. 3), O what is this?

Secondly. Christ was not under the law in this estate. I confess it was no disparagement to Adam in the state of innocency, to angels in their state of glory, to be under law to God; but it was an inconceivable abasement to the absolute, independent Being, to come under law; yea, not only under the obedience, but also under the malediction and curse of the law (Gal. iv. 4): “But when the fulness of time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law.”

Thirdly. In this state he was not liable to any of those sorrowful consequents and attendants of that frail and feeble state of humanity which he afterwards assumed with the nature. As (1.) He was unacquainted with griefs: there was no sorrowing or sighing in that bosom where he lay, though afterwards he became “a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief” (Isa. liii. 3.) “A man of sorrows,” as if he had been constituted and made up of pure and unmixed sorrows; every day conversing with griefs, as with his intimate companions and acquaintance. (2.) He was never pinched with poverty and wants while he continued in that bosom as he was afterwards, when he said, “The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.” (Matt. viii. 20.) Ah, blessed Jesus! thou needest not to have wanted a place to

have lain thine head, hadst thou not left that bosom for my sake. (3.) He never underwent reproach and shame in that bosom; there was nothing but glory and honour reflected upon him by his Father, though afterwards he was despised and rejected of men. (Isa. liii. 3.) His Father never looked upon him without smiles and love, delight and joy, though afterwards he became a reproach of men, and despised of the people. (Ps. xxii. 6.) (4.) His holy heart was never offended with an impure suggestion or temptation of the devil; all the while he lay in that bosom of peace and love, he never knew what it was to be assaulted with temptations, to be besieged and battered upon by unclean spirits, as he did afterwards (Matt. iv. 1): "Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." It was for our sakes that he submitted to those exercises of spirit, "to be in all points tempted like as we are, that he might be unto us a merciful and faithful High Priest." (Heb. iv. 15.) (5.) He was never sensible of pains and tortures in soul or body; there were no such things in that blessed bosom where he lay, though afterwards he groaned and sweat under them. (Isa. liii. 5.) The Lord embraced him from eternity, but never wounded him till he stood in our place and room. (6.) There were no hidings or withdrawals of his Father from him; there was not a cloud from eternity upon the face of God till Jesus Christ had left that bosom. It was a new thing to Christ to see frowns in the face of his Father; a new thing for him to cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (Matt. xxvii. 46.) (7.) There were never any impressions of his Father's wrath upon him, as there were afterwards; God never delivered such a bitter cup into his hands before, as that was. (Matt. xxvi. 39.) Lastly, There was no death, to which he was subject, in that bosom. All these things were new things to Christ; he was above them all, till for our sakes he voluntarily subjected himself unto them. Thus, in measure, we see what that state was not.

2. Let us consider it positively, what it was, and guess by some particular considerations (for indeed we can but guess) at the glory of it: as (1.) We cannot but conceive it to be a state of matchless happiness if we consider the persons enjoying and delighting in each other; he was with God. (John i. 1.) God is the fountain, ocean, and centre of all delights and joys. (Ps. xvi. 11.) "In thy presence is fulness of joy." To be wrapt up in the soul and bosom of all delights, as Christ was, must needs be a state transcending apprehension; to have the fountain of love and delight letting out itself so immediately, and fully, and everlastingly, upon this only begotten darling of his soul, so as it never did communicate itself to any; judge (if you can) what a state of transcendent felicity this must be. Great persons have great delights. (2.) Or, if we consider the intimacy, dearness, yea, oneness of those great persons one with another: the nearer the union, the sweeter the communion. Now Jesus Christ was

not only near and dear to God, but one with him; "I and my Father are one" (John x. 30); one in nature, will, love, and delight. There is indeed a moral union of souls among men by love, but this was a natural oneness. No child is so one with his father, no husband so one with the wife of his bosom, no friend so one with his friend, no soul so one with its body, as Jesus Christ and his Father were one. O what matchless delights must necessarily flow from such a blessed union! (3.) Consider again the purity of that delight with which the blessed Father and Son embraced each other; the best creature delights, one in another, are mixed, debased, and alloyed; if there be something ravishing and engaging, there is also something cloying and distasteful. The purer the delight is, the more excellent. Now, there are no crystal streams flowing so purely from the fountain, no beams of light so unmixed from the sun, as the loves and delights of these holy and glorious persons were. The holy, holy, holy Father embraced the thrice holy Son with a most holy delight and love. (4.) Consider the constancy of this delight; it was from everlasting (Prov. viii. 23), and from eternity; it never suffered one moment's interruption. The overflowing fountain of God's delight and love never stopped its course, never ebbed; but as he speaks in Prov. viii. 30, "I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him."

Once more. Consider the fulness of that delight, the perfection of that pleasure; "I was delights:" so the word is in its original; not only plural, "delights," all "delights," but also in the abstract, "delight" itself: as afterwards from the abundance of his sorrows, he was styled A man of sorrows; so here, from the fulness of his delights; as you should say, even constituted and made up of pleasure and delight.

3. Once more. Let us consider it "comparatively," and this state will yet appear more glorious. Comparing it with either the choicest delights that one creature takes in another, or that God takes in the creature, or that the creatures take in God. Measure these immense delights betwixt the Father and his Son by either of these lines, and you shall find them infinitely short: For (1.) Though the delights that creatures take in each other be sometimes a great delight; such as Jacob's delight in Benjamin, whose life is said "to be bound up in the lad's life," a dear and high expression (Gen. xlv. 30); such as that of Jonathan in David, whose soul was knit to his soul, "and he loved him as his own soul" (1 Sam. xviii. 1); and such is the delight of one friend in another; "there is a friend, that is as a man's own soul" (Deut. xiii. 6); yet all this is but creature-delight, and can in no particular equal the delights betwixt the Father and the Son; for this is but a finite delight, according to the measure and abilities of creatures, but that is infinite, suitable to the infinite perfection of the divine Being; this is always mixed, that perfectly pure. (2.) Or if you compare it with the delight that God takes in the creatures; it is confessed that

God takes great delight in some creatures. "The Lord takes pleasure in his saints; he rejoices over them with singing; and resteth in his love." (Zeph. iii. 17; Isa. lxii. 5.) But yet there is a great difference betwixt his delight in creatures, and his delights in Christ; for all his delight in the saints is secondary, and for Christ's sake; but his delights in Christ are "primary," and for his own sake: we are accepted in the beloved (Eph. i. 6); he is beloved, and accepted for himself. (3.) To conclude: compare it once more with the delights that the best of creatures take in God, and Christ, and it must be confessed that is a choice delight, and a transcendent love, with which they love, and delight in him (Ps. lxxiii. 25): "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and on earth there is none I desire beside thee." What pangs of love, what raptures of delight did the spouse express to Christ! "O thou whom my soul loveth!" But surely our delight in God is no perfect rule to measure his delight in Christ by; for our love to God (at the best) is still imperfect; that is the burden and complaint of saints, but this is perfect; ours is inconstant, up and down, ebbing and flowing, but this is constant. So then, to conclude, the condition and state of Jesus Christ before his incarnation, was a state of the highest and matchless delight, in the enjoyment of his Father.

FLAVEL.

FALSE APPEARANCES.

THE whole world walketh in a masquerade, or, as the Scripture calls it, *an image, or vain shew*. Scarce any man would appear as he is, but as he is not, before others; and he loves to indulge even his own mind in the same deceitful view of himself. The more artfully he can put on the veil, the finer man he seems, often in his own esteem, generally in the esteem of others; and nothing mortifies him more than when some wind of trial blows this veil but a little aside, so that others perceive a part at least of what he hath been always very industrious to conceal.

This disguise is the handiwork of evil and corrupted nature, fallen from the truth and purity of God into a strong love and likeness of the perplexed and foolish subtlety, which fully occupies that being, who is the father and author of lies from the beginning. To plead for this dissimulation, as some have done, it is to turn advocate for the evil one, whose fees are vanity and vexation in this world, and something worse in the world to come.

Our depraved nature cannot bear to see its own wickedness, and much less to have it exposed. What shifts and turns, what labours and difficulties, will it not encounter, to obtain a great name and opinion, though it be but a false one? And how will it be delighted, as with a prize, in the fleeting breath of dying creatures, who have only for a memorial of themselves some filthy monument of sin or of shame! To be open and sincere is counted a weakness, because it lowers a man's power of taking

those advantages for interest and fame, which all men by nature are pursuing, and which, in a state of nature, they think to be the only object worth pursuing, as the highest and greatest good.

And, alas! how much of this disguise is brought into the things and church of God! I lament, for one, how prone I am to cheat myself, and to wish more for the esteem of others, than I ought to think of, or than I can possibly deserve! I would be all fair, and valuable, and excellent, and what not, in their esteem; while I am conscious to myself, that there is within me so much vanity, weakness, dulness, wretchedness, and evil, as might justly suffice to render me in their eyes, what any of them, that can look into themselves, must appear to be in their own.

I have displeased some, whom I did not intend to displease; and others have offended me, perhaps with a contrary intention. The same persons and myself have been mutually satisfied at one time, and dissatisfied at another; and wherefore? Not because my nature or theirs was better or worse at any time; but only because it sometimes discovered itself more according to the occasion. And when it drops the disguise of goodness which we can regard, or discovers itself too plainly; sinners as we are, we cannot love it, so odious and depraved is it become since the original ruin. We cannot love it in others, nor others because of it; though we are at a world of pains to conceal, to indulge, or to dress off, the ugly monster in ourselves.

It is this depravity, which hath begotten hypocrisy not only in the world at large, or in courts or particular callings of men, where certainly it doth reign absolutely and universally, but also in religious profession, where surely it ought not. It hath reigned especially in this last, since it hath been esteemed a scandal not to be called a Christian. It is true indeed, that the appearance of religion is certainly better than the appearance of evil; but however, when men seek to appear religious, for the selfish honour or carnal comfort which may follow from others upon account of it, they only seek themselves, and are but the less truly religious for all their professions.

Why am I grieved, if others think lightly of my gracious attainments? Because I am grown unjustly great in my own esteem for things, which are not my own, but given to me. But doth not this very grief prove that their judgment is but too right, and that my real stature is not so tall as I think it? If I were humbled in myself, in some degree as I ought to be (for, in the full and just degree, no man can be humbled in this life), I should approve their sincerity towards me, and contentedly sit down before them in the lowest room. Their low opinion would not hurt me, because it would be the same as my own. The vileness of my heart, and the low progress I have made in Christian experience, are indeed sufficient to humble one every day I breathe; and it is only my own blindness, or a falseness to myself, that leads me to forget either my own real condition, or the place where I ought to stand.

We are not naturally honest to ourselves, and we do not wish that others should deal honestly with us. If we were truly honest and wise (and grace only can make us so in any degree), we should meekly hear, and even wish to hear, of our own frailties, errors, and defects, that we might grow the true Christian growth, which doth not consist in the favourable opinion of men and of our own minds; but in lowliness of heart, and spirituality of life, respecting ourselves; in patience, quietness, and good-will, with regard to others; in contrition, humiliation, and submission before God.

Professors live too much *outwardly*. Religion is carried often into the strong animal passions, not to subdue, but to feed them. Hence the poor anger and violence of a corrupted nature are frequently mistaken for zeal, for life, and for power. But noise, and bustle, and tumult, and hurry; the agitations of temper, and strong concerns for influence or authority, or direction, among men; the parade of religion, or the superiority of a party; may all be carried on with very small degrees of real grace, and perhaps with none at all. *Diotrephes* loved to have the *pre-eminence*, but this could not suppress his inward bitterness, nor increase the signs of his Christian calling. (3 John 9) If we do not live for God in our religion, we must live outwardly, and so shall endeavour to make a *fair shew in the flesh*; but if we have his presence indeed, the truest part of our life will be *hidden*, and we shall much and gladly retire *within* to enjoy it. The most certain sign of our real growth will be, the sinking into ourselves as vileness and nothing; the being thought meanly of with content, if not pleasure; and the rising up of our souls towards God with secret delight, ardour, affection, and constancy. All this may be done before HIM, who seeth in secret, far better than in the corners of the streets, or places of public resort. We shall aim, through grace, to be gracious, rather than to appear so.

This hidden life my soul pants for, O Lord, thou knowest; whatever becomes of my outward respect among men. If I have the more of thee for the loss of this, it will indeed be a rich amends. Nay, it will be better for me to be without human regards, lest I should grow more proud than I already am, and so lose that blessed sight of thee, which I always enjoy most sweetly and clearly in the deepest renunciation and depression of myself. O make me more and more dead to the opinion of even gracious men, that my poverty and meanness may ever be before me, and that in all forms and circumstances I may constantly be relinquishing myself, so that I may have more inward and intimate fellowship, friendship, complacency, and nearness, with thee!

Careless, myself a dying man,
Of dying men's esteem;
Happy, O Lord, if thou approve,
Though all beside condemn.

A FEW SEASONABLE ARGUMENTS IN FAVOUR OF PRAYING WITHOUT CEASING.

WHEN the thing for which we have prayed is not granted, how shall we then discern and know that God doth, notwithstanding, hear our prayer?

Concerning which I must premise that it is true that always the very thing itself desired is not granted when yet the prayer is heard. Christ prayed that the cup might pass from him, which, though some interpret the word *passing*, for the short continuation of the brunt, and that therefore, in that respect, he was heard directly; yet, if so, why was that clause, *if it be possible*, added? That argues that his petition was for a total removal, yet with subjection to God's will; for he knew that there was no great impossibility in a short removal of it; nay, it was impossible but that it should pass. "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.) But howsoever, it is plain in the case of Moses, with respect to his going into Canaan. He says, "I besought the Lord, saying . . . I pray thee, let me go over, and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon. But the Lord was wroth with me for your sakes, and would not hear me: and the Lord said unto me, Let it suffice thee; speak no more unto me of this matter." (Deut. iii. 23-26.) Likewise, ere I come to resolve the case, an objection is also to be removed, which is, That if the Spirit of God doth make every faithful prayer in us, as in Rom. viii. 26 it is said it doth: "Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered;" and in 1 Cor. ii. 10, "For the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God;" therefore he knowing that God will not grant such a thing, you may think that he should not stir up the heart to pray for that which God means to deny, but always guide the heart aright, and not let us err or miss in the things we pray for. To this, in brief, by way of answer:

1. The Spirit makes not prayers in us always according to what God's secret will and foreknowledge is, but according to his revealed will to us, both in his word and in his providence, as things are therein presented to us and lie before our view; and so not always according to what he means to do, but according to that for which we feel most constrained to pray; for he concurs to assist us to pray, as he doth in preaching, or in using other such like means and ordinances, wherein, though the Spirit knows whom God means to convert and whom he does not, yet he assists us ministers in our spirits oftentimes as much to preach his gospel to those he means not to convert, as to those he does mean to convert, he dealing with us therein according to the services in which we are engaged, and not according to what is his decree.

Again, that Scripture phrase helps to answer this, when he is said to *help our infirmities*; and therefore, not according to his own vast knowledge doth he frame our prayers, but so that he applies his assistance to our infirm, weak, and narrow apprehensions, and stirs up desires in us to such things as, according to our knowledge, we are bound to conceive, and which, by all we can see by what is before us revealed in his providence, we think to be most for our good and his glory; and God accepts such desires as from us, but yet doth for us according to the largeness of his own love.

And so now to come to the case propounded, and therein unto helps to pacify and direct the heart about those prayers concerning which the things are not granted.

And, first, how didst thou frame thy prayer for that which is denied thee? Didst thou pray for it absolutely and peremptorily, as simply best for thee? Thou must not then think much if such a prayer be denied, for therein thou wentest beyond thy commission! but if thou didst pray for it conditionally, and with an *if*, as Christ did—"If it be possible" (which instance is a strong ground for such kind of prayers), and "not my will, but thy will be done;" so that thou didst refer it unto, and trust in, God's judgment in the thing, and not thine own; only didst put him in mind, according to thy privilege, of what was represented to thee as best for thee in view, and so left it to him to cast, and didst refer it to his will and wisdom—then thy prayer may be most fully answered and heard, and yet the thing denied; and thou art to interpret and take God's meaning and mind revealed in the event, in the best sense, which way soever it falls; for otherwise, Christ had not been heard, when yet the text says, "He was heard in that he feared." (Heb. v. 7.)

2. Observe if there were not a *reservation* in that denial, for some greater and further mercy, whereof that denial was the foundation. Thus oftentimes some great cross is prevented by the denial of a thing which we were urgent to secure. If we had realised many of our desires, we had been undone. So it was a mercy to David that his child was taken away, for whose life he was yet so earnest, and who would have been but a living monument of his shame. It was also a mercy to David that Absalom was taken away (whom surely he prayed much for, for he loved him dearly), who, if he had lived, might have been the ruin of him and his house. As a wicked man's deliverance and the granting his request layeth a foundation, and is a reservation of him to a worse judgment, so the denial of a godly man's prayers is for his greater good, and is laid as a foundation of a greater mercy. And again, oftentimes the very denial breaks a man's heart, and brings him nearer to God; puts him upon searching into his ways and estate, and in his prayers to see what should be amiss therein, which alone is a great mercy, and better than the thing so much desired, seeing that, by the loss of that particular thing, he now learns to pray more sincerely, and so to

obtain a hundred better things afterward. Christ desired that *the cup might pass*; it did not, and that was the foundation of our salvation and the way to his glory, he having necessarily to pass through that sea of suffering into his glory. The woman who had the issue of blood twelve years, though she used many means and haply prayers among the rest, and all in vain, none taking effect, that in the end she might come to Christ, and have both body and soul healed at once.

3. Observe if there be not a *transmutation* and a *translation*, or turning of the thing desired into some other great blessing of the same kind; for God (all whose ways are mercy and truth to his people) doth improve, husband, and lay out the precious stocks of their prayers to the best advantage in things, whereby the greatest returns and gains may accrue. As old Jacob laid not his hands of blessing as Joseph would have guided them, but laid the right hand upon the younger son, whom Joseph did set at his left; so often doth God take off his hand of blessing from the thing we prayed for, and lays and discovers it in another more for our good; and as God giving Isaac the power and privilege to bless a son, though Isaac intended it for Esau, yet God, unknown to him, transmitted it to Jacob, yet so that the blessing was not lost; thus it is in our prayers for a blessing both upon ourselves and others. There is often a *transmutation*—never a *frustration* of them, which may as truly and directly be called an answer to the prayer. As if a factor beyond the sea, when the owner sends for such and such commodities, supposing them to be more vendible and advantageous; but the factor, knowing the state of things and the prices, sends him over, instead of them, such as shall sell better and bring in more profit, may be said to answer his letters, and that better than if he had sent those very commodities he wrote for. Thus Abraham's prayers for Ishmael were turned for Isaac; David's for the child to Solomon.

4. Observe if in the end God doth not answer thee still according to the *ground* of thy prayer; that is, see if that holy end, intention, and affection, which thou hadst in prayer, be not in the end fully satisfied, though not in the thing thou didst desire; for God answers his children according to the hinge which the prayer turns upon. As when a general is sent out with an army by a king or state, who give him many particular directions how to order and dispose and manage the war; although in many particulars that fall out, wherein they could not foresee to give such punctual and particular directions, he swerve from the directions, yet if he keep to the intent of their commission, and doth what is most advantageous for their ends, he may be said to keep his commission. For as they say of the law, "The mind of the law is the law," not the bare words it is printed in; so the *meaning of the Spirit* is the prayer (Rom. viii. 27), and not simply the things desired, wherein we express those our desires; and still the *meaning*, the intent, the ground of our prayers, shall be answered. To open this:—The main ends and meanings of our

hearts in our requests are God's glory, the church's good, and our own particular comfort and happiness. We can desire but comfort; and a man looketh out and spieth out such a particular mercy, which he think tendeth much to God's glory and his happiness, and yet that thing is denied; yet, notwithstanding, God will answer him according to the meaning of his prayers; his glory shall certainly be advanced, even for that prayer of his, some other way, and his comfort made up, which is the common desire of all mankind; and thou canst have but comfort, let the thing be what it will that conveys it to thee; and God will take particular care that that comfort which thy soul desired shall come to thee in one way or the other, which when it doth, thou canst not but say that thy prayers are heard; for as God fulfils his promises, so he hears prayers—there is the same reason for both. Now, God hath promised, "He that leaveth father or mother for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold;" not *in specie*, or, as we say, *in kind*; this cannot always be fulfilled, for an hundred fathers he cannot have. God fulfils it not therefore always in the same kind, but in some other things, which shall be more than an hundred fathers would be.

Moses prays that he might go into Canaan. God answers the ground of his prayer, though not in the matter in it expressed and desired, and that both for Moses' comfort and his own glory; for he takes him up to heaven, the true Canaan, whereof that Canaan was but a type; and he appoints Joshua, a fresh and young man, coming on in the world, and one whom Moses himself had tutored and brought up, and was his pupil, servant, and attendant; and this was more for God's glory, for Joshua was therein to be the type of Christ leading us to heaven, which the law (of which Moses was the type) could not bring us unto by reason of the weakness of it; and he being young did it better. And it was not so much also for God's glory that one man should do the whole; and whereas Moses desired to have the honour of it, in that his servant who attended him, and had been brought up by him, and had received all from him, was the man appointed to do it, was well nigh as great an honour to Moses as if he had been the leader himself. And so David, when he desired to build the temple and a house for God, for the like reasons God denied it, but at the same time honoured him to prepare the materials and to draw the pattern, as also in that his son built it, who was therein also the like type of Christ, being a "Prince of Peace," but David a man of blood and war; and likewise God accepted this of David, as if he had built it, and will ascribe to him as much honour.

5. Observe if in the thing which thou hast prayed much about, though it be denied thee, yet if God doth not endeavour to give thee (as I may so speak) all satisfaction that may be, even as though he were tender of denying thee; and therefore doth much in it for thy prayers' sake, though the conclusion proves otherwise, as being against some other purpose of his, for some other ends; as

when he denied Moses, when his desire was to go into the land of Canaan, he did it with much respect (as I may so speak with reverence) to Moses; he yielded as far as might be, for he permitted him to lead them till he should come to the very borders thereof, and favoured him with a sight of that good land, which flowed with milk and honey, carrying him up to a hill, and (as it is thought) by a miracle enabled his sight to view the whole land; and the man he chose to perform this important work was his servant, which was a great honour to Moses, that one brought up by him should be chosen to succeed him. So when Abraham prayed for Ishmael (Gen. xvii. 18)—“O that Ishmael might live before thee!”—God went as far in granting him his request as might be; for, says he, ver. 20, 21, “I have heard thee: Behold, I have blessed him, and will make him fruitful, and will multiply him exceedingly; twelve princes shall he beget, and I will make him a great nation. But my covenant will I establish with Isaac.” So likewise when in casting that thing thou didst seek at his hands, he shows an extraordinary hand in turning it, it is a sign he had a respect to thee, that he would vouchsafe to discover his hand so much in it. Let the thing fall which way it will, if God’s hand appear much in it, thou mayest comfortably conclude that there is some great thing in it, and that prayer wrought that miracle in it to dispose it so; and that there is some great reason why he denies thee, and a great respect had to thy prayers, in that he is pleased to discover so extraordinary a providence about it.

Lastly, look into the effect of that denial upon thy own heart; as,

1. If thy heart be enlarged to acknowledge God to be holy and righteous in his dealings with thee, and thy own unworthiness the cause of his denying thee. Thus we often find the saints expressing themselves in their prayers. The 22nd Psalm, though typically made of Christ, yet as it was penned by David, and as it may concern his person, it may serve for an instance of this: “I cry in the daytime, but thou hearest not; and in the night season, and am not silent” (ver. 2). This might have made him jealous of God; “but,” says he, “thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel” (ver. 3), and dealest now with me in a holy manner, and art just in it. “Our fathers trusted in thee, and cried unto thee” (ver. 4, 5), and have been heard, though I am now for my unworthiness denied; “But I am a worm, and no man.” (ver 6.) It might have put a man off, when he should think that others are heard, but himself rejected; however, it puts him not off, but humbles him: “I am a worm,” &c., and “Thou art holy.”

2. If God fill thy heart with a holy contentment in the denial; if he speak to thy heart, as he did to the heart of Moses when he denied him: “Let it suffice thee; speak no more unto me of this matter” (Deut. iii. 26); if as to the apostle Paul, when he was so earnest about the removal of that buffeting; if thou get-

test but such an answer as that to him: "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness" (2 Cor. xii. 9), or that some such like consideration is dropped in that stays thee. It was the effect of David's seven days' fasting, that he did so contentedly bear the loss of the child, which his servants thought would have overwhelmed him: "But when David saw that his servants whispered, David perceived that the child was dead: therefore David said unto his servants, Is the child dead? And they said, He is dead. Then David arose from the earth, and washed and anointed himself, and changed his apparel, and came into the house of the Lord, and worshipped: then he came to his own house; and when he required, they set bread before him, and he did eat. Then said his servants unto him, What thing is this that thou hast done? thou didst fast and weep for the child while it was alive; but when the child was dead, thou didst rise and eat bread." (2 Sam. xii. 19-21.) But a consideration was dropped in, which was the fruit of his prayer: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me" (ver. 23); and his mind was comforted thereby, insomuch, as it is said (ver. 24), that "he comforted Bathsheba also."

3. If thou canst be thankful to God, out of faith, that God hath cast and ordered all things for the best, though he hath denied thee; and although thou seest no reason but that the thing prayed for would have been for the best, yet art thankful upon the denial of it, out of faith resting in God's judgment in it, as David, in all those forementioned places, was: "Thou art holy, that inhabitest the praises of Israel." He praises God for all this. David, before he did eat, after his seven days' fasting for the child, arose, "and went first into the temple and worshipped;" and of what kind of worship it was, appears by his "anointing himself and changing his raiment," which was in token of rejoicing and thanksgiving; and it fell out to him according to his faith, for presently afterwards Solomon was given to him (ver. 24).

4. If thou canst still pray, and givest not over, although thou standest for mercies which thou missest; if, when thou hast mercies granted, thou fearest most, and when denied, lovest most, and art not discouraged, thy prayers are heard. In Psalm lxxx. 4, though God appeared to be angry with their prayers, yet they prayed and expostulated with him, and ceased not, for they made that Psalm as a prayer—And "how long wilt thou be angry against the prayer of thy people?" So also Psalm xliv. 17, 19: "Though thou hast sore broken us in the place of dragons, yet have we not forgotten thee, neither have we dealt falsely in thy covenant." So say thou, I will pray still, though I never have an answer in this life. It moves ingenuous natures to see men take repulses and denials well, which proud persons will not do; and so it moves God.

T. GOODWIN.

TRUE grace when weakest is stronger than false when strongest.
—Gurnall.

MORE THAN CONQUERORS.

Southill, near Biggleswade, Beds., Dec. 15th, 1857.

Dear Brother and Companion in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience of Christ,—Grace be to thee, and mercy be multiplied, from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ. These are new covenant blessings, therefore sure and certain to all the seed royal of the House of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem. O blessed charter, sweet privilege, divine compassion, and what makes it so exceedingly precious, every item the roll of grace contains, and all that is written in the Book of Life, is once for all secured by the death of our ever-blessed Testator, for “where a testament is, there must also of necessity be the death of the Testator; for a testament is of force after men are dead, otherwise it is of no strength at all while the Testator liveth.” When faith can read the soul’s title clear to the immortal love of Christ, the benefits of his cross, the power of his resurrection, the glory of his ascension, the wisdom of his advocacy, the sweetness of the unction of his grace, the immutability of his counsels, the perfection of his work, the beauty of his righteousness, the sovereignty of his choice, the freeness of his salvation, the mysteries of his Person, the sweetness of his word, the suitableness of his offices and characters—let these things be received in the power of the Holy Ghost, by his sealing them upon the conscience, the world drops its charms, creatures are lost sight of, fears subside, guilt is removed, every bond that binds and fetters the soul is burst asunder, and we escape every snare of the fowler, while peace and joy and liberty spring up, our mouth is filled with laughing, the heart is enlarged.

This, this is indeed the soul’s spring time of love. The winter, the dreary season of gloom and barrenness, is now over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the sweet alluring voice of the ever-blessed Spirit as the turtledove is heard in our land. To be an heir to the richest and most powerful empire in the world is but a trifle compared with this. Death, the grand leveller of all, will keep the monarch from his throne, the duke from his titles, the general from his honours, the rich merchant from his gain, the miser from his gold, the voluptuary from his carnal amusements, the dead professor from his false hopes and rotten peace, the vain from their beauty, turning their natural comeliness into corruption. Now hear the divine sentence of the Holy Ghost upon all the transitory things of time: “Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity.” Now listen to heaven’s infallible witness on behalf of grace’s substance in the heart; it sets all the powers of earth or hell at defiance: “Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation . . . or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved

us. 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." God is true in this, but every man that saith ought contrary shall be found a liar. "What then shall we say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?" O, my brother, what are our light afflictions, which are but for a moment? They work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. By these things our sonship is made plain; for if we are without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are we bastards, and not sons. By afflictions, our graces are purged from the leaven of Arminianism, which are made to appear to the honour of God. Faith, like the three Hebrew children in the furnace, will meet with no harm; our bonds alone will be consumed, while we shall walk at large. And no wonder! for there the God of all grace is to be found, according to his gracious promise, to be with his people in passing through the waters, that they shall not overflow them; and in the fire, that the flame of temptation shall not kindle upon them.

The Lord bless thee and thine with every needful mercy. Excuse this scribble, and pardon all imperfections. Give my Christian love to wife and friends in general.

As thou hast confessed thyself a brother to prodigal Jack, I wish thee, fellow rebel, with all my heart, the beggar's portion (1 Sam. ii. 8), the prodigal's fare (Luke xv.), the fool's inheritance (1 Cor. iii. 18), the prisoner's lot (Zech. ix. 11), the insolvent's poverty (Luke vii. 42), the affliction of the blind (Isaiah xlii. 7), the widow's misery (Isaiah liv. 5), and the traitor's gibbet (Rom. vi. 6.) Thou seest, brother Stiffneck, the consequence of claiming relation to spendthrifts. Never mind; the worldling may scorn our choice, the Pharisee disdain our pedigree, the hypocrite in Zion laugh at our revelations; nevertheless it is heaven's bounty and God's Christmas Box.

Thine in the Lord Jesus Christ,

JOHN WARBURTON.

THE LAME MAN AND HIS CRUTCH.

Everton, April 22, 1761.

Dear Sir,—I received your letter, and dare not say I am sorry for your fall, nor indeed for any afflictions that God layeth on his children; they are tokens of his fatherly love, and needful physic for us; rather would I pray that while God keepeth you in the furnace, you may be still, and feel your dross and tin purging away. The Lord Jesus giveth me a dose of this physic most days; and I am never so well as when I am taking it, though I frequently make a wry face at it. And if your heart is as my heart, it will need many a bitter potion to cleanse and strengthen it.

Why do you write to me with so much reverence, and make so many apologies for writing? Is this becoming language from one sinner to another? Ought the dust of the earth to attempt to elevate his kindred ashes? Or should a frog croak out a compliment to a toad? And need I this? If you love me, do not hurt me. I do not want to be taught well of myself; the devil would teach me this daily, and is so skilful a doctor in his own business that he needeth not a helping hand from God's own children. Before you write again to me, look into yourself, and if you find anything there that causeth something, then sit down and write to John Berridge as you would write to one Alexander Coats. I find you are got to your crutches; well, thank God for a crutch to help a lame leg; this both sheweth and helpeth your weakness. Truly, my friend, your cross is just the same with my own. I am not able to walk a step without a crutch, so lame I am. The wood of it comes from Calvary. My crutch is Christ, and a blessed crutch he is. O, let me bear my whole weight upon him whilst I am walking through this wilderness! Last Candlemas-day I betook myself to my crutches; till then I was not sensible of my lameness, and did not know that Christ was to be my whole strength as well as righteousness. I saw that his blood could purge away the guilt of sin, but thought I had some native might against the power of sin; accordingly I laboured to cut my own corruptions, and fray away my own will, but laboured in the fire. At length God has shewn me that John Berridge cannot drive the devil out of himself; but Jesus Christ, blessed be his name, must say to the Legion, Come out. I see that faith alone can purify the heart as well as purify the conscience; and Christ is worthy to be my all in everything—my all in wisdom, in justification, in sanctification, and redemption. Prayer and faith are two handmaids never to be separated, to carry me through the wilderness; and whilst I am diligent in God's appointed and blessed ordinances, I am then to sit still, and quietly wait for the salvation of God, and see clearly that he can as fully remove all the corruptions of my heart as the guilt of sin; that he can as perfectly restore me to his image as to his favour. And I believe that Jesus Christ is called the second Adam, because he is to restore the whole of those he died for; and I know it is God's good will, because I have his word for it, that we should be renewed in the spirit of our minds (Eph. iv. 23.) For this my spirit waiteth, for this my soul longeth, for this my heart and flesh cry out to the living God. Come, Lord, and fill me; take me, and make me wholly thine. Great persecutions and vile proceedings await us. Satan is indeed let loose, but his time is short. Lord, increase my faith and patience. Give my kind love to all your fellow-labourers. May the Lord water your soul and your vineyard, and teach you to know nothing and preach nothing but Jesus Christ. For his sake, I am your servant,

J. BERRIDGE.

FRIENDLY COUNSEL.

4, Albert Road, Aldershot, May 19th, 1893.

My dear Friend and fellow pilgrim in the narrow way of eternal life, as well I trust, fellow labourer in the vineyard of Christ Jesus,—If the will of our gracious Master, whom I hope we serve in his gospel, may grace and mercy be with you, and in you by the power of God.

I herewith send you a few scraps gathered up of the dear departed Mrs. —, whom I have known for many years, and trust she is now in the dear presence of God. If you feel in your mind to send the same forward in the "G. S.," the account and letters may be made helpful to some of the pilgrims Zionward. We believe your labours are owned by God in what you are enabled to send forth. May the gracious Spirit help you in your own soul and in all your labour. If ever there was a time when discriminating truth was needed, I believe it is now. Poor Zion seems to be very low in the dust. How the world seems to be the chief object of pursuit, as though Ephraim seems to be let alone, in a great measure, and the state of the Laodicean church is seen over again! And how little of the blessed earnestness of the saints of old seems to be manifested, and how in one's own soul we feel, "My leanness, my leanness." Yet, blessed be God, it is not always so. As "he shed many a tear for you" has been too much for my hard heart, and caused all hardness to depart, and softened the rock, would to the Lord I was more blessed with contrition and penitential grief; that sin were more hated, and the Great Once-agonizing Saviour was more loved and worshipped, seeing what he endured to save vile rebels from hell and destruction. I have read, I hope with interest and profit, that solemn piece by the late John Kay in the "G. S.," and sincerely wish it may be the means of good to the dear readers. I opened this morning on the portion by Paul to Titus (ii. 11 to end), and felt how little do those who profess to fear God live as set forth there, and but a tiny portion lived out in this period of deathliness. Yet it is a mercy to have a little feeling desire to carry out the dear exhortations of the great Head of the church. The Lord hath most solemnly laid down in his word what his church are called for, while travelling homeward, namely, to endure temptation or trial, and to deny themselves of worldly lusts; yet almost in every case are the precepts set aside, and those who profess to be dead to the world are as lively as though of it (I am not now speaking of the duties of life in its various branches) and as though it were their home, delighting to grasp it too with a zest. "Tribulation worketh patience" is a hard yet sacred truth to be learnt by a rich experience. It took me many years to learn it and to be fully satisfied concerning it, and then, through a heavy trial, and to the mortifying of proud nature and meekening the spirit. But how sweet and precious has the truth been ever since, more or less! What a

contrast is there between learning the truth by divine teaching, and borrowing or stealing it from others! Kay was a well-taught man in the mysteries both of the love and mercy of God, as well as the plague of sin in the heart. My sincere desire is that you may be enabled, by the operations of the Holy Ghost, to be profitable to poor sinners who are taught to feel their need of the precious blood of the dear Redeemer to purge away their sin, and to the profit of the needy and heavy laden, comforting the mourners in Zion, and contending for the sacred truth as the Scriptures set it forth, whether you are hated or loved for it. You know well that you must not expect much from mere heady, empty professors, who love flesh and sin more than God and holiness, and pleasure more than soul profit, but scorn and derision, while the poor and needy are met by the "precious things of the everlasting hills," or a few drops of honey from the "Rock," which was "smitten of God and afflicted." And all what for? Was it not for sins you and I had done? O, I dare hope it was. And if ever any poor wretch needed mercy to cause praise to be given him, my soul does, as I feel so often what the Psalmist says, "My soul cleaveth to the dust: quicken thou me." What a host of foes God's poor saints have to contend against! determined to drag them down to earth, and bring them into bondage if possible. "Sins immense as is the sea," felt by divine teaching, will cause the cry from the heart to go up, "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head"—embracing heart sins and a desire to have them washed away.

If you have Mrs. A. with you, remember us in love for the truth's sake.

Yours in gospel bonds,

JOHN BENNETT.

MUTUAL AFFECTION.

Oct. 28th, 1891.

Very dear Friends in Christ,—I was glad to have a few lines from you, and quite intended before this to write, but one thing after another has come between till now.

The weather being fine, we are hoping to see you if possible. Long-looked-fors do at times come to pass. I wish so much that you could both leave home and be here together; I think it would be very nice. I would like it to be so, but we know that the Lord only can make things as we would have them. In looking back I am pleased I was able to come to you, and that the Lord opened the way. I scarcely thought I should; however, the Lord favoured us to meet once more on this side eternity under your roof. How nice it is to see those we love, and who are dear to us for Christ's sake. If we cannot be with them as much as we would, we are favoured to think of them as parts of ourselves, and as those with whom we hope to dwell for ever in the Father's house

above. O may it be so! You are among those of whom I can say, "Here my best friends, my kindred dwell." O how good it is of God! how kind and gracious, to bring us into union and fellowship with his own dear friends, to introduce us by his grace to his own dear family, and to give us a place among them, a warm and an affectionate place deep down in their hearts, there to abide for ever. O what a favour is this, and how unworthy one is of such sovereign goodness!

When I think of you, I am reminded of the fact of being interested as deeply as one can be in everything that is true and pure in your heart. My welfare is yours, as yours is mine. The golden chain of love links us in the holy and inseparable bonds of Christian unity and fellowship. Our bosoms have mutually glowed with the high and heavenly principle of God's love, which has been evidence to us of heavenly heirship. I hope you will both live as long as I do. I do not like the thought of parting with dear friends, and yet it is such a comfort to think that they are safely and eternally housed, and that we shall certainly meet again. Will not kindred in Christ here be the same in the mansions of the blessed, only heightened in a greater, sweeter, and more blessed degree? The family is but one, whether here or there. It is not flesh and blood which makes the kindred here; the relation is divine—purely spiritual. Should we have known each other here as men and women merely? No, we were strangers while in the flesh; grace brought us together, the same grace has kept us together, and I trust grace will follow us down to the end of our wilderness journey, and that glory will follow. "Christ in you, the hope of glory," is the secret of our nearness to and interest in each other, and there is something so sacred and beautiful about such a feeling—a feeling which is high above all earthly motives and influence. Well, now, when are you coming to us? You know that, come when you may, we shall be glad to see you; and who should be so welcome to come to a beggar's house and to sit at a beggar's table, as the sons and daughters of the King of kings? To entertain such distinguished characters, and to have such illustrious persons under your roof, is not the lot of everybody; and ordinary mortals would never at one time have dreamed of being brought into such high associations as royalty. May much grace rest upon you, and a nice safe and quiet place be given you at the feet of Jesus, and there may I live with you, and die, to live eternally in holier and happier regions.

I am, yours affectionately, and for ever,

N. A. C.

WHEN in this world, the Son of man had not where to lay his head! If, then, sunk in poverty, fear not: you are but the more assimilated to your Lord in his sufferings, who not only became man, but became a *poor* man, that he might enter into all the circumstances of his afflicted people.—*Horne*.

LONGING FOR PARDON.

PRECIOUS Jesus, gracious Saviour !
 Hope of every sin-burdened soul,
 Bless me with thy sovereign favour,
 Speak thou the word, and make me whole.

I long to hear thy pardoning voice,
 In accents sweet, with pow'r divine,
 To make my mourning heart rejoice,
 And in thy blessed likeness shine.

I pant to feel the healing power
 Of thy redeeming love and blood ;
 O may I know that blessed hour,
 Of sins forgiven, and peace with God !

I've sought thee much, and waited long ;
 My heart at times sinks in despair ;
 In conflicts fierce, temptations strong,
 Gracious Jesus, hear my prayer !

Thou hast oped my eyes to see
 What glories in thy gospel shine !
 How blest are they, who, blest in thee,
 Are clothed in righteousness divine.

What sweetness in thy precious Name !
 What riches in thy sovereign grace !
 O welcome sorrow, welcome shame,
 If Jesus but reveal his face.

To know thee is my soul's desire,
 And feel thy everlasting love,
 Kindling in my heart the fire
 Which burns in ransomed souls above.

But O, I mourn a sinful heart,
 To every cursed evil prone ;
 It hourly plays so vile a part,
 That I in sorrow cry and groan.

Both sin and Satan daily try
 To bar my way, O Lord, to thee !
 Great God ! rebuke them from the sky,
 And set the mourning captive free !

Lord Jesus, do not tarry long ;
 I fear I soon must faint, or fall ;
 Thou art the mighty and the strong,
 Who saves the needy when they call !

Keep me seeking, keep me crying,
 Longing, panting, Lord, for thee !
 Hungering, thirsting, groaning, sighing,
 For thy sweet pardon, full and free.

Obituary.

THOMAS LAMBERT.—On August 8th, 1892, aged 73 years, Thomas Lambert, a member of the Church at "Jireh," Burnley, for many years, and formerly a member at "Cave Adullam," Haslingden.

He was a native of North Yorkshire, and was called by God's grace in early life.

During a great part of his life he had to pass through severe physical hardships connected with his occupation, having at one period to walk a distance of thirty miles to his work, and return at the end of the week. At another time he was engaged in boring for coal, a kind of labour that involves great exposure; the consequence was, that for the last fifteen years of his life he was entirely unable to work through rheumatism, with which he was afflicted to such an extent that the joints of his fingers were bent and permanently stiffened, and his arms and legs were so crippled that for many years he could only walk by the aid of crutches.

Going at one time on a toilsome journey, I believe to Ripon, and having been previously very much exercised with the work of the law upon his conscience, revealing to him death and eternal condemnation, he was so exhausted in body and mind that he turned aside into a wood, and laid himself down on the ground, and entreated the Lord that he might die. But the Lord, who is rich in mercy to all them that call upon him, notwithstanding the despairing cry of his servant, was pleased to break in upon his soul with the words, "I am thine, and thou art mine." The power and love of God which accompanied these words were so great, that he got upon his feet and danced for joy. It was indeed to him a translation from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan and the fetters of the law to the glorious liberty of the children of God.

His friends will never forget the solemnity with which he described this great deliverance. The Lord was pleased to renew the power and preciousness of the words to his heart a few months before his death.

In his conscientious attendance at the house of God and at the prayer meetings, he was a pattern to believers; it was his delight to be there; and down to the last year of his earthly life his seat was very seldom vacant.

Many, many times has he arrived at the chapel on his crutches, on a cold winter's morning, with the perspiration dropping from his face through the extreme efforts he had to put forth to get over the ground.

He loved the services of God's house, and the peace and prosperity of Zion were very near his heart; and anything that threatened to disturb that peace caused him great grief, and many an errand to the throne of grace.

He was deeply taught in the things of God, and contended earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, the sovereign, electing love of God in Christ Jesus being his whole theme. The word of God was his best-loved and most familiar book, and much of his time was spent in reading it. Being unable to sleep much, he often spent a great part of the night in prayer, and would speak of the comfortable times he had been thus favoured with. At other times the enemy of souls brought before his mind strange and unspeakable temptations and insinuations, which caused him great sorrow and crying to the Lord for deliverance.

I shall always regard it as a great privilege that I was enabled to converse with him many times during his last illness. On one occasion, a few weeks before his death, he said to me, "James, I had such a grand time the other day when reading Philpot's sermon on 'The Witness of the Spirit.' The Lord gave me such a revelation of his love and grace that I hardly knew whether I was in the body or out of it. The Blessed Spirit opened up the glory and preciousness and suitableness of the Lord Jesus Christ to me, a poor sinner, in a way I can never describe." It was a scene never to be forgotten to see this aged and crippled servant of God, nearing the gates of death, with heavenly joy beaming in his countenance, and to hear him bear testimony to the faithfulness and lovingkindness of the Lord with energy and fervency of spirit, and yet, withal, with humility and self-abasement.

His daughter, Jane, writes:—

"My dear father had not much of this world's good, and never craved for it. He often said, 'Naked we came into this world, and naked we must go out of it.' For the last fifteen years of his life he was unable to work through rheumatism, but the Lord, who hath both heaven and earth at his command, provided for him by putting it into the heart of his last employer to allow him a pension, which he very kindly continued during his life. Thanks be to God, from whom all blessings flow.

"I was favoured to nurse him in his sickness, and to me it was a pleasure indeed to wait upon him. He was very patient, and thankful for all that was done for him. When standing near his bed one morning, he took my hand, and said, 'All is well. Praise, glory, and honour be to his holy name, that ever he should condescend to look upon such a vile worm.' At another time, a few weeks before his death, he said, 'Christ is precious, yea, more precious than the gold of Ophir,' and that he longed to go home.

"The loss of my dear father was a great blow to me; he was so kind and affectionate. But thanks to the dear Lord, who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind, our loss is his eternal gain."

J. HOLGATE.

MARTHA HAYWARD.—On Jan. 22, 1893, aged 57 years, Martha Hayward, Marston Maisey, Wilts.

She was born at Hankerton, Wilts., of God-fearing parents, but, like many of the Lord's dear children, was afraid to say even what she felt. She was like one of those spoken of in the 938th hymn in Gadsby's Selection, "When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come," &c.

My dear wife was for many years a great sufferer from asthma, which deprived her from attending chapel, unless she had the privilege of riding, it being a distance of nearly four miles. This was a great trial to her. The Bible, "Gospel Standard," and other good books, therefore, were her chief companions. In the year 1887 myself and two others were baptized. When we were received into the church, we were on the right hand, and she, with the lookers-on, on the left; this she spoke of afterwards as being like the sheep on the right hand and the goats on the left. About four years ago I was greatly tempted for three weeks. I told my wife about it, when these words came to her with much sweetness and power: "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord." She then felt satisfied that no harm would come to me. She told me of the words that were brought to her mind, which released me of my burden.

She has not been feeling so well since Christmas, but was taken worse on the 4th of January with a severe attack of bronchitis, from which she never recovered. Her greatest desire was that I should stay with her all the time. She would say to me, that she could not think how it was she was suffered to lay there in the state she was in. I told her that the Lord puts his people into the stripping room, and strips them of everything of self. The poet says:—

"While we can call one mite our own,
We have no full discharge."

At another time she said, "Do pray for me." She was one who believed in real prayer. When assisting her up in bed, and speaking to her of her sufferings, I said, "This is nothing to be compared to the sufferings of Christ. One five minutes in heaven will make amends for all this." She said, "I wish we could both die and go to heaven together." Two days before she died I was much cast down, when these words came to me:

"It is the Lord: should I distrust
Or contradict his will,
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still?"

The night before she died she became very restless, and being nearly worn out with weakness, scarcely having had any rest for the last fortnight, my daughter said to her, "A good sleep would do you good." She said, "My dear child, it would;" and she prayed to the Lord to grant her six hours' sweet sleep, and the Lord granted her request, for she went to sleep at a little after six a.m., and slept peacefully until a quarter past twelve, when she quietly passed away in her sleep, without a struggle or a groan.

J. H.

ALBERT BROOMFIELD.—On March 6th, 1893, Albert Broomfield, of Bartley, Hants.

He was called by grace when about 24 years of age, up to which time he had lived a giddy youth, taking his fill of the pleasures of this present evil world; and though the subject of many checks of conscience, he became the ringleader in the pursuit of sinful pleasures, on which account, in after days, he would confess himself to be the very chief of sinners; and such was his tenderness of conscience and humility of mind, he could never debase himself enough, often acknowledging how unworthy he felt himself to be of having a name and a place amongst the dear people of God.

When about 24 years of age, he was laid on a bed of affliction, and brought almost to the gates of death, and whilst there was made to feel himself a poor, guilty, hell-deserving sinner, and under these solemn feelings was led and enabled to cry mightily unto God to save him, *even as he did the poor dying thief*. And it was not long before the Lord was pleased to bless him with the pardon of his sins, peace flowing into his soul through faith in the precious blood of Christ as shed for him. But he was afterwards greatly tried in his mind, fearing it was not real because his trouble did not last so long as some he had heard of; and some of the Lord's people who knew him feared that perhaps it might prove to be only a natural repentance; but as time wore on, it was made more and more manifest that it was the Lord's work on his soul; and his conscience being made and kept tender in the fear of God, in his conduct and dealings with the world, he had to endure great opposition from them on account of his religion. About this time he was led to hear the truth where a few people met in a cottage, and he often said that the first time he saw the Ordinance of the Lord's Supper administered, he thought the people looked more like angels than human beings. At these meetings he was at times much helped and encouraged, as an extract or two will show:—

“I felt this morning that I was resting on that great redemption work of the Lord Jesus, wholly and solely, for the salvation of my soul, but I still feel so much of my own barrenness. I would be more deeply affected. I do want to love him more, hate evil more, be more and more separated from the world, and have all my will and affections brought into subjection to the will of God. I find my poor nature shrinking from death, which, naturally considered, is not far distant, my poor body being so much afflicted. Keep me from repining, O blessed God; and should it be thy will soon to take me hence, do thou in mercy remove the fear of death, and grant me a testimony of thy grace, that I may glorify thy Name.”

And again:—“The Lord in his mercy blesses me time after time with that precious faith to cleave to Jesus and trust to his merits alone for the salvation of my poor soul; but to my shame and sorrow, I confess the hardness of my heart and the little

communion I have. O, thou blessed Spirit, enable me to truly confess my many sins, reveal Jesus to my soul in all his fulness, and so quicken me that I may be earnestly waiting his blessed return; and should this be by death, be with me, and enable me to shout Victory through the blood of the Lamb."

And again:—"I was much refreshed this morning. My bodily health was very bad; I had great difficulty to get to our meeting; but during the reading of Rom. viii., my poor, bowed-down spirit was greatly cheered and strengthened, but now I feel again how much I need the blessed Spirit to work in me mightily."

After some time he was led to visit Downton occasionally (a distance of about 11 or 12 miles from Bartley), hearing the late Messrs. James and Fielder, and was baptized there in the open river by (I believe) Mr. James, who was himself baptized in the same place by the late Mr. Tiptaft, of Abingdon. In the good providence of God he became acquainted with others of the Lord's children, and after a time he and nine others were formed into a church. They now rented a little chapel at Netley Marsh, near Bartley, where they continued to worship for several years. But our friend having long felt a desire that the gospel might be proclaimed in his own native village, purchased and gave a plot of ground for a chapel to be erected. A weekly subscription was commenced, and continued until the chapel was out of debt. Friends, far and near, helped with their contributions, and on July 8th, 1879, the little chapel was opened for worship.

For many years he had suffered from an enfeebled action of the heart, attended with severe paroxysms of pain, and extreme weakness, confining him to his home, and sometimes to his bedroom, for days or weeks together. Change of air was sometimes beneficial for a short time, but he gradually got weaker, every succeeding winter bringing him lower than before.

His last illness began in the autumn of last year. Just before he was laid aside he was much favoured in reading a sermon of the late Mr. Philpot's, upon—"The breaker is come up before them". (Micah ii. 13.) He was often speaking of death, and deeply exercised as to how it would be with him when the time should come; sometimes fearing, but at other times, with evident tenderness and great humility, confessing that all his hope and trust were in the finished work, atoning blood, and justifying righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Once when the doctor came, he told him a little of what the Lord had done for him, and that he had a good hope, through grace, that when his time came to die he would be taken to be with Christ, "which is far better." He was much in prayer to the Lord, and would frequently speak of the preciousness of Christ and his holy word. One day, when thus favoured, he said, "He is glorious in his person, in his righteousness, in his precious love, and blood. O that I may be found in him!" Seeing his dear wife in tears, he said, "Don't weep, it is all right; look higher." On her remarking, "He is more to you now than

all beside;" he said, "Yes, when I can get near to him. O, I do want to be found in him! Come, Lord Jesus, manifest thyself to me as thou dost not unto the world.

'Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power.'

Blessed Jesus, appear on my behalf. I do want to fall at his blessed feet, and lie passive in his hands."

On another occasion he said, "I believe I shall see Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. 'To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name, whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins.' I have seen great beauty in this sweet verse, 'that the promise might be sure to all the seed.'" A day or two before his death, his dear wife asked him if he felt any fear of death. He quickly answered, "No, there is nothing in death to fear. I do want the dear Lord to come and take me home." On the morning of the day he passed away, he said, "*Who loved me, and gave himself for me.*" After which, the unconsciousness he had been the subject of, at times, increased, and he gradually sank, until the moment came when he peacefully passed away and entered into the enjoyment of "the rest that remaineth unto the people of God." He was a real lover of God's people, his heart and home being always open to them. In his removal the church has lost a genuine friend; but we know that our loss is his everlasting gain.

LOUISA FOX.—On March 20th, 1893, in the 82nd year of her age, Louisa Fox.

She was born at Dorchester, England. She was also born again by the Holy Spirit's power upon her heart, in showing her her lost and undone state as a guilty sinner, and was brought savingly to know the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour. She was baptized by Mr. Williams, of the Particular Baptist Church at Dorchester, with her husband, who died about four years ago. They afterwards joined the church at Eden Street, London, now known as Gower Street. In the year 1848 they came to New York. The writer has been acquainted with them about thirty years. In March, 1874, they cast in their lot with us, settled down, and made the Beulah Particular Baptist Church of New York City their home.

Her soul was often cast down with a sense of her great unworthiness, yet she was sustained by the power of God through many years of trials, sickness, and temptations. Her faith was established in the finished work of a dear Redeemer, in whom she found a true friend, and was often encouraged to rejoice in the Lord, who has appeared for her as a very present help in times of trouble. Her last sickness was attended with unconsciousness much of the time. When able to be understood, her words were in praise and prayer for her deliverance from this sinful world and the warfare within, which she often complained

of. On her recovery from an illness some years ago, these words were greatly blessed to her soul:—

“And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.”

She lived with her niece, Mrs. Brown, at Lakwood, N.J., during the last few years of her life, and died there. When asked if she was going to be well again, she said, emphatically, “No.” “Lord deliver me,” was her cry while conscious. She sang sometimes, even three verses at a time—“When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,” and “Glory to thee, my God, this night,” and others. The last night that she was really conscious enough to hold any sustained conversation, she called her niece and children to her side, and spoke to each one separately, warning them against the temptations of the world to which they would be exposed, urging them to look for divine guidance in all their affairs. Her faith was firmly fixed on Christ, the Rock of Ages. Death had no terrors for her. She went home like a tired child going to sleep.

E. C.

STEPHEN BELCH—On March 24th, 1893, Stephen Belch, a member of Gower Street Chapel.

He had impressions at an early age, and walked in the fear of the Lord, and was mercifully kept from bringing reproach upon the truth he professed. He was a sincere lover of good men, and was esteemed by many. He had many dark seasons at the close, and travelled much by night. He was much exercised about his state; the enemy tried him sorely, and he with much grief questioned his interest in Christ, and often there was much conflict going on in his soul. I said to him, “The enemy is very powerful, but not all powerful.” Once, when very tired, he asked me to read John xiv., and at another time Isaiah liv. That chapter had been especially blessed to him some years back. He said, “That chapter is mine.” He did not sink so low after this when he was so very tried. I quoted those two lines—

“Our Captain stood the fiery test,
And we shall stand through him.”

And when his end appeared to be near, I reminded him of the hope he had expressed, that the Lord would not take him until he had manifested himself in a special way. “It is I: be not afraid.” Then he said he could die. Once in the night he quoted those lines, “Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden,” &c. He said, “Am I not weary?” His breathing became difficult, so that I could scarcely catch what he said, but I felt that his hope was realized, and that the Lord was near and dear to him. He laid his head down, and passed away without a struggle. Just previous his countenance wore a heavenly smile, and he said that Christ was precious. He had attended Gadsby’s Yard, Eden Street, and was a member at Gower Street

some years. He was very fond of those lines—

“His love in time past forbids me to think,” &c.

“Let me, my God, on sovereign grace rely,” &c.

He is now “Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

S. B.

EMILY HOVER.—On April 10th, 1893, aged 37, Emily Hover, of Croydon.

She was a regular attendant at Providence Chapel, Croydon, for several years, and was born of God-fearing parents at Epsom, Surrey. The Lord brought her to know herself as a guilty, lost sinner, in early life, and gave her a good hope through grace at the age of 23, while upon a bed of affliction. All hopes of her recovery were given up, and she longed to be gone, all fear of death being taken away; but the Lord's time had not come, as she was raised up again to tread a very rough and thorny path and to suffer affliction with the people of God. Her deepest sympathies and affections were with the tried, tempted, and afflicted, the Lord having made her deeply sensible of her utterly lost and depraved nature, so that she was one who constantly experienced that she was what she was by the grace of God. The last two years of her life were a great burden to her, fearing each day lest she should not hold out to the end. But the Lord favoured and supported her many times. She daily felt herself undone, which made her haste to kiss the Son. At times it was very dark, and she did not say much. She gradually sank, her complaint being internal cancer. We cannot but thank the Lord for his mercies to her in shortening tribulation's days, although I sensibly feel that I have lost a kind, sympathising sister and friend. She has been with me a great deal in all my trials and afflictions, but the Lord has brought me safely through thus far; and when feeling my loss, those words came sweetly into my mind,

“He never takes away our all;

Himself he gives us still.”

Her brother writes as follows:

“She was the subject of many changes, trials, temptations, afflictions, darkness of mind, and much conflict, which have been in a measure the means of bringing her poor body to the dust; for in her expressions to me she said, ‘When I say, My bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint; then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions.’ She felt to loathe it, so that she dreaded life more than death; and when I expressed two lines of a hymn,

‘Though painful at present, 't will cease before long,

And then O how pleasant the conqueror's song!’

she said, ‘That was made a blessing to my soul some time ago.’ Before taking to her bed she lost her reason, but the Lord was pleased to restore it to her again. She then felt what a lost, ruined, and hell-deserving sinner she was; yet the Lord was graciously pleased to restore her soul, applying these words:

'Thy warfare shall in triumph end;
With thee it shall go well.'

The last verse she quoted was, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,' &c. This was about a week before her end; and on Sunday evening her sister asked her how she felt in her mind? She said, 'Calm,' and thus quietly passed away the next morning."

A. B.

JOHN HIND.—On April 22, 1893, aged 80 years, John Hind, of Elyria Lorain, co. Ohio, U.S.A.

He was born at Leicester, England, Sept. 26, 1812, attending school until his 13th year, when he was apprenticed to the cabinet trade for seven years. In the spring of 1847, he with his wife and two boys emigrated to this country, and settled in Avon Lorain, co. Ohio, where he remained for two years. In 1849 he removed to Sugar Ridge, Ridgeville. During the summer of 1850 he lost his eldest son, and in after years his beloved wife entered into rest.

In 1870 he took up his home permanently in Elyria Lorain, co. Ohio, where, with the exception of few and short periods, he has since resided.

He was a constant reader of the "G.S." for very many years, and looked forward to its coming, on the first of each month, with that earnestness which is only obtained by the heart's deepest desire.

His character has been such that none could complain, being satisfied with his humble walk and conversation. Faith in Christ Jesus and his saving power was a doctrine he persistently embraced.

He suffered extreme pain, at times, for many months, but always with great patience, and would repeat, "Come, Jesus, come;" "Take me home, O Lord." "Dear Jesus, how long is this to last?" and would often take my hand in his own, saying, "My dear boy, it won't be long now." On the 18th of April he desired to see the doctor again, feeling sure he should not live until morning; but he lingered until Saturday, the 22nd, when, at 1.30 p.m., he passed away quietly and peacefully, after an illness of great pain and suffering.

S. H.

SARAH CHURCH.—On July 13, 1893, aged 57, after ten days' illness, and just seven years after her husband was buried, Sarah Church, of King's Cross.

She was a woman of few words, but of a meek and quiet spirit beyond most. If, however, acts of love and kindness to any or all, especially the aged, who feared God, have a voice, then her life testified loudly, to the utmost of her ability, the sincerity of her heart. Four days before her end, she desired Mr. Taylor's sermon (July "G.S.") to be read, and seemed to enjoy it. In reply to a question, she said she felt she *had* experienced a change from her vain youthful life, but she was too

weak to speak much. Later, she said she did not feel the demonstrative assurance she wanted to feel, and, in reply to a question as to her feelings at leaving her numerous family, said, "That is a hard question." Although sensible to the last, her prostration was too extreme to admit of her speaking much. She had previously referred to a sermon by Mr. Hobbs, which she had felt much power in reading, also some verses on "Divine Guidance." When health and circumstances permitted, she always desired to be in her place in the House of God, both at Gower Street and Zoar, where she was apt to hear though slow to speak. Those who knew her most feel most assured of her having "made a good end," though unable to testify of the same as could have been desired had the Lord been pleased to open her mouth. C. J.

ELIZA ALMOND.—On July 25, 1893, at Oakham, Eliza Almond, aged 61 years.

She had been declining for several months, and she experienced *much* suffering in the latter part of her illness, which she was enabled to bear very patiently. She had for about 15 years boarded and lodged the ministers on the part of the church, and they would all testify to the kind and cheerful way in which she considered their comforts; and some of them have said they believed she did it from love to the cause of Christ. She had a deep conviction of her state as a sinner many years since, but she was always backward to speak of her exercises, and the duties of her position kept her from much intercourse with the Lord's people. She was relieved, in the early work upon her soul, from deep distress, by the application of Isaiah lxiii. 5, and she could name some stones of help by the way in times of need. To a friend who called when her affliction had become very heavy, she said, "The hand of God is upon me." A few words being said in answer, that it is Fatherly chastisement, and some remarks of the fruits of such, she said, in a tender, broken manner, "*It is not in anger.* I feel it is not." Hymns 274 and 275 were sweet to her, and one morning she said to a friend that hymn 173, verse 5, was on her mind:

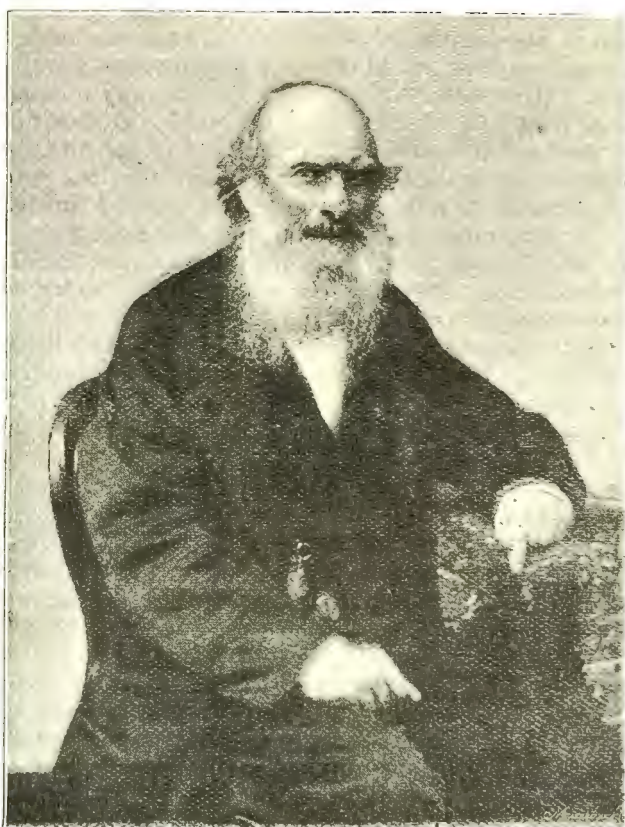
"Apace the solemn hour draws nigh," &c.

On the last Lord's day evening, when in much suffering, she said, in answer to a friend, that she had a little help from the words, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee," &c.; and from the last intimation that she was able to give, it was evident that the Lord fulfilled his Word to her soul. She said in her illness, she hoped there would be a comfortable home for the ministers. They feel their loss; and for ourselves as a people, I may say, as is often the case, we are more conscious of our loss now she is gone than we were whilst she was here, serving the Church of God. Mr. Dennett interred the remains of our friend in the cemetery here, on the 28th, and the service and his remarks at the grave were solemn and suitable, both in reference to the departed, and in addressing those present. A. F. B.

THE
GOSPEL STANDARD.

DECEMBER, 1893.

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



JOHN GADSBY.

THE BIRTH, EARLY LIFE, CALL BY GRACE,
AFTER LIFE AND EXPERIENCE, ILLNESS,
LAST DAYS, DEATH, AND FUNERAL OF
MR. JOHN GADSBY.

“It was the sun which shone on the 19th of November, in the year 1808, which first shone upon me, if, indeed, the sun were visible at all in Manchester on that day, a question exceedingly problematical, as my native town is not proverbial for sunshinings, especially on a November day.

“Like the rest of the human race, I was ‘shapen in iniquity and conceived in sin’ (Ps. li. 5); or, as the margin reads, *warmed* in sin. I was brought up, nourished, sustained in sin—in the *house* of sin. I was the *slave* of sin, just as those born in Abraham’s house were Abraham’s slaves. (Gen. xiv. 14; xv. 3.) Sin was my master. I ate and drank at his table, and obeyed his commands. I was ‘under’ him (Rom. iii. 9); and not under him merely as a hired servant, at liberty to leave his service upon giving due notice to quit, but I was ‘concluded’ under him (Gal. iii. 22), under him for ever, unless a Redeemer could be found. I had, by my own ‘act and deed,’ ‘sealed and delivered’ the conveyance, or compact; and, so far as any power of my own could aid me, had no means of escape from its covenants or their consequences. As with Paul, so with me. I was ‘sold under sin,’ and gave proof that in my flesh dwelt no good thing. (Rom. iii. 14-18.) I had sold myself by my iniquities. (Isa. l. 1.) Ahab sold himself to work wickedness, but he could not, like Paul, and as, I trust, I have been enabled to say, in his inner man he delighted in the law of God. I was not only born in sin, and compelled to remain in sin’s service until I became of age, as it were; but I sold myself to him when I arrived at maturity, and did his work more readily after that than I had done while in my minority. Just as was the case with the Israelites: A man might sell himself into slavery if he pleased; and though at the end of every seventh year he and all the other slaves could, by the law of Moses, claim their liberty, yet if any said they loved their masters, and would not go free, then they were bound to their masters during the term of their natural lives. They were ‘concluded’ under them. Such must, however, be a voluntary act on the part of the slave. And so it was with me. I was Satan’s slave, and loved his service well; so well, that it was my delight to remain

with him and obey him in most things ; and I should have lived and died in his service had not an almighty arm rescued me.

“ All this time I was tolerably regular in my attendance at a place of worship, and almost everybody thought I was a very steady young man ; but my master did not trouble about this. Satan has no objection whatever to his slaves attending church or chapel. He is quite willing, too, that they should be, as I sometimes was, liberal and charitable, and, indeed, sometimes even urges them to be so, as it serves to quiet conscience ; but they are slaves—merely whitened sepulchres, all the time.

“ Satan tried hard to make Christ sin ; the Jews tried still harder, if possible ; but all failed. He knew no sin ; he *knew* none, therefore could not fall into it. No sin was in him. Sin was laid upon him, but it was not in him.

“ Solomon says there is ‘ a time to be born and a time to die ! ’ Is it not strange that he does not say, ‘ And a time to live ? ’ He might imply that there hardly is a time to live ; our lives are so short. Sin made Adam try to hide himself from his Maker, and a consciousness of sin causes us to do the like, until we see that there is forgiveness with God ; and then, O how glad we are to throw ourselves upon his mercy ! I have heard men speak of ‘ so small a sin ruining the world.’ Did Adam think it was a small sin ? No, truly, or he would not have hidden himself. But, in truth, no violation of God’s commands can rightly be called a little sin.

“ There were some things, however, which my master never succeeded in compelling me to do ; such as to throw myself into what are called the grosser sins of human nature. And this in later years often filled me with wonder, even after my eyes were opened to see the state I was in as a sinner before God ; for never, perhaps, was youth more exposed to temptations or who had more opportunities to fall in with the temptations than I had. But when light shone into my soul, then I understood it all, and was enabled to say, in this as in other respects, ‘ By the grace of God I am what I am.’ The most fascinating scenes were *often* placed before my eyes ; the delights of the sins to which I am referring were not only by Satan, but also by my sinful companions, vividly portrayed ; but fearful as were the forces employed against me—persuasions, allurings, jeerings—so far from being drawn or impelled onwards, I more and more recoiled from them ; not because I felt that the sins were sins

against a holy God—such a thought rarely entered into my head—but because I dreaded the *consequences*, not only having read of such consequences, but having seen them in some of my companions. O what a black page I could write here! What a mercy that either reading, or seeing, or anything, was made the means by God, in his providence, of restraining me! The singing-club, the card-table, the theatre, betting on horse-races, dancing-booths and the like at fairs, were my delight; while, for the amusement of my companions, I gloried, not only in singing foolish comic songs, but in forging ridiculous lies, and confirming them with the most awful oaths.

“Well do I remember, on one occasion, in the singing-gallery of my late dear father’s chapel, using a most awful oath. One of the congregation who stood by corrected me, when I exclaimed, “I’ll be — if ever I swore in my life!” My face burns while I record the fact. O if the Lord had taken me at my word! Some friend, I never knew who it was, reported the matter to my father, and he was the means of making me feel so ashamed of myself that from that day to this I believe a profane oath has never polluted my lips. Many times afterwards did one quiver on my tongue, but it never escaped; and, I repeat, into the grosser sins, as they are called, of human nature, I was never left to fall. This I write, as though with my dying pen, Aug. 11th, 1876. O the restraining and preventing mercy of God!

“At one time I had free admission to the Surrey Theatre, London, and went two or three times a week; now I am kept from having the slightest desire to visit one at all. I have sometimes, when on board steamers, or staying at hotels, been thrown unavoidably into the company of ‘gentlemen’ playing at cards, but have never had any temptation to ‘take a hand.’ And as for betting, I look upon it as persons hoping to defraud each other. There is a good old English maxim, ‘He that bets and is *not* sure to win is a fool; and he that bets and *is* sure to win is a knave.’

“If, for some time past, one passage of Scripture has been more than another on my mind, it is this: ‘Who maketh thee to differ from another?’ And again I from my very soul exclaim, O the restraining and preventing mercy of God!

“I once heard a minister ask this question, ‘Do you who are older in the divine life feel the plague or evils of your hearts as you did when you were younger?’ Alas! alas! How little could he know of his own heart! For I am per-

suaded that no sooner is a man manifestively rescued by divine grace from the hands of Satan than his old master attacks him with double fury; and the longer he lives the more he feels of his innate vileness. At any rate, if this be not the fact, then I am quite out of the secret; for I confess, to my shame, that I have often felt a stronger desire to do my old master's fulsome work since I was made free than I ever did while I was under his yoke, though the very thought of doing that work is now most horrifying to my mind. And I am sure I am not alone in this; for the late Mr. Philpot proved the same in his own experience. He says,

'I remember when I, who do not even remember to have heard a blasphemy in my youth, much less to have uttered one, heard rushing through my soul an infinite number of curses and blasphemies against the most high God, till I put my hand to my mouth lest they should be uttered, and I cried to God that he would save me from them.'

"And what says Job? What says Paul? What says every true Christian?"

"I have sometimes thought if I had been equally powerfully tempted in my young days I should have fallen under the power of the temptation. But this is limiting the Holy One of Israel. I believe his eye was as much upon me then as it is now. There was the same restraining power then as there is now, though I was not then sensible of it. Hitherto, with every temptation of the kind referred to, the Lord has made a way for my escape.

"Nor is the power of temptation felt only as to the common and grosser sins of human nature; but the enemy will often, too often, alas! inject his poison of a more deadly and hateful nature still. Well do I remember that while on my bed of sickness, in June, 1864, after my return from Mount Sinai and Jerusalem, having been at the latter place attacked with dysentery, &c., I had so fierce a battle with infidelity that I never had the like before: 'Now you have been over the whole ground; you have crossed the dreary desert; you have seen the Red Sea; you have three times visited Jerusalem. How *could* the host of 600,000 Israelites, besides women and children and a mixed multitude, with their cattle, have been supported in that desert? How *could* they cross the Red Sea? How *could* Jerusalem have ever been so sublime a place as is described in the Bible?' and so on. I had a sore trial for some hours. At last I was enabled to answer the first proposition as I have recorded it in my 'Visit to Sinai,' which answer was

the result of and written after my conflict. As to the Red Sea, if no miracle were performed, why is so much said and sung, as in the Psalms, about it? It were worse than a cheat if the people crossed, as our moderns would have us to believe, where it was only knee deep. And as to Jerusalem, I was soon set at rest; for comparatively modern history, as in the time of the Romans, confirms the whole. And, moreover, I may now add that the Palestine Explorations have confirmed it still more.

“My mind being set at rest on these points, I was attacked on a yet more vital point: ‘How do you know there is a God at all?’ But it was by no means the first time I had been thus assailed, and my mind set at happy rest. If there be no God, there could be no universe. If there were no great Uncreate, there could have been nothing created. And I was moreover able to give the answer that John Marrant gave to the king of the Cherokees. When asked by the king where God was, as he could not see him—‘I feel him,’ said John. ‘And I have felt him in his *Law*, I have felt him in his *threatenings*, I have felt him in his *judgments*; and I trust I have felt him in his *Gospel*, in his *promises*, and in his *pardoning love and mercy*.’

“Temptations on this point are the most painful of all. The corruptions of our nature, though sorely distressing, we may often be enabled to set aside, as it were, as being revolting to even our ordinary senses; but these, on the being of a God, I have sometimes felt to make me tremble on my very seat. To cast aside such thoughts, I have sometimes taken up the paper, not only to read the news of the day, but to look over the police reports, in hope of meeting with something sensational, or even horrid, or anything which could divert my mind from so harassing a subject. But these carnal means are of no avail. Sometimes I have been delivered by the blessed Spirit bringing to my remembrance the days of old—what I once was, and what I have been now made, and sometimes by melting me down with, ‘Thou shalt remember all the way,’ or some other sweet passage of Scripture, applying it to my heart in a way beyond the power of anything and everything human. Now, how is this, I have sometimes thought, that I should be thus tempted now more than I was in my younger days? for the power of temptation seems to increase with my years. And as with me, so with others, as I have said. It is to show us what is in our hearts, as it was with Hezekiah. ‘God left him, to try him, that he might know all that was in his heart;’ that is, that *Heze-*

kiah might know what was in his heart—in his *own* heart; not that God might know, for he knew already (John ii. 25), but that Hezekiah might know something of his weakness when left to his own heart. See also Deut. viii. 2: ‘To know what was in thy heart’—‘that *thou* mightest know what is in thy heart.’ And when we see this, we are in a great measure preserved from self-confidence, and constrained to cry for restraining and withholding grace, feeling that we need divine power to uphold us now as much as in our earlier days. Christ was tempted of the devil, but he did not *fall into* the temptation. What harm can a flame do if it fall into water? So it was with Christ; but with us it is too often like a flame falling into oil, or a spark into gunpowder. ‘Lead us not *into* temptation;’ ‘Watch and pray, lest ye enter *into* temptation;’ that is, lest ye fall in with the temptation. To be tempted is not a sin, but to cherish temptation is. Satan may tempt us not to pray, seeing that sometimes we feel as if it would be a sin to pray, when looking at our own hearts; but the sin is when we listen to the temptation, and cease from crying against it.

“Notwithstanding all that I have said, I must add that I never remember the time when I was able to sin without some qualms of conscience; not exactly, as I have said, because I felt I was sinning against God, but because my education had taught me that it was wrong; but I always brushed those qualms aside as an elephant brushes aside the canes which are in his way in a jungle. And even here I see the restraining power of God.”

“I am not now, nor have I been for some time, in the enjoyment of those almost ecstatic feelings I realized when writing ten years ago. I seem to lack powerful testimonies within. I am not ignorant of the cause. I am persuaded, as I have more than once said, if a child of God, from temporal prosperity, from a sense of natural gifts above others, or from any other cause, becomes lifted up with pride and self-importance, the Lord will send upon him some affliction, or suffer him to fall into some calamity which will cause him to go with broken bones and an aching breast the remainder of his days. Still, I feel something like a ship at anchor outside a port, waiting for the tide to take it in. O those precious words, ‘There is forgiveness with thee!’ How many times they have been the means of my support when cast down through my un-

belief and on account of my many failings, internal and external.

“We often wonder what Bible saint those persons are like who say they never have a doubt or fear. Nay, we are bound to say they are altogether out of the category of Bible saints, and cannot, boast as they may, know anything of the sweetness of the precious promises and ‘Fear nots,’ when applied to the hearts of the Fearing. We believe, nay, are sure, that even to this day God does sometimes, in his providence, bring things to pass, in answer to his own Spirit-indited prayer, as *conspicuously* to the satisfaction of his people as the fleece was to Gideon; yet we are equally sure it is wrong always to be looking for visible signs. The Lord can make ‘the still small voice’ in the soul as confirmatory as if he worked an outward miracle. More than that; we believe a sweetness may be left on the soul which an outward miracle would not produce. We may be different to some others, but we can truly say we never ask the Lord to give us any *outward* sign. We want his *inward* voice; and that has many times, in trials, in afflictions, given us a peace and an assurance of deliverance temporally and victory spiritually which we firmly believe were not exceeded in the case of Gideon.”

Mr. John Gadsby, whose decease we announced in a few words on the wrapper of the “Gospel Standard” for November, and whose portrait we have given in the present issue, and who departed this life Oct. 12th, 1893, in the 85th year of his age, was, as is well known, the son of Mr. William Gadsby, who was for many years the minister of the church of Christ in Rochdale Road Chapel, Manchester, and around whose name there still hangs a sweet fragrance. “The memory of the just is blessed.” God greatly honoured him in his ministry; his labours were abundant, and his praise is still in the churches, and for many reasons his name will doubtless be handed down to generations yet to come.

Mr. John Gadsby, who finished his earthly course at Brighton on the above date, was well known as the author of “My Wanderings,” and other works of Biblical and Oriental travel. He was a man of no mean parts and attainments. His life was most interesting and useful, some of his works being of that nature that they will speak for their author in future generations.

When we wrote the notice for the wrapper of the

“G. S.” for November, we were not aware of the decision which had been arrived at respecting publishing the funeral ceremony, and the services connected with it, in the “C. M. R.,” and not in the “G. S.” This, however, was thought by Mrs. Gadsby, and those more immediately connected, to be the best way.

We have given extracts from some of the works of Mr. J. Gadsby, as we thought our readers would prefer to read from Mr. Gadsby's own pen an account of himself, expressed in his own language and in his own style, both before and after grace took possession of his heart, which we must say commends itself much to us, and reads like a true work of God, carrying upon the very face of it the stamp of the Holy Ghost's gracious and merciful operations. God's work begun, is carried on and perfected. Our dear friend's religion was such as “endureth to the end.” He was no changeling. You do not find him in his writings drifting about, first from one thing and then to another. For a number of years together, you will find that his religion and his people were the same, without the slightest change. The old beaten path, and the same truths, held and preached by his dear father, were those which were dear to him all through life to its close.

His exceeding kindness to the poor of God's people for a number of years, in such a variety of ways, and that, we believe, for Christ's sake, is by no means trifling as evidence that he was prompted by no mere love of applause, but as flowing from principles far higher and purer in their nature. We know that he has been accused of being influenced by unworthy motives in the bestowment of his goods; but we believe that nothing could be more unfounded, nor could the accusers know anything really of the person they thus accused. Not many men, perhaps, have received more ingratitude for their kindness than Mr. Gadsby; but nothing of this kind could stay his hand, for it was kept open to the very last, as events will show. We well remember his saying to us, on one occasion, “that, comparatively speaking, he knew but little of trouble till he began to give away his goods as liberally as the Lord had enabled him, and he had had but little peace since;” but this, while it is a fact, is sad to relate. We were reminded of a saying of dear Martin Luther, which we had read some years ago, and with which, when we had repeated, he was much pleased. It was to this effect; Luther, addressing his learned brethren, said, “My dear doctors, we must, by God's grace, try in every

possible way to do all the good we can, and then not expect to be kissed and caressed, but well kicked and clouted." "Ah!" said our friend, as he smiled: "Yes, yes; that's it, that's it." This may and does seem hard to flesh and blood, but no child of God can get well through a world like this without a few kicks and clouts; but no amount of this sort of thing will be permitted to kick or clout him out of the covenant. This is our mercy. Our dear friend, like every heir of grace, as he came up from the wilderness and passed into the kingdom, entered it "through much tribulation." The desert is, however, passed, and Canaan, "the glory of all lands," is well reached, to go no more out. "The wicked cease from troubling, and the weary is at rest"—sweet, sweet rest.

We venture to think that no unprejudiced person could have been present on the occasion of the funeral, and witnessed the scene which presented itself on that day, when the spacious building, Rochdale Road Chapel, was filled by an assembly consisting of many hundreds of God's dear people, with their ministers, for several miles round, as well as from a greater distance—expressing by their presence and appearance the greatest interest during a service which lasted about two hours—without coming to the conclusion that our deceased friend was held in the highest esteem and affection. Their demeanour was that of loving friends come to witness one who was dear to them, comfortably laid in his last resting place. William Gadsby, of sweet and blessed memory, and his dear son John, rest near together, and will sweetly sleep on till the great morning of the resurrection, when the voice of the archangel and the trump of God shall awake them out of their sleep, shall change their vile bodies, and fashion them like unto the glorious body of Jesus, their Lord, to shine in that likeness for ever and ever.

The church of God has lost one of her oldest pillars, and one of her best supporters. His gifts to the Societies in connection with the "G. S." alone would make such a sum as few people have little idea of, to say nothing of his kindness to God's poor people in a variety of ways, which people know nothing whatever about. The recipients only are in the secret.

It is now about sixty years since he first mentioned to his father the idea of bringing out the "Gospel Standard"—a magazine to be issued monthly, and of which his honoured father was the first editor. Its success as to its

circulation, and the blessing of God resting upon it, as thousands can testify, and its existence being sustained for so many years, notwithstanding the opposition which such a work must necessarily experience, is abundant proof that the magazine had a divine Originator, and that Mr. John Gadsby and his father were the instruments that God made choice of to bring it into actual being. Mr. Gadsby was favoured to witness its jubilee in London a few years since, when such a gathering of people from all parts of the country were present at the services as was never before witnessed, and as never before in our history took place among our people in any part of the kingdom. And a wonderful day it was, as those who were present could testify—a day of the blessing of God, and in such a gracious measure that they could not conceal it in their looks nor refrain from speaking about it; and to this day they do so. We perfectly remember the appearance of that vast assembly, how like sheep in a good pasture they appeared to be filled with peacefulness and contentment. This was a high day with Mr. Gadsby—yes, and with a host of others. He had previously been doing business in deep waters and under cloudy skies; but the sun shone out again in its full strength, the troubled seas were again calmed, and he saw the prospect of brighter and better days. What Judah said to Joseph about his father's life being bound up in the lad's life, will, I am sure, well apply to our departed friend and his dear "Gospel Standard;" the lives and prosperity of the two were so wonderfully entwined that the life of the one seemed indeed to be bound up in the life of the other; and even up to the very last he showed the same earnest and affectionate concern in its welfare.

One thing is quite certain, the cause of God has sustained a great loss—how great, we cannot at present say; but God, who gave to his cause and people so great a gift, has continued him to us for a great number of years, and used him for his own glory and his people's good, both in his gifts and in his goods. He has been enabled, by God's grace, to spend himself, to his latest strength, in the interest of those things and of that people and cause that were dearer to him than his life. His own pen, in his own writings, precludes the idea that he thought himself free from infirmities. He was no self-righteous man, but has made wonderful confessions, and laid himself down to the very lowest, and to a much greater extent, we believe, than very many persons have anything like grace

enough to do. His confessions of sin and backslidings, written by his own hand, speak clearly enough for the grace which God gave him, and by which alone he was enabled to unbosom himself before both God and man. We are certain that he himself would be quite ready to say to friend and foe, "Copy not my example where it will not bear imitation; and that which you have seen in me that is not consistent with the truth and Spirit of Christ, forgive, but do not imitate."

Brethren, let us look into our own bosoms, and when we can find nothing to complain of there, then may we commence our complaints of others. If we see ourselves as he many times saw himself, we shall put our hands upon our mouth, and say, "Behold, I am vile; *what shall I answer thee?*" Like him, we shall be glad to know and feel the blessedness of the fact in which he himself delighted: "But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared." If God were strict to mark but one sin among a thousand, where would the best of men be found? To those who are made as sensible of themselves as Mr. Gadsby, the answer is quickly found: Hell, a thousand times over, must be our portion. But God, who is rich in mercy, forgives ten thousand times ten thousand times over, to the praise of the glory of his grace. That which we see in the best of men, which is unlike the great pattern which shines in our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, we may not copy, but shun; while that which we see in others, which is like him in doctrine and practice, may we have grace given us to imitate, and we shall do well. Brethren, pray for us.

We come now to the close. At the commencement of the month of October Mr. Gadsby was taken very much worse; and later on the nature of the disease was such as greatly to reduce his strength and cause alarm. As he lay prostrate and exhausted, his dear wife saw, as she thought, visible signs of much meekness, quietness, and submission in his spirit, and said to him, "I am sure, my dear, that the everlasting arms are underneath you." He said, with much meaning, "They are! they are!" At another time he said, in a whisper, "Bible, Bible." His wife understood him to mean "Fetch the Bible," which she did, and turned to the 46th Psalm, being a favourite of his. She read on to the fourth verse, "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God." He said,

“Yes, yes, a river; that is it—a full river.” And on the following day he said, “Let me see the King in his beauty.” On another occasion he was asked by one of the attendants who waited upon him, “if there had been anything brought to his mind?” He said, “Yes,—

‘His love in times past forbids 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 help me quite through.’”

And hence, when the period arrived for God’s dear servant to finish his course, having “fought a good fight, and kept the faith,” he gave up the ghost, being old and full of days, and was gathered unto his fathers. “Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.”

When I received a card, stating that “Dear father quietly passed away at 7.30 this morning, October 12th,” these words instantly came to my mind: “Absent from the body, present with the Lord;” and “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.” I believed it was so. I was glad of the words; they were a comfort to me.

I wrote to dear Mrs. Gadsby, telling her of the portions which I believed the Lord had brought to my mind, hoping that they might be a comfort to her. I pray the Lord to sanctify the great loss which she has been called to experience. I am sure our dear friends, with myself, very deeply appreciate the kindness of God to our late dear friend, in giving to him, in the person of his wife, such a kind and patient friend—so constant, faithful, affectionate, and unwearied in her attention throughout the whole of his affliction. The Lord graciously remember and bless the widow and her fatherless son. Give her to realize the blessedness of God, her Maker, the Lord of Hosts, being her husband. And may the Lord in mercy reveal himself as the God of the fatherless, and let his father’s God be his, and make him as good and useful a man, and as great a blessing to the cause of God as his late dear father.—Amen and Amen.—*Ed.*

A GRATEFUL AND AN AFFECTIONATE TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE MR. J. GADSBY BY AN OLD AND LONG-TRIED FRIEND.

It is now upwards of fifty years since I first became acquainted with our dear departed friend, Mr. John Gadsby, and which was to me in a way and manner never to be forgotten.

When I first commenced business, in the year 1842, I had only a very small capital to begin with. I then engaged to do certain works for a person, amounting to £150; but as soon as I completed the work my employer failed and was completely insolvent. I then could not see any way of paying my debts. This brought me into great distress of soul, and caused me to be so situated that I could not comfortably attend a place of worship on the Sabbath Day, being so reduced in my circumstances that I had only one threadbare coat to put on. I had not then ever heard the truth fully and clearly preached, as I have done ever since, yet I hope the fear of God was in my heart at the time, having sat under the ministry of a Scotch gentleman a few years previous, who preached in his own hired house at Waterloo, when there was no other place of worship anywhere near. But during my distressed state, as above, I could see no way of escape from my difficulties; I cried mightily to the Lord, that he would appear for me, and send deliverance in some way or other; and, strange to say, during this time my father-in-law had been on a visit to Preston, and brought therefrom a "Gospel Standard" and one of Gadsby's Hymn Books, which I had never seen or heard of before; and O! how did my thirsty soul drink in the refreshing streams contained therein; and my little room at home, on the Sabbath Day especially, with my little family around me, was a real Bethel indeed! Never had I experienced anything like it before, and, I may say, never to the same extent since, for I was then brought *fully* into that experience of Ber-ridge's, when he says,

"I fell into his sea outright,
And lost myself in Jesus quite."

While I was in this state of experience, a young man that knew nothing of the state of my affairs, came and said to me, "Mr. Knight, I have £100 in my box. Will you take it and make use of it for me?" This I readily accepted in answer to prayer.

I have merely named my own experience to show how specially the Lord had raised him (Mr. Gadsby) up to commence the "Gospel Standard," which, in after years, was not only made such a blessing to me, but also to many others throughout the land, and which will never be fully known till we join the ransomed throng above, where we now believe our dear departed friend is gone, to sing the everlasting song, "Hallelujah to God and the Lamb."

I would now mention the special benefit he has been made to the poor of the Lord's flock. I well recollect, many years ago, how he encouraged his daughter (the late Mrs. Gee) to collect a thousand pounds for the benefit of the poor connected with the "Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society," besides many other ways assisting them; and again, the present "Aid and Poor Relief Societies," which he formed and so largely contributed to. How many have we known, both ministers and people, that have blessed God for the relief they have received all through his instrumentality in this respect. Is it not written, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor?"—and I have heard of the poor of the Lord's family, both ministers and people, while lying on their sick beds, raising their *hands and hearts* in gratitude to God for the relief they have received from these societies.

Look again at his firmness for the truth in its purity, both in doctrine, practice, and experience; while many I have known during my pilgrimage have softened down these blessed truths in their preaching, and turned into forbidden paths, and gone after forbidden objects. The wise man says, "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." It is one of the best sights in an old disciple, to see silver hairs adorned with golden virtues.

JAMES KNIGHT.

TO THE SPIRITUAL READERS OF THE "GOSPEL STANDARD."

Dear Brethren and Sisters in the Lord,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you. Amen.

We, the readers and lovers of the "Gospel Standard," have sustained a great loss in the removal by death of our dear friend, Mr. Gadsby, of Brighton, who blessedly and peacefully passed away on October 12th, 1893, from all that is mortal in this world to those immortal joys and to that eternal weight of glory, where peace and love for ever reign. We suppose that it is generally known that Mr. Gadsby was the originator and the publisher of our excellent monthly magazine, the "Gospel Standard," which commenced its prosperous career amongst the lovers of truth as far back as the year 1835; and perhaps no periodical advocating the doctrines of divine grace in these modern times has met with greater success in the church of God, or has been made a greater spiritual bless-

ing to the Lord's chosen family than the "Gospel Standard," which is a fact not to be gainsaid by any competent judge, and therefore it should fill our hearts with praise and thanksgiving to the great GIVER of all our mercies.

We sincerely hope, then, that the death of its founder and supporter will not in the future tell against its usefulness amongst the Lord's people, or that the deep interest the numerous readers have manifested should become lukewarm, and fade away. We, who have received much spiritual benefit from its pages, crave for it a continuation of those rich blessings from on high, and the Lord's continued approbation in the future, which have marked its progress in the past; and we hope that, in this solemn bereavement, and grief, and sorrow, the lovers and readers generally of the "G.S." will rally round our esteemed Editor to encourage him in the great work he is engaged in, and we hope they will use every lawful means to assist its sale amongst the churches of truth, and that the divine blessing may attend their every effort, and the spiritual consolations of Israel be abundantly made manifest in the hearts of those that are heirs of God and joint-heirs with his Son Jesus Christ.

We cannot help saying, with very grateful feelings, that the good hand of the Lord has been stretched out on the behalf of the "G.S." from its earliest commencement; and we believe that when our late dear friend, Mr. John Gadsby, launched this monthly magazine upon the ocean of time, he was carrying out the eternal purpose of Jehovah, and thus became the honoured instrument in the Lord's hands of much spiritual good to the church of God in the past, the present, and we hope, too, in time to come. And did not the Eternal God display infinite wisdom when he raised up and made choice of Mr. J. Gadsby to plan and to scheme such a valuable monthly oracle for the spiritual edification of his people on the earth? And was it not a marvellous display of infinite goodness to set the "Gospel Standard" afloat just at that special time when his godly father (the late Mr. William Gadsby) was so richly endowed with those gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit, as to enable him to take unto himself the spiritual management and the conducting of the magazine from its first number? And O, how ably he performed that labour of love, in conjunction, at the first outset, with his dear friend and brother, the late Mr. M'Kenzie, and then later on, in harmony and in spiritual union with the beloved Mr. Philpot, of most

blessed memory. And how abundantly the divine blessing rested upon the united labours of those godly men, whom we dare venture to say were specially raised up by God for the times in which they lived, and to be made signal blessings to the church of Christ! Those gracious men were not only pillars of the church militant in the wilderness, but they were stars of the highest magnitude. Their godly lives were such as to illuminate God's Zion with such golden hues of practical religion and godliness, that few equalled them, and none surpassed them in experimental teaching and preaching.

When, then, they began to unfold the mysteries of iniquity and the mysteries of godliness, as they had been taught them by the Spirit of truth in their own hearts, and so ably and clearly set them forth in the pages of the "Gospel Standard," what a revolution those deep things of God made in the churches of truth throughout the land, and also in the hearts of the tried and afflicted of God's people! Month by month, then, the "G. S." carried these wonderful tidings far and near, and the Lord continually bore testimony to the truth of his own word, as was constantly being published therein, by signs following. Many poor sinners who were sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death were brought into the light of the Glorious Gospel of God's Grace. Others of God's people, who were still dead in trespasses and sins, were pricked in their hearts by the Holy Spirit, and led to seek a "Shelter from the Wrath to Come."

Thus the "Gospel Standard," by God's appointment, fell into the hands of these and such like persons, and pointed them to a door of hope, and to the good Physician, where the precious balm of Gilead could be obtained without money and without price. Thus the "G. S." became a most blessed medium, through which the Lord communicated the rich consolations of his blessed Gospel into the hearts of many of his dear sorrowing children, and by which means a precious Christ has been made known to their souls.

Can we, then, with these facts before our eyes—yes, and in our hearts—think, or even speak lightly of our excellent magazine? for it was admitted by very many of the Lord's people, now in glory, that the Holy Spirit did most assuredly bless the reading of its spiritual matter to their souls; and there are many now living of the Lord's people who can and do testify to the truth of the same.

As, then, the God of all our many mercies did so clearly

begin our "Gospel Standard" by the instrumentality of our departed friend, Mr. John Gadsby, and did so abundantly bless it under the able editorship of his beloved father, who was the Great Apostle of the North, and most signally continued those showers of blessings throughout the whole range of dear Mr. Philpot's useful life and abundant labours as Editor, and, we may add, and onwards through the labours of other esteemed Editors, therefore we take encouragement from the past to believe that the Lord is still with our Spiritual Magazine, and making known from time to time through its pages the riches of his grace, and the comforts of his Holy Spirit in the hearts of his dear people. And what the good Lord has done in the past, and is doing *now*, so he is able to do the same in the future. "He rests in his love."

If, then, he has made known the riches of his grace in the hearts of his people through the medium of our "Gospel Standard" (and we are convinced he has done so), then we say he can do the same again and again; and judging from its wide circulation, the many spiritual favours that attend it, and the large pecuniary help derived from it for the poor saints, we cannot help saying at this special season, "Brethren and sisters in the Lord, help us." The Editor needs your united help and prayers. The committee of the "Gospel Standard Aid and Poor Relief Societies" greatly need the combined efforts, both spiritually and temporally, of all lovers of divine grace, in their labours of love which they have to perform for the good of the poor of the flock of slaughter.

And now, as our esteemed friend and liberal supporter to the "G. S." and the Societies is gathered home from our midst, we shall greatly miss his wise counsel, his burning zeal for the Lord's honour, glory, and his holy truth, his great liberality to the poor saints, and to suffering humanity generally. We are pleased to hear that the Lord the Spirit so graciously prepared him for the solemn change, and so sweetly blest him in his soul, so as to cause him to rest his soul upon the oath and promises of God, and long to die and depart hence, that he might "see the King in his beauty." O! blessed dismissal from this vale of tears, to that land of pure delight where all is joy, and peace, and love.

We have now no Mr. Gadsby at the helm of our little bark, the "G. S.," which is still floating on the ocean of time, and sometimes sailing in rough weather, and in deep waters, against wind and tide; but he that hath mercifully

stood by it nearly sixty years, and has kept it afloat for the good of his people, we humbly hope will not forsake the "Gospel Standard" now. And now, brethren and sisters in the Lord, we wish you every needful blessing, and, with Christian love, remain yours sincerely in the bonds of peace.

Leamington, October 27th, 1893.

E. FEAZEY.

LETTER TO THE LATE MR. J. GADSBY.

Stubbins, Manchester, Oct. 11th, 1893.

My dear old Friend, and I may add, *Father* in Israel,—Do forgive my long silence. I have been not only busy, but *very* busy for some time, or you would have seen a letter from me before now to sympathize, and also to rejoice with you. It must be hard to bear all these acute pains and continual complaints, especially when we consider what the weight of 84 years must be beside. "*Labour and sorrow,*" said Moses, in the 90th Psalm, doth fourscore years bring, and you prove it daily. Satan won't cease to harass; your heart will still plague; sin will still lift up its ugly head; old Adam, not one bit better than it was threescore years ago; and then, this sad affliction! "Fears are yet in the way, and your foes are strong and lively. But ah, friend, that is the painful part—the dark side of the question—and therein we would express our sympathy; but you know something of the rich, free mercy of our covenant God; you know how strong those arms are which he has laid beneath you, and the great love that you are not only interested in, but also *embraced* with. You know something of the preciousness of the Lord Jesus, and the sweetness of his word. One said, "*His mouth is most sweet.*" (Song v. 16.) And is it not a blessed, soul-cheering truth, to *know* and *feel* and *taste* that it has not lost any of its sweetness? and, blessed be God, it *never* will. And methinks what we hear of it in these dark lowlands of sin and sorrow, is only like the faint and feeble whisper in comparison to what it will be on the other side. Then we shall (O! I would hope even against hope, that even a poor worm like me will be there) hear it in all the glorious music with which heaven will be filled. And O! *wonder* of wonders! the once deserted and despised Man of Sorrows, but now the King Eternal, "*clothed in a body like our own,*" will be the cause of all the melody and song that will be heard there.

How sad and silent, yea, even solitary, so far as the saints are concerned, heaven would be without Christ! O! but *with* him, how full! how joyous! how grand! and soon, brother, with the victor's palm and the conqueror's crown, you too will be there. The desert, with all its dreariness, will be past; the wilderness, with its wants, and woes, and weariness, will have been travelled through; and Jordan also, with its cold waters, will have been felt, and sometimes they now are feared. Did I not err when I said *felt*? Perhaps I did; because we read, "*all the Israelites passed over on dry ground.*" (Joshua iii. 17.) Yes, I believe it would be as dry as the desert they had just passed through. As soon as ever the feet of the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord touched the water, all was dry; and so Jesus, the Great High Priest, paid the debt his people owed. He divided Jordan, like Elijah, with his mantle; yes, he gave death such a blow, when he cried, "It is finished," that it has never recovered and never will cover any of God's elect. The waters are divided "*hither and thither*" (2 Kings ii. 8); so, friend, you may *fear* the waves, but you won't *feel* them; your glorious Head felt them for you." He *conquered* when he *fell*." How nice Bunyan put it in his well-known book, when he said, "Be of good cheer, my brother; I feel the bottom, and it is good." So you will find it. The *atoning blood*, the *finished work*, the *matchless grace*, the *spotless robe*, the *sure promise*, and the *blessed presence* of your Lord, are sure to make "*the bottom good.*" No sinking, finally, with such a Saviour. O no; "Faithful is he that hath promised, who also will do it." But another object I have in writing is to tell you how greatly blest that sermon of your father's, in this month's "G. S.," was made to my soul on Monday, the 2nd inst., when I was in the train, returning from Bradford. O how I wept and praised the Lord! There was no one in the compartment but myself, and glad I am that it was so. I can truly say, "He being dead yet *preacheth*," at least it felt so to me. And yet I soon sank in a low place, "my wretched state to feel." But I do desire to bless God for raising up such a minister, and I desire to thank Mr. Coughtrey for putting it in the "Standard." Perhaps you remember Mr. Kershaw had a stone placed between his house and the chapel, in memory of your dear father, and, as he often said, to remind him of the faithfulness he possessed. The stone got broken awhile ago, but it is going to be replaced. I said, when I saw it, "As it will be 50 years in January

since he died, it would be very fitting to have it in by then." But I am trespassing. Do forgive me. The Lord himself bless you, and cheer you with his presence, in whom I hope ever to be found.

Faithfully yours in love,

W. WHITTAKER.

This letter was received after Mr. Gadsby had passed away.

ON THE PROCLAMATION OF PREDESTINATION.

It is incumbent on every faithful minister to tread in the steps of Christ and his apostles in reference to this all-important subject; nor is that minister a faithful one, faithful to Christ, to truth, and to souls, who keeps back any part of the counsel of God, and buries those doctrines in silence which he is commanded to preach upon the housetops. Austin, in his valuable treatise, effectually obviates the objections of those who are for burying the doctrine of predestination in silence. He shows that it ought to be publicly taught; describes the necessity and usefulness of preaching it; pointing out the manner of doing it to edification. And, since some persons have condemned Austin, by bell, book, and candle, for his steadfast attachment to, and nervous successful defences of, the decrees of God, let us hear what Luther, that great light in the Church, thought respecting the argument before us.

Erasmus—in most other respects a very excellent man—affected to think that it was of dangerous consequence to propagate the doctrine of predestination, either by preaching or writing. His words are these: "What can be more useless than to publish this paradox to the world—viz., that whatever we do is done, not by virtue of our own free will, but in a way of necessity, &c.? What a wide gap does the publication of this tenet open among men for the commission of all ungodliness! What wicked person will reform his life? Who will dare to believe himself a favourite of heaven? Who will fight against his own corrupt inclinations? Therefore, where is either the need or the utility of spreading these notions, whence so many evils seem to flow?"

To which Luther replies: "If, my Erasmus, you consider these paradoxes, as you term them, to be more than the inventions of men, why are you so extravagantly heated on the occasion? In that case, your arguments affect not me, for there is no person now living in the world who is a more avowed enemy to the doctrines of men than myself. But if you believe the doctrines in debate between us to be—as indeed they are—the doctrines of God, you must have bid adieu to all sense of shame and decency thus to oppose them. I will not ask, Whither is the modesty of Erasmus fled? but, which is much more important, Where, alas! are

your fear and reverence of the Deity, when you roundly declare that this branch of truth, which he has revealed from heaven, is, at best, useless and unnecessary to be known? What! shall the glorious Creator be taught by you, his creature, what is fit to be preached, and what to be suppressed? Is the adorable God so very defective in wisdom and prudence as not to know, till you instruct him, what would be useful and what pernicious? Or could not he, whose understanding is infinite, foresee previous to his revelation of this doctrine, what would be the consequences of his revealing it, until those consequences were pointed out by you? You cannot, you dare not, say this. If, then, it was the divine pleasure to make known these things in his word, and to bid his messengers publish them abroad, and leave the consequences of their so doing to the wisdom and providence of him in whose name they speak, and whose message they declare; who art thou, O Erasmus, that thou shouldst reply against God, and say to the Almighty, What doest thou? The apostle Paul, discoursing of God, declares peremptorily, 'Whom he will he hardeneth;' and again, 'What if God, willing to show his wrath, and to make his power known, endured with much longsuffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction?' &c. And the apostle did not write this to have it stifled among a few persons, and buried in a corner, but wrote it to the Christians at Rome, which was in effect bringing this doctrine upon the stage of the whole world, stamping an universal imprimatur upon it, and publishing it to believers at large throughout the earth.

"What can sound harsher in the uncircumcised ears of carnal men than those words of Christ, 'Many are called, but few are chosen?' and elsewhere, 'I know whom I have chosen?' Now these and similar assertions of Christ and his apostles are the very positions which you, O Erasmus, brand as useless and hurtful. You object, 'If these things are so, who will endeavour to amend his life?' I answer: Without the Holy Ghost, no man can amend his life to purpose. Reformation is but varnished hypocrisy, unless it proceed from grace. The elect and truly regenerate are amended by the Spirit of God, and those of mankind who are not amended by him will perish.

"You ask, moreover, 'Who will dare to believe himself a favourite of heaven?' I answer: It is not in man's own power to believe himself such upon just grounds until he is enabled from above. But the elect shall be so enabled; they shall believe themselves to be what indeed they are. As for the rest, who are not endued with faith, they shall perish, raging and blaspheming as you do now. 'But,' say you, 'these doctrines open a door to ungodliness.' I answer: Whatever door they may open to the impious and profane, yet they open a door of righteousness to the elect and holy, and show them the way to heaven, and the path of access unto God. Yet ye would have us abstain from the mention of these grand doctrines, and leave our people in the dark as to their election of God; the consequence of which would

be, that every man would bolster himself up with a delusive hope of a share in that salvation which is supposed to lie open to all; and thus genuine humility, and the practical fear of God, would be kicked out of doors. This would be a pretty way indeed of stopping up the gap Erasmus complains of! Instead of closing up the door of licentiousness, as is falsely pretended, it would be, in fact, opening a gulf into the nethermost hell. Still you urge, 'Where is either the necessity or the utility of preaching predestination?' God himself teaches it and commands us to teach it, and that is answer enough. We are not to arraign the Deity, and bring the motives of his will to the test of human scrutiny, but simply to revere both him and it. He who alone is all-wise and all-just, can in reality—however things appear to us—do wrong to no man, neither can he do anything unwisely or rashly. And this consideration will suffice to silence all the objections of truly religious persons. However, let us, for argument's sake, go a step farther. I will venture to assign, over and above, two very important reasons why these doctrines should be publicly taught :

"1. For the humiliation of our pride, and the manifestation of divine grace. God hath assuredly promised his favour to the truly humble. By truly humble I mean those who are endued with repentance, and despair of saving themselves; for a man can never be said to be really penitent and humble until he is made to know that his salvation is not suspended in any measure whatever on his own strength, machination, endeavours, free-will, or works, but entirely depends on the free pleasure, purpose, determination, and efficiency of another, even of God alone. Whilst a man is persuaded that he has it in his power to contribute anything, be it ever so little, to his own salvation, he remains in carnal confidence; he is not a self-despairer, and therefore he is not duly humbled before God; so far from it, that he hopes some favourable juncture or opportunity will offer, when he may be able to lend a helping hand to the business of his salvation. On the contrary, whoever is truly convinced that the whole work dependssingly and absolutely on the will of God, who alone is the author and finisher of salvation; such a person despairs of all self-assistance, he renounces his own will and his own strength, and he waits and prays for the operation of God—nor waits and prays in vain. For the elect's sake, therefore, these doctrines are to be preached, that the chosen of God, being humbled by the knowledge of his truths, self-emptied, and sunk as it were into nothing in his presence, may be saved in Christ with eternal glory. This, then, is one inducement to the publication of the doctrine, that the penitent may be made acquainted with the promise of grace, plead it in prayer to God, and receive it as their own.

"2. The nature of the Christian faith requires it. Faith has to do with things not seen. And this is one of the highest degrees of faith, steadfastly to believe that God is infinitely merciful, though

he saves, comparatively, but few, and also that he is strictly just in the condemnation of the ungodly. Now, these are some of the unseen things whereof faith is the evidence. Whereas, was it in my power to comprehend them, or clearly to make out how God is both inviolably just and infinitely merciful, notwithstanding the display of wrath and seeming inequality in his dispensations respecting the reprobate, faith would have little or nothing to do. But now, since these matters cannot be adequately comprehended by us in the present state of imperfection, there is room for the exercise of faith. The truths, therefore, respecting predestination in all its branches, should be taught and published; they, no less than the other mysteries of Christian doctrine, being proper objects of faith on the part of God's people."

With Luther the excellent Bucer agrees, particularly on Eph. i., where his words are, "There are some who affirm that election is not to be mentioned publicly to the people. But they judge wrongly. The blessings which God bestows on man are not to be suppressed, but insisted and enlarged upon; and if so, surely the blessing of predestination unto life, which is the greatest blessing of all, should not be passed over." And a little after he adds, "Take away the remembrance and consideration of our election, and then, good God! what weapons have we left us wherewith to resist the the temptations of Satan? As often as he assaults our faith—which he is frequently doing—we must constantly, and without delay, have recourse to our election in Christ as to a city of refuge. Meditation upon the Father's appointment of us to eternal life is the best antidote against the evil surmisings of doubtfulness and remaining unbelief. If we are entirely void of all hope and assurance respecting our interest in this capital privilege, what solid and comfortable expectation can we entertain of future blessedness? How can we look upon God as our gracious Father, and upon Christ as our unchangeable Redeemer? without which I see not how we can ever truly love God; and if we have no true love towards him, how can we yield acceptable obedience to him? Therefore those persons are not to be heard who would have the doctrine of election laid, as it were, asleep, and seldom or never make its appearance in the congregations of the faithful."

"WE PREACH CHRIST CRUCIFIED."

November 3rd, 1892.

My dear friend in the bonds of the gospel,—I thank you for your good letter, and the kind wishes expressed therein in remembrance of my birthday, and I trust, if spared, as you and many others hope I may be for many years to come, that it may be for the good and spiritual welfare of the church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood. Like Moses and David, I am amazed that either God or the people of God should think anything of me; and I have to say, as those two eminent servants

of God said, Who am I? By nature and by practice I was a sinner, without hope, and without God in the world, neither desiring God nor his salvation, and yet I trust he loved me even then, and quickened my soul, and called me with an effectual calling, and put a cry into my soul, and implanted his fear in my heart, and afterwards blessed me with much of his peace and presence, and kept my soul alive until now. Moreover I have a vivid and experimental knowledge and remembrance of how he made me a minister of the gospel, and called me to speak in his name, which was a work and a call separate and distinct from my call by grace. Moreover, God has confirmed this call to the work of the ministry, in the hearts and consciences of many witnesses, by blessing his word to hundreds of souls in various places where, in his providence, he has opened a door, and given me a door of utterance to speak in his sweet, holy, and adorable name to the children of his love. And being thus owned and honoured of God, and manifested to many saints as being his servant, and blessing his word to the calling and comforting of the sick, the sore, the deep in debt, the lost, and those who were ready to perish, this has stirred up jealousy and envy in the minds of many, who, to exalt themselves, would have pulled me down, and if possible, disparaged me in the eyes of those who love and highly esteem me for my work's sake. But it is a fruitless work for such to follow, for God hath, I trust, by his mighty power, and by his free Spirit and unmerited special grace, raised me, a poor beggar, out of the dust, and lifted me from my original filthy condition and position as a vile, wicked, sinner from the dunghill, and set me not only *with*, and in the *midst* of the princes of his people, but he has also put me into their hearts, which are the palaces and tabernacles in which dwell the living God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The knowledge of this makes me say, with good old Jacob, "I am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies;" and I feel that whatever God may have done by me, an unworthy instrument in the past, and whatever he may do through me in the future, I have nothing to glory in but free grace, the Lord Jesus Christ, and the blood of his cross; and very glad do I feel, when, through the power of God, I can experimentally glory there.

The incarnate mystery, the Son of God in our nature (sinless was and is his nature); in this, and in him, is all my hope and all my desire. And in the preaching of this grand, inconceivable mystery, attended with many secret prayers, has been all my success in the ministry. And to a crucified and glorified Christ, who hath all power in heaven and earth given to him, be all the honour, praise, and glory, both from those who have reached the sacred shores above, and those who are still on their spiritual voyage, in hope of reaching the land of pure delight; for not an atom of praise belongs to me. Therefore would I say to all, both here and elsewhere, who have been blessed through his precious and pure word from my sinful lips, Crown him! Crown him!

Crown him! not with thorns, but with praises; for Christ is Lord of all, being God from all eternity, and made man in time. (Gal. iv. 4.) O for more grace! for we are very poor without it. May God increase us in spiritual strength. The devil and the world are busy and strong against the real saints and servants of God, but neither shall prevail against those who hope in his mercy. My paper is full, and I have business to attend to, therefore say farewell.

Sincerely yours.

J. DENNETT.

TRUST IN GOD.

PSALM LXIII.

“O GOD, thou art my God,” to thee I cry,
 When in the wilderness all parched and dry;
 My soul still thirsts to drink of thy fresh streams;
 Mine eyes still long to catch thy gracious beams;
 To see thy power and glory as displayed
 To souls adoring, waiting undismayed
 Within thy Sanctuary—drawn by grace divine
 To that blessed place where thy veiled glories shine.
 In the Shekinah thou didst cause to dwell
 The glory, now, which in Immanuel,
 Remains undimmed to all eternity,
 The object of thy deep felicity.
 In him thou hast thy lovingkindness shown,
 And thy redeeming love made fully known
 To all thy chosen, by thy grace set free
 From Satan’s power, to serve and worship thee.
 Thy lovingkindness is to me more sweet
 Than life itself. To praise thee it is meet.
 With joyful lips I fain would sing thy praise,
 And satisfy my soul with thy rich grace.
 Even on my bed, when sleep mine eyelids flee,
 The memory of thy love is sweet to me;
 And meditating on its depth and height,
 The darkness is dispelled, and all is light.
 Dark, dark indeed may be my path in life,
 And bitter be its trials and its strife:
 Foes may be all around me, and within,
 The crafty enemy of in-bred sin—
 Under the shadow of thy wings I’ll rest,
 Nestling my soul upon thy loving breast;
 And though my enemies assail my soul,
 Their rage and power is under thy control.
 Sheltered in thee, they never can prevail
 Effectually to drag my soul to hell.
 I shall at last be more than conqueror
 Through him who loves me, and who broke the power
 Of sin, and Satan, and did triumph well

O'er every foe—The great Immanuel.
 They shall at last be utterly consumed,
 When, at the trump of God, from every tomb,
 The bodies of the saints shall rise again,
 To greet their Saviour, come his own to claim.
 Then shall the King himself rejoice in God;
 And every soul who trusted in his word
 Shall to the Lamb, through all eternity,
 Ascribe all glory, might and majesty.

C. FOWLER

GREEN PASTURES AND STILL WATERS.

7th August, 1822.

Beloved in the Lord,—“We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened” with manifold infirmities, arising from various sources, and producing many and various sensations in the mind; but it is a principle of divine life implanted in the soul that renders us capable of feeling. Those who are in their first-born state are dead in trespasses and sins, consequently they are total strangers to the many conflicts that we are called to endure; and therefore they can have no fellowship with a suffering disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. But, blessed be the Lord, there is such a thing as the communion of saints both in tribulation and consolation; and Paul, that eminent apostle, whose commission was to proclaim good tidings to us Gentiles, dwells sweetly upon this very subject in 2 Cor. i. In the third verse he begins by pointing us to the Fountain Head: “Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of *all* comfort.” He then descends to show the streams and the channels in which they flow. He was himself a partaker of the sufferings of Christ, and had a large share in the afflictions of the gospel; by which means he was fitted and qualified to encourage, comfort, and establish others in trouble, by the comfort wherewith he himself was comforted of God. And as those he wrote this epistle to were in suffering circumstances, he not only declares his steadfast hope of the safety of their state, but likewise his confidence; “Knowing (saith he) that as ye are partakers of the sufferings, *so* shall ye be also of the consolation.” From this consideration, my dear friend, we may gather much encouragement, for, “though now for a season, if need be, we are in heaviness through *manifold* temptations” or trials, yet all is for the trial of faith, that we may know the value of that precious grace, prove the reality of it, and feel its effects in bearing us up, and carrying us through the fiery trials that fall to our lot; for “Herein (saith the dear Redeemer) is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be (manifestly) my disciples.” There can be no fruit-bearing branch in the true Vine without real union to the life-giving root, and every such branch becomes more fruitful by

purging trials of one kind or another. Many there are who make a fair show in the flesh, and appear very verdant in their profession, but when the Lord of the vineyard comes, seeking fruit, the deception is exposed; "he finds nothing thereon, but leaves only." (Matt. xxi. 19) Thus it is often seen among those who make a flourishing outside appearance in religion for a time; they go smoothly on till the fiery trial, which "is to try every man's work of what sort it is," comes upon them (1 Cor. iii. 13, 14, 15); then they give up, draw back, are offended, wither, and die away. Not so the true disciple of Jesus Christ, in whose heart the incorruptible seed of eternal life is sown: "Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of first-fruits of his creatures," saith James; and Peter shows that such are "Born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which *liveth* and abideth for ever." (1 Pet. i. 23.) Thus we find that all fruitfulness springs from life, and is increased by the many purging dispensations which invariably attend the real Christian; and we are, my beloved friend, to encourage each other to exercise patience, hope, and faith, under every tribulation appointed for us; for, though "*many* are the afflictions of the righteous, the Lord delivereth him out of them all." Therefore, instead of grieving and complaining, we are exhorted to count it matter of joy; and we find that "the man that endureth temptation is blessed of God, for when he is tried, he *shall* receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him." It is "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and being in a low, dejected, and afflicted state of body and mind, I am obliged to send my friend a little of my morsel dipped in vinegar, if she can but relish it. However, this is not always the case; there are times and seasons when we exchange our sorrowful meat for royal dainties; when our table is furnished with better fare—"fat things full of marrow, and wines on the lees well refined;" the rich, sweet, soul-satisfying earnest and first-fruits of the future inheritance. The bitter herbs are sent to create an appetite, that we may thankfully receive the savoury meat our souls love to eat. We learn by going "*in and out*" the value of the green pastures David so sweetly sings of in the 23rd Psalm; and as his Lord is ours, the object of our adoration and delight, endeared to our souls by innumerable tokens of his sovereign love; so we can at certain seasons sing with him, "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: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake," &c. In this blessed portion of holy writ we have the pure language of strong, genuine faith; a fiducial, calm, resting in and upon the Lord, both for time and for eternity; an unshaken confidence, a steady reliance, and a firm persuasion of an assured supply of every need. It is the same theme, and in perfect unison with what he declares in the 84th Psalm: "The

Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give *grace and glory*: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly;" *i.e.*, those that love him, for that is an upright soul who loves the Lord. (Song i. 4.) "O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee!" When we get into a low, disconsolate frame of soul, surrounded with clouds and darkness; when faith is not in exercise, and we see not our signs and tokens for good; we cannot come up to the standard of the royal psalmist in his holy triumphs of faith. At such seasons the subtle enemy of our souls mingles his suggestions with our infirmities; and in order to render us more miserable, he will set David before us as a mirror of holiness, as a singular favourite of heaven, and the man after God's own heart, &c. But to aggravate our present trouble, he will draw a veil over all the imperfections of David's life, and then ask us "what claim we have to make, or what evidences we can show, that we are partakers of the faith of God's elect?" In like manner when we are in a bewildered, desolate state of soul, he will point us to some of our acquaintance, and insinuate how comfortably they walk, how cheerful they appear, and how happy their lives are when compared with our own; and to complete the whole, he brings in that cruel taunt, "Where is now your God of whom you have so often made your boast?" O what a bitter foe is Satan to a poor and needy soul in the dark and cloudy day! But, blessed be God, we are not altogether ignorant of his devices, neither shall we ever fall a prey to this roaring lion of the bottomless pit. How often in these perplexing situations doth the "Spirit of the Lord lift up the standard against him," by renewing our spiritual strength, by the powerful application of some precious and suitable promise, and by enabling us in the exercise of faith to attack him with the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God: "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me." (Micah vii. 8.)

You see, my dear friend, what an in-and-out way I take, in order to find out the present path you are in; and if my hap should be to fall into your track in this sheet, it may produce mutual fellowship, and prove profitable to us, agreeable to the wise man's words, "Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labour: for if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow," &c. (Eccl. iv. 9, 10.) On Thursday last I attended the funeral of my much-esteemed friend, Mrs. Over, and found it a profitable season, fully confirming the words of the Preacher, "It is *better* to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting: for that is the end of all men; and the living will lay it to his heart." In her I have lost a kind and generous friend; she was one but little known among the people, but I believe one that the Lord had set apart for himself, and one of the merciful disciples of Christ that are taken away from the evil to come. These bereaving providences are a voice to us who are advanced in years. Israel's last encampment in the wilder-

ness was at Shittim, near Jordan; their next remove carried them over into the land of promise. You and I, my dear friend, are now in the valley of Shittim. How long we are to stay or abide here, we know not; there is now a trembling in the camp, and ere long our earthly house of this tabernacle must come down. At the striking of every tent the watchword is given, "Be ye also ready;" therefore I hope we shall both be of that blessed number who are waiting for the coming of their Lord! Shittim signifies a place of thorns, or a thorny valley, being very descriptive of this evil world; and in this valley of Shittim will be our last encampment until we are called to pass through the river of death. We now feel the concomitants of our advanced stage of life as described in the last chapter of Ecclesiastes, and it will prove a source of consolation to consider and reflect upon the sweet promise (Joel iii. 18), which is so exactly suited to the point: "A fountain shall come forth of the house of the Lord, and shall water the valley of Shittim." In the death of Christ a "fountain was opened to the house of David (the household of faith) for sin and for uncleanness." His blood cleanseth from all sin: "and in that day (when the grand atonement is applied to the soul) the mountains shall drop down *new wine*, and the hills shall flow with *milk*, and all the rivers of Judah shall flow with *waters*." This part of the promise was found in experience in the day of our espousals, when the Father's everlasting love (*new wine*) dropped into the heart—when the fruit of the Saviour's death on Calvary's hill flowed as *milk* to nourish and feed the new-born soul, and when the Holy Spirit, as a *river* of living waters, flowed with his sacred influences into the believing heart! And those who are blessed with an experience of such unspeakable gifts in conversion, shall most assuredly find in their latter end, even in the valley of Shittim, the blessed refreshings of the Lord's gracious and supporting presence; compared to a fountain in this rich promise of the everlasting covenant! I can only hint at the wonderful contents of this blessed portion of God's most holy word, just to lead your mind into a little meditation upon the delightful subject. I feel a little kindling in my heart, and would willingly enlarge, but other things call for my attention, therefore must I conclude with my best wishes for the everlasting welfare of my dear friend and family, and subscribe myself,

Yours most affectionately,

J. KEYT.

P.S.—I have not in this wrote anything like an answer to your last, but you must excuse it, as one of my friends has borrowed it.

Mrs. Keyt presents her kind regards.

To be happy we must be virtuous; and in order to our becoming *truly* virtuous, we must experience the grace of God which bringeth salvation.—*Toplady*.

“HOW SHALL MAN BE JUST WITH GOD?”

Hailsham, April, 1881.

My dear Sarah,—I scarcely know how to begin, or what to say to you. How rapidly time flies! It will very soon be five months since my dearly beloved child left this vale of tears to join the ransomed throng in glory, to see him face to face, although she had many fears she should never see his blessed countenance with joy and gladness. But O! my dear girl is forever blest—

“For ever with the Lord,”

freed from all the sorrows and storms of this sinful world; yes, she is beyond the fiery darts of that old serpent, the devil. O how he used to tempt and worry her for months together. One night in particular she was in great soul-distress. I tried all I could to comfort her, and told her the Lord would never allow her to lay violent hands on herself, for none of the Lord's children were suffered to do that. Then she sobbed aloud, and said, “O, my dearest mother, I am so afraid I am not one of them.” I said, “Yes, my dear girl, I believe from my heart you are one beloved of God.” She would then say, with bitter tears, “Were you ever tempted as I am?” I said, “Yes, indeed I have been, and related a circumstance to her, how dreadfully I was once tempted, and how sweetly the dear Lord delivered me from that violent temptation.” Then she would ask if I were ever tempted in any other way? Then I have said, “Yes, my dear, in many ways, telling her how greatly I suffered for months, fearing to go to bed at night, trembling lest one should be permitted to take away my life.” She would say, “O how glad I am you have told me all this.” I then told her how the enemy has tempted me to curse and swear, so that I have been compelled to keep my mouth closely shut, lest I should blaspheme his holy and great Name. She would say, “It does relieve my poor mind so much; how glad I am.” Yes, my dear girl, the dear Lord Jesus was sorely tempted of that old serpent, the devil! Blessed for ever be his great and holy Name, he was in all points tempted like unto his brethren, yet without sin. O how often I look at my dearly beloved one, and feel I can say,

“Happy soul, thy days are ended;
All thy mourning days are o'er.
And earth exchanged for heaven.”

Now, as the Lord is, I believe, teaching you, I will tell you a little how the dear Lord began with me. Well, being the youngest of a large family, my dearest mother used to take me on her knees to pray. There was one thing that I could not well understand. She always begged of the Lord to be with her when she was called to pass through the river. Once I stopped her, and said, “O, mother, do not weep so. What river have you got to pass through?” Never shall I forget with what a tone of voice she said, with tears streaming down her face, “O, my dear child, it

is death! I am so afraid I am not safe! I am afraid of death." I was at this time about eight years old, but these things I never forgot; although a child in years, I could not sin cheaply, and I was sinning and repenting for years. When about eleven years old I heard a good man preach from these words: "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." I sat and trembled, fearing I should drop into that dreadful fire of God's wrath. O how I did want to get home to go on my knees, to beg of the dear Lord to have mercy on my never-dying soul! As soon as I got home I fell on my knees. I tried to pray to the Lord, beseeching him to have mercy on me and not send me to hell. Well, my dearest mother came to me, and said, "O, my dear Mary, what has brought you on your knees?" I told her as well as I could, when she wept for joy. Well, perhaps you will say, "How did you go on then after this?" O! it was still sinning and repenting. At the age of [twelve years my dearest mother was called to pass through Jordan's river, which she had so much dreaded, but her fears were all taken away, and she was so blest in her soul that it seemed more than she could bear. She often cried out, "Lord, stay thy hand;" "I am sick of love." Then she would say, "Why are thy chariot wheels so long in coming?" She then sang that beautiful hymn,

"Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary."

Well, the death of my dear mother was the heaviest trouble, temporally, that I had been called to pass through. I felt my all was gone. I used to mourn for my dearest earthly protector. I missed her kind warning, and her earnest prayers for me. I felt oftentimes that she was gone to heaven, and that I should never meet her there! O, how these things used to drive me to the Lord, to beg of him to pity me, and have mercy upon me.

Well, my dear child, some friends, members at the chapel, used to meet to drink tea together, and then they would pray before parting. Once in particular they pressed me so very much that I tried to pray. I got through pretty well, but O! what I passed through after this I cannot tell you. The enemy set in upon me, and told me it was nothing but pride; and I do believe it was so. I do feel how very important it is for young people not to be in a hurry to join the church. I was pressed very much to join the Baptist church, but I have often felt thankful I did not, for alas! I was left after all this to go into sin and join my worldly companions. I remember once it was the fair day. I felt, I will go; other young folks go, and why should not I? Yes, I said, I will go, and off I started. I believe the devil was determined I should go. When I got there, in the midst of it all, I felt as though all eyes were upon me. I trembled like a leaf. Those words sounded in my ears, "What doest thou here?" "Turn off my eyes from beholding vanity." O, I turned back; I felt like a thief, ashamed to look anyone in the face.

But it would fill too many sheets of paper to tell you all through; however, the dear Lord never forsook me, although I often forsook him. I will just tell you a little more how the Lord brought me to his dear feet again with tears, sighs, and groans. After I was married, I was suffered to backslide in many ways; but the time was come for the Lord Jesus to put his hand again to his own work. I well remember it was on a beautiful summer's evening, and being the Sabbath, my young friend wanted to go and hear Mr. Savory. I was unwilling to go, but went, and never shall I forget the light, trifling way I walked into my seat. I felt more like a devil than a saint. The dear man gave out his text from the book of Job: "I know it is so of a truth: but how shall man be just with God?" The dear old man spoke of the justice of God in a most solemn way. O, how I sat and trembled, expecting every moment the earth to open her mouth and sink me into the pit of perdition for ever and ever! and in my soul-agony, at the moment, I seemed as though the accursed spirits were ready to drag me down to hell. This cry went forth aloud—aloud: "God be merciful to me a sinner." I was taken out insensible. This was a time never to be forgotten. Now, my dear child, this may be the last letter you may ever have from your poor grandma. Well, I have sent you my beloved one's watch; take care of it for her sake.

I have had so much trouble since her death, that I often say,
 "Happy soul, thy days are ended," &c.

I would not, in my right mind, have her back again. Now, my dear, may the Lord bless you, and keep you in his fear, and at last bring you to his Paradise above. O, what a wonder it will be to see one as black as I, white, without spot or blemish, among the host on high! Now, my dear child, when you are in trouble, go to the Lord; tell out all your sorrows; for—

"An earthly brother drops his hold,
 Is sometimes hot and sometimes cold,
 But Jesus is the same."

Adieu, my dear.

Ever yours affectionately,

MARY DUMBRELL.

FEARING SELF-DECEPTION.

Brighton, 7th Aug., 1863.

My dear Friend,—Will you kindly enquire at the G. N. Railway whether they grant return tickets to York for a week or more, and what the fare is? I think of going to York by way of Leicester, about the 19th, and am desirous of availing myself of the excursion fare if I can. I hope you are all well. Through mercy I and my family are well, but I have been lately tried, feeling much darkness, and lamenting the low state of the church, and the little concern people feel at the awful errors that abound, and the great mixing up with everything in the shape of religion, being carried away with natural excitement, saying it is the Spirit

of God. The day is fast hastening when there will be a great disclosure, though they may say, "You take too much upon you; the people are all holy." Moses said, "Even to-morrow the Lord will show you who are his, and who are holy, and will cause him to come near unto him; even him whom he hath chosen will he cause to come near unto him." This was said to men famous in the congregation, men of renown, and the earth opened and swallowed them up, and all that appertained to them. I view it as an unspeakable mercy to have a right spirit, as God said, "Because in my servant Caleb another spirit is found, and he hath followed me wholly, him will I bring into the land whereinto he went, and his seed shall possess it." This is the Spirit of Christ, without which, be our profession what it may, we are none of his. But "as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the children of God." There is a needs-be for these things being insisted upon in the ministry, and not building people up in a profession without a good beginning. The Lord sent Jeremiah to root out, to pull down, to destroy, and to throw down, then to build and to plant. There is, as Mr. Brook used to say, "*four to two.*" What a mercy it is to be made honest, and to come to the light, for I really believe there is nothing a child of God dreads more than being deceived, or that his troubles and convictions will die away and come to nothing, so that he shall never realize what he seems to desire. I hope you are earnestly seeking and pressing forward towards the mark. The Lord enable you to say, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." I hope your family are well, Mr. and Lady Lucy Smith and their family, Mrs. Singlehurst, and the rest. My very kind regards to them.

I remain, Yours truly,

J. GRACE.

HEART-UNION.

A SHORT time before the demise of queen Anne, as Bishop Burnet was riding slowly in his coach round that part of Smithfield whence so many blessed martyrs ascended to heaven, he observed a gentleman, standing on the distinguished spot, in a musing, pensive attitude, and, seemingly, quite absorbed in thought. His lordship ordered the carriage to stop, and sent his servant to the person, with a request that he would come to his coach side. He did so, and proved to be Dr. Evans, a very eminent dissenting minister, of whom the bishop had some knowledge. "Brother Evans," said the prelate, "give me your hand, and come up hither; I want to ask you a question." The doctor being seated, and the coachman ordered to continue driving round as before, the bishop asked the doctor "what it was that directed his steps to Smithfield, and what he was thinking of while standing there?" "I was thinking," answered the other, "of the many servants of Christ who sealed the truth with their lives in this place. I came purposely to feast my eyes, once more,

with a view of that precious spot of ground. And as public matters have at present a very threatening aspect, I was examining myself, whether I had grace and strength enough to suffer for the gospel, if I should be called to it, and was praying to God that he would make me faithful, even unto death, if it should be his pleasure to let the old times come over again." "I myself came hither," replied the prelate, "on the same business. I am persuaded that, if God's providence do not interpose, very speedily, and almost miraculously, these times will and must shortly return; in which case, you and I shall probably be two of the first victims that are to suffer death at that place," pointing to the paved centre. But it pleased God to disappoint their fears, by giving a sudden turn to national affairs. Within a few weeks queen Anne was gathered to her fathers, and king George I. was proclaimed.

TOPLADY.

Obituary.

CHARLOTTE TAYLOR.—On Dec. 2nd, 1892, Charlotte Taylor, of Steel Cross, Crowborough.

We believe Mrs. Taylor was called by grace when a young woman; but as we know so little of her personal experience at that time, we shall only give a little account of her last days. During the latter part of her life she passed through a good deal of affliction both of mind and body. In May, 1892, she was much exercised, having a great desire to get to the anniversary at Rotherfield, and greatly fearing that she should not be able to go. But to her great joy and comfort, after being kept awake for a whole night, begging of the Lord to make a way for her to go, she was enabled to get there. She went much bowed down with heavy trials in providence, and much cast down in soul, fearing she was out of the secret altogether, when Mr. Popham, who was the preacher, was so led into her case that it seemed to her as if the whole sermon was for her, and especially the following words: "Poor soul, thou hast said, 'Friend and lover thou hast put far from me, and thou hast brought me into the dust of death;' and perhaps thou hast said, 'It is well to be angry, even unto death;'" which words so described what she had felt that she was greatly broken down, and had difficulty to keep from weeping aloud, especially as he went on to show this to be the experience of a child of God. She went home, and spent the night in blessing and praising God for his great goodness, and begged of him to come and take her home. In the early part of the Autumn she took to her bed and never left it again, and the Lord was pleased to withdraw the light of his countenance for a short time, but she did not sink so low afterwards. She would now say, "I want one more visit, and then to go home." About a week before she died she said, "The path is clearer now; I have had these words:

‘ Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale ;’
 and ‘ There I shall see his face,
 And never, never sin,
 But from the rivers of his grace
 Drink endless pleasures in.’”

I said to her, “ His presence will make your heaven, will it not ? ” to which she said, “ O yes. It will not be the golden street nor the beauty of the place, but it will be the Lamb that “ ill be in the midst of the throne.” On this occasion she again spoke of the blessed time she had in hearing at Rotherfield. The day before she died she could only speak in a whisper. I asked her if the path was still bright ? when she put forth all the strength she had, and said, “ Brighter.” Thus passed away one who we feel is taken from the evil to come.

THOMAS POLLINGTON.

RHODA ANNA LITTLETON—On March 24th, 1893, aged 38, Rhoda Anna, the wife of Roff Littleton.

She was the daughter of the late Mr. James Slead, of Ballarat, Victoria, and was carefully and prayerfully instructed in the truth of God, yet divine light did not enter her soul till she was 16 years of age; then the weight of her sin as an unpardoned soul became a daily and hourly distress, and was doubled by her anxiety for her dear mother’s salvation. She has told me that it outweighed her own, often going to her, and saying, “ Mother, do pray.” When the time came to deliver her, the blessed word was given with power to her despairing soul, “ Deliver her from going down into the pit, for I have found a ransom.” Also the Lord wrought on the soul of her mother, and they were brought to realize God’s salvation by Jesus Christ, to the inexpressible joy of her poor father, who had been entreating for his dear wife for more than forty years, often tempted to give it up, yet held on by the precious word of promise, “ Be not weary in well doing; for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not.” Now came his reaping time, which he would often rehearse, with many tears, that such as he should be numbered with those who “ obtained promises.” The dear mother was called home, and Rhoda lived, an epistle read and known of all, as a humble follower of the Lord Jesus, her father’s willing servant and constant companion, and a succourer of many. She was in apparent health on Sunday, the 10th, and went to worship with the people of God in the morning. She complained of headache, and sat reading the Obituaries for February, and retired early. On Monday she was seized with paralysis, and though she lay twelve days, she was scarcely able to speak after. Her death was a solemn one, unlooked for, and most distressing. The friends in Sydney were much affected by it, and buried her with much feeling. Her sudden call has been a forcible repetition of the Lord’s words, “ Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh;”

E. LITTLETON.

ANN MARY WHITTOME.—On July 5th, 1893, after three days' illness, Ann Mary, wife of Harry Whittome, of 21, High Street, Bedford.

She was a daughter of the late John Smith, of 321, Strand, London, and bore for many years some open characteristics of a child of God, such as, "*Love to the brethren*," it being one of her delights to show practically the fruit thereof, by personally communicating to the necessities of many, as well as in collecting from friends, where needed, in cases of more than ordinary requirements—both in respect to "*Causes of Truth*" and individuals. *Hospitality*, as with her dear father, also formed an important feature, in observing what our Lord has enjoined; and, like Lydia, was accustomed in effect to say, "If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house, and abide there." She further manifested the "*Life of God*" by *bearing others' burdens* in a remarkable degree. If a friend had a real trouble, she was accustomed to take it as part of her own, and frequently wrestled with the Lord, as enabled, on behalf of such.

In common with all the sons and daughters of Adam, she had her failings; and being naturally free and outspoken, occasionally "*spake unadvisedly with her lips*," which gave her trouble and sorrow: nevertheless, there was ever a readiness to acknowledge her hastiness of spirit, where she felt she had wounded the minds of others; but being possessed somewhat of a discerning spirit, together with a good degree of uprightness and integrity, she abhorred deceit, and would faithfully reprove what she believed to be wrong. In consequence of which, together with other trials by the way, she realised what Bunyan writes:

"The Christian man is seldom long at ease:

Soon as one fright is o'er, another doth him seize."

A little surprise and disappointment was felt in not finding any record of her own, respecting the Lord's dealings with her; but upon further search, the following brief account was discovered:

"I was born in sin and shapen in iniquity on the 19th July, 1832. Truly I went astray from the womb, speaking lies. Having a very cheerful spirit and fond of life, my company was sought after. My dear father, a man 'who feared God above many,' was strict with his children and household, so that much restraint was put upon me, lest I should be carried into undesirable company. I believe I had conviction of sin from a very early age. I remember having a desire—though only seven years old—that if I died I might be burnt to death, as then I thought my soul would be burnt up and there would be no hereafter; and yet, when in any trouble, I used to secretly pray to God about it. In the year 1847 I left school and returned home, building many 'airy castles' as to my future happiness, &c., but found my dear mother very ill, and felt sure she would not recover, which proved too true, for in less than a month she died. This was my first great sorrow; and I found all my Babel-

building demolished. My dear father soon took another wife, which stirred up my rebellion, for I greatly disliked her, and have often since felt ashamed of my conduct manifested towards her. She only lived two years after marriage. A week before she died, the dear Lord appeared to her, filling her heart with love to him, and she died in peace. After a time, my dear father again married. Then I felt I would receive her more kindly, and not rebel. About this time I went on a visit to some friends at Codicote, Herts. The daughters feared God, and their influence had a great effect upon me, as I felt they were so different to myself. Going with them to Welwyn Chapel, I heard the late Mr. Collinge, from these words: 'There is none like unto the God of Jeshurun.' O, what love I felt to that man of God! The work on my soul was very gradual, just here and there a little—line upon line. I kept all pent up, and death seemed written upon everything. I was at times truly unhappy, my step-mother and myself not being comfortable together. Thus the Lord let me reap what I had sown previously, under similar circumstances. Seven years' bondage was the result, but during those years of sorrow I was led to visit the grave of my former step-mother, where I confessed to the Lord all my sins toward her, and begged forgiveness, and that her God might be my God, and her people my people; that he would lead me and guide me. I had not long left 'Bunhill Fields' burying ground ere the Lord spoke to my soul in such a powerful way that I stood still in the street:—

'The Lord whom thou seekest will not tarry long,
And to him the weakest is dear as the strong.'

"I felt a great awe come upon my spirit, and pondered it much in my heart, not daring to tell anyone of it. Soon after, when hearing Mr. Collinge in Eden Street, as he concluded, I said inwardly, 'There's nothing for me;' when he got up from his seat again and said, "Perhaps there may be someone here this morning, saying, 'There's nothing for me.' The scripture says:—'Blessed are ye that hunger and thirst after righteousness; in the Lord's time ye shall be filled.' O what an encouragement that was to me! How I treasured it up! I did not like to tell my father what was passing within, but the constant sorrow from within and without, affected my health; and being of a delicate constitution, I was brought into a very weak state, many fearing I was in a 'decline.' Sometimes I hoped I was; that the Lord would appear for me and take me home; such a blight came upon all my temporal mercies, and life was truly a burden. I was sent to Clifton Hampden, near Abingdon, for change of air, taking up my abode with the late Mr. Jesse Crake. He and his wife, being truly gracious people, frequently invited ministers and others like-minded, and through their conversation and influence the Lord was pleased to deepen his work in my soul. How glad I was to sit and listen, and many times left the room to go upon my knees, begging the Lord to 'remember me with

the favour he bore to his people, and visit my soul with his salvation.' Although I had been seeking the Lord and sitting under the truth, it was not till this visit that I realised the fact that the Lord had a special people; nor did I understand anything about the doctrines of grace. These things were gradually opened up to me; and whilst here, I opened my mind to my father in my letters, which greatly rejoiced his heart. After staying six months, my health having improved, I returned home and found that the ministry I used to despise so much was made a real blessing. I remember one day, being sorely pressed, retiring to a room in agony of spirit, exclaiming—

'How harsh soe'er the way,

Dear Saviour, still lead on,' etc.

When getting ready for chapel, the voice I heard sounded again in my soul:—

'Sick sinner, expect

No balm but Christ's blood,' etc.

My burden was all gone, and my soul, like a bird, escaped. I cried, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his Holy Name.'

In the year 1863 I was married. My father being very ill at the time, and fearing his death, it was naturally a time of great trial. The Lord appeared to me, and spoke the following words, which gave me strength to go through:—

'I am with thee

Israel, passing through the fire.'

'But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine' (Isaiah xliii. 1.), also, 'My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.' (Exodus xxxiii. 14.) These portions so settled the matter, that I was sure the union was of the Lord. How many times has my heart flowed out in gratitude to him for giving me one who feared his name. It has been a path of mingled mercy and judgment, and we have proved the Saviour's words true:— '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.'

"The Lord has been a very present help in time of need; and such times have arisen in providential matters, though doubtless, not having had a family, we have been spared much that others have had to wade through. In 1871 we removed to Bedford, and were led to join the church at Southill, under the pastorate of Mr. John Warburton, whose ministry was much blessed to my soul."

It will be seen by the foregoing that our sister was not one who had experienced what is termed a *deep law-work*; nevertheless, she knew painfully, by little and little, that the fountain of iniquity dwelt within, and every fresh discovery thereof caused her more and more to prize a "Free-grace gospel," feeling utterly lost and undone, and without one plea, but that of *mercy*

through atoning blood. The very knowledge of her not possessing that clear and distinct call, as some have, caused her much exercise of mind and heart-searchings before God. A very common fear took effect upon her, in being unable to open her mind, for a considerable time, to her dear father. Parents, from a dread of putting anything into the lips of their children, frequently go to the opposite extreme, and thereby set up rather a barrier than a seeking to "remove the stumbling-blocks out of the way." Her father was not of that class; but not only rejoiced in spirit at her change of heart, but freely corresponded with her on the subject.

On Sunday afternoon, July 2nd, during the service at Southill, she was seized with apoplexy; but, through the goodness of the Lord, was just able to walk out into the adjoining chapel-house, where soon after the attack quickly developed. Not being able to speak or write, she was unable to communicate anything, but showed her pleasure at being removed home on the following day—though attended with much anxiety on the part of her husband and intimate friends. She never rallied, but towards evening on Tuesday, sank into unconsciousness, and breathed her last between two and three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon.

The beautiful smile, during the removal (and which lit up the countenance after death) gave rise to the belief that she, though speechless, saw and felt unutterable joy at the prospect before her—of entering into that eternal "Rest that remaineth to the people of God."

She was buried on the following Saturday afternoon, in Bedford Cemetery, by Mr. Bray, attended by a large concourse of sorrowing friends, who truly could commit her remains to the mother earth in "Sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection unto eternal life." This sudden removal has a voice—"Be ye also ready." J. W.

[It is now some years since we first knew and became acquainted with our beloved friend now deceased, and to whom we felt a union of soul, and an abiding affection for Christ's sake, and from whom we have never received anything but thoughtful and affectionate kindnesses. We deeply sympathise with our dear bereaved friend, afflicted as he must needs be by the sudden removal from his side of an affectionate wife, a faithful friend and counsellor. The Lord graciously support him under so great a trial, and kindly deign to be his helping friend and comfort in his present trouble, and sanctify his loss, which great as that is, the gain of the dear departed is infinitely greater; this is his consolation; and what consolation can be compared to the fact, that when those whom we dearly love, and feel a double tie to, are taken from us, we have the sweet assurance that they are gone to be for ever with the Lord? What a mercy is it to be able to say, as David did when his child was taken from him, "I shall go to him.—Ed.]